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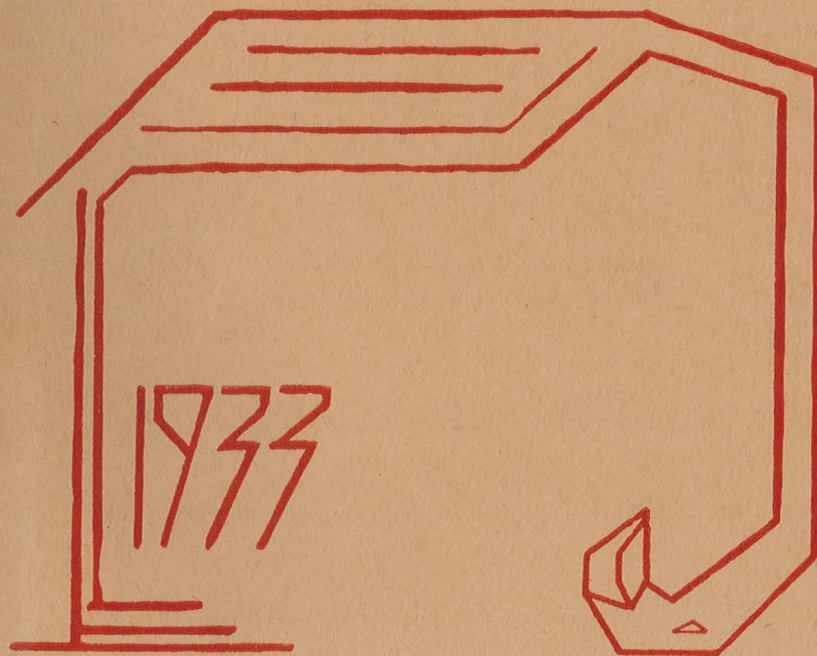
Milk as substitute for beer
When suggested draws a jeer
From the wets; the dries reply
Brothers, did you never try
THE HONOUR DAIRY? If you do
You'll likely give up liquor too."

THE FLAMINGO far and wide
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North and south and east and west
Students, parents, friends and guests
All read it; when you advertise
They learn to know your stock likewise.

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JANUARY

FLAMINGO



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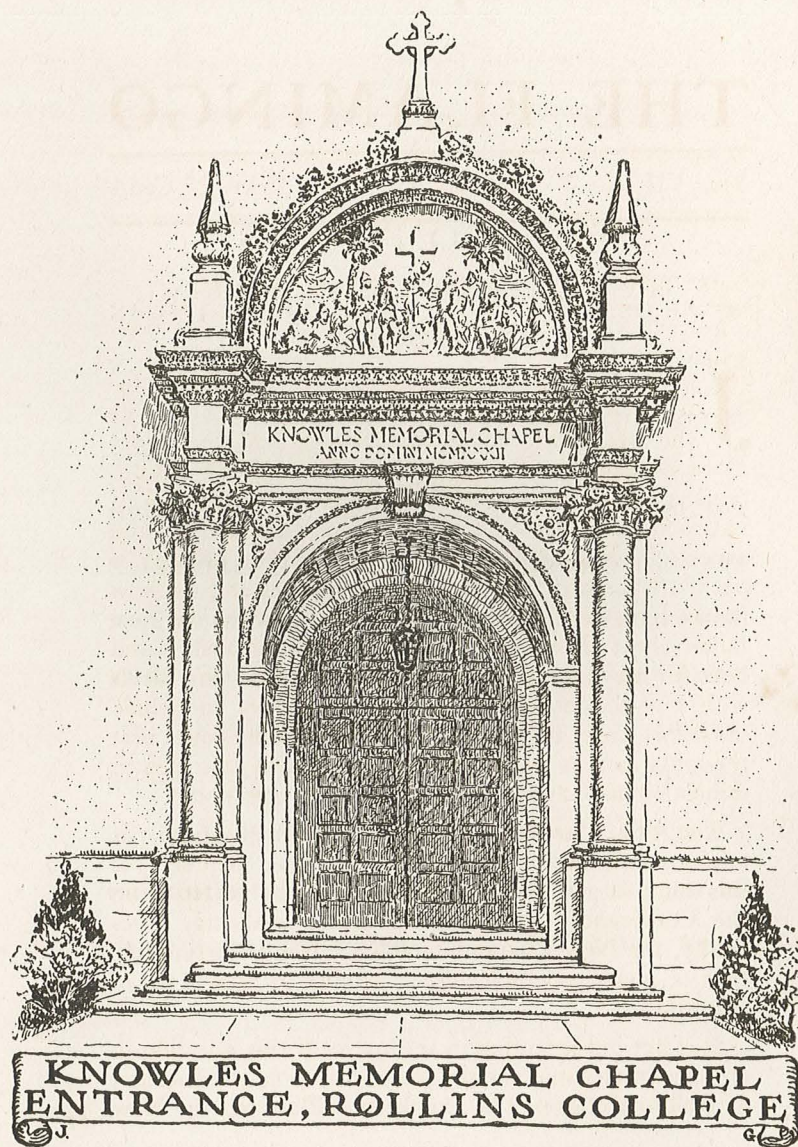
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DUST AND HEAT *THE CONFERENCE PLAN*



From a pen drawing by John Gehrmann

THE FLAMINGO

VOL. VII, No. 3 January 15, 1933 Price, 25 Cents

IS THE CONFERENCE PLAN WORKING?

Editorial

JANUARY as a time for making New Year's resolutions is pretty well salted away, for the good or the bad, with flannel underwear and the Flora Dora chorus; but the idea under New Year's resolutions is still there, and in these times of a more serious nature it has taken on a more serious and fundamental aspect. This underlying idea is simply that January is peculiarly a good time to look to ourselves and see how far we have kept our end in view, and how far we have fallen short of it, consciously or unconsciously; and how far we have honestly tried to correlate our ideals with our actions—for it is almost as easy to delude ourselves into believing we are following our best thoughts as it is to have them. It is with this idea in mind that we have taken up the above question.

The title, like most titles, is very misleading. It might much better have been "Are the members of this campus getting the best that is to be gotten from the Conference Plan as a means of realizing, practically, the New Curriculum Plan?" But unfortunately that is much too unwieldy a handle to attach to an editorial!

It is not our intention in setting forth this question to criticize in any manner the present system of education at Rollins College. The Conference Plan and the New

Curriculum are the backbone of our argument and are so much a part of us that any attack on them would get an immediate and heavy counter-attack from The Flamingo. It is the means to attain the end, the Conference Plan as a working medium, that we would look into.

Briefly stated: the Conference Plan is a means of personalizing the relationship between faculty and student, so that a more workable and re-creative knowledge of the subject matter may be gained.

This plan places a good deal of independent responsibility on everyone concerned. In order for it to function we must discriminate in our freedom between liberty and license; we must learn to know ourselves and our own individual capabilities so that too much time is not wasted in pointless experimentation; we must realize that personal idiosyncrasies are not personality so that we can live happily with other people and we must see the just place of each part in the whole pattern.

I have painted a Utopia and used the word responsibility which is somewhat out of favor. But all ends worth their salt are Utopias and responsibility is really a very happy thing when looked at as the better half of a right.

Are we realizing the Conference Plan?

