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THE FLAMINGO

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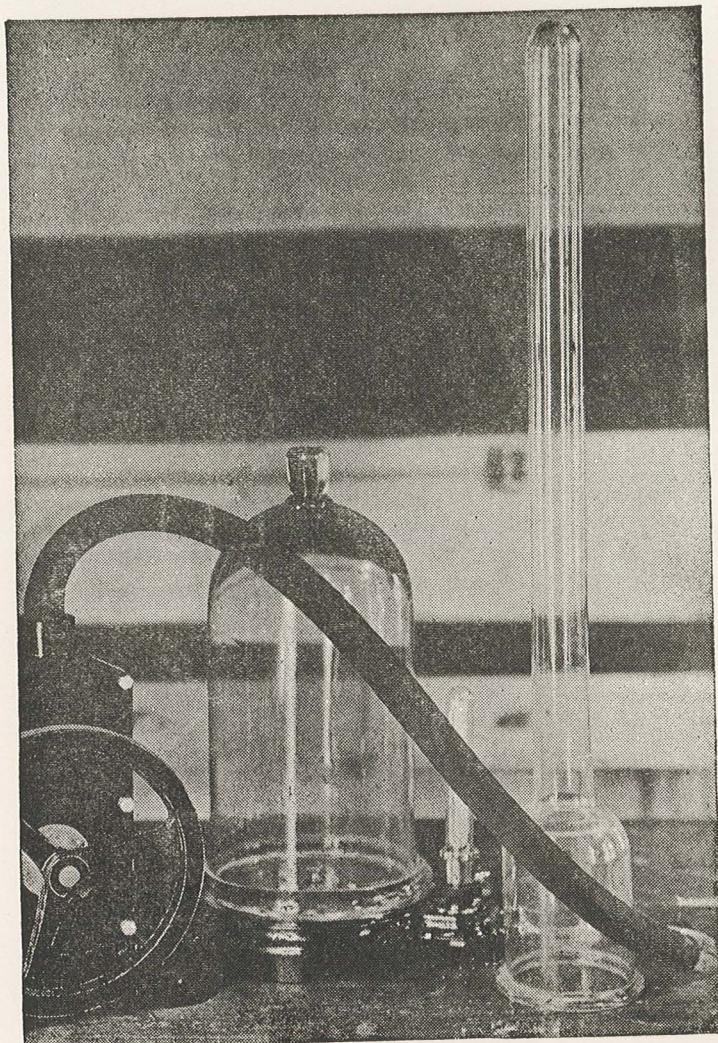
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To incorporate in this
magazine the spirit of crea-
tive controversy; to be in-
teresting and representative.



Experiment

THE FLAMINGO

VOL. VII, No. 2 DECEMBER 15, 1932 Price, 25 Cents

WHAT IS A LITERARY MAGAZINE?

Editorial

SINCE our first issue this year we have been constantly asked, "Is *The Flamingo* a Literary magazine, or is it not?" This question is usually accompanied by raised eyebrows and a general atmosphere of grave head-shaking.

Before undertaking to smooth these ruffled brows and calm these oscillating heads, we must decide what is a literary magazine. Is it a collection of "opuses" designed to show off the maybe culture of the authors? Or is it a medium for the honest expression in clear English, of interesting ideas?

If a literary magazine must consist of articles replete with non-intelligent intellectualism, then *The Flamingo* does not fulfill that requirement. If such a magazine must confine itself to short stories, plays and poems, we cheerfully relinquish all pretensions of being "Literary."

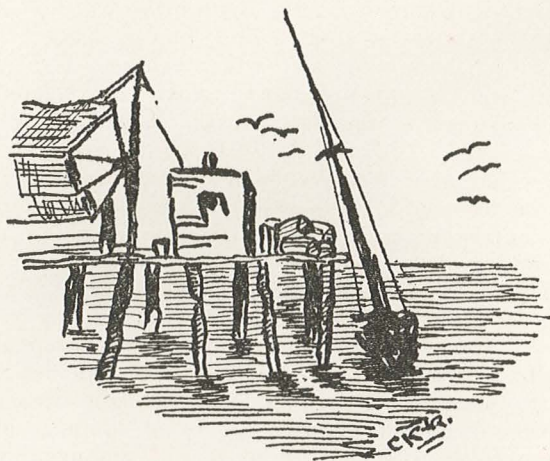
In these pages pertinent and even impertinent questions may be discussed. *The Flamingo* is first of all a college magazine.

It is our opinion that the average student is capable of appreciating the loftiest flight provided it expresses a genuine feeling. Let us be refined when refinement expresses the reality we wish to convey or let us be brutal when the subject requires brutality, but a work of art can never be obscure nor insincere. Let us have no more "Light leaves falling heavily", to quote an undergraduate's criticism concerning certain poetical bits which formerly arrived, with the utmost regularity, at the front door of *The Flamingo*.

A. L. S.

OLD LOBSTERMAN

CARROLL T. COONEY, JR.



THE moon would shake hands with the sun on a morning like this. There it was, distantly circular, its bleak light partly accounting for the fact that the old lobsterman found his initialed mooring marker so readily. Partly because several streaks of greyish white were already apparent in the east.

With remarkable agility the Old Man stepped from his staunch little sloop into a tiny double-ended dory. He had been doing this every morning for years. Sometimes in mid-winter the seat on which he stepped was caked with ice; he had no hand hold. If he slipped,

the water was frigid. He had never thought of learning to swim.

Once seated, he brought the boat around with a single powerful stroke of his left oar and pulled toward the shore where a barely discernible wooden wharf jutted bluntly out from a dim, humpy ledge. Parts of the ledge showed clearer than others. The darker spots were clumps of mossy grass. He steered his dory by neither the pier nor the ledge, but by rote and instinct. In the thickest fog he could take a thirty-foot boat over Webber's ledges, where in several places barnacled rocks lay not five feet from either side and slimy, reddish kelp lurked but very few inches below the keel.

The green blades of his oars made a series of miniature whirlpools which swirled behind in two parallel lines. He watched one circle gradually drop astern until early morning's greyish black curtain descended on it—then a mere ripple. He thought of a giant whirlpool and he pictured his brain spinning in the foamy froth. It struck him as an odd, singular thought. He must forget that motor-boat drifting slowly out to sea . . . empty, apparently. What he should have been thinking was that such a full moon, especially in September, meant a very high tide—perhaps high enough to wash away a large pile of seaweed in the little cove just below his house. He thought of the storm that had brought it in. Then, from that wild, stormy night, his thoughts came back to the present. In the confusion of his mind he suddenly became aware that he was frightened—he who had braved eighty-mile gales off the Western Banks carrying all sail . . . a horrible suspicion was creeping over him . . .

The dory passed close by the bow of Mellie Simon's power boat. Mellie used a white lobster buoy

to mark his mooring. The buoy grazed the side of his boat, went out of sight for a moment, then bobbed up in his wake. Suddenly his gaze became riveted on it. The marker seemed to get larger; all else faded into the background until—there it was alone, staring him in the face, protruding from a dark emptiness. As a sudden squall strikes the unreefed sails of a schooner, an awful realization pierced his bewilderment. Off Wreck Island not an hour ago . . . one of his own lobster buoys had bobbed up behind another boat. Having hastily cleaned the trap of its catch, the stranger had carelessly tossed the buoy astern so that it had fouled in the propeller. One man alone on the little island would do that. Only purposely would it be possible for any of the others to tangle in their warp . . . this was not done intentionally . . . a heedless toss over the stern . . .

