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For Instance—

Did You Know?

Life is full of fun and play,
Grows more exciting every day;
To keep in trim at such a pace
Is hard on anybody's face.
But MIRIAMS' BEAUTY SHOP'S always
there,

So run to her and don't despair!

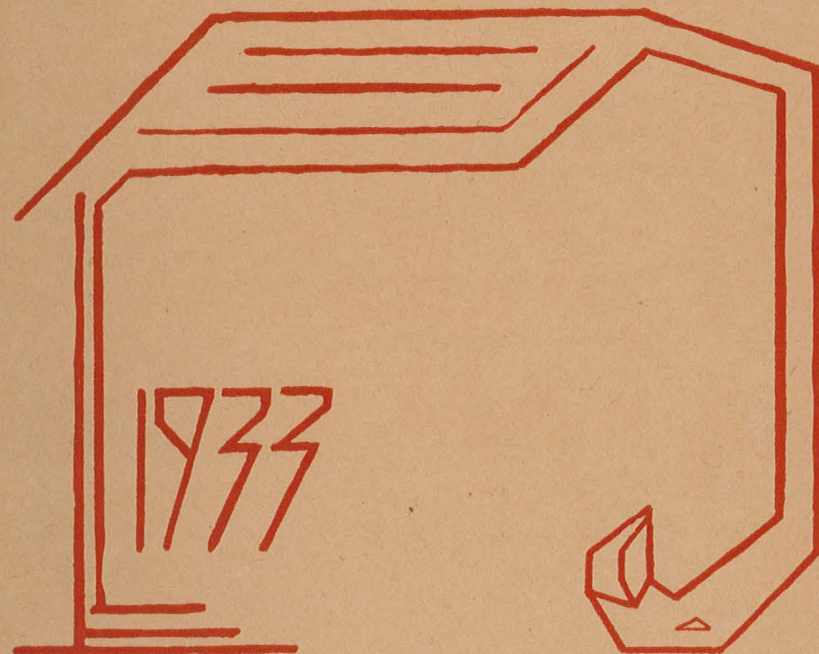
When all is said and done, to eat
Really good food is a treat
That everybody can enjoy,
Girl or woman, man or boy.
And the PERRYDELLS' food is the best
you'll find
Though all around the world you wind,

Life is becoming more complex
And electrical at every pretext,
With wires running hither and yon
For radios, floor lamps; on and on.
So when you trip and your gadgets go pop!
Call the BENNETT ELECTRIC SHOP.

The milkman is a faithful soul,
Unsung; by poet unextolled,
He takes his lonely rattling way
In the wee hours of the day
To bring you milk. If you want the best
THE HONOUR DAIRY stands that test.

FEBRUARY

FLAMINGO



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LUNENBURG, MASS.

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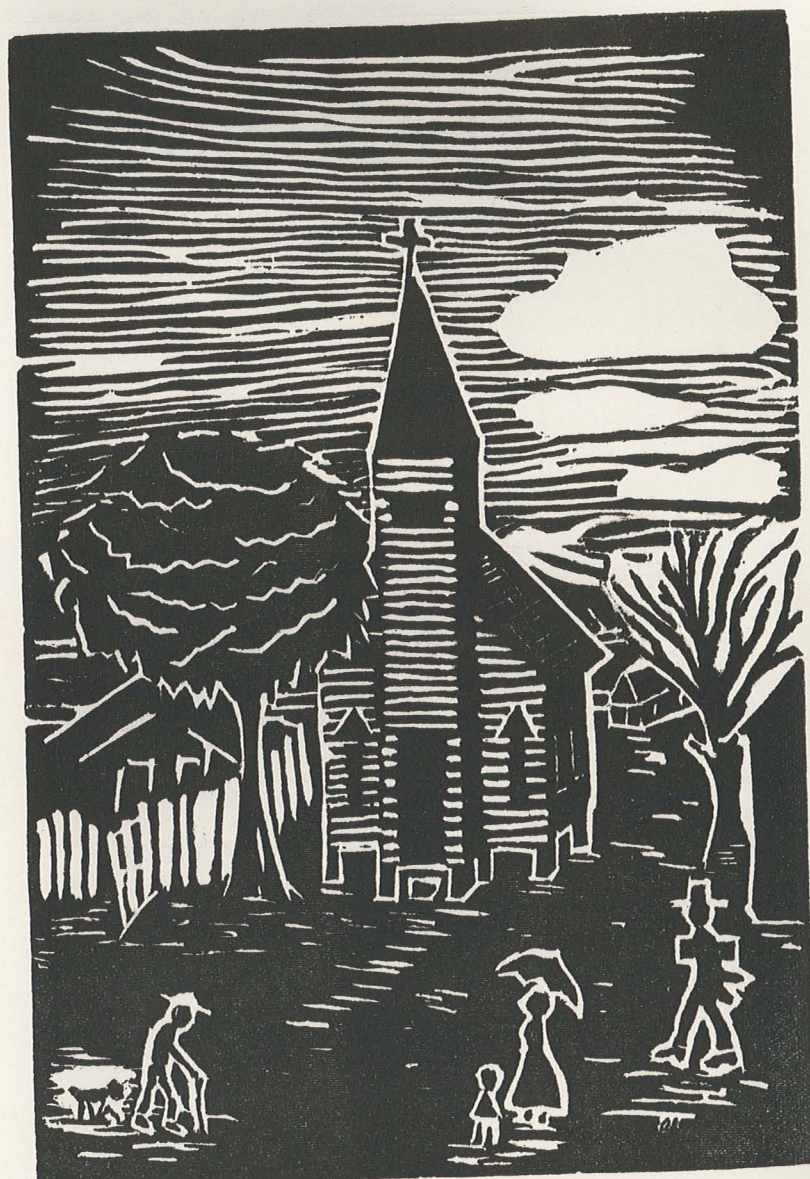
Biggest and Best Chocolate Ice Cream
Soda in town, 15c.

THE FLAMINGO

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Linoleum Block by Herma Jefferys

THE FLAMINGO

THE UNIT-COST PLAN

Editorial

ROLLINS is facing a crisis. In order that it may remain a distinctive progressive institution, drastic measures have to be effected.

The UNIT-COST PLAN, unless thoroughly understood, constitutes quite a bomb shell. The obvious arguments brought against it are that it is impractical at this time, that it is undemocratic and that even if times were good the new rate would be exorbitant.

These arguments, however, were met and dealt with long before the plan was definitely adopted.

In the first place, if the policy were not put into practice the school would remain dependent to a large extent on endowments.

True, a number of wealthy people are interested in Rollins. An endowment campaign might yield slight results. Sufficient perhaps to maintain the school on its present basis for a few more years, though eventually both money and school morale would disappear.

It seems more logical to approach thoughtful, well-to-do parents with the proposition that in exchange for a not exactly phenomenal tuition rate, their children might receive the undoubted benefit of a Conference Plan education and in addition assist in the maintenance of an institution noted for its attempts to provide equal education opportunities for impoverished but deserving students.

It stands to reason it's easier by far to sign a check for \$1,350 than for \$5,000, particularly if the former

yields the above described returns whereas the latter rests on a purely philanthropic basis.

