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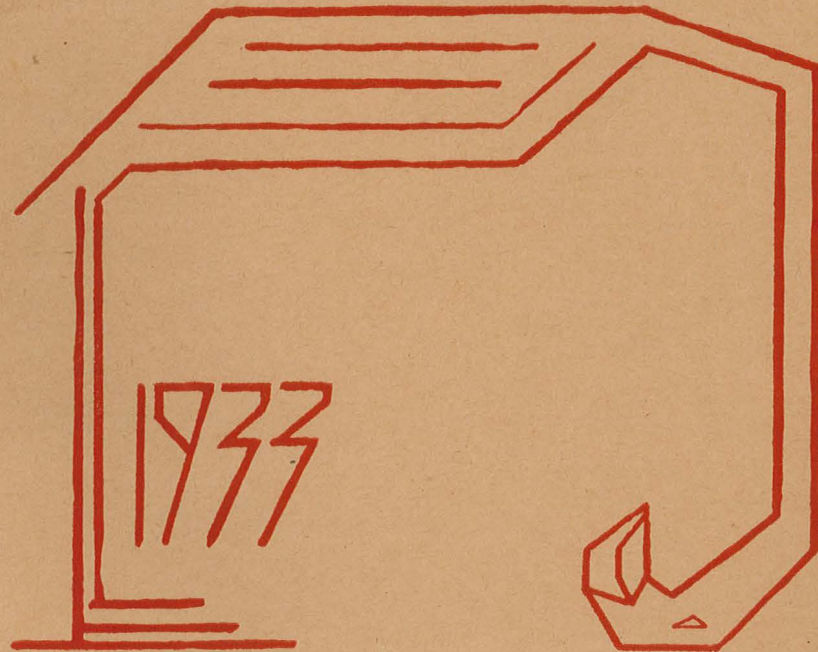
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Linoleum Block by Beth Cutter

THE FLAMINGO

TIME—TIME AND MORE TIME!

Editorial

THERE are twenty-four hours in each day—eight of which ought to be spent by the average student in sleeping. Sleep is the prime requisite for a good education; without a sufficient amount of it no student is capable of learning anything under even the most brilliant professor; with it, and an average brain a student can go far even under a mediocre professor. A sufficient number, enough to warrant investigation, of intelligent students on the Rollins campus are not getting enough sleep to be able to do anything more than just slip by with their work, or they are frankly in a jam with it and would like very much to know what can be done under such a situation other than burn more midnight oil and sleep through or miss more classes.

The college curriculum demands of each student a six hour day in which to pursue three major subjects and possibly one seminar in the two regular seminar periods. In this time allotted, work of an average "C" grade is supposed to be able to be accomplished—the student working overtime to raise the nature of the value the faculty member puts upon his accomplishment.

That takes us to three-thirty in the afternoon, at which point officially begins the time for extra curricular activities; the three publications, the three major dramatic groups, football, basketball, fencing to mention only a few. All of which are seriously entered into and all of which take a goodly amount of time as

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most students are engaged in more than one of them. These activities are very important to an education. They teach a student what no course in the curriculum could possibly teach him—how to get along with, and lead his own generation. Roughly—taking the mean rate between the two extremes, a student spends three hours a day in extra-curricular pursuits, which brings the total work up to nine hours a day.

Added to this nine hours there are the Tuesday evening lectures, The Artists Series, and dramatic performances which offer a cultural background equalled in a few places; fraternity meetings Monday nights and the entreaties of students and administration to support lectures, fencing matches and concerts. To say nothing of days out for Press Conventions and Founders' Week when classes are excused but just the same amount of work is expected to have been accomplished when the day shortly arrives for the next course conference.

And it all comes down to time. Conferences are on a time basis, publications are on a time basis, dramatic productions with a stiff rehearsal schedule are on a time basis and the times all conflict. Concentration is necessary for accomplishment, but concentration on one matter excludes, for the time being, another. Only class work is not on a time basis. Most Upper Division courses expect fifteen hours a week instead of the supposed ten to cover the work, and to actually accomplish anything permanent requires more time. In some Lower Division courses this situation is not true. I know of one Upper Division course where this is not true, but I think few students on the campus really get, or can get their work properly accomplished in the six hours allotted. Work must be done on the outside.

But that outside time is already accounted for; and there we have the vicious circle. For the extra-curricular work on the accomplishment basis is fast becoming part and parcel of the actual curricular work. Credit, as is only fair, is now given for it in two departments. You can't just say "chuck it!" any more, when it interferes with class work.

You don't get away from time by saying accomplishment. Accomplishment pre-supposes time and there is only so much of that and then it is the end of the term. The day of reckoning when the Administration would like to know what you have done with your time—and you wonder yourself.

This is not a case for the student who is just lazy about his work—of which there are some, nor an attempt to say students do not play hooky to see Campbell race. It presents a situation in which the average interested student finds himself.

Accomplishment has got to be put on a firm time basis so that it will be possible to figure ahead and arrange a schedule compatible with everyday living. One in which there is enough consistency to count on.

To do this the whole Rollins system should be on a practical time budget and the integration between so-called extra-curricular work and regular school work completed. Then the student could decide what he wished to do and what he had to do, plan his work for the concentration necessary and feel reasonably sure his schedule would not get out of hand.

Of course this is an old problem, this problem of time, and comes up in every college. It will not be solved in a hurry nor by one person. But it should be treated honestly and fairly; neither ignored as is the tendency now, nor raised again to "The Great God Time" of the old system.

B. C.

RAIN

NANCY REID

RAIN, whirring in the big shuttle
Stitching a wall about me
I am alone now.
The world is a house of rain.
Let my feet sink in the mud
Let my face be beaten
Let me be drenched to the marrow
No secrets pass here
I shall tell all I know.

STORM

WHILE I am thinking
Do not tease me, wind
And beat at my house with trees
Nor shriek so, chopping the night
With sharp sword-sounds
For I am young
And my thoughts are turned with wind
And I cannot bear the whole earth-smell of
rain
Blowing through my garden up to me.
Oh, leave me to my thoughts
For I shall be old and unmindful of you soon
And after I am grass at your feet
You may blow me to pieces if you will.

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DEMENTIA

JAMES HOLDEN

YOUR conduct has been injuring the good name of our fraternity. One more break will mean curtains for you as a pledge. That's all, go to your room."

Ames sat dumfounded. Thoughts crowded his mind. Something must give soon. This tight line about his temples was killing him. He'd drunk hard cider last night. There was a dance, wasn't there?

The voice of Williams, Zeta president, knifed his consciousness. "Go to your room," it said.

He climbed the stairs, lay down on his bed, tried to think. Last Spring Term at Harmon Prep, his failure to graduate, a certain French professor—unctuous man with beady snake's eyes—and hands that made you cringe if he touched you. He'd spent the whole summer tutoring in French because of that fellow. But no use harping on that strain. It was all over now he was in Citrona.

At any rate he'd showed them he was good for something. Hadn't he played freshman football? What if he did get pushed all over the field, he'd had nerve enough to go out, hadn't he? His marks were all right, but that sarcasm of his didn't set so well down here. Always hurting someone. Then, a real break, he'd landed the lead in an all-college film, the one Metro was doing. It was nearly over. Funny how his fraternity brothers hadn't liked that little shot when he'd ditched his "date" and run off to "Steve's" with another girl. Guess they didn't understand—and say, his tennis was going great lately. He was a cinch for the team.

Someone yelled, "Going to supper, Bob?"