In the dim past the Old Man remembered his words to his son. "Ranny, me son" . . . the lad was only very young then, just learning how to haul traps. "Ranny, me son, you don't darse sling thet warp so, yer wheel'll run afoul of it."

He shipped his oars mechanically, put a weathered, horny hand to his wrinkled forehead, stared down at a coating of fishy bilge-water in the bottom of the dory. He wondered was there water in the bottom of Ranny's boat. Bilge-water was usually warm. To Ranny it would be very warm.

* * * *

Heavy fog enclosed the fat, paintworn "Jenny L." It shortened both the thick spruce mast and the bowsprit. The mainsail was darker than ever, a dripping sheet of aged canvas bent on the water-sogged boom by a thin strand of rusty cable. Sail, boom, mainsheet

rope swung across to the starboard. The battered single pulley in the stern wrangled noisily along a worn iron traveler and stopped with a sudden jerk. The boat quivered. The mast gave a succession of sharp creaks which grew farther apart as it became accustomed to the strain. Water behind began to boil and in the bow it washed and sighed as the sloop rose and sank in the ground swell.

The Old Man was standing in the bow on the windward side. His right hand grasped the main stay; the feet were placed wide apart, firmly planted on the slippery wet deck. To Ranny, who stood big and hulking at the tiller, his father, clothed in an oil suit, shiny, black hip boots, and shabby felt hat, should have struck him, had he been of an imaginative turn, as an odd spectre, now fading away till a mere dark blur, then weirdly appearing as the fog lifted slightly. But he thought, "Pap's old. Don't hardly think he kin hark them laidges breakin' t' the east'ard. Damn if I ain't sick o' hearin' him yell back, 'Ease 'er off jist a little mite—there stiddy—as ye go.' Why I reckon I know where I be all right!" He watched his father take take his T. D. pipe from under a white mustache, step to the low side, carefully spit and then resume his former position. "Ease 'er off jist a mite," he said.

From somewhere in the fog the warning "clang, clang" of a bell buoy meant but one thing—the New Harbor Sunken Ledges. The Jenny L. plunged downward into the trough of an unusually large wave. The boat was nearing shoal water. The "clang" was getting louder.

The Old Man came back from the bow and stood next to his son. "I gis ye better let me take 'er now, Ranny," he said. "This ground swell'll kick up a lot

of narsty water over them shoals." Ranny stood head and shoulders above his father; his heavy tanned hands gripped the tiller tighter, and his upper lip and left eye curved upward, "I reckon I kin bring 'er through, Pap." The Old Man did not appear to notice his son's tone of voice; he seemed hardly to have heard Ranny at all. Suddenly he reached over and gave the tiller a sharp shove. Ranny lost his foothold on the wet planking and fell back against the side of the boat . . . "Another three feet the way you was headin' . . ." began the Old Man slowly . . . Ranny was towering above him, fists clenched, eyes wide and bulging.

* * * *

"You don't reckon I'm goin' to let yer go on here alone, me havin' an extry bed an' Minnie cookin' good grub as she does, do yer?"

"Mighty fine of ye, Mellie, but . . . well if ye . . . what I mean is, if it don't make no odds, I'd jest as lief set here . . ." The Old Man put a bony hand to his forehead and shook his white head. "The lobsters ain't comin' in the ways they used," he added in an odd tone.

"I know," Mellie mumbled, "Ranny gone away on his own and you with winters bendin' yer head . . . what . . . what's eaten yer? . . . gorry man, ye don't look right in the eye . . ."

"The lobsters," said the lobsterman, "ain't comin' in at all! I got three shorts an' one two-pounder yis-tidy . . ."

Mellie leaned toward the bent figure, "You mean . . ." he blurted hoarsely.

Slowly the Old Man rose from his chair and stumbled across the musty room to a small closet under the

stairs. After rummaging around a bit, he emerged carrying a long barreled shotgun.

Mellie stood up, "Reckon I better let yer turn in . . . you with a right hard, nasty bit of work early."

The Old Man stood motionless, gun in hand, for a full minute after Mellie had gone . . . then he stepped out on the stone threshold, "It ain't you, Ranny . . . It can't be you . . ." Then his face grew hard and drawn and in a strange voice he said, "But if 'tis ye, son, God hev mercy on yer soul."

Outside the little harbor seemed coldly empty. The few fishing boats hung fantastically white on a low mist which coated the dead calm. The harsh croak of a solitary crane split the deep evening silence . . . clung a moment as it echoed across the flats.



CURTAIN

BUCKLIN MOON

It was the day of the game. Not any game, *the* game. And you wanted to forget it, you tried to forget, but people wouldn't let you. At breakfast it always started. People reminded you of it. And at lunch there were lots of old grads to tell what they did back in '20. And then there were the girls. They wore little tin footballs on their coats. Most of them were pretty and they looked at you as though you were somebody, not just Tim Flannigan or Jim Barnes.

After lunch you were supposed to go to your room and stay off your feet. That meant you lay on the bed and tried to sleep. That is, all except Big Ted who could sleep standing up. You picked up the magazine and turned to the story with the swell drawing of the pretty girl. You looked at it. You wanted to read it, but you couldn't. It was like sensing death when your whole life passes before your eyes. You thought about home. Little things, not big ones. Your friends. And every now and then you thought about the game. And about how thirty-three would work if Spike got the tackle in. Or what would happen if Shorty got laid out. Then maybe you thought about young Sheridan getting his neck broken. And your bum ankle. You hated football. You thought about what you were going to do after the game. You even took out that quart of Scotch and looked at it. Maybe you even thought about taking one little drink. And then you looked at the clock and saw that it was time to get dressed.

You went down to the locker rooms and sat down before your open locker. You took out your pants

and looked at them, and taped them around the knees. Maybe you decided that since this was your last game, you'd take out the thigh pads. You took off your shoes and socks and wiggled your toes. You didn't want to get dressed, but you did. After you got everything on but your shoes, you went into Coach's office. Everyone looked big in his uniform, even Shorty. You wondered if anyone else had that funny feeling in his stomach. Like going down in an elevator.

Coach looked at you and chewed on his unlit cigar.

"Listen, gang, there's about eighty thousand people out there. The majority of them want you to win. You can win. Remember this is a football game. Play heads up, that's all."

Your knees felt weak when you ran out there on the field. You'd done it thirty or forty times, but you always felt the same. You felt that way at Chicago, at West Point, and even at home. The crowds. The band playing. You knew what they'd do if you dropped a punt. All the time you felt like you were running on ice.

You ran through the plays with the others. Then you went over and punted a few. Your foot felt like a piece of sponge rubber, and your punts were wobbly and short. Then you got off a good one and you felt better. You were trying to get them off fast as you remembered they had a line that rushed you like hell.

Then you went over with the others to get your head-guard. You swore because you couldn't find the one you always wore. (You get superstitious about little things like that.) You found it while Ed and the other captain were calling the coin. You were to receive.

You got into position and ran around and scuffled your feet. You thought about a lot of things. That

this game might either make or break you as an All-American. And about the people. You knew that there was somebody up there in all that crowd that mattered a lot. You wished the game was all over, even if it was your last game.

