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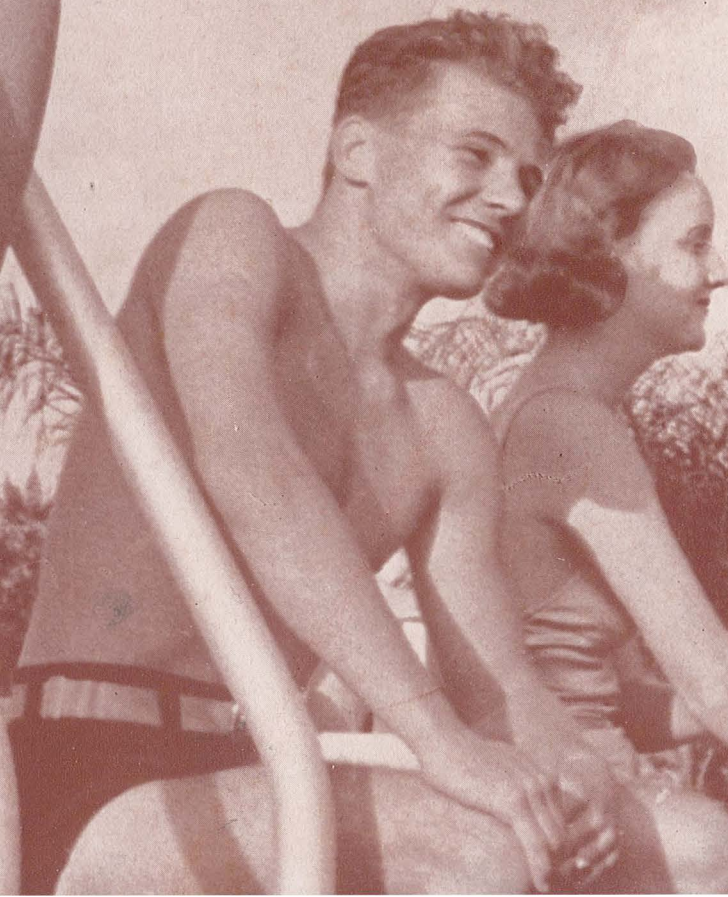
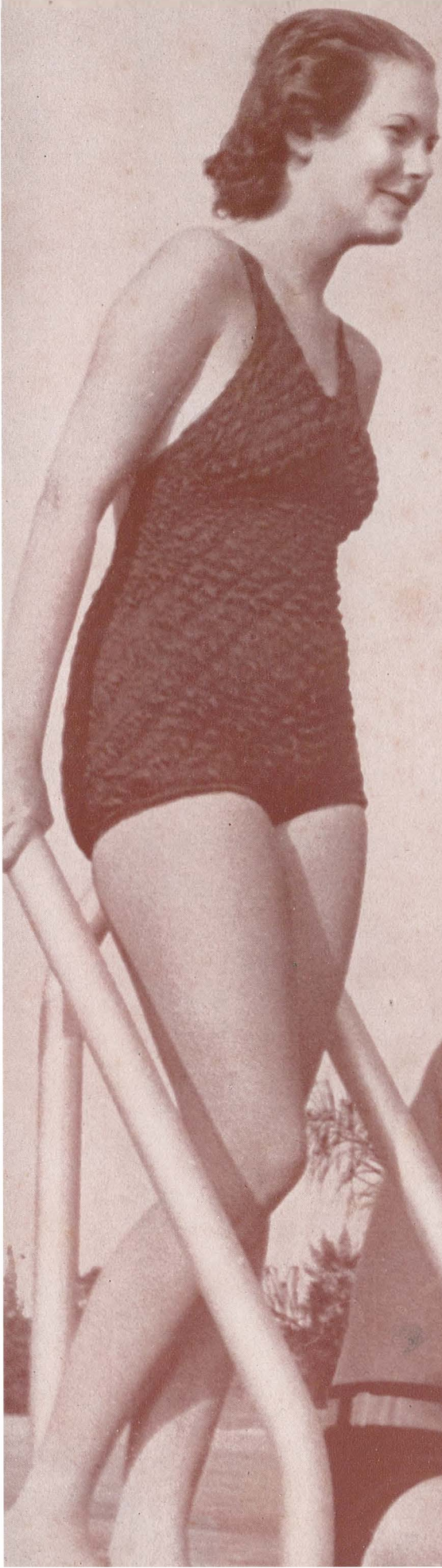
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Rollins Flamingo

APRIL 1939 EDITION





ROLLINS COLLEGE

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

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ROLLINS FLAMINGO

ROLLINS COLLEGE WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

Vol. 13. APRIL, 1939 No. 4

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COVER

"The Old Swimming Hole"—Photographed by Bob Belden



“Not I,” Said The Cat

JESS GREGG

WHY, hellooo, Sara! Of course I know you, dear. You’re Harry’s fiancée. Yes, indeed, I recognized you at once. After all, one must keep up on one’s ex-husband’s affairs to keep accounts and alimony and all that, straight. Aren’t these teas at the Herberts’ a crashing bore, though?

(So you’re Sara. So you’re the one that’s taking my place in Harry’s heart and bed. You look as if you’ll be fat some day. God, and you chatter, too.)

“You don’t say! That’s very sweet of you, and I quite agree. After all, why should we be enemies? I have no more reason for hating you because you’re going to marry one of my old husbands, than I have with my maid for wearing one of my old dresses.

(You’re not brilliant, either. What can you do? What does Harry see in you? Not that I give a cartwheel in Hell what he thinks. Not I.)

“I know we’re going to be the very best of friends. I want you to call me Carole, and I shall call you Sally. Oh, I mean Sara! Aren’t names elusive? I don’t see how I could forget yours. It’s so good and simple and common.

(As if I could forget your name. As if it isn’t etched on my hate forever. Oh, I want to hurt you—)

“Darling, you simply must trot over for cocktails soon. I want you to meet the crowd. Or rather they want to meet you. They’re dying to see if you actually look like that picture that the newspapers printed.

(Should I ask where Harry is? Should I ask if he’s still bitter? Not that I really care much and she might think I still do. The fool.)

“Are you happy? Are you, really? Oh, but

then, you’re not married to him yet. Well, when you are, take my advice and hit the hay while the sun shines, for the storm is inevitable.

(You fool! Why do you talk to her like this? What do you care if she does get that second-rate hack? You’re free now. Sure. Free—but for what?)

“It might be as you say — he may have changed. But the Harry I knew hadn’t blood in his veins. He had bile. Why, his public never even got a glimpse of his most powerful style. He only used that when he got mad.

(Even our quarrels were fun. Individual, at least. She’ll never know the joy of fighting with that man—she hasn’t enough guts to stand up against him.)

“But darling, I swear that what I say is true. I’m not being malicious. Not I! Wait till he comes home some night, higher than a screen star’s eyebrow, and tries to psychoanalyse you. Once, after he attempted it on me, I went to the hospital for five weeks with a nervous breakdown. Spiritual sea-sickness from trying to ride his mental ups and downs. There are gentlemen and gentlemen but Harry Courtney is neither.

(He may not have been a gentleman, nor even a good writer, but I’ll say this for him—he was a man. Why in Hell did he leave me for this limp, social “faux pas”. I’m more brilliant. I’m prettier. I talk his language—Oh God she’s giving me hell and I’m not listening—)

“My dear, sit down and calm yourself. No man in the world is worth getting red in the face about. Yes, I suppose Harry has some good points. After all, I held him very dear once, so he must have had. We were lovers and we were friends an eternity ago. Time

and money may separate the best of friends,—but not so quickly as marriage.

(Let her have him. He couldn't even punctuate his stuff. I wrote twice as well as he—I have that to comfort me. Why, he never wrote even one book that sold well. He plagiarized, too. What in Hell do I want with a man like that again?)

"When did we? About eight years ago. We met at a literary tea just before I completed my first best-seller. Oh yes, I was writing then. I've been writing ever since I was hip-high to a cocktail.

(We were so young then. So sure of our success together. Then I went on ahead and he stayed where he was. Damn! I wish I'd never written a line—)

"Yes, I've heard his new book is out. Too bad it didn't get better reviews—

(How could he write well with that thing around? She's as inspiring as a dish of cold spinach. That's good! I must remember it.)

"How long have you been engaged to Harry? Is that so! Did he say that, really? He always did know how to make the most ordinary compliment sound like a sonnet.

(I wonder if he says any of the things to her which he used to say to me? The rat! If he does, I'll kill him!)

"Darling, don't be deceived by those words. Though they seem like honey, they're really printers' ink. I remember he once said to me: 'Sweet, without you life is like dead champagne. The kick is simply—missing.' I was thrilled to death. Then, a few weeks later, I read the self-same sentence in one of his stories. You see, what Harry says to us is merely experimental work. If we react well, he pops it into his work. I grew very tired of it all. Not only does it make you feel positively like a guinea-pig, but really, my dear, it's most harrowing to find your intimate love scenes in print for the public to toot in. Honestly, I shared my love-life

with "The Public" for so long, it seemed positively immoral.

(Why, oh why, couldn't he have been a better writer? Or myself a less successful one. Maybe if we'd met on more level ground—)

"No, that isn't the big reason we broke up. But it was through that medium. I could stand being fodder for his ego. I could stand being knocked around. I could stand his nagging and sarcasm. I could even stand his selling our love like a plate lunch. But it was too damn much when one of his books came out and I recognized neither the heroine—who was always me—nor the bedroom scenes.

(Like hell, that's why we broke up! It was because I wasn't big enough to bear his failure and he was too small to accept my success. That new woman—that was only an excuse for us to leave each other. Why didn't he swallow his pride? Why didn't I forget my ambitions? Why don't I now? He can't be happy with this—this thing that's going to be fat some day. And her clothes—she wears them like she was her own worst enemy. That's a good line. I'll have to remember it. Oh God, is she still talking—?)

"My dear, you're wrong there. You see me cynical now, perhaps. But I'm not vicious. Not I. I was just fed up living with a man who made a four-year-old child seem senile in comparison.

(If I could only forget my own ambitions this time—If I could only get him back—I might ask him over for cocktails—wear something thin—something that swept and revealed—No, that's ridiculously Hollywood. I'll be like the Spartan boy and the fox before I let a peep out of me. I'll laugh in his face on his wedding to Miss Spinach. I'll show him I don't care. Not I.)

"What did you say? Darling, that's really awfully brave and modern-womanish of you

to invite me, but I'm dated full that week. Maybe another time.

(And may there be another time! May their wedding crack up—Oh, if I only dared to ask about Harry—)

"Really I simply must dash. I've just enough time to be late to dinner with my finance's broker. No blind-man's buff with matrimony this time.

(Hope she gets that "finance" stuff. Hope she tells him and it hurts. How I want that damn fool back!)

"Do give my love to Harry, and tell him I

bear him no malice. That's a closed chapter.