What endowments the school now receives would of course continue to accumulate, aiding materially in restoring Rollins to its former position of financial security.

When conditions improve, the endowments would of course increase, whereupon the tuition could be lowered.

In the case of the middle class of desirable student who is able to pay a moderate rate, but unable to meet the new raise, the strictest inquiries would be made to enable the school to determine the extent of his financial shortage. The difference would then be granted him in the form of a thorough going scholarship which would not involve note-signing or any other odious form of indebtedness.

Students accepting aid from the school would be provided as well with sufficient funds to enable them to live in fraternity and sorority houses, which arrangement would practically obviate the danger of a "Two-class" student body.

THE UNIT-COST PLAN finally is a kill-or-cure treatment. Out of it may arise the necessity of recruiting an entirely new student body—a possibility upon which the present administration might look with favor. On the other hand, if the formulators of the plan overestimated its chance for success—if rehabilitation is not possible—Rollins is making, certainly, a serious mistake in introducing the plan at this time.

It's a gamble, this new scheme—an experiment which will either permit Rollins to take a leading position in educational circles or, in failing, will destroy most of her present prestige.

R. W. B.

2000 YARDS

LEONARD FASSETT

THESE 2000 yards of concrete are now the floor of an Italian Methodist church in the marrow of Chicago's Little Sicily.

Every dago, hun, herring-choker, and Patrick in town knew that we were going to start the pour at noon that day. Over half of them were in line, hoping to get a job. Simonson, the boss—a 200-pound Swede—knew all of them by their Christian names; he went down the line wagging the first and only finger on his right hand at each man he wanted. He put on most of the Swedes, but next he took Italians by request of the minister. As the men were chosen I gave them brass time checks. The straw bosses divided the gang into crews.

Pete Buonomo stood behind the concrete mixer; he knew the best apportioning of sand, water, gravel, and cement to make the strongest concrete, and, as he said, "Am da only wop inna Chicag' 'at can poot heesa hand in da mix's guts an' velavet da conakrete weethouta losin' a fing'."

Joe Caddozzi, Steve Yelovich, Jack Welsh, and Connie Carlson wheeled gravel and sand up a runway to the mixer. Each load they pushed up the incline they swore at in the name of every saint from Ireland to Russia.

On the other side of the mixer the wet concrete spewed from the mixing cylinder and slopped down the chutes into concrete buggies—big-wheeled tub-like barrows. Tom O'Connor and "Rosy" Rosenbaum ("Rosy" had a Jew's face, a German's physique, a wop's lingo, and a Swedish birthright) rushed each

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freshly filled buggy up a runway and onto the hoist. The hoist carried the buggy up to the second floor, and as one side of the hoist carried a full buggy up the other side brought an empty one down.

At the top of the hoist Frank Holmes, Mike Muzzo, Jim Lullo or John Danielson jerked the loaded buggy off the hoist platform. With two thin planks as a roadway—one plank for each wheel—the buggy man dashed with his load to the far end of the floor where two other boys puddled and smoothed the fresh concrete.

It was a contest to see whether the boys downstairs could send more concrete up than the upstairs crew could handle. When the mixing crew was ahead, "Rosy" shouted up the shaft, "Send da emtee buggies down, you God-damn lazy bums".

A pail of icy drinking water hurtled down the shaft and doused "Rosy's" head. In rapid-fire Italian he put a dark shroud of doubt on the ancestry and personal habits of the boys upstairs. They laughed back—they knew Rosy was waiting for night to come when he could hide his bottle in a dark corner and take a "pull" from it after every mixer-full of concrete was sent up. But the muddy peninsula that would soon be the new floor stretched out farther and farther—like lava creeping over everything in its course.

By seven o'clock in the evening the floor was nearly half finished, but the men faltered and kept silent. No time for supper—it looked like an all night pour this time—particularly if the men had to let down from exhaustion. This would not help the boss's relations with the company, so he grabbed me and yelled, "Run next door to the Irishman's saloon and get a couple of cases of brew and some wine. I'll get that damned floor in by midnight if I have to carry every one of those bastards home."

We passed the stuff around. The men had no supper in their bellies.

Jim Lullo—with too much heady dago red in him—dropped an iron buggy down the empty side of the hoist shaft. Pete Buonomo lacerated his hand "velveting" the mixture and did not know it until the wound was so full of hardened cement dust it was impossible to cauterize. The boys in the sand and gravel pit broke their bottles on the alley pavement. The boss had to keep them from mobbing an indignant truck driver who had to back his truck over the glass to reach the material pit. Despite the vicious cursing, arguments, jokes, and neighborhood complaints of the noise, the concrete began coming in faster. By eleven o'clock the floor was nearly completed.

The men's spirit had changed to one of wild playfulness. One man heated up the rivet furnace. A red hot rivet flew down the hoist shaft at the same time that I stuck my head out and seered the front off my hat.

A whoop from upstairs told that the last buggy of concrete had been dumped. This amazing conglomeration of men came stumbling up to the pay window. They were standing around kidding each other about coming home to the wife at this time. No one wanted to go home, everyone was still a little drunk.

"Let'sa go ov' an' see da Irishman," yelled "Rosy".

A good idea; they gathered around the bar. The drinks went around twice, when suddenly their fatigue overcame them. The saloon floor was strewn with a motley bunch of sleepers; the church floor was ready to be hallowed with prayers.

ODE
*ON CARVING INITIALS IN THE PETRIFIED
FOREST*

WALLACE GOLDSMITH

Now with all cant and rhetoric forgotten
that I have studied these five years or more,
new breath within my body is begotten
of our two loves, and passion heretofore
diffused among the tree tops and the sands—
white corpuscles of me, myriad-souled,
joined to impounding seas on thunderous shores—
binds with a fresh wonder our two hands
that are so feverish-cold,
beside these fallen giants, granite-boled
and scribbled with indelible carved scores.

ii

Such trees as have in layered ages past
upreared cathedral-like their counterfeits
of our two loves; now as then they outlast
the stone whereon imagination whets
her keen cool blade.—Imperishable might,
shafting the blue maze of the future's core,
their roots thirst through a subterranean strand
for life's Archean source.

O blithe, senseless delight!

O sense of another door
and then, the passage end: the sea the shore
breaking upon the white insensate land!

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WALLACE GOLDSMITH

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iii

A balcony above the world and we two there,
lost in the wonder of each other's eyes;
and hands that touch and lips that quiver, "Where?"
I watch your breathing as it lives and dies.
At last, a panacea to desire,
at the end of time I break your body's mould
and drain the white wine of your life away.
It only maddens me to a fresh fire
delirious as the old.
Ah Love, I am a miser for your gold;
your golden flesh annihilates the day.

iv

Lo, Beloved! now the pink turns mauve
over the moorish wall, the white-washed gate,
across the lake's blue, star-discovered wave
where the dark heron and silhouetted pine-tree mate.
And what is there beyond the pale night-dawn
so swift to swallow heron, lake and tree?
Nothing remains of worth once you are taken
with the far fantasy. Once you have gone
to the far fantasy,
I swear there will be no delight for me
until in your nascent arms I waken.

v

Then I shall sleep again, with you beside me
in the cold foredawn of an alien world;
for you who are so warm with dreams will hide me
in the embrace of your loveliness enfurled.