Then you saw the ball in the air. It looked as if it might be coming to you, but you wished it would go to somebody else. You thought it was going over your head and then there it was right in front of you. When you caught it, you felt as though you had boxing gloves on, and for a moment you thought you were going to drop it. You started to run and you seemed to be glued to the spot. Your legs were like water. And then you were running like hell and veering over to the right. You passed two white lines; several white lines. You stiff-armed one man and pivoted the other. Your interference was working nicely. You thought you were in the clear, and then something hit you from behind. You felt a knee in your back. People must have been yelling, but you couldn't hear anything.

Shorty went around end for eleven yards and a first down. You got that halfback. You got up and said to him, "Surely you're not Mr. O'Brian, the All-American O'Brian?" And then things started to click. You went off tackle for three more. Hal made three around the other end. You went over guard for six, and someone tackled you around the neck and almost tore your jersey off. Shorty came over and helped you up. He turned to the other player and said, "Why don't you boys kiss and make up?" You didn't care. You were right in front of their goal posts. Shorty wanted to pass, but you talked him into letting you try a place kick. The ball came to Shorty and he held. You ran up and let it go. Just then you

saw a red jersey come rushing in with his arms crossed in front of his face. You thought he was going to block it, but it cleared his fingers by inches. It looked short and you felt like hell. Maybe Shorty was right about a pass. Then it just did get over and everyone was thumping you on the back.

Then you kicked off. Things began to see-saw. They made six yards in three downs and punted. You made five yards in two downs and punted. Three downs and punt. Three downs and punt. The quarter ended. It took you two or three plays to get used to going in the opposite direction. Then they started to throw passes. You knew that it took only one of those to win a ball game. You heaved a sigh of relief when Hal finally intercepted one in the shadows of your own goal.

You began to get tired. Your back ached and there was sweat in your eyes. Every time Shorty handled a punt you held your breath. You knew what it might mean if he fumbled one. Then the half came.

You lay down over by the sidelines and looked at the sky. There was an airplane overhead. You wished you were up there. It must be cool up there and you were so hot. The smell of sweat and damp leather was almost choking you. You hadn't noticed it during the game. Then the manager came over and washed your face. You washed your mouth out. You watched the band marching out there, and you listened to the music. You never wanted to go out and play again. And then the second half started.

You ran up and kicked off. They almost got away, but your safety man got him. They couldn't gain anything through the line. On an attempted end run Hermie threw the runner for a five-yard loss. They

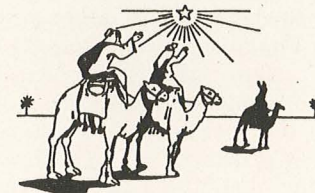
punted out of bounds on your three-yard line. You started up the field. Five off tackle. Three around end. A reverse for seven. Fighting hard. You got to their thirty-yard line and Shorty called for a pass. You saw why: their right half was sucked way in. It might be a gamble, but it was a good one. You ran the red jersey that came in off to the right, and when Shorty threw the pass you sat down. You knew you shouldn't, but you were so damned tired. You saw Shermie reach for the pass, and then their safety man came in fast and took it on the dead run. A lump came in your throat. You started after the man streaking down the opposite side line. You wished that you could run the hundred in ten flat instead of ten, eight. Or that you were a halfback instead of a fullback. You ran, and your chest hurt, and your breath wouldn't come. You were almost up to him and on the five-yard line you made a dive. You got him, but the momentum carried you both over the line. You felt pretty bad, but there was a lot of time left. Then the quarter ended.

They kicked off to you, and Shorty started down the field. You kept hitting the line. You were tired, but it didn't matter. You passed the thirty-yard line. The fifty. Shorty called for a pass, and you lit out behind the fullback. You got the pass and you were free except for the safety man. You heard the whistle, but you kept on going. You ran around that last red jersey and over the goal line. You heard people cheering, and you felt proud as hell. Then a little man in white pants came along, took the ball away from you, and carried it back to the fifty-yard line. Jake off side. You wanted to slug him until you saw how he looked.

You couldn't make first down and punted. The same story. Three downs and punt. But you were

gaining on the exchange of punts. Then the center of their line started to give. You could tell. It was slow work, but it was sure. Down to the ten-yard line at last. Then you heard your signal for off tackle. You gritted your teeth and started off. Knees high, head low, drive, drive, drive. You were almost there. You were tackled and went down on the one-yard line. You knew you had the game on ice then. Ten to seven. Everyone was grinning. You went back into the huddle. Then the gun went off.

When you got into the locker room, you cried. A lot of people were crying. It was strange to see two-hundred pounders cry. Coach came along and slapped you on the back. You got in the shower and felt better. Then you went up to your room and opened the whiskey. After you got tight, you dressed for the dance. You cut your chin shaving, and you had to have someone tie your tie. You got your date and went to the dance. You got a little tighter, and before long you got drunk. You didn't remember about the game 'til the next morning.



BARNEY O'LEARY

NANCY REID

BARNEY O'Leary's a sad old woman,
 She hasn't a roof and she hasn't a bed;
 She hasn't a penny to keep in her pocket,
 Or even a bonnet to wear on her head.
 She walks barefooted all through the village,
 Every evening just before tea;
 Her thin hair stringing, her petticoats dragging,
 A hump on her shoulder, a limp in her knee.

Barney O'Leary's a crazy old woman.
 She got to be queer when her little son died;
 She thinks he's alive, that perhaps she can find him
 By searching all over the countryside.
 And all of the women who see Barney coming,
 Shout to their nearest neighbor and say:
 "Here's crazy Barney; Quick! Gather your children,
 And keep them locked up, until she goes away."

PATENT LEATHER SHOES

ELEANOR GAGER WRIGHT

THE sky was all splashed with red. The trees looked very black before it. A cool breeze blew against Dorry's face as the car rushed along. She sat between Aunt Maude and her Mother, with her legs sticking straight out in front of her. They always put her in the middle because her legs were short. The car made a nice sleepy sound in her ears, and she could think about how very surprised Peggy Ann would be with her new shoes. Of course Peggy Ann wouldn't look surprised, for Peggy Ann was a doll, and her expression never changed. Dorry firmly believed, however, that Peggy Ann would feel happy way down inside as she did herself, looking at the box in her lap.

Dorry's friends didn't play with dolls any more. They were learning to dance, and boys brought them candy at lunch time. They made fun of Dorry for really loving Peggy Ann. They said she was too big to play with dolls, but Mother didn't. Mother helped her make believe with Peggy Ann, and Mother had given her a whole dollar to buy the shoes. It made her very glad to think Mother loved Peggy Ann.

"You love Peggy Ann don't you, Mother?" she asked, just to make perfectly sure.

"Yes," said Mother. Her voice sounded far away, though.

"And you do think she'll like the present?"

Mother nodded.

"Don't you?" She asked again because Mother didn't seem to be listening to her.

"Yes, dear. Don't talk, now."

How strange. That wasn't like Mother. Nothing was happening, special. Why shouldn't she talk?

She didn't say any more, but watched Mother's face against the green brim of her hat. It looked very solemn.

Aunt Maude stopped the car too near the big bush with the white flowers, and the soft smelly blossoms brushed Dorry's face as she got out.

Mother said good-bye quickly, for she was late. Father would be there waiting for his supper.

Dorry clutched the little square box tightly. It was wrapped in purple paper and looked pretty with her small grey gloves against it.

"Father's not here yet," said Mother as she let them into the hall-way.

The hall was dark and warm, and smelled of lilacs that were on the table. As the lights flashed on, Dorry saw herself in the mirror. Her face was all pink, and her lips looked very wide and dark.

