

Rollins College

Rollins Scholarship Online

The Flamingo

4-15-1933

Flamingo, 15 April, 1933, Vol. 7, No. 6

Rollins College Students

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



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

We have Books written by many of
the Authors who appeared

IN VOLUME VII, NUMBER I
OF
THE ROLLINS ANIMATED MAGAZINE

Why not own an autographed copy?

THE BOOKERY

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

THE FLAMINGO

is printed by

THE ROLLINS PRESS

PUBLISHERS : PRINTERS : STATIONERS
TELEPHONE 199 : 310 EAST PARK AVENUE, SOUTH
WINTER PARK : FLORIDA

Established 1917

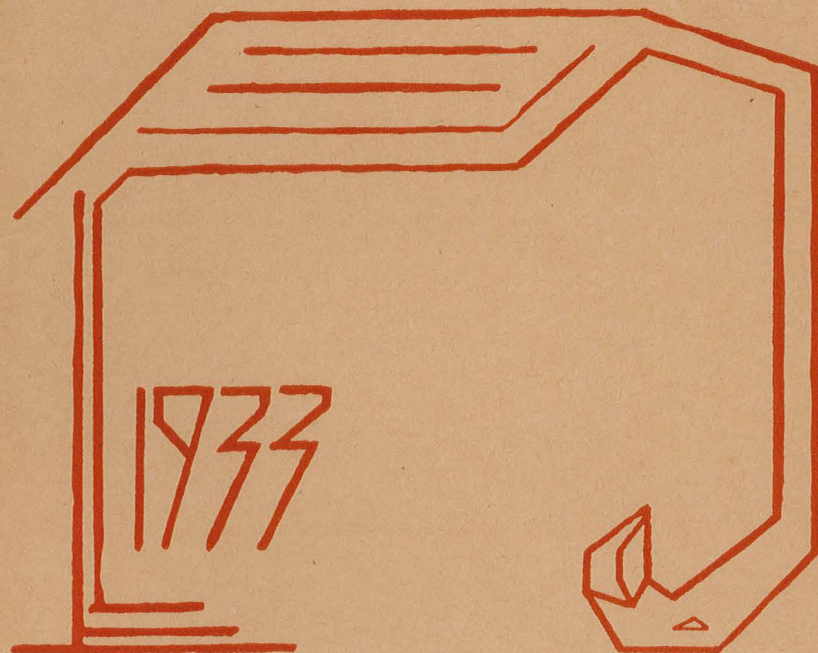
Incorporated 1921



FINE HALF TONE AND COLOR WORK
BOOK BINDING AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

APRIL

FLAMINGO



THE FLAMINGO

Vol. VII, No. 6 April 15, 1933 Price 25 Cents



THE CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE	MARY KINSER
PROGRESS	<i>Editorial</i>
SCOTTISH HOLIDAY . .	EDWARD NORTH JENKS
BUY AMERICAN	J. C. BILLS, JR.
POEMS	DOROTHY PARMLEY
VIOLIN SOLO	BESSIE GRAHAM
POEM	MARY LOUISE PAUL
SHALL WE ABANDON OUR DEMOCRATIC TRADITION?	C. W. JOHNSON
NEIGHBORS	ANN BISCOE
POEM	MARY LOUISE PAUL
OASIS	VIRGINIA TILDEN
DUST AND HEAT	



Linoleum Block by Mary Kniser.

THE FLAMINGO

PROGRESS

EDITORIAL

PROGRESS, according to one Rollins professor, is measurable in many ways. It may be determined by the extent to which ignorance has been overcome, by the degree of advancement from selfishness toward altruism, by the attainment of a certain amount of control over environment or by the growth of the ideal of personal liberty.

Progress, however, is by no means a perpetually aggressive spirit; nor is it capable of maintaining its position against fresh, determined onslaughts directed by the forces it has succeeded in partially overcoming. It is a feeble flame, dependent for its existence upon the stoutheartedness of its tenders as well as on their faith in its superlative value. When their vigilance slackens, it dies. The ensuing gloom naturally, is rather terrible. Knowledge succumbs to it. Good social feeling disappears. Trust lapses and, vulgarity, hypocrisy, and stupidity regain their invidious supremacy.

Addison, the great critic of the eighteenth century, once published in his Spectator an essay dealing with the "Detracting Circle". In it he demonstrated clearly how the predeliction of shallow people for heaping slander upon the head of one whose waistcoat was badly cut or whose manners did not correspond with the prevailing mode had ruined many a valuable career.—Addison's words might as well have been printed with invisible ink. (Those who most admire his style are apparently most immune to his teachings.)

It seemed, a few years ago, that there were those who in their zealous search for light were delving beneath sham, pretence and narrow, bigoted thinking. A group arose which fostered and guarded the little flame of Progress until it spread its benevolent glow over a considerable portion of our country. The kind of progress occurred, too, which could be measured in terms of real intellectual and social advancement.

Men and women from all parts of the world were attracted to it; clustered about it joyously and in so doing opened their minds and the minds of those with whom they came in contact to concepts startling in their freshness and penetrating accuracy. Thousands benefitted and it was thought that the influence of this new trend would never die out.

Dullness and irrelevance were to go by the boards. Sound, direct, and honest thought and expression were finally to come into their own.

Assured of success the watchers relaxed.

Then forces crept in, so inconspicuously as not to be noticed, which began slowly to undermine the foundations of the new movement. They rapidly acquired a degree of power and dominance which the pioneers could not combat. One by one they were cowed into submission by the forces they had originally defied on pain of expulsion if they offered resistance.

The little light of their adventure began to weaken. When it dies there will be gloom, despair and dish-water.

R. W. B.

SCOTTISH HOLIDAY

EDWARD NORTH JENKS

ON a day of gloom last week, when the snow swirled out of the sky and the wind cavorted among bare-limbed trees and whistled under the eaves I discovered, on an out-of-the-way bookshelf where they had been collecting dust for the past two years, a frazzled map of Scotland and my written record of a summer's holiday in the Highlands. I took them down, blew off the dust and then, gingerly spreading the map on the floor, I forsook my armchair and sprawled beside it. With a finger on the map and another on a page of my journal, I began to relive two months of freedom spent among the Highlands in the north of Scotland.

Pressed between the pages, like mile stones along the way, were faded flowers, ferns with a haunting fragrance, and bits of seaweed. A hairbell with the color all gone from its petals yet with its delicate form still intact, clung with its last molecules of sap to a page describing Strath Bran where it had been plucked. A pair of faded pink poppies gathered from a field near Roslyn Castle glided ghost-like from another page. Reading on, I came upon a page stained by wisps of moss taken from the banks of Loch Moy; and, near the end of my journal, a sprig of purple heather symbolized a night in the open in wild Glen Cluanie.

Musing over these relics, I fell to wondering why the heart of the Highlands, so abundant in those intangible qualities which bring joy and freedom to the roving spirit, should be so little known to the hosts of youthful Americans who, from year to year, travel through Europe in the throes of a *wanderlust*. Perhaps it is because the road to the Highlands leads

(243)

nowhere; it is a dead-end road. When you have reached the end there is nothing for it but to turn about and retrace your steps. You cannot go on to other lands.

