

Rollins College

## Rollins Scholarship Online

---

The Flamingo

---

5-1-1939

### Flamingo, May, 1939, Vol. 13, No. 5

Rollins College Students

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.rollins.edu/flamingo>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

---





MAY  
1939

*Rollins Flamingo*





# A HOLLYWOOD STUNT GIRL deserves REAL SMOKING PLEASURE!

ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT

ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES



WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG SCENE, ALINE

I FEEL RESTED AND READY

SHE'LL NEED PLENTY OF STUFF FOR THIS STUNT

DON'T WORRY— ALINE'S STEADY AS A ROCK!

EMERGENCY SAFETY PIT (IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG)

MISS GOODWIN FALLS OFF HER HORSE

1500 HORSES STAMPEDE

PATH OF RESCUE

DYNAMITE IS EXPLODED IN THE CANYON TO STAMPEDE THE HUGE HERD OF HORSES OUT INTO THE PLAIN

IT TAKES REAL NERVE TO FALL IN FRONT OF THAT BUNCH!

TIMING'S PERFECT. NOW FOR THE RESCUE

THE RESCUE FAILS!

SHE'S GOT TO MAKE THE SAFETY PIT—OR ELSE

GOOD GRIEF! SHE WENT RIGHT OVER THE OTHER SIDE!

Glad you're all right, Aline. Sorry—but we have to take the scene over right away

WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?

I GET A LOT OF PLEASURE OUT OF SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE SO MILD AND TASTE SO GOOD! I LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL FREQUENTLY, AND CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES

"AFTER I ENJOYED MY SIXTH PACKAGE of Camels," says Fredrick West, master engraver, "I took them on for life. Camels taste better. They are so mild and mellow. They're gentle to my throat—which proves Camels are *extra* mild! My work requires intense concentration. So, through the day, I take time to let up—light up a Camel. Camels taste grand. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"



**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

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



SMOKE 6 PACKS OF CAMELS AND FIND OUT WHY THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1939  
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

## LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES

# ROLLINS FLAMINGO

ROLLINS COLLEGE WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

Vol. 13. May, 1939 No. 5

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
D. W. BRADLEY

Editor  
LOUIS B. BILLS

Department Editors  
JESS GREGG

JACK BUCKWALTER Books  
P. R. KELLY National Affairs  
JEAN FAIRBANKS Art  
DOROTHY BRYN Poetry  
DICK CAMP Articles  
BOB BELDEN Photography

Assistants  
JOE HANNA, ELIZABETH HANNAHS  
IRVING FELDER

Busines Department  
WESLEY DENNIS  
Advertising and Business Manager

EDNA HARMON  
Advertising Commissioner

EDWIN GRANBERRY  
Advisor

## CONTENTS

### Story

Another Franco Victory	3
There's a Long, Long Trailer	11
Excerpts From a Diary	25

### Article

You too can be a High Diver	7
What do you Think?	17
The Yanks are Coming	24

### Poetry

Go Fragile Hour	6
Valley of Birdcalls	9
"Poor Fools"	10
"Query"	20
Welcome to Spring	20
Enchantment	32

### Domestic and Foreign

Tale from the French	28
Can we Justify	29

Book Reviews	31
Pictorial	21

### COVER

"Athletes a la Rollins"—Photograph by Bob Belden



## Our Parting Words

The Editorial Staff wishes to thank those contributors who have so loyally given of their talent and time, without whose cooperation this magazine would have been impossible. We look forward to 1939-40 as a year of coming success and higher achievement.

THE FLAMINGO STAFF

•

I cannot say enough for the real work done by my assistants this year. To thank them would be useless, for it is they who have made the Rollins Flamingo.

Gratefully yours,

DON BRADLEY

## Another Franco Victory

P. R. KELLY

I DIDN'T want to be a night watchman in the first place. I took the road job to get a little muscle on me, and I was doing it too, swinging that 30 pound sledge on those boulders all day. It was hot as hell and I used to sweat buckets but I was smart enough to stock up on some of those salt tablets and I pulled through all right. I sure got a kick out of fooling all those hunkies. They thought they was so tough. Kept telling me I was ready to dive, and all that sort of rot. But I fooled hell out of them, and the day after Big Mike and Horvath passed out with heat prostration and I was still there swinging with them they gave up and stopped ragging me.

That's the hell of it. Just when everything gets going nice, something happens and gums it all up. So what do I do, after almost killing myself getting into shape, but slam down on one of those boozers and whack! I feel a sharp pain in my leg, and I look down and there's a nice big sliver of rock, sticking right out of my shin. It was really in there. I reached down and yanked it out and my leg went numb and the blood started to pop out in little spurts. That sledge had chipped off a chunk of rock about as big as a silver dollar, and it must have hit pretty hard, cause it took the doc up at the emergency shed four stitches and a heap of cussing to get it stopped up. Well after he fixed me up and I sat around for a while, I start down over the hill again for the rock pile, but the doc he said no soap, and hauled me back and slapped one of those tickets on me. He told me I'd have to be off a week, maybe longer, and I started to do some thinking when he said that. After all, a wife and two kids can't eat grass.

So that's how I came to be transferred to the night watchman's job.

I had a pretty good idea of what you had to do, from talking to the guy that had the middle shift on the watchmen's trick. We always use to kid the pants on him because, one night somebody came up and stole all the gas out of the trucks right out from under his nose. He had a drag with the super, though, so he didn't get canned. Course I knew Anne wouldn't like it. She likes to have a man around the house nights, and I don't blame her. It ain't natural for him to work that way, or he would of give him eyes like an owl. But like I said, you can't eat grass. And it wasn't so bad once you got used to it.

The first couple of nights it went bad. I got awful sleepy, and I didn't know any of the guys or just what to do. I took that job awful serious, I remember, and I have to laugh now when I think how I used to plug around that road section like it was my own private cabbage patch. What the hell could I have done if anybody wanted to steal something? Me, with one game leg and no gun. But I put in my time . . . and we wasn't eatin' grass. After I got used to it I used to get home about eight and read the morning paper. We stopped the Courier and switched to the Morning Sentinel when I went on nights. No sense in reading stale news. It used to feel pretty good, sitting there in the living room with the heat going strong, and think about those hunkies still out there swinging on those rocks. I even got so I could sleep about seven hours a day. My appetite was fine. Anne used to say she wished I'd go back to railroading. I never did eat good when I was braking.

I guess I hadn't been on the job more



than a week or two before I started to catch on. There were four of us on the eleven to seven shift and after I got to know the other three guys and they saw I wasn't no stooge for the super by a couple of cracks I made about him, they start to wise me up a little. Gundler and Thorgesen were pretty good guys; Gundler used to be a weaver and Thorgesen was a machinist for a while. But it was little Salvatore Patti, the Spaniard from Alpha that I got along good with. He was a good guy. Quiet as hell, till you got to know him, and then he'd talk your leg off. The other two guys were up at the north end of the job, and Patti and I had the other side of the split to watch, where all the bulldozers, cranes, shovels and pumps was kept.

He was a funny looking guy, even for a Wop. He couldn't have been over five feet tall, and he was just as skinny as a rail. But he was plenty strong . . . one of those wiry little guys that can beat hell out of you or me. He had a big hook nose and the nice big shiny white teeth that all Spaniards have. He said it was from eating lotsa garleec. He couldn't talk English too good. Used to pop in some guinea word every other minute and it took me about a week to catch on to what he'd be saying. You see he'd been over here only since 1923, and he never did go to night school regular.

We used to talk just about the regular stuff at first, you know, about how this foreman was a heel, and how we heard there's going to be so many men laid off next week, and what did we think about Father Coughlin and just the usual baloney. My leg was getting pretty good again, and I guess I could have gone back on the rock pile, only I sort of got to like night watching for a while. Me and Patti used to wait up for one another, and if I was there first I'd light the lanterns and look around at the job first, and if he was first, he'd do the same thing. It was getting on towards late fall by that time, and it was plenty cold on that night

shift. But it was swell to sit up there on that hill, with the air hitting you nice and fresh on the cheeks, and know that you were dressed warm, and that you had a good lunch just waiting right down there in the hollow by the barn. I used to leave Patti for about an hour or two every night and go up there and sit in the seat of the big Caterpillar job, looking down across the river at the lights on Route 29, and smoking. It was quiet and dark up there on the hill and it used to be good to sit there and see old Patti's lantern flashing up and down when he signalled me to come down and eat. He was a great eater for his size, that Patti. I used to tell him his legs was hollow.

One night he brought out some yellow rice with chicken, in a jar and we made a fire over by the mixer and had a hot meal for a change. Then I started to bring out some of these dishes Ann can make so good, like pepper pot and goulash and macaroni and cheeze. Jeeze! How that guy liked macaroni and chese! And I didn't hate the cocido his wife used to fix us, either. I like that hot stuff.