Dorry asked, "May I try Peggy Ann's shoes on her?"

"Yes, darling, but hurry down and set the table."

The shoes were real baby shoes, very shiny and black, with two pearl buttons. They fitted Peggy Ann's plush feet beautifully. Ripples of joy flooded through Dorry as she carried the soft doll downstairs. Peggy Ann felt like a real baby. She was a very special doll.

Supper was all ready, but Father hadn't come, and it was eight o'clock.

"We'll eat," said Mother. She didn't look happy. She admired the shoes, but they didn't make her eyes smile. She kept looking at the door. Father always used the side door. When the phone rang, Mother ran to it.

"No, he isn't here," her voice said from the hall.

"Yes, I'll have him call you when he comes in."

"Let's pretend, Mother," said Dorry when she came back. "You be Mrs. Brown and I'll be Mrs. Green."

Mother smiled.

"Mrs. Brown, I got the dearest shoes for Peggy Ann at Kilty's today. I find it the best place to shop for children's things." Dorry's voice was just right. She could tell from the way it went up and down in her throat, but Mother wasn't listening. She wasn't Mrs. Brown; she was Mother.

"I wonder where your Father can be," was all she said.

Dessert was an apple.

"May I keep it for bed time?" asked Dorry, looking at its bright red cheeks.

"Yes, dear," Mother replied, and went into the kitchen.

Dorry set the apple on the corner of the table and took Peggy Ann to the library. She could talk to her there under the soft yellow light by the fireplace. She was very happy telling Peggy Ann about the trip to the city, when she heard Father come in the side door. She would finish telling the story, then she would go tell Father good-evening.

When she went to the dining room door, Father was talking very loud.

Mother cried, "Don't shout, George! I only said, if you'd just left a note or something. We *couldn't* have been *that* late. We only stopped to get some shoes for Dorry's doll. Your supper was here getting all cold, and I hate waste!"

Father raised his clenched fists above his head, and his voice sounded as if it would burst the walls.

"Good God, just nag, nag, nag! No freedom, no

liberty—You and your whole damned family—Drive a man crazy—!”

Dorry turned and stole back to the big davenport in the library. She sat very stiff way back in the far corner. She felt all shrivelled up inside, and she couldn't keep her hands and knees from trembling. Her head throbbed with the awful sound of Father's voice. Why did he yell so?

She must have sat there ages. Father talked so loud she couldn't make out what he said; only once she knew he said something about Grandma's being a "damned snipe". That wasn't nice, for Grandma was very comfortable and soft, and those words sounded hard.

Suddenly Father dashed through the library door. His eyes seemed to stand out of his white face, and there were yellow lines around his mouth.

"Doris Mitchel," he shouted, "don't you ever make a man's life hell! Never, never!"

Dorry sank deeper into the corner. "No, Father," she whispered.

He whirled and went out.

"Hell's meat!" she heard him yell. Then there was the soft spattering thud. The side door slammed.

Mother's feet rushed up-stairs on the steps over her head. It was too still.

After a minute Dorry slid down and went into the dining room. Crushed against the table leg nearest her she saw a white, lumpy mass. The smooth, red skin of the apple was all broken, the crisp white pulp scattered about in juicy bits. A lump grew suddenly in Dorry's aching throat.

Mother was up-stairs. Mother would know about Father's spoiling her apple.

Mother was crumpled up on her bed, crying. Dorry

couldn't stop her. She groaned and sobbed. Dorry knew she had never cried that hard. Mother didn't even know that Dorry was there.

Finally she listened to Dorry.

"We must go to bed, Mother. You come to bed with me. I'll get your nighty."

"Yes, dearest child."

They undressed together, and Dorry had to help Mother. Several times she told her what to do next.

"Take your hair down now, Mother."

Mother seemed to mind so well. She still sobbed a little.

As they got into bed, Dorry said, "You mustn't think about it. It's going to be a nice day tomorrow. Birds and trees and things—" She'd heard grown-ups talk like that. It was comforting.

Mother pulled her close and kissed her.

"Darling angel, heaven keep you safe."

Dorry lay stiff and straight. It was very uncomfortable. She liked to wiggle into the covers when she was sleepy, but she didn't dare move on account of Mother. She wondered where Father was, and if he would be there for breakfast. She rather hoped he wouldn't. That wasn't nice she knew, but—

The next morning she was alone in bed when she woke. She hurried to dress.

Father was at breakfast, but no one spoke, not even to say good-morning. The cereal was rough and scrapey in her throat.

"Mother bought Peggy Ann some new shoes, Father," said Dorry. She was just trying to be cheerful. But her voice rattled in the silence.

Father looked at Mother, a horrid, hurting look.

After breakfast Dorry found Peggy Ann in the li-

brary smiling sweetly into space. The patent leather shoes shone in a ray of morning sun. Dorry looked at them for a long time. The she undid the pearl buttons, carried the shoes up-stairs very quietly and wrapped them in the purple paper neatly. She put the little package behind her back and went downstairs slowly, through the library, through the dining room, through the kitchen, and out the back door. When she reached the trash barrel under the apple tree, she stopped. She stood on tip-toe holding the purple package as high as she could reach. She opened her hand quickly. The package fell with a little thud deep down in the barrel. Dorry turned her back on it, slowly. Her toe pressed against a fallen red apple. She looked at it long and hard.

"Perhaps I'm too old to play with dolls," she thought, "I'll ask Mother about dancing school."



I WAS IN A HURRY

STERLING OLNSTEAD

I can see him now just as plainly as I saw him that night three months ago. He was standing under a street lamp, his ragged coat flapping grotesquely in the wind, his arms hanging loosely at his sides, his whole appearance denoting the utmost dejection of spirit. I sized him up as a tramp the moment I laid eyes on him, so I quickened my pace intending to slip by in the shadows without being noticed. But just as I thought I was safely past, I felt a tug at my sleeve.

I turned, a little startled and a little angry. I was in a hurry, and I didn't want to be delayed by a bum with a hard luck story to tell. As I turned, the light from the street lamp overhead fell full on the tramp's face; in that moment I forgot the remarks that I had planned to make to him.

I can see that face now. It was not the face of a living man; it was a skull. The eye sockets were sunken. There were deep, blue-shaded hollows where cheeks should have been. The chin was covered with a heavy gray stubble. The entire face was horrible and repulsive. I didn't like to look at it. I tried to glance away, but I couldn't. Something seemed to hold my attention. Maybe it was his eyes. They were black and fierce—and something else. (I know now that they were hungry too, but I didn't realize it then. You see, I was in a hurry.)

When he spoke, his voice crackled just as dry leaves crackle when they are trod upon.

"Could ya gimme the price of a meal? I ain't had nothin' to eat for a week."

I had the money in my pocket. I could have given it to him and never have missed a penny of it. I don't

know now why I didn't do it. But I had heard so much about rich panhandlers and millionaire bums that I was wary. Anyone would have been, I guess.

"If I gave money to every bum that asked for it, I'd be broke myself before long," I said.

That would have silenced any ordinary tramp, but this one was different. He was desperate, I guess. For as I started to move on, he clutched at my arm and held me back. I looked down at his hand. It was large, bony, clawlike, and the nails were bitten to the quick.

"I'm hungry, mister." He shook my arm, and his voice no longer crackled; it was hoarse and intense. "I ain't had nothin' to eat for a week, I tell ya. Can'tcha see I'm hungry? Can'tcha?" And he shook my arm again.