What mood of peace I shall have when we both,
 drowned under the blue diapason of dream,
 through such a sea of sleep drift on and on!
 As birds touch wing to wing in plighted troth,
 so innocent we seem,
 carefree as larks, who, when the meadows steam,
 elope beneath the arch-ancestral sun.

vi

Wake, O bounteous spirit Joy! Wake
 to the full-fledged ardor of new and farther flight!
 Cleave through the sun's prophetic cross and slake
 your thirst for that imponderable height.
 Gray are the clouds that gather; gray the seas
 that girdle the angry globe with surf-white tides;
 the wind like a vacant idiot declaims;
 The impassioned thought I knew a moment flees
 to another world and hides
 beyond the chasm where the universe divides;
 it nears the awful void that chaos dams.

vii

Love, in that conscienceless and bleak mid night
 when you shall probe azure infinity
 and find therein no intimate delight,
 perhaps my thought shall keep you company.
 For in that gray hour when you have been cast
 like bread upon the waters that give birth
 to strangest heresies; that gave us lack
 to kernel with love, your myriad soul, though still
 harassed
 by this new sense of worth,
 will learn to abhor her foster-mother, Earth,
 where she was washed up, innocent sea-wrack;

viii

and, through a metamorphosis of heart
 improbable as life, as resurrection,
 maybe contract to her amoebic start
 and turning back again, renounce perfection.

Yet in that long growth outward from the cell
 you must experience anew, O then
 will you forget the tree of stone, the body broken?
 All unremembering you break the spell;
 now you are whole again
 and we walk forth from out this dragon's den,
 it is as if there never was a token.



A STUDENT LOOKS AT TECHNOCRACY

GORDON JONES

A COLLEGE undergraduate, when he undertakes to analyze such a comprehensive subject as is hidden beneath that too-explicit word, Technocracy (government by science), is at a serious disadvantage. He must choose his points of attack judiciously, lest his ignorance and limited experience stage a mutual betrayal, and yet he must amplify his observations sufficiently to justify their expression. Perhaps the best, and certainly the most obvious procedure is for him to take the bit in his teeth and plunge into the midst of that verbal melee which is technocracy, and then let his nature be taken on its course.

Technocracy states that man has got himself so mixed up in debts that money is no longer any good to him, and that even if it were there isn't enough of it in existence to accomplish anything anyhow; when the total indebtedness in America amounts to more than half the annual national income, it is time to listen for the death rattle in the throat of capitalism, and indeed, of the entire price system.

Technocracy further states that man is an inconsequential entity when it comes to doing things that count, and that his brain-child, the machine, is not only about to turn the tables on him but has already done so and is now almost ready to take over all the jobs it hasn't already absorbed. The machines in the United States today, we hear, if allowed to operate at full capacity would generate more energy than could be created by 10,000,000,000 human beings. And then, asks technocracy blithely, where would we hundred million poor mortals be?

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GORDON JONES

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Valiantly rushing to rescue us from the brink of disaster, it replies that the very energy which will overthrow us if we don't watch our monetary diet will actually save us if we invest the engineers with something akin to divine rights and let them run the universe for us. It seems that energy is measured in ergs and such things, just as pecuniary wealth is measured in gold dollars or other units of currency, except that energy is much the more dependable because its value never varies. It can, therefore, be employed as a permanent and unchanging basis of all exchange.

All this being true, we are asked to choose between our antiquated and clumsy doctrines of credit with their accompanying evils, and a technocratic state in which the standard of living is inconceivably high and in which each adult does little more than push a button or two a time or two every hour or two, being paid for this drudgery with generous amounts of energy certificates, which may be cashed in at certain distribution centers for the luxuries and, incidentally, the necessities of life.

A laborless state is possible in the not-far-distant future, says technocracy, because even now man is comparatively unimportant as he stands beside the various mechanical contrivances which he has constructed on his own initiative, with his own intellectual power, and with the strength of his own hands. If our engineers were suddenly to be endowed with material omnipotence they could, with their colleagues in the many fields of scientific research and experimentation, soon evolve a set of ingenious devices and machines capable of accomplishing infinitely more than anything in existence today.

It would not take long in such an event, technocracy intimates, for man's hands and muscles to become industrially good for nothing. Even the very sources

of power and the supply of raw materials would be provided gratis by Mothers Nature and Earth, with no aid from either Albert Fall or the Soviet Republic.

Obviously there would be no place for money under a technocratic regime, for there would be no one to pay it to except the machines, which most certainly couldn't use it. The two-hour working day which would be imposed upon the adult population just in order to have someone around in case a machine should blow a fuse would be so equably apportioned that a wage scale would be superfluous.

We may excusably resort to the familiar saying and inquire as to what, in that case, we shall use for money. Technocracy, never stumped for a ready reply, asks, in its turn, "What is the one invariable element in the whole dynasty we have set up?", and we obligingly reply, for the sake of argument, "Energy!" Having won every point so far because no one has had the chance to take time out to think lucidly, and having already explained the What and Why of everything to its own satisfaction and its audience's bewilderment, technocracy now proceeds to elucidate upon the How.

The classic definition of energy is "*the capacity of a body or material system for doing work*". From that it follows naturally that a product of work is measurable in terms of the energy expended in the process of manufacturing it. The value of a pair of shoes, for example, is nothing more nor less than the sum total of all the ergs (energy's "coin") used by all the machinery which contributed in any way to its manufacture. Technocracy assures us that, given time, it can determine with great accuracy the exact amount of energy required to produce any and all commodities needed by mankind. The disadvantages of the arbitrary supply vs. demand method by which

prices are settled upon under the present system would be eliminated by the perfect control and management of every last branch of industry.

Very well, there is technocracy. The fact that it is the conception of one man—a man whose past experiences run the gamut from the appropriation of unearned doctor's degrees to the commission of acts of sabotage in wartime, all verified by his own assertions—and not, as originally supposed, the product of the combined intellects of the many prominent technologists assembled in the halls of Columbia University in the name of scientific research, matters little. We cannot simply chuckle, nod knowingly, murmur serenely, "Consider the source", and instantly dismiss all thought of this poignant challenge to the modes and manners of our economic domain. We can, however, place the dogmas of this prophet of the great god Erg in the test tube of reason, apply the reaction test, and watch what happens when they come up against a concrete problem or two.

Let us consider a practical example. A loyal technocrat is assigned, as his allotted two hours' daily work, the tasks of starting, stopping, and overseeing the operation of a machine which stamps out saxophones; he fulfils his duties and is consequently considered a respectable citizen of the state. If, now, that same man should be sufficiently interested in "his" product to become proficient as a saxophonist and wish to play for the amusement of his fellow creatures, he could under no circumstances receive remuneration for his playing, for the simple reason that the mere provision of entertainment would count for naught, since no *material* productivity would result from his efforts.