Pretty soon we was good friends. I liked him because he was such a good natured little guy and he was always making me laugh. He wsn't no dumbbell, neither. Say, you should have heard some of the songs that guy could sing. And he wasn't no slouch on poetry, either. Sometimes he'd tell me some poetry or sing a little in his lousey English, and then he'd say it for me in Spanish. When you hear that spoken right . . . the way he could if he wanted to . . . it sounds pretty. I can still see him, sitting across from me, maybe about three o'clock in the morning, with that big beak of his right over the fire, and his black eyes staring out across the flames. Sometimes he looked awful sad.

Like I said, he'd talk about anything, and he knew what the score was, too. But he wouldn't talk much about Spain. Sure, he'd

tell you a little about it, answer the questions I asked him about what did he do over there, where did he live, how were the women, and all that stuff. But he wouldn't talk much about the trouble that was going on over there. I could get him going like a blue streak about Mussolini and Hitler, and all that sort of thing, but when it came to talking about Spain, he just shut up like a clam. He always got that funny look in his eyes after we mentioned it, and after a while, I didn't bring it up much any more when we talked.

I would have never known he was in the World War if we hadn't stayed down late one morning because the pumps had jammed during the night, and we had to report to the super. We were down there in the cut, and the air drill men up on the ridge cut loose with a blast. He jumped a little and I looked at him. He laughed.

"Brrrrrrr, pup-pup-pup!" he said real quick. "Sound justa like dose machine gun!"

The super came along just then, so we didn't talk any more about it, but that night after we ate I asked him where he'd heard machine guns and he started to talk and tell me all about the war. He was in Italy when it started, and he was crazy about this girl, so he, "Big boob, me," he said, had enlisted and gone to fight the Austrians.

I asked him a lot of stuff, about like how far was a machine gun away from you usually, and how about the lines, and all that. He told me all about it, and a lot of stuff besides, bout how they'd been so close they used to shout back and forth to the enemy, and all that. He told me about a gas attack. He said if you were smart in war, you wouldn't get hurt. "Only a little guy, me," he said, "but smart . . . up here!" He tapped his head and winked.

He said that one time there had been a gas attack in the early morning, and he couldn't find his mask. So he just stood

there, while the gas started rolling at their lines. "Not much wind, see," he said, "very pretty gas, yellow green and very soft looking. I was charm!" I thought he must be a little nuts. I asked him how bad he got gassed. He grinned.

"No gassed, me," he said. "Gas is heavy, and no wind, so when it come, I stand very high and as high as I can. You ever see gas?"

I shook my head.

"Verra pretty. Looks like big snake, and just creep along ground, so." He made a motion with his hand.

"So what," I said. "Were you a snake charmer, and did you make the gas lie down and cry?"

He winked again. "No, just stand verri still and gas stayed low, around feet. Couldn't walk or move for long time, but no gassed, me." He pounded his chest. "Still good man!"

Well, winter came on, and the super got stricter. Patti and I didn't get to see so much of each other. I stayed up on the hill where the work had moved on beyond the forks, and he had to watch the pumps. We still got together every once in a while, but I had a shanty up there and I had to stick around. The super used to drop around too often. Patti got to the habit of driving his car down into the hollow, and staying in there. It was a lot warmer than in the barn. He still used to bring me cocido and signal me with his lantern. Sort of took away the loneliness for both of us. Funny how winter coming on makes you more lonely, on a job like that.

I'll never forget the last night I was on the job. I walked down and there was Patti, looking as skinny as ever. He didn't look up when I came into the fire light, and I knew something was wrong. I sat down and fooled around with the fire for a while and thought maybe he was sick or something. He looked awful white, and there



were big circles under his eyes. Well, I couldn't just sit there all night. So I asked him what was the matter. He didn't say anything . . . not for a long time. Then he pulled a paper out of his pocket and handed it to me.

Well, I looked at the front page, and didn't notice anything out of the way, so I started to look through the second section. He grabbed the paper and shoved the front page under my nose. I just looked at him and shrugged. What the hell was he trying to prove? Then he reached over and pointed to a headline. "Spanish War Ends—Franco Armies Victorious."

Well, I still couldn't figure it out. What did he care about that? I tried to jolly him up a little, but he didn't seem to feel like talking, so I put down the macaroni and cheese and beat it. He gave me the creeps, just sitting there looking at the fire.

About six o'clock the next morning I came out of my shanty and it was still pretty dark, and plenty cold, one of those mornings when the air seems to go right through you. I looked down and saw his lantern, but I couldn't seem to see it move. I gave him a couple waggles, and then I started down the hill. We went off at seven, and it took a

while to get up to the clock, so I always left about six.

He wasn't around when I called, so I looked in the car. He was stretched out on the seat, with a little scrap of red-yellow and blue bunting in his hand, and his head down under the dashboard. The motor was still coughing lazily, and the windows of the coupe were all steamy. I banged on the door, but he didn't move. I didn't know until I opened the door, what he'd done. The cracks were all stuffed up with newspaper.

I sat around for a couple of minutes, and then I called the time shed. Gundler and Thorgesen came down and carried his body up to the emergency shed. They went up over the hill just as the sun was coming up. I followed them, carrying the jar of macaroni and cheese. He hadn't opened it. The air gun men were blamming away at that rock again, and as the sun came up over the hill, it hit the mists that came up from the cut, and they looked like a snake, all thick and coiling over the road ahead.

His head kept bobbing around and his nose looked bigger than ever. I went back on the rock pile the next day.

#### GO, FRAGILE HOUR!

Go, fragile hour! Fade into  
The haziness of Time and Space,  
You cannot hope survival through  
Chaotic years and life's rude pace.

Go, lovely hour! Yet retain  
Some poignant part, that I might know  
If, after snow and April rain,  
I come to where your wonders blow.

WALTER ROYALL.

## You Too, Can Be A High Diver

J. H. MAKEMSON

ASK any high diver what question he is asked most. He will tell you, "How did you ever learn to dive so high?" That is what everyone wants to know; innumerable people are interested in the method of learning to do some easy dive from, say, one hundred and ten feet. It isn't especially difficult; and since a stunt of this sort provides an emotional outlet, and sharpens up body co-ordination and nerve reaction, I'll explain the necessary qualifications and procedure so that the secrets of the sport may be available to all.

Pre-requisite before any actual height may be attempted is an easy familiarity with springboard and platform diving. Springboard diving teaches quick and accurate control of the body in its flight through the air, and the platform diving (from solid platforms up to thirty-five feet in height) prepares one for the slower evolutions and harder impact with the water found in high diving. But don't dive yet.

Stop right now and consider the possibility of feet and elbows being banged up on the bottom of the tank, and the possibility of torn ribs or a wrenched back from improper contact with the surface of the water. Don't worry about being killed, but do realize that this can be painful, as well as exhilarating, sport.

The higher you go, the harder you will hit. A falling body accelerates at the rate of sixteen feet per second. At the end of your hundred and ten foot dive you'll be falling at about the rate of sixty feet per second, hitting the water a right angles at over forty miles per hour. Remember how it hurt when you hit flat from that three foot board at about three miles per hour?

Do you think your speed increases rapid-

ly as you fall? Then, see how you must stop. After a hundred and ten foot fall, lasting a little over three seconds, you will have to stop in a fraction of a second, and in a distance of about six feet. The senses cannot comprehend the rapidity of this stop — you will get set to hit the water, and before you realize anything has happened you will be sitting on the bottom. Are you sure you want to high dive? In that case, we'll now talk about going higher.

I'd suggest that you specialize on a back layout summersalt, since this dive utilizes a feet-first entry into the water. This will save the head, for eyes and ears are likely to be damaged by a face first entry at high speed, and the impact with the water in a high speed headfirst entry produces a scar tissue on the brain similar to that found on the brain of a punch-drunk prize fighter. Going in feet first from a back summersalt, the feet open a hole in the water into which you will sink comparatively softly, hardly feeling the surface of the water — except on the feet. You'd better wear light tennis sneakers to protect your arches. Now you are ready to start diving.

You should be on good terms with a thirty-five foot platform, so learn the back layout just as you will do it later from a high ladder on this platform. Stand with your back to the water, feet about half way over the edge, and slowly lean back. Take no spring, simply fall and let the feet follow you off as your body falls away from the platform. Once you are in the air look hard for the water, and pull your body around so that your feet circle under you and hit the water first. You will be making a complete revolution in the air, hitting the water standing just as you were on the platform.



Don't worry about the depth of the water. If it is six feet you will hit bottom. If it is eight feet you will hit bottom. If it is ten feet you will hit bottom. If it is twelve feet you will hit bottom and probably drown before you can find your way back to the surface.

With your knowledge of diving from lower heights you know about controlling the position of the body in the air. You can speed up the rate of turn by pulling your head in the direction of it (in this case you will pull your head back) and at the same time pulling in the knees. You can slow up the rate of turn by pulling against the direction of turn, at the same time holding the body absolutely rigid. As you approach the water you will have to adjust the rate of turn so that you will enter upright.