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"Guess so, I might as well." Ames jumped up, ran a comb through his hair, started out. They'd gone on without him. It happened so frequently of late that Ames was getting used to it. He headed for Commons, walking slowly, head bowed. Then he straightened. A pleasant thought had struck him. He'd be seeing Billy soon. She'd cheer him up. He smiled when he thought of Billy. A sincere, straight-forward girl, he told himself, democratic despite her wealth. He knew Billy's friendship for him was not just pity for one less fortunate. It couldn't be. She wasn't that kind.

Why, since he'd been working opposite Billy on that college film, he'd got to know her quite well. They'd been to dinner once and she'd called him over to talk to when she was lonesome. Billy helped him lots and told him how to act in polite society—and if he slipped up, pumped some woman's hand at a dance, or made some other break, Billy would apologize for his crudeness and patch things up. It was fine of her to take that interest and before he stopped to think, Ames had worked up a mighty infatuation. Lately it had grown into something more. Two nights ago he'd thought he was in love with her and tried to tell her so. Words failed him, but he remembered that she smiled and pressed his hand. Well, he'd see her tonight. They had the final scene of that movie to shoot, a fade-out, just Billy and he.

He reached the Commons and sat down at table with a friend from Harmon, three girls, and a boy he didn't know. He drank his soup and then those movie cameras began to grind. They must be grinding. The noise and din was terrific. He leaped up, flipped his knife in the face of the girl sitting opposite, stampeded from the place. He bumped full tilt into two co-eds, sent them staggering. Straight for the Zeta House he headed on a dead run.

Cutting across campus, the grinding always in his ears, he jumped a hedge—cleared it a foot or more. How clear everything was! How perfect his coordination! He rested in his room till he heard the Zetas coming after him, howling like dogs in full cry. He ran to meet them, lighted three cigarettes, shoved them in his mouth, puffing wildly.

Williams, the president, reached the door. "You damned ass," he shouted. Ames leaped past him, flung the burning butts full in his eyes, tore on.

At the corner he saw Billy's blue roadster. Someone was with her. Who? Never mind that. He ran faster toward Whitney and Vanderbilt Halls, through them to the lake, once going out of his way to send two archery standards crashing to the ground. He stood panting on a deserted dock, removing his clothes, coat, vest, tie, shirt, and shoes. He folded them, placing them neatly on the wharf. Then he stood up and tore at the loose planking with his hands. Board after board he ripped loose, threw into the water. At last he was ready. Again that awful grinding. He dove into the lake, brushing a plank with his shoulder.

Somewhere near a canoe was hovering. He saw its black shape clearly on the starlit waters. It carried cameras, all of them buzzing. It was like swimming in a great, transparent mill-pond. The only sounds, the swish of arms, the drumming flail of feet, frothing, churning water, the noise of cameras.

Ames saw a light, swam toward it. Then he stopped, allowed himself to sink. Once, twice the waters closed over his head. He went slowly down. Feverishly he trod water, rose to the surface. He was happy now. The grinding noise had stopped. Bells were ringing. He felt himself come to the top. He wanted to hear those bells. An organ cut in, flooding the air with deep-throated melody. He sank again. He must try

once more to catch that music. It was hard. He fluttered his arms and hands from side to side. Ages passed. The crown of his head cut the water. He moved his feet and floated on his back.

The music stopped. The grinding began again. Ames looked for the canoe. It was gone. He swam slowly toward that blinking light and finally pulled himself out of the water, crawling up on someone's lawn. He knocked on a back window. Voices, women's voices, the sheriff, a doctor. He was shaking from head to foot.

"God," he moaned, "God."

Soon Billy would be here, they'd give him a sedative and then she'd sit beside him and hold his hand. It was the last scene and—

"Can you talk now, son?" the doctor asked.

"I'm okay," he managed weakly.

"Take him to my car," the voice directed. "He's going to the hospital."

Ames woke in the morning with a male attendant sitting at his side. There was a dog at the foot of the bed, a Great Dane, with frothing mouth. He tried to whistle and couldn't.

"Take that damn dog out of here," he directed. The attendant rose, looked at him solicitously.

"Take it out, I tell you."

"Quiet yourself, son, and try to get some sleep."

"What time is it?"

"Six p. m."

"How long have I been here?"

"Since nine last night."

"I don't remember anything."

"You were unconscious."

"Oh," Ames settled back on his pillow, "say, Colonel, I've got a date tonight. Really I have. I promised Billy I'd take her to a meeting. I've got to go." He

tried to rise. The attendant pushed him back on the pillow.

"How are you going," the man asked, "you've got no clothes."

"I'm going by means of these," Ames indicated his feet, "and as for clothes, I'll fix that too." He got up, threw open the closet door. The attendant's cap and suit coat were hanging on a nail. Ames grabbed them and wrapped a sheet about his waist.

"You can't do that," shouted the attendant, "you can't leave this hospital."

"Let me keep them on, I'll go to sleep if you let me keep them on." The man relented. Ames got back in bed. A few minutes later he wanted a drink and reached for the pitcher at his bedside. He poured himself a glass of water, carefully, methodically. The attendant, reassured, sank back into a rocking chair. A moment later, leaping from the bed, Ames whirled, hurling the pitcher at the man's head. It missed and shattered on the wall. He made a dive for the door. Someone grabbed his foot. He went down heavily and it grew very black.

The patient woke in a little shack at the rear of the hospital, a place reserved for severe mental cases. A new attendant was sitting at his bedside and one lamp gleamed faintly on the far wall. His mind was whirling. He pressed his hand to his temples and thought hard. At last he reached some definite conclusions. It was all that devilish moving picture, but they'd carried it too far. He'd nearly killed himself. Still there'd been no cameras, no crowds, he'd been alone, it must be his mind. He must be in the power of some hypnotist. Who?

That French teacher at Harmon had eyes, eyes that gleamed dully like a snake's. Could it be he? If so, it was something bigger than a movie. If he could

beat this man, Ames could save the world. No telling how many people were in his power. His mind drifted to football. He must have been blind before. All this rhythm, this coordination, not one man, eleven, yet one after all. All under one mind and this mind belonged to a degenerate if ever he knew one, a person fast creating a world of immorality peopled with thick, red-lipped men, sensuous, horrible. He looked at the attendant. The man's lips were red and moved nervously. Sometimes he moistened them with his tongue. "One of the Master's tools," thought Ames, and leaned back happily. He had knowledge now. Perhaps he couldn't save Citrona or Harmon, but the nation—

Everything got dim. Ames closed his eyes. He rested for fifteen minutes. Then he asked the attendant for a magazine. Its cover design leaped at him. A man in football uniform with jaw sagging loosely. He put it down, took up the "New Yorker." Sure enough, there was a team of robots, some red-jersied, some blue. He examined a newspaper. Two or three thick-lipped diplomats leered at him from the front page. So it had really gone that far? Well, he must rest now and conserve his strength.

Daylight flooded the room when Ames awoke. There were flowers, a dozen red roses in a vase on the table by his side, and a card from Billy. He read it over and over.

"You are very tired and must sleep," it said, "then I'll come to see you." He put it down, slept again, and when he woke, Billy was sitting on the bed. She was smiling and wonderful. He wanted to put his arms around her, tell her he could save the world, but he didn't.

"You must rest some more," she said fixing the pillow, "you're very tired."

"Yes," said Ames.

"I'm going to the dance tonight," Billy said, "I can't come out to see you."

"That's all right. Who are you going with?"

"With Harry," she replied.

Ames nodded. "Okay," he said. "You'd better go now. I'm very sleepy." She left the room. Something went out with her. Something out of Ames. He tried to call her back, but couldn't say a word. Then sleep and it was night again.