The topography of Scotland, its wind-swept moors, its forested straths, its lochs embroidered with open glades, fills the restless traveller with an ecstasy, an intoxication of freedom and rugged beauty. From the wild, primitive charm of Loch Coruisk in the Isle of Skye to the peaceful pastures by the river Don; from the bleak moorlands of Lanark and Selkirk to the rugged, mist-drenched fastnesses of Cape Wrath, Scotland weaves its subtle spell over those who have the youth and the temperament, the spirit of adventure, and the love of wild nature to explore it.

There is only one way to win the heart of the Highlands. The motor car and the train will help you little. You must don a sturdy pair of boots and swing a pack on your back. If you would know the Highlands you must tramp. As you stride over the rough roads and stony paths with your companion—oh, you must have a companion if you are to make the most of your Highland days—you will listen to the crunch of pebbles under foot, watch the bright-winged chaffinch dart across the road before you. You will rest when you please, move on when you choose. Ah! wonderful, wonderful moments! But always they end too soon . . . too soon . . . before we are ready.

But during the drab, weary days of winter, you and the lad you traveled with will live again the joyous, free moments of your holiday. And the moments that haunt your memory will surprise you. They will be moments you hadn't particularly tried to remember, moments you didn't think of mentioning in your journal. Though much time may have

passed, you will find your imagination, when the moment of retrospect is at hand, still teeming with a host of kaleidoscopic visions—a crag seen through a gap in the mists, a bit of road bordered with rhododendrons blossoming in wild profusion, a mountain stream creaming through a rocky gorge, plunging through potholes—a stream of such irresistible coolness and motion that you at once cast off your clothes and plunge in to delight in the liquid flow of the water past your shoulders, in the nudging of trout against your body. Those were the days when time was forgotten—days when every mile of woodland showed you a multitude of shady nooks where you longed to linger. Yes, in the ecstasy of those times, you lost track of days. Minutes and seconds lost their significance. You thought of time as a glad succession of days and nights in the open.

Scottish weather has kept many from adventuring in the Highlands and the rain there is no myth. You soon become accustomed to it and even enjoy it. When the rain, draining from the sky, has effectively drowned all hope of reaching shelter before you are drenched to the skin, you yield at first meekly and soon whole-heartedly to the downpour, no longer making futile attempts to keep yourself dry. You laugh at your plight and begin to sing. And if the wind blows hard, and the rain lashes your face, you bellow your song. There is not much music in it but immense pleasure. If, perchance, the rain has overtaken you at night—for you will not miss the experience of tramping by night—you will probably never forget it, not because of its discomfort, which was forgotten the moment you became thoroughly drenched, but because of the feeling of exhilaration and power you feel as you tramp through rain, in a strong wind, at night.

But if the rain does catch you unawares out on the moors and drenches you, surely you will be anxious, or at least curious, to know how you are to get yourself and your possessions dry again. You discover then the boundless hospitality of the Scotch. Perhaps it is the rain that has made them so. You are almost certain to be taken in wherever you knock. Your hostess will find you a place to sleep, dry you out, and pack you off again in the morning as merry as ever.

"Whurr be ye from?" you are certain to be asked. "The States."

"Aye?" she replies, full of interest. "Then pretend ye be in the States noo, and mak' the house yurr ain, though I'm sure it'll no' be the likes o' what yurr accostomed."

As she prepares your supper over a stove built into the chimney, she will tell you with proud confidence. "I've a son went to the States. I've no' seen him for years but he writes to me often. Mebbe ye'll be knowin' 'im?"

Their misconceptions as to the size of the "States" is naive and amusing, yet back of what they say is the sincere desire to please and to form a bond of fellowship with you. Having a son or a brother or perhaps even a husband in the "States" gives her a feeling of kinship with all who come from there.

On gloomy days of snow and wind how wistfully I recall those Highland days of freedom! The dirt roads that dwindled to paths and left me at last with no other guide than my own will, ears no longer ringing with the jangle of traffic and the noise of industry, hearing attuned to the humming of insect life, to the murmur of living and growing things. Happy days, those, and sad days, these!

BUY AMERICAN

J. C. BILLS, JR.

SENATOR Truelaw believed in America. That belief was the foundation of his political faith, written and spoken. It was the yeast which leavened the intimacies of his personal life as disclosed to the reporters to whom he frequently granted interviews in his apartments at the Mayfair. Even that famous hostelry had been forced to make certain substitutions in furniture and decorations that no prying servant or wakeful over-night guest might discover a rug of Asiatic weave or an etching of European craftsmanship.

So it was quite proper that on that eventful, crisp autumn evening when Parisian gowns gleamed under his subdued lights and delicate blends of Turkish mingled with seductive aromas from India that the Senator should take the floor to firmly expatiate upon the marvels of American made silks and to proudly display his unique American made humidor with its sanitary wrapped American made smokeables. It was a happy occasion in the Senator's life. His guest of the evening was none other than Don. Felipe Rosales y Ortiz, internationally acclaimed the modern Cervantes and diplomat extraordinary from that enticing country from whose mines and jungles modern science has torn wealth far more fabulous than that wrung from its vanished races by Don. Felipe's ancestors.

The Republic of Peruvia was about to offer a hundred million of its gold bonds to the conservative investors of America. In consideration of his recognized Americanism and his friendly relations with the banking house of Henri Schmidt and Company, Senator Truelaw had been privileged to present Don Fe-

(247)

like to a few carefully selected statesmen and financiers, that the Peruvian bonds might be, so to speak, properly naturalized.

Naturally, in the presence of such diplomatic extraordinarity, the sphere of influence of the Volstead law ended at the door of the senatorial apartments. So it naturally followed that the host was expected to provide tasty and potent liquors. And since, according to government reports, the manufacture of strong drink was no longer countenanced under the stars and stripes, such alcoholic beverages must, perforce, be of foreign brew or distillate. But the Constitutional prohibitions of his country conflicted with the constitutional convictions of Senator Truelaw. The situation presented an awkward dilemma.

"I wonder" grunted Mrs. Castner Fort-Towers, as her maid strained at certain form-and-figure maintaining equipment, "whether old True-America will break his rule and serve French champagne from California and Haig and Haig from Harlem. Or will it be hard cider from the Shenandoah. I abhor soured Virginia apple juice."

She forgot that Truelaw was a senator of the United States.

"Friends", the voice which had called mighty echoes from Congressional halls was subdued, colorful. "Our most distinguished guest travels over with the flag of his beautiful country above him and its wise and beneficent laws about him. Any roof honored by him is an embassy; diplomatic privileges are inseparable from his presence. It would be fitting, therefore, that he be served with the beverages of the sparkling moonlight of his own country. And the fact that tonight he is the guest of a senator of the United States, where the world's most noble experiments in social and economic uplifts in progress, does

not take from the air which surrounds him one molecule of his full perogatives."

Applause interrupted the speaker. It was a hearty, expectant and unanimous outburst. Mrs. Castner Fort-Towers moistened dry lips with a tongue even drier.

"But unfortunately" Truelaw continued, "he is in the home of a humble servant of the American people whose firm conviction is that the achievements of his countrymen in material as well as spiritual fields are and always will be supreme."