But you don't know yet about spinning a dive into the water to avoid driving your feet through the bottom. Just before you hit the water swing your feet sharply forward. This will speed up the rate of turn just as you hit, and spin you into the water so that by the time you are completely under you will have changed position, and will be going toward the bottom with your body parallel to it and at right angles to the direction of movement toward the bottom. The increased surface will slow you up considerably, in fact if you spin hard enough you will not even touch bottom. But don't strive to avoid the bottom, for in doing that you will hit the water harder and more painfully. The bottom is much softer. As you approach it with your body parallel to it, the last two inches of water must be squeezed out under you before you strike—a slow cushioning process. You can't clap your hands under water. Neither can you clap the bottom very hard if you present enough surface to it.

Now you are ready to go higher. Go up to about fifty feet, remembering that as you have more time to fall, you must turn

more slowly. Start this slowing up right from the beginning of the dive. Slide your feet from the platform so that you are in the air in a flatter position as you clear the platform, and don't look for the water immediately. In preparing for the final dive, go up about ten feet at a time, and take three or four dives from each level, stretching them out over a period of several days. Don't be in any hurry to come off, for the longer you stay up on the ladder the lower it will seem. You might even go up to the top and sit there for an hour a day if you have plenty of time to spare. Before long you'll begin to feel that it isn't at all high.

By the time you are going off the top you will be sliding your feet from the platform almost as soon as you start to fall from it, and you will watch the ladder as you fall until you are at least half way to the water. This will insure your not turning too fast. It is very difficult to come back if you turn too far, but very simple to speed up the turn if you haven't turned far enough.

Now that you are a high diver, a few general tips might be of some use to you. First, the wind. It will be blowing either gustily, or steadily. If it is gusty, wait for a lull between gusts. If it is steady, simply make an allowance for the effect it will have on the direction of fall and speed of turn.

Now for the tank. Keep the water clean; a small stick floating on the surface can cut you badly as you slice into the water. Have the bottom smooth; since you are going to use it for a cushion, you don't want any rocks or protruberances sticking up for you to hit before the cushion takes effect. If the surface is smooth and glassy, have someone stir it into ripples before you dive; you can't judge your distance from a mirror-like surface; it is very disconcerting to see only your own reflection coming at you.

Ignore people who tell you that you don't dive at all, but throw a dummy down. Ig-

nore those who tell you that you don't dive at all, it's just mass hypnotism that makes the crowd think you do. Or you might even admit that mass hypnotism, it's a much better trick. Laugh at people who believe you have springs in the bottom of the tank. If anyone believes the ladder is not high, invite him to climb it, preferably while the guy wires holding it up are slack so that the

ladder will sway violently with any weight. He will never get to the top.

One last word. If you are going into this thing professionally, don't work cheaply. The work is worth much more than you will ever get for it, so ask more than you think will be given. A hundred dollars a week is a good asking price for two dives a day, and who knows — if you keep asking for it enough you might get it some time.

### THE VALLEY OF BIRDCALLS

Deep in the past in the valley of birdcalls,  
Sweet swamp brush is drenched with singing,  
Bring wings spinning and dipping heaven-wards,  
Soaring above the days and flinging  
Golden bird-notes and shrill sharp cries  
Across the midway of the sun.  
Color in long, bright darting streaks  
In and out of the air is spun.

Voices soft, smothered in feathery throats  
Are flooding the vale with overtones,  
Lonesome chirps, and little high-lows,  
Dreaming, haunting monotones,  
With a culled old sally cry careening  
Many times and many more,  
Flecking through the Day-to-Day,  
The carol of Time's Nevermore.

Small, scampering feet like blue-grass petals  
Form rare designs on the dewey ground.  
The sun is glowing under the hills,  
And the vale is an aureole of sound.  
Time stops dead for a breathless second.  
The baton falls from his withered hand.

He listens a moment before he tolls out  
Another day in the curtained land  
Liquid the air, and soft the hush  
Of the sleepy droning, and warbling calling,—  
Swaying the grasses and distant the lowing,  
The misty veil of the night is falling.

ARTHUR H. H. BIFIELD

## "POOR FOOLS"

For you, an alabaster shrine!  
That all berieved have peace of mind.  
A nation pays you high tribute,  
Let none your unknown name dispute.

While hundreds claim you for their own,  
While hundreds weep before your throne,  
While hundreds come to you with prayers,  
Each lives in hope that you are theirs.

I've seen at times a ragged lad  
Pause by your tomb, and question "dad?"  
Believing helps him carry on,  
He's be so lost if that were gone.

Then man, his lonely brow will bend,  
He bares his head and whispers "friend?"  
Or by your side a girl will hover,  
Sad of heart, she murmurs "lover?"

But soon an aged couple kneels,  
Full sure of you, their sorrow heals,  
For you, their fight with fear have won,  
It's plain to see they call you "son."

So proud of you for giving joy,  
I'll never say you're not their boy,  
Father, friend, or childhood lover,  
Let some think that you're a brother.

Dear one, your secret's safe with me,  
I'll let them keep what dreams there be,  
Poor fools know not what I know true,  
That long ago I married you.

DOROTHY BRYN.

# There's A Long, Long Trailer Winding

JESS GREGG

St. Paul, Minn.  
June 1, 1938

DEAR ELIZABETH,  
I haven't time for more than a scribble to let you know we are leaving tomorrow.

We haven't had a vacation in years, so the doctor recently told Spense to take one. "Professor Wilder," he said, "I'd take a month off and rest. You've been working too damn hard." Of course this flattered Spense to death, but it was scarcely a practical idea in our present financial situation.

Then the most wonderful idea came to me. I had Spense write the Bitsee Home Trailer Company, offering to deliver a trailer to California, if there was ever such an occasion. It was just a shot in the dark, but believe it or not, Elizabeth, it hit the bull's eye. We are Trailer Bound for California.

Of course it isn't the best trailer company, or even second best, but in one way it has more advantages. I told them Spense was an English professor and hinted at his literary prowess. They followed along beautifully, and thinking it was their own idea, asked him to write a series of articles en route, about the joys of traveling in your own home. This will undoubtedly pay our expenses as well as being the much needed rest.

Judy didn't want to go with us at first. She is very much in love with young Bill MacNamera (his mother was a Brewster) and hated to leave him. Things have been going a little too strongly between them recently, and several times they have hinted at marriage.

Now I don't know about Bill as a future son-in-law. I half like him, and I half don't. But I think I half don't the most. He's a nice looking boy with a shock of red hair and a pair of shoulders that are ridiculously large. Yet he seems so indolent, so charmingly useless.

But far be it from me to try and separate them. I knew that would put them closer together than ever. So we decided to fight fire with fire and force them to be together *all* the time. To let her see him warm and unshaven. To let him see her sans lipstick and in curlers. Sort of bundling on the modern scale.

Spense brought the wagon around yesterday. Honestly, Elizabeth, it is beautiful, we promptly christened it "Robert Traylor."

We were up before dawn this morning, putting things away in their places, and it's lucky we did, because by nine o'clock all our friends and Spense's students started coming to see it. We held a regular reception all day.

I wish you could see the plunder they brought. Everything from a bottle of brandy from a flunking-student to a hanging vase from Aunt Martha. Truly it is going to be a home away from home.

It is packed now, and I wish you could see us. It seems we had everything in the world to put away in that shoe-box of a wagon, including five carton boxes of books which Spense in his dear impractical manner decided he must take. And which I quietly returned to the library. Certainly Noah himself, could not have been so well



heeled when he started. And with Judy, Bill, myself, and Hortense the dog, I seriously doubt if he had anymore passengers per square foot of space.

I want to keep a record of this trip, so I'll jot you a note every day. I'll have lots of time, as I expect to do my housework as we drive. Thus when we make camp, each day about four o'clock, we'll be able to go shopping and sight seeing.

Well, I must hurry. 'Till tomorrow.

Love, Penny

St. Paul

Dear Elizabeth,

You will be surprised to see by this heading that we are still here. As a matter of fact, we are sitting in a garage having the auxiliary springs readjusted. The load was so great, that when we went over a shadow in the road, the trailer had a nervous breakdown.

Amazingly enough, it is Bill who is redistributing the weight, inside the trailer. I'm a little surprised, I confess. Spense had wandered off, God knows where, and so as usual, I took over the responsibility and began to shift the weight myself. Then Bill came up and insisted on doing it for me. But I've been a professor's wife too long not to know apple-polishing when I see it.

The vase of flowers we have presented to the garage man spilled water all over the linen cupboard, and now I have lines hung up in the trailer trying to dry things out. Oh well, we can get along without fresh flowers.

Lovingly, Penny

Dear E, — Excuse postal — no time to write. We only reached Albert Lee last night. Didn't have dinner till nine. So glad I decided to take cooked food for the first night. It was after twelve before we got to bed. Of course one must not expect things to go smoothly the first night. Penny.

The Bug House  
Des Moines, Iowa  
June 3, 1938  
noon

Dear Elizabeth,

Guess where we are? Correct! In a garage waiting for repairs. It seems that the trailer hitch reared its ugly head. It is so hot that we prefer to sit here in this greasy garage to sight seeing.