(Ask her where he lives and go see him! Ask her where. Oh, I won't! I can't!)

"And do phone me up when you two begin to fight. Being an alumnus you'll find me most understanding. And again let me wish you the very best of luck, Sara dear, because God knows you're going to need it. Toodle-oo.

(I don't want him! I don't! I just want to cry. Ha! I'm on a crying jag—drunk on sour grapes—That's a good line. I'll have to remember it.)

THE BLACK WATCH

To the men of oft' forgotten name,
To those gallant Scots of unsung fame,
Who humbly gave their lives to fight,
That peace might sleep in Scotland's night.

To that brave Black Watch, who stood by creed
Prepared to die, if there be need,
A fearless, fightin', kilted band,
Prepared to rise at quick command.

To that rugged, ragged, scanty throng,
Who marched with bagpipe singin' song,
Who lived by night and died by day,
To guard and save their bonnie brae.

To the brave Black Watch of glory none,
Who swore and sinned, but fought and won,
Who strove 'til each Scotch heart could burst,
To them, I say, give glory first!

To that highland clan who asked no thanks,
Whose blood soaked deep in Scotland's banks,
Whose loyal hearts were put to stake,
And often lost for freedom's sake.

To you I give the great Black Watch,
The fightin'est men of the fightin' Scotch,
And writing high in books of fame
I honor them of unhonored name.

DOROTHY BRYN

SERENA

Serena, I have clasped the door,
you shall not enter in;
the portal you shall cross no more:

a fading shadow, thin,

Serena;
 pass into the night
as shadows should at dark.
I could not hold your phantom bright
lest it should leave me stark.

Serena, forming in my mind
are chains of brilliant links
that you have moulded and entwined
as silent as the Sphinx.

And if before my gate you walk
come up to try the door
Ah would the bar you could unlock,
But pride has locked it sure.

WALTER ROYALL

FROST

There is no peace, no silent comfort here;
only moon-rays, cold, sharp, austere—
only brittle rays, hard as steel.
Remember not, O Heart, conceal
emotion, lest to a curious ear,
heart pulsing fast should too much reveal.

Remember all things frozen, all life cold;
sunshine on the ice—frost on gold.
Nothing warm within; breath tranquil;
be not anxious now, for I am still.
Cold moon-rays and stunned heart enfold
Secrets that are bound to Time's strange will

WALTER ROYALL

Blurb In The Theatre

R. C. CAMP

TAKE these carping leftist critics who deplore the lack of social significance in the drama now current on the boards of the American Theatre. There is nothing really wrong with them save impatience. They, like the rest of us, are not Methuselah's. They see Utopia retreating before their reaching fingers like Tantalus' grape into the limbo of years beyond the day when dank clods of earth will thud upon the lids of their own coffins. Unlike the rest of us, they refuse to resign themselves to life in a paradoxical world where plenty abounds and few have any. "No! No!" they cry, "Marx's dream is attainable—now! Ho! there, Playwright! Give us drama, savage and fiery, with which to enflame the sluggish brains of working men to fight. Shake off this mystic lassitude, this puerile boudoir dither, this Freudian introversion and give us the stark, naked lash of truth; give us forthright social propaganda." What of this plea? Has it logic? Yes or No?

Before we commence our reply, let us grant that injustice and misery still obtains—even in this free land. Let us concur with Technocracy and President Roosevelt and admit that plenty lies at hand, at the left hand. We do this to indicate that we, as well as the proponents of proletarian revolt, are aware of needed changes in our social order. We shall not quibble with the critics there. Further, we will agree that drama should portray more often the effect of environment upon the behavior of the individual. Where we will join issue with radical critics is on the question of where, when and how bald propaganda is valid in the theatre.

Radical dramatic critics, in their effort to extract themselves and us from the muddle that is life, tend to over-simplify the causes

of confusion. They have swallowed the specious neatness of the social pattern drawn by the followers of Marx, and expect every playwright to do the same. Their own acceptance of the glib formulae of Marxism makes them eager to ferret out the confusions and inconsistencies inherent in the work of our leading dramatists. I, for one, think that they have been subject to self-hypnosis on this point. They naively believe that when they have recognized indecision they have destroyed it. They haven't, for confusion is reality. No great dramatist, sensitive to the conflict of ideas in his world, would have the temerity to designate the one pat principle with which to resolve our difficulties. If he could, he would be God.

It will have to be conceded, of course, that many of our dramaturgists, O'Neill, Barry and Anderson among them, have descended or ascended, it is hard to tell which, to a mystic conception of life where a sane, sure faith in Man's destiny is lost in vague spirituality, akin to Buchmanism, etc. The once solid structure of their plays has suffered by it. Even this rather proves my contention that good drama usually parallels the tenor of the times. O'Neil, Barry, and Howard, each in his own way, are mirrors of their age. If there is such a thing as post-war, post-depression disillusion, they are part of it, along with thinkers in every other field, philosophy and science included. Even the sprightly Shaw, who always had an answer flip and to the point, submitted to despair in "Too True to be Good" in which he confesses through his mouthpiece that he is a preacher who has lost his faith and no longer has anything to say. "The Western world is damned beyond the possibility of salvation." That bromide has been uttered before, but never, hitherto, by

Shaw. Perhaps it is well that younger playwrights, like Odets, are composing militant social pieces, even though they do comprise a scheme of life inimical to our cherished ideal of individual freedom. A whistle in the dark is oftentimes comforting.

Who likes a play with a message, specifically stated? Few intelligent people do. "Steel" and "Polly Anna" both insult the intelligence of playgoers and readers. They are both too earnest, too preachy, than which in a play there is nothing worse. The authors of such plays fail to understand the way in which the drama exerts its influence. That way is indirect rather than direct. That way is the journalistic way, not that of the religious tract. It changes our ideas insidiously without any awareness on our part that our ideas are in flux. As evidence, I offer the modern attitudes on Sex, Women and God. The theatre, over a fifty year period, subtly made them what they are, sane and rational. Few precepts of art were violated. No resort to formalized propaganda was had. If the social drama of tomorrow wishes to be effective it will get its effect by what it takes for granted as much as by what it says.

The proper form of American protest play has not been developed. Protest plays now current smack of other countries, other cultures. They find their appeal solely in New York and its environs, amongst the arty intellectuals articulately in revolt or among that species of organized labor typified by the

Suit and Cloak workers who hardly represent either the hill-billies in the rubber industry in Akron or the starved tenant farmers in the South. We need a form indigenous to our own problems. The artist who writes plays of protest in which America hears its own voice speaking will find mass response and a public accepting those plays as works of art and beauty. Otherwise propaganda plays will remain wooden, trumped-up vehicles for the expression of hollow clichés.

At the risk of ruining the coherence of this paper more than it already has been, I should like to wind up with my own telegraphic criticism of the theatre and those attached to it. The theatre, whether leftist, rightist or on the fence is still preoccupied with characters interesting in themselves—with revolutionists, bums, stevedores, taxi-drivers, whores—with the sycophants of cosmopolitan society. This interest is normal and natural. Entertaining drama is obviously implicit in the lives of such people. But the salvation of society is not in any of these. Where is it? I plug, like, H. G. Wells, for those men who typify that which really separates man from beast, in a word, the mind. I plug for scientists philosophers, chemists and biologists who quietly seek the "snark" while the world around fights with gun, pen and tongue. Therein lies a source of art, propaganda, what you will. See and dramatize what these men have to offer, playwrights. They too are human.

Eager hands plucked out the hearts of flowers
And shelled the petals on the green, fresh earth.
But yellow stains were all that told of beauty
When the awkward fingers searched the seeds of birth.

DON BRADLEY

The Kid

ARTHUR BIFIELD

REGRET sat at every table in the Congress Bar and Grill. With every beer a full measure of melancholy was served.

The man behind the bar had a long sliver of a face. He looked as though he had never taken a drink, but he had. He had taken many drinks, and when he drank, he drank in a deft, detached way. After an especially severe flurry of customers, customers who wanted to be served as swiftly as possible, he would reach for his glass, fill it with Scotch (he always drank Scotch), and pour the amber stuff down his throat, tilting his head a little more than slightly. When he worked no part of his body moved except his arms. When no one wanted anything, he would thrust a cigarette between his lips and, at regular intervals, exhale streams of smoke with no sign of enjoyment on his face.

He spoke seldom, and when he did, it was merely business talk. His business was to give people drinks, and he had to find out, if they did not offer the information readily enough, what kind of drinks, and how many they wanted. This he did as laconically as he could, employing no pleasant small talk.

He always looked the same in a white unstarched shirt, a black bow-tie, and dark trousers. This night was no exception. He stood there, silent and competent, waiting for orders, and puffing regularly at his cigarette.

He surveyed the tables and booths opposite the bar uninterestedly. He looked at the smoke which obscured the ceiling. He heard the sound of clinking glasses, the scraping of chairs, the restless movement of feet against the floor, and the disembodied words, scraps of conversation, but he was separated from all of the sights and sounds by more than the wooden barrier of the bar. If the

confusion meant anything at all to him, it was a physical symbol of the thought that occupied his mind.

He was thinking, not coherently or definitely, but in a vague, cloudy way, of his son. Thoughts of his son, rolling into his mind like fogs, merging into one another, soft, intangible things, filled his head. Drifting aimlessly, unorganized pictures of his son's eleven years in the world flooded his consciousness—words that the boy used, irrelevant, isolated incidents, chaotic, off-focus pictures, such things as fantasies are made of.

Gradually, however, his thoughts took more definite shapes. Here, the kid was standing at the door of his bedroom watching his mother go out of the door, never to return. Here, the kid was being forced to take a bath, mutely resisting. Here, the kid refusing to tell him the cause of the fight which resulted in his scratched, freckled face. Here, the kid looking out the window into a darkened street with tears in his eyes. Here, the kid silent in the face of uncomplimentary notes from his teachers. In short, the kid passing each of his eleven years unhappily, with his father, the bar-tender, standing helplessly by.

In slow orderly fashion the misty tableaux, in which he and his son were the only characters, took shape, one merging into the other as the night grew old. Cumulatively they gave him a lonely, empty feeling such as one feels at the sight of a once-ardent friend or at the faint memory of a dream.

It was not a pleasant feeling; so with practised, economical movements, he poured and drank two stiff ones. They served only to make him more morose.

"Damn it all", he thought, "if the kid had a mother it would be different. He's lonely,

and, God knows why, I'm no good for him. He may even hate me, for all I know. He never tells me anything. He won't speak to me unless I talk first, only sits there and looks at me. It's not my fault. I done my best, but he won't melt, won't let me know what he's thinkin'. A woman could handle him, maybe; but maybe it's too late. Maybe he's too tough now.