Again applause—as the senator paused. Its lack of spontaneity was promptly stimulated by the alert tact of the guest from Peruvia.

"The wonderful Americaine", he cried. There were dynamic and perfect gestures of arms, body, voice and eyes. The voice may have been a few pitches high but the eyes were perfect. "The wonderful Americaine, his country, it is always the right."

A quick applause—hopeful. A hush. Several deep dry coughs. The envoy extraordinary bowed graciously at Truelaw; the senator bowed, horizontally, embracing all of the guests. His primer began with the postulate that all men (later women) were created free and equal—when they voted.

Mrs. Castner Fort-Towers found her figure preserving paraphernalia painfully restrictive to her spiritual expansiveness. The senator from the Hook and Eye State, who was her escort on the occasion, shrewdly calculated on an increase in business for his constituents.

"And, my friends" Truelaw continued, "while I believe this noble experiment, which has ever had my earnest and strong support, was not intended and does not apply to an occasion such as this, I could not abandon even for this evening the basic principles

learned at my mother's knee and aggressively promulgated during my years of maturity, that American made products excel in all markets and for all time."

He again paused. The applause was weak. Don Felipe had nothing to offer. No climax can be too long sustained.

"So I sought council from those who know the world's famous blends of liquors and as I expected I found that the master distillers of all time are those hardy, virile, clean blooded mountaineers in our own nearby Alleghanies. There for a century they have defied the restrictions and restraints of outrageous fortune. And there, with spring water clear and cool and stills hammered from the bed rock copper, they have mixed the potent extracts from the yellow corn with the mellow moonlight and produced the quittance of liquors.

Mrs. Castner Fort-Towers' dainty kerchief touched her lips daintily.

"Now, as you know, that great mountain range stretches for hundreds of miles along our Atlantic seaboard. Vast areas are wild and almost uncharted. Far from the marts and beaten paths of civilization is a by-way which leads between impregnable cliffs into the American Garden of Eden. None may enter and none may leave save through that passage. It is called Fort Valley."

Senator Truelaw paused for two swallows of water from the glass which was opportunely offered him. Don Felipe wasn't thinking of water. Mrs. Castner Fort-Towers pulled secretively at her lacings.

"Of this Fort Valley, I will tell you more anon," Truelaw continued. "But in the meantime, I suggest that those of you who so desire retire to the dining room where, under diplomatic privileges, you

may toast the health of our illustrious guest with the mellowed mountain dew of America."

* * *

"He ain't finished", said Mrs. Castner Fort-Towers a little thickly some thirty minutes later. Don Felipe had graciously approved the aged and mellowed liquor.

"And now, friends, for the story of Fort Valley, the Eden, the Gibraltar of America, the republic within a republic."

Truelaw shivered as he drank—from the first of the two tumblers which the robot presented.

"Perhaps the intrepid Daniel Boone discovered it; perhaps George Washington surveyed it. Certain it is that in the dark days of Valley Forge the Father of our Country made definite plans to move his ragged regimentals within its impregnable walls, there to make freedom's last stand against British tyranny."

The senatorial voice required dilution. But this time the robot's tray held only one glass.

"And in that same Fort Valley, in the darkest days of the Civil War, our gallant brothers of the South smelted the virgin ore and cast the cannon which brought terror to the heart of Grant. There Lee planned to make his last defense.

"And so—" Truelaw was hastening to his climax.

* * *

Far back in the heart of the Massanutny Mountains, clear noon softly shadows the rugged crags of Fort Valley. A white, frosty mist nestles close to the bottom and through it three figures drag clod bound feet. He who leads is tall, thin, a bit stooped. They call him Pap. The little old man next in line who mumbles incessantly is Granny. The barefooted boy with the dirty, checkered shirt is Charley.

Granny and Charley follow like calves along a winding cow path. And like bovines their spirits are as earth bound as their clay caked feet.

The outlines of Kennedy's Peak are moon rimmed over them, the night wind gently brings the fragrance of the mountain pines down upon them. But they neither look nor smell. As a boy Granny repaired the rail fences which they climb over, Pap once plowed some of the fields which their path crosses; a crumbling shed to the left is where Charley was born—but they have no interest in such landmarks of their inheritance. There is a great cave concealed by rocks and trees. There is a fire; the smoke mingles with the foliage and is not seen. It is the mouth to an iron mine. The cannon of the Confederacy were cast here. The moonlight is fugitive, ghostly and unhealthy as the three enter. The clean odor of burning cedar; nauseous odor of decayed mash. The three men are busy. The fire flames and there is the clank of tin buckets. The foamy, sloppy mash bubbles.

"It be time to git th' drippin's", says Pap. He is master of the Valley Clan. His bony, grimy hands feel the sides of the greenish copper vat. From its top an intricate coil of pipes winds down to a black pot.

"Want me t' push up th' fire?" quavers Granny. His yellow, face is a death mask by the reddening coals.

"Reckon, mebby, hit's near 'bout off", rasps Charley. "But you mought hit 'er up a little."

Granny pulls off his dirty shirt. His back is white, except for the open, running sores. The white of his back contrasts with his tanned neck. He stoops over to pick up the fuel. His chest is flat, deeply ribbed; his stomach sags.

The fire blazes again. The air is heavy with sour steam.

"Have ye heerd 'bout th' new car Sears and Roebuck is goin' t' make?" Pap asks.

"Yeah, an' they say hit won't cost s'much as a pair o'mules." Granny answers.

Suddenly Charley rouses. He has been staring blankly at the fire.

"Pap, did I tell ye 'bout th' time Jim Cook boot-ed th' teacher an' hat t' run an' hide 'bout in th' mountings?"

Pap and Granny turn attentive ears. From much repetition, they knew it was a good story.

"Truck'll be back 'bout t'morrer so we gotter meller hit" says Pap. "Git th' buckets, will yer Charley."

Two buckets are brought to the black pot. A crocus sack is spread loosely over the top of the empty one. Chicken manure from the other is dumped in the sack. Pap uses a ladle and pours the clear liquor which has gathered in the black pot through this fetid filter. It takes on a brownish tint. It has been mellowed and aged.

Then three figures leave the shadows. They trudge down the winding path. The low hung moon bathes the valley in splendor. "Hit be powerful cold". "Hit be powerful cold".

* * *

". . . and so", Truelaw concluded, in honor of our distinguished visitor, I have served you the moon drips of Fort Valley. And my slogan will ever be . . ."

"Buy American" hiccoughed Mrs. Castner Fort-Towers.

FLORIDA

DOROTHY PARMLEY

EVERYWHERE,
Your brown reeds rattling in the heat,
Flat, oozy marshlands
Where the moss's bloodless fingers
Strangle sagging trees;
The scentless cups of huge, bright flowers
And a hollow moon
Staring from glassy surfaces.

I am hungry for damp, black earth
And the misty, rolling green of hills,
And crisp, yellow butter-cups by white fences.
I want to slip my fingers
Down the slim, cool stems of violets
And walk, dew-wet,
Under the drooping blue of lilacs
In the purple, hesitating dusk,
When bats swoop in the hollyhocks
And a pale moon peeps through a sturdy oak.