B. C.

OAK TREE

NANCY REID

THIS oak seemed proud and tall
And old, until
Last night, in the little wind that rose
Before the first rain,
It wakened and stirred like a hungry child.

WINTER NIGHT

THIS street is cold with winter;
Its trees come one after one along it
Lean and shivering.
Bewildered, I meet shadowed purring cars
Like cats with horrid yellow eyes.

I was sad when I saw all those people
Driving away in the darkness
Leaving me here alone walking.
I was sad until I saw an appleman
Under a street light,
Leaning over his warm, red mound of fruit,
Rubbing his cold hands
And whistling.

STANLEY COSGROVE

FRANK PRICE

HE came to me like a character from another world, a mass of muscle that seemed to be wound around two hurt brown eyes. He said as best he could that he had just come over from Poland and wanted a job in the mines. It was surprising the amount of English he knew. Evidently this man was intelligent. I was used to listening to the jargon of these foreigners; immigrants get five weeks at Ellis Island in which to learn the language.

He told me that his name was Stanislaus Kosmaerk. I knew that they would soon change it to Stanley Cosgrove or something similar. Most Polacks take it and like it. I instinctively gathered, however, that he would not like it.

I was absolutely astounded when he called me the "foreman". How on earth did he know my title?

"Look here," I said. "How do you happen to know that I am the foreman?" Most of them had to be drilled for a week before they could call me "boss". The word foreman seemed impossible for them to pronounce.

"My brother tell me all about mine in letter. He tell me come to you and you give job. I work hard. I am strong."

That speech was very remarkable, I thought. The Polack must have something. So I gave him a job.

While I thought that his knowledge of English was remarkable, I soon discovered that there were other things to challenge my admiration for him. He rarely talked to anyone; he made those ribbons of muscle express his feelings. His endurance was endless.

Whenever I passed the shaft where he was working, I could hear his pick tearing out the veins of coal. As I came closer and the pounding increased in intensity, I marveled that his ears could stand it. At first I was skeptical. A man who is used to working in the sun all day can't work in a small burrow barely high enough for him to stand in and located one hundred feet below the earth's surface. It takes time for a man to transform himself into a human mole.

I listened one day from a distance. I could hear the distant tick, tick, tick. It reminded me of the pulsing of the fine Swiss watch that my wife had given me for Christmas. For an hour this regular tapping continued without interruption. Then for another hour. I thought I must be dreaming. Finally I blew the lunch whistle twenty minutes early to stop him. I always took the men up to the surface to enable them to eat their lunches. Stopping by his tunnel with the elevator, I found him resting from his labors at last; he was trying to wash his hands in the water that was dropping from the tunnel roof. I knew that he wanted to open his dinner pail with clean fingers.

"Get on the elevator, quick," I said. "You can eat on top. After this don't bring your dinner pail down here. The gas makes it unfit to eat."

A rather stupid smile broke out on his face. He seemed to understand, but said nothing.

"You can't stay here all day, you know," I warned him. "You'll get blind like all these mules that are around here."

He laughed a little then. The first Polack I ever saw that appreciated a clean joke.

He couldn't eat the lunch in his dinner pail after it had been down in those stinking tunnels. It was a wonder that he could eat the stuff anyway—a greasy

lump made mainly of liver and mangoes. You wouldn't think that gas could hurt it. I felt almost sorry for him again; I was tempted to offer him some of the sandwiches and coffee that were in my pail, but there was no use, I thought. He was just a dirty Polack after all and would probably think that I was offering him bird food. Anyway, if he didn't eat he might not kill himself working. When we went under again, however, that steady pounding almost drove me wild. It was like blood throbbing in my eardrums when I was sick with a fever.

There was one thing he never learned—the enormous amount of money he was making. Those Polacks as a general thing get about one hundred and fifty dollars every two weeks; but they do not seem to realize how much that is.

I know their habits. As soon as they get a little money, they erect a shack about the size of a small bungalow, buy some rather good furniture and put it in the front room. Then they lock up the room and only open it when the priest comes to visit them. The curtains are always drawn in the front room. God himself would have to ask to come in and sit down. The Polacks move down in the basement and sit around the stove. If they have any children, they let them spend the money. There is plenty left. Of this remaining amount they send part monthly to the folks in the old country. Then there is the garden; the members of the family live from that.

When Cosgrove, as he was now called, came around for his check I asked him where he lived.

"With my brother and wife," he said.

"Your wife or his wife?"

"His."

"Does he charge you any rent?"

"I no understand."

"Does he make you pay to stay with him?"

"No. I work in garden."

I gave him five dollars and deposited the rest in his name at our bank. I planned to continue to do that as long as he worked for the mine. That was the way I had to do with all of the foreigners until they had been over here a while.

One day six months later he lumbered into my office.

"Please write my wife in Poland that I am sending to her money." He laid one hundred dollars on my desk. From the five a week that I had been giving him he had saved one hundred dollars!

I could hardly believe my ears.

"Did you save all this money out of that which I have been giving you?" I queried.

"I save it. Make this much more and I am going back to old country. Got enough money then."

"Why don't you take this and go over?"

"I want much money when I go over. Be rich."

"Why not bring your wife over here like your brother did? I'll give you a steady job. You are my best worker."

"No. I go back when I get this much more."

I knew I could keep him as long as I liked. I could give him a dollar every week, and he wouldn't know the difference. I didn't want to lose my best worker. I sent the money to his wife.

Next payday I toyed for some time with the idea of giving him one dollar instead of five; but when he came to the window, my conscience smote me and I gave him ten. I was surprised to find that I had a conscience when it came to dealing with those Poles. I didn't tell him, however, how much he had in the

bank for fear he would leave me immediately. He seemed to have no special liking for the mines. Probably he dreamed about working on a farm of his own some day up on the surface of the earth where the sun always shines.

Several times I was on the point of telling him he could leave whenever he wanted to. I could easily make him understand that he had more than enough. I was being complimented on the good work of my section, however, and I wanted to make as much of this strike of fortune as possible. If I could keep him for a year, I would probably get a raise. Anyway there was no sense in letting these foreigners earn all our money and take it back to Europe with them. Maybe I could persuade him to bring his family over here with him after all. A little time was all that I needed.

It seemed a crime to keep him down there, away from all his dreams. There is nothing to do under the mines but lay in a little hole and hammer away with a pick. The only light comes from the small flame of a carbide lamp which the miners attach to their caps. The flame is smaller than that of a lamp. No chance to dream down there in the poisonous gas-laden air. Sometimes the gas would be too heavy, and I would have to rush down with gas masks so that the men could escape. Mine gas forms at the top of the tunnels. If the ventilation system is not working right, the whitish death-carrying vapor creeps lower and lower until it reaches the level of the workers' heads. Then they have to lie flat on the muddy floor of the tunnel and yell, hoping to God that I get there before the gas fills the tunnel. I usually do get there; sometimes, however, I might miss one or two of them. If

it had been Cosgrove, I would never have forgiven myself.

The gas was the only whiteness in the mines. Everything else turned as black as the imbedded coal. Even the air would have been black if it could have escaped to the surface. The minerals of the earth do not like to be imposed upon. When their treasure houses are pried into by the claws of man, they take revenge by putting their black curse upon the countryside for miles around. Vegetation dies willingly as if to curse man. Housewives do not dare to hang their washings on an outdoor clothes line. Science might have found a serum for the black death which infested the world several centuries ago, but when it made possible the opening of the mines, it invented a noble substitute. Only the strong dare to tear the precious coal from the earth. Mining will not take the weak ones; moreover it laughs loudest at the strongest.

