

Rollins College

Rollins Scholarship Online

The Flamingo

11-15-1932

Flamingo, 15 November, 1932, Vol. 7, No. 1

Rollins College Students

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



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

For Instance—

Did You Know?

That when the game is over, and
You want some food to eat,
A dope to drink, or anything
You think would be a treat,
The Witching Hour has it—the best in town.
It's really gaining much renown.

For furniture that's choice and rare
To give your rooms that certain air,
Go half-way to Orlando, then
You'll see the store and go again.
For the Libby Furniture Co.'s best
When put to any sort of test.

And when you want a radio,
Electric lights, a tube or so,
Or anything electric—run
You need, or something to be done,
Go straight to the Bennett Electric Shop,
For quality they are the top.

And at the end of this last page
The bird FLAMINGO turns a sage
And dons his spectacles to say
That when you want something, someday,
Look through his ads and you'll find to be true
The best is that they have for you.

THE FLAMINGO

THE CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE	MABEL KARST
SHOULD RATting GO?	<i>Editorial</i>
YOU REMIND ME	ROB-ROY MIZE
AMERICAN SAGA	BUCKLIN MOON
HARD SAUCE FOR THE GANDER, INCIDENT	ALICE LEE SWAN B. C.
THIS GAME OF FOOTBALL	CHARLES KATZMAN
MORNING	BETTY CHILDS
PAN AND THE VIRGIN	BRUNA BERGONZI
ANNALS OF AN ERA	<i>Review and Comment</i>
SALAD DAYS	W. B.
DUST AND HEAT	<i>Should Ratting Go?</i>

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

Every issue of THE FLAMINGO from Vol. I,
No. 1, to date

has carried the advertisement of

THE BOOKERY

T-h-e H-a-u-n-t-e-d B-o-o-k-s-h-o-p

Winter Park's only Exclusive Bookshop

Books on sale on Publication Dates. Mail Orders solicited.

LET US GET YOU THE BOOK YOU WANT

HAVE YOUR MSS. PRINTED

*AUTOGRAPHED COPIES
MAKE VALUED GIFTS*

A BOUND BOOK? AN INEXPENSIVE
BOOKLET? Fine binding and
rare paper? How much will it cost?
Come in and talk it over.

NO CHARGE FOR CONSULTATION

THE ROLLINS PRESS, FINE PRINTING
WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

OUR AIM: To incorporate in this magazine the
spirit of creative controversy; to be interesting and
representative.



Linoleum Block by Mabel Karst

THE FLAMINGO

VOL. VII, No. 1 NOVEMBER 15, 1932 Price, 25 Cents

SHOULD RATting GO?

Editorial

RATting is an ancient and honorable custom. Just how ancient I do not know, but its honor depends upon the Upperclassmen. It is they who set the precedent, interpret the traditions and evolve their own means of enforcing them, and it is to them in turn—for they personify those traditions—as well as to the College, to whom the respect of the Freshmen is due.

Freshmen arriving at any college are ignorant of that college's traditions and manners, and it is most necessary for the harmony of the college and for their own unity that the Freshmen become acquainted with them; for the traditions and manners of a college are peculiarly its own and peculiarly different from prep school manners and traditions, something which few students realize until they are in their third or fourth year. Traditions and manners are important for they largely constitute the atmosphere of a college, and atmosphere being intangible is one of the first things felt.

And so there is Ratting, and Ratting is a lot of fun and very instructive to everybody concerned when it is carried on in an intelligent manner. Different colleges have different forms of Ratting in harmony with and indicative of their own traditions and atmosphere. At Oxford Ratting is entirely of the intellectual sort.

New men are simply not recognized—are held in suspicion until they prove themselves. But such a system would be out of place in America, for Americans are too warm and fun-loving and scrap-loving to carry such a system off with any grace. Most Freshmen are not grown up; neither are most Upperclassmen and the play-spirit is still very strong. Not to recognize this physical enthusiasm and attempt to turn it into good sportsmanship and loyalty is to pass by one of the greatest opportunities any college is offered to create a real college spirit. But in physical enthusiasm there also lies a great danger of allowing the purely physical to run away with good sense and thus allow the means to defeat the ends. It is this lack of good judgment on the part of the Upperclassmen that has caused Ratting to be abolished from many campuses.

Ratting is a great responsibility; in fact, it is one of the greatest responsibilities which face the Upperclassmen. For the Upperclassmen have in their hands to a large extent the making or the breaking of the Class spirit and the Rollins spirit of each new Freshman class. Therefore, it behooves the Upperclassmen to be careful to whom they entrust the delicate positions of head of the Rat Court and the Rat Court members.

The Rat Court should embody the intelligence and sportsmanship of the Upperclassmen. It should be a representative body with its ends well in mind and possessed of enough originality to hold a Rat Court of a college standing rather than a high school pep demonstration. For Rollins Freshmen are possessed of enough ordinary intelligence to see through mere noise; and respect will only be given where respect is due. Unless Ratting is properly organized and unless

it is truly representative, it will very soon die a natural death.

For Ratting to disappear from the Rollins campus would be a great loss and would take away much of the fun of being a member of the Student Body. Ratting may be the very thing this campus needs to draw it together and make it conscious of itself as a whole; a consciousness it very badly needs.

Freshmen like to be Ratted. Hollering about it is part of the fun. When carried on in the right manner Ratting increases respect on both sides and promotes a friendly feeling; when it goes off on a tangent it creates a serious menace to the college as a whole and to its reputation. If we are going to Rat, let us Rat intelligently and wholeheartedly; if not, let us drop the matter immediately without waiting for it to die a painful death.

B. C.

YOU REMIND ME

ROB-ROY MIZE

BLACK velvet and yellow roses,
Cathedrals, and the calm of lonely places.
The peculiar sadness of people who have never
sinned,
The high, strange music of muted trumpets and violins.
Roofs silver-shingled in the moon,
Quiet books and minor tunes.
A room half-lit by tapers under confetti-caps of flame,
And a precious, tear-dipped word that only I can name.

AMERICAN SAGA

BUCKLIN MOON

IT WAS autumn. The first icy fingers of dawn were groping around the room. Long tapering fingers. Inquisitive fingers that seemed to take a delight in touching. First the weather-stained old washstand. A chair with a broken back. Then the dim outline of a bed. Fingers that chuckled as they touched the red head that thatched the blankets. An alarm clock bristled and then brazenly screeched. Morning. Cold grey shadows. Old Rose.

The red head grunted. As it jumped from the bed, it took on lanky proportions to become Sven Svenson. Sven shivered as he put on his clothes. A blue shirt. Faded overalls that had not grown with their owner. Heavy shoes covered with tawny mud.

Then he went down to the kitchen to the woman that was his mother. It was always the same. Tired eyes in a face of grey putty. Stray wisps of grey wire that gnarled hands could never keep in place. Growing old too fast. Tired.

She set a cup of scalding coffee before him. A pleading voice that tried to be cheerful.

"Morning, son."

Sven grunted.

He poured sugar into the coffee from the broken cup that served as a sugar bowl. Then thick cream that made little beige patterns in the cup. The coffee was good. It put life into you. Gave you a little warm ball in your belly. He lit a cigarette. It gave him a feeling of satisfaction. Warmth.

"Old man down yet?"

"No, not yet," said his mother, looking hurt.