We struck a miserable camp last night. The really desirable place in town would have no truck with trailers. Giving us a "Wayward sister, depart in peace" look, the proprietor said, "No trailers here," in a manner that deflated any argument. The only other camp was situated on a hill, with early pioneer plumbing. However, we were so tired that evn a forty five degree angle bedroom didn't phase us.

Things have been rather rough lately, but we've all kept our tempers like angels. All that is except our usually sunny Judy. Now despite the fact I don't care much for Bill, it just makes me boil the way she treats him.

We came thru a sea of May Flies today, and our nice shiney new trailer looks as if bugs had been applied with a spray gun. But we are looking forward to a really pleasant camp tonight. Chicken and mushrooms for dinner.

Always, Penny.

Bethany.

Elizabeth dear,

Stop me if I'm wrong, but I believe I ended my last letter hopefully predicting chicken and mushrooms for dinner. We didn't have them. No. We were satisfied with scrambled eggs and canned peaches.

Judy had agreed to be cook and we left her in the Fanny (a more practical name for the trailer). She said she would signal us with a red rag when she finished her culinary rites, so we sped merrily on our way.

It never occurred to us to look back the first ten miles.

I finally turned and saw the most agonized face at the window and a red flag that had been working overtime for the last ten miles. We stopped and she fairly shot out of the wagon. She conveyed the impression that she had been riding in something resembling a Turkish bath crossed with a boiler factory and a shoot the chutes. And so ended our visions of naps, bridge games, and housekeeping en route. Of course no cooking had been done, and our refrigeration had gone the way of all ice.

At six thirty we entered Bethany. We sat down with our book of trailer instructions, but we could not find out how to cool off the trailer sufficiently to sleep, or keep the screens shut to mosquitos. It was so hot and crowded that we decided to cook out of doors. We made up our minds that in the future all meals would be au fresco.

Then we prepared for bed and quiet. But no! Trailers are still a novelty in this part of the country. People who would never dream of invading the privacy of one's home, flocked around the doors and windows to see how life is lived in a trailer. I hope they never know.

Judy is in her bunk. Bill's already asleep in his, and Spense is ready to turn off the lights. So I'll wend my weary way to bed.

Penny

Somewhere in Oklahoma  
Sometime in June

Dear Elizabeth,

I'm writing this in the shower room of O'Toole's Auto Camp, waiting for Judy to finish washing. It is the only cool place I have been all day.

Poor Judy. I'm afraid she is a city feller. She just doesn't like this. Perhaps it is that she simply hasn't adapted herself to these conditions yet. But it seems to me if I can

be civil to Bill, she, who loves him, ought to make the same effort. I must admit, Bill is taking it all like a trooper.

Later; Today we had Hortense, the Spanial's hair cut off. The poor pup has really suffered from the heat. We were so crowded in the car, that we thought it would ease things up a bit to put Hortense in the trailer. Remembering yesterday, we stopped after a few miles to see if she was doing all right. She wasn't. I won't go into any details, but from now on, she has an honored seat next to the driver.

Hortense isn't the only hot person. Spense, nearly dying of the heat, bought himself a pair of khaki shorts, and insists on wearing them. Now in shorts and boots, he suggests the skeleton from the Wilder Closet. As we stopped in a little cow town and marched to the local pharmacy to get a cool drink, I brought up the rear in the procession and was in on a cowboy's remark. "My," he breathed, "That fellah shore do fancy his limbs."

The trailer is now serving us as an excellent baggage wagon. There is only one trouble. Everything has been so compact, that if we wanted to get anything, we had to take the whole inside out in order to do so. And I used to think jig saw puzzles fun.

Today, I asked for a few hours to rearrange and make the essentials available. As a result, Spense has just sent home an express package of all the time-savers and niceties of life which our friends contributed. It cost us \$9.80, but it was cheap at the price.

Lately we have evolved a set of neck exercises, for it is very tiring to ride hours on end, good company or no. Spense begins counting and in rhythm we all bend our heads forward, then backwards. Soon we branch into the circular motion, later into the stretchers-uppers. It is very resting, but you can imagine the weird looks we get from passing motorists, when they see the



head of each occupant of the car lolling and rolling about in perfect unison.

Well, Elizabeth dear, dinner should have been prepared two pages ago, so I'll reluctantly leave off.

As ever, Penny

Tulsa

Dear E.

Oh, it is hot. It has been hot, and it looks like it is going to be hot for many more days. I'm bathed in sweat. Not perspiration, dear. That would be understatement.

I had a long talk with Judy today. If I were Bill, I said, I wouldn't stand for the way you've treated me. Then she told me that ever since we started she had been a little car sick, and more than a little warm. Scarcely, I'll admit, a condition to promote a moonlight and roses atmosphere. I guess she takes it out on Bill, because one in love will stand almost anything.

Anyway, she has promised to try and change things and bubble with the milk of human kindness. And if I know Judy, she will. With a vengeance, she will.

Until later, Penny

The Bus (short for Inkabus)  
Dallas

'Lisbeth dear,

When I gaily promised you a daily bulletin, I did so in good faith. But the flesh is weak, and the clock uncompromising. And even if there was time, I wouldn't dare show you the Wilder family under fire. And I do mean *fire*.

Already I am cursing myself for having rearranged the "Fanny". Everything I sent home as being non-essential, has been called for. At present, I must remember where everything was in the first place, as well as where it is now. I am literally a human cross filing system. (Perhaps a "cross" filing system would be more accurate.)

Today, after some rough country road, I

opened the trailer to find that the bumps and jolts had done their duty. The fasteners on the food cabinets had revolted and conservatively speaking, we were a hell of a mess. Coffee, flour, catsup, cold cream and molasses decorated the floor in a gala manner. The bottles had hit the sink before bouncing to the floor and an unhappy gash in the enamel stared up at us. I simply didn't have the heart to break the news to Spense. So I told Judy and Bill, that until I could mop up, to do everything short of murder to keep him away.

They did. They helped him compose the most alluring copy for the trailer advertisements, words that waxed lyrical about the joys and freedom trailer camping permits.

Gratefully, Penny

P.S. As I write, heavy clouds are stamped in our direction. Maybe, I hope, I hope, there will be some rain.

A little town in Texas

Dear Eliz.

Who said life was short? In the past forty eight hours, I've known eternity. I might as well tell you in the beginning that Bill and Judy have come to the end of their trail.

Yesterday morning, we started out, cheery as a chick, because the rain was cooling things down. We were riding along, minding our own business, when suddenly an insidious little dip appeared in the middle of the road, and we went over it with the buoyancy of an avalanche. There was a sickening sound and the trailer began zig-zagging in a drunken manner. It seems the heavy jolt had bent the trailer hitch again. The combined efforts of Bill, with helpful hints from Spense managed to bend it back to normal, but it was precariously weak. We were able to get on our way, but slowly.

The rain showed no signs of decreasing. It was making up for lost time, and apparently enjoying itself. Believe me, it really

poured. About three miles from town, we came to a place where the road was washed out. With foreboding, we launched into the most murderous looking detour you ever saw. It went up, down, and sideways! That was all right with us, as long as it went *somewhere*. But when it suddenly ended in a deep sea of mud, I found it hard not to mention several words unbecoming a professor's wife. It being a narrow road, Spense tried to back out. The trailer said no. Spense set his jaw and said maybe. Then followed a struggle for supremacy between my fond husband and a very antagonistic trailer. The latter won. Literally, it severed all connections, for the trailer hitch had snapped in two.

Oh it all seems so easy to talk about it now with that blessed flunking-student's brandy warming me, but at that moment I rather lost my taste for living.

Bill and Spense fiddled with it for an hour, with no apparent success. Then Spense sighting a distant house, went for help. When he did not return, Bill went to work alone. He took off his sodden coat, and ransacking the car for chains and tools, went back and attacked the hitch with renewed vigor. His shirt soon became heavy with rain, and was removed. His soggy shoes soon followed, and a little later, his soaking trousers, leaving him in his innocence and his shorts, his body gleaming with sweat and rain. It was a strip tease that would have warmed the heart of any burlesque queen. But I'm afraid it didn't warm Bill's. He was the coldest, most super-saturated creature I have ever seen.

He chained it. He propped it. He bound that hitch to the car. But each time we'd start up, it slipped back into nihilism.

My heart went out to that boy, then and there. Him, working so hard while we sat inside in peace and comfort. I tried to dust off all the old prayers I knew, but the only thing I could think of in my excite-

ment, was "Now I lay me down to sleep," which somehow, didn't seem appropriate.