Cosgrove was one of the strongest. With determination he went to the mines day after day. He got on the elevator every morning as clean as a schoolboy who has been washed behind the ears and has had his face scrubbed until it shines. He was a healthy animal, ready to fight the black rocks and make them bow before him like a beaver would cut down a large tree with its gnawing teeth.

I did not want to tell him that the mines would try in every possible way to destroy him, that if all their other methods failed, then they would fall on top of him and crush him to death. He did not seem to realize this. In the short time that he had been with me there had never been a cave-in; we had little occasion to work in dangerous territory as yet. However, it is certain that you will be drawn more and more deeply into the web until you are destroyed just as a canoe

is pulled down to destruction when caught in the rapids.

He did not care. He seemed never to think of the mines at all. There was always a faraway look in his eyes. Probably he was dreaming of his home even while swinging his pick in the liquid, smelly blackness where he worked. Except for his muscular frame he always seemed distinctly out of place.

I wondered what he would think when he heard the first crash. Always there are several men killed under the fall of rock. The tunnels collapse and bring the weight of one hundred feet of earth upon them. Sometimes a house on the surface falls through and entraps more human lives. I did not think he would work so steadily and industriously when he saw the damage that his pick was doing.

I had hoped we would not strike any sandy territory as this was always dangerous; but after Cosgrove had been with us for nine months, we struck it.

I immediately asked the superintendent for more props in order to build up the sides. The walls seemed to give way. They threatened to let the ceiling down on the workers. The supplies were slow, and we could not reinforce the tunnels as we dug them. I kept the men working though. I wanted to keep up my record and get an increase in salary. I had thought of dismissing the men for a week or so until the props came in; Cosgrove certainly had a strange effect on me. It was as if I didn't want *him* killed. Those longing eyes of his haunted me. They seemed to trust me implicitly. One time when I listened to his pick tearing out the coal, I raised the whistle to my lips and was about to blow it and dismiss the men when I thought better of the idea.

I couldn't help calling Cosgrove to the office that night and telling him that I had saved his money for

him and he had more than enough to go home on. He couldn't quite understand at first, but finally he grinned. He always grinned and never said anything. That seemed to be his only medium of emotional expression.

"I quit right now," he said. "I go Old Country right away."

I would have let him go, I believe, if it had not been that the company required a two weeks' notice. He had to stay a little longer.

His work never decreased a trifle. I was rather hurt when I thought that it might be loyalty to me that kept him at it. There was danger of a crash near his region, but I didn't want him to know that there were such things. I hoped and prayed that we would soon get supplies in.

About a week before Cosgrove's time was up the props came. They were loaded on freight cars, and the engine was switching them on our special track. I was overjoyed to see them. They were more than a train load of wooden sticks. They were guarantees that my friend would soon receive the protection he deserved.

I was standing at the opening of the mine that opened like a hideous toothless mouth in the earth's surface. I heard a rumble below. It was as if that mouth had tried to cover up a cough. I knew what it was and immediately jumped into one of the elevators and went down the shaft. Below everything seemed peaceful. For his sake I hoped no one was hurt. The props were here now and in a little while we could fix the mine so that it would be out of danger. The shaft went straight down, and the tunnels went out from it parallel to the surface. It was from these tunnels that the men dug the coal. One of these tunnels had

probably closed up. There was no one in it, I prayed. It would be terrible if he realized.

It never dawned upon me how incongruous was my worrying lest he be shocked. Here was a man twice as strong as I was and probably more used to the hardness of life. They make it hard for some of those people over in Europe.

I went more and more deeply. The men who were working in the tunnels stood out in front and tried to peer into the depths below them. We had not yet reached his tunnel. I kept on farther and farther. I was horrified to find myself thinking over some of the men whom I hoped it was. Most of them were utterly worthless anyway. I was sure that there was a disaster now. On the surface where the sun is shining there is always hope. Down here where you are near to Hell itself you realize there is none.

I arrived at his tunnel. The entrance was intact, but he was not standing there. Probably he did not realize what had happened and was going on with his work. I listened in the terrible stillness for the sound of his pick. I could not hear it. Stopping the elevator, I walked in the burrow calling cautiously, "Cosgrove! Cosgrove! Come out. This tunnel may cave in!"

Then I saw. The back part had fallen in. He must have been crushed to death. Maybe not. Maybe it had fallen in the middle and he was merely imprisoned. I found myself listening for the sound of his pick. He might try to dig his way out.

"Don't try to dig your way out, Cosgrove!" I screamed. "You'll weaken the sides. Stay in there and we'll get you in a few hours."

Then I heard a groan. He was talking in Polish. I could not understand what he said. There were tons of rock in the way.

I have often wondered how I could have heard those awful gasps of his. It might have been his spirit haunting me. Those mines are evil. You laugh at spirits when you are above the earth, but down there you believe in them.

They brought the priest down there the next day and held some sort of service for him. It was a week before we got his mangled body out and sent it back to Poland, the land of his dreams. He had always wanted to go back to Poland and would have wanted to be buried there. Some day I'll be caught just like that in the mines. They can just leave me down there. I deserve it!

THE SEA

NANCY REID

O God,
 Today I saw the sea.
 I heard a sound as if a wind
 Was blowing through a thousand trees,
 And then I stood upon the sand
 Shaken with fear.
 I was frightened, but not of waves.
 It was Your voice
 That leaped and writhed in the Great Mouth.
 It said
 "I am".

TOMBSTONE

ROBERT BLACK

CHARACTERS: *The President, Dean Swenson, Professors Price, Rover, Berry, Weiner and Coach MacDougall.*

SCENE: *Interior of the President's home. The group is seated around the fireplace engaged in earnest discussion.*

President: Lorens is indeed a very happy place. Our student body is refined, intelligent and sincere. Our building plan is well under way. Financially we're not nearly as badly off as we'd have the students believe. The football team has had a successful season; and finally, scholastically we rank with the best.

On the surface, I've every reason to be satisfied with myself and with Lorens. But one thing disturbs me. We're too complacent—too content with what we've already achieved. The ideal Lorens should be a hotbed of controversy—a center of individualism. We've let ourselves slide back into a blissful lethargy and something must be done to bring us to ourselves. Now, when I was at Yale—

Price: Pardon me, Doctor. I challenge you to make a fifty word explanation of what you mean by "when I was at Yale".

President (*paying no attention*): When I was at Yale, students naturally followed the herd instinct. We attended our classes grudgingly and came out thinking, feeling and acting alike. Now Lorens should embody a different spirit but unfortunately we seem to have suffered a relapse back in the direction of the lecture hall. Have any of you any suggestions?

Price: I'd say—

Rover: Hrumpf—

Berry: It seems to me—

Weiner: Why don't—?

MacDougall: Let's have—

Swenson: My opinion—

President: What we need is a good shaking up. Nothing should be stable at Lorens. Controversy! Shifting vision! Movement! Creation! Without controversy you can't have progress; without progress you can't have publicity; without publicity you can perhaps have a school, but I'll be hanged if I'll run it.