It was awful when you had a drunken father. You had to work the farm. When he was sober, he helped. He was kind then. Gentle with everything. Just a little white haired old man. And then he went to town. He came back a devil. His eye-brows made him look like an eagle. He drove up and yanked the horse's head half off. Then he made for the kitchen and kicked the dog off the back porch. When he got inside, he stood there with one hand on the stove to steady himself. But he swayed like a young pine tree in the wind. Swayed and looked at his wife and laughed. Harsh belly laughs. Then high crackles like a hen. And all the time his face looked like it would crack open. Then he would speak. It was always the same. You wanted to hit him, but he was your father.

"Well, my wife, I'm drunk again. I had a fine time in town. Perhaps I had a woman. A young woman with a fine white body and breasts that were soft like the belly of a rabbit. Not old and dried up like you."

Then that laugh again. It went through you like the wind off Pike Slough. You clenched your fists and unclenched them again. Then suddenly the figure by the stove slumped like a half empty sack of flour. It became the kind old man again. The gentle little smile. And you tenderly carried him upstairs. After you took off his boots, you laid him on the bed. The lights from the windows seemed to shine through his skin. And you forgot your anger and tip-toed from the room.

Sven shrugged his shoulders and went outside. The cold seemed to suffocate him. It was not brittle cold. Thick cold like fog. He was tired. Not in body, but in mind. Tired of all this. The gaunt brown house.

The squat red cow barns. The white swords of the bull pen. The round silo. The smell of manure. The loneliness.

Somewhere in the distance a crow cawed. Sven remembered when he went to school and how the chalk sounded when it scratched on the blackboard. The crow's call affected him like that. It hurt, yet it fascinated. Thor, the old bull, snorted and pawed the earth. White clouds came from his nostrils. Down in the pasture a cow moored.

"All right. Wait you, I'm coming."

He idly kicked a stone with his foot. Was this life? The smell of the black earth in one's body. The sameness of the days. His withered mother. The smell of rotten moonshine. His father. Old age. Death.

He whistled to Nils to come and go after the cows. Nils came running up stiff-legged and barked happily.

Sven laughed.

"You old fool. You're like the old man when you try to be a puppy again."

It always thrilled Sven when the cows were in their stalls. The white of their rumps glistened in the dim light. The noise they made when they chewed was like a primitive symphony.

After he had driven the cows out, Sven went over to see the old bull. He had been born when Sven was a child, and they had played together. His hide was the color of wet sawdust. No one could do anything with Thor now. But with Sven he was gentle. He went inside, and the animal rubbed his palm with his nose.

Sven remembered when he was young and used to wrestle with Thor. He laughed to himself. And the secrets he told Thor. First about school and the covey

of partridges over in the West Forty. Then about Anna. It always seemed that Thor understood. It was wonderful to have someone like that near you.

The old bull began to nuzzle him under the arm.

"Old devil. What is it?"

Thor only snorted and nuzzled harder.

"Hungry?"

He reached in his pocket for a lump of salt, table salt that had hardened in the dampness.

"Old devil, I'm tired of all this."

But Thor only nuzzled.

That day at lunch there were three places set. It was a habit that his mother had.

"Don't see much good about him." He was thinking of his father.

His mother was silent. Then she started to whimper like a whipped cur.

"You shouldn't talk about him like that. Didn't he help bring you into the world?"

"I didn't ask for it."

His mother put her head in her hands and started to cry. He got up and went over and put his hand on her shoulder. His hand turned over a glass of milk. It made little soppy patterns on the red of the cloth. Neither noticed it.

"Sorry. Just guess we'll have to get on as best we can. Don't do no good to keep belly-aching about things."

It was hot out in the fields. Indian summer is like that. You get up in the morning, and the cold is all over you. In you. But when the sun comes up, the cold leaves, and the contrast makes it worse than in mid-summer. The sweat rolled off and made the faded shirt dark.

Sven was glad when Nils came barking down to tell him that it was time to get the cows. The sun was like a ripe tomato balanced on the lone pine that guarded the West Forty. Nils bounced down the road, and his paws made little grey funnels of dust. Every now and then he would jump a rabbit. Its white tail was like a headlight disappearing into the dark green of the grass. Off in the woods a cock patridge proudly drummed for its mate. Or was it too late for that? Sven wondered if maybe now that it was way past mating time the bird might be a little vain. He might be doing it to hear himself. Like a young puppy learning to bark.

Suddenly he saw a figure down by the west boundary. He hoped that it was Anna. He hadn't had any time to think of her all day. When there was work to be done and your old man was off in town getting drunk, you didn't have much time to think about the nice things. As he drew nearer, he saw that it was Anna. You could always tell her by the way her hair shone in the light. It was the color of frost. He chuckled as he remembered when they called her "Tow Head" in school. As he came she waved. He never tired of her eyes. They were so blue you could see them a long ways off. He thought that the wife of Thor, his father's god, must have been like that.

"Hello, Sven."

His eyes feasted on her before he answered.

"You get prettier every day, Anna."

She smiled and then changed her mind and blushed.

"I brought you some cold beer."

She brought her hand from behind her back and handed him a tin pail. He took off the top and raised it to her and smiled.

"Skoal."

She waited until he was done before she spoke.

"Sven?"

"Uh?"

"You know what day this is?"

He laughed.

"Tuesday."

Then before she could cry out—"Your birthday."

He kissed her roughly. Then softly and held her at arms' length.

"Big girl now."

She laughed happily. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a string of cheap beads. She took them and held them close to her. Then she kissed him and he buried his head in the warmth of her, as if to shut out the outside.

"Sven?"

He grunted.

"I dreamed of black birds last night."

"Silly girl. You don't believe all that about bad luck."

"No," she answered, "No. But what if something should happen?"

He laughed.

"Old hen. Next spring we'll be married."

"Oh, Sven, that's too long to wait."

"Afraid the wolves will eat me?"

"No, but I want you now."

Sven was silent for a moment.

"I don't want us to be like Ma and the old man. You know. Getting old. No money. And fighting and grumbling all the time. I want something more. Next spring we can buy our own farm."

She started to cry.

"No, I want you now."

He sighed.

"All right tomorrow we get married."

She flung her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Sven. At my house. And maybe we could get Helge to fiddle for us. You know he'd do it for you. And I'll get up and bake a cake."

Nils started to bark. Someone was coming. Sven peered up the darkening lane.

"It's Ma."

The figure came hurtling up like something that had been started and couldn't stop. She threw herself at his feet and grasped his knees tightly with both arms. Her body shook with sobs.

"Sven," she gasped, "It's your father. He's drunk and he's in with Thor. He hit me and then went in there."

It took all of Sven's strength to get her away from him.

"You wait here with Anna, Ma."

He knew that it would be too late. Thor hated his father. He remembered when the bull was young, the old man used to get drunk and tease him. Poke him with a big prod. And animals never forget.

It was too late. He saw that at one glance. Over in the corner was the kind little man. The same smile. But the body was like a fresh shot bird. When you shot under it, and the belly fell open. He went in. Thor was standing by the body. His nose was crimson with blood. And he was pawing the earth.

Animals never forget. Except when they smell blood. It was over too soon. Another crumpled body. a moaning and then silence. A faded blue shirt red in spots. A black hat. Silence. And overhead a flock of black birds.