Judy tried to do her best, too. Regularly, she would poke her head from the window, and radiate sweetness and helpful hints. "Are you all right, dear? Anything I can do to help, darling?" He didn't respond at first with anything more than a glare. I tried to warn her, but she didn't seem to understand. Said she was trying to show good spirit. She continued to smile and wave every time he looked up. Then everything happened at once. He marched up and yanked her out into the rain. "I can stand you being a damned lap dog, but when you taunt someone who is trying to work, you're going too damn far. Now, he said, pointing a finger at the wounded hitch, "Get to work." "Whhha-what" Judy stammered. "Get to work," he repeated. Stunned, but just a little pleased, Judy began to tug ineffectually at the chains,

"Can I help you, *dear*," Bill then cooed. "Is everything all right, *sweet*?" I wish there was something I could do, *darling*." Then Judy began to get really mad. She didn't say anything, but her expression might easily have turned the rain to steam.

I didn't stay any further, figuring this was their feud. I splashed down the road, in search of Spense. I found him. He was in the house surrounded by three breathless old women, explaining of all things, Greek culture. "And I couldn't think of all the Greek alphabet," he explained shamefacedly, on the way home.

On our return to the trailer, Judy was inside, and Bill drying himself off. Somehow he had hit on a combination and wonder of wonders, it held. But in order to keep the weight off the perilous attachment, all of us that could, piled in the very back of the trailer, while Spense perched on the top of the wagon. There he sat, alone, motionless, sopping, with his unlighted pipe in his mouth.



When somehow, someway, we managed to get to a town, to a warm bed and a bath, I asked him how he managed to appear so indifferent to the rain and the cold on the way back to town. "I was trying," he explained somewhat vaguely, "to remember the rest of the Greek alphabet."

Thank God we are all safe, and it is all over. Now, I've got to see what I can do with Judy and Bill. She hasn't told me anything, nor will she see him. But from the look of things, they have decided to call it off. It is all so silly. I know they both still care. Just as she was beginning to like trailer life and I beginning to like Bill, this had to happen. I'm so disappointed, I could cry.

Penelope

Murdock Hotel

Dear Elizabeth,

We are remaining in this same little town for a few more days. To get a good rest. To have the trailer rejuvenated. And to put Bill on the train home.

He talked it over with me this morning, and said he thought that it was the best thing to do, for he felt to stay on in the face of what has happened, would soon make mockery of all that they had loved.

If they only could see that this is just a silly little quarrel. I feel confident that if they talked this over right away before they self-dramatized themselves too far, this thing could be cleared up. Certainly when we were young, Elizabeth, we weren't so blind, so stubborn, so foolish.

Later; Bill is too good a prospective son-in-law to lose, so I am feigning a headache, so Judy will be forced to go down to the

train with him alone. When actually faced with losing each other forever, I know their true feelings will zip to the front. Oh please God, may they zip.

Hopefully, Penny.

Murdock Hotel

Elizabeth dear,

Guess Cupid and Shirley Temple have nothing on me for a match maker.

Last night, when Judy didn't come back from the train after several hours, I began to get pleasantly worried. I had expected both of them back immediately. It was about eight o'clock that the phone rang. It was Judy.

She and Bill are married, Elizabeth; that ride to the station did it. The turning point came when they passed a Trailer Company that was featuring a Honeymoon Special. White, she said, with green shutters and a window box. Right then and there they knew that though they might be unhappy together, they'd be unhappier without each other. So they bought the damn thing with the green shutters and the window box, and got a legal reason to inhabit it together.

Of course, as yet they haven't a car to pull them along, but they're so happy, I haven't the heart to remind them. Goodness but I'm proud of myself. Remember it was my idea to bring them along.

We are going to meet them at a trailer convention in California. And while Spense finishes writing of the freedom from care and worries in Trailer Life, I'm going to a hotel room in terra firma and have a nervous breakdown all by myself.

'Til then,

Your loving Penny.

## What Do You Think?

WARREN GOLDSMITH

RICHARD STRAUSS, the great German composer, was born in 1864, and is one of the foremost masters of orchestration that the world has ever known. His mighty works for full orchestration such as: "Ein Heldenleben", ("A Hero's Life") "Death And Transfiguration", "Don Quixote", "Don Juan", and "Till Eulenspiegel" employ and demand the most of every orchestral instrument. These compositions are ingenious from standpoints of orchestration and harmonies—they are lavish displays of orchestral color and are literally orgies of orchestral sound. As you have already noticed, these works have definite names which illustrate certain people and convey many scenes and impressions. Consequently you realize that the music in question tells stories, but not only stories; for each work has a written program which causes the story to correspond exactly with the music throughout the entire composition. Such music is known as "programme music", for without the program which describes the composition, the music would be merely a terrific concourse of sounds, more or less unintelligible. Like Wagner, who created themes (called "leit-motives") descriptive of various characters and events in his operas, Richard Strauss also uses these descriptive themes to aid the listener in comprehension of his musical stories. For instance, Strauss, in his symphonic poem "A Hero's Life" frequently uses a broad, striding theme in the 'cellos, descriptive of the hero; and a sweet theme in the violins decomposition itself is a tremendously power-scriptive of the hero's beloved one. This full orchestral biography of an ideal man's life — his character, his obstacles and triumphs, his being summoned to war and oth-

er events in his life — all of which is painted vividly by many different instruments on a huge musical canvas. "Don Quixote" of course illustrates the most important characters and events in Cervantes' famous story. The 'cello personifies Don Quixote who has an oft-recurring theme on that instrument, and bass clarinet doubled with tenor tuba give out a theme typical of Sancho Panza. Relying as Richard Strauss does upon programs, main themes, certain instruments and various groups of them to bring out the meaning of his works, it can easily be seen that much of his music is abstract and difficult to understand. I feel that his music demands intense intellectual effort from its listeners, and one of his orchestral compositions, "Thus Spake Zarathustra", is even based on the philosophy of Nietzsche. Can one listen to Richard Strauss' music merely as music; listening for the emotional sensations aroused, and ignoring name, program and meaning? His music is so forceful, dramatic, and colorful; so vast in proportion, and so interesting structurally that it is bound to fascinate and emotionally excite many listeners who pay little or no attention to the intellectual meaning and make-up of this music. A great number of listeners will find Richard Strauss' music a thrilling concourse of sheer orchestral power, of unusual and skillful instrumental effects, of compelling rhythms and harmonies. Other listeners, whether or not they understand the music and its significance, will consider it blatant, vulgar, dissonant, and merely a wild, meaningless jumble of sounds. Still another group of listeners will say that in order completely to enjoy Strauss' music, a thorough knowledge of the story and characters he describes, as



well as recognition of the themes and to what people and situations they allude, is imperative.

I shall not go to extremes in my estimation of the composer. When I hear his music, I do not clap my hands to my ears and denounce him as a radical who outrages the laws of esthetics — not even when he causes the muted brass to bleat an imitation of flocks of sheep in his "Don Quixote". Richard Strauss seeks realistic effects such as these continually, and at the turn of the century his daring and individual musical tendencies greatly shocked the world of music. Now, however, his music sounds absolutely tame alongside of Arnold Schonberg, Igor Stravinsky, Paul Hindemith, and the ultra-modern Soviet composers. I feel that, while a knowledge of Strauss' music and the stories it expresses greatly help in understanding and enjoyment, the music can still be intensely enjoyed by listening to it merely as music, and from an emotional standpoint. Perpetually to analyze the music by studying its program, to wait for certain themes which you try to recognize and associate, to wrack your brain in an endeavor to find out exactly what part of the story the music is describing, constantly to watch for the music's different sections — in other words, intellectually to dissect Strauss' music is completely unnecessary, and detracts vastly from the joy such music gives. Moreover, I maintain that his music would make more vivid reactions on the listener's imagination if the music had no program and no themes dependent upon it, for then the music itself would conjure a vast number of images and stories in the minds of different listeners—images and stories perhaps much more vivid than the actual printed ones from which the music is taken. For example, I recently heard for the first time Richard Strauss' "Domestic Symphony", which attempts to illustrate a day in the home of a family. Papa, mama, and the baby all have

their own themes. This symphony pictures the parents' happiness and the playing of their child, a quarrel between wife and husband, and other family incidents. The "Domestic Symphony" is divided into three sections, each of which illustrates different events of the day in the household, and the various moods of the family. As I listened to this work for the first time, I tried to follow the very complicated music with the descriptive pamphlet (or program) which told what domestic incidents and family moods this music portrayed, and which gave the themes associated with the members of the family. The symphony, nevertheless, I found so intricate structurally, the themes so quick, frequent, and varied, that my intense intellectual efforts to connect the music with its program was rewarded by my being able, only, to decipher a few of the leading themes. By straining my eyes over the themes written in the pamphlet, as well as over the description of the symphony, I missed a great deal of the beauty, force, and nature of the music itself, and I was unable to connect the composition with its program. This program, relating to family life, seemed to me completely divorced from the music, and appeared to me quite unnecessary for full enjoyment and appreciation of the symphony. On first hearing, it did not suggest to me any of the incidents mentioned in its program, nor did it (in my opinion) adequately describe the mother, father, and child. As I listened to the composition, I far preferred to give my imagination free play in forming scenes and ideas which the music invoked; but above all I would have preferred the symphony having no name and program attached. It was as pure music that I enjoyed my first hearing of the "Domestic Symphony". Although considered "programme music", I have mentioned the failings of the program, and consequently I admire the work as merely a great orchestral "tour de force" with won-

derful orchestration and harmonies, very interesting themes, and extremely clever fugal writing. It is as such that I greatly enjoy hearing the work. The program dissatisfied me all the more because I cannot understand how any music could successfully portray domestic family life, characterize a little child, imitate the child's being given a bath, and mimic husband and wife quarreling over their child's future.