Ames awoke with a start. This Harry that Billy was going with. He played football. He must be one of those weird people too. Harry would kill Ames if he knew his knowledge. The Mind knew all about it. The Mind would tell Harry. Harry would probably stop over here on his way to the Sunlando Club with Billy.

Ames jumped up excitedly. He paced the floor. The attendant watched him covertly. At length he enlisted the man's aid. They barricaded the door with the table and bureau. All the windows except two were shut and securely locked. Ames opened one wide, that in the bathroom, beneath it was the tub, which he drew full of hot water. Harry would get a surprise all right. If Ames heard water splash, he'd dive out the window next his bed and run.

After a while Ames began to laugh; then he stood up, shaking with fear, bawling nonsense till the windows shook. "I've resisted the Mind," he shouted, "I've won, the world is saved." Doctors came, then nurses, adrenalin, and sleep.

In the morning everything was just as Ames had left it. He got up and walked into the bathroom. The water in the tub was cold. He moved the chair and table back and tidied the room. Billy came again. She came often. It was nice of her to come and once she drew a picture. It was silly, just a stork with long

legs and great ungainly beak, but it made Ames very happy. He was able to walk now and the attendant took him outdoors for short strolls. One day he found a shell by the shore of a lake. It was black and the interior was pink like the lobes of Billy's ears. He cut it in two. When Billy came, he gave part of it to her. When they got married, he told himself, they'd put both pieces together and frame them on the bedroom wall.

Ames was happy now, but he knew the battle was just starting. Soon his folks would come to drive him North. He'd go home and rest. Probably the Mind would follow, but now Ames had control he felt himself master of the situation. His parents arrived. He left the hospital, said good-bye to his friends at Citrona. He saw admiring throngs, lining the road in every town through which he passed. They cheered and clapped. He wrote to Billy each night devoted as a faithful dog—albeit a mad one. Then at last the frozen, ice-cold North.

In New York, specialists saw him, diagnosed his case. He took treatment regularly and grew stronger every day. Three weeks passed, then a letter from Billy. He was overjoyed. He placed it in his top bureau drawer beside a little box filled with faded rose petals and shrivelled stems. Days passed, then a month. He was pronounced fit by one doctor. He could go back to Citrona. He would see Billy again.

Then came the news by wire that the college required the opinion of an additional specialist. Ames's control snapped, the Mind took precedence, he went mad. There was a stormy scene with a nerve specialist. Ames shouted and beat on the desk, "You're crazy," he stormed, "you're crazier than I!"

He found himself in the Garden Hospital for the insane. It was unpleasant there with attendants who

beat one when the doctors weren't looking. People walked by Ames's door as he lay in bed, whole lines of people, men pushing heavy floor mops with wooden handles. Up and down the corridor they passed, shoulders hunched, muttering to themselves. One of them brought Ames's first meal. It came in a tin cup and there was a huge spoon. The waiter mouthed senselessly, placed the food by the bed, shuffled out. Ames ate soup and potato hunks. Once he refused to eat and went two nights without sleep. Then the Mind was over him like a blanket. One night, looking from his window, he saw it under a tree, with its luminous eyes cutting into him from the blackness. When that happened he prayed and thought of Billy. It would usually go away.

Ames found the doctors fiends. Always torturing someone. All night horrible cries split the air. Once Ames got up, snapped the switch on a respirator, the patient inside it had the next room. He was panting and breathing so hard no one could sleep.

Finally Ames was allowed to go to his meals in the Ward Dining Room. Patients dug into the food with their hands and ill-kept nails, chewing it, then spitting it on each other. They poured rivers of milk in the center of the table, added cups of tea for good measure. A few boats of bread-crust sailed aimlessly about. Ames couldn't eat. Meals were soon over anyway.

He kept on raising trouble—one day he insulted a nurse, and the next one, he hit a patient. Finally a fellow-inmate made a chance remark which stuck in his crop and started festering. "Why do you act as you do?" the man had said, "You won't get anywhere around here unless you treat these doctors and nurses with some respect." Ames thought this over. He spent weeks pondering it. Then came the day when

he had it out with the Mind. He had rested a lot and decided that the only Mind was his. It was crazy and disordered, but nevertheless it was his. That night was one of agony. People had cheered him, now they would pity him. He had been a hero, now he was nobody, yet strange to say, he grew better day by day.

After a while Ames left the hospital, completely cured, and spent months deep in the woods high over Rutland. Waking one morning, his blanketed form wrapped in mountain-mist, he watched a city wake up. He lay still and listened. Crowd noises came faintly to his ears. Down there, Society; up here, quiet and peace. Ames loved it here in the mountains.

In the fall he locked his cabin and returned to college. The Zetas took him back into the fold. They were real people. He liked being with them. They walked, talked, swore, fought, and kidded among themselves. He saw Billy too. Even she was flesh and blood, living and moving about. The dream girl he had loved was not Billy. Ames doesn't know who she was. He doesn't care.



LET'S LOOK AGAIN

By RICHARD CAMP

TECHNOCRACY's enthusiasts have raved and eulogized. Technocracy's debunkers have scoffed and ridiculed in veins satirical. It is high time for retrospection.

Now that the pros have presented their exaggerated arguments, and since the cons have refuted them with facetious cruelty, we outsiders may draw our own conclusions. We may pass it all off, as does Gordon Jones, as merely a bugaboo introduced at a national crisis by an unscrupulous liar with an axe to grind. Or, we may recognize its obvious faults and inadequacies, and at the same time realize that many equally obvious truths are contained in its tenets.

Technocracy has introduced little that is new into the realms of economic thought. Let that be understood. Basing money on energy is its only truly novel idea. However, it has served a purpose by giving publicity to important facts. By its very exaggeration it has excited the minds of an indifferent American people. Every press agent and advertiser knows that ballyhoo is the only way in which to impress large numbers of people. Technocracy has only borrowed the methods of politicians and toothpaste manufacturers.

Propaganda has been used to good and bad ends. Every one remembers the tales of German atrocities in the World War. Absolutely false were most of them. Yet they were justified by eminent men, because they served to generate hate. In a like manner Technocracy has served to inform and educate a distressed people. With all its hokum it brought with it a message—that the economy of want is about to be displaced by the economy of plenty. The means justifies the end.

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That the old economy of want is singing its swan song is just now being understood. The economy of plenty is at hand. Science harnessed to Capital has made possible the production of enough material goods for every one; right now. This means that a reorganization of the whole economic structure is in order. The problem of distribution of wealth (in the economic sense) has succeeded the problem of production in importance. It is a big problem. If the Technocrats have failed to provide the correct solution, it cannot be said that they did not try. They have at least focused our attention on a task which will take years of concentrated effort on the part of all of us to accomplish.

As invariably happens in cases of this kind, the doctrine of Technocracy has been ignored on account of its apostle, Howard Scott. A charlatan and tall story teller, Scott has caused more harm than good to his espoused cause. A leader should lead an unimpeachable life; otherwise the wolves will soon be at his throat. This is exactly what occurred to Scott. Because of questionable experiences in his past, the pack has torn both his and Technocracy's reputation to shreds. Because of factual inaccuracies in his speeches, quibblers have thrown Technocracy's entire program into the waste basket.

Others more tolerant sit on the back of that "old gray mare", Economics; from which high perch they direct shafts of logic, piercing and irresistible. They ask what the poor laborer will do with twenty-two hours of leisure every day. They ponder gloomily of people "starving for work", as Gordon Jones puts it. He is also perturbed that this "perpetual technocratic holiday would swiftly become the scourge of the age."