"And can't you see that I'm in a hurry?" I retorted.

I wrenched myself free then (it was easier than I thought it would be), and hurried down the street. Only once did I look back. The tramp was standing in the full glare of the lamp, one arm extended, the fingers clutching at the air. As I looked, he let the arm fall limply to his side. His shoulders slumped forward. His head drooped. Then he straightened up again, looked at me and laughed.

Oh, I don't believe in curses. There aren't such things nowadays. There can't be. But just the same I wish he hadn't laughed like that. It was as if something were breaking inside of him.

Even then it wasn't too late. I could have gone back. I could have taken him to a restaurant. I could have given him some money, at least. Oh, there are so many things that I could have done. I lie awake at night thinking about them, until I find myself sitting up in bed, the sweat running off of me. And when I finally

do go to sleep, I dream that everything is all right, and that I did help him. But I didn't and I don't know why. It must have been because I was in a hurry. You see, I had to catch a street car or be late for supper; so I let it go.

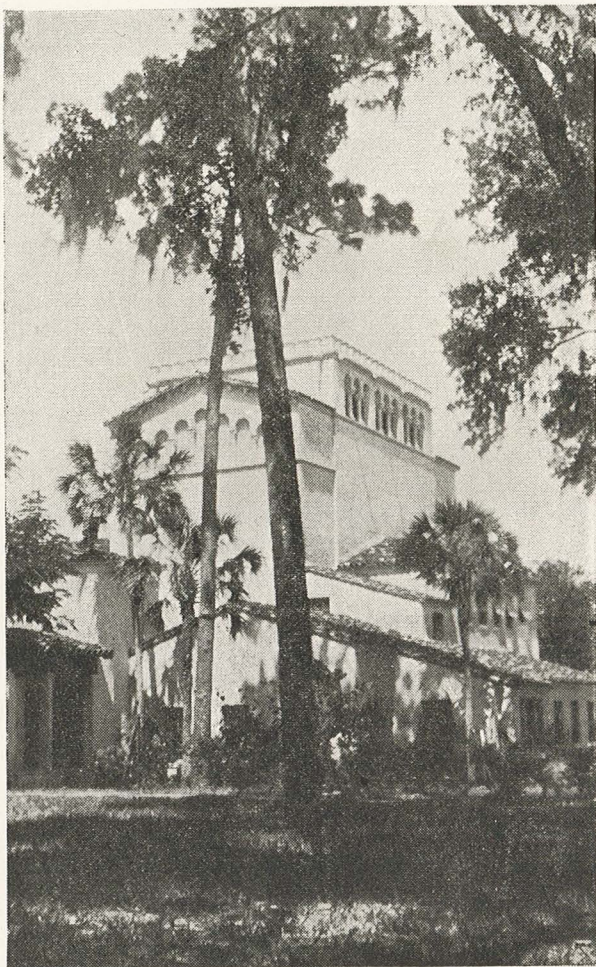
It was the next morning that I saw him again. At least, I think it was he; I couldn't be absolutely sure. He was lying on the pavement, a crowd of the curious around him. I usually keep out of such crowds. I wish I had kept out of that one. But like a fool, I pushed my way to the very front.

A tall man in a ragged coat was lying on the sidewalk, his face turned away from me. A police surgeon was bending over him. As I pressed close, the surgeon got slowly to his feet while he dropped the man's hand. It was a large, bony, clawlike hand, and the nails were bitten to the quick. The surgeon turned to his assistants.

"Better take him to the City Hospital," he said, brushing the dust from his knees. "It won't be any use though. He's pretty far gone. Starvation."

The assistants prepared to lift the tramp. In a minute I would see his face. I felt sick. The crowd was pressing in closely. I was smothering. I must have grown panicky then, for I remember fighting my way out, pushing, shoving.

I didn't get much work done at the office that day. I couldn't get that tramp off my mind . . . and I haven't been able to forget him yet. I don't even know that the man on the sidewalk and the man that asked me for money were the same. I don't know that the man died, or that it was starvation. The surgeon may have been wrong. My meal might not have done him any good anyway. But . . . oh, why didn't I give him that money? It must have been because I was in a hurry.



KIEHNEL & ELLIOTT Architects
OUR NEW ANNIE RUSSELL THEATRE
View From Chase Ave. Showing Gridiron Tower

BEAUTY ON A HILL

NANCY REID

I CAME for beauty to this hill,
It is too much to see;
I did not think there would be stars
Like flowers under me.

I had forgotten until now
The smell of the wet ground,
And the slow noise of rain
When rain beats down.

I did not think to see the flame
Of plum trees in the spring,
Turning a shadowed pool into
A white and shaking thing.

There is too much of loveliness;
The mist comes white and still.
I shall not ever come again
Alone upon this hill.

RACHEL

AGATHA TOWNSEND

RACHEL turned from the narrow window, her eyes dimmed with tears, and she rested them in the darkness of the room. She would have time enough to look out onto the Ghetto square as she departed. And now she sought to take in every detail of the rooms that had been her home. Her mother half knelt in the corner by the black chest, last to go on the loaded oxcart. She helped her fold the bridal clothes of yesterday, and they laid the fantastic golden bride's hat on the top.

"Lay the last muslin sheet over them, child, or they will be filled with dust from the road." Her mother spoke kindly, in a quite ordinary tone, as if this day were no more strange than any other. But as she stood there above Rachel her lips suddenly twisted and she turned away.

The heavy chest was closed, and she clapped her hands sharply. Old Marco and his son, Shem, lifted it upon their backs and carried it out. They turned to look curiously at her as they went. She tried to smile.

"Go now, child, and say good-bye to your father."

Rachel felt herself shudder as she went to her father. He was sitting in the small darkened room that was more to her than any other room in the house. Her father's black chair, the small table before him and the box-like manuscript holder beside it. She seemed to see faces of others gathered around that table. Her father's brother, the doctor, found many years ago, dead, with a Christian dagger in his breast. Her own

EDITOR'S NOTE: This Story Won the Flossie Hill Short Story Prize—May, 1932.

brother seemed to be there, his musician's hands touching the scrolls gently. But no, there was only her father, waiting to give his blessing to his last child.

The scholar raised his head as she entered. He had been sitting there, the master of the house, listening to the sounds of the loading; but now he was ready to have her go, with only one last word.

"Go now, but remember one thing." He paused, choosing his words carefully. "It is fitting that a wife should follow her husband, and so you must follow Mischa. If he could have stayed here as a son to me, I would have welcomed it. But he can know no duty but his art, and it is better that he should go. I will not wish you happiness, my daughter; that rests in your own hands, and it is for you to build it. But remember when you go out into this world, that you are still our daughter, and, though the way be hard, betray not your people." His voice rose, almost in the fanaticism of prophecy, "And although men shall revile to you the people of the Lord, answer them not in wrath. It is for you only to guard your children from the scourge of Christianity. You know the duties of a woman of our people. Go now, and be blessed."

He touched one hand upon her smooth black head, and then turned from her.

She was going away. The meaning, all the meaning, of that swept in upon her as she approached the litter. For perhaps the first time, the feeling of the city bore down upon her. And this part of Leon, most truly Spanish as the city was, had as little of Spain about it as if it had been set in the market square of Jerusalem. The strong hot smells of the quarter, the shining brasses and the woven tapestries of the shops, the rough cobbled streets that were the common porch of the whole People, all seemed to shout at her.