HARD SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

ALICE LEE SWAN

OF LATE years our better colleges have required prospective students to fill out a complicated form imparting their preferences and private vices to the committee on entrance requirements. Knowing whether a potential student spends his spare moments reading the *American Mercury*, or quietly perusing an Octavious Roy Cohen story in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is apparently of great value to registrars the country over, as in almost any entrance questionnaire one may find a "Tell what your favorite reading matter is" or "Name the last five books you have read". The object can not be to place students according to their favorite authors, as each freshman is required to carry the same English course. Does it seem reasonable to suppose that *all* the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* are gnawed by an overwhelming desire to accomplish Great Things? Or that all the devotees of Moon Mullins will spend their lives shunting from gutter to gutter? It may be the answers are garnered in order to help the registrar select a pleasingly mixed group. It is, of course, important that people of nervous refinement be sharpened by rubbing shoulders with the healthily vulgar. ("Too many of the Katherine Mansfield type here already," murmured the dean wearily. "Take in six Hemmingways and a Huxlye.") Or maybe it makes no difference how one answers these questions. I have often thought far too many papers stuck to the ceiling.

Some schools have gone a step further, adding a questionnaire for the fathers and mothers of possible future students. Baffled parents are requested to give a truthful estimate of their dear one's disposition,

stating whether or not he is easily swayed or corrupted by outside influences and whether he is easy to get along with. One questionnaire courageously asks: "Will the opinions of — be harmful to a group?"

If the Committee on Entrance is aided by a questionnaire in selecting new students, why not, then, a questionnaire for the aid of the students in choosing their new professors?

For example:

1. What have your students accomplished after graduation?

(b) Have any of them failed?

(c) How soon have your female students found attractive husbands? *Did* any of them find attractive husbands? (Note percentage.)

(d) Indicate in red ink any foreign titles or multi-millionaires acquired after completing your course.

2. Is yours a happy home?

3. Why have you chosen to become a member of the faculty of this school? Are you here on account of:

(a) Your own unquenchable desire for teaching?

(b) The desire of some member of your family?

(c) The salary?

4. Has there been any insanity in *your* family?

5. Have any of your relatives taught in this school before? In any other school? Why?

6. Any illegitimate children? (State age and number.)

7. What percentage of truth do you think is gained from questioning parents who are trying to get their children into school, about the character of their offspring?

8. Have *you* a sense of humor? What makes you think so?

9. When you arrive at your first class in pajamas, do you imagine that everyone is looking at you?

10. Do you make friends with dogs easily?

(a) Seek their company?

(b) Wait for them to make the first advances?

It is truly disgraceful that so many registrars in good standing fail to recognize the seriousness of choosing the right curriculum. An alarming number regard the professor under whom Marybell Jones studies with regrettable lightness. But consider the vast difference it would make to Marybell if she shared with her teacher a fondness for ripe olives and chubby legs!

INCIDENT

AN Interesting incident came to my attention the other day while I was talking to one of the Professors. It seems that one summer not so long ago he was staying at a boarding house in Balsam, N. C., and while there decided to clear out some of his files. Among the things that found their way that night into his scrap basket was an old copy of *THE FLAMINGO*.

The next morning the colored maid-of-all-work stopped the Professor downstairs and asked him if she might keep, for the Shelby Library, the little orange book from Rollins College she had found in his scrap basket.

Shelby is a colored school. It seems that in the winter this same colored maid was principal of the school and was very much interested in providing just as many books for the students as possible. Although she had no money to spend, she had at this time already collected almost two hundred books.

Needless to say *THE FLAMINGO*, as well as other books, were passed on.

B. C.

THIS GAME OF FOOTBALL*

CHARLES KATZMAN

WHEN I started playing football, back in my junior high school days, I played purely for the fun of it. We bought our own uniforms, practiced in a bed of cinders in the school yard and had a heck of a good time. Our coach was a young fellow just out of college. He taught us the fundamentals of the game and gave us just enough of a fight talk before a game to make us take an interest in it and give the best that was in us—and no more. The result of this was a good time for us while playing the game, with no mental after effect, should the final score turn out to our disadvantage.

The only hitch of the season came on Thanksgiving Day. Though our team had scheduled no game that day, the freshmen of the senior high school were slated to play. Their coach, far more ambitious than ours, was enjoying a very successful season. And since he had defeated several smaller high school "varsities" in his vicinity, he decided to go for bigger stakes and schedule a post-season game with a harder team, some forty miles away. Having played us twice during that year, he knew something of the merits of the individual players, with the result that he asked my coach whether he could borrow me for his game to bolster up his somewhat light line.

That week I went over to the senior high school to learn their signals. Some of the boys welcomed my one hundred and eighty pounds in their line-up. On the other hand those playing my position showed little enthusiasm at the prospect of warming the bench for the sake of having an outsider's presence add to the

*EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was written as part of the author's application for a Rhodes Scholarship.

comparative strength of the team. The game was a total disappointment. Our opponents were a fast team. With the errors on our part due to lack of experience they ran up a lead, that, although we had more potential strength than they, we could never overtake.

The talk between halves was something new and had a rather unpleasant effect on me. Instead of the good-natured talk of my old coach I was now being introduced to a different technique in "steaming up". In an attempt to rouse his tired and worn out warriors to a fighting spirit, as he called it, he adopted a method of savage ridicule. Almost every player was individually subjected to what would ordinarily be considered personal insults but which the coach seemed to feel was a direct message from the very much abused God of Footballdom of whom he was the Prophet. The ceremony took on an even more serious turn when the coach attained the peroration of his revelation by suddenly turning emotional. With tears in his eyes and with the same look of righteous determination that must have spurred other missionaries to Inquisitorial deeds of reformation, he sent us out to the field to "knock the hell out of the bastards for Christ's sake". And that remark shed light on the subject for me for the first time. I had never realized the fact before that it was for Him and for His benefit that I was out there on the field playing ball.

I hardly realized then that my next few years of playing were to be spent in this pious atmosphere.

There now started for me three years of high school football. The freshman coach had been advanced to the high school varsity and he went in with great determination to develop a winning team. Having a wealth of material from the freshman team and from

my junior high school team, he saw an opportunity to show the people of the town and barber shop sports that their high school finally had a coach who could produce winners.

The new coach lost no time in fixing up my schedule in such a way as not to interfere with practice. He immediately set up a program of blackboard talks and long practice drills. He also pointed out that as a class "A" high school we were meeting the strongest teams in the state and that it was of great importance that we make a good showing—that there was always a chance for the state championship and that individually a place on an "all state" team would add greatly to the prestige of a player.

There followed a series of games that were more like nightmares: Elaborate write-ups of the coming games in the various dailies featuring the comparative chances of the teams, the various abilities of the players—then the games, who did what, when and even why. Once at a critical moment a friend of mine fumbled the ball. His error was said to be the cause for the loss of the important game. How those sport writers jumped on him! He was one of the hardest workers on the team and even in that game he was giving all he had. Yet they never let him forget his crime. One writer in particular took advantage of the situation by using it as a basis for all of his attempted humor. This kept up for a week until another victim appeared. In the meantime it was a very long while before my friend was able to get back to his old steady game.

Then those scenes in the dressing room before the game and between halves. The coach's emotional appeal to the players to go out and fight, fight, fight, for the seniors, for him, for his mother and even for our-

selves. Are we yellow? No! Are we afraid of our opponents? Of course not! Then why the devil don't we go out and give those bozos Hell? Out there is a nice soft field with three thousand (maybe five thousand) people waiting to see us win. Are we dirty rats going to forget them? And besides, there is McDufus of the "Call", the leading sports paper in the state, the one that picks the All State team; there is a chance for all state, all county, a chance of a life time, a chance to play on a college team. Are we going to lay down by thinking we're out there just to show off our uniforms?"