And again, from a different angle: it matters not how *far* one must search to discover the point at which the machine rule displaces manual labor; machines

can be made by machines which are made by more machines which are made by still more machines which are made . . . and so on, but the ultimate and inevitable truth is that in spite of this apparently endless succession of mechanical operations, man himself must invent the very machines which displace him, and likewise must fashion *with his hands* the first machine in each distinct chain of mechanical self-perpetuation.

Clearly, hard manual labor can never actually be entirely eliminated; and so long as it exists in any form technocracy cannot hope to function. Every citizen in the Utopian technocratic state is to share in and contribute to its operation equally, since distribution of the produce of that mechanized regime is to be accomplished on a strict, impartial basis.

Very well. The laborer who through the ancient process of industrially utilizing his muscular one-tenth-horsepower creates, by the sweat of his brow, the original link in the chain which will eventually grow into a tremendous series of pure energy-converters is entitled, under technocracy, to share the fruits of the common output no more than equally with the all but omnipotent technologist who reigns, by divine right of the slide rule, the entire scheme of creation.

He offers, then, this engineer of the universe, virtual slavery for the few and apparent idealism for the masses. Payment of that rare species of slave in terms of a bonus of energy certificates would only serve to exalt his position in the eyes of the idle idealists, who, one suspects, would find themselves hard put for something to do with the awful twenty-two hour gaps between shifts. The prospect of genuine work would augur real pleasure for a populace laboring beneath the incalculable incubus of having nothing to do. Jobs would be created from thin air by a people starving for work,

and the perpetual technocratic holiday would swiftly become the scourge of the age.

As the doctrine is presented to us now, human nature, or the desire of the individual mind, body, and soul for aesthetic forms of diversion, is simply dumped on the rubbish heap. Technology as the source of all inspiration, the Machine as the purveyor of all good, and Man as an entity whose sole function is to consume what is provided for him by his mechanical master—such constitutes the technocratic conception of Utopia.

The important mission of the technocratic soothsayers is clouded by the mist of bewilderment which invariably rises in the wake of extremist credos. Their end has been defeated by the strain placed on the means thereto; they should be content now to retire gracefully and observe with complacency the ruckus they have aroused by the expression of their sanguine expectations.

After all, the tenets of technocracy embrace in effect nothing beyond the scope of the familiar Mechanical Menace, which is as ancient as the Industrial Revolution; it is the same old bogey man, elevated to the dignity of a scientific-sounding cognomen and reintroduced at an auspicious moment, who is now clamoring for our attention, and it is in the remedy suggested for our ills that we strike the stumbling block. The diagnosis is the usual stereotyped interpretation of what ails our ever-failing system of economics, but the prescription is nothing more than a fanciful prognostication which somehow echoes the atmosphere of Greenwich Village, from whence it sprang.

That a panacea is here provided for all our business headaches may be most permissibly subjected to grave doubt. While Economics, the old gray mare of the nineteen-thirties, ain't what she used to be, she at least has her feet on the ground.



IS IT BETTER TO HAVE LOVED
AND LOST ... THAN
NEVER TO HAVED LOVED AT ALL?

THE TRIP NORTH

JOHN KEVIN

THAT afternoon we drove to Jacksonville in time for dinner.

"I'm going to treat us to some sea food here," Gretchen said. "This is a swell place for it."

We stayed on the main route to the business section and hailed a cop on the street corner.

"Where can we find a sea food place, officer," G. shouted at him, the little Toonerville trolleys made an awful racket in the street. The cop came over and put his foot on the running board.

"You mean Hight Street?" He was a big fellow; he leaned over and rested his elbows on the roadster door.

"Any place where they have good sea food," G. said.

"That's what you want then." He was smiling at G. "High Street is lined with them."

"Are they all the same?" I asked.

"Just about; Farney's is a little more showy."

"Where is High Street from here?" He told us the directions.

"Thanks," G. said. "If we see the Mayor, we'll tell him about you."

"Oke by me. I need all the pull I can get." He laughed. "Going north?" He straightened up, still looking at G.

We smiled and nodded and went on; I wanted to get through the stop light before it changed again.

"Too bad all cops aren't like him," I said.

"There are some nice people in the world."

"Are you going to take me to Farney's?"

"I don't know whether I could trust you in a showy place," G. said, looking doubtful.

"Did I ever disgrace you?"

"Not yet, but I'm never sure what you're going to do."

"I'll swear to be good."

"All right, then," she said. She looked around at me and smiled as she pulled off the blue tam to fix her hair.

We could find no place to park on High Street, so we drove around the corner from Farney's and walked back. The streets were crowded and lit up with a great many electric signs.

"I don't know if I like getting back to towns again," G. said.

"I know I don't." I yanked Farney's door open by the shining brass bar, and we walked in. The head waiter came toward us holding some menus; he put us at a side table by the front window. There was a portiere of maroon velvet running along the window a little higher than the table, over it we could see the people on the sidewalk going by.

"I like to sit in restaurants at night and see the people outside," I said. "It makes me feel comfortable."

"It's best when it's raining," G. said. "People all scuttle along so, you know they're alive." She picked up her menu and leaned it against the water bowl in the middle. "Scallops," she said. "Fried scallops, I'm having those." She pulled the sleeves of her sweater down, they were always slipping up over the cuffs of her white shirt. She looked like a kid with her hair let down in back and curling up a little at the ends.

We took a long time to eat; when we came outside it was beginning to feel chilly. We walked back to the car and unstrapped a suitcase off the back and pulled out G.'s tweed coat and a serge jacket for me. The people on the sidewalk looked at us and a couple of

kids stopped and stood on the curb stone by the front fender.

"Where you going, mister?" one of them said.

"All the way to Chicago," I said. We snapped the suitcase closed. I put it on the rack and strapped it up, pulling the leather to the farthest holes.

"You can't go that far in that bus."

"You don't know this car, Bud," G. said. We put on our coats and climbed in.

"Aw, I don't believe you," the kid said.

"See you in March," G. said and waved at them. We drove off.

It kept getting colder as we went north.

"What about putting the top up and the side curtains on your side?" I asked G.

"I'd rather see the clouds," she said, "You can fix them when I go to sleep."

There were big clouds lying low over the flat land, you could see the stars through the breaks. A full moon came up and made the sky blue black; the clouds would turn white when they got in the moon's rays. We saw the country clearly in the moonlight; it was covered with pine trees, two or three houses sat back from the road with no light in them. The wind was crisp and carried a little pine smell.

We came to a town: G. read the sign, "Waycross". We bumped along the brick pavement. Street lamps bobbed in the wind above the middle of the street at every corner; the Spanish moss blew and twisted on the wires.

"Are you going to get gas here?" G. asked.

"If I can find a station open."

"Well, find some place with heat in it if you can," she said, "I'm cold." She was slumped down in the seat, the collar of her coat turned up over her ears and her hand stuck in the pockets.

"Aren't you sleepy?" I asked.

"Um," she said.

I found some gas pumps in front of a grocery store which was still open. I stopped and blew the horn. A man in overalls came out of the store. I told him to fill the tank up. G. got out and went in the store. I unsnapped the top and pulled it up, knocking the joints in with my hand. The screws on the windshield stuck. I had to use the pliers to turn them. I fumbled in the side pocket of the door and found a curtain and snapped it on. The isinglass was cracked near the top, but not enough to matter.