REBELLION

DOROTHY PARMLEY

I HAVE seen slim willows swaying
In the brook
Like young dancing girls
And pale birches sunning
Their white bodies
On the red bank.

I have heard the muffled thud
Of the first apples
On wet earth
And the high, shrill cry
Of wild geese
Over black marshes.

That is why I hate the swish
Of lacquered cards
In a half-lit room
And the slow, grey curl
Of cigarette smoke
In still air.

VIOLIN SOLO

BESSIE GRAHAM

PEOPLE drifted into the silent chapel and sank down in the dark, straight back pews. Stone arches towered overhead. A golden glow from two lamps, hung on long chains from the ceiling, illuminated the richness of the red altar hangings and the pure whiteness of the lilacs on either side of the cross. The last rays of daylight filtered in through the stained glass windows and cast a dim grayness on the cold walls and solemn woodwork. The full, resounding tones of the organ broke the silence as vespers began.

* * *

It was the end of the third number. There was a flutter of programs, then a moment of silence. The sounds of a violin being tuned cut the stillness. Shortly, a stocky man of about thirty, dressed in a dark suit, came from behind the choir pews. The lamp overhead cast a soft glow on his pale, uplifted face. As the organ rumbled out the strains of a familiar piece, he tenderly placed a violin under his chin.

The lines grew tense about Sue Ann's scarlet, pouting mouth. Ye Gods! Why did they have to give some sweet, twittering violin solo at this point? Couldn't they give something peppy? That was the trouble with all the college entertainments. Too serious. Apt to make you come out in a thinking mood. And that wasn't good for you! She'd never have come to vespers, but the sorority required activity points and vespers wasn't half as bad as a dry lecture where some old codger probably rattled on for hours. The artist wasn't such a knock-out. Sorta fat. Too sissy for her to consider. She looked

(256)

around. The crowd wasn't there, just all old people. Bet the bunch were at the Colonial. Wish I were there, she thought. She opened her dirty, white purse, powdered her already powdered nose, and smoothed her brilliant lips with her red-nail-polished, little finger. Then she flipped open her neat, black cigarette case with the sorority crest on top and took out a Camel. She nervously tapped it against the back of her palm. It was over. Thank heavens! She started to rise. Oh God! He's going to play an encore. She sank into the seat. Tap. Tap.

A violin solo! There was nothing Professor Vincent loved better. The clear, high tones touched something down inside him. He could never quite express in words what that feeling was, but the music of the strings took him away from reality: the noise and bustle; the smiling, stupid students of his classrooms; the collegiate atmosphere that jarred him. He cupped his chin in his long, sensitive fingers and closed his far-seeing, gray eyes. Here was peace—cool, green peace, the kind he had longed for all day. The music recalled one of the only memories he had of his young father. He could see him standing in the middle of their tiny flat playing a violin, his dark hair rumpled, his eyes shining. He had always sat at his mother's feet during these music hours, and she had patted his tiny, curly head with a loving hand. Those childhood days had been pleasant days despite the hunger and cold he had been forced to endure at times. His father had been—The music ceased. Why must it stop? He was glad they couldn't applaud in chapel. He wished people wouldn't rattle their programs and turn and whisper to each other between numbers. The artist was going to play again. Inwardly Professor Vincent had a quiver of joy. He would have a few more stolen moments

for clear, green thoughts and memories before he went toward the noisy gabbing crowd on the beanery porch.

Violin music. Martha would never forget the intermission at the Rho Rho Dance. Someone had played a violin solo. It had been warm and crowded inside the gayly lighted ballroom. George had said, "Let's go walk in the garden." Martha shut her round, blue eyes. She could hear again the strains of music, smell the heavy sweetness of the orange blossoms. She remembered how clearly the moon had shone through the palms. It had seemed so far away, so cold, so high. They had sat on the hard, stone bench near the fountain. The breeze had made her dress flutter in soft, white ripples about her feet. George had seemed awfully sweet. He was nice. Yes, that was the first time she realized she really cared. She caught her breath in a little gasp. George was different. Wonder where he is now? Martha popped open her blue eyes. The music had stopped. She ran her hands through her fluffy curls and patted her frilly, white, organdie cuffs. An encore. She mustn't close her eyes this time. Someone might think her sentimental. Oh dear, maybe I am, Martha thought. She held her breath an instant with a pleasing, tingling sensation of delight.

Mrs. Ormond rested her chin upon her second chin and her second chin upon a pale, gray fur piece. She pulled her frilled, purple skirt straight and resettled her wide straw hat with the purple feather that sat placidly on the topmost part of her head. She plumply settled in the pew breathing heavily. Mrs. Ormond prided herself that she did like good music, was in fact the vice-president of the Morrisville Music Club back in Ohio. Also she was proud that she

took in so many of the college activities. "It's so educational living in Winter Park, if you take advantage of it," she had often remarked. Her thoughts wandered. This chapel really is a lovely place. I wish it weren't so cool. A few students are here. Nice youngsters. Why there's Mrs. Ronald! Has a new hat on. Not very becoming. Placed down too far over her eyes. I hope her son who had chicken pox is all right. Wonder if I told Mary that John wants his steak well done for a change? I nearly forgot. Tomorrow afternoon I'm to read that paper I wrote on "Visiting Bok Tower in Springtime." My, my feet are getting cold. The backs of these pews surely are hard. The music stopped. She held up the program in one pudgy, bejeweled hand and with other snapped open the glasses that dangled against her heaving bosom. The man wasn't through, she noticed. An encore. She pulled her fur closer, tugged at her hat again, and settled in the pew with a short puff. I'm so glad I appreciate good music, she remarked to herself.

Well, so he is going to play that! Rather hard but maybe he can do it. You never can tell. I wonder what school he's from? Pretty good start. He's drooping his shoulder too much. That part shouldn't be trilled so long. I knew it! Made him miss a beat. Professor Johnson sat on the edge of the pew. His small, bead eyes followed every movement as if he were watching a game. He was assistant instructor of violin in the department of music and he would have to tell his pupils what he thought of this young fellow. An umbrella stuck out between his feet. He had brought it just in case it might rain; although the weather seemed a bit too cold. But you never could tell. He wore scuffed black shoes that stood out loosely from the sides of

his feet. In fact, they were a size too large, but he enjoyed comfort. He'd have bought a pair of sandals or moccasins, but the folks at the boarding house might not understand, might think him queer. Plenty of people on campus did wear them. Oh, but that was different. The little widow on the second floor or the bonds salesman with the shiny, trim Chevy wouldn't understand. He followed every movement the artist was making. An encore. Wish I could give him a few pointers or a lesson or two, he thought. Wonder if I could broach him about it afterwards? Oh no, I guess I wouldn't dare. Professor Johnson pressed his thin lips together. I better leave that up to Slavik; I am only assistant.