"And he won't ask anybody to do anything for him, not even me, his father. I always thought kids liked things like footballs or baseball gloves, or knives or flashlights. But he won't ask me for 'em. He wants 'em though. So why doesn't he say, 'Get me that, pa?' And movies, I know he likes to see movies, yet he won't ask me for money to see 'em. Why? God damn freckled-faced kid, why won't he let me be a father? He's like his mother was—no good. But she'd a made him happy, and he should be happy; all kids should be happy. It's not his fault, but, it ain't mine, either."

Here he stopped to give two beers to an impatient waiter. He held the two glasses in one hand, and slapped the beer tap from side to side leaving just enough time between the two taps to fill the glasses. Whipping the surplus foam from the bubbling liquid, he set the glasses on the waiter's tray, and watched him place them before two women seated at a table at the other end of the room. After a while, he again fell into reverie.

He thought of himself attempting to get closer to his boy, and finding himself further estranged after each attempt. The boy warded off familiarity with a cool, insolent silence. He seemed to regard joviality as an intrusion, unwelcome and unnecessary. The chasm between them widened with each back-slapping good-natured word, and all that he, the father, could do, was to sit there, wooden-faced, watching the expanding rift. The situation was beyond him. And he grew angry, with the anger of frustration.

He had never done anything to offend the

boy, yet here was his son nursing a growing hatred of him, his father.

The bar-tender looked up from the sink in which he had been rinsing dirty glasses. He noted that the place was empty save for the two waiters and the two women, lingering over their beers. His eyes moved to the clock; it said twelve-thirty. That meant the place should be closed. He beckoned one of the waiters to him. The man, a soiled towel fixed in his belt, came over.

"You'd better tell them to get out," said the bar-tender, referring to the women.

"I told them we were closing," said the waiter, "but they want to finish their beer."

"Well, tell them they go to go soon or they'll get us in trouble. This ain't no hotel," and with that the bartender turned to the register behind him.

The other waiter was putting chairs on tables so that the sweeping would be easier. The bar-tender was taking the money out of the register and transferring it to a canvas bag, but he was not thinking of what he was doing. "The kid needs a woman to look after him, that's all. Hell, it ain't a man's job to look after a young kid. All a man has to do is support him till he can support himself. His mother would have been as good as anybody, but she leaves me holding the bag." He might have gone on thinking to himself when he saw that one of the women had left, and that the other was now sitting alone at the table.

She sat very straight, and the bar-tender thought her well-formed. "The kid needs a woman to look after him; that's what he needs." He thought her features rather delicate. "Looking after a kid is a woman's job." He could see a portion of her thigh because her legs were crossed. "He's afraid of me. Maybe because I'm a man." She arose. "Nine years since his mother left. He's had a chance to get tough." She was patting her clothes into position. "He could be softened up by a woman." She started across the

floor, her tweed skirt following the movement of her legs. "I can't handle him; I know that." She was standing in front of him, the bar between them. He spoke.

"Well," he said, and he spoke as though she knew he had been expecting her for a long time.

"I haven't any money," she said.

"I guessed that was it," nodding to show he understood, "it's all right."

"You mean it's all right for me to pay you some other time?"

"I mean forget about it."

"You're white," she said and, after a pause, "my name is Rita."

The man behind the bar acknowledged the confidence by a slight movement of his head, and then he remained silent and motionless, debating some question in his mind. One of the waiters was sweeping toward the end of the room in which they were standing; as he finished sweeping one section, he would turn out a light. And the man and the woman stood there, being gradually immersed in darkness.

He looked up and said, "I'll take you home, if you want. Where do you live?" She mentioned a street and stood there waiting, while he removed his soiled white apron, while he reached for his dark jacket, put it on, and walked from behind the bar to where she stood. Turning his head to see the waiter behind him, and taking her arm at the same time, he called to the man with the broom, "You close up. The key is in the register." And he led her into the street, lighted inadequately by wide-spread street-lamps.

Silently they walked to his car. The woman smelt faintly of beer but the man did not notice. Again he was lost in thought. As he guided the car down one street and up another, he would ask her whether he was going right, and she would nod. After directing him to turn up another street, she said, "This is it. The third house from the

corner." He brought the car to a stop in front of a tawdry brown-stone house. She asked, "Do you want to come in for a while?" He said he would, and they got out and walked up a short flight of stairs to the door.

* * * *

When he walked up the stairs to his own apartment, it was late. He opened the door and walked into the three-room apartment in which he and his son who was not a son lived, that eleven-year old person of whom he knew so little, who puzzled him beyond endurance.

Several times after that night Rita came to the Congress Bar and Grill, and several times the man behind the bar escorted her home. He learned that she had been working as a saleswoman in a department store and that she had been fired, that she had been married but that she was not living with her husband. She, in turn, learned of his broken marriage, and of his unhappy relations with his son. She tried to find out what he had done to alienate the boy from himself, and after cross-examining him fruitlessly, concluded that whatever was wrong between them, the fault was not his.

Once more, too, he had made friendly overtures to his son, and once more he had been forced to abstain from pressing his love on the boy, forced to withdraw, frustrated, chilled. He had come to work after that, and with each beer he served was more than a full measure of despair. He stood behind the bar, silent, puffing at a cigarette at regular intervals, thinking. The door opened and Rita came in.

As she walked over to him, he took off his apron, and put on his coat. He walked swiftly to her and said, with more emotion in his voice than any who knew him would have thought possible, "We're goin' home to the boy."

Rita understood. "I'm glad," she said, "but—," and she stopped, for she didn't want to dampen his enthusiasm. His excite-

ment was infectious, and in the air around them was a lightness of spirit which was new to both of them. He is taking a long chance, she thought, and he's sure it's going to work out all right.

The thoughts he had as they walked in the direction of his house filled him with a bubbling, seething joy. They affected him more than any liquor could, filled him with dreams, dreams in which a happy laughing youngster romped boisterously. He laughed, when he looked into her eyes, this woman who was going to heal the rent in his home. And she laughed with him. She laughed because she saw the dreams in his heart. They were walking rapidly, keeping time with the tempo of their dreams. At last they arrived at his house. They walked up the steps and halted at the outer door as though afraid to complete their plan, but when they looked at each other, they laughed anew and continued up the stairs to his three-room apartment.

He knocked at the door, quick, happy raps, but there was no answer; so he took out his key and opened the door. Rita was behind him, a little hesitant. His son was seated by the window of the shoddy room, his face emotionless and hard in a way that only chil-

dren can be hard. His eyes looked at his father, and then moved to the right, the better to see who was behind him.

"Hello, son," said his father, "surprised to see us home so early? We took a holiday." The boy said nothing, except "hello" in a flat, toneless voice. "I brought home a mother for you," his father continued in a tense vein, "you want to meet her. Come here."

"No," said the boy, "I don't want to meet her."

"Come over," said his father, his voice too controlled.

"Don't make him come if he—if he doesn't want to," said Rita. She spoke softly from behind the bar-tender's shoulder.

Suddenly the man realized that he had dreamed for nothing, an a quick flaming anger arose in him. He swore terrible things under his breath, and took a step toward the boy. He stopped, looked at his son, and half-shouted, "Get in your room and stay there. God damn you!" With that he turned quickly and almost pushed the woman behind him out the door. "Let's get out of here," he said. And both of them walked down the stairs.

YOUTH'S TESTAMENT

Youth's testament might well have read:-
The past ideals have blossomed,
Now are crumpled sheaves and shapeless lead;
No molten heat may mould a newer form,
A live-born, adolescent age is dead;
But from the shambles of those shell-swept fields
Has sprung a marching, cheering swarm;
The flesh in Flanders slyly bled
To bring quick-step when hearts beat warm.

DON BRADLEY

Soil on the March

DEJAY SHRINER

THE sun hangs high over acres of dry, fissured earth, baked hard by the heat, holding no moisture; upon its blistered surface—not a single blade of grass or other vegetation. Occasional breezes lift a swirl of fine subsoil and send it in choking clouds across the barren landscape. This is not a picture of a section of desert-land in far off Mesopotamia, or a scorched no-mans-land in the foot hills of Ethiopia. It is, unfortunately, a fairly accurate description of an immense portion of American farm land, once rich and productive, but now a sterile waste because of soil erosion.

Wind and rain annually blast away over 26 billion pounds of plant food—twenty-one times the amount needed to grow our national food crop for one year. At present 100,000,000 acres stand absolutely useless, stripped of fertile top soil. Farm houses which once housed prospering families are falling into ruin on the gutted fields. The land is not only dry and hard but is, in many places, split and broken by crevices and ravines of varying depths. One such gully, in the Piedmont section of Georgia, which started from a tiny rain drip from the roof of a barn, has gouged out the surrounding countryside until it has engulfed the barn from which it began, several houses, a graveyard and one or two farms.

Top soil that has taken centuries to form has been washed away in an hour, and cultivation becomes more and more difficult, for the subsoil, consisting mostly of clay, will not hold moisture. Either it remains a flat tableland and the water runs off as rapidly as it falls, or the soil splits in thousands of tiny cracks through which the precious liquid drains to bed rock. The top soil which is carried away from sloping lands to rivers and

streams frequently ends up in the form of silt in a city reservoir or behind a power dam, where it clogs pipes, ruins turbines and sometimes causes the abandoning of the plant. The cost of such damage, plus the greater damage done to agricultural areas, amounts to two billion dollars annually.

Who's to blame for this devastation? Lumbering, unrestrained grazing, and the plowing of sloping sections distant from trees and heavy bushes are responsible for the worst of it. Pioneer Americans lived on the theory "exploit and move on." Why not? There was plenty of good land to be had for nothing or next to nothing when the old was worn out. It did not seem possible there would come a time when the Pacific ocean would bar any further westward movement. So hillsides were stripped of their soil-protecting trees, great herds of cattle ran free on the plains, cropping the ground bare, and huge sections of the Dakota prairies, treeless as far as the eye could see, were plowed mercilessly for the giant crops of corn and wheat they could produce. The "good earth" was left, an easy prey for erosion.

The prairies produced the expected dividends for a while and then suddenly the market dropped, a crop failed. The destruction followed. With the fields left exposed for a few months, with neither crops nor grass to hold the moisture and soil, the rain flooded across the countryside, washing away huge quantities of loam, a catabolic process which continued until bed-rock was exposed.

Other farms, which were laid on the once timber-laden hillsides, were usually plowed, through carelessness or laziness, in straight furrows running up and down the slope of the land, thus providing a perfect drainage system for the washing away of top soil. If

one doubts the truth of this one need only examine any crop which is planted on an incline. The plants at the lowest level will be the healthiest and best, and the soil at that level will be richer and heavier.

What the pioneer began still goes on. Thirty-four million acres of timber are destroyed for industrial purposes each year and, until lately, none of it has been replaced. Grazing is a hard thing to control. Private owners resent being told how to use their pasture land. And last but not least, inexperienced farming, caused by unemployment which has driven hundreds upon hundreds of young men, city dwellers all their lives, to the country, has taken toll in the clearing of forests for new farms, reoccupation of abandoned farms which should be returned to grass and trees, and the present increase of farm tenants who place immediate profit above future welfare.