Price: What if some morning the students on awakening should find in place of their classrooms nothing but a broad expanse of beautiful grass?

Rover: Are you suggesting, Professor Price, that we destroy the campus buildings?

Price: Not a bad idea. But seriously, would it make any difference? What I'm getting at is whether Lorens is a spirit or a collection of rather unsubstantial wooden shacks.

Rover: Ridiculous! I can personally testify to the earnestness of the student body. We have here a group of hard working, sincere young men and women who'll make their marks in the world. (*musingly*) Who knows what great careers of the future I may have fostered in my classroom?

Swenson: It seems to me Price, that you go too far in deprecating the facilities here. What if some of our wealthy northern supporters should hear you?

President: Please, no quarreling. I need help. Lorens can't die. It's my idea and it must not fail. We've got to arouse the students somehow. The fraternity issue didn't make much stir. We were bluffing and they knew it.

MacDougall: Why not reestablish basketball?

Berry: In my opinion there is too much emphasis placed on athletics. Perhaps, though, there is something in what Price suggests but God knows classrooms aren't what we ought to abolish. It seems to me that the more we deny the students the more contention we can start. Suppose we cut out the athletic schedule entirely?

MacDougall: Well for Pete's sake!

Berry: Suppose too, we denied the students a few of their social privileges. Don't you agree we'd engender a small riot?

President: But that's wrong too. In causing that kind of controversy we not only lose sight of our desire for intellectual development, but we'd lose our freedom as well. Lorens should be the epitome of liberality.

Berry: Well, I was only suggesting—

Weiner (*who has been silently working out the square root of 4 to himself*): Why not have more parades? I like to lead parades.

Swenson: The last parade we had you didn't lead so well. Everybody had to run.

President: Gentlemen!

Rover: Let's induce more famous people to come here. They give publicity. They start the students talking, thinking.

Price: Not a bit. Do you seriously think the average student cares how illustrious his neighbor or instructor may be? No. He's interested only in himself. You've got to work out your solution on that basis.

President: You're right there, Price, but how?

MacDougall: Let's increase the size of our library. I've been doing a little reading lately, and I've come

to believe there's something worth while about books after all.

Price: But how are you going to get the students to go to the library?

Weiner: You might advertise dancing three times a week. They'd come then.

Berry: Too social!

Price: I have it! Culture springs from an awareness of the intrinsic merit of humanity. So far the students have had so much work to do they've had too little time really to appreciate either their professors or their fellows. So let's dispense with our courses and just meet our classes for a few hours idle conversation. They'd like that, and we might develop something in them really valuable instead of simply teaching them text book contents.

MacDougall (*reflectively*): Sounds sensible. More time for athletics.

Rover: Preposterous!

Berry: We—ll—

Weiner: My students don't do anything else anyway.

Swenson: A little irregular, but—

President: What you say appeals to me, Price. Only for the sake of our intellectual aims we'd have to make sure they talked on pertinent topics. Of course we'd have to retain names for our classes to satisfy the association requirements.

Rover: But, Doctor, I have an excellent course—a unique course, if I may say so, which it seems to me should be retained at all costs.

Price: The whole hog or none.

Berry: For one topic I'd suggest politics. Anybody fool enough to vote for Roosevelt needs talking to.

President: We'll do it! Beginning next week we'll

abolish courses. Burn the textbooks! Humanize learning! Teach by talking! Freedom! Publicity.

Price: Hurrah!

Weiner: Hooey!

Berry: Oh, well—

Rover (*weakly*): Hurrah.

MacDougall: Yee--ay!

Swenson: Well, if you think so—

Price: And Weiner could talk about the weather.

President: And Rover could talk about himself.

At this point Rover and Weiner brighten perceptibly and become enthusiastic.

President: And Berry could perhaps bring about a huge political reform.

At this Berry stands and cheers.

Omnes (*standing and singing*):

To hell with texts
To save our necks
We cannot end this squabble
Without resorting
To consorting
Freely with the rabble.

We'll sit and chat
With them, and that
Will educate 'em surely;
But be it known
The interest shown
Is academic purely.

Curtain

FAILURE?

DON BERRY

THE "Freya" was swinging along at a good eight knots. She was alive and happy. As a great wave hung over her stern about to break and swamp her, she would romp away on its crest like a playful puppy scampering from the hand of authority, and then she would wait in the trough for the next roaring graybeard to give her a boost toward port.

From my position at the tiller I felt her elation, but my mind was on the narrow channel into Cuttyhunk harbor. This slant of wind meant a dead beat up a channel not much wider than the boat was long. It was a delicate job, but we knew our boat. We shot into the harbor on the last leg without having grazed the bottom once.

By the time supper was over and we'd piled into the dingy to go ashore for the evening, the incident had been forgotten. It came back vividly however, when we realized that a fisherman's remark concerning "pretty sailing" was about us. Well past middle age, this man possessed an assured air, and there was a hearty ring of command in his voice as he hailed us. His request for us to come over and sit awhile was so friendly that I soon gathered the necessary courage to ask him why such an apparently successful man as he should waste his time as a dockside loafer.

"Sail's my game," he told us, "and I'm damned if I'll budge from here 'til I get a good berth. I worked up to first mate on the clippers 'fore they went, and I took to whaling after that just to pass the time until they came back. They will, too, and don't you forget

it. What decent, self-respecting man is going to shovel coal and sleep in a dry bunk when he might be fighting a half-frozen gallant in the 'forties' with the thought of pay day and women keepin' him warm. We were men, then. But I guess I'd better tell you how I got here. It shames me, but I'll do it.

"Last year I'd sunk so low that I was going to sign on a steamer. It was over to New Bedford. Nice bright mornin' with a fresh breeze out of the nor'west, but I was feelin' kinda glum 'cause I had to sign on a steamer. Before I went into the office I walked down to the pier head sort o' hoping something would turn up, and strike me for a silly-ass if they wasn't putting the old "Wanderer" in the dock at Pierce and Kilburn's. It didn't take me long to find out that they were outfitting her for a last whaling trip nor as much as a jiffy to get my name on the line that made me "second" for the trip.

"I guess you fellers know most of the rest of that story from the papers. Historical societies, news photographers and all that bunch raising a lot of noise about a real whaler taking her last trip and then a little squall you'd hardly thought about outside putting her on the rocks out here. I don't want to seem superstitious or anything like it, but I'll tell you why we come ashore that night. It was all on account of a cat. A little grey devil she were with one bat ear and always up to some mischief. You know yourself you can't bring back any oil without a cat on board. That's what was wrong with Captain Slocum's trip. Out four years and he says to the owners when he come back, 'We didn't sight a whale, but we had a damned fine sail'. And that was on account of a tabby who skipped ship the night before she sailed. But I'm telling you

a slinky grey cat is a hell of a lot more important than a tabby. This one hung around a week or so before we sailed and I thought she'd stick. She would have too if this daylight time hadn't messed her up. Like everybody who is going on a long voyage she went ashore the last day to say good-bye to her friends. Sailing time there was so much fuss that I didn't have a chance to see if she was on board, but I noticed it about halfway down the inner channel; about the same time I found out the Skipper warn't there either.