Ned wished they wouldn't have violin music at vespers on this day of all days, the day of his return to school. He mustn't show his emotion. People would watch him for signs of it. He sucked in his full, lower lip and tightened his hands until the knuckles were white. The music hurt him. He wanted to run away. Oh, the boys at the house couldn't understand how close Sis had been to him. She wasn't like other girls. When they were kids, no dolls and play tea parties for her; she had climbed trees, played baseball, and been a regular tom boy. His mother had often called her that. And boy, was he proud of her when she made the best sorority at high school! He knew she would do it though. She was getting prettier every day too and was voted last year the most popular girl in her class. "Sis is becoming my young lady now," his Dad had said last time he was home. They had all been so proud of her when she played the violin at the city auditorium at the Christmas benefit for poor children. His mother had told him how hard she had been practicing the last few months and was enthusiastic about

her improvement. "She is really taking her violin music seriously, and it will mean so much to her later," his mother had said. He had been looking forward to having Sis with him at college next year. All the boys at the house that had met her had said she was a great little sis all right! And now—. His lips quivered. He had been all over this a hundred times in the past week. His mother had said, "Son, we must try to forget. Perhaps it is for the best, dear. The good Lord knows." How could he forget? Oh, he couldn't stand this music any longer. Wouldn't it ever end? It had finally. But now the man was coming back for an encore. Ned rose to his feet slowly. His face was white and set. He slipped out to the side quietly and was gone.

* * *

The chapel had grown dim from the fading daylight. The hanging lamps seemed to pour forth a purer golden light. Solemn, majestic tones boomed, rumbled, and bellowed from the organ. The very building seemed to vibrate as the final piece ended in a flourish of raging sounds. One by one the row of lamps blinked on. The chapel was flooded with light. There was a murmur of mingled voices, and the crowd moved out leaving the chapel to its silence once again.



SURRENDER

MARY LOUISE PAUL

TASTE now of victory: to you I give
The triumph of the chase, and on the ground
Let crumbling shape bear witness to the deed
Where once I flung an insolent shadow down;
Time out of mind, oh love, one truth with-
stands
The bitter onslaught of tenacious years,
That one shall seek and one shall go pursued
Throughout a quickening stream of restless
days.

Yet fatal as the turning of a leaf,
Must come as now a brief surrendering
When one shall strike a gallant captive's stand
With sharp intake of breath and lowered lid,
The hand outstretched to acquiesce defeat
In this most quiet moment after heat.

SHALL WE ABANDON OUR DEMOCRATIC TRADITION?

C. W. JOHNSON

THE time is coming when a sufficient number of people will be well enough educated to changing government needs to call for a constitutional convention so as to revise our obsolete functional limitations."—Pres. Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth.

* * *

It is as if the character and tradition of these United States of America were on trial; not they as a nation, but that for which they stand. The democratic ideal as a sound basis upon which to construct a social order; as a form of government; as a practical political system is on the stand, being tried in the court of public opinion. We are members of the jury.

The prosecution is undermining our intelligence. Everyday, through the medium of the press the prosecution presents more evidence tending to weaken the case of the defense. You may remember the corrupt and graft-ridden Harding administration. The city of Chicago is bankrupt as a result of the iniquities of its former Mayor, William Hale Thompson. The late Mayor Cermak was unable to effect a remedy for this situation and Chicago representatives have been in Washington pleading for financial aid from the federal government. In all probability the relief will be forthcoming without any assurance that the city will put its house in order and that the trouble will not recur. Philadelphia has been forced to tolerate perverted intelligence in municipal affairs. More recently New York is suffering from the treatment it received from former May-

or Walker. Boston has been and is on the brink of distress at the hands of Mayor Curley. In other cities, with few extraordinary exceptions like Cincinnati and Hamilton, Ohio (in this country) similar conditions prevail as a result of mediocrity and perversity in public office. In pressing the case the tendency is to overcome our better judgment in answering the question—"shall we abandon our democratic heritage."

To the ignorant, the faint hearted, the loose and shallow thinkers this evidence, plus that of present economic depression, is sufficient cause for discarding our American tradition in favor of some new and comparatively untried social system, or one which was junked over 150 years ago.

Why is our social order being permitted to endure the humility of this trial? The basic reason is the slackness of our educational system. The right to enjoy the benefits and privileges of any society is dependent upon good citizenship. Parents, schools and colleges all fail to impress upon the minds of the young people a thorough understanding of the duties, obligations and responsibilities of citizenship. There should be a greater appreciation of the advantages which democracy offers in comparison with other social systems.

The diffident and indolent attitude so prevalent is shocking in view of the seriousness of the economic and political affairs today. We should prepare ourselves to assume positions of leadership in the community in which we will find ourselves after we have completed our formal education here at Rollins. This responsibility will be handed down to us from the older generation, unless we permit our elders to completely wreck society and let our civilization follow that of Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome into the

scrap-heap. It is essential that we devote more attention to the study of the American ideal and *how it may be made more effective*. Are we going to stand by apathetically, in a complacent lethargy, and fiddle while Rome burns?

It is shocking that an otherwise, and supposedly, intelligent person will display such sloppy thinking as to assume that a social system is unnecessary. It is pathetic that a person, who has had all the opportunities that education and experience offer, should permit learning to overwhelm, so completely, his common sense. Ever since and including the days of Adam and Eve, we have had to, and of necessity must, take the rights of our neighbors into consideration in order to determine our own conduct. It is elementary that some kind of social system is essential. Not until the population of the world has been reduced to one solitary person can anarchy be practically possible. From time immemorial man has been evolving the machinery of government, with which he shall govern, and by which he shall be governed. As man has become more civilized, and his life more complex, to that extent his system of government, and all its ramifications, has likewise become more intricate. Dr. A. K. Rogers, in discussing Aristotle's political theory, says, "Man is more than an individual. By nature he is a political animal, who can attain his highest good only in society. Society arises out of the physical needs of man who, because he is not self-sufficing, has to cooperate with his fellow man in order to be sure of subsistence." . . .

The purpose of Government is to protect the citizens in the exercise of their "unalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" and to assure to them an *equal opportunity* to provide

themselves with the three essentials of life—food, clothing and shelter.

By liberty is meant that freedom which is defined by law. The safety and security of society is dependent upon the conception of "liberty within the law". An individual is free in the enjoyment of equal opportunity only in so far as he does not infringe upon the rights of another. Only in a democratic social order can "desire for order, fair play, an assured means of livelihood and security for property and life, *with progress toward ever better material things and ever higher mental and moral development*" be realized.

"Democracy is that form of government in which the people rules itself, either directly or through representatives." It is government "of the people, by the people and for the people."

In what other form of government can the personal and political liberties and rights of the people be assured the freedom and protection essential for the safety and security of society?

The state is the people. The government of the state receives its sanction to govern from the people, and its consent may be either expressed or implied. A government set up and operating by the exercise of force, conceived in the doctrine that "might makes right" cannot, will not and has never endured. The tenure of any social system is dependent upon the extent and duration of its benevolence. In my opinion there is no choice between the tyranny of the mob and the tyranny of a despot. The evils inherent in the rule of either are insidiously vicious. History gives a vivid account of the pit-falls in which society finds itself sooner or later—whether the control of the government rests in a group of individuals or in one individual; as for example, the his-

tories of ancient Greece and Rome, England, France, Italy, Russia and Spain.