Naturally, so much leisure would be difficult to use profitably. Our educational system could probably

provide the proper outlets. But there are other matters of prior importance to be taken into consideration first. Which is worse, a people "starving for work," or a people starving for food? Which is more desirable, 10,000,000 humans with no work, no money, and twenty-four hours of awful leisure, or the same number of people with two hours of work, ample money or its equivalent, and twenty-two hours of leisure minus soul racking anxiety? The choice is simple.

It is doubtful whether any Technocrat except the ardent Mr. Scott actually believes that the number of hours per day per laborer could be reduced to two hours a day; not at the present stage of industrial development. Nevertheless, many distinguished capitalists realize that technological unemployment is increasing so rapidly that the working day must be materially shortened. The staggered work plan so heartily endorsed by ex-President Hoover is but an alleviation. It helps keep men alive, but is of little avail in correcting the depression. Twenty dollars is still twenty dollars whether possessed by one man alone or split between two men. Two men cannot buy with twenty dollars more than could one man. The working hours per man must be reduced, and a higher wage must be paid.

The promise of a \$20,000 a year standard of living is by far the most flamboyant of Technocracy's predictions. It is questionable whether this Utopian condition could even be approximated. But certainly, if all industries could be mechanized to the extent now possible, a \$5,000 standard of living could be achieved. Under Capitalism the difficulties presented are enormous. Too much capital is tied up in existing equipment. Capital must show a profit in order to flourish. To show a profit Capital cannot pay a base wage of \$5,000 a year. Theoretically, by reducing or entirely

eliminating profit, Technocracy has pointed the way out. The efficacy of a non-profit system is hard to judge, because the only test that can be made is the test of reason. Capitalism, on the other hand, is undergoing the ordeal of fire, and is not succeeding any too well. Is it that we must become accustomed to years of prosperity and years of depression—in the midst of plenty? Isn't there something that can be done? Or is human nature too greedy, too involved in the ancient struggle of dog eat dog?

Another misconception of critics is that Technocracy would stifle "the desire of the individual, mind, body, and soul for aesthetic forms of diversion", to quote Mr. Jones again. To progress in aesthetics one requires time for contemplation, work, and study. Technocracy would, if established, set aside ample time for reflection—twenty-two hours of it with time out for sleep.

All articles such as these must indulge in imaginative forays into the fanciful. The woulds and wills may never occur. Where in lies their value? Progress sometimes happens like Topsy. Usually, it is born in the mind and is fostered by conscious effort. Let us not, therefore, toss this brain child of Howard Scott and his aides into the discard. From this feeble beginning perhaps the long awaited solution of our difficulties will appear.



SMOKY

BUCK MOON

I REMEMBER the first time I saw him. He wasn't anything then. Just an extra skinny dinge looking for a job. My latest "white hope" had folded up like the legs of a bridge table the night before. Just a case of a fighter that looked like a million dollars but had a glass jaw. He just couldn't take it.

I like the way this baby waits for me to do the talking. Most of those eggs come in and go into a song and dance about how good they are. That doesn't go with me. I find out soon enough. Too soon most of the time.

"Well," I says, "what the hell do you want?"

"Well, Cap'n," he says, "I want to do some fighting."

I gave him a chance. I don't know why. I get awful fed up on eight balls. I thought he'd be like any Harlem nigger. Win a fight and I'd never see him again 'til he was broke. Get ginned up. Or find some woman, maybe even start taking snow. But he didn't though.

He looked good stripped. When he got to sweating, he reminded me of a black snake just coming out of the water. He was like a snake too, hard, and clean. That is, all except his feet. His feet were so big that, every time he walked, it looked like a boat race. But he was fast. Kind of like water. I saw right off that he was good. You can tell. He didn't know much, but he learned quick. Had a habit of pulling his head down into his shoulders. Said he learned it street fighting.

Anyway I advanced him twenty bucks. Half expected that he'd be back in an hour dressed up like a farmer on Saturday night. He didn't though. He was never like that. Not like a nigger at all.

Anyway I got him a couple of set-ups to work him into the money. The crowd liked him. He wasn't any Tommy Gibbons, he was a fighter. And the crowd loves fighters. They want a guy that can take it. And he could. I found that out in the first fight.

The guy I had matched him with was so old that he parked his cane at the door. He was one of those birds that never got to first base themselves but had sent a lot of would-be fighters back where they belong. In the first round my boy let him have one. It was a good one, too. You could see his knees sag. But he came back and hit my dinge so hard that I thought he'd fold up sure. But the kid came back and hit him with everything but the water bucket. And he went out horizontal. He won the first five fights by knock-outs. All in the first round, too.

After that I knew that I had something. I nursed him along for months. Taught him things. To get into a clinch when he was hurt. Not to telegraph his blows. Not to lead with his right. I didn't push him though. A fighter's like an artist, he can't show too soon. One lousy critic can keep him back for a long time.

I had the papers for him too. They called him "Smoky" and gave him good writeups. He sent every one to his old lady down in Georgia.

Then I decided that it was time to show him. So I got him a fight that would put him into a position to get into the money. I knew that he was ready, and I think that he did too. I'd never had the kid pull a fight, I never do when it ain't necessary. Maybe to get a better house for a return fight. After all even a manager has to make a living.

The fight wasn't much. McGee saw a left fist for about three rounds. About the fourth round he began

to wonder if this black boy had a right. About that time he found out and the fight was over.

I rushed right down to see the kid. He wasn't down in the dressing room, and Jake said that he had cleared out right after the fight. I thought it was kind of funny, but I knew that I'd see him sooner or later. He'd come back for his money. Maybe he had gone out to my place. But he didn't show up the next day and I began to get worried. When I got talking to Jake about it, he said that Ernie Lucas had been in with the kid before the fight. That made me mad.

"What the hell is that lousy crook doing around one of my boys? If there's any fights to be thrown I'm the one that's doing the wising up. Well, what did that tin-horn gambler want?"

"The usual, boss, about laying down. If they take a dive they get a good wad, but if they don't they get run out of town.

"What did the kid do? Take him by the neck?"

"Hell, no, he told him he'd do it. Then just as he went out he said something about hating to pull a stunt like that on you."

The kid never came back. I've never had another dinge since. I could have, but I don't want one. You see I liked that kid. Maybe I'm growing old, getting soft. Can't take it any more. But maybe I figure I'd never find another like that. Kind of loyal he was. And I guess I like loyalty.



DOG BOY

CARROLL T. COONEY, JR.

THICK musty darkness that groped about the hut seemed loath to let escape from a solitary window the weird yellowish light of a kerosene lamp. Yet the great barn looming nearby, and even a henhouse were dimly visible. Only when the lamp went out was the stillness of the farmyard broken, and then by a guttural inhuman snarl from the hut. Shortly after, there was a muffled thud of a horse's hoof in the barn. Now quiet crept back stealthily to reign hand in hand with dismal black night.

The house on the hill was without light. Inside the air smelled heavy and rotten as if no window had ever been open. From the kitchen, where the stove still smouldered with red coals, came low talking.

"T'ain't right," said a hoarse voice, "Bad in the 'aid as is he . . . I tell ye . . ."

"Stop," hissed a second voice. "Dast we light candle? The dark grips me so."

The old woman's haggard white face showed grotesquely in the candle light. She raised an almost skinless finger and pointed toward a door. "I tell ye . . . he in there . . . he's no good . . . no feelin's . . . Tovo wouldn't come no more when he whistled . . . like as not the thing cain't hark no more sound . . . and so ha . . . he locks 'im in the hut. I tell ye . . . three days . . . Gard!" Her voice cracked and ended abruptly.