Then the annual banquet, a great tribute to the team, particularly some men. They must be good, look at the write-ups they have received (the smile on the faces of the sport writers at this point), a passing remark about "those who were out there helping make the team"—those scrubs—more speeches, a long drawn out, tiresome talk by an old college friend of the coach. The election of the captain, democratic, of course; no participation of coach with the exception of his remark that, without trying to butt into our affairs, Bob Shoulder Pads should be considered for the leadership of this team. Look at the interest Bobs Senior has taken in the team in the past. Of course Mr. Senior Pads, present here tonight, knows we are not soft-soaping him. Mr. Robert S. Pads has been in the selling game for years. He certainly knows what padding will do, ha, ha, ha. Nothing like a sense of humor, eh, Paddy? Of course no prejudice should be shown in his son's favor, but look at the write-ups he has been getting in the papers. Somebody else must think he is good. Of course we have Some Pads and No Pads that might make out pretty well as captains, but without reflection on them, even they themselves will agree that they

have something lacking. . . that—what is it? Oh, yes, that single-mindedness of this fair-haired innocent, young leviathan. And incidentally, you other boys all want to go to college. Well I, particularly with the help of some men like the kindly Mr. Shoulder Pads, will do all I can to see that you get some scholarships before you are ready to enter higher institutions. In the meantime you boys still have to vote for a captain, and of course, as I said before, use your own judgments about it. . . .

Three years of that and then try to go to college!

II

When I was graduated from high school I wanted to go to college, but since I had no financial aid I had to depend on my athletic ability as a means of help in getting an education. The school that offered me the best inducement was a little college in Pennsylvania. It was a typical denominational school of that locality, training men for the ministry, teaching, pre-med and pre-law. It had no publicity department of any sort and the football team was its only means of advertisement.

Football was run on a purely business basis. Every year the coach, together with some interested alumni, went out into the surrounding districts and brought in various stars of prep and high schools. There was no freshman ruling so that every incoming man was eligible for the varsity in his first year. A good many of the boys had been out of high school for some years. They were much older than I was, some as old as twenty-eight or twenty-nine. They had been out of school, working or playing professional football and other sports, when they received the offer to go to college. Most of them were old enough to understand something of the value of a college education, so they

took advantage of the opportunity when it presented itself.

This wasn't altogether the type of a school I always wanted to attend, particularly since I never knew of its existence until the day I received the offer. But it was the only one that was ready to pay me well from the first year, so I took it. I wanted to go to a large school, but I found out that unless the high school players were exceptional ones, they had little chance of competing with the prep school athlete. Some of the fellows I played with realized this and went to a prep school after graduation. The school they usually picked was one of the "football farms" for the bigger colleges. At this school the players were seasoned by expert coaches and keen competition and were then ready for the college freshman team. After a season of similar training they were ready for the college varsity. In the meantime they were kept to strict scholastic requirements so as to be eligible to enter the higher institution. Not caring to spend another year or two in prep school, I went directly to college.

On reaching the college I found that there were few men left from last year's team. Although most of them had been graduated in June a great number were out for various other reasons. The first day at the school I met up with an old timer of the team who gave me a sort of a low down on the place. He mentioned some of his experiences at the school that set me thinking. He was a senior and was typical of the rest of the players in that he had knocked about in a few other schools and various teams before landing here. His association with my new school started in his sophomore year when he came up with a little obscure college from Virginia and knocked the stuffings out of one of our best teams, practically single-handed. His work so impressed the school that in his junior year

he found himself a member of our team. Things went well with him for a little while. He was a good big man, very fast and naturally clever, a star in all major sports. But now he was in trouble.

During the previous season he developed a trick knee that made it difficult for him to keep up his spectacular playing. He was an old fellow, a married man, and he wanted very much to get his degree. Though his scholarship allotment was already cut considerably, he still had hopes of participating. After a few hard scrimmages he found himself on the sidelines nursing his knee. He tried for some time to get some inducement that might help him make his way. He could still play the less strenuous sports very well. But the athletic department felt that it must spend its money for football alone since it supported all other sports, and finally turned him down. That incident in many ways gave me a pretty good idea as to what I was up against.

I got to college at the wind-up of the pre-season training. Before long we were called together by the president of the alumni, who was responsible for bringing us down. He proceeded to point out to us that there were a few facts that we must realize before starting. Although they would like to see us make out well in our studies and though they hoped we would for our own good, we had, above all, another obligation to them and that was to play football! He outlined the season to us. I noticed that the first half of the teams on our schedule were far out of our class. These were games with some of the biggest and most powerful of teams in the East. In the second half of the schedule were listed games with teams more our own size. Finally the Thanksgiving contest was with our traditional rival.

So I started the season. The first thing I found was that we had only one coach on the squad. This meant that there was little teaching of football. It means that there were fewer facilities for developing players than they have in larger schools. Every man, no matter how green, had to know what to do on his own hook. The coach could do little more than organize the club and give the plays and formation. He could only try to teach them to work together but not the technique of the game individually.

It was a traveling team. As the college was in a small town with little chance of big gate receipts, it paid us to go out and play all the bigger schools for fat guarantees. Some of our opponents hopelessly outclassed us, yet we did not enter a game without the idea of winning it.

A good many times we played our opponents evenly for a greater part of the game only to have them send in fresh reserves in the last few minutes. By that time we'd probably be just about played out and with no reserves to take our place. The result was that the fresh men ran over us like steam rollers (and that was far more discouraging than to be outclassed from the start). Then the traveling. It was by bus mostly and always with an eye on the pocketbook, usually trying and inconvenient. I particularly remember playing a game up in the coal regions in Pennsylvania. We played one of those rock 'em and sock 'em teams typical of the football played in the Catholic schools. We took a terrible physical beating, as well as losing the game. After the game we were packed into a crowded bus and started home. The ride was a hundred and twenty miles over very steep mountains. We kept on going till we hit college at three o'clock the next morning. We were so broken up by that ride that it took

days before we could get back to anything like playing condition.

Then of course, the little intrigues that went on among the players. They crystalized when the coach, an honest fellow and not enough of a slave driver for some of the types of men he handled, suffered a nervous breakdown. That, incidentally, was caused by the fact that his work as coach of the team was criticized severely by the alumni. He himself lost a brilliant career as a professional baseball player when he broke his leg playing for the same college. When he left for the sanitarium the running of the team was left to the captain. The captain was a member of a fraternity, as were half of the men on the team. As a consequence there was a constant strife between fraternity and non-fraternity men. Any new man trying to break into the line-up was pretty much handicapped. It was all done in a subtle way, of course,—but the one concerned felt it keenly.

At the start of the season I ruined my shoulder in early practice. I came back in time to play in the second game of the season. My work was satisfactory as far as the coach was concerned and I was slated for a regular berth. But by that time the coach's breakdown interfered and I had to depend on the good will of the captain to let me play in the games. There was also a member of the same fraternity out for my position. He had once been a star but was now pretty well burned out. I knew, as well as almost everyone on the team, that I outplayed him both in game and in practice, yet he always started the games and I had to be known as a substitute.