"In early times the individual had been largely swallowed up in the community; the tribe or state had stood before his vision as supreme, and in comparison his own rights and importance were as nothing. . . . The early Roman, in a peculiarly pronounced way, lived his whole life with reference to the State, and made the glory of his country the main goal of his labor. But while the young and vigorous Republic might seem an end to which it was worth while for a man to devote his life, an Empire, luxurious and corrupt, where the will of a single man was supreme, and that man often a monster of iniquity and madness, could hardly continue to supply a rational motive and ideal." (Rogers pages 179-180).

The injustices which arise from the evils inherent in the other forms of government are remedied in a democracy. The responsibility for the safety and security of society rests in the people. It has nobody or nothing to blame but itself in the case of malgovernment which has resulted in the present perversion of democracy. If a change in the form of government or of "Governors" seems desirable, democracy provides the only safety valve by which the change may be consummated with the least disturbance to the equanimity of society. The recent Presidential election is an example of the function of this governmental social "safety valve".

Plato's idea as to the birth of democracy may be right—that it evolves from the decline or decay of the Oligarchical state which "produces a dangerous class of poverty stricken men, who at length appeal to arms and expel the rich." That it does "establish an equality of civic rights" is correct. But,

modern democratic society as organized in the United States and Switzerland, founded on the principle that there can be no liberty except that which lies within the law, demonstrates and proves the inaccuracy of Plato's statement that "liberty, degenerating into license, is the chief feature of such a state." The abuse of power or privilege, which, if continued, becomes a public nuisance and is declared to be a menace to the safety and security of society, gives rise to new laws and may be prohibited. The wets and selfishly disrespectful foreign visitors in the United States of America are everyday giving vociferous testimony of the fact that in this country "liberty has not degenerated into license" yet.

In conclusion of my discussion of democracy, then, the question should not be—shall we discard the democratic tradition. "The social order will be democracy, consistently worked out, something straight ahead on the path of progress upon which our liberty-loving forbears have already led us far and well, but located on firmer and safer ground than we have hitherto reached.

*"The claim upon us of democracy, thus consistently worked out, is imperishable, because it accords us nothing else can, with the nature and needs of man, of man the individual, because it leaves each individual free as nothing else can, to rise to the very limit of his powers and character; of man in the mass, the community or state, because after opening to each the maximum incentive to usefulness and wisdom, it enables all, as nothing else can to profit by the wisdom of the wisest."

**Harvard Alumnae Bulletin*

NEIGHBORS

ANN BISCOE

MRS. Bancock opened the front door and stepped out on the porch. She reached down for the milk bottle but stopped and put her hands on her hips. What had ever made the man leave the milk on the other side of the porch this morning, where anybody could see it from the street? Before the door had time to swing closed, she ran with little steps across the porch to grab the bottle. Then she hurried back into the kitchen. She must put on Frank's egg right away. He would be downstairs in a minute as he was all dressed except for his collar. She picked out the whitest egg from the box. Eggs were too small to see these days. With a teaspoon she carefully dropped the egg into the saucepan and with the spoon still in her hand she ran with little quick steps into the parlor and to the clock on the mantel above the Franklin stove—just exactly sixteen minutes to — she sat down in the rocking chair and rocked briskly. She had so much to do today she didn't know where to begin. She must iron Frank's shirts and string the beans and then the Eastern Star meeting tonight. She stopped rocking to pick up the newspaper. She oughtn't to read that awful print without her glasses. She would have a headache before afternoon—well, so at last they had found Mrs. Courtley's husband, away off in the woods and completely—then Mr. Bancock walked into the room.

"Oh, Frank," she said still reading the paper. "They've found Mrs. Courtley's husband hiding in the woods and clear out of his head. Here's what it says — 'Mrs. Courtley says husband fails to recognize her'."

(269)

Frank walked slowly across the room holding his chin high as he tightened the bow in his necktie.

"Is that so?" he said, straightening the collar of his coat. "I never did think he'd gone to New York like they said."

"Well," Mrs. Bancock folded the paper and handed it to Frank. "that's what it says, and crazy too, he is, just think, doesn't even know his own wife. You can read it now." She stood up and looked at the clock.

"My, I nearly forgot about the egg." She hurried back to the kitchen and in a few minutes called back, "All right, Frank, your breakfast is ready and I'm pouring the coffee."

Frank went into the kitchen straightening his glasses on his nose. "I see by the paper where they're having a big blizzard in New Hampshire up around Nashua." He sat down in front of the table and spread a napkin carefully over his knees.

Mrs. Bancock bustled around the stove. "Here, Frank, here's the egg. It cracked while it was boiling. Tomorrow I'm going down to the grocery and tell Mr. Goddard that his eggs are too small to see. I'm going to tell him I won't be buying such eggs," and she closed her lips tightly and nodded at the egg. She pulled up her chair opposite Frank. "Mrs. Hopworth's been getting her eggs from the A & P, but they're never fresh and I keep telling her so.—Oh Frank," she held a spoonful of cornflakes from her mouth, "you know that fellow who's been calling on Daisy Hopworth? Well, Mrs. Ewing was telling me yesterday that he was a Catholic!" She put down her spoon and stared at Frank. "That's so, and what else do you think? He's already been married—now!

Daisy couldn't have known that. But I tell you what I did. As soon as Mrs. Ewing told me that, I went over and told Mrs. Hopworth." She put the spoonful of cornflakes in her mouth.

Frank was peeling the shell of his egg. "I know," he answered. "The Hopworths don't know what Daisy's up to the way they should.—This egg is kind of small, just like you said."

"I should say they don't. Frank, do you know I haven't seen Daisy Hopworth yet when she was wearing stockings! I wouldn't be seen in my own yard without my legs covered, no I wouldn't." She put down the spoon.

Frank pushed his chair away from the table. "We might just try an A & P egg. These don't seem to taste so good so small. Yes, and I saw Daisy with that same fellow last night when I was coming home from the meeting. I forgot to tell you. She was just going in the house."

"Well?" Mrs. Bancock asked.

"I'm telling you. Listen to this. Her hair was down, flying all around and down her back!"

Mrs. Bancock stood up, opening wide her mouth and eyes and stared at Frank.

"You mean her hair was not done up? Right out there in the street?"

"Wait a minute." Frank rested his arm against the back of the chair. "The fellow, well, that fellow didn't have any shoes on." He nodded his head. "I always said he was kind of queer."

Mrs. Bancock had put her hands on her hips. "I declare. Are you sure about that Frank?"

"I passed by as slow as I could and kind of bent down to be sure."

Mrs. Hancock was breathing deeply. "Frank, you know what I'm going to do? I'm going right over there this minute and speak to Mrs. Hopworth. She has to do something with that girl. Before you know it, people will be calling this whole street queer on account of her. And look at us living right next door." She started toward the door but turned back. "Here, I can't be seen in this apron. There I'll go through the back yard as long as I'm wearing my house dress." She hurried out the back door into the sunlight. On the clothesline two shirts and some towels were flapping. She meant to take those in the first thing this morning. She could just stop to do that now. The shirts slapped her face as she pulled them. What did that girl mean keeping her hair down out on the street; acting as if she could do anything she wanted. Mrs. Bancock stood still holding the clothes in her arms. Why, she never did things she wanted. She happened to look down at her legs. She and Mrs. Hopworth and Mrs. Drake had all bought stockings like these last month. She walked slowly back to the doorstep and sat down, resting the clothes on her lap. She had never noticed before that the stockings made her legs itch. What would the sun feel like on her own leg? She leaned over and pulled the stocking below her knee. A breeze bore gently on the bare part. She looked quickly around her and then pulled both stockings way down to her shoes. It would be nice to go with her legs bare. She stretched her legs in front of her, then drew them a little away and snickered to herself. The neighbors wouldn't know what to think of her.