"Have any cigarettes here?" I asked the man. He was still cranking the gas pump, slowly; he must have worked all day.

"Ask the kid inside," he said.

I went into the store. G. was sitting on a low box before a gas heater.

"Had enough?" I said.

"I'm more sleepy than ever. Let's go." She stood up. I bought some cigarettes and we went out. The man stood wiping his hands on a rag.

"Did you fill the radiator?" I asked.

"Yes, everything."

"How much is that?"

"Two bucks even."

I paid him and got in. "You can put your head on my lap to sleep," I said to G.

"Let's get out of town first," she said.

G. fell asleep as soon as we hit the cement road. The road ran straight ahead in the moonlight, the country was very flat. It was monotonous driving; there was nothing to do but keep my foot on the accelerator and my hands rested on the wheel. I smoked cigarettes to keep awake. I became stiff sitting in one position; I didn't want to move and wake up G. I

tried to think of something pleasant to keep my mind off moving. Finally I gave up, I pushed back slowly. G. sat up.

"What's up?" she said.

"Nothing," I said, "I just got stiff." I was mad at her for waking up. "Go on back to sleep." I tried to push her back down.

"No, I'm going to drive. You've had enough."

"No, you're not: you're going to sleep."

"I'm going to drive."

"You aren't awake."

"I am; I could drive a battle ship."

I stopped the car and we changed places; we went on. I lay down in the same position she had been, only she put her coat over my head. The silk lining was smooth on my face.

"Are you sure you're awake?" I said through the coat.

"Go to sleep," she said, giving my head a push.

We rode like this for a long time. I could never tell when I was dozing or awake; I heard G. strike a match and once and a while a car swish by. Then I felt us swerve, the wheels bumped underneath the car, there was a strong smell of oranges; someone shouted. I raised up; G. stopped the car.

"There's been a wreck back there," she said. "What should we do?"

I looked back through the rear curtain; the moon was hidden but I could see what looked like two trucks on the side of the road. G. backed the car up. I got out and ran toward the wreck. There was a man on the road before the trucks; I could make out one truck on its side in the ditch with the other one partly on top. Crates of oranges were split open on the cement. The man didn't see me when I got to him but paced back and forth before the wreck, holding one hand to the

side of his head and staring at the ground. I asked him three times, "Are you hurt?" before he looked at me.

"I'm cold, I'm cold," he said and kept repeating it, and holding his hand to his head and walking up and down on the road. He turned; I saw blood coming through his fingers at his head. I gave him my handkerchief.

"Where's the other driver," I asked him.

"The damned nigger: it was his fault, the b—— knows it, don't let him get away." He walked toward the wreck. I hadn't seen the nigger before; he was sitting on a crate in the shadow of a truck. He had his head bent forward resting on his arms. I thought he was asleep but he raised up when the driver began to curse him. All he said to the driver was:

"I pulled you out of that cabin, mister, you'd be dead if I hadn't."

It looked for a minute like the white man was going to hit the nigger with his free arm. But he stuck it back in his lumber jacket and stood shivering.

"You damned jig," he said, "I'll make you pay." He started to walk back and forth again. I left him to G.

"Are you hurt?" I said to the nigger.

"No," he said.

"There was no one else, was there?"

"There's a white man jammed in that cabin. I think I heard him go out."

"You mean he's dead?"

"He ought to be by this time."

"Why didn't you pull him out?"

"I can't lift a truck." The nigger talked slowly with his head on his arm. "He's in there so tight it'll take a wrecking truck to get him out."

I ran to the car for a flash light. I couldn't think

of anything but to hurry; my hands trembled, feeling in the pockets. I found the flash light and rushed back with it. G. was with the white man now in the moonlight. The white man stamped his feet and waved his free arm; he was stocky and round in his lumber jacket with the moon making everything clear. I went down in the ditch and around the overturned truck to the cabin and climbed up on the edge of the running board and squatted down and balanced there. The door was wedged closed by the radiator of the other truck; the other truck had landed on top of the cabin and crushed it. I crawled over the door and looked down through the window: inside everything was in a shadow; the window had splinters of glass around its edges. I didn't want to turn the light on and see if the man was dead; I knew he was dead: there was no sound in the cabin, there was no sound anywhere except the white man's hoarse mumble, coming in jerks.

I switched on the light, the ray lit up the planks of the cabin roof smashed in by the wheels of the other truck. The man was sitting almost upright in his seat; the planks lay across his chest between him and the door. I moved the light to his face: the head was thrown back stiffly and the eyes were open. A thin veil of blood hung across his mouth, the teeth were white beneath it. I watched it closely: he was dead. The truck had settled down through the cabin and forced the steering wheel against his chest, pinning him. The truck must have weighed six tons.

I climbed down and went around to the nigger; he was sitting in the same position.

"He's dead all right," I said. The nigger didn't say anything.

G. came up. "He says he has a bad pain in the chest," she said. "We'd better get him to a doctor. We can take him and send somebody after the negro."

But the white man would not budge: "I'm sticking with that nigger. He's got something coming to him."

"He can't get away," I said. "There's no place he could go."

"He won't get a chance to." He started to walk away.

"Listen," I said, grabbing his arm. "Your truck was on the wrong side of the road. You haven't anything on that nigger. Come on."

He didn't pay any attention but went on stamping his feet and walking up and down and cursing. "The damned cold," I heard. "Christ, it was cold . . ."

I didn't know what to do.

"Here comes a car," G. shouted. "Flag it." I walked out in the road and waved the lighted flash light. The car stopped. It was an old touring car with the top up; two negro men sat in the front seat.

"There's been a wreck here," I said. "There's a man killed and another hurt. He's got to get to a doctor, quick."

The man at the wheel wore horn-rimmed glasses; he made a whistling noise with his mouth. "A man killed," he said; he looked at the other nigger.

"It's not far back to another town, is it?" I said.

"A couple of miles," the driver said.

"He's got to be taken in a hurry, there's no telling what's wrong with him."

The man with the glasses thought a minute. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "We'll go up here to the other side of the wreck and turn around." He put the car in gear and went on. I turned and started to go to the white man.

I heard G. yell: "The damned animals!" she said.

I looked up the road; the tail light of the touring

car was growing smaller, I could hear the engine pounding, they were trying to make it go fast.

In the end we put the white man and the nigger in the front seat, G. drove and I stood on the running board. No one said anything the whole distance to the next town. We stopped at a garage; they sent a wrecking truck back for the dead man and called a doctor for the injured one. The doctor bound up his head and felt his chest and said the pain came from broken ribs.

G. and I bought some gas and went on to the next town. It was a dinky place; there was one stop light sitting in the middle of the main street, and that was turned out. We stopped before it.

"Well," said G. "how do you feel?"

"I don't know," I said. "How about you?"

"I asked you."

"Well, if you feel so tired you'd like to stop, why I'd just as well."

"Protecting me again, huh?"

"Something like that."

"Well, we'll go on." The car started to move across the street. I grabbed her arm.

"Still, I guess I could stand a little sleep," I said.