In attacking the problem of soil erosion, the basic principle which must be recognized is that it is a *social*, not an individual problem. The very fact that whole nations, such as China and Babylonia, have fallen into decay because of the loss of food producing top soil is enough to show the importance of soil conservation to *the people and not the individual*. Such conservation is absolutely necessary to our food supply, live stock grazing, power, city water supply, irrigation systems, and river navigation.

Immediate and practical action may be taken in five ways. First, educate farmers in terracing or contour plowing on inclined land. Second, force lumbermen, by legislation, to plant a tree for every one cut. Third, control cattle grazing to prevent stripping of soil-gripping grass. Fourth, fill small gullies with brush and rock, and plant willows and honeysuckle in the large ones. Fifth, plant close-growing, sponge-like plants, such as grass and alfalfa, in strips along with the regular crops of corn, cotton and so on. The former not only holds moisture through the dry spells and prevents destructive soilwash but they are also excellent fodder. This "strip cropping" is perhaps the cheapest and most effective way of preserving farm land. It has been found to decrease soil wash 1800 times.

With the recently organized government department "Soil Erosion Service" coordinating an engineering, foresting, chemical and educational attack on the problem, much of the sub-marginal areas (land unfit for farming) may be saved and rebuilt. As Americans we can afford to spare time, money, and effort to halt the insidious wholesale undermining of our most precious possession, our farmland. The march of life-giving soil from hill to sea must cease, if the United States is to survive as the richest and most abundant nation on the earth!

The sad, sweet thought of ancient places,
The searching for an unremembered name,
A shadowed sense of half forgotten faces,
Are sudden come with Autumn's somber flame.

D. W. BRADLEY

Rollins

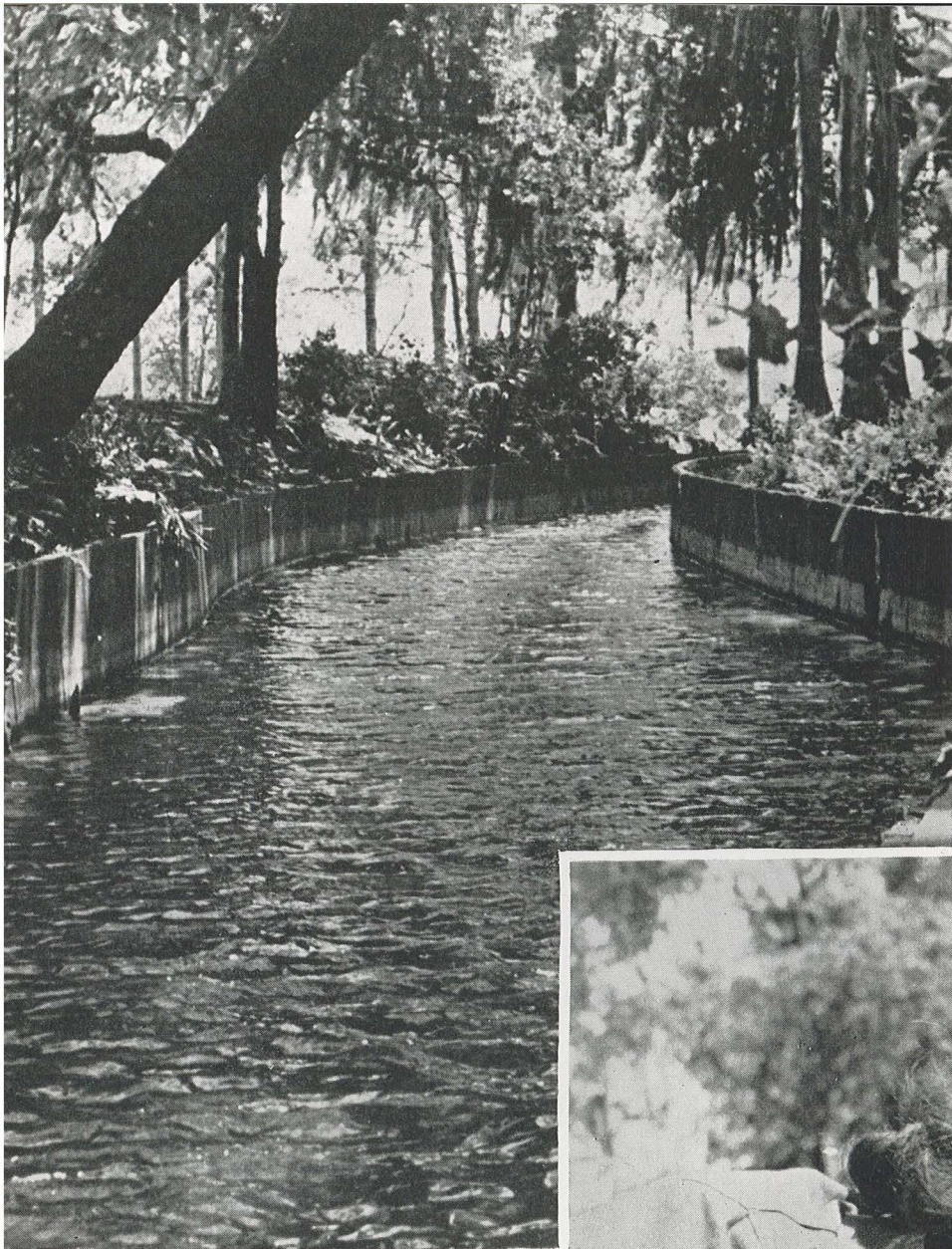
The Campus in Picture

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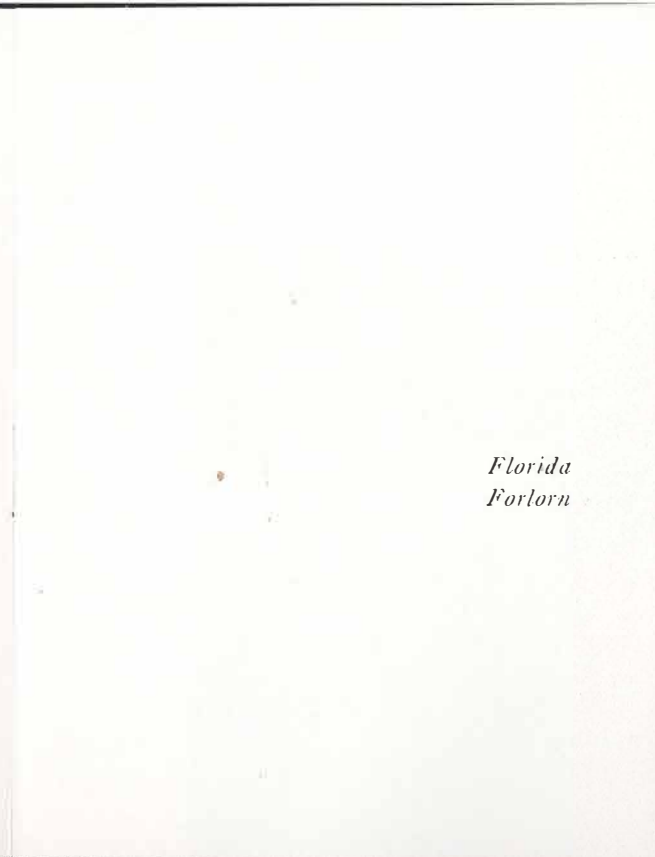
JEAN FAIRBANKS • BOB BELDEN • JACK MAKEMSON



*Rollins
Art*



*Florida
Canal*



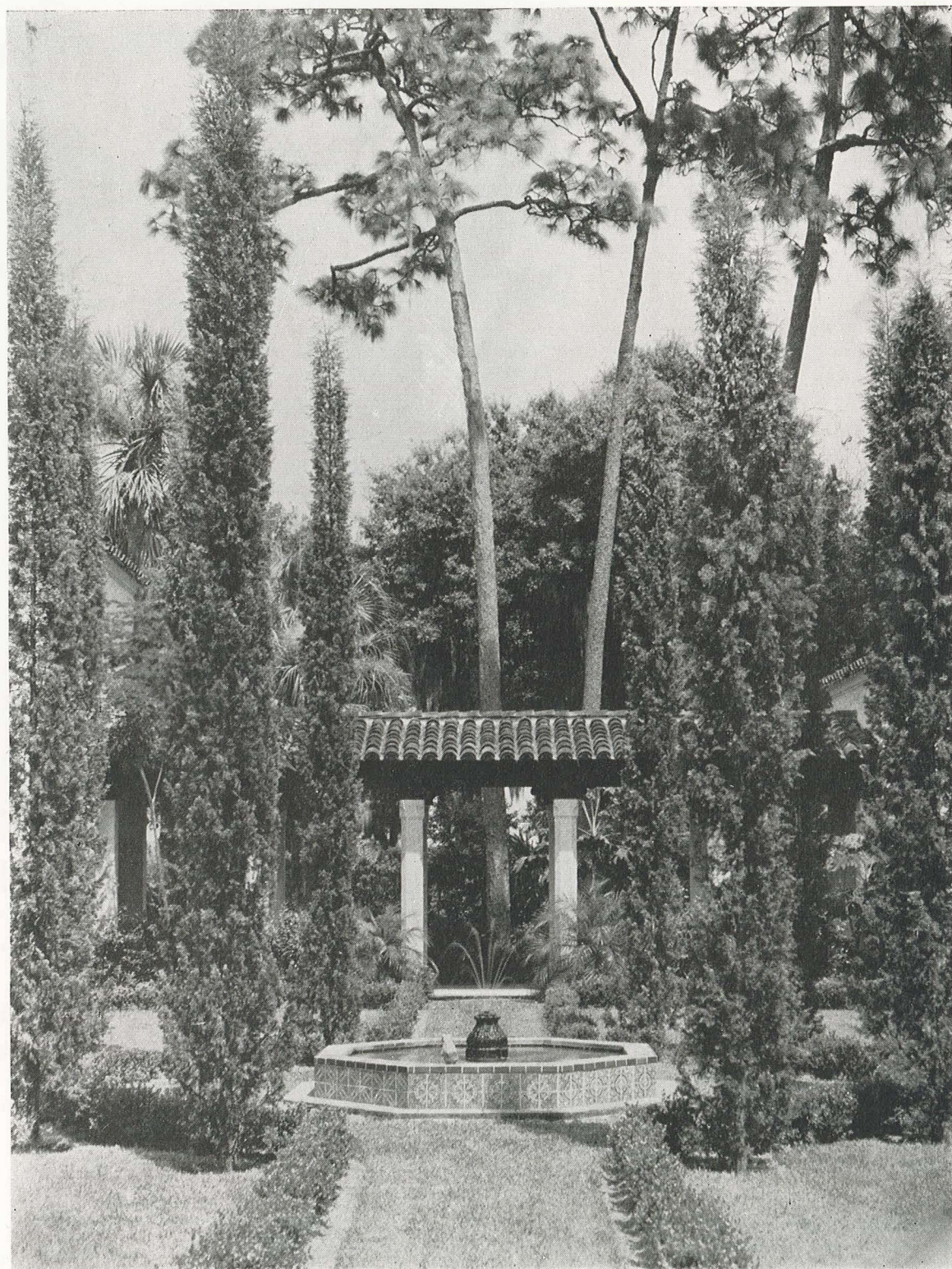
*Florida
Forlorn*



*Rollins
At Work*



*Rollins
At Play*



Serenity

A Bed Time Story For My Roommate

LOIS JOHNSON

DARLING! . . . *What* are you doing out of bed? It is so cold in here.