"He was ashore rounding up some of the crew and we was to anchor out in the bay and wait for him. It didn't matter so much about him, but I felt pretty bad about that cat not showing up, when I saw the squall coming down on us. She only missed by an hour. Just an hour after we sailed the watchman saw her come down to the dock and look down channel kinda disappointed like. Without her I didn't have the heart to beat out to sea and forget the old man, so I just told them to drop over the hook. By the time we knew she was dragging we could hear the breakers, and the next thing I knew we'd piled up good and proper. So here I am without a job or a chance of one, all on account of a slinky, grey cat."

That night when everyone was asleep I felt the "Freya" swing gently at the warp and listened to the blipping of the wavelets on the dingy, and wondered if I'd be able to think of a satisfying excuse for failure when the time came.

A DORY

CARROLL COONEY, JR.

THE west wind had died down; the sea was now calm except for the great rolling ocean swell which rose and sank methodically; it was sunset and the gorgeous color of the cloudless sky was reflected by the glassy surface of the ocean. A little dory, silhouetted against the evening sky, was drifting slowly, ever so slowly toward a low stretch of mainland.

In the boat, lying motionless, were three dying men. All three knew that their only chance of reaching land was to keep alive on what little water they had—for forty-eight hours at least. There was enough water to keep two alive for that time—but three. . . The men were silent; in each one a mental battle waged. Each thought, and determined more than ever before in his life, and at dusk when the last glimmer of light was fading away in the west—when the last harsh cries of the gulls could no longer be heard, the dory was still drifting and the men lay as motionless and immobile as the dead.

* * *

A thief, a robber, a murderer! . . . McCarthy—wanted in twelve different cities, ha, ha. God, how the old throat burns! There they are, the two of them. Not much to them, but they are good and honest, and I—I'm a murderer. I could do it—just slip one leg over the edge—slip quietly into the water. Then—then I'd die—give my life for two other men. It wouldn't be much but it would be something—at

least I could end my life in a good way—yes, a thousand times better than . . .

* * *

"Miller Wades into Millions" what a life with over ten million dollars. City and country estates, beautiful cars, servants, big parties . . . how I'd like to reach that land . . . alive! Life is so dear to me—what does it mean to a murderer or a poor young man like Smith. But—if one of them went, all through my life I could hear that word—coward! It would be better to die—a brave man—than to live on that way. Better to sacrifice my life for fellow men whoever they may be. Luxuries, happiness, life—all gone, but to die that way—honorably. Oh, water—yes, that's the answer, cold deep water.

* * *

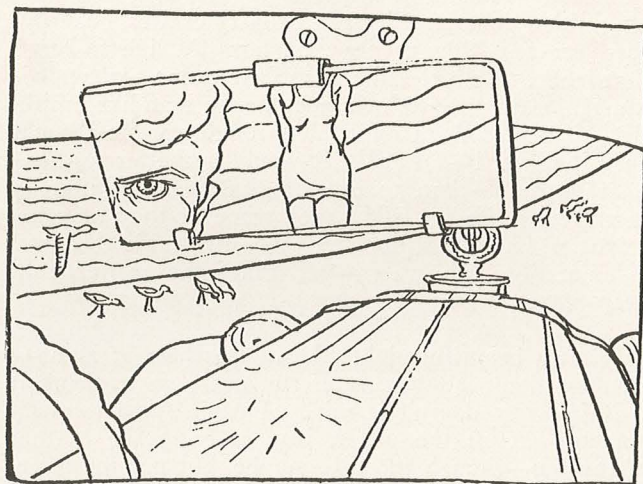
What a beautiful night! I can see them at home—Oh God don't let that water run out—use it, drink it—Rain—why doesn't it rain? I can't stand it much longer—There's the water, just covering the bottom of the jug—enough for two, maybe, but not for three. Why doesn't one of them go? Why—why—don't I go? After all, what is life to me now,—nothing. I would only have to work all day. They are both men—I'm only a kid. Why not? I can't live—I couldn't live even if they gave me all the water in the jug. I always liked an icy dip by moonlight. Mother would say, "Don't swim more than ten minutes" . . . I guess I won't.

* * *

A blood red sun, portraying rain, rose out of the sea in the east. Against it, and now considerably larger was the mainland. The little dory was still drifting slowly on its course, but—now—it was empty.

PICK UP

ANN BISCOE



As Richard drove along the beach, the sun twinkled on the shiny black hood of his car, making him squint his eyes. He looked at the bright ocean, squinting again, and then straightened to look at his face in the mirror. His big blue eyes looked silly when he blinked them. What if he should do that tonight when he smiled at the girl in the hotel dining room? He grinned at the mirror and jerked his foot on the accelerator. Why was he smirking at his own face?

The beach was queer the way his car ate the hard

brown sand, yet still it stretched mockingly in front and—his car swerved—if there wasn't a good looking bathing suit with a white belt walking along by the edge where the small waves licked her feet. All alone, too. Richard slowed down. He'd let her see his smile anyway. He drove up closely behind her and whistled to the back of her neck. His car was almost stopped, yet the girl still walked leisurely through the little waves. He drove slowly on and stretched his head out of the window to smile back. He speeded up his car. She had looked up but somehow couldn't have seen him. He looked back again—good brown legs. He slowed down and parked his car facing the ocean. Now the girl had stopped walking and was standing with her hands on her hips, facing the ocean. She took her time to get anywhere.

Richard looked up at the empty stretch of sand. He might as well see what kind of a time he could give her and he jumped out of the car, slamming the door behind him. He stood a minute, looking down at his body in the new bathing suit. He rubbed his hands over his chest and down his legs.

When he looked at the girl again she was seated, facing the ocean, with her arms hugging her knees. He started running toward her. He'd give her something to think of besides the water. He'd forgotten how easy it was to run lightly along the sand. He felt snug and benevolent in the new bathing suit.

When he came to her, he called out, "Helloa, there, lonely?"

The girl stared at the water. She was the kind that pretended not to notice, then. He gave a little jump and sat down close beside her. He rubbed his hands over his legs. They were pink beside hers. She prob-

ably used drug store magic to make them so brown. Leaning forward he asked,

"How'd you ever get that color on your legs?" She would have to look at him now.

She turned her face away from the ocean and slowly focused her eyes on his face. He gave her his twinkly smile, but the smile behind seemed to have slipped away. He stretched out his legs and looked down at her shoulders.

"I'll have to stay out in the glare with you awhile and get a tan like yours." He laughed. There, now, he'd caught his smile. He leaned back comfortably on his elbows.

"Aren't you lonely all alone on the beach? You need some one to talk and say nice things to you." He moved closer and grinned up at her face. "All girls want that, don't they?"

She was looking away again but she had begun to smile.

"Of course," she answered.

He leaned back again. Now he was getting things started.

"You can't guess where I come from. You're from the East though. I know. I can always tell girls from the East. They're different." He started picking up little pieces of sand with his toes. That sentence always did lots for him. But when he looked at her, she was watching a crowd of little sandpipers run away from the waves.

"Aren't you from the East?" he asked.

"What?" She started to lift her head but kept her eyes on the birds. "Oh yes, I am."

"They're some birds all right." Richard sat up. "But I'm not so much interested in birds. We can have a

good time sitting here this morning. Now you say something to me."

"Of course." She smiled and looked back at the water.

"That ocean's too bright to watch." He squeezed closer to her. "Of course you know I'm only a man," and he waved out his hand. "Here today, gone tomorrow."