"Ye be loud," whispered the younger woman. "He sleeps an eye and ear open . . . Ma, kin three days of starve finish?" She pushed forward a sharp, bony countenance. Her brow and jaw seemed to be drawn back by great cords in her neck and head until only her eyes and ugly nose protruded toward the thin unwavering flame of the candle.

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"Three days and nights is a long time," grunted the elder one.

"Ma, I cain't no longer sleep. Call ye back when winter was cold and white and I was but young girl . . . the snow sled . . . and down Nool hill yonder . . . my bed now . . . hard like a sled . . . and seems so to slip away through the blackness. God ain't watchin' us no more Ma! I . . . fear Ma . . ."

"You talk like a young 'un . . . you with nigh to forty years. What's to fear? . . . him in there and his beatin's . . . ha . . . death? Ya . . . death I wanted long ago when I meant more . . . more than grub . . . to him. Do we have what we want? Never . . . so I live . . . till my very insides rattle with age. Now go ye to my bed . . . 'tis softer." She clutched her daughter's shoulder with a bony hand as she stood up. "Take the candle," she hissed. "And haste . . . day's not far behind the hills."

When the snapping creaks of her daughter's footsteps diminished and died in the recesses of the house, the old woman crept quietly to the door of her husband's bedroom, made sure of his heavy breathing, then retraced her steps to the kitchen closet. As she opened it there was a slight scratching sound, followed quickly by an almost inaudible patter of tiny feet. Her thin-lipped mouth opened and widened almost kindly as she groped in the bread tin . . .

* * * * *

Outside it was still dark, but now there was that unrest in Nature that heralds the break of day.

It was not until she was opposite the barn itself that a black outline of the little hut was visible. Now, at the very moment her hand reached the heavy iron latch, the eerie, almost nasal moan of a locomotive whistle, far off in Manning's backwoods, seeped through the trees like a voice from an old graveyard.

A horror . . . horror of the unknown reached out from the damp walls. The place was stagnant . . . dead. The old woman bumped the table . . . stopped short. There came from the far corner a choking snarl. She braced herself against cold wood. "Tovo . . . Tovo boy . . ." The voice was not her own. She ran a hand along the rough table top feeling for the lamp. Finally fingers closed about its metal base. A match flare and the room took shape. Tovo lay huddled in the corner. She took a few steps nearer. Then slowly his shaggy head rolled over. A blotched face and jelly-like eyes that seemed held in place only by two shaggy eyebrows. The old woman drew back aghast. A thin stream of blood drooled from the corner of his almost shapeless mouth as he began to mutter incoherently. On the floor was more blood, but only when he moved did she see its source . . .

She half ran stumbling along the road to Odffs Corner with thought of medicine of some sort and learned aid dragging her on, while behind not far over her shoulder it lurked—that gruesome bloody mass of torn flesh that was once a hand . . .

* * * * *

It was not until perhaps an hour after grey October dawn that the farmhouse began to change its aspect of cold, dormant, deadness—not that it woke to day and became alive because of sparks from within—but merely it assumed a dull melancholy appearance, truthfully depicting the drab, useless existence it contained.

Light of this awakening morn found its way into her bedroom and gradually lifted the veil of slumber from her heavy eyelids. Even in her sleep-infected mind, turmoil of soul and uneasiness pervaded. She sat up stiffly on the edge of the bed and the cold shook her bony, bare frame. She thought more clearly. "I got

to see her . . . Ma . . . she must be cookin' now already for Him . . . best wait till he goes down there."

Then she heard heavy clumping footfalls approaching. She stood still trembling with fear. The door flung open. "Pa . . ." She gasped. He confronted her, eyes narrowed and mouth scowling cruelly an ape-like hairy creature, great slanting forehead and heavily jowled. "Whar's Ella?" he growled harshly. She stepped back; in her sunken hollow eyes a horror now—a horror which obliterated her fear of his brutality. She leaned heavily against the enamel-worn iron bedstead . . .

The slam of the door woke her from dead stupor. Ma had not returned . . . Tovo was bad . . . Ma was after gettin' help . . . She suddenly felt a dizzy hopelessness. He was on his way to the farm yard.

A half bare lonely creature in a lonely cold wooden house. And outside the trees were weary and spent.

She waited dumbly for his return. Nor would he be back yet awhile for the chores could scarce be done in a round of the clock.

But it was not a quarter of an hour even when he returned, and then only to leave before she reached the kitchen. Now through the open shed door she saw him striding toward the hut nor was he empty handed. She screamed with piercing anguish which shortly subsided into a hideous low moan . . .

And when the two barrels exploded on the morning air she only looked at the sky. A sky in which hung no sun. A sky whose clouds were streaks of bluish steel and an almost invisible reddishness tinged only their very outmost edges.

Her world in the lonely back woods was even more cold . . . even more dead . . .

CONFESSION

JOHN BILLS

DAT 'ere 'gator toof fob," his daddy admonished him on the occasion of his twelfth birthday a short month past, "am full ob charms an' portensions. Don't you never lose it, Willie. It's been in de fambly ob de Jefferson Danes since yo great granddaddy laid ol' Marse Henry away after de 'mancipation. Marse Henry done said it was sho proof agin' evil spirits an' fever."

Willie trembled a little as he clutched the mysterious, coveted bauble. He had never been permitted to handle it before.

"Am it ivory an' gold, daddy?"

"It am; all dat yellow gold and dat ivory am de big toof ob de 'gator dat Marse Henry kilt when he war a boy. Don't you never lose it Willie; it am de symbol ob prosperitous advancements and de arms an' coat ob de Danes."

But Willie lost it in less than a month. And he didn't dare go back and look for it, nor tell anyone it was lost.

Thirty days after his birthday William Jefferson Dane, dragging his little bare feet through the hot sands of the wagon trail, contemplated running away, suicide, and surrender to the evil spirits which like mosquitoes hovered all about him.

"It war all Charley's blame." He hoped the spirits would go over the field to Charley's home and leave him alone. It was Charley who had told him that the window at the back of the old railroad station was open and that there were lots of wonderful things in the dark interior. And it was Charley's older hands that had lifted the sash.

The sun's rays were deflected from Willie's shiny

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JOHN BILLS

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face like rain drops on greased leather. For all the tumult of spirit within, the face was smooth and calm.

"An' dat nigger man comed an' caught us in de station," Willie murmured, "An' all we sees was his spirit movin' on de wall. Maybe dat am what de preacher call conshuns; de fire inside dat tell us when we am bad."

It had happened just as Willie and Charley were playing ghostman in the dark station. Willie had said, "Look Charley, der's a ghos' under dat table what you is sittin' on." And Charley, 13 months older, laughed, "You-all mus' be 'fraid, Willie, dere ain't no"

And just then the awful profile appeared on the white plaster a few feet from the window and crept along the wall. Its huge nose protruded and rescinded, its mouth opened and the chin swayed to and fro like the slaving jaws of a hungry wolf. The terrible shadow moved closer and closer to Charley who slid under the table and covered his eyes. Silently Willie sank by the wall and covered his eyes. Moments later, when Willie peeked, the shadow had disappeared.

The two boys crawled through the open window and wormed along the outside wall until they reached the shelter of a shed. "It were a big black man," said Charley. . . "It were a big black man," echoed Willie. And somewhere in the dismal interior of that railroad station Willie had lost his fob . . .

Twice the sun had risen since Willie and Charley had parted in the shed. But for Willie years had passed. The little black boy who dragged his bare feet through the sand of the wagon trail that hot July day was older than his rheumatic grandmother rocking on the porch of their shack half a mile down the road. Sin had aged him; sin, and the appalling fact that he had been caught in his sin.