Sally turned her dark curly head toward the door where her mother stood, outlined in the gold of the electric light directly behind her.

"Oh mummy!" she exclaimed, ignoring her mother's question. "How *lovely* it is, come see!"

"Mummy" crossed the darkened room and placing her hand gently on the tousled curls; she too peered out into the night.

Dazzling snow blanketed the earth, not merely a flash of dead white, but instead, designed with purple-blue shadows and liquid gold of the moonlight. Diamonds strewn in the clearing, amethyst and sapphire heaped beneath the gaunt bare trees.

"A Winter Wonderland," breathed "mummy" dreamily. "Now scamper to bed before you catch cold."

She tucked her small daughter into the miniature bed and kissed her gently.

"May you dream of the Snow Prince and all his ilk," she laughed as she crossed the room, still obviously enchanted by the lovely snow scene.

The word "ilk" had always fascinated "mummy" in a mild sort of way. *Now* it so beautifully expressed a whole class of Snow Princes, elves, and wonderland creatures in but a one syllable word.

When the door had been closed and the room was again enveloped in darkness, save for the moonlight streaming in the window, Sally snuggled into the covers and turned her thoughts to the snow laden world outside.

"A Snow Prince and all his—his ilk."

That was what mummy said, but what is an ilk? She couldn't mean elk, 'cause she would have said 'elks'—I think—his cat?—all his cats?—yes, she would have said 'elks'. An ilk must be something that only a Snow Prince can have."

"Sally, aren't you asleep yet?" a clear warm voice interrupted her thoughts.

Sally popping up in bed, formed her mouth like an "O" upon seeing where the voice came from and to whom it belonged. For there on the window sill, in the spotlight of the moon, stood a tiny white figure.

Worthy of a spotlight was the tiny creature for his clothing denoted unmistakable splendor. A creamy velvet robe hung in rich folds almost to the ground, or rather almost to the window sill. A shimmering gilet of white satin, embroidered with seed pearls was plainly visible through the opening of the cape. His tiny feet were shod in white doeskin boots. Clad thusly, there he stood, feet apart, hands on hip, with a resplendent crown cocked boyishly on his dark ringlets.

"You should be asleep," he continued in the same friendly voice.

"*You* must be the Snow Prince!" blurted Sally, eyes wide with wonder.

"Oh, then you were expecting me?" queried the Prince, with an air of disappointment at not having surprised the child.

"Well, yes rather," Sally said frowning. "But I didn't expect you to come alone, I mean—without your ilk."

"I didn't come alone," laughed the Prince, "he's outside."

"*All your ilk?*" questioned Sally, making certain that the "all" was duly emphasized.

"Certainly, *all* my ilk," he said, "To whom else would he belong? Well, he wasn't always mine, if that is what you mean. He was given to me by Diana when I was very young. She caught him when she was hunting in the Great Woods. He's such a lovable creature she just couldn't kill him. Knowing how much I wanted a new pet, she brought him to me."

That *wasn't* what Sally meant, and she *didn't* know who Diana was, but she was afraid she might anger the Prince by questioning him further, or else disgust him with her ignorance. She merely said, "Oh", in a polite voice.

"Well, shall we go?" asked the Prince.

"Go? Go where?" questioned Sally.

"Why to Snowland," said the Prince, as though she had asked "where" after they had planned a trip for weeks.

"Oh—oh yes," stammered Sally hurriedly pulling on her pink wooly robe. She raced across the room and climbed upon the window sill beside the Prince.

There in the yard below seated on the icy ground was the ilk. No, Sally had never

seen an ilk before, nor had any child. For the ilk was a dragon-like creature, well covered with long white fur. A large pink wing hung from either shoulder or from either—well, what ever they hung from, by all laws of nature they shouldn't have been there. With absolutely no show of animation, he was surveying the scene through placid green eyes.

"Oh my!" breathed Sally placing a chubby hand on each cheek and widening her eyes, "Does he bite?"

"Lord no," laughed the Prince, "he hasn't any teeth."

"Richard," he called to the ilk, "we're ready."

The ilk labored to his feet, took a deep breath, raced around the same imaginary circle three times, flapped his wings vigorously, and soared lazily up to the window.

"Hello," he said in his warmest manner, smiling at Sally.

Sally beamed, "he is a loveable beast," she mused. In the excitement of seeing an ilk in action, Sally had forgotten to be amazed that the creature had the power of speech.

"Now shall we go?" the Prince asked again.

Sally almost asked "where", but remembering the apparent dislike the Prince displayed the last time she had asked the question, she contented herself with the last answer—"Snowland".

Upon her enthusiastic, "Yes, let's do!" the Prince grasped her hand firmly and leaped from the window sill to the back of Richard.

Richard remained motionless while they settled themselves on his broad fleecy back. Then, turning his large head around, he looked at Sally through docile and cow-like eyes, "Comfy?" he questioned in his customary friendly tone.

"Yes, quite, thank you," smiled Sally, thinking at the time she would speak to fath-



er in the morning about an ilk for her not too distant birthday.

"Now, where to first?" Richard said, addressing the Prince with a more man to man, straight from the shoulder tone than he had employed while speaking to Sally.

"I hate to hurry you," he continued, "but much as I'd like to have you plan the entire evening, we must leave the later part for the purpose of carrying out my previous plans."

"Oh Lord, yes," sighed the Prince. "Well, we'll just have to omit something from our plans. What would you suggest, Richard?"

"I suggest we forget 'Christmas Turn Pike'. Sally's probably seen and heard enough about that apple-polisher, Santa Claus."

Sally would have enjoyed seeing Santa Claus but, though she couldn't imagine why an apple-polisher would be distasteful to the ilk, or why Santa would be polishing apples, she decided to let the decision rest.

"To the moon, Richard," called the Prince with a slight touch of a "Home, James" manner.

"To the moon!" echoed Sally, "I thought we were going to Snowland."

"We are, just don't be impatient."

Slowly they ascended to a point well above the house, then swinging around, headed straight for the crescent moon.

The trio soared rapidly through the chill blackness of the winter night, leaving the ground far below them. Sally gazed downward, watching the expanse of earth grow larger and larger, and then slowly contract more and more until it was a mere ball in the distance. While she was still looking from whence they came, it dawned on her that they must be nearing the moon.

To her utter amazement the moon was no where to be seen. In its stead however, a large golden boat was anchored in mid-air. Despite the fact that it was solid fourteen karat gold, it was neither pretentious nor garish. The brilliant glow stood in sharp con-

trast to the simple graceful lines of the elegant vessel. Devoid it was—nor man nor beast, but strangely inviting to the spectator.

A quiet unobtrusive, "Gosh," was all that Sally seemed capable of uttering at that point.

"Apparently you like my moon under closer inspection than you are used to," said the Prince in a *very* pleased voice. "To be perfectly frank, I shouldn't say my moon—it belongs to the W. P. A., or Wonderland Prince's Association. The boat is simply a ferry over to the 'Milky Way.'"

"Let's hurry," Richard said, helping Sally aboard. "I'm anxious to see Joe—he's going to meet the boat."

When they were all aboard, and the Prince had pulled the lever labeled "Power",



Richard curled up in the bow and went to sleep, purring softly.

"Poor darling, he must be worn out," said Sally, following the Prince to the stern of the swiftly moving vessel.

Sally smiled into the gentle breeze, wishing the night might never end, or that she might return often to this haven of delight. Even the wake was unique, which was strange, for so few wakes are unique. Instead of being the traditional widening strip of ruffled water, the wake was a misty golden wedge streaming from 'neath the gallant ship.

Struck with wonder as Sally was, being a child, she was also curious.

"Is Joe another ilk?" she queried.

"No, he's a Berserk. I trust you've never seen one, since he is the only one left of his tribe. Funny fellow," he mused, "so excitable."

"Friend of your's?" questioned Sally after several moments of silence.

"No, I only know him slightly. Richard met him at the last Red Cross game—stupid game, a combination of Red Rover and Cross Tag. It seems that Richard and Joe tied for first place and since then have been inseparable. Why, we're here already!—and there's Joe! Richard, wake up!"

Sally was so excited upon seeing her first Berserk that she almost upset the boat. She encountered her first difficulty in trying to decide whether the Berserk be animal, bird, or reptile, or—all these. She finally decided in favor of bird, though that was by a liberal stretch, in fact a very liberal stretch, of imagination. The Berserk was short and skinny, resembling greatly a shaven chicken, due possibly to his pointed stomach and pallid blue, cold-storage look. Rather than wings however, he was endowed with long arms, reaching well below his knees. One arm hung limply at his side, while the hand of the other was rapidly having the finger nails bitten by

the twitching mouth of a wizened, rat-like face.

Richard sat up in the boat and smiled at Joe through sleep-laden eyes, "Josey Boy," he called, "been waiting long?"

"Uh-uh," came the reply between, or perhaps during, nibbles.

After the vessel had been beached, the trio clambered on to the shore.

"Hurry!" Joe fairly screamed in a shrill voice, "we'll be late, if you don't hurry!"

"What time is it?"

"It's rapidly getting to be after!" cried Joe in an excited voice.

Oh, no!" Richard shouted, obviously becoming excited himself.

Sally was considerably bewildered by the conversation but before she had had ample time to think, the Prince and the Berserk had hoisted her upon the back of Richard and they were fairly racing up the beach. The finally reached the "main drag", more commonly called the "Milky Way". It was a broad two lane highway resembling greatly a suspension bridge. The last and most amazing fact about the bridge was that it was paved, cobble stone fashion, in "chocolate Milky Ways". Apparently the Curtis Candy Company had based its patent on fact rather than imagination or hearsay.

While they were hurrying thus along the way, the Prince explained to Sally that they would scarcely have time for Snowland this trip. He begged her to come another time for they were really trying to crowd too much into one night.

"We're almost there!" called Richard gaily, "just around the next turn."

"Almost where?" Sally asked, becoming slightly annoyed at the way they excluded her from the conversation whenever they became excited or animated.

"To the convention!—the Ilks Convention!" was the joyous reply.

And sure enough, there by the side of the road over the entrance of a fair ground was

a huge white sign, bearing the proverbial sky blue pink letters the following:

B. P. O. I.

"Come one! Come all!