So we looked up the town hotel and turned in.



NO ESCAPE

MICHAEL CUSHMAN

OUTSIDE, the house was small and plain. The grounds were as orderly as a nun's bedroom. Martha demanded neatness. "Indicative of middle class respectability," she said firmly. "You are a horrible snob," she told her son, "and it seems I am no longer respectable. We will have a radio and a sun porch. And a garage with a blue Chrysler roadster."

Charles thought the sun parlor was a bit excessive. He made no objection to the radio.

"It will be nice on Sundays," he remarked. "We can get the Philharmonic."

"And Amos 'n Andy," Martha added. "It is very important about Amos 'n Andy."

* * *

Martha was only twenty-one when Jack died. Two weeks later their son was born. The first year was hard. People quoted, tactlessly, things Jack had said. Martha avoided her friends, but even then, there was the piano, the sailboat and Jack's collection of old furniture to remind her. She sold the sailboat. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the furniture became a background for Martha's personality, and she was able to recline upon a Chippendale couch, conscious only of its beauty. Men admired her.

As her son grew up, he cast disapproving glances upon his mother's friends. Among his own companions, Charles felt conspicuous, and this was because, when he visited them, their mothers would welcome him, solicitous for his comfort. But when he brought his friends to *his* house, his mother was hardly ever visible. On those rare occasions when she was at home, there

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was always a young man, leaning over her chair, or playing the piano, or piling logs in the fireplace, and Charles would feel terribly in the way.

He was almost fifteen before Martha made his acquaintance. She was horrified to hear him openly criticize her behavior. He referred to what was being "done" and "not done". She discovered that a mysterious "They" governed his actions, although it was not a "They" she was able to recognize. She made other discoveries. He had read Spinoza, Burckley, Bacon. He had attended concerts at Orchestra Hall. He instantly admired anything upon which many generations had left the stamp of their approval. But to be among the first to applaud, he regarded as a breach of good manners. Martha suspected him of appreciating Bach fugues and Beethoven sonatas conscientiously but without pleasure. She was quite sure Charles' appreciation of music was blind, since he never permitted himself to hear anything but "the very best"—according to the standards of others.

"You are living in an unreal world," she told her son. "All your ideas come out of books. You do not know yet whether those thoughts can belong to you or not." But it is my fault, she thought. I have neglected him.

Charles sat up stiffly. "I have no friends," he said. "I did have, but they said . . . you weren't . . . respectable. So now I just read books and things."

Martha sat very still. "We will move away," she said at last. And so they had come to the little house, with the radio and the blue car.

Charles had his friends, but he never lost his obsession of doing the "right things". Isn't it funny, thought Martha, that that very snobishness prevents him from being an authentic part of the society he so admires?

Their long, low living room was a confusion of Sheraton desks, Empire tables, old masters. Martha had wanted her son to love these things for their intrinsic beauty. Charles would stand in front of an old chair for hours, yet she knew only his histrionic sense was touched. His admiration embraced everything that had been obviously hard to do.

He gave her a piece of Needlepoint on her birthday. It was a good piece. Martha was agreeably surprised.

"How did you happen to buy it darling?" she asked hopefully.

"It took five years to make," replied her son complacently.

Charles was working on a Boston paper now. When he was home the living room became more confused than ever, for he piled first editions on the already crowded tables and left cloisine vases and luster pitchers on the mantle. These were carefully packed away as soon as he left, but as Charles was constantly popping in and out, the mantle had very little chance for repose. It was resting now, between visits. Except for the snapping of Cedar logs in the fireplace, the room was quiet.

But in the pantry there was a tremendous activity. Martha flew from the icebox to the serving table, and back again to the icebox. She cut bread in paper-thin slices. Peter was coming to tea. Peter was the first admirer she had permitted herself since they had moved. She had been very good, she thought. And Peter was entirely different from anyone else she had ever known. He admitted, openly, that the Opera bored him. He was what is known as a "self made man". He spent his spare time sailing a boat he had put together himself. Its so fortunate, Martha thought, that Charles is away. He has been so peculiar about Peter. "Its not dignified, mother. But then, you have never been

dignified. However, your other admirers were at least gentlemen."

"I will agree with you, Charles, if you mean that they knew what they were expected to admire. There is none of that in Peter. No one has ever told him he has a Duty to Society. I expect he would like the right things quite naturally." Had she really said that? The right things! It was exactly the sort of thing Charles would have said. The right things. Right in relation to what, to whom? This is ridiculous. Why do I run on so?

"And another thing, mother, you have never seen him here. Always with those queer friends of his! Where does one meet such people? And their clothes! And that slip-shod effect he calls a boat. You are simply making a fool of yourself, taking up sailing at your age."

"After all, Charles, it was your father who taught me to love the water." Jack, Jack who betrayed her by dying just before Charles was born . . . am I making a fool of myself? Forty-one isn't old. I don't really look more than thirty-five. Still, thirty-five . . .

She spilled caviar on her frock. The strip of linen around her waist was no protection. There was a bottle of cleaning fluid upstairs. As she went to get it, she watched herself, slim-hipped, creamy-skinned, ascending the stairs. There were mirrors all along the wall. Twenty mirrors. Twenty lithe, mounting ladies.

Grandfather collected all those mirrors. He parted with his favorite horse for the Adams. I suppose he never saw anything but the frame when he looked at it. It is just as well. His stomach was really too disgusting. Lord, how bored, how miserably bored I am with collectors. And collections. They are just too, too awful. One of anything is enough. Especially a thing out of the dead past. That's probably why I like Peter.

Charles is satisfied with himself because his great, great grandfather was a Person. Peter would rather see to it that *he* was a person. I am glad Peter is coming today. He is so *real*. She heard the front door open. It was unlocked, then. She gave a last vigorous rub to the stain on her white skirt. At the head of the stairs she stared defiantly into the Adams mirror.

"Not a day older than thirty-five," she whispered.

Peter was already seated, stretching his hands towards the fire. His lips moved as she entered, but his feet remained comfortably crossed on a low footstool. Martha was momentarily dismayed. She was accustomed to having men leap to their feet when she appeared.

"Well," she said. "Do you like my house?"

"Sure," he answered, without looking around. "It certainly is great to be near an open fire." He leaned back, with a mighty stretch. The chair creaked. Martha suffered with it.

"Please," she said. "It's very old."

"What is?"

"The chair. It belonged to my husband's grandmother. Wouldn't you be more comfortable in this one?"

"This is all right. I don't mind. No need for you to apologize—I can't afford anything new myself."

"I'll get the tea," she said weakly. Perhaps there really isn't anything beautiful about that chair. Maybe if I didn't know it for a Queen Anne I wouldn't like it so much.

She brought in the tea. He was talking to her, telling her some funny story. She supposed it was funny, but her mind was fascinated by the way he held the Spode cup. Actually like a cinema aristocrat. He laughed, boisterously. Whenever she used the Spode china she had a feeling that the room was peopled with

ghostly tinklings of far away, lady-like voices. She could hear them whispering now, in muted disapproval.

"I wish you would let me do something about Charles," Peter was saying.

"What could *anyone* do about Charles?"