"What?" she asked vaguely. "Oh, of course."

Richard put his arms around her shoulders. The girl sat still. He took hold of her hand. Still she didn't move. He sat there a few seconds, then drew his arms back and stared at her.

"Why didn't you slap my face?"

She turned to look at him. She was making him blink.

"Why?" she asked. He recrossed his legs. He couldn't make himself keep looking at her.

"Most girls do," he said, "then they try to run away."

"Why?" she repeated.

"Why they're scared, I suppose." He could feel her staring at him. She had a different line from any other girl.

"What are they afraid of?" she asked. He watched her hands piling sand.

"I don't know why they get scared. You don't seem to be." He lay back with his arms under his head. "You know, sometimes I get scared, myself. That is, I'm not sure of myself." He sighed and stared at the sky. A puffy grey cloud was crossing the sun. The girl was speaking. Her voice sounded distant.

"Then what are you sure of? What else is there to be sure of?"

He started to draw up his knees, but if he moved he would shatter everything.

"Why there's lots to be sure of." His tongue felt heavy to lift. "There's the sand—" What was the sand though? It was all around and under him. He could feel little grains against his back, but it wasn't under him. He wasn't lying on it. Something fell on his stomach. If he could find the energy to turn his head toward his car, but it would be too far away, only a black shiny speck and probably dancing dizzily.

He was sinking, now, too easily and too fast. He ought to grab hold of something. The voice went on—

"I guess the only thing you can be sure of is yourself."

He was going down faster. Why couldn't he grab himself, then? But there was nothing in him to hold.

He heard an automobile engine. "Having a good time?" somebody must have shouted from the car.

He ought to call out. He made his tongue move a little. His hand was lying there. If he could let it know that it had to move. There, that must be the girl's arm he was touching. He sat up quickly. The ocean was glinting a brighter blue. Had the wind just then started the waves pounding? The girl was smoothing her pile of sand.

"Your white hands look fine against the white sand," he said and jumped to his feet. The straps of his new bathing suit rubbed against his shoulders. The color didn't seem to be fading.

He patted the girl on the head.

"Good-bye. You'll probably never see me again. I guess I'll take a little splash and run on back to the car." He ran to the water and dove through a big wave. The other girl last Sunday had been overcome with his diving. He came out shaking the water from his hair. He waved to the girl and started running up

the beach. The sand felt hard under his feet. His car wasn't so far away after all, and he came to it quickly, reaching out for the door handle. The sun made it too hot to hold. He walked around the car, letting his arm run over the hood and mudguards.

When he looked back, he saw her resting back on her arms. He jumped quickly inside the car and started racing the engine. She was only a speck on the beach.

In the mirror his blue eyes sparkled brightly. Tonight he might wear a blue shirt to match them, for the girl in the dining room.

He drove fast over the hard sand, blinking at the sun pushing against his eyes.



CALIENTE

ANTHONY MERRILL

THE desire to revisit places claims all of us at times. It claims me now. I want to go back to the old scenes and do there what I did before. I want to experience again the same sensations and pleasures that I tasted and found good.

I want to be on the road to Caliente and Tia Juana once more. My friend and I are off to spend the day seeing the sights with all the rest of the crowds that flood over the line every day to splurge their money in the saloons and casinos.

* * *

We are on our way down from San Diego by way of Coronado Island with its ancient hotel still standing there, mellow, impressive, and dignified, then by the absurd grass huts, row upon row, looking as if they might house myriads of insects and dirt. The long sandy beaches stretch away on each side of us, because Coronado is nothing more than a big sand-spit running parallel to the shore, somewhat in the manner of Long Island.

Across the border and into the dirt and squalor of Tia Juana. One main street, a row of signs, all on the shady side, depicting the quality of the beer served within the doorways beneath them. We stop for a moment at the Foreign Club just to see the longest bar in the world. Unimpressive, smelly, and gloomy.

On to Caliente. We pass under the magnificent campanile, typical of the Spanish architecture which predominates there. Caliente is impressionistic. The gaming tables in the gilded casino; depressing with

tourists losing their money or winning vulgarly. We can afford the experience of gambling because, since it is afternoon, the majority of people are sightseers and the stakes are low. Then there is the tiled bar with its long gleaming lines of electric drink-mixers. The dining patio, colorful in the Roxy Ballet manner. A Spanish orchestra with an excellent soloist who does more to carry out the desired atmosphere of the place than does anything else. The delicious meal, surprisingly inexpensive. "Dinner, one dollar—with champagne, five dollars." We just have dinner. A plunge in the enormous swimming-pool, a gleaming blue-white diamond, studded with brilliantly colored beach umbrellas. The race track, its stands filled with noisy, excited, sweating multitudes, half of them drunk, and the other half getting that way. Busy waiters darting here and there, their trays loaded with tinkling glassware. The race is like all other races, except that it is run against a background of unbroken beauty. The heavy hills roll away into the blue distance, and should one stand high enough, he might see Table Mountain rearing its peculiar summit in the distant haze, the landmark of Old Mexico.

Caliente, an architectural masterpiece, skillfully coordinated units, all of which speak plainly to the one who cares to listen, "Welcome, common people. This is an aristocratic place in which you will feel at home. The best here is yours and you have a right to expect it at all times. Go where you wish as freely as you wish. These are your rightful surroundings. (Sotto voce) Surely, why not? So must Caliente survive. Pay me for these privileges at my crooked gambling tables and my over-exorbitant hotel."

Back across the border as evening comes on: a stop

at the line for a moment for the customs inspection. Beside us a long stream of cars, lamps gleaming, cars filled and sometimes jammed with young men and women, pours across the line. They are not being stopped.

As we drive back towards the yellow glow in the sky that marks San Diego, I cannot help but picture to myself this same road a few hours hence. Over it will come all those cars we have just passed, their drivers filled with liquor, very little of it good. There will be laughter, song, speeding, swerving, wrecks, cries of the victims, innocent or guilty. Long after the border closes for the night Caliente will play on. Caliente, that glittering, evil jewel of Southern California. Nevertheless, in spite of its disgracefulness and contamination, it has given us something else to add to our store of knowledge and experience, so we feel well satisfied with our day as we drive on into the night.



BLASE

JIM HOLDEN

BETTY came unobtrusively into a world of sunshine and flowers. Her advent was a landmark in the lives of her parents. They had long agreed that the new baby must be a girl. One live-wire boy of four was a source of constant anxiety and a girl would be quieter and easier to manage. Two children were all a family could hope to bring up in the *right* way. Theirs would be soft-spoken polite children with big vocabularies and an early knowledge of the graces. They christened the newcomer Elizabeth Ann Morley. Friends and relatives heaped gifts around her cradle and placed flattering sums of money to her credit in the bank.

Betty was alone with her nurse only at night. During the day she passed from one pair of arms to another and was provoked to tears by the admiring coos and clucks of her well-wishers. Elizabeth Ann Morley at an early age mastered the art of wielding a silver pusher instead of using her thumbs. On her fifth birthday Mrs. Percival Smith-Jones and her young daughter, together with Mrs. Algernon Montrose, Mrs. Henry Peabody, Mrs. Thaddeus T. Updyke, and their respective off-spring paid a visit to the Morley's. Betty received them and soberly conducted them into the drawing room. Then she introduced the children to her mother and passed around her birthday cake, served up on silver platters. She performed the act dutifully and respectfully, making a little remark to each guest in turn. Everyone commented on her poise and ease of manner. Mrs. Thaddeus Updyke nudged

her scrawny daughter covertly and in an undertone bade her to go and do likewise.