In practice I often noticed when I was shifted from the second to the first team that I could hardly get the rest of the men to tell me what the signals really

were. The quarterback was also a fraternity brother of my rival. When I took his "dear brother's" place on the team the quarterback did not trouble to let me know what was going on, and was just a bit too quick in denouncing openly, in a clever way, when I missed a signal. When the coach returned I was immediately put back into my varsity position. When I showed up somewhat favorably in the next game the quarterback and captain were asked by the coach as to why I hadn't started the previous game. The answer was that I was a bit dumb about learning signals so that they were afraid to start me in games. (After the football season I was honored with the task of coaching some of my enlightened teammates into getting something like a passing mark so as not to flunk out altogether.)

The second year of college was somewhat different. The church school I attended merged with another of the same denomination in a larger city. Our school was older in tradition and academic studies but had no stadium. The other school had a big concrete stadium with a big city population to fill it. So we moved down to their stadium and built the rest of the college later.

After this football was played on a larger scale than before. Instead of a traveling team the squad now turned into a home loving group. The gate receipts were now great enough to support twice as large a squad as the year before. The school was in a position to bid for some of the greater prep school players. Our old, somewhat idealistic coach was turned into an assistant coach while the head coaching position (a job which now topped the salaries of the leading professors) was given over to one of those hard-boiled,

slave-driving coaches, who would not sign the contract until he was guaranteed so many scholarships to be given out to players, solely at his discretion. The players now signed contracts at the beginning of every season. The coach always gave us to understand that we were working for him and that his word was law. His training rules were not to be tampered with. His system of punishments for disobedience was as severe as he could possibly make it without creating a strong mutinous feeling. The squad lived in a special dormitory and ate at a special dining hall where the food, as well as everything else, was personally supervised by the coach.

A new system was adopted in regard to the handling of scholarships. Whereas before an athlete was brought into school with an understanding of a scholarship for at least a year, he now was told that he was only competing for one. This is how it was worked. About a month before school opened the coach sent out letters and personal invitations to various prep and other stars to the effect that they were invited to report to training camp for pre-season training. (Most of the time the coach tried to talk to the men personally, if he thought them promising enough.)

On the first day of practice he assembled the prospective squad and told them something like this: "There are here over eighty picked men trying out for the squad; I only have thirty-five scholarships, covering room, board, and tuition to offer. I'll give you so much time to show me what you can do to be worthy of a position on the picked squad. Now go to it!"

What followed was quite evident. The fiercest type of playing was done before the season opened. Some fought for a college education, some for fame, some for mere personal pride in playing a position, but whatever the incentive, it was far from the sentimental

reasons that Frank Merriwell was supposed to have played for.

It was a hard grind. Two of those hard practices under a hot sun under these conditions was too much even for a great many pretty hard men, so that many of them dropped out before the final cut. Injuries were frequent, caused chiefly by the hard playing so early in the season, when bodies were not as yet adapted to the strenuous work. And when a man was hurt he was quickly carried off the field and a new man took his place.

At the end of my second year I transferred to a small school in the South. Football was different there. Not only were the teams different but the whole system of play. Instead of the slow, power plays of the East I noticed a faster and more deceptive type of game; a more open game due greatly to the climate and the type of men participating. The team was coached by a famous southern star. Himself a typical easy going good-natured sort of man, he seemed to instill the same sort of spirit into his team. The personnel of the team was also different. Instead of the hard sort of men of my old school, this club was made up of a bunch of comparative youngsters. Some received a little help from the school while others paid their own way. The squad was usually so small that the coach was able to know everyone on his team as well as one knows his good friends. With the help of an assistant he developed men as they went along. Schedules were arranged always with teams of equal strength and there was a general ease about the whole business that was very enjoyable and was so woefully lacking on some of my previous teams.

Consequently, my senior year of college football for the first time approached my first year of playing in real enjoyment of the game for the game's sake.

MORNING

One Day Out of Gloucester

BETTY CHILDS

SMELL of tar,
 Smell of pine,
 Smell of salt sea,
 Smell of twine
 Wet with spray
 Upon the deck;
 Hope of home,
 Fear of wreck
 Before the fish
 Are in the hold.
 Hear her creak?
 The Molly's old.

Aye she's old,
 But not so old
 As the sea
 Beneath her bow
 Spanking, spanking,
 Spanking now
 On her sides
 Until one day
 They are bound
 To give away;
 For the sea
 In the end
 Takes its own
 Of ships and men.

Straining sails;
 Flash and dip,
 Flash and dip

Of the bow
 And the ship,
 Quiv'ring live thing
 Cleaves the sea
 Ever slightly
 Ponderously;
 Ever forward
 Through the light,
 Sea blue,
 Sun bright.

Smell of salt wind
 Sticky spray,
 —There are women
 Home, who pray—
 Cut the water's
 Welling ranks;
 By the high wind
 To the banks!

PAN AND THE VIRGIN

BRUNA BERGONZI

MARIANNA, please tell me a story.”
 Marianna tucked an unruly wisp of gray hair
 back under her red bandanna.
 “Eh, Bambina, go away. I have not the time.”
 “Please, please Marianna. You said that you would
 while you were washing the windows, and you're clean-
 ing the windows now. Aren't you?”
 “Your mother pays me to wash windows, not to tell
 you stories. Stories, stories, stories, all the time—but
 there, don't cry. I'll tell you a story of the beautiful
 Virgin.”

"The same Virgin you told me about last Wednesday?"

"Santa Maria! Such ignorance! There is only one Virgin. A great big seven year old girl should know that! It's time you were taught something. Your mother will be sorry some day that she did not teach you. These heretics! They do not teach their children anything and then expect them to go to Heaven. Tch! Tch!

"Please Marianna, don't be angry. Tell me the story and I shan't tell Mother that it was you, not the cat, who broke the vase. Come on Marianna,—the story."

"If you must have your story, so be it. Sit there. Be quiet and don't interrupt. I must keep on working."

She attacked the glass vigorously with Bon Ami.

"Know then, that in Sicily where I was born, families have many children. They are not like your family, who consider two children enough. I am, myself, sister to eighteen other people. I do not remember all their names now—but that is not the story. Let us proceed.

"As I have already said, there were large families. The family that lived nearest to ours had twenty-two children—all very good and beautiful—may Saint Lucy bless their eyes. There was one, however, who was very queer."

"Queer? What does that mean?"

"I asked you not to interrupt. Queer means different. Twenty-one children had straight black hair and large brown eyes, but Enzo had very curly red hair and lively green eyes."

"Were his eyes as green as my dress?"

"There you go again. Interrupt, interrupt, interrupt! I'll not go on."

"Please Marianna, I don't care whether his eyes were as green as my dress or not. Please Marianna, beautiful Marianna."

"Then see to it that you do not. Well, as I said before, he had bright red hair and eyes as green as your dress. On his left cheek was a scarlet birthmark, the exact shape of a tiny hoof, and besides this he was a hunchback. He had been born in a cabbage and people born in cabbages are often either lame or not straight.

"He hated to have his hair cut. In fact he never did. One day some of the village loafers seized him, wishing to bind him and cut his hair while he was helpless. His strength amazed them. There were six, but he easily shook them off and mumbled strange maledictions which frightened them. They were still more frightened when some of the older people informed them that he wore his hair long so as to cover his ears, for he had the ears of a goat. Think of it—a man with goat's ears! And the scar on his face seemed to be connected with the moon."

"Connected with the moon? How?"

"Well, when the moon was young it was wan and pale. As the moon grew fuller, the scar became more and more vivid. When the moon was at its very fullest, the scar was blood red. His eyes sparkled a grass green. His hair became the color of copper. Oh, he was a strange sight! On the night of the full moon he could be heard playing his little pipes out in the woods. Hush! I know that you're going to tell me that I have not said anything about the pipes. I'll tell you of them now, Miss Impatience.