The sledges, with the great blocks of marble loaded on them, and the low slung litter made commotion enough in the street now. Then she heard the excited cries of the women and children, saw the immobile faces of the men, and she left them. The sledges lurched heavily out onto the road, her litter swayed lazily. She turned her back upon the home hills. For the first time she was alone in her new wifehood. She examined it critically during the morning hours. She thought of her father's words. To follow Mischa; she followed him now. To remain a Jew, surely no other course had entered her mind.

But more immediate for consideration was the need of pleasing Mischa, and far nearer to her heart. Strange and timid now that she was alone with him. Something to show him that she was not only a woman with a woman's cares, but a helpmate to participate in his interests and share his problems.

They were resting in the shade of some tall trees, the mountain pass lay behind them, and they faced the dusty road. His most present interest was the marble. At last she asked him, "What is it for?"

"The marble, of course, is for a statue," he said.

She smiled, "So much I understood, but what statue?"

Did he move uneasily? There was a shade of embarrassment on his face as he answered.

"It is to be the statue of a Christ, a crucifix, for the altar of the church at Santiago de Campostela."

His words came slowly, and they seemed to hang in the air long after he had said them.

"Mischa!" her words were made of horror. "You work for the Christians!"

Now that he had first spoken, he continued more rapidly, as if it had eased him. He flung a little olive

twig into the dust, impatiently. How could a woman understand? He explained, begging her with his eyes to understand. It seemed vital to him that she should comprehend what he had not dared to tell the others.

"I work for the Christians, yes. And I am a Jew, yes. But first of all, I am a sculptor. Perhaps you do not understand that, but I am doing it for them since they want it, and for myself because I love it."

"Love it!"

"But yes, the statue, of course."

"But you have not made it yet."

He laughed up at her as if explaining to a child. "Of course I have not made it yet, but I love it already, as if I were making it now. I can see it, looking down on me, often at night. The face puzzles me—" his voice wandered away, and he was silent.

She stirred uneasily, "The face?"

"Yes, it could mean so many things."

She spoke sharply, her anger rose in her as if he had charmed her for a moment with his words, and then again she could see clearly. "It can only mean one thing, Mischa. Have you forgotten your people, and how they have been treated: What think you it means to them? Have you ever seen monks armed with whips, driving the people from their homes? Will you have your children and your home grow up under the shadow of this thing which means all that we hate and fear? And even this created by yourself! Mischa, Mischa, how can you do this?"

"Come," he said more gently, "Don't worry yourself so. See, the sun sinks lower, we must go on while it is cooler."

But through the days of the journey when the heat tortured her, and she tossed through the nights, she did worry. The statue, and what it might mean, haunted

her thoughts. If Mischa had seen it, how much more clearly could she see it. She would awake from panic-stricken dreams where she walked through wilderness, and every tree became a crucifix above her, and the snakes that sprang out beneath her feet had strange eyes and crowns of thorns. She was thankful, though, for she had come to love her husband, that her father, the scholar, had not known what a man he had chosen for his daughter. He would have raised up in that small dark room, and without a word pointed his hand to the door.

As for herself, she remembered what her father had said, and sealed her lips in the determination to carry it out. It was for her to know the duties of a woman of her people, and if her husband wandered, she must bind her home ever more closely to the truth. But this artist's passion was strange and new to her. Sometimes he walked beside the marble in the very dust of the plains and touched the covering of the marble, as if he could feel the statue, all uncreated inside. A strange light was in his eyes. Then she raised herself and stared out into the darkness, clenched her fists, impotently, and hated with all her being, this statue. It seemed to her that she had hated it all her life, and the statue itself would only be the symbol of that hatred.

* * *

Another woman approached over the stones where she knelt by the stream, and she moved the sheets to make room; it was Miriam, the mother of Mischa's pupil, Yacob. She said nothing, but timed the strokes of her wooden paddle to that of Rachel. The bell from the church tolled, but Rachel did not look up. It no longer startled her as at first, and she hated it only as a part of her obsession for anything that came

down from the hill above. Her mind returned to the first times she had heard it—but that was many months ago.

She rose from her knees and spread the sheet to dry on the rocks. Then she turned and followed the little path through the vineyards to the house. It was cool, and she sat down for a moment to rest. Although she had seemed foreign to it all, so far away from her mountains, it had come to be a real home. It was as Jewish as she could make it with the things she had brought and the spirit from the fierce Jewry of her own heart.

She took the bowls from the cupboard, felt the rough, yet satin-like earthiness of their sides. She filled them from a pot of fresh milk, and laid bunches of grapes on green leaves in the center of the table. Beside them were the flat dry cakes of matzoth, a frugal passover meal. It was almost Easter on the hill. The statue would be finished then, they hoped.

Across the garden, in the roughly made workshop that sheltered the marble, the sound of chipping had stopped. Just as she reached the door the prior came out of the shed, lifting his skirts gingerly above the marble dust. He passed Rachel without seeing her, and she turned sharply and spat contemptuously after him. Her nails bit into her hands in a frenzy of hatred for this man who was stealing her husband. She started as a hand was laid on her shoulder. Miriam stood beside her.

"Peace, my daughter, peace," said the older woman. "You must not hate him so. From whom else would your husband get work to keep you fed and clothed?"

"Better far to starve and go naked than to work for a Christian and be despised both among your people and theirs," she answered. "May God curse every

soul in their houses, every stone in their churches."

"Then if not for your husband's sake, cease hating for the sake of the son you will bear him. See, you are weary already with your anger, and Mischa is waiting for his dinner."

That night, long after stillness had settled over the great church on the hill and over the village at the foot, Rachel sat on the doorstep and watched the rising moon, thinking not now of her hatred but of the son she would bear Mischa. She awaited his coming with impatience. She stirred uneasily at the thought of it, or at the chillness of the night, and wrapped her shawl about her as she rose. The oil lamp that had been burning in the workshop had been extinguished for some time, and Mischa ought not so long have delayed his return.

She did not at once see her husband; the moon shone into the room, touching a flake of marble here and there with silver, but lending a frightening sheen to the great crucifix and the figure upon it. It was the statue that she hated so. In the weird light the twisted limbs looked ghastly and grotesque. The tortured expression of the face looked down upon her, not in forgiveness or pity, but a mocking leer. Yet the horror in those stony features, if it was not an illusion of the moon, was real enough to pay tribute to the artistry of her husband. She wondered how he could have caught it in the cold stone. Small wonder he could dare to speak in sympathy with this Christ-figure if he could depict it like this.

She clenched her fists; she longed to bring them down upon the feet of that statue. It had stolen her husband, made him a being foreign to her, to his people, through the meshes of his own art it had snared him into deserting her. She sprang forward to its feet, and stumbled upon something that lay on the floor be-

neath it. It took only an instant for Mischa to spring up, to explain that he had fallen asleep on the floor; but she was not reassured. For a moment she had seen him kneeling there in prayer, and turned home, her shoulders weary with this new weight of hatred.

"Mischa," she pleaded with him, "They will take your statue and then crush you for having made it for them. They will pay you in stripes for the toil of your hands. Mischa, leave the statue and come back with me to Leon. There you can find more work than the money-grabbing monks will ever give you. Have you not heard that they have forced old Isaac, who weeded their garden for so many years to flee since he would not renounce the faith? Mischa, you betray yourself with this statue, it leads you away from your people to one that can never be your friend."