Elizabeth Ann found herself on a pedestal and she rebelled. One day on the way to school she heard Mrs. Reginald Stone say to her youngest child, "I want you to come home from school with your dress nice and clean like Betty Morley's" So Elizabeth Ann sat down suddenly and smeared herself with dirt. But true upbringing cannot be denied. In a moment she was on her feet, crying, running home for a change.

Slowly it dawned on Betty that she liked all this. As she grew older, she climbed higher and was proud and happy to wear the halo others had fashioned for her head. Betty spent four years at finishing school. Her behavior was excellent. She went about everywhere with her small face sober and intent. She never rebelled against rules and restrictions. All the privileges money can buy and cultured parents provide were hers. When she was seventeen, she learned the gentle art of manipulating a sport roadster and thereafter drove about the town at a moderate rate of speed and enjoyed life. She sat uncomplainingly in symphony concerts and by dint of much repetition learned to like them. Many a happy hour she passed curled up in an armchair with a good book, not trash such as most girls her age read.

One evening in late summer Betty stood gazing out over the rolling expanse of lawn beneath her window. She followed it with her eyes and watched it blend into a miniature lake gleaming molten gold in the setting sun. She turned away suddenly and stood before her mirror. In a few moments her escort would arrive to take her to a dance at the country club. She liked having "dates!" She could handle men, flatter them and wheedle them into succumbing to her ca-

prices. Only last night, Harry had wanted to ride in the moonlight and she had wanted to go to a movie. Before long Harry said, "Yes, indeed, that's a mighty fine picture; if I had known John Barrymore was on, I'd never for a moment suggested taking a ride." She had convinced the dear boy he *wanted* to go to the movies and he hadn't at all. Well, she was clever, undeniably clever, she thought.

Betty turned again to the mirror. A few short weeks and she'd be in college. The very thought of it stirred her. She would meet new men, lots of them, and it would be exciting. It would be nice meeting a different set of girls too. She'd have lots of friends, and then, too, she didn't feel complete. College made you complete, she'd heard. Fine. A horn blew loud and shrill on the quiet air. She lifted a tidying hand to her soft brown hair and quickly reddened her lips. She favored her gown with the slightest of glances. Everything was all right. She fled from the room.

* * *

College enfolded Betty. Two years, gleaming white, at Wellesley. Her pedestal was polished until it shone with a holy luster. From early morning till late at night it was, "Betty, come look at my new gown. Does it hang down far enough? Are you sure?" Or, "Which pair of shoes should I wear with my tea gown, Betty dear?" She answered all the questions easily and graciously. It was nice to be looked up to for advice. She helped them in schoolwork too.

She became very popular with men through being unattainable. Her roommate won bets, capitalizing on the fact that Betty was hard to kiss. Her escorts usually got drunk just once. An aroused Betty drove off alone, her eyes pin-points of fire. Men called her

different and worshipped from afar. The gleaming white pedestal grew to amazing proportions. Upon its crest stood Elizabeth Ann Morley, democratic, pretty, pleasing—a modern miss in an armor of shining mail.

Two years of this staid life at Wellesley was enough for Betty. She was tired of doing the same things day after day; the same little routine of lessons, tea dances, formal dances, and golf became unbearable. She was so tired giving advice that she wanted to scream. She felt she must go somewhere where she was unknown and begin again. She felt she must build her life over, rise or fall on her own merits.

Her parents had been discussing a little college in Florida. They had called it "progressive." Fine. People should be different in an environment like that. This Citrona was a god-send.

Next fall saw her blue roadster parked in front of Vanderbilt Hall and she herself swept into a maelstrom of weird people and strange opinions. Life here was positively uncanny. That professor who called respectable Winter Parkers "uncremated corpses" just couldn't be human—and as for the queer cult of students who called themselves intellectuals. She couldn't tolerate for a moment their sloppy dress, and lack of manners. All around her people were chattering like squirrels. They chattered loudest at meetings of the International Relations Club. The night Betty attended the members were all talking at once. The one who shouted his arguments the loudest gained precedence and in the end no one ever agreed.

Elizabeth Ann, however, enjoyed the social functions thoroughly. Along with a sizeable group of new girls and transfers she was swept headlong into the excitement of Rush Week. One day as she was eating lunch in Commons, watching some ill-bred boys throw bread-

wads, she felt a tap on her shoulder. Betty turned around. It was a tall girl with fiery red hair.

"I'd like to see you after lunch if I may," she whispered confidentially. Betty smiled her assent. A short while later she joined the newcomer on the dining hall steps. After the tall girl introduced herself as Jean Farley, she proposed they go for a ride. So Betty led the way to her car. As they were backing into the road, Jean said, "Do you like it here?"

Betty sighed unenthusiastically, "Very much indeed."

"You'll find it different later on when you get better acquainted. It always seems a little strange at first. But don't you find everybody very friendly and easy to get acquainted with?"

"Too much so," Betty thought. But politely answered, "Yes, I do. In fact I remarked to my roommate that I had never before found myself in so congenial an atmosphere." She said it well. It seemed convincing. Jean suddenly shifted the conversation.

"I'm very much interested in you. I've noticed you on the campus and you act as though you knew what it was all about. My sorority sisters have noticed you too. I'm a Lambda, you know, and they asked me if I wouldn't bring you over to the house sometime."

Betty smiled, things were looking up. "I'd be delighted," she said.

That same evening Elizabeth Ann met the Lambdas. They informed her, not in a bragging way of course, that their sorority was the best on the campus or for that matter, in the nation. Everyone knew the Lambda's reputation. Betty was enthralled. She could talk to these girls. They were like her friends at Wellesley, refined and cultured, and most of them were careful about dress and placed a premium on good manners.

She forgot why she had come to Citrona, forgot how unbearable her last weeks at Wellesley were, forgot everything. She quelled the urge that prompted her to come south and seek a change. Change bewildered her. It was not as easy as she had thought. It was confusing and horrible. She must adjust herself. It would never do for Elizabeth Ann Morley to be out of tune with those around her. As a Lambda she would be looked up to. Her decision was made. Now she could laugh at radical professors and all those other queer folk. A Lambda!

Two months passed quickly and enjoyably, then Christmas vacation, Miami, and all too soon back to college for the winter term. Betty was snug and satisfied. She was protected from the world about her and revolved as before in a cycle of classes, tea dances, sunsets, moonlight drives. The Lambdas were crazy about her. She was a genius at thinking up stunts for parties. She could discuss any subject agreeably and was always ready with a quiet word of help and advice. They called her a model pledge.

But strange to say, Betty became restless again. She felt restlessness creeping upon her and couldn't shake it. She tried a hundred ways. She knew she had every reason to be happy and yet she wasn't. Her sorority sisters adored her—they wished they were like her, hard-to-get, popular, with a bevy of men at her beck and call. Betty grew uneasy. She was tired of these worshipping people. She wanted to relinquish her throne and step down among them. If only she had the courage or if they only understood, but they didn't, they couldn't.