"Enzo was a goatherd. Every morning he collected the goats of the villagers and led them to the pastures on the hillside, to graze on the fresh green grass. It was very lonesome up there with only the sky to talk to. One day he made himself some strange pipes from some reeds. Some reeds were long and some were short. He braided them together with weeds. He made very odd music which we could not understand. The goats, however, understood, for they would scamper, walk, or stand still, just as he desired them to. It was really wonderful to behold—fifty or sixty goats obeying instantly his every command.

"The people never paid much attention to him. He was half-witted and under the protection of the gods. Let him play his pipes in the wood; he hurt no one.

"One day the old priest, Padre Martino, died, and a new young priest came to take his place. We needed only one priest, for everyone in the village went to the same church. Your mother should make you go to church, *povera bambina*. Padre Cristoforo, the new priest, was a very wonderful man. No one dared to miss church for he knew when one was missing. The Sainted Man!—he noticed everything—even that Enzo did not go to church. Several times he stopped to talk to the goatherd. 'Enzo, my son,' he would say, 'Why do you not come to church? If you do not you will surely roast in the fire of hell.'

"Somehow or other, Enzo seemed afraid of Padre Cristoforo. He would snarl and bare his teeth, and he never came to church.

"It happened that one year the festival of the Virgin fell on the night of the full moon. It was a great occasion. The church was beautifully decorated and many were the gifts offered to the Virgin—butter, eggs, stockings, vegetables and even a new gold ring! The

Virgin had been dressed in her new clothes. Not the real Virgin, you understand, but an image. If you had seen her, Franca, your eyes would have dropped to the ground in amazement. She had beautiful yellow hair and blue eyes made of real glass. She was—."

"What about Enzo, Marianna?"

"I'm coming to that. As I said before, everybody was in church. Padre Cristoforo began to intone the Rosary and we answered like good Christians.

"Suddenly, from the woods came the sound of Enzo's pipes. Padre Cristoforo stopped. For several moments we listened. Sometimes the music seemed near, sometimes very far. It seemed gay, but under the gaiety was a note of torment. Its crying struck terror in our hearts. We were afraid—very much afraid.

"The priest soon came to his senses. He made the sign of the cross, speech returned to us and we were able to finish the Rosary.

"Padre Cristoforo rose to his feet. A holy fire shone in his eyes. He looked at us in silence for a few moments. Then he spoke.

"My Children, we can all be thankful to God for our sanity, health, and happiness. Think, however, for a moment upon the unfortunate wretch who blows his pipes in the pagan woods. He is human like the rest of us, but some evil spirit has entered his body. We must save his soul. It is our duty as Christians. I believe this spirit to be the god of the goats, for has he not the mark of a hoof upon his face, and are not his ears those of a goat? It must be Pan who torments him. I swear to you all, and to the Blessed Virgin, that I will neither eat nor sleep until I have liberated Enzo of this foul spirit. The moon is full and this is the time when the poor wretch is at his worst. We shall need divine aid, and for this reason we will take

with us the image of the Virgin, for at this time she is more powerful than ever.

"The women will remain in church and pray for Enzo while we go abroad to find him. I shall need ten men, four to bear the image and six to carry torches."

"I wept then and I weep now at the response. Every man in the church volunteered, so they all went.

"Ah, Franca, it was an inspiring sight. At the head of the procession was Padre Cristoforo with a large crucifix in his hand. Behind him came two men bearing torches.

"But I must hurry for your mother will soon be home, and I am not sure that she likes me to tell you stories. You will not tell her, *piccina*, will you?"

"For hours the men followed the sound of the pipes. At times it seemed near and they thought that soon they would come upon the youth. Then it would call again from another direction and they would turn and go that way, only to find once more nothing but trees and shadows. The woods were hot and sultry. The men became discouraged and wished to turn back. But Padre Cristoforo could not stop. He had made a vow and meant to keep it. At last they managed to corner Enzo in a shallow cave. The light of the torches threw monstrous shadows upon the walls. He was afraid, and terrible to behold. His eyes flashed fire and he snarled.

"Padre Cristoforo spoke gently. 'I know, my son, that it is not thou who art evil. Thou art inhabited by an evil spirit and I command it to leave thee, in the name of the Holy Virgin.'

"Then a strange thing happened. Enzo fell prostrate to the ground and from him was seen to rise a loathsome creature. He was half man and half goat. The look upon his face was the most awful that anyone

could imagine. He said not a word, but grasped Padre Cristoforo by the throat and hurled him violently to the ground. The men cried out in protest but could not move. The Beast prepared to stamp upon the helpless priest. He raised his hoof and then a look of pained surprise appeared upon his face. He could not move! Then what do you think happened?

"The Virgin, the Blessed Virgin, stepped down from her pedestal. She went up to Pan and placed her hand quietly upon his shoulder.

"Ah, Pan, once more you have escaped from the cave of Satan. Why do you not remain where you are placed? It is better so. True, once you were master of the Earth, but times have changed. You must now go down to your little domain in Hell and never return to torment this poor wretch.' She made over him the sign of the cross and he meekly disappeared. Then she mounted the pedestal and once more became an image." Marianna crossed herself dutifully. "Now run off and play with Jacques."

"Oh, Oh, but Marianna what happened to Enzo and Padre Cristoforo. Were they dead?"

"No, Miss Curiosity. Enzo and Padre Cristoforo were carried back to the village. The priest was up and about the next day. Enzo had a violent fever for several weeks. When he was better no one recognized him, for his back was straight, his ears were those of a man, and his scar had disappeared.

"Now run away or I shall be angry." Marianna screwed up her mouth in a way which plainly said that not another word would she utter as she continued to polish the window.

ANNALS OF AN ERA

*Published under the auspices of Dartmouth College
The Pioneer Press, Washington, D. C., octavo \$10*

PERCY MACKAYE AND THE MACKAYE FAMILY

REVIEW AND COMMENT

FOR MOST of us the name of Percy MacKaye has heretofore been little more than a vague symbol of achievement in but one—and that a limited—field, in spite of the fact that the author has made his home in Winter Park for some time past. Granted that a few allowed themselves the privilege and pleasure of intimate acquaintance with this singularly gifted and prolific figure in American literature, the sad fact remains that the majority of us have not fully realized the true extent and quality of MacKaye's genius.

To all those sharing in this attitude, *Annals of an Era* is bound to prove an astounding revelation. In it are presented all the significant and interesting facts not only of Percy MacKaye's career, but of four generations of MacKayes including our own Christy. The array of data composing the text almost overcomes the unwarned reader in that it reveals affiliations, ideas, and accomplishments characteristic of Percy MacKaye which unquestionably place him in a class with the very greatest living writers.

In a brief preface Professor Grover points out that the volume is of exceptional interest in the following ways!

"First, it is probably the most complete record of an author's works, yet presented in bibliographical form.

"Second, it is also the record of the literary, dramatic, artistic, scientific and cultural contributions of four gen-

erations of a single family (involving publications by sixteen members of the group) which has for a century been creatively productive in the development of American culture.

"Third, the volume is unique also in that it is an astounding record of the cultural life of an *era* as revealed by the many sided activities and interesting contacts of the four MacKaye generations in the fields of art, science, poetry, drama, fiction, acting, philosophy, national organizing and scholarly research.

"Fourth, the direct succession of dramatisis through the works of Steele, Percy and Keith MacKaye—is without precedent in the dramatic literature of any country.

"Fifth, as a study in heredity this volume should prove of distinct value both to science and humanism—."

One section of the book is devoted entirely to the reproduction of the letters, personal comments and published reviews concerning our former instructor by many renowned poets, dramatists and journalists—friends and colleagues of MacKaye. Their joyous encouraging belief in MacKaye's talent cannot fail to include the conviction that here is indeed a most unusual and uplifting personality.

On reading the complete volume one cannot help but visualize MacKaye as the apostle of not one, but of a dozen new and distinct trends in our national culture. The MacKaye spirit permeates practically the whole of American literature since the time of the publishing of the elder MacKaye's first great works.

To understand this spirit, to comprehend the true stature of the man himself, it is necessary to approach the volume in an attitude of reverence for a genius scaled far above the common place.

R. W. B.

SALAD DAYS

W. B.

WE FIND Sally and Wilbur lying on their stomachs on a rickety little dock jutting out into a lake in the Land Where The Bong-Tree Grows. Or maybe it isn't the Bong-Tree Land at all, but the Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees. Anyway, there they are, with their chins sticking over the edge of the dock, looking at the water. It's a perfectly swell afternoon, with an exuberant little breeze playing hopscotch on the waves, and quite a bit of sun who seems to make a point of warming their backs most comfortably. Sally is thinking in a most private-looking manner, while Wilbur is just thinking.

* * * * *

He wished he had one of the new 450-horsepower Hackercrafts that were just out; it would be a lot of fun to play with. Next, he took a trip to the Cannibal Islands in a ninety-foot auxiliary schooner, and then ended up thinking that a sail canoe would be good fun at the time, except that there wasn't much wind. He had barely started to consider the wind when Sally spoke.

"You know," she said, "I was just wondering what this 'floating power' racket was all about. What is it?"

Wilbur thought fast. "Well, you see, they put so many cork gaskets in the engine that it floats if you throw it in the water. Very handy if you should drive through a bridge."

"What's a cork gadget?"

"Gasket, woman, GASKET!"

"Oh, all right, what's a gasket?"

"Well, you see, wherever two surfaces of metal come—aw, you wouldn't know."

"I suppose so," said Sally resignedly. She looked out over the water. "Don't you think this is pretty swell?" she asked.

"Uh-huh."

"What do you mean, 'uh-huh'?"

"I mean, I think it's pretty swell. In fact, I'm surprised that there isn't a law against it, or a 'Keep Off The Grass' sign, or somepun."

"I'm afraid every time we come out here that we'll find the place cluttered up with that sort of thing."

"Oh, don't worry. This country is too young for that sort of thing *quite* yet. Just wait until there are a lot of ancestors around here."

"Ancestors?"

"Ancestors."

"What do you mean, 'Ancestors'?"

"I mean ancestors work all the dirt anywhere. They have a lousy habit of telling us what to do and what not to do, and so after they get through poking their noses into somebody else's business somewhere else, they'll come slinking around here and spoil things. You know, it's ridiculous, the way these people that we've never seen, much less heard of, mind our business for us."

"Yes; quite," said Sally.

"You know, I think it would be a swell idea to take about five hundred back numbers of ancestors, and boil them in oil."

"No-oo," mused Sally.

"Why not?"

"I think it would be *much* too good for them."

"Well, we could let them in slowly, feet first."

"All right, let's boil them."

"But there's a catch to it. They perpetuate all these things that we're expected to do, and then they slink off and die, the big cowards; we can't get at them."

(One soprano sigh, followed by a tenor sigh.)

"What do you think?" asked Wilbur finally.

"Oh, I think that even parents are quite a problem, too, sometimes. Did you used to have parent-trouble?"

"Oh, my, yes. I used to have quite a bit of trouble with them. In fact, I still do, once in a while. But I know pretty well how to handle them; it's all a matter of psychology. . . . I remember how swell I felt when I discovered the basic method of parent-thwarting."

"Parent-thwarting? How does it work?"

"Well, for an example, when you want the car, and it's rather doubtful, you barge into the kitchen and say, 'Mother, Dad says I can have the car if it's all right with you.' 'Very well,' says the mater, 'If it's all right with your father, it's all right with me; run along, and don't drive too fast.' So then you descend on fond father, who is no doubt reclining on the couch in the living room.

"'Dad,' you say, 'Mother says that if it's all right with you it's all right with her if I have the car.' 'Very well,' says your father, 'If it's all right with her, it's all right with me; here's the key; don't drive too fast.'"

"Another system is very good, too. If father is taking his usual after dinner nap, things are much simpler. One merely says 'Dad!' several times in a stentorian voice, until one extracts a 'huh?'. Then you have him at your mercy. I've even been able to touch him for a fiver when he's in that condition."

Sally jittered, and turned up the corners of her eyes. "Oh, men are *so big* and WONderful! You must have studied '*How To Bring Up Parents*' or '*The Care and Feeding of Adults*', or somepun like that."

"Nope. I figured it all out myself, using the trial and error method. Took me years, though."

"I wish I knew what to do about *my* parents, 'cause after my grades went home, I got all sorts of threats which tried to influence me through sordid and monetary channels. Don't parents go to such extremes, just to satisfy their own selfish interests?"

Wilbur gave a sort of masculine giggle, followed by Sally with a series of jitters, after which there was meditative silence for some time.

"Hey," said Sally, "What do you think of German Schnauzers?"

"German whats?"

"Schnauzers—dogs."

"Oh. What are they like?"

"Well, did you see the movie of Peter Pan?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, they're just like 'Nana' in that."

"Where did you ever see one?"

"Up at the Island this summer. They're quite swell dogs."

"Hmmm." Wilbur wandered off to the Never-Never Land, while the breeze stopped, time stopped, and only the sun seemed to be still on the job. This sort of thing continued indefinitely.

"You know," said Sally finally, "When I was a bit younger, I thought it would be awfully interesting to have anywhere from sixteen to thirty-five children, all by different fathers, just to see what different personalities they'd have."

"How old are you now?"

Sally sighed. "Too old."

"What do you mean?"

"Old enough to know better. I've found out that

women, after all, have their limitations, and besides, one must consider the proprieties."

"Uh," said Wilbur. There was a long silence. Finally he rolled over on his back and regarded the sky with apparent interest.

"How doth the little Japanee (Quoth Wilbur)

Improve each shining hour?

Why, in a tub in his front yard,

He loves to scrub and scour.

Though Westerners may stand aghast

At such immodest action,

The little Jap will never rot

And smell of putrefaction."

Sally gurgled. "Did you do that?"

"Nope. The bro., who went to Stanford, did it. At least he said he did. I'll bet he cribbed it. . . . But on the other hand, he might have done it. He's read *Fathers and Sons* seven times, and a guy who could do that is capable of anything."

"He must be very swell."

"Uh," said Wilbur. Another long silence.

Wilbur looked at Sally. She was looking at something at least a hundred light-years off.

"What do you think?" he asked.

Sally returned suddenly from the interstellar spaces.

"Oh, I was just wishing I had a kangaroo."

"Damn liar," said Wilbur affably.

Sally's eyes opened wide. "How did you know?"

"Wilbur *always* knows when Sally is telling an untruth. But what was it? It looked AWfully interesting."

Assuming as much mock hauteur and coldness as one can when lying face down on a dock, Sally said, "Aren't you asking a personal question?"

Wilbur sat up. "Maybe I am. . . . Have a cigarette."

DUST AND HEAT*

SHOULD RATting GO?

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following contributions were solicited from the student body at large in connection with the leading editorial and have not been edited. Titles were added for convenience.

RATting—PRO AND CON

KATHLEEN HARA

Ratting in my mind should be used purely for identification purposes. I don't believe that this ideal state will ever be attained, however, as there always seem to be a few upperclassmen who just can't forget that they were "rats" once, and who insist on trying to put the entering students "in their place".

Identification is the one strong point which stands out in favor of ratting and we have had outstanding success in abusing that. Rat caps and the name-plates should be worn for the first two or three weeks and then only that the new students may find out who their classmates are and that the upperclassmen may become acquainted with them. The idea of trying to make the so-called "rats" feel insignificant one minute and then being horribly nice to them at a rush-party the next minute is utterly ridiculous, and I assure you that they are not terrified when someone gets up and bellows at them; they are thoroughly amused and have a perfect right to be. Therefore I say that ratting at Rollins is a joke and not a particularly funny one at that.

*"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."—John Milton.

ARE YOU A GOOD SPORTSMAN?

RICHARD SHATTUCK

Are you a good sportsman? If so you care little for "ratting". It is one game which does not merit its name. Hazing, or ratting, as we know it here at Rollins is an asinine practice. It fosters little good and festers much harm. Although we grant that the wearing of rat caps and identification cards is a splendid idea, can we also concede, truthfully and honestly, that our bulldogging, filibustering Rat Court is just the thing to engender a feeling of at-homeness, of friendliness, and of sincere liking for Rollins?

Anyone who has witnessed the disagreeable (down-right mean I calls 'em) expressions worn by the Upper-class-club-wielders has, no doubt, felt somewhat disgusted with the exhibition. The club-wielders too frequently let their temporary superiority, or better, authority, distort their usual sense of values. "Wipe that smile off your face" is a command which should be outlawed on our campus. Rollins is a happy college. If students here feel like smiling, by all means let them smile. Let them smile, and grin, and laugh out loud, for then we shall enjoy a truly friendly atmosphere. Let the Rat (disagreeable word) Cap be worn as a token of friendliness to the Upper classmen, but not as a badge of inferiority. Let us do away with all childish horse play which has been discarded as obsolete in colleges and universities throughout the country. Let us give happiness and friendliness a greater chance to dominate our college life by discarding the antiquated, worm-eaten, bullying tactics of yesteryear.

IN DEFENSE OF RATTING

STUART EATON

(Member of the Rat Committee)

A school is no older than its traditions and customs. Society is guided by custom and backed by the integrity of generations. Imagine a society not fostered by tradition. Thus a school without traditions and customs is devoid of life and spirit, the very essence of progressiveness.

Ratting as practiced in our schools of learning in former times, was often a crude and dangerous custom. For this reason it has grown in disfavor among many leading schools of the country. The practice known as hazing has been abolished at Rollins because it has no place in the policy and ideals of our college.

But a school is no older than its traditions and customs. Rollins is the oldest institution of higher learning in the state of Florida and has many traditions and customs. Therefore it is not the policy of the rat committee to ridicule the freshmen, but to build up Rollins traditions and a spirit of cordiality and fellowship such as predominates among the upper-classmen at Rollins.

The newcomers feel friendless and lonely. It is a psychological fact that they will congregate in groups among themselves to seek protection from this atmosphere of uncertainty and isolation. The purpose of the rat court is to break up these combinations of isolated groups, to foster a sense of a common bond. Thus united, the rat court requires them to learn the college songs and yells and to say "hello" to upper-classmen so that they may become acquainted with everyone.

In this manner the freshmen have been united in a common cause, they have become acquainted with the upperclassmen, fellowship has been established, the fundamental prerequisites to tradition and custom have been formed, and the Rollins spirit has been carried on. Is this not a worthy cause?

This task is sometimes unpleasant and rat court is only justified by its success in developing among the new students the *True Rollins Spirit*.

A FRESHMAN SPEAKS

H. P. ABBOTT, JR.

When Rollins College adopted the New Plan, the College complimented the student body by considering them mature enough to cooperate and not to take advantage of the New Plan. If the College is correct in its assumption, what is to be gained by the striking bit of child psychology displayed in Recreation Hall during the first Rat Court? When we attended our various preparatory schools and high schools we learned our lesson of servility to second year men. To date I have noticed no infringement on the rights of Sophomores, Juniors, or Seniors by Freshmen. Do we, then, go to Rat Court and listen to the eloquence of our superiors as they tell us through gritted teeth to "Wipe that smile off your face!" and call us a bunch of convicts so that when we leave the Court we will greet the rest of the student body with a cheery "hello" and a broad grin? With two or three notable exceptions the Rat Court is made up of boys who are unable to show any power through intellectual means. In some of the members, girls included, sadistic tendencies are apparent. The whole affair was so odd that the majority of the Freshmen boys admittedly had trouble to keep from laughing aloud.

CONCERNING THE ANNOYING SQUEAKS OF MANY RODENTS

JAMES F. HOLDEN

Rollins' freshmen are loud in their denunciations of ratting. They find it a childish practice, long ago discarded by most colleges. Rat Court insults their intelligence and one of their number fears lest the Committee become sadistic. To prevent this he is willing even to close the Court. If every member of the Class of '36 agrees with this man, nothing short of a Pied Piper can save Rollins.

The Sophomore Class had practically decided to discontinue ratting. However, the rats became so vicious and unruly and showed so little respect for Rollins traditions that Rat Court with its attendant evils descended upon their heads. Immediately there sprang up a weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. It is pathetic, but will avail nothing.

Most upperclassmen recognize the evils of ratting. They are willing it be thrown into discard, but they do ask and should receive respect from a group of comparative newcomers. They realize they can accomplish much by friendships among the freshmen. In a quiet manner they can instill in others those principles of college life they have learned to follow and which bring them the greatest happiness. If their gestures are refused and their hospitality rejected, what course is open to them but to administer a sound spanking? Newcomers must be forced to fit Rollins, if Rollins can't stretch enough to fit them.

Inasmuch as the Class of '36 feels so strongly in the matter, we propose it abolish ratting next year. It must evolve a workable substitute. The incoming class of great uncapped might be organized into small

groups assigned to a few strictly constructive duties. One would line out the football field, assist the men in removing their jerseys after practice, and dispense rubdowns. Another could show strangers around the college or serve as ticket sellers for various college organizations.

No doubt a plan of this sort could be worked out in full by those who are now engaged in vilifying Sophomores. The problem is not ours to handle, but that of the Freshman Class. On their shoulders rests the fate of ratting. Will next fall see a carefully organized plan in operation or will '36 likewise place too high a premium on the excellence of human nature?

THE FLAMINGO

Published Monthly by Students of Rollins

Established March, 1927

Subscription: \$1.50 a year; 25 cents a copy

Advertising rates on application

Winter Park, Florida

The next number of THE FLAMINGO will contain an editorial on "Rushing". Contributions, not to exceed 300 words, are solicited.

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	BETTY CHILDS
<i>Associate Editors</i>	{ ROBERT W. BLACK
	{ ALICE LEE SWAN
<i>Exchange Editor</i>	BETH A. CUTTER
<i>Proof Editor</i>	HORACE P. ABBOTT
<i>Business Manager</i>	WARREN APGAR
<i>Circulation Manager</i>	JACK OTT
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	ROBERT WUNSCH