The hot sun made her sleepy and satisfied. Why hadn't she ever thought of washing her hair and drying it out here? She put her arm to the back of her head and drew out her hairpins. She shook her hair. Yes, it would feel good and she rested her head on her knees and let the sun warm her back. She could see little strips of grass through her fingers. It was the kind that would squeak when she blew on it between her hands. She leaned forward toward a little tuft of green blades. But what was that pushing against her throat. One of the buttons from Frank's shirt.

"Blanche!" Mrs. Bancock started. Frank was calling. "I just this minute saw Mrs. Hopworth shaking her mop out of the west window so I guess you can catch her."

She jumped to her feet. Her hair was blowing across her eyes. She dropped the clothes on the ground and looked quickly about. What had ever made her pull down her hair? Was anyone watching her? She couldn't go inside this way and she began jumbling with her hairpins. They wouldn't go in straight. She dropped one but at least her hair was up some how. The stockings had fallen over her shoes. How had they come to be below her knees? After pulling up her stockings she stood up breathing hard and laughed a dry little squeak. For a second then she couldn't have been herself at all. Gathering the clothes, she hurried to the kitchen and made another laugh, a little louder. Now she was back to herself again, Mrs. Bancock at 445 Elm Tree road.

In the kitchen she dropped the clothes on a chair and smoothed down her hair and straightened her dress. The breakfast dishes were still on the table. Frank

had left his butter-knife on the table cloth again. She started clearing away the dishes as Frank came to the doorway.

"Well, what did you say to Mrs. Hopworth—I suppose—"

"Oh, I'm going over there now. I was just getting the clothes. I'm going to tell her just what I think—that I wouldn't let any daughter of mine go as that one does. Anyway, she oughtn't to stay around here." She was talking with her hands on her hips again. "And if she won't tell Daisy to stop seeing that fellow, I will myself."

She went out the back door once more and started firmly toward Mrs. Hopworth's house.



NAKED HILLS

MARY LOUISE PAUL

IF YOU would go impervious to grief,
Go now, let wounds be clean, the healing swift,
And boast a sure, proud certainty against
That more relentless pain which even now
Seeks to preclude the first sharp poignancies
Of disenchanted love with mockery;
Link firm renunciation with desire
As surely as the ruthlessness of wind
Strips cleanly from each bough the brittle twig,
To hurl with calm dispassion at the sky.

If you would go impervious to grief,
Go now, I say, while yet your eyes are quick
To temper swift defiance with disdain
Till having winged each farthest naked hill,
You shall go lacking song but dreamful still.

OASIS

VIRGINIA TILDEN

A BOY scuffled down a long road, head bent, breathing in dust; sand, small needles of heat between his toes; overalls hanging like limp signals of defeat. A passing cloud threw a shadow of tepid coolness. He raised his head and pursed his lips, whistling to forget the pain in his stomach. "... a sentimental gentleman from Georgia, Georgia."

"He regarded the clay hills on each side affectionately—" pretty good state, if only it weren't so gosh-awful hot." "Sweet Sue" ... a broken thread of melody hung in the air—clinchd fists thrust deep into ragged pockets.

His mother's name was Sue, and she'd said to him, "Naow Jed, you're a man grown, and yer paw just cain't feed yu' any more." He knew what that meant. Plenty of his older pals had had to leave home. Too many mouths to feed. But he,—his heart had choked him for a moment—then he'd said. "All right maw, I'll go. Can yu tie up somethin in a sack?"

He could see her eyes now as she had said slowly, "There ain't no food in the house, son."

Gaunt in her thin apron, scant hair drooping, eyes empty, she clung to him in parting.

"Don't yer mind, Maw, I'm going to be a rich man some day. I'll make things up to you."

His dirty little brothers and sisters formed a staring group on the sagging, unpainted stoop as he marched off down the hill through the withered ruin of the potato crop.

* * *

It had been almost a week now. He kicked the sandy clay under his feet and sighed wearily as the

(276)

VIRGINIA TILDEN

277

cooling cloud shadow passed and the sun glared down on his bare head. Five days filled with tramping. No use to thumb. People wouldn't pick you up any more. Not many cars passed. Rough refusals, commands to clear out, a little pity, had answered his pleas for work. He had taken to begging. Most of the people in this section didn't have food to give, but they were kind. He averaged about a meal a day.

He was near the state line. Florida. He had wild visions of some rich, old man taking a liking to him—wasn't Florida always filled with rich resorters?—and sending him through college. Plodding along, he dreamed of a job in a big city, himself a wealthy man driving up his own, familiar, clay ruts in a sleek, maroon car, the back piled high with packages.

A light, golden haze was beginning to edge the sky when he stepped into Florida, a feeling of triumph already in his heart. Aching leg muscles forgot themselves and he walked quickly. The still warm road bed was a comfort to his feet. Nights down here were suddenly cool. A faint breeze, moist and chilly from swamplands further south, began to seek out the rents in his overalls. Straining his eyes in the twilight, Jed found no promise of good-fortune in what he saw. Sand instead of clay, scraggly jack-oaks covered miles of flats, dingy white houses, crack-ed pink ones.

He shivered, the last glow of sunset was gone. The houses were getting thicker. A city? No, just a small town. The wide, main street empty, dark. An occasional street lamp threw his shadow in its circle of light. Insects buzzing in those circles, faint clicks and murmurings from a pool parlor on the corner. Jed stood in the middle of the street unde-

cided. Finally he turned toward the poolroom. He was hungry.

He pushed open the door and stepped into a sudden glare of white light. A group of smalltown sophisticates stared at him curiously. They saw a dirty, small boy, ragged, thin, old face; timid eyes. Jed didn't like strangers. He hesitated, toes starting to dig in sand, meeting wood instead. Fists in pockets he swaggered up to one of the clerks.

"Any work around heah, mistuh? I'm just over from Georgia, looking for a job."

A raucous laugh from a heavy set bum in the corner caused Jed to fidget nervously.

"Think a shrimp like you kin find work when I hain't been able to? Only looking for work because people 'er so tight they won't give handouts any more. Me, willing to work and then cain't find it. If that ain't a laugh. Come on shrimp. What's eatin' on yu? There's a freight tonite. We'll beat it down to Miami."

"Kin I get work there?"

"Perhaps. Food anyway."

"All right."

Jed followed his new found friend out reluctantly, looking back at the lights as he stepped into the dry gloom of the streets. It was after ten now and all the street lights were out. They tramped up the middle of the street. Jed didn't know that this was instinctive with the big fellow. He just followed.

They were alongside the freight now. It lay there on the track, quiescent for the moment, its darkness accentuating the white glare of the headlight and orange glow of the engine room. Jed heard animal breathings in the short puffs from the smoke stack. He followed his leader uneasily. Dodging a jet of live steam, he reached the big fellows' side only to

be drawn quickly into the shadow of a huge wheel as the nightwatchman flashed his lantern around the corner.