"Has you been 'rested?" Charley had asked that

morning as the two boys passed casually by the post office.

"Not yet no heahtof", Willie replied. Then his slender shoulders straightened a little; he sensed that Charley's fear was greater than his own.

* * * * *

Weariness of spirit induces great physical fatigue. Willie sought the shade of a scrub oak for further meditation. He pulled his legs up next to his body and wrapped his arms about them. Then he stretched one out into the sand, but it was hot so he drew it back into the shade. He lay back on the leafy mould. But still that cloud hovered over him. Willie rolled over on his side and closed his eyes.

In his intense concentration he did not hear the approaching horse until it was close to him. Then his spine telegraphed. As his feet returned to the ground his eyes opened . . .

"Lawd, Lawd!" The lips didn't move, only the soul spoke. And the eyes were not raised; they only saw the horse's legs and a familiar pair of boots and spurs. Willie's face was as immobile as a tropic sea with the hurricane still a hundred miles away.

The spurs were coiled snakes; the barbs were vipers' tongues . . . It was Ed Sutton, the deputy sheriff, who had threatened to arrest him when he ran away from school.

"'Pears like you got somethin' heavy on yo' mind, Willie?"

Higher searched the guilty eyes. The overalls tucked in the boots were soiled. There was a nasty raw-hide hanging from the saddle. That whip would raise big, red welts. Willie said nothing. He did not raise his head.

"Guessed I caught yuh, eh?"

A long moment. Willie raised his eyes to the saddle.

There was a big revolver under Sutton's belt. The horse was sweaty and nipping with vicious teeth at imaginary flies.

"Wall, maybe when you git growed up you'll be as good a man as yer mother wuz," and Willie's spine jarred to the departing footfalls of the horse.

"Oh!" Willie's lips didn't move; his face was statue-like. Only he wiggled one toe in the hot sand. Somehow, that foot must have slipped from his grasp.

* * * * *

The Snowhill Church is the crowning achievement of the Snowhill settlement in Florida. Its congregation is pure black. It is built of many fragments from many places, some painted and some weather stained; but all sanctified by the ardor of the builders. The next Sunday evening found four and forty black folk confessing abysmal sins in holy glee. Willie was there.

At first Willie didn't pay much attention to what was going on about him, the mind back of his masked face was too active with its own problems. When the congregation rose, he rose with them. That was as it should be; he had always done so. But now his small voice and little body played only a small part in the stomping and swaying of the ceremony. No beads of perspiration appeared on his immobile face. In fact, he felt tired and wanted to sit down. Religion hadn't yet "tuk holt" of him.

Then, in a hushed moment while the four and forty exhausted bodies were recharging and their souls were stealing catnaps for the grand finale, the ponderous minister suddenly roared. Willie didn't quite get his words at first, but they shook his spine like the sand vibrations from the hoofs of Sutton's horse.

"De Lawd giveth an' de Lawd hath taken away. Glory to de Lawd—Hallelujah!"

"He's talking 'bout my fob," mused Willie.

"Ob silber and gold hab I not, bredren, but in dese times ob suppression de humble nickel and de little copper am de coin of de realm ob de Lawd."

Four and forty physical bodies were set and ready. Their souls were straining for freedom. Willie's soul was boiling, gasps came from his mouth and strange fires from his eyes. Even the bowed legs were straighter.

"Has you stole? Has you adulterated? Has you broke an' entered? Has you sold yo burthrite fo' co'n pone? Den call on de Lawd. Daniel in de den ob lions made 'em jump through hops and Samson slayed a million Philipsteins wid de jaw bone ob a mule all because dey had faith. Faith, Bredren, come only from confession ob sins, cleansing ob one's soul. Am yo soul cleansed? Bredren, I beseech you if you haben't been saved, won't you please come? Won't you please come? God can git along widout you. He can make souls out ob de rocks and fill his heabens, but he died to sabe you; so bredren, won't you please come?"

"Yas Lawd, yas Lawd."

Mighty chords from forty and four voices rose and fell as the dark faces rolled in the flicker of burning coal oil. A woman screamed—the strangled cry of the wildcat.

"De train am leabin'; de train am leabin'; won't you please come? I know dere am someone heah full ob necessitous confession. An' de Lawd am de engineer ob dis train."

Willie's soul sputtered like the breakfast pork in his mother's frying pan.

"If you am 'shamed to tell God you sins heah on earth, he will be 'shamed to heah you in heaben. And, bredren, death am followin' you all de time. From de time you is born till you dies, death am followin' you.

Just look how it caught up wid brudder Green last week. It had followed him all de way from his mammy's arms and caught him whilst he was pumpin' water. Don't let it catch you unconfessed. Won't you please come?"

"Welcome Willie, I'se truly happy you has appealed to yo' conshuns. Let yo' troubles leabe you."

Willie lifted his eyes. Above him the broad checkered vest of the minister, the vest of many colors with its great silver chain. The voice of holy power rumbled behind it.

"Let yo burdens all be wash away, Willie."

The chain held Willie's eyes. He had seen chain gangs on the road. But what was that shiny, white fob hanging from it?

Suddenly Willie recognized it.

"An' de peace ob de all-mighty be upon you."

"Hallelujah!" Willie shouted.



BOOM

By ANTHONY F. MERRILL

To a Northerner inspecting this section of Florida for the first time there comes a great deal of amazement at the sight of numerous developments stretching out into nowhere. The endless brick streets, many of them grassgrown and untraveled, are a constant source of wonder. First amazement gradually turns into a feeling of depression. At times the atmosphere is weird. Ghosts seem to stalk through the dead developments. People are again living that feverish life of the boom days. Then it is gone and one shakes his head to throw off the unpleasant spell. The visitor who can see through to the Florida that was, and not be thus affected, is indeed unusual.

It has been seven years since there was a Boom. Florida sleeps in the sunny quiet of her afternoon. People have long since become reconciled to their losses of those last hectic days when everything that had been so hastily built up out of cardboard was falling with incredible speed about their heads. The empty buildings are fast crumbling away and the tropical vegetation has done much to cover the pitiful wrecks that remain.

Florida still has all the advantages that she had at the height of the Boom, her climate, her sun and sky, the ocean rolling up to her beaches. All that Florida has lost are those insecure, abstract things that were never actually hers—the quick easy-money, the promise of a magnificent future, the gay, fast life, and the state of mild insanity that everyone will tell you prevailed during the Boom. All these are gone and it is better for Florida that it should be so.

Nevertheless, the air is filled with memories. One cannot possibly view such places as Coral Gables,

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ANTHONY F. MERRILL

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Interocean City, Davis Island, Venice, Boca Raton, the "Melrose Properties" of Miami, Gainesville's unfinished skyscraper, Miami's Roosevelt Hotel, and again, Coral Gables, without seeing all those places as they were when dreams were realities and worthless land securities were more valuable than dollar bills. Those were boom days.

I can't attempt to describe the Boom. I didn't see it. I have only seen its results, but from these I have drawn many a picture for myself.

Here is one, InterOcean City. I can still see it as I did that Christmas morning when I drove through it. Some eight or ten buildings widely scattered in an empty plain. The railroad track runs through the middle of the deserted town. No residences, just big frame buildings rotting away in the sleepy Florida sunshine. Streets run here and there—empty. Yet there was a time when the dreamers saw in this God-forsaken spot the makings of a thriving city, ideally situated midway between the Gulf and the Atlantic. They had faith in that city, and they strove to buy it up from the realtors. They didn't see what we see today. The fever, the insanity is gone. The obvious sham and false front of the place are easily visible to the passerby. A small building with the letters PLANING MILL still showing. To them it was symbolic of a greater industry to follow. Yet, pathetically enough, only the other day the hotel was jokingly made the stake for the high score on one golf hole.

We think we have seen things in InterOcean City. They are nothing. Let's go to Miami, see it as it was, and examine this place where the Boom reached its climax.

Magic names of the "Magic City.." George Merrick, the dreamer, who made his dream of Coral Gables come true. Carl Fischer, the farsighted Indianapolis

millionaire, who saw in an overgrown sea-swamp, the Miami Beach of today. Henry Flagler who built the railway that moved the Boom down through Florida. Doc Dammers, the big realtor of Miami. Where are they now? Merrick still lives in his beloved Coral Gables. Carl Fischer rode the boom to the top and left, rich, with new fields to conquer. Flagler is dead and I have no idea where the genial Doc has gone. It must be hard to live among fallen illusions as George Merrick does.

* * * * *

The motorist who enters Miami from the north will regard it as he would any other city. He doesn't know that he has passed through Boca Raton, the work of Addison Mizner. Two stoplights and a few small buildings along the highway. Is this the development that was to rival all Florida in its size and perfection? Mizner was the man who started the Spanish type architecture in Florida during the Boom.

The approaching visitor, then, has had little to warn him that Miami differs greatly from any other city of its size. There is nothing unusual, to be seen. Biscayne Boulevard is beautiful, to be sure, but so are any number of parkways in other cities. It is not until he nears the downtown section that evidences of the Boom meet him, but suddenly his eye will light upon the unfinished Miami-Roosevelt Hotel. It is not a skeleton. It is more than that. Its bones are fairly well covered, but they never went beyond that point. There it stands rearing itself into the sky. It was to have been one of the best of the downtown hotel group. The girders were up, the actual construction was almost finished and there was little left to do but complete things. Some of the windows are in and the decorators were waiting for the ground floor to be finished so that they might begin their work.

Listen, you can hear them yelling—"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! This has to be finished. People are clamoring for places to live. That means money, don't you hear? More money for all of us. Hurry, slap that into place there. What? It doesn't fit? Nail it up and the paint will hide it but hurry—money—people are beginning to shove in. Buy land! Buy my land and make a million. Gold in the streets. Hurry! See the Miami-Biltmore, all done and packing them in. Hurry! Sooner we're through the sooner the dough rolls in. Come on, you guys, we're building something. This is no picnic. Hurry— What's the matter over there? Step on it.— My God, what was that?"

"That" was the first peal of thunder that spelled the end of the golden era of Florida. It came speedily. One or two weeks found Miami in a panic and the Boom had broken. Now the Miami-Roosevelt still stands, uncompleted, lonely, and silent, as if the hand of the builder had been suddenly stilled by death and there had been no one there to take up the work.

No mention of Miami would be complete without something on Coral Gables. This was the dream of George Merrick which came true. Coral Gables was a successful development as far as the Boom was concerned. It has only been in the last few years that the town has deteriorated. Lately people have been moving out and the town is slowly fading away. True, there are many of the homes that are inhabited, but on the whole, Coral Gables impressed me as being one of those deserted towns so frequently seen in the western mining regions. I saw it at night when lights should have been shining from the windows. The forlorn golden tower of the Miami-Biltmore shone over all Coral Gables, but it was not the town of boom days when the streets were packed with people and Merrick used to sit high up in his office overlooking his sixteen

square acres of ideal town and spend the long nights planning greater things for it. The University of Miami was to have been spectacular in its location and design. Bankrupt, today it occupies one building, a structure that was built to be a small hotel. Can you see the ghosts? I can. I see them working with Merrick to make his city perfect. I see them digging canals, making artificial mountains, planning the parks and roadways. I see them rushing about to speed all these projects and then I see Coral Gables as it really is, just another decaying town. I feel as if I were losing a friend.

* * * * *

Let me quote from the Florida Municipal Record. "Call her what you will, Miami . . . gorgeous, beautiful Miami, offers health and happiness to everyone. . . she lives in the hearts of millions, a promise, a goal, a treasure chest at the end of the rainbow. Her people are scattered over the face of the earth. Praising—Boosting—Fighting for her as for no other city."

This last is somewhat true of the Miami of today. As for the rest of Florida, she is like her gateways. You see them all over the state. They mark the entrance to many a deserted development. Formerly impressive stuccoed affairs, they are now decaying. In spots the stucco has fallen away, leaving the wooden lath showing all too vividly the hollowness of the structure.

Florida, rest in peace. You have lived and accomplished. For the time being, your heyday is over but I who see you now still feel the strength of your past and respect it. The magic spell of your Boom still enchants me. I wish that I could have been there then, instead of here among the restless spirits of your Boom.

DUST AND HEAT

"The Column of Creative Controversy"

A FAITH THAT REBELS

Why does the story of David and Goliath appeal to us? David, with his shepherd's sling, matched against the Philistine giant calls forth our praise because struggle against great odds is the condition of our tenure on this planet. Without resistance, life goes stale. There is a core of hardness in every true man's personality, an echo of the Creator's own defiance against the waters: "Hither shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." So the man who would preserve his integrity must defy influences, suggestions, flatteries which will engulf his personality unless he build a dyke.

You may remember the words spoken by Mr. Bernard Shaw's St. Joan: "Do not think that you can frighten me by telling me that I am alone. France is alone; and God is alone. Well, my loneliness shall be my strength too: it is better to be alone with God."

Prometheus, chained to the rock, the vultures plucking at his heart because he has stolen fire from heaven, represents for many the protest of a free man who is true to himself. He is the ambassador of mankind, like St. Paul in Rome, an ambassador in bonds.

But we cannot end here, for whenever a St. Joan arises, we may be sure that a querulous voice will ask: "Why camest thou down hither? And with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart." David's elder brother, Eliab, asked a pertinent question.

EDITOR'S NOTE: From a speech given in Chapel.

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A spurious mock heroics may pass for the faith that rebels. Mere perversity, rooted in egotism, may force a man into the limelight. Much modern art confuses eccentricity with originality.

Some knowledge of the self-deceptions of which we are capable may make us mere non-committal evaders of conflict. But the man who never says anything wrong and also never says anything right is no less an egotist.

It is egotism to be afraid of nailing our colors to the mast, and exposing our own fallibility.

David has a reply to Eliab. He persuades Saul to let him challenge the Philistine by relating that when a lion or a bear would come out and take a lamb out of the flock: "I went after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth."

The hardships of a shepherd's life in Palestine involved not only physical discomfort but the possibility of mutilation. David's impulse to oppose Goliath sprang out of lonely experiences when his mettle had been tested; it was not mock heroics. Moreover, these experiences, though lonely, were related to a community whose welfare depended upon beating back the savage enemies of man. The outcome was that David rejected Saul's armour for his shepherd's sling. He tried on Saul's armour and found it would not fit. Thus he had no course but to use his shepherd's sling. Like Luther in his monk's habit before the august assembly at Worms, he might say, "Here I stand; I can do no other." True independence of character is characterized by simplicity and inevitableness.

May I suggest an application of these reflections to the individual student at Rollins College, to the college itself, and to the generation to which I belong in the face of the present social and economic situation?

This is a liberal college and encourages individuality. Authority is never questioned at West Point. It is

always being questioned here. Be sure that when you question authority it is never to advertise yourself, but always because some great issue is at stake. Quite apart from your relation to your professors and to the administration, there are ample opportunities for you to exhibit true independence of spirit. You may take your stand against nerveless dilettantism, mere dabbling which never tests the sinews. Remember that many a promising man's life has been nibbled away by card parties and teas.

This college must expect the querulous criticism of Eliab. We may refute the criticism by pointing out that our protest against conventional methods of education is not an eccentricity peculiar to ourselves; we are merely echoing the discontent which has driven discerning minds in every age to protest against the wrong kind of teachers, and to insist that education should be a leading out, not a repression.

The generation to which I belong no longer accepts Aldous Huxley as a prophet. The post-war phase of cynicism is past. We believe that civilization is merely molting a dead skin, not passing into dissolution. Lewis Mumford spoke for us when he said in 1931: "The mood of defeat is dead. We have not yet hauled down our flag, because like Whitman's Little Captain, we can still say collectively, 'We have not yet begun to fight'."

Need I remind you, in conclusion, that the founder of Christianity taught that he who would save his life must lose it, that no individual life can afford to be cut off from the visible community or great cloud of witnesses without spiritual death, and that the revelation of truth to a sincere mind is the beginning of the law, even though truth divide men from one another before it unites? The root cause of our troubles today is fear. Fear was overcome in the first century; it was overcome by St. Augustine when the Roman Empire was tum-

bling about his ears; it may be overcome today. "Who is this uncircumcized Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

ALAN TORY.

ROLLINS AND DISCIPLINE*

My first philosophy essay this morning was an adequate outline of what I had been told to write. This is seen by my tutor's comment: "Well, you've outlined what Locke thought. Now suppose you tell me what *you* think." Not so easy. But by a small amount of careful analysis within my own mind I did manage to express an opinion or two. Next time I think I'll put more of that analysis into my essay. I actually find Locke is interesting. So I suppose the rest of the philosophers will prove a less bitter dose than I thought they would be when I was still full of that wisdom on a subject common to those who haven't cracked a book on it. It's a funny thing, but learning a thing can even be fun if you realize you have to work. Even the law I did last year, though in itself distasteful, was not uninteresting when I really dug my teeth into it. Rollins might take an example from this. I graduated from there "cum laude", but until I got here I never put in any real work. And I'll be lucky to get a high average degree here. Thus, at Rollins, I never succeeded in doing anything well unless I happened to be keenly interested in my subject, which I made as easy as possible by taking only subjects I liked, whenever possible.

I hold no brief for many things at Oxford. For instance, I don't think the tutors are accessible enough—

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Taken without alteration from the daily journal of George C. Holt, Rollins 1931, now in his second year at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar from Florida.

you only see them once a week, and I think many of the subjects taught are beside the point for all but specialists. But this I do hold: With all its faults, Oxford is infinitely superior to any American college, whether reactionary like most State Universities or liberal like Rollins, simply because at Oxford you have to work. Oh, no one holds a whip over your head, but one morning you awake and discover that you are drifting closer to examination time every moment, and you had better be ready. If not, it's your own fault, and so you work because of an impetus from within, not from someone outside, and to your surprise, you find that things you imagined as horrible are actually interesting—at times, anyway.

All this sounds like an old-fashioned revival meeting. But I'm beginning to realize that ideas which have grown up from the accumulated experience of ages are perhaps more correct than the ideas I get from no source except from my own very lazy self.

At any rate, I feel that the true test of Rollins is work. I didn't learn it there. I doubt if any but the habitual workers (who are rare at twenty) do learn it. It will be hard to get, especially as professors are human and are thus over-indulgent in the wrong way. They don't like to make the effort to force students to work. But they shouldn't have to. If the college decided on a liberal curriculum, as it more or less has, and then made the acquisition of a degree a pretty tough thing, within the limits of that curriculum, the professors would still be only "guides, philosophers and friends". They would not be taskmasters. That job would divulge upon the consciences of the students. And if they didn't respond and accept the challenge, they would be out of place in an institution which called itself educational. I think Rollins is a pretty great experiment. I'm glad I went there rather than

to Harvard or Yale. But without any mincing of words, I can honestly say that as compared with Oxford, it's a delightful house party. That criticism has been levelled at Rollins from outside. And the College had better not be too cock-sure that the criticism is wrong. Perhaps Rollins is no more of a country club than Princeton or Pennsylvania, but that is merely begging the issue.

Work doesn't mean lack of play. There's as much amusement here as anywhere. Work does, however, make a man more careful of his time. If I had worked more at Rollins, I would have learned more about the use of leisure, which Father rightly stresses, than I did. As a matter of fact, I know nothing about it. I'm just beginning to learn that perhaps it has real value.

This is not an attack on Rollins. But in working toward his goal I hope Father won't forget that Rollins ought not only to be the happiest college in America, but also the most conducive to growth of mind. And that means discipline and work. It is only on this score that I would like to see an improvement.



ROLLINS RETREATS

Rollins has always vaunted itself upon the trust it places in its students and upon being more "liberal" than other colleges. Recently, however, it has adopted new rules flatly contradicting its boasted principles. Drastic punishments are to be meted out for even one unexcused absence from class and all lower division students will be required to do their studying under the vigilant eyes of their instructors in the class rooms.

To justify these new restrictions the college points to a few, obvious, unadjusted failures, forgetting that there are always failures in a college, be it either liberal or conservative. The idea seems to be that students do not like knowledge, but that it should be crammed down their throats as food is crammed down the throats of geese whose livers are in the process of being enlarged. The Rollins catalogue, written before these new rules went into effect and hence with unconscious irony, says, "The ideal at Rollins is to substitute learning for instruction, to encourage the intellectual curiosity and enthusiasm of the student, and to develop the individual in the manner best suited to him." (Pg. 76.)

Clamor for this sort of supervision comes from two sources: some teachers at any college, simply because all selections cannot be wise, are dull and intellectually sterile. Rollins students have enough intelligence to resent dullness and sterility, and the consequence is that they attend these teachers' classes as seldom as possible and study for them as little as possible. These teachers naturally prefer to blame the students rather than themselves and talk about discipline and the general worthlessness and laziness of college students. Knowing that their jobs are not worth much if no one

comes to their classes, they, quite naturally, want to force them to come. What is regrettable is that the administration, by these new dicta, should boost boredom and incompetent teaching over interest and the excellent teaching the undergraduates naturally prefer.

Some students, who are too lazy to work without a guard, feel they should be guarded. They prefer being controlled by the college to controlling themselves. It is an injustice to restrict everyone because a few do not have sufficient spine to restrict themselves. It is also unwise to guard even these few. As long as they are restricted by outside authority they will never need self-restriction and, therefore, will not acquire it. Rules like these may force them to do a little more work at this time but they will not enable them to learn to work independently. Education fails when its products are incapable of independent work. We are trying to make the student love knowledge, not to give him a smattering of copybook facts. We wish to make him a self-reliant individual, not someone who works because he is forced to do so.

Some people at Rollins occasionally did abuse their freedom, but they learned by their mistakes. When we find older students with less maturity than the younger ones have at present, we will reap the consequences of depriving ourselves of the right to learn by our mistakes. Again the demand will be for more discipline. We will either have to have still more and step further backward, or we will have to change back to our former policy. The difficulties of abandoning restrictive policies is in direct proportion to the duration of these policies and it will be easier to return to sanity now than at any future time.

What worries me most is that we are showing a distrust instead of trust for the first time. Distrust a large group and it will show itself worthy of distrust. After years of progressing we are slipping. If we continue in our new course, Rollins will soon be just another college.

RICHARD PITTMAN.



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