"Well," said Peter, "I see what you mean, but I think some effort should be made. I don't want my friends saying your son is a pansy."

"Pansy" she echoed faintly.

"You know—sissy. We must get him a real man's job. Writing is all right for women, but it's not the right thing for a man."

"The Right Thing? The RIGHT THING?" Martha found herself screaming.

"Certainly. HE's got to conform to the right standards if he's going to be accepted. By the right people."

"Good heavens!" said Martha. Her shoulders began to shake. She could hardly control them.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "You look funny."

"I am so sorry," she said. "I feel an attack of asthma coming on. I wonder if you would mind leaving." He was alarmed. "Can't I get you anything?"

"No, no. This is too, too awful. I would rather be quite alone."

As soon as he had gone she released her stiff shoulders and laughed. "It is a long time since I have been able to laugh at myself," she thought.

Then she went to the telephone. "Is that you, Charles? Will you come out for dinner tonight? And Charles, if you should bring me another sugar-bowl, I won't hide it. And Charles! I think we are going to need that sun-porch after all! Old women like warmth."

PRINCE ACHILLE MURAT

THOMAS P. JOHNSON

ONE hundred thirty-two years ago there was born in Paris a nephew of Napoleon who became the outstanding French pioneer in Florida. Although a member of one of the most imperial of dynasties he was an ardent republican who revelled in the democracy of America. Rollins has just commemorated the birth of this pioneer with an eminent Franco-American program. My interest in his life and work was aroused last spring when I assisted his great grand-nephew, Prince Charles Murat of Morocco in research work which carried us to that part of Florida most important in the colonial days—St. Augustine, Tallahassee, and Monticello.

One does not like to think of Prince Achille Murat as purely an historical character, but rather as a colorful and human individual who lived in the dramatic period of Florida's territorial days. He was a diplomat supreme, showing this quality when he courted his bride-to-be, Catherine Willis Gray. The Prince loved to chew tobacco and as his future mother-in-law did not approve of consumers who soiled her polished floor, the Prince being an inveterate patron of the weed, to obviate the risk of incurring the displeasure of "la mere", was always accompanied on his visits by a huge shaggy dog, which he used in lieu of a spittoon.

The Prince showed his diplomatic finesse on another occasion when he was out riding on his plantation and stopped at the house of one of his neighbors. Being invited in, the Prince graciously declined on the grounds that he had a polecat in his pocket.

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THOMAS P. JOHNSON

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The Prince was born on January 21, 1801. His mother was Caroline Bonaparte, a sister of Napoleon I. His father was Joachim Murat, a famous cavalry general in Napoleon's army, who had captured Spain for his commander-in-chief.

During his early youth, Achille was a sickly child constantly requiring attention and care, but as is sometimes the case his healthy mind outgrew his body and he was looked upon as somewhat a child prodigy by his near relatives.

Napoleon did not forget his brother-in-law in his climb to fame. Joachim's star rose higher and higher. Achille, the first born, as his father became "Prince Imperial" and finally in 1808 was given the crown of two Sicilies, also acquired many titles becoming known as Duke of Cleves and Prince of Naples.

The family all moved to Naples, renouncing their claims to lands in France. Little Prince Achille's education was continued by many able and sympathetic tutors among whom was the German Geographer, Humbolt.

Dark days were drawing near. King Joachim, beaten by the Austrians in 1815 was forced to flee to France. Queen Caroline remained in Naples but sent her children to safety. Soon afterwards she was forced to abdicate. The king failed in a futile effort to regain his throne and was shot. The family was very poor because they had renounced their claims to lands in France, and their lands in Italy had been confiscated. They lived in comparative poverty in the little Chateau of Froisdorf near Vienna for the next few years.

Denied permission to enter France or establish himself in Europe except under a heavy cloud of suspicion, Prince Murat, upon reaching maturity naturally turned to America. He arrived in New York in 1823 and after a short stay moved on to Washington where he met

General R. K. Call from Florida. The Florida Boom of 1823 was on and Murat was persuaded to seek his fortune in this new land of promise. He first settled along the Matanzas Inlet, just south of St. Augustine. An amusing story is told of how the Prince, who was much annoyed by the heat and insects, pursued his voluminous reading while a resident of St. Augustine. He had a chair built under the surface of the waters of the Inlet and there he used to sit by the hour immersed to his neck reading a book that rested on a prop in front of his face.

Not meeting with success the Prince moved to Tallahassee in 1825, which was the central part of the state at that time being halfway between St. Augustine and Pensacola. Not many months elapsed before he married Catherine Willis Gray of Virginia, a great grand-niece of Washington, whose beauty and charm admirably enabled her to carry with dignity and distinction the title of the first American Princess.

Prince Achille became a true Florida planter, experimenting with horticulture, food, and chemistry. He became much interested in the potentialities of certain Florida roots as a base for dye-stuffs. One afternoon he sent his wife to visit a neighbor; towards evening noting a glare in the heavens from the direction of their plantation, Catherine became alarmed and hurried home. As she drew near, she noticed a huge kettle boiling over a large fire. Achille perceiving his wife rushed to meet her, breathlessly informing her: "Kate, Kate, I've dyed all your clothes a most beautiful pink".

Not being satisfied with the meager returns from his plantation he began to study law and in 1828 went to New Orleans to practice, the state of Louisiana being the only state in the United States to use the Code of Napoleon instead of English Common Law. It was during this period that he began to write. Before his

death he had published three excellent works dealing with American Government, politics, social conditions, and frontier life. They were Prince Murat's outstanding contributions to the country of his adoption. For through his interpretation of America's political and social institutions to Europeans, at a time when the idea of republicanism was fast gaining ground, he strengthened the bond that more closely united the new world with the old.

In 1830 Prince Achille and his pretty young wife returned to Europe to assist in putting the Bonaparte dynasty back into power. The young couple took up residence in London, the seat of the Bonaparte conspiracy, but as the conspiracy was a fiasco Prince Achille moved to Belgium. The new king of Belgium, Leopold, commissioned him to organize a foreign legion. Soldiers of Napoleon's old guard attracted by the physical resemblance between Prince Achille and his uncle flocked to join up under this new Bonaparte. The Holy Alliance becoming alarmed at Murat's increasing power, forced him to resign and accept an honorary colonelcy from Belgium. In taking leave of his regiment Achille addressed them in seven languages.

Murat decided to return to the United States and the year 1833 saw him back on his plantation, "Lipona", working hard to make up for the years lost in Europe. His energy was limitless. He became a judge, a political candidate, manager of a bank, inspector of the West Point Military Academy, President of a Texas real estate company, and an enthusiastic member of the Anti-Abolitionist Vigilance Committee. Finally as aide-de-camp to General Call, Murat rendered distinguished service in the Seminole War of Florida.

General Call, famous for his anecdotes used Murat's amazing personality as the background for many tales.

Murat's abnormal curiosity led him to eat all manner of reptiles and birds. It is said his one exception was the turkey buzzard which he pronounced unfit. On one of the scouting excursions of the Florida army, they chanced to kill several Indians. Wild hogs, the ancestors of the Florida razorbacks of today, attracted by the smell of blood came to the feast. However, the tables were turned and the hungry soldiers made a feast of the hogs. Governor Call turned away in disgust at the thought of eating such carnivorous animals. Murat said: "Gouvinaire, I know why you no eat de pork, because he eat Indian, but I just soon eat Indian if he well fried."