Hear Richard lecture on

'How to Win Friends and Anihilate People.'"

"Why Richard—you're famous!" Sally beamed.

"Oh no, not really." Richard blushed modestly.

The group paused, once inside the fair ground.

"You all browse around," Richard panted, "I'll join you at the speakers box later."

"Right, but do hurry, it's almost time for your speech."

"Don't worry about me—I'll be there on time."

As they turned to go Sally saw Richard stretch his gigantic hulk out on the grass. She scarcely heard him say,

"Lord I'm tired, I'm getting too old to galavant around so."

The three friends took their places in front of the speaker's box. A corpulent ilk mounted the platform.

"We will now hear from our beloved and erudite Brother Richard. Will you please come forward, Brother Richard?"

The audience clapped and hooted, wild with expectation.

—But Richard was fast asleep.

* * * *

A corpulent ilk mounted the platform
"Hurry" Joe screamed in a shrill voice, "we'll be late if you don't hurry."

NOTE:—To be read only in the event that the ending causes too much dramatic criticism.

Written mainly for those who think the ending was mainly to cut short something that was bound to fall flat, and to those, also, who believe my imagination left me without an adequate way of getting Sally out of the realm of fantasy.

* * * *

The audience clapped and hooted, wild with expectation. Every head turned to see Richard stride majestically down the center aisle.

"You show 'em kid", Joe shouted encouragingly.

Richard mounted the platform and faced the throng. He winked at Joe, by way of thanks for his loyal support. Joe beamed up at him, blinking his eyes nervously. When Richard decided that his vanity had been sufficiently flattered, he held up his paws for silence. Clearing his throat, he proceeded.

"Brothers," he began, but was cut short by a second thunderous applause, started by Joe, who thought the entire speech was clever enough to merit an accompanying show of appreciation.

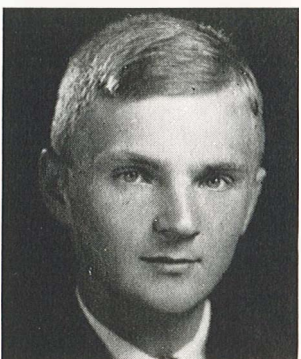
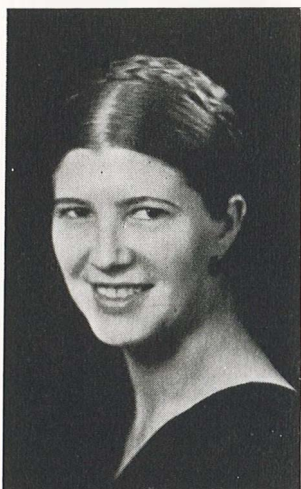
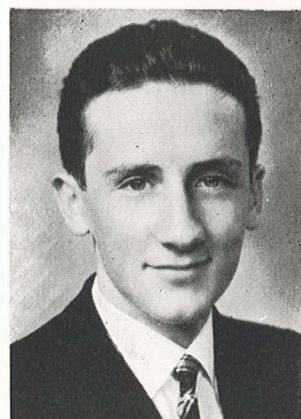
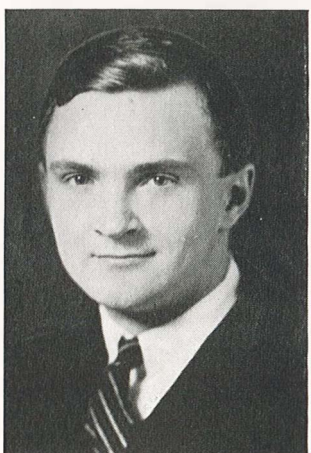
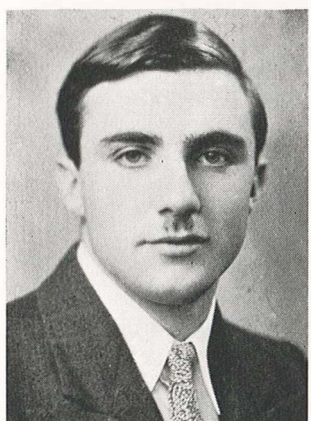
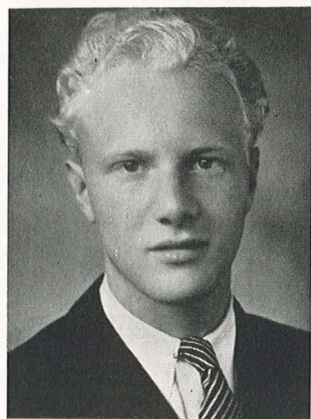
Again Richard hushed them with elevated paws.

"Brothers," he said, "before I give my lecture, I would like to have you meet a new friend of mine.—Sally, would you come up on the platform?"

Sally blushed and shrank in her seat.

"Sally, get up," Joey whispered.

"Sally, wake up dear—you'll be late for school."



Let We Forget

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

A Tale From the French

Part IV

DON BRADLEY

WHILE France had been made the quarry of Totalitarian pressure, there was yet another nation, small and completely helpless, which was made the true game of the hunt, being run to earth in such fashion that both England and France were forced to sit in on the kill, smiling grimly, trying to keep face, an appearance that had been lost these many months since the new Italian Empire and the reoccupied Rhineland had become accepted facts.

In the beginning, when truth and justice reigned at Versailles, Austria had been plucked to a dainty morsel, ripe for aggression, unprotected and continuing to exist only with the aid of English loans and for the edification of gawking tourists.

Vienna in those terrible post-war years became a large pawn-broker's shop and a postal card exhibit. Schonbrunn was an empty shell, Franz Joseph palace a museum. The once gay city, for a hundred years the center of Eastern and Western world society, now had the atmosphere of a Nevada ghost-town, abandoned by even the ghosts.

Is it any wonder that the largely agrarian population of the tiny state should look with approving eyes upon a renewed glory to the North? The rising sun of their native son blinded them to his methods. Hitler became the hero of every farmer's boy from Innsbruck to the Salzburg bowl, from the Tyrolean Alps to the South Austrian grain fields.

As early as July 25, 1934, when the abortive Putsch and Dollfuss's assassination took place, when for the first time Nazi Germany

overplayed her hand, at least seventy percent of the rural Austrian population was Nazi. Then, it was Mussolini's marshalled legions at Brenner pass that bid the Black shirts stay home in Munich, and the small but competent army under Starhemberg, supported by Italian money, that quelled the revolution.

But the evil seed already had been sown. The Italian Duce's protection had been bought at too costly a price, for Dollfuss had been obliged, early in February 1934, to liquidate the Vienna Socialists who were the only real opposing strength to the Nazi party. This had been Rome's demand, and when it had been consummated, the Austrian Republic died. There in those beautiful apartment buildings, raised by the dreams of Marx and Schmidt, men, women and children huddled together as their own countrymen shelled them to a bloody pulp. Their only sin, a too firm belief in Man's innate freedom, the Vienna Socialists were annihilated, a sacrifice to the new World doctrine of directed hate mobilized like an army and sent to fight in its place.

The rest is simple. Hitler's next move was the famous Rome, Munich visits, during which Mussolini bartered Austria for a free hand in Spain and an iron-clad defensive alliance with Berlin.

Though there were many republicans left in Austria, they were far outnumbered by the Nazis; therefore little penetration by propaganda was needed. Der Fuhrer merely waited until the logical moment when England, France, Czechoslovakia and Russia

were quiet or internally occupied; then he moved in, making of the invasion a routine maneuver of the Army's Spring training.

Now Czechoslovakia was surrounded. The drive to the East and control of the Danube river valley with its golden wealth of grain were approaching realities. Nothing could prevent it, so enough time was taken for a breathing spell and for the World to accept.

France, meanwhile, was desperately trying to keep an internal crisis from breaking into an actual revolution, and to deviously support Madrid, a task akin to the old proverb: Never let thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.

The Spanish Revolution, though originally planned in Rome, was at first a hit or miss affair, but when Mussolini recognized the blunder France and England had made by refusing arms to the legal Spanish government, in an effort to avoid being embroiled, in which the Democracies cut off their noses to spite their faces, he, Il Duce, at once rushed support to Franco, for here was an ideal occasion to paralyze Paris while other and more important pots were put on the fire.

If defeat had become rout during 1936,

for Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsey, then rout became bewildered, awful panic in 1937 and 38. Hasty, ill-planned rearmament schedules were immediately enforced. The French Army, though the best in the World had allowed its Airforce to go to pieces. Scarcity of money had been the original reason, but now nothing could be considered as important as protection.

However when rearmament was begun both Nations discovered that a new factor had entered the field, one money could not buy. And that was organized mass production under critical pressure. Here the Dictatorships had proven their excellence. Here, perhaps, was the very reason for there existence.

Germany had a manufacturing capacity of over five hundred planes a month; Italy of three hundred or more, England lagged far behind with possibly one hundred and fifty per month; but France, that Nation of idealistic mechanics, according to confidential reports, produced exactly one bomber and six combat planes during the month of August, 1938. And here is tragedy almost upon us.

(To be continued.)

EBB AND FLOW

Life's jewel glows but dim ahead,
Creation fades behind,
While here the mist obscures them both,
And searching I can find
A plain of dust, a heap of stone,
An empty river-bed,
The sky, a naked bowl upturned,
Unmoving overhead.
Within my hand no secret dwells,

The way lies where I go,
But when I take a step across,
I knew that which I know.
The mist that was, is present still,
In constant ebb and flow.
If movement brings a forward pace,
I'll go; but do I see
A pathway through the mist before,
A road come back to me?

DON BRADLEY

London Bridge Is Falling Down

P. R. KELLY

FALLING down, falling down. So goes the old tune. Yet there are many who believe that the lyrics could stand revision. For "London Bridge," they would substitute, "The British Empire," and they're ready to back up their argument with all sorts of statistics and facts. An alarming idea, this, that one of the world's leading powers is falling to pieces before our eyes. Certainly it is not one to fit in with the current conception most Americans have, of the British Lion facing the world undaunted. Let's sum up the points and see what conclusion might be reached.

Going back to the old thesis that the basis of most of our ills is economic strife, these prophets point out that England, as a nation, is not exactly in the best of financial health. Gold continues to flood to the United States, and her internal distractions, with labor battling capital, and vice versa, are no help at all in solving her problems. Back of this argument lies the belief that England, represented by Chamberlain, Inc., etc., represents the leading reactionary force in the world today.

Such sore spots as the coal industry, with its wretched record of exploitation and short-sighted competitive wars, point the national problem. England, stronghold of class-consciousness in an increasingly democratic world, finds it increasingly difficult to effect a compromise between two bitter factions.