Consequently, is "programme music" a rather unsatisfactory and unnecessary form of the art? From what I have said in this article, you can gather that my answer is in the affirmative. "Programme music" is subjective, because the emotions and scenes conveyed belong to the composer himself, while the story is told completely from the composer's viewpoint. The composer may or may not transmit his emotions and reactions to his listeners, but whether or not he succeeds in this, it is more enjoyable, more stimulating mentally, and in many cases easier for the listener to create his own images, stories, and emotions while hearing the music. Along this line it has often been said that one is better off at home listening to recordings of operas than he is while at the opera house. Hearing records at home, he can vividly imagine the scenery, visualize the characters and action;

while at the opera house his attention is continually detracted from the music by silly looking artificial scenery which is completely limited by the mechanical and structural resources of the stage, perhaps by very poor acting and 200 pound singers with all the grace and beauty of a group of rhinoceri. In my opinion, music should be objective, not subjective. In other words, music should be pure or absolute music — that is, music written with no specific stories, moods, images, nor emotions in mind, and written for the listener to form his own sensations. Absolute music, such as that of Mozart, Schubert, and Brahms, offers the utmost freedom to the listener. He may hear the music purely from an emotional standpoint, he may thoroughly analyze it from both an emotional and intellectual viewpoint, or he may analyze the music entirely intellectually — dissecting it structurally. In hearing absolute music, the listener's mind may or may not create stories, images, and moods; for many people like to hear music simply as beautiful successions of notes, lovely melodies, seducing rhythms, and delightful harmonies.

From all the reasons I have given here, I consider absolute music superior in every way to "programme music". What do you think?



## "QUERY"

Just where or when, I can't recall,  
 But you and I have met before;  
 Was it on a hillside tall,  
 Or on a barren, windswept shore?

Our hands have touched, our eyes have met,  
 Your voice has called my name;  
 Your face is dear to me, and yet  
 I know not whence you came.

Was it in a forest deep,  
 Or by a gently flowing stream;  
 Or do I wake from depths of sleep  
 To find you but a dream?

FRANCES PERROTTET.

## WELCOME TO SPRING

White clouds, like balls of fleece  
 Upon a counterpane of deepest blue;  
 The lake, an oval mirror  
 Wherein my lady's gowns of varied hue,  
 The trees, are all reflected;  
 The grass, with here and there a stretch of pale white sand  
 A floor for this fair room,  
 Whereon her dancing feet may stand.  
 A symphony of many thousand strings;  
 Insects both large and small,  
 Her couriers to do her least command;  
 The birds in bright array,  
 The breeze above their sound  
 A low, sweet obligato sings  
 To waltzing butterflies,  
 Their vari-colored wings my lady's toys:  
 The world warm with the sun,  
 This welcome gives to Spring and all her joys.

ARTHUR H. H. BIFIELD

*Rollins*

## The Campus in Picture

*Edited by*

BOB BELDEN

JACK MAKEMSON

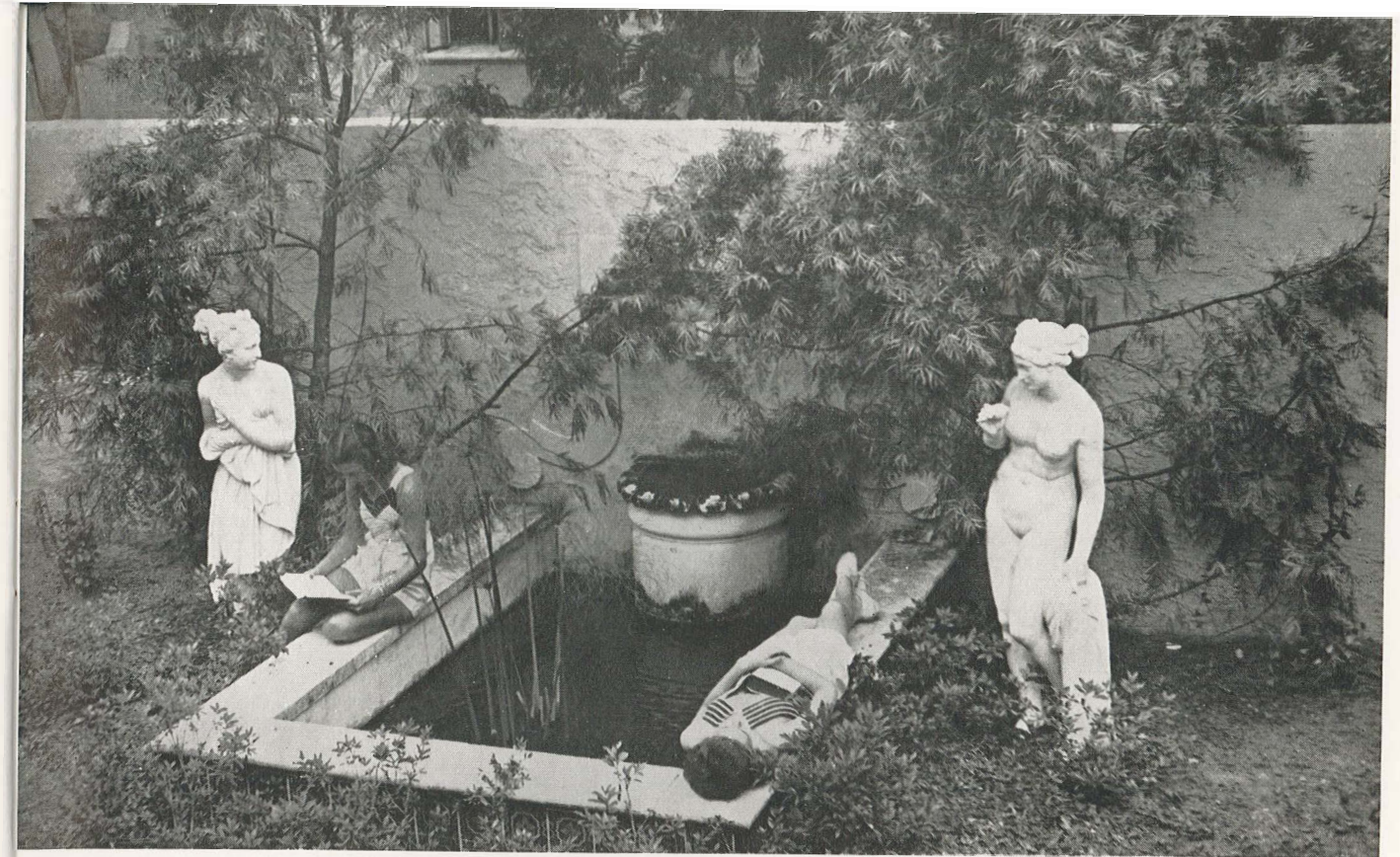
*Campus Clique*





*Girl Break-Junk Dance*

*Junk Arriving*



*Stone and Flesh*

*More Junk-Sitting*







*Makemson Dives*

## Excerpts From A Seventeen Year Old's Diary

ARTHUR H. H. BIFIELD

*Thanks to Neal Bayard*

June—

What a night, what a moon, what a party, and what a girl! I'm in love! with the most wonderful, most beautiful creature imaginable. She has hair like burnished gold, eyes as blue as a summer's sky and filled with a thousand dancing, twinkling, little lights, teeth like pearls, and a skin the color of cream and as soft as velvet. Her voice has all the music and richness of the flute.

At last! at last, after all these years, I have found a woman worthy to be my mate, a woman who will go side by side with me down the pathways of life. Her thoughts will be my thoughts; her sorrows my sorrows; her wishes, my inspirations. For her I will gladly work my fingers to the bone or go to the ends of the world; I shall be a slave to her slightest whim. She will be my guiding star. Life is good tonight and will be tomorrow, tomorrow, and tomorrow.

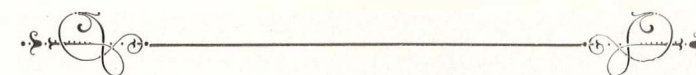
June—

Oh joy! Oh rapture! We are going to

the Club Dance Wednesday evening. What a night it is going to be. I shall hold her in my arms and waltz right into heaven. I can hear the music now, and smell the exotic perfume of her hair as I whisper sweet nothings in her ear. We shall be supremely happy, oblivious to everything but the music and ourselves. After the dance there will be the ride home along the shore of the river. The moon will send a shaft of light and love across the rippling waters straight into our hearts, and she will lie in my arms and whisper, "I love you."