Murat's last years were spent on his Florida Plantation. A confirmed atheist during his life he changed in his last year and when he died in 1847, he was a professed Catholic although he was accorded a Masonic burial in the Episcopal Cemetery at Tallahassee.

Princess Murat survived her husband by a period of twenty years. Her life was an active one. She returned to France when the Bonapartes again came into power in 1849. Napoleon III, the new Emperor, did not forget his cousin "Kate" who had befriended him years before in London, granting her all the privileges of a Princess of the blood royal. He gave her a pension of 125,000 francs a year. When she died in 1867 she was buried next to her husband in the Episcopal Cemetery in Tallahassee where one can see the two marble shafts marking the graves of the Prince and Princess.

DUST AND HEAT

"The Column of Creative Controversy"

THE NEW FINANCIAL PLAN

As I was coming out of the Annie Russell theatre after the student assembly I overheard the following remark: "That plan can never work. What do they think we are, sons of millionaires?" . . . Can any project, no matter how fine, succeed without co-operation and understanding? Men spend years of arduous labor evolving some new scheme, and then, because we are not willing to spend ten minutes of our precious time studying that scheme, because we will not give our co-operation, it fails.

Rollins has been launched on a new financial plan that is logical and just, as well as daring. Under this new scheme those who are financially able will pay the entire cost of their education, and for the others there will be a very fair chance of obtaining a scholarship. In this way a college education will be available to any student who really wants it. This plan will, to a certain extent, eliminate those who come to college purely for social reasons, and will put entrance to Rollins on a more selective basis.

This is indeed a radical change in college finances, and it will, no doubt, call forth some adverse criticism. Many will claim that Rollins is taking a reckless step in the dark. This is not true. The plan has been thoroughly gone over by financial experts. It is true that there is a certain element of chance, but what step

forward has ever been taken without daring something? What Rollins needs now is co-operation, understanding and interest. Let us give it wholeheartedly.

SALLY T. LIMERICK.

UNIT-COST AND WHAT?

Upon the presentation of the unit-cost plan, many fallacies arise. The opportunity provided by this two-fold plan for those who otherwise would be unable to enjoy the privileges of higher education, I heartily favor. However, this plan will entail a risk and an actual cost to Rollins College which it can little afford during its days of youthful expansion.

According to the printed summary of the Plan, Colleges in previous years were justified in charging a portion of their operating expense against the endowment funds and lowering tuition accordingly, because "it was assumed that students graduating therefrom would go into the ministry or teaching or other public service professions", while students of today anticipate a financial career. May I remind the authors of the Plan that as population increases, so the demand increases for teachers and ministers. May I also remind the gentlemen that the social service field is rapidly expanding and gives fair promise of continuing to do so for many years.

The four hundred and fifty dollar increase in tuition may not affect the wealthiest, nor those now here on scholarships. However, the middle class students, and that is the largest class, will feel unable to pay this additional sum, and will not accept aid when they can

attend, independent of indebtedness, other schools of equal or higher rating. This will divide the student body into two distinct classes, the very wealthy and those who come on nearly full scholarships. This seems rather a death blow to Dr. Holt's dream of democracy.

As an academic institution does Rollins merit a higher tuition? Rollins has many advantages, but we must admit it is merely a liberal arts school and for that reason fails to attract a vast number of men students. The competition of colleges for students is no idle theory, and there are many colleges of equal standing with Rollins which offer similar as well as more diversified fields of education for considerably less tuition.

In increasing tuition at this time the natural laws of economics are being overlooked or defied. At a time when everyone feels the necessity of retrenching, it is rather unusual for any institution to increase its charges. This policy is especially unusual when we consider that economic conditions show no indication of a return to approximate normalcy within the next few years.

The Unit-Cost Plan, although a splendid effort, is not practicable for Rollins College and at this time is a particularly ill-advised move.

RICHARD J. MUNGER.

UNIT-COST A NECESSITY

The main objection to THE UNIT-COST PLAN is a financial one, although many students are raising moral objections.

Financially the plan is sound and it is necessary to the well-being of the school. Certainly those who are

able should not object to paying the full price for board, room and tuition, and all will admit that professors have to eat as well as anyone else. A friend of mine has remarked that it is unfair to increase the tuition when parents have sent their children here expecting to pay the same tuition for three or four years. At that rate the tuition could never be increased; on the other hand the UNIT-COST PLAN makes provision for those who will not be able to meet the increase.

As to the moral objection, the general idea seems to be that if one accepts the low tuition rate they are accepting charity. Surely these people realize that the rates they have been paying in the past have not fully covered the cost of their education, and yet they did not then consider themselves the objects of charity. Why should they in the future? They will be no more so then than now.

HORACE P. ABBOTT, JR.

WHY NOT CLUBS?

For the sake of sweet sentiment and a label, undergraduates all over the country are living in a semi-barbaric state. This situation usually has the hearty support of the college authorities, as a large part of the housing problem is consequently thrown upon the Greek Letter organizations.

In order to finance their houses, fraternities and sororities are compelled to take in many more members than comfortable living conditions permit. Noble Womanhood, being instituted by civilization, is difficult enough to maintain without the added strain of sharing one's bed with another of the Noble Women. In some instances, the national pressure is toward a large

pledge class, so that even if it were possible to maintain a house with a small group, disgrace in the alumnae clubs of Oshkoss, Kissimime, Kinkers Korners and other important cities would instantly follow such an attempt.

I do not advocate the destruction of national organizations. I do suggest, however, that there is a need for still another form of grouping. For, under the present system, many sociable people are on the town. Some get spots before the eyes at initiations. Others do not care to listen to a radio and a Victrola being played simultaneously.

Dr. Georgia has suggested a cure for the above ills:

1. Abolish rushing, pledging, and elaborate initiations.
2. Recruit membership by having students make application for membership at any time, either on their own initiative or at the suggestion of the club membership.
3. Admit applicants to membership as soon as their application receives favorable action.
4. Exercise great care to prevent unfavorable action on an applicant to become known outside the club.
5. Provide complete and accurate information regarding club affairs to prospective members.
6. Permit withdrawal or resignation of members at the end of any college year or at any other time if the individual concerned makes suitable provision to take care of any financial obligations resulting from his membership in the club.
7. Make continuation of club membership contingent on maintaining a satisfactory record in the college.

8. Drop Greek Letter designations and national affiliations.

Without changing all the fraternities into clubs, as Dr. Georgia suggests, why not let them continue to function for those who like to feel that somewhere in Kansas someone is wearing an identical pin? For those whom this idea nauseates, there is the club plan.

Under the Unit Cost Plan, it is hoped, although no action has been taken, that the college may be able to limit the number of people in each house, the increased cost of running to be borne by the college.

ALICE LEE SWAN.



The Column....

DUST AND HEAT, *is open for contributions on any subject from any of its readers, with the stipulation that the writer first investigate the facts.*

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