There was one course Betty especially liked. It was an English course. She was learning to write little sketches about people and experiences. Her best

efforts were unlike those other students had written. They were hollow and empty. One phrase her professor had used in clinching a point remained entrenched in her mind. It disturbed her and popped up at night to frighten and worry her. He had said, "Writing is making a testament to oneself." How insignificant all her writings were. For weeks she had neglected conference on that account. Then she saw the truth. Her writing mirrored herself. It was hollow and empty, so she must be hollow and empty too. She was miserable. All her life had been one dreadful mistake.

Now that she saw things in true perspective, all her errors were bathed in merciless light. She had been denying herself pleasure and had hurt others in the bargain. Girls said, "I wish I were like her." They were unhappy and discontented. Her bevy of admirers professed not to be good enough for her. Not good enough, Great Scott, they were too good. Well, she'd fix that all right. With one stroke, she'd make everything right. She'd ease the pain she'd caused her admirers and at the same time would place herself on an equal plane with all the girls in her house, and lower than some of them.

So she rang up Jack Forbes. He was her favorite at the moment, a lad unusually earnest in singing her praises, at the same time declaring his own inferiority. In a half hour, she was ensconced in his roadster, winging her way to a sylvan parking place. She told Jack what had happened. She'd been unfair, she said, and she was sorry.

"I see," Jack replied, nodding wisely, "but cheer up Betty, the world's not coming to an end, you know."

Betty felt relieved. Here was someone who understood her. She nestled her head on his shoulder. Jack was nice, she told herself, and it was warm and satisfy-

ing to sit close to him. Suddenly it dawned on her that and sympathetic.

she loved Jack, yes, loved him because he understood everything. She was sure he did. He was so quiet and sympathetic.

"I love you Jack," she said.

"I love you too," he promptly assured her; "I've told you so all along."

She sighed happily and snuggled closer. Encouraged, Jack leaned over and kissed her. She relaxed in his arms, then hugged and kissed him. This was such fun. She did it again. She felt herself slipping. She didn't care any more. It was wonderful and soon everything would be all right.

They drove home in silence. Betty went straight to bed. She didn't feel like talking to people. She fell asleep dreaming. Dreaming of Jack, dreaming of the wonderful new world opening before her.



DUST AND HEAT

"The Column of Creative Controversy"

THE CONFERENCE PLAN

DR. F. R. GEORGIA

There is no such thing as a Conference Plan, if by that term is meant a technic or method of teaching by which the instructor is to be guided in the conduct of his class. When one considers the diversity of materials dealt with in different courses and the variations in the personalities of instructors, it becomes apparent that any attempt to impose uniformity of methods on an instructing staff would lead to disaster.

If, on the other hand, we look upon the Conference Plan as a philosophy of teaching that encourages the use of any and all methods which will make possible and further that intimate association between student and teacher, so necessary if teaching is to be anything more than a transfer of information, then, and then only, will we have an adequate conception of the thing for which we are striving. Of mechanical devices, only one is of importance, and that one is the limitation of class size. Without small classes we could make but slight progress in this direction, with them the limitations are those inherent in ourselves.

IS THE ROLLINS CONFERENCE PLAN SUCCEEDING?

RICHARD J. MUNGER (*Senior*)

According to the original idea of the Rollins Conference Plan and to the Rollins circulars and other advertising, Rollins College operating under this novel system is an educational Utopia quite unique among any present institutions of learning. Upon reading of the plan or hearing a discussion of it, the unfamiliar with actual conditions is apt to visualize classes composed of not more than ten students conducted in an unconventional conversational manner in the shade of Live Oaks and Orange trees anywhere on campus or off. The original plan also stresses the abolition of term examinations, surprise "quizzes" and all other such abominations.

However, as are all other institutions known to man, the Rollins Conference Plan is undergoing constant metamorphosis. We find larger classes are necessary, and to accommodate them classrooms are essential. Of course with this situation more formal class discussion and conduct evolve along with examinations of various styles and intensity. We find the Conference Plan is not followed at all by some instructors. This is sometimes due to their subject, and sometimes due to their personal interpretation of the Plan. Undoubtedly the plan is most adaptable to the social sciences. However, even in this general field the instructors at times are forced to resort to the lecture system to bring important material before their students.

There are certain salient features which have outlived the adolescence of experimentation, while others have been unable to withstand the test. Among the

salient features to which I refer are: small discussion groups, the cultivation of individual thought, and the promotion of more intimate contact between student and instructor as well as between students themselves.

The Rollins Conference Plan, a visionary prospect of an idealist, having been put into practice is now satisfactorily adjusting itself to conditions and becoming a workable reality.

THERE ARE NO NEW PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION

It is most confusing to arrive at Rollins only to discover that what was depicted as the Conference Plan is really a combination of lecture, recitation, and the conference type courses. It cannot be said that Rollins functions on any one rigid system. There is, rather, a freedom that allows the faculty to use whatever classroom procedure they individually desire.

The Conference Plan which has been termed a progressive, or a new, type of education is used with the hope that the student can be better "led out".

There is nothing new in educational theory at Rollins. The lecture and recitation still exist here as in other colleges. The older universities have always given some conference courses. The individual conference must have been the only way of passing on culture before the advent of organized society. Practically all the so-called modern pedagogical theories can be found in Aristotle.

LUCRETIA BORGIA.

STILL IN ITS INFANCY

The Conference Plan, as I see it, is an effort to put higher education back on an individual level instead of manufacturing quantity rather than quality.

It is impossible to consider Rollins without her real creator, President Holt. Dr. Holt is of course an idealist. Such a revolutionary idea as the abolition of grades and of the time element in obtaining a degree may have seemed quixotic at first. Perhaps no one but Dr. Holt could have succeeded in establishing such theories as facts. The amazing thing is that they have actually been put into practice.

The defects in the Plan are noticeable because they are the incompleting phases of a masterpiece.

RUTH JEANNE BELLAMY

 LET'S CO-OPERATE

There seems only one fault to find with the Conference Plan. That is the utter lack of voluntary co-operation on the part of many students. Like all scholastic operations there must be a sincere willingness of the student body to make this new ideal work out.

I feel that under this system at Rollins the student gets out of the course just what he puts in. Also he may advance as rapidly as he wishes and he does not have to wait for those students who wish to loaf along.

HARRISON ROBERTS

MORE SLEEP

We might consider some of the methods in which the courses are presented. At this point the individual conference idea comes into view as does the lecture method, which is still being used on the campus in spite of the New Plan. Then there is the group discussion which is used mainly and which may or may not prove successful, according to the argumentative ideas of the group and the amount of sleep they achieved the night before. These plans and others are used to a greater or lesser degree of efficiency, according to the direction of the professor. A great deal of the results obtained under the Conference Plan depends on the reactions of the individual to this type of teaching which probably helps to account for the variations in teaching methods.

HELEN WELCH

 IT'S WORKING

What is the Conference Plan? The Conference Plan is concerned with method, not with content. It is intended to liberalize, individualize, and humanize education. The ideal at Rollins is to encourage the intellectual curiosity and enthusiasm of the student, to develop the student in the manner best suited to him, and to substitute learning for instruction.

The Conference Plan IS working. Students are free to study what, when, and where they wish. The only limitations and variations in effect are necessary to guide those students who fail to co-operate 100% with the Conference Plan.

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