June—

What a night! Here's to the world's champion woman-hater. To begin with, it had to rain; no moon, and then we had just arrived at the club when she ran right into some football-hero friend of hers. After all my planning for her evening I got one dance and a "Thanks for a swell time, Tommy." Blooie! She was only a peroxide anyhow.





# The Yanks Are Coming

WENDY DAVIS

**Y**OU can't beat 'em, those Yanks, not even with a ten foot pole.

Injuries won't do it. They've tried that. They put the great Joe DiMaggio on the sidelines for a couple of weeks and Red Ruffing, their star pitcher, was also benched for the same period, and still they rocked down the victory trail. They even saw the collapse of the once immortal Lou Gehrig at the same time, and yet, they kept on winning. Joe Gordon, sensational rookie second baseman last year, was forcibly benched, yet his replacement fitted into the McCarthy scheme of things.

No, it appears the Yanks are "in" for another two years at least.

DiMaggio, the modern exponent of Ruthdom, was hurt, and they replaced him with a kid by the name of Charlie Keller, first year in major league ball. Keller, a failure in Spring training, immediately slams the ball so hard and safely, Manager McCarthy has sleepless nights worrying where to place Keller when DiMaggio's injury heals. With Ruffing out, the entire club hits the ball so hard that any "bush leaguer" could stay in there and win, let alone the Yankee pitching staff, eleven deep, eleven strong. With Ruffing out, McCarthy worried less about giving his pitchers their routine assignments and rotation.

And then the old "Iron Horse", Columbia Lou himself, steps out of the picture, "because I was afraid I was doing the team no good". His eyes were not as keen, nor his legs as springy as of yore, so he decided to bench himself. He merely settled himself in the spot where a minute before Babe Dahlgren had been rubbing his eyes, wondering whether it were true. It was a memorable day for young Dahlgren, who for the

last four years has understudied the two modern "greats" in first base annals, Jimmy Foxx and Lou Gehrig. The new "Babe" of the Yankee outfit had played his first major league ball in the spangles of the Boston Red Sox, and then was relegated to the bench the following year when the Hub Millionaires bought Foxx. Shunted around the International League for a season, the Yanks picked him up as a reserve infielder, and he has remained in reserve until this year.

But when Dahlgren received his opportunity for regular duty, he made good. He hit safely three times his first day, and he has been hitting ever since. Yes, the Yanks are coming!

Gordon is injured, and Knickerbocker replaces him. Henrich is out, and there's Gallagher and Powell. Dickey is benched and Buddy Rosar steps in. They could take them all out of there and the Yanks are still "in".

The Yanks are all young and powerful. For the majority of the McCarthy Maulers, their best years are ahead of them. Rolfe, the best third baseman in the league, is still young, a slick fielder and heavy hitter. Crossetti, second best shortstop, improves in both departments as each year rolls by, and he is still young. Gordon at second was voted the outstanding "rookie" of last year, and he is only 21. DiMaggio, Selkirk and the rest are in the same category.

The only one in the entire organization that is beyond the young age is McCarthy, the manager. "Busher Joe", as he has been reverently named is the guiding influence that makes the Yanks tick. Without any major league playing experience of his own, McCarthy has proved his worth in the hand-

ling of players. Today, he ranks first in managerial personality. He can adapt himself to any temperament; but if the temperament is too unruly—Allen, Chapman, Werber, are such cases—the man is released. McCarthy works on the principle of close harmony among all.

Cooperation, in the McCarthy style, is the secret of continued Yankee success. This success will continue to reign until other rivals can duplicate it. When Tom Yawkey bought the Red Sox, he spent millions attracting the proven stars. Yet, the Red Sox could do nothing. The first year they jumped up in the standing, but then they slipped. The reason was temperament. Cronin literally fought in the dressing room with Will Werber, Ben Chapman, Lefty Grove, Higgins and others. He had a quick temper himself and couldn't handle players of the same mood. Today, all have depart-

ed except Grove and Cronin, himself. Grove has lost his fire, and Cronin has learned the secret of Yankee success, cooperation.

This year, the only threat to Yankee supremacy is the Boston Red Sox, so experts agree. Cooperation, plus youth and ability has placed the Sox in the running. The Sox and Yawkey, their millionaire owner, have learned that "stars" don't make a World Champion.

But, the Yanks are still coming. They have the jump on the Sox in this cooperation angle. They have worked together for a few years now in this scheme of things, while the Hub forces are trying this new angle. It's habit now for the McCarthy Maulers, and it will take a few years more for the Sox or any other challenger to seriously threaten.

Yes, "the Yanks are coming"!

## RAY GREENE

*Rollins Alumnus*

REAL ESTATE BROKER

Tel. 400

100 East Park Avenue

Phone 29

## Winter Park Electric Co.

138 E. Park Ave.

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS

APPLIANCES

REPAIRS

RADIOS

*Thirty-one years of service*

Secure your reservations and tickets for your trip home from —

## Lanier Travel Service

*Steamboat, Bus, and Air tickets*

ORMOND A. MCABEE, *Manager*

Phone 5301

Orlando

30 E. Pine St.

*For*

## Fine Booklet and Periodical Printing

*See*

## The Orange Press

WINTER PARK, FLA.

*Printers of the Flamingo*



# DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

## A Tale From the French

DON BRADLEY

### *Conclusion*

THE tragic tale is nearly finished, only for us to realize, that to the other side, the story is not tragic, but gloriously successful.

If we speak of moral issues, we know we are right in labeling the transition from one war in 1918 to a new one, already in its first phases, as a tragedy. Yet how quickly we have forgotten our own cruel mistakes, how quickly we color our own Revolution to be anything but what it was, a rebellious and undignified scrap. For our part we think them wrong in desiring that which we have, power, glory, wealth.

The most intelligent condemn only the methods employed by the rising Nations, unconsciously ignoring the fact that something had to be substituted for lack of gold. And those who recognize this, sigh hopelessly, exclaiming; "War is the inevitable evil of Mankind."

If this were so, let us trample underfoot all of our feeble achievements, let us tear down our noblest edifices and cast upon us the dust of the World, for we are not men nor animals, but poor, chaotic symbols of a destructive Universe.

There is still a way open to those who choose to fight, not for death, but for peace. At Munich, Chamberlain has shown the World how to put aside the garments of pride. Even though he had to, for Eng-

land's security, this far-seeing man has created the precedent that may lead to victory.

The Peoples of the World are learning more and more rapidly how to judge and to counteract the rapacious diplomacy used by their puppet leaders. It shall not be many years before this knowledge will revolutionize the inter-relationship of Nations. For now truly is Education beginning to pay its debt to Humanity.

Far better that the battles be fought at council tables, far better that words be substituted for blood, far better that we harness our brutality, than that we gleefully destroy our creation, as a child smashes its toy.

There are two words in any language which are mutually antagonistic. They represent on the one side the World of today and on the other, the hoped-for World of tomorrow. The first is "Propaganda", the second, "Arbitration."

For England and the Cross of St. George, for France and the glorious Tricolor, for Italy and the Roman peace, for Germany and the blood-red Swastika, for Russia and the burly Bear, for the United States and her golden Eagle, these are noble emblems, noble war-crys, surely, but I give you a greater:—"For Arbitration and the Peoples judgment."

## Can We Justify Government Spending?

JOE D. HANNA, JR.

ALWAYS one of the main issues in a political controversy today, government spending has been justified and condemned by laymen and authorities. Opponents of the New Deal are vehement in their criticism of the apparent lack of good management when it comes to spending the tax money of the people. New Dealers, equally strong in their support, point out the many benefits the spending has afforded.

Surely few will hesitate to commend the administration for some of its work. Though some may not wish to admit it, most of us are better off as a result of the WPA, CCC, PWA and some of the others. However, the ones who have benefited to the greatest extent are the ones who were given the supervision jobs by President Roosevelt. Hopkins and his WPA (the "P" stands for progress) has managed to set a record in the spending of other people's money. Well rewarded for his questionable good to the public in general he has been made Secretary of Commerce. Recently he was named in a WPA scandal occurring over administrative costs in the state of Ohio.

But what good has been done? Perhaps the greatest aid to the country has been the CCC and its project of conserving the national resources. FDR's earlier namesake, "Teddy" Roosevelt, was also criticised for his efforts along these same lines. Yet today we thank him for his foresight. The United States has always been a land of seemingly boundless resources; however, those who realize the 'limits' of 'boundless' know that in order to preserve our rich state we must adopt measures to safeguard against wanton wastefulness.

The New Deal has accomplished just this on a much larger scale than has ever been attempted. When something of this sort is practiced, then the conservative element of the nation (and thank God it is in a majority) objects. Still the conservatives are not always right. If they were we would never get anywhere. They gaze on everything with an air of suspicion. The conservation program has not only proved to be a good lock on the door to our resources, but it has also meant a solution to a major social problem. It has furnished work to thousands of young men and boys who had been idle. Idle boys, especially the poorer ones—from which the CCC drew its members—can easily become involved in crime. Naturally, the project could not eliminate crime among youth, but it did succeed in lessening it. For this fact alone we can justify the spending of a good many millions.