He touched her hand, answered her gently, absently, and turned away, eager to put the finishing touches before the statue should go in place in the morning. And when he returned to the house she was sound asleep and he had no need to explain that he had promised the monks that he would take his first communion when the crucifix was set up. That she only knew of later.

In the afternoon of the next day, the pulleys were in place, and the statue lay on its side along the chancel. Rachel could see its whiteness from the doorway. She and Miriam were watching there. Mischa had been there, but at last even the monks had admitted that his presence was necessary though it would be in the very floor of the altar. They feared to have him touch the statue now that it had become a symbol. The monks bore their weight upon the pulley, even the prior who had watched the work from the beginning stood aside as Mischa gravely, respectfully, directed their pulling, lest the cross should get out of position.

"More weight to the back, father. Nay, stay, I'll do it myself."

Mischa stepped forward, but the prior was before him, his feeble hands on the ropes, his weight was just enough to balance surely while the base was shoved in.

Suddenly, who could say how, something caught his eye. He had a glimpse of Rachel's white face by the chancel doorway. That heathen, cursed woman in the church itself! He raised his hand and spoke sharply. But he leaned no longer on the rope, the statue seemed to quiver, then came crashing down and pinned Mischa to the floor.

She felt that she gave a shriek of warning, clutched Miriam's shoulder, then Rachel fell onto the steps. There was only dizzy blackness around her.

That afternoon she went through an agony such as no artist could give a crucified one. A twisting torture that was more than that of a bleeding Christ. And when in the darkness of the night she came to her senses, and saw that they had carried her into the stable—another Jew had been born there.

She caught murmured voices, "No, the statue is in place, it was not harmed—he died instantly, yes."

Miriam brought her son to her there, and as she took him in her arms she tried weakly not to hate him for having been born, the son of a dead man.

"What will you call him, my daughter?" asked Miriam, kindly enough.

"I shall call him Ichabod, for my light has gone out," she said with a sorry smile.

Indeed, with the child in her arms, she doubted if she could either love or hate again. But the moon came out and shone against the church, and she covered the child with a shawl, lest the shadow of the triumphant statue should fall upon her son.

TRAVELER'S NOTE-BOOK

MARLEN ELDREDGE

WRITTEN

by the Tailor's Statue at Porto-Raphti.

THE wind hovers the main-land,
The wind skims the sea,
The wind drifts up to my hill-top
Singing a song to me.

It dances through the heather,
It rustles through the pines,
It sings of mountain flowers
And fuzzy, gray-green vines.

MOTIONS

of Wheat and Temples

Great green fields of wheat grow up from hills and meadow-land. The gusty breezes strike the mass of stalks into a bending and rising, a waving always uphill. The light breezes never blow all at the same time and the wheat never bends the same way twice. It shifts and sways with a continual, undulating motion of changing greens. It is as though a delicate hand were sweeping backwards and forwards over a piece of thick green velvet; it is like ripples of sunlight dancing on the sandy bottom of a stream.

From the acropolis where I am standing I see miles and miles of green—rippling up the terraces of the hill-side, sweeping over the plains to the sea. Only the ruins of five great temples on a high ridge below me, break the waving rhythm. They are Greek temples built in Sicily by an unknown people. Solid

and massive, they rest confidently on the ground, yet rise upwards in every line of their weathered columns. Their mellow brown color blends with the soft shades of the wheat. They are a check on the limitless stretch of grain; they keep it from sweeping on into the sea.

GARDENS IN THE RAIN

Rain, falling softly,
Covers with a gray mantle
The gardens of Villa d'Este:
A pattering hush
On tiled walks and
Leaping fountains.

Intermittent rain
Sweeps across the tree-tops
Of the garden,
Drenching bright pansies
And sweet-scented vines.

Its cadence rises madly
With the wind; dies
In a gray murmur of dripping:
Rain — — — ceaselessly
On tall white fountains
And gardens of Villa d'Este.

NIGHT IN SIENA

The faint veil of sunset has drawn from the sky, and the clear, pale afterglow has vanished into dusk with its quiet, brooding stars; across the ravine looms the Duomo, its crisp black and white stripes softened and toned down by a luminous green festal light. Dark shapes of houses cluster around it; a few slide into the ravine, then climb to meet their neighbors huddled on a low hill to the left; from the midst of these soars the Mangia tower, graceful against the night.

Orange and yellow lights twinkle from every window. From below San Domenico rise voices of the men of Onda, shouting and exulting in praise of the jockey who won the Palio. Far away is the music of a band returning to Bersaglieri barracks. The busy hum of a lively city rises to meet the watchful stars. Now great bells clang the hour TEN! from every tower.

Soon a mysterious peace will brood over Siena, the beloved city of St. Catherine.

RECOLLECTIONS

Suggested by "Chorale in A minor" of Cesar Franck

After climbing steep cobblestones between villas and vineyards, with Florence a distant haze through silvery olive trees, I stepped from blinding warmth into the cool darkness of Fiesole cathedral. At first I saw only a blaze of candlelight far away; then gradually, as the round-arched darkness took shape, I distinguished a grotesque Byzantine Madonna with a frame of flowers, and below her candles banked in a flaming mass. Peasant women knelt there, mumuring; three nuns slipped rosaries back and forth between devout hands; and a group of Franciscan friars held small crucifixes

face-high—praying. Sunlight through stained-glass windows softly splotched the firm brown of Lombard pillars and walls. A feeling of infinite peace and humble, absolute faith surrounded me.

When I went out again into the hot afternoon, I stopped on the steps to watch a village-woman sell raffia bags. I felt somehow akin to her, as though the scene I had just witnessed had given me a deep glimpse into her heart.

SASSO DI STRIA

Gray hoods of mist shroud the peaks
Above the desolate Stria pass,
Where a chill gray wind blows
Over the wrack and ruin of a war.
Gray wastes of crumbled rock
And giant boulders cover the slopes,
And blood-red Alpine roses bloom
Serene in ruined trenches
Near piles of barbed wire and rusty cans—
Where once was death, and the sharp crack of guns.

A VISIT TO A CAPUCHIN CEMETERY

The outer door of the convent swung ponderously inwards and a bearded Capuchin monk beckoned us to enter. We followed; then halted in incredulous amazement. Gradually I descended the last steps behind Mother, then stopped stock-still and gasped.

My first thought was, "What on earth have we gotten into?" My second, "What a strange place, it's far better than we expected from Mr. L——'s story." I glanced at Mother and both of us burst into laughter at the place, laughter quickly suppressed as the third monk appeared on the stairs.

The skeletons of long-dead monks hung in thousands along underground corridors. Each monk was clad in brown sackcloth pulled up around the feet, tied at the waist with a rope, and draped over the head and shoulders as a hood, and each one wore a tag with its name and dates. They hung in two rows on the stone walls, they lay in rough wooden coffins piled up three deep; little skeletons stood in niches between the coffins. They were not mere skeletons piled up. Some had their mouths open as though singing a last Ave Maria, some seemed to be repeating prayers; others held their hands folded in mock piousness and others linked arms. One, perched on a high shelf, had dropped its head over the edge and seemed to be peering down, another clad all in red was leaning coyly on a chest, its jaw-bone cupped in a bony hand. Still another, an abbot, preserved in the bloom of life, with shriveled skin, hair and teeth, leered down on us.