Looking throughout the empire, we find again adequate cause for alarm. Having grabbed off one continual headache in India, the British find another tormenting problem in the Palestine fracas between Jewish and Arab factions. And while a beligerent Japan continues to usurp and infringe upon England's influence in the Orient, the Mediterranean, once definitely under the thumb of

the Empire, is now controlled by Mussolini, whose strategically placed bases control the "life line of the Empire," the Suez Canal. Even Gibraltar, once famous as a symbol of unflinching solidity and authority, is overshadowed by the long range guns Il Duce has mounted on the neighboring heights of Majorca.

And Mussolini's foothold in Ethiopia affords another influential base, which menaces England's Egyptian control. While Australia and Canada remain loyal and would, in all probability, join forces with the mother country, in time of war, there still remains the troubling fact that the British people are, as a whole, definitely peace minded. It is knowledge of this fact that made the leaders back down from time to time, before the demands of the more-war-like dictator nations. Yet, under the constant goading, the patience of the nation is becoming shorter and shorter, and it is definitely less conciliatory in its attitude during the past six months.

Another source of trouble is Ireland. The Republican army still cries for a free Ireland, and bombings and riots continue apace. In war time this activity would be very definitely increased, with what harrying result, it can well be imagined. Nor is that all, England lost its first battle when Czecho-Slovakia's rape went apparently unprotested. As the smaller nations of Europe have witnessed the Empire's weakness of purpose and policy during the past year's crises, they have become more reluctant than ever to enter into pacts with a power which apparently is powerless to back up its share of the agreement. Had Chamberlain's attitude at Munich been less conciliatory, it is readily seen that Rumania, always friendly to England and France, would have far preferred to fall in line with them. Instead, Rumania now stands in line

with Germany and Italy, a victim of the Empire's infirm purpose.

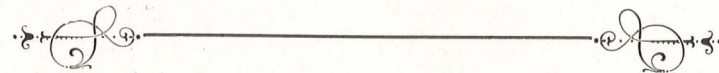
Loud, too, are the voices raised against the inconsistency of England's stand on the self-determination of peoples, on which basis she agreed to Hitler's anschluss in Austria, and the seizing of the Sudetenland. What about India . . . what of Ireland, Egypt and the rest, demand this group. They are inclined to the view that England's policy has been chiefly that of the opportunist, who alternately commends or rejects actions on the basis of personal gain.

Other questions raise doubt in the minds of many. Why was Russia, colossus of Europe, snubbed and ignored at Munich? Why did England bring pressure on France to break its Russian mutual-aggression pact? And they give as reply the theory that conservative England; consult script almost anything to the alliance with a power whose political and economic theory are the antithesis of the Empire's. They foster Hitler, say this group, for they know that when Hitler goes, the people's state arrives. What basis

of fact lies behind this assumption cannot be determined.

Certainly, the Great Britain that led the world in its nineteenth century march to modernization, is not at its best. Its once flourishing literature is fading. Its theatre is definitely behind the American standard. It is producing no new line of poets, musicians, artists, inventors or thinkers. Its industrial supremacy lies in the past, along with its faltering leadership in dress, conventions and morals. The Victorian lady and gentlemen who set the cultural pace for the world are no longer international paragons. England needs new blood.

But most ominous of all, is the demise of the little island's once impregnable wall. The British Channel, long a barrier behind which this island nation flourished, has suffered the fate of the obsolete. Today England's millions live in mortal fear of the lightning stroke of the air fleets of Italy and Germany, whose combined bombing forces probably total over 7,000 late-model planes. The island's sanctity is no more. London bridge is falling . . . down . . .



RAY GREENE

Rollins Alumnus

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Jack, Jill and Ophelia

DOROTHY BRYN

JACK woke up feeling that all was not right. Cautiously he opened one eye. Abruptly he shut it. His premonition was right. All was not as it should be. This was a strange room. How had he gotten here? Stuffing his head in the pillow, he tried to think consistently. "Buck up Jack ol' boy," he thought, "it might not be as bad as it looks." Slowly he tried to recollect the night before. "How will I ever explain this to Jill? He shivered. "Jill—" He remembered all now and if the bed had collapsed under him he couldn't have felt worse. He opened both eyes this time. Yes, it was the guest room, or "dog house" as Jack called it. Last night he had been moved into it, bag and baggage. "I don't like it, I never did, and I never will," he muttered. "Ophelia, Shakespeare, damn!"

He pulled himself out of bed and walked slowly to the window, inhaling the fresh spring air deeply, he tried to explain it to himself and find something to be happy about. Ordinarily Sunday mornings felt good. But not this one. As he gazed at the grounds that surrounded their ten room shack he wondered just who was wearing the pants of the family.

Three years of matrimony, three years of wedded bliss, and now this. "Things have come to a pretty pass when your wife moves you around like a piece of furniture." Jack was doing a man-size job of feeling sorry for himself when his look suddenly softened to a calf-like expression. There, on a branch, not far from his window, was a nest of baby sparrows. Gloomily he thought of the empty room at the end of the hall. Gloomily he thought of last night. Still more gloomily he thought of the pink and blue ducks that would have been on the walls of

the empty room. Poor little ducks! No one would ever appreciate them now. At least it looked that way. No one appreciated him either. It was all Ophelia's fault, he thought, damned wench! And Ophelia was all Shakespeare's fault. To think that old bird could write something that would upset a happy home centuries later. "If it was a good play, it'd be different," he mused, "but 'Macbeth', 'Hamlet', whatever it is. Even I could write stuff like that. And I won't have my wife tossing knives around a stage, she'd look ridiculous and it might put bad ideas in her head. Besides, she can't act anyway." Disgruntled, he went over last night's scene, and tried to find a loophole.

Jack had come home from business with his head in the clouds. Jill had called him at the office, and said she had a wonderful surprise for him. A wonderful surprise meant only one thing to Jack. Ever since the beginning of spring he has been day dreaming about lots of things, especially little things. There's something about spring that makes husbands dreamy like that. When Jack put down the phone he was sort of dreamish, dappy, and excited all at once. He ran for his hat and left the office in a whirl. "Good ol' Jill," he thought gaily, "the perfect wife. I thought she acted funny when I talked to her about it. Little devil, I bet she knew it all the time and just wanted to surprise me."

By this time Jack was on the street headed for his car. Some pink and blue ducks in a paper-shop window caught his eye. He thought of the bare walls in the empty room. Without hesitating he went in and bought every duck in the place. Next he stopped in the florists and came out with an armful of roses. Jumping in his car he headed for

home feeling very happy and proud of himself.

When he stepped into his house, Jack expected to find Jill at the door waiting to fall in his arms. But the doorway was very empty indeed.

"Jill!" he called.

No answer.

"Jill!" he repeated.

Still no answer. Worried, he began to look around. No butler, no maid, nobody seemed to be home. Jack went to the dining room. The table was unset and no signs of dinner being prepared. He sniffed the air questioningly. "The cook," he thought "She'll know," and hurried to the kitchen. Just outside the door he stopped. Familiar voices reached him.

"Where is this beauteous majesty of Denmark?"

"How now, Ophelia!"

Jack pushed through the door and stood there, aghast.

"Jill!" he cried. Before him was his wife, draped in a sheet, balanced on a chair, and gathered around her, the servants, similarly garbed. Excited blue eyes looked up, startled, then smiled.

"Jack! Hello dear! Aren't you home early? Oh no, that's right, it's Saturday, isn't it, or is it? What is it today anyway Jane?" she asked the maid.

"Saturday, ma'm."

"Yes, of course, how silly of me." Jill shook her tousled blonde head and catching sight of the flowers jumped down from her perch.

"Oh Jack, how sweet of you. Such lovely flowers. Are they for me? You dear, sweet, husband. Now we can really celebrate. Just a minute while I get a vase."

As she darted off Jack called her back.

"Wait a minute, what's all this anyway?"

Jill turned quickly.

"Why, of course, I haven't told you yet, have I?"

"Told me what?" he said impatiently.

"The surprise, dear, the surprise I told you about."

"The surprise!" he ejaculated, "What on earth has this got to do with the surprise?"

"Everything."

"Everything, Jill?" he repeated, glancing uncertainly over the tableau.

"So soon!" Jack looked frightened.

"This isn't soon. Why, darling I've waited over a year for this to happen."

"Over a year!" Jack exclaimed.

"Yes, and I didn't want to tell you until I actually had it. And now I have. Ophelia! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, it's all very amazing. May I ask when it happened?"

"Only this afternoon, just before I called you up."

"And you're not feeling ill? My poor dear, after all you've been through." He put an arm protectingly around Jill.

"It was quite a job, but it was worth it."

She snuggled closer. For a moment Jack held her tenderly. He felt quite confused, but this was the happiest moment of his life.

"Jill," he whispered, drawing her into the next room, "can I see her now?" Startled, she looked up at him.

"See who now?"

"Little Ophelia."

"Little Ophelia!" Jill said, amazed.

"Isn't that what you called her?" Jack asked.

"Called who?" Jill looked puzzled.

"The baby, Jill, our baby."

"Baby!" she shrieked, "what baby?"

"Ours. What you've been telling me about," Jack went on hurriedly. "The surprise." For a moment Jill looked blankly at her husband, then giggled and finally managed to make the whole thing clear to him. For months she had been trying to get the part of Ophelia in a play. Now she had it and was in the middle of reading it over with the help when he had come home.

It was a very important thing in her life and wasn't he terribly proud of her? When he should have been overcome with joy and fallen at her feet, all Jack could do was drop the flowers and mournfully go over to the couch.

"Well!" Jill stammered, "This is a fine way to make me feel happy. Everything was so wonderful 'til you had to come along and be grouchy. It's not my fault that you misunderstood. In fact it was quite funny, until you got all sulky." When Jack still showed no signs of rushing to soothe her, she tiptoed to the couch and settled by his side.

"There, there, precious, what's making you so sad?" she cooed.

Jack looked at her regretfully. "It was just a disappointment, that's all. You know how badly I've wanted—"

Jill sat up very stiffly. "Do we have to go through this again? I've told you that we're still too young to get all stuffy and settled down with a family. And besides, this is my career and I have to think of my figure."

Aroused, Jack grabbed her arm, "Figure, career," he scoffed, "that's all I ever hear. What am I married to, a powder puff?"

"Don't you talk to me like that, Jack Randolph, I'll have my career first. Any offspring will have to wait." She wiggled away from him.

Furiously Jack glared at her. "No wife of mine can be a career woman. We had that out before I married you. When you gave up playing 'Irene' in your silly little society theatre and married me I thought you'd stick to your promise and stay away from the stage."

"Promise, bah!" Jill stormed. "If I had gone on with it I'd have been a great actress by now instead of what I am!"

"You mean you're lucky to be what you are now. You're a respectable wife instead of the town joke."

"Town joke!" Jill gasped.

"Yes, town joke!" Jack affirmed. "Everyone knew the only reason you got the part was because your old man practically paid for the whole show."

"Are you insinuating that I didn't get the part because of my talent?" she raged. "Are you trying to tell me I can't act?"

