Miss Florence Black

“I can broil the best steak you ever tasted.” Miss Black is a pastmaster at outdoor cooking. But her biscuits—“well, they’re something else again,” she says, with that quick, warm smile. Born on a cattle ranch near Meade, Kansas, Miss Florence Black received her A.B., A.M. and Ph.D. at K. U. Besides this she had some graduate work at Chicago University.

From the intricacies of calculus and analytics she finds relaxation in swimming, riding and tennis. She is a familiar figure at H. D. Hill’s stables. Miss Black has traveled 150,000 miles, driving “Algebraic Analytic” (she christens each car thusly.) Every summer, in her boots and trousers she lives “more or less a gypsy life,” camping out, sleeping on the ground in deserts, mountains and prairies.

Coming back from Alaska this summer, her ship hit a rocky island. It took the captain four days to decide that the ship was seaworthy, and there was much interim speculation as to life belts, swimming endurance and accessibility of the precipitous island.

Add to unique experiences: being “paid a quarter” by a filling station boy for being patient once while he was swamped with work and couldn’t get to Algie Ann III right away. Miss Black declares that it seemed nothing short of miraculous for a schoolteacher to be paid for her patience.