The quiet friar clothed in brown robes tied with a knotted cord, shuffled his leather sandals down the narrow, gloomy corridors. Reverently he told us that the Capuchins had never had a large cemetery and because of the great number of monks who died, they had been forced to disinter the bodies after two years in the ground and stack them here. Eight thousand had already been stored in these musty vaults when the custom was discontinued in the sixteenth century.

* * * *

We were on the street again. In the back of our minds was the memory of a quiet monk who will soon join those ranks of dead who seem never to have lived and yet seem more alive than we—incongruous dusty skeletons filling dim corridors below a Capuchin church in Palermo.

DUST AND HEAT

"The Column of Creative Controversy"

CAN "RUSHING" BE IMPROVED?

THE success or failure of the Rollins fraternity system hinges upon the soundness of its rushing policy. If dishonesty, petty squabbling and their attendant demoralizing influences prevail the chances are the "grand old gangs" and charming sororal groups so characteristic of the Rollins idea will disappear from our campus. It is, therefore, imperative that rushing regulations be based on fair and sensible principles; then strictly adhered to by all concerned.

As a solution to the present problem some advocate the postponement of the rushing season for from three to twelve months following the students' matriculation, believing the interval essential to the thorough acquaintance of both parties. Others would assume the opposite extremes and base judgment entirely upon recommendation and perhaps a hasty impression taken at the railroad station.

The latter view has so many obvious faults and is so infrequently suggested by intelligent thinking students that it seems sufficient simply to ask fraternity members which if any of their brothers or sisters would have been admitted into that enviable situation were the railroad handshake the current policy.

The first mentioned alternative, however, does require serious consideration. First, there arises the question of how long the majority of campus groups could refrain from resorting to dishonest methods in

claiming the desired ones. How could the distribution of pledge buttons weeks before the actual time of pledging be prevented in the event that one or more of our Rollins societies loses its moral sense?

Second, could the individual under consideration—could any individual—stand such a long period of critical scrutiny and still remain in favor with all the members of this prospective affiliation? That is to say, in even three months time few non-fraternity students (least of all the desirables) possess the ability to govern their actions with such scrupulous care as to fail to incur at least the temporary disapproval of one or more members of any active chapter. Once a man is pledged, strange as it seems, matters of that sort are soon forgotten.

It appears then that the present length of the rushing season for men at least, at Rollins is the most practical under the circumstances.

This editorial, however, favors extending the length of the womens rushing period to correspond to or more nearly approximate the time allotted to the fraternities, for certainly though a longer season is dangerous, less time than four weeks is also conducive to pathetic mistakes.

Regarding rules, more seem agreed that, with one exception the Rollins fraternities have handled the situation honestly and effectively. Sororities seem to present a knottier problem. It has been admitted that feminine nature is responsible for most of their difficulties, in view of which fact it seems best to restrict them as little as possible, placing the regulative emphasis solely on numbers.

Such a policy would prevent many of the minor quarrels arising out of violations of Panhellenic regulation.

This Editorial stands, then, for (1) extension of the women's rushing period so that it compares to that of the men and (2) for fewer rules among sororities to eliminate demoralizing strife within the student body.

R. W. B.

LESS TIME

NANCY GANTT

The system of rushing employed this year by the sororities contained too many constricting rules and lasted too long. In condemning the method of rushing this fall I am not doing anything startling; I am re-expressing the sentiment expressed by both lower and upper classmen.

To rushees the name Panhellenic meant a vague autocratic body which made inconvenient, inflexible, and inexplicable rules. Women, because of their forgetfulness and their peculiar sense of honor, are unable to keep rules rigidly. Why not admit this fact and subject them to as few rules as possible? Allow sororities to issue invitations oral or written any time, but require that acceptances be made only at a stipulated time, such as between the hours of five and seven of the day preceding the date.

The regulations governing rushing were not, however, the worst defects in September's system; the length of the season was a greater defect. The sorority girls certainly tried to give us a good time, and they did—for a week. It was a nightmare after that. Cloverleaf was filled with girls moaning for the courage to refuse all invitations and stay home one night. In employing a two week rather than a five or six week season, the sororities indicated that they agreed with

the National Panhellenic* and believed in the advantages of a short season, namely; that it gives the Freshmen a cordial welcome; that it does not allow either the rushees or the rushers to know each other well enough for an antipathy to develop between a sorority member and a girl and thus prevent a girl from joining a group to which she is suited; that the sororities can do more to help their pledges if they pin them early; that the sororities are kept to their proper proportional importance to college life; and that everyone can get down to work sooner.

Let us increase these advantages by shortening the season to ten days; one week of parties, two days of open rushing, and an indication supper. The Freshmen will be just as heartily welcomed; with good organization we can become just as well acquainted with them and they with us; we can do better at helping them to get established; we can start work earlier; and we will not wear them and ourselves out.

MORE THOUGHT

A. H. WHITELAW

Providing that a college student is not entirely devoid of some capacity for independent thought upon the subject of rushing, the clearer and less obstructed the view of his objects of choice, the more substantial and satisfactory is apt to be his choice and the less likely is he apt to be accompanied by doubts upon his final verdict. It has always seemed to me that the more a fraternity goes out of its way to impress prospective members, the more it handicaps itself. What

*Approved rushing rules—National Panhellenic Congress.
1. There shall be a short open rushing season.
2. There shall be an early pledge day.

a new student wants to see is not what the fraternity is during rush season, but whether naturally it is the congenial group for which one is looking. Of course, if an organization has no particular constructive objectives and their rushee has little or nothing in mind, then quite possibly superficial impressions are the ones registered most easily, but in either case such should be readily spotted by those who have any founded thoughts upon their possible choice.

However, I believe that if one considers choices objectively, openly and mutually eliminating superficial impressions, and finally joins with the purpose of better cultivating congenial interests, then the present issue of "rushing" will be a peculiarity of the past. And those who then can't find satisfactory affiliations by so simple a plan should think *very, very* hard—and after so doing then surely their superiority to the majority, anyway, of plans and groups should be apparent!

MORE TIME

FRANCES SOUTHGATE

During the first week of rushing a girl, knowing comparatively no one, is asked to three "rush" parties on one night. What is she supposed to do? She accepts one party and finds that neither do the girls in the group suit her nor does she suit them. Then the girls in the sorority to which she is really fitted rush her no longer; they feel that by her not coming to their party she was not interested in them. In what a miserable position it places everyone concerned!

Of course I speak from the Freshman point of view. I do not doubt for a minute, however, that the upper class girls find the present system of "rushing" equally

as odious as the new girls do. Undoubtedly a calmer, saner first two weeks at college would make Rollins an even more desirable place than it now is.

I cannot offer a solution for the difficult problem. May I suggest, however, that we at least have no pledging next year until the end of two months when everyone is better acquainted. Let's make "rushing" not so nerve racking in 1933.

LESS MONEY

H. P. ABBOTT, JR.

Looking at "rushing" through the eyes of a neophyte it is rather hard to come to any decision on its merits and demerits, but one thing certainly sticks up like a sore thumb. That is the time and money expended on the rushees. Such an expenditure might find some excuse if it were appreciated by the future pledges, but unfortunately "rush week" to too many boys is nothing more than a week of entertainment on the last day of which the boy gives himself to the highest bidder.

Personally I think that the pledges should have more time to look over the various fraternities and their accomplishments, ideals and members, since their choice of friends will have to be good for at least four years, and in some cases for a longer period of time.

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