"Exactly, my chick, you just can't act worth a damn. I won't have you making yourself ridiculous."

"Well, then, smarty, how do you account for my getting this part?"

"As far as I'm concerned it's just another one of nature's mysteries. The fact still is that you just can't act."

"I'll show you that I can act, you brute! Just you wait! You'll be sorry!" Jill left him in a huff. She stopped at the door.

"And don't you ever dare talk to me about children again!" The door slammed after her. The door slammed again and Jack was charging down the hall and out into the night. Scuffing his shoes like a stubborn child, he walked, kicking aimlessly before him. Finally, worn out, and almost resigned to his fatherless fate, he returned, and entered the house bravely. He stomped noisily up the stairs, in the hall he stopped.

"I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him in the cold ground—"

Throwing open the door he entered scowling. Jill greeted him casually.

"Going to turn in dear?"

"What do you think?" he snapped, and tore off his coat. "Where are my pajamas?" he shouted from the closet.

"Pajamas?" Jill repeated sweetly. "Oh yes. While you were gone I had your things moved into the guest room!"

"And why?" he asked, "did you have my things moved into the guest room?"

"Well, darling, with the play coming along and everything, I just can't afford to take any chances."

"The play! Damn the play! Damn Macbeth——"

"Hamlet, dear," Jill corrected.

"Well then, damn Hamlet. If you let that play come between us—well—it'll be the end of everything. I can just see people snickering when you get on the stage. That's Jack Randolph's wife. Why doesn't he keep her at home where she belongs? You can't act and you're not going to be in that play!"

"I can act and I am going to be in that play!" Jill retorted. "What's more I'll prove to you that I can act!"

With this Jack decided to stop butting his head against a stone wall, slammed out of the room and sought the guest room. Feeling that he had been unjustly treated and completely unwanted he brooded himself to sleep. Meanwhile Jill lay awake, carefully planning a scene that would convince Jack of her ability. She smiled to herself in the darkness. He was so cute when he was angry.

Jack shifted uneasily in his chair. Last night had happened and he might just as well face it. He couldn't see anything he could do about it anyway. "Assert yourself, Jack ol' boy, show her who's boss here!" he told himself silently. Half heartedly he began the process of clothing himself. All the while he was dressing he could hear:

"'Tis in my memory locked

and you shall keep the key of it——"
and other such parts.

He snatched his tie up and was angrily try to knot it when he heard feet running down the hall and his name cried out. When the cry was repeated he started for the door.

"Jill!" he called. He saw her near his door. Jill in her dressing gown, swayed back and forth, then tottered towards him.

"Jack," she muttered, "help me." Then she slipped down to the floor in a perfect faint.

At first he was surprised and alarmed, but then he laughed.

"A very convincing performance," he clapped. "You can come to life now," he finished.

But Jill didn't stir an inch. He leaned over and shook her gently. Still she gave no response. Then he sat next to her on the floor, cross-legged. After five minutes of this, he was a bit weary of such play.

"Allright Jill, I'm convinced, only get up off the floor." But still Jill made no move. Then he noticed the paleness of her lips. He pinched her arm. When she gave no jump at this he became truly alarmed. He gathered her in his arms and carried her in the bedroom. He tried several ways to revive her but was unsuccessful.

"Jane! Jane!" he called frantically for the maid. "Somebody! Get a doctor quick!" Jack tore out of the room and downstairs for some ice. He tried rubbing it on her forehead and talking to her in soft coaxing tones. Finally she stirred weakly. He was trying to talk to her when the doctor came in. He gave Jill a quick professional once over and asked Jack to wait in the hall a minute. He immediately left and paced up and down nervously 'til the doctor called him in.

"Is she all right, Doc?" he asked.

"She is, my boy," the doctor drew him aside. "You see your wife is going to become a mother."

"What!" Jack cried, "You mean I'm going to have a baby after all!" He ran to the bed and grabbed Jill's hands.

"Jill, Jill, did you hear what he said?"

She smiled up at him and nodded.

"Darling, if it's a boy I'll name it Shakespeare!" he whispered happily.

"Yes," she answered happily, "and if it's a girl we'll name her Ophelia!"

BOOK REVIEW

"TEEM, A TREASURE HUNTER"

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Put into book form for the first time, Teem, the little dwarf-dog, will patter on his small feet right into the hearts of many children and their parents, and he will undoubtedly join the other animal classics on nursery book shelves. He has that doggie personality that makes one mentally go down on all fours and lose one's self in dog-gish reactions, as do most of Kipling's earlier animal stories. We become in perfect dog-sympathy with all his troubles and problems.

Teem was quite definitely a superior canine, as can easily be seen right from the start of the story. He was French by birth, and had inherited a most remarkable nose for tracking down truffles in that difficult dark and stony French soil. His nose was his livelihood and the proud result of centuries of ancestors. Life was sweet to the little dog and he found it even more so on those occasions when he could have conversations with Monsieur Bouvier de Brie, a Marshall of Bulls, and a wise old soul from whom he learned an effective philosophy of life.

One day a strange man came and took Teem away to a country with a strange smell, where all the people had strange smells. Nothing was as it had been before. Here he had to start from scratch and reconcile himself to the fact that when he brought his valuable truffles to his new friends, they didn't know them from stones. Besides he had to gradually make friends with a jealous she-dog, who was afraid Teem would try to steal the affections of the mistress of the house. Teem tried to convince her that his heart belonged to Daddy, but she continued to be suspicious.

So he had a hard time and sometimes he was sad. But then he remembered the warning words of his mother, who had said, "if it is not something, it is always sure to be something else." And at last things straightened themselves out. He dug up his truffles at the suggestion of the she-dog and showed them to the mistress of the neighboring "big" house. She knew about everything. He became the hero of the day and gave all the credit to Monsieur Bouvier de Brie, who had given him such splendid advice in his youth. Of course, he gave a little credit to the remarkable nose he had inherited from his ancestors.

This reviewer has owned dogs before, but from now on he is going to be very careful what he says in their presence. It will also be wise to show them every possible convenience and consideration for one of them may go out and dig up some truffles. No one can afford to be unworthy of a truffle-fortune.

PEGGY MARY WHITELY.

"MORE LIVES THAN ONE"

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

"More Lives Than One" is a thoughtful, intelligent autobiography of an interesting man. Written with great technical skill, the book shows the author's unusual discernment of the intrinsic worth of people and customs. Claude Bragdon's life is both instructive and entertaining. The author is telling the story of his life, but fortunately avoids the chronological arrangement adopted in most autobiographies.

His personal life presents recollections of his family and background. Of his paternal grandmother he humorously writes, "Grandmother became so expert a reader of the cloud-lanugage that she came to perform the

office of a weather bureau for the entire countryside". After a vagrant childhood spent moving from town to town getting a rather sketchy education, he won several competitions which started his architectural career.

He was inspired and instructed in the arts he practiced by two masters of them: Harry Ellis and Louis H. Sullivan. He gives an impersonal account of this formative period of architecture, unfortunately subordinating his personal life to it. A less technical and more intimate account of this period would give the reader a better understanding of the man and his development.

This reviewer found his "theatrical life", which began at the age of fifty-three, the most interesting and exciting episode in the book. Through his contacts as designer for Walter Hampden, he met many famous actors. He humorously and humanly portrays

their follies and eccentricities. Minnie Madern Fiske, Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, Maurice Barrymore, and Eleanora Duse, all were known as friends, not merely as stars of the stage. He found Mrs. Fiske the most admirable and vibrant personality of all.

After his retirement from the stage, Bragdon turned to spiritualism. Although he had been interested in mysticism and Yoga throughout his life, his complete absorption in the subject came in middle-age. Through his second wife, Eugenie, he asked the oracle "for light, for guidance, for knowledge, transcending human knowledge". Sounding this mystic and Oriental note in modern America, Mr. Bragdon ends his book.

This is an unusual and varied autobiography of an American. It is simple, yet inclusive. His portraits of his many friends are human, real, and amusing. Throughout



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the book the author's warm individuality and zest for life counteract any faults that are present. Although at times technicalities

rear their heads to leer at the lay-reader, they merely increase the reader's respect for the knowledge of the author.

FRANCES C. MONTGOMERY

NIGHT AND DEATH

Dawn lasts the length of two breath beats,
Within the heart of time,
The animalcule is rising
From the slime.

The day lives but a second
Cities cover the plain
The builders cry of the heights achieved
(Dismal heights and vain.)

Twilight is scarcely longer than day
The cities crumble and rot
Its rulers have lost the skill to repair
Dreams are their lot.

Glorious dreams of time long passed
They dream at dusk or never.
Dawn, day, and twilight pass them by
Night lasts forever.

DEJAY SHRINER

PACIFIST PHONE CALL

Hello, Johnny . . .
 Honey, is that you?
 I know you'll think
 "She's crazy—calling me at this hour—"
 But Johnny, last night
 after you left . . . I couldn't sleep!

Johnny, I kept thinking
 about that awful movie . . .
 Of how your arm grew tight
 when the little man shot the gunner . . .
 Of how you leaned forward
 when they charged . . .
 And what you said beneath your breath
 when the flag came on the screen.

Oh, Johnny!
 Your eyes were bright
 And you made me walk so fast
 swinging your arms—like marching.
 You didn't seem like
 my Johnny.

After you left, Johnny,
 I heard the news flashes,
 The man seemed very nervous.
 Oh Johnny—Johnny!
 I'M AFRAID!

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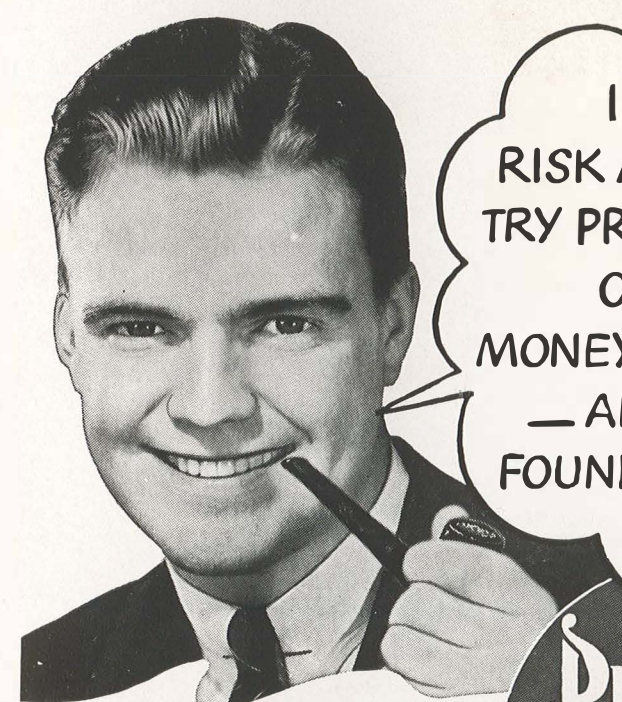
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