School, college and other public and semi-private buildings have been erected with the help of government money. Rivers have been spanned and dammed as the result of congressional appropriations. So far, so good. We need even more schools. Colleges need better facilities. Transportation must have greater improvements, and arid lands must be irrigated to produce fertile farm country. However, at the time all of these beneficial things were being accomplished, the New Deal pushed further spending for armaments. A five million dollar 'white elephant' in the ugly shape of a Florida canal was bought. The government tried to move into the amusement field with the Federal Theater and found itself the fool in a comedy flop. Billions have been spent in



mere experimentation. Billions spent and the returns nil. Here is where the administration has slipped.

To my knowledge the national budget has not been met nor the public debt removed since the time when Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of Treasury. Of course, it never will be again, but there is little justification for increasing it by leaps and bounds in the manner of Roosevelt and company. Yes, we can justify some of the spending of

the present administration. If we couldn't there would probably be a revolution, but we cannot find logical excuses for the obvious waste and political chicanery that is evidently taking place under the present set-up.

At one time in our history, the "Spoils System" received no end of publicity. But at that time the political plumbs only furnished the favored ones with a handsome salary. Today the salary is only a minor item.



## YOU CAN'T LOSE

on Prince Albert's fair-and-square guarantee (lower left). Either P. A.'s choice tobaccos put you next to princely smoking or back comes every cent you paid—and no quibbling! Prince Albert's special "crimp cut" tamps down easy and burns slower for longer sessions of rich, tasty smoking. Mild? You said it! P. A. smokes cool, so mellow because it's "no-bite" treated. There's no other tobacco like Prince Albert, men, so snap up that offer today.

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



**SO MILD!**

**50**

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

### STEP RIGHT UP. HERE'S THE GOOD WORD ON P. A.

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

## BOOK REVIEW

"MY SON! MY SON!"

By HOWARD SPRING  
*Published by the Viking Press*

Here is a book whose story runs along like a river in the calm of a summer evening. One could easily imagine that the author was sitting down to a cup of tea, and casually telling about a pleasant journey; which happens to be, in this case, William Essex's journey through life.

But the amazing part of the book is the fact that it is packed full of adventure so softly toned that we are scarcely conscious of a single crisis. Birth, marriage and death—all are treated with the same restraint and ease.

The rise of William Essex, who was born in the manufacturing city of Manchester, England, and whose mother took in washings, progressed by pure hard work, self-sacrifice and a plan to carry out his great dream, which was leisure for writing. First he was an apprentice in a book-keeping firm; then, a van-boy in Moscrop's bakery. This job was the first rung on his ladder of success, then followed his premeditated marriage to young, dull Nellie Moscrop that promised the financial security he desired, so that he could follow his intellectual craving to write worthwhile books. Once these early obstacles are surmounted, his canoe of life drifts easily into literary success and is carried on by the current of "being".

By the name of the book we know at once who is to be a leading character. It is William Essex's son, Oliver. Like so many countless cases in life Essex wants to give his son all the advantages and luxuries that were denied him in his youthful poverty. As Oliver grows from boyhood into young manhood we don't like him, and yet, we do not blame him for his faults. We

blame the father who as far as his son was concerned, could never meet a crisis, not even when the woman he thought he loved was being turned to his son. But we are sorry for Oliver, and sorry, too, for William Essex.

Early in the story we learn to accept the fate which is allotted to Nellie Moscrop Essex, certainly a phantom-like figure, whose character is delineated sharply as a portraiture but not a living force. Yet, when she dies in an automobile accident after a brief but certain breaking with William, we are not grieved, scarcely sorry but shrug our shoulders and say, "That's life." And that seems to be the whole atmosphere of the book.

In any successful book there must be contrast. We could not bear with the book if it kept solely to the lives of William, Nellie, and Oliver Essex. But the author was a wise technician in story telling and lets the O'Riordens occupy almost as much space as the Essex family.

We love the O'Riordens—hard-working, strong-minded Irish fighters that they are. By glimpses of their family life we know that of which William Essex has been deprived—Dermot O'Riorden's genuine love of his wife, Sheila; their mutual devotion to their three children; the beautiful and talented Maive; the plain, wholesome, energetic Rory; and the practical, scarcely-mentioned Eileen. We realize that Rory is the son William Essex should have had to have made him completely happy. Rory is the strong contrast to the aimless and spoiled Oliver—Rory, who always had a purpose in life; a purpose which may yet have led him to his death, but the death which was noble.

William Essex certainly passed through more crises than life requires of the average man. He had a loveless marriage. He



lacked understanding concerning his own truest impulses of love. And he had a son who turned out to be the murderer of his friend, largely because of William Essex's own indulgence of that son. But to the world he was a success. As a young man he had become executor of a small fortune left to his wife. He had invented a new toy which made thousands of dollars for his already growing bank account. With this money he had time for writing, and as a result of this writing he produced books which were best-sellers.

The tragic impact of the tale comes with the last two paragraphs when William says, "I shall go ashore and go to Ballybar and find there the grave where Rory lies. Because in my heart you, too, Oliver, will always be lying there. It was not you who went that day with a handkerchief on his

face, and struck, and stole, and ran. That was the simulacrum that remained after you had died at Ballybar. You died when you killed your friend. There was nothing for you of good or evil after that. So I shall bid good-bye to you by Rory's grave.

"Perhaps Dermot will come with me. We shall say good-bye to you together—to you and to Rory—and remember the night before either of you was born when in pride and blindness we told the years what they should do with our sons."

When we have closed the book, we keenly feel the loss of a man. He was a person we knew well, admired, even liked, felt sorry for but never particularly wanted as a friend. The impression of the theme lives in our mind with the same effortless ease that we draw breath into our bodies.

WALTER ROYALL.

### ENCHANTMENT

The stars were out, the moon was at its height;  
The clouds were parted, purple was the night.

The morrow's dew sweet scented dark'ning air,—  
And all the world was still, within its lair.

The river seemed to slow its heavy pace:—  
The clear lagoon lay black, our eyes could trace

No great horizon joining earth to sky,  
And endless heaven seemed to circle by.

I further walked to hear the ocean roar;  
But it was calm, and ripples teased the shore.

The twilight mantle pressed against the day,  
But dawn seemed many many miles away.

The slumb'ring jonquils shivered with delight  
At all the magic silence of the night.

CAROLYN NAUGHT.

Prompt, Reliable,  
Courteous Service —  
Plus Quality!

*Reasonable*

**TOMMIE'S CAFE**

*326 on the Avenue*



**Datson Dairies, Inc.**

*Safe, Pasteurized Dairy Products*

Orlando Phone 6342

Winter Park Phone 287R

Quick Service on All Orders E. R. Favor

**Favor's 25c Taxi Service**

CARS BY HOUR, DAY OR TRIP

*Day and Night Service*

*Long Scenic Trips a Specialty*

*We patronize all R publications*

Trunks Delivered 50c  
110 E. Park Ave., S.

Telephone 107  
Winter Park

**ANDERSON'S**

*Specializing in Service*

*To You*

**PHONE 101**

ANOTHER GAY HAPPY HARDY HIT.

REFRESHING AS A SUMMER BREEZE

IT WILL KEEP YOU LAUGHING FOR DAYS!

They're millionaires now . . . Mickey is a playboy,  
and the blondes get all his dough . . . Poor papa  
Hardy . . . pity him trying to keep the family out  
of trouble!

**MICKEY ROONEY**

*in*

**"THE HARDYS  
RIDE HIGH"**

*with*

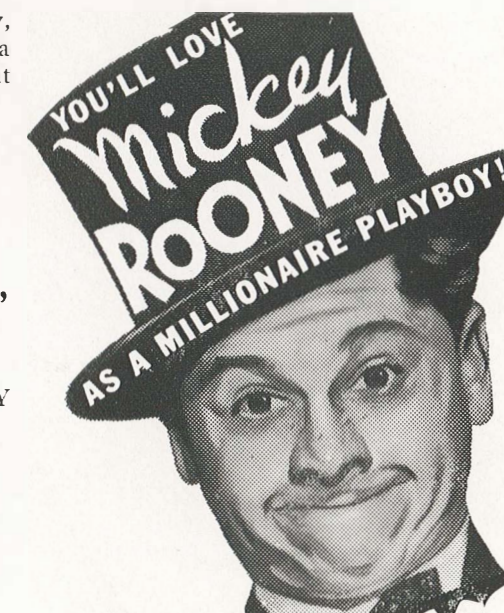
LEWIS STONE — THE HARDY FAMILY

**BEACHAM**

Friday - Saturday - Sunday - Monday, June 2-5

**GRAND**  
June 6-7-8

**BABY GRAND**  
June 10-11-12







... the catch of the season  
for more smoking pleasure

In every part of the country  
smokers are turning to Chesterfields  
for what they really want in a ciga-  
rette... *refreshing mildness... better taste*  
... *and a more pleasing aroma.*