* * *

Jed clung tightly to the underpinning of a freight car. The vibration of the train was in his body and his brain; its grating monotone of sound was there, too. His hands tightened convulsively. The steel beam cut into his palms. Was it blood or sweat that made his grip slide? His insides felt strained, empty from lack of sleep. His eyelids closed relentlessly, then jerked open. Thank God he was still there. Must keep his eyes open though. Another jerk like that and . . .

Those wheels so close, funny they seemed to be coming closer—whirling. Why, they were right inside his head. Jed wondered how a wheel so large could get inside a head so small. Oh, well, what was a wheel in a head to a camel in a needle? Camel? The train was moving on the back of one, only Jed thought camels just had two humps. That camel must be traveling through a terribly hot desert. He could feel his clothes cling against his skin. Warm drops trickled down the bridge of his nose. Jed began to wish for an oasis, coolness, rest, water to wipe the blood from his hands and to swallow in long gulps, feeling its coolness run down inside.

The vibrations had slowed. The monotone had a clearer beat. Jed forced weary lids open and smiled. Water, right below him, dark and cool looking; faint glimmers of light on its surface. Jed frowned. Why were those moving bars in the way, trying to keep him out? He calculated their speed and his. He'd show 'em. Cramped arm and leg muscles untensed. Slowly, then blissfully, Jed let go his hold.

DUST AND HEAT

"The Column of Creative Controversy"

GROWING PAINS

Criticism is like a snowball. The larger it grows the faster it rolls making it get still larger. But when one has a large snowball of criticism as at Rollins, one wonders if there isn't something wrong.

The majority of the college troubles are growing pains, I think. And since its personality, being young, is not yet fully formed, it gives alarming impressions to some of the people, which fact discourages us. To others with almost as slight an acquaintance, we seem to be an entirely unique, practically perfect institution, which makes us uneasy. Unfortunately for the second point of view, the student body is composed not of Olympians but of human beings.

But Rollins is alive and growing. In this it is decidedly superior to most. It is alive because of the small classes with emphasis on discussion, closer relationship between professor and student, and lastly simply because having a small student body of a wide variety of individuals, one is provoked into, irritated into, or encouraged into thinking with fellow students. There is too the opportunity for self-expression. The best example of this is the Museum which was organized to give students not in dramatic classes a chance to act. Unfortunately it is now considered by outsiders as an esoteric club. Any student who thinks this and resents it would find, I'm sure, that the group would encourage him to come and outdo them if possible.

Witness to the fact that the college is growing: the

(280)

increasingly cosmopolitan student body, the increasing number of plays and art in all forms (including Cab Calloway), and of course the new buildings.

There is one difficulty which seems to be quite important. There is something carried over from year to year by the students, which can't be put into words but which is the "feel" or soul of the college. The difficulty is that this year we have many new students and that feel isn't as noticeable. So I've heard new people doubt and wonder and 'what the hell' about Rollins. It is best to remind them that we are left to our own devices for the purpose of finding out for ourselves what we can get from the college, curricular or extra-curricular. So it may be their own fault if they find nothing here.

They criticize the lack of college spirit. That is understandable because people pretty much go about their own business or pleasure in well-defined groups. Intra-mural basketball somewhat united warring groups and brought together for once a good-sized block of the students. More uniting events would be good.

I think however that the majority of criticisms will become less loud, simply because we are bound to have, because of the weather, our usual mellow, friendly, but a little sleepy spring term.

The only criticism I am still bothered by is the impression that the college is becoming conservative—tightening up. I can't be reassuring about this particular trend. About the other criticisms I suggest tolerance.

BARBARA DONALDSON

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ROLLINS?

Is Rollins still one of our progressive institutions, or is it becoming "just another college"? This question has been worrying me for some time. It is too early to say whether she is or not, but certainly there are certain tendencies along that line.

I can remember Rollins when it was just a handful of faded white buildings and sandspurs, the latter being well in the majority. Rollins Hall was under construction, the Beanery was half as big as it is now, and the Art Studio was where the new theatre now stands. At that time there was only one Dean, the conference plan was just introduced, and the eight hour day was unheard of. It was a pretty good old place then. We got along pretty well.

Every now and then you got into a class that met every day for two hours, but you usually dropped it and took something else. When you wanted a vacation you took one, but you did your work when you found time. Accomplishment was what mattered then.

Then some kind souls gave Rollins some nice new buildings. They were both beautiful and impressive, but it took me some time to get used to them. Then we had an epidemic of Deans. They maybe weren't necessary, but they too were impressive. People began to get "Rollins Conscious". Everything picked up and fairly raced along. That too was hard to get used to.

Lately I have noticed a general shifting to the theory that education ought to be crammed down the student's throat. Not all classes are meeting for two hours, but more of them seem to be coming to it. A Rollins classroom is rather a dreadful place to try to study in. Many find themselves sitting and looking out the window. Others find that games of tit-tat-toe

seem to help pass the time. Some can even sleep. I can't.

I can't help but feel that I'm back in prep school. I have learned to like Rollins because I could study how, when, and where I liked. If I did the work well there weren't many questions asked. Now when everything is becoming so intense all I'm doing is getting a little hot under the collar. I can't help it.

I agree with the administration that there are a great many students who aren't doing any work. But I'm afraid that if you put them in a padded cell and sat over them with a whip they wouldn't get anything out of a college education. I hate to see the others suffer because of people like that.

I think the administration ought to put the problem either up to the students as a whole, or to a committee representing them, and talk the situation over. I'd hate to see the Rollins I knew die.

BUCKLIN MOON.



WE GET EXCITED!

Appreciation is a rare gift among men. To gripe is easy—because that which offends ruffles our ego and invites a retort. Criticism is a later development for it entails thought—and if it be true criticism, ends in a constructive remedy. Unfortunately both are apt to be promulgated without an appreciation of the thing under discussion. For real appreciation only comes with time, after prejudice has been warded off or broken down and after the thing has been seen coolly, levelly, as a whole and in the right perspective. That is a big order to fill, but not an impossible one, and is one of the marks that distinguishes an educated man.

I am proud to be a part of as noble and liberal an educational venture as this college. I remember sitting long hours on the back of a camp chair while the new curriculum was discussed and adopted. Now that new curriculum is in action. It is hard to put an idea into practice. It takes a strength and bravery that few of us possess to have the patience to watch, grant freedom and wait; to work a thing out and in its interest to run counter at times to public opinion.

I admire sportsmanship and sincerity. It seems to me that this college is a pretty sporting proposition. In the face of all sorts of odds it is achieving a measure of success remarkable in its extent. Nobody pretends that it is perfect; mistakes have of course been made, but the remedy is being sincerely sought; and fundamentally, we who are here know that our foundations are sound or there would not be so much active and heated criticism. For

criticism, bull sessions and excitement about a thing—even when it seems to be all “Dust and Heat”—bespeaks a lively interest in its welfare . . . One does not get excited about something that has nothing in it.

BETTY CHILDS



THE FLAMINGO

Published Monthly by Students of Rollins

Established March, 1927

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

Advertising rates on application

Winter Park, Florida

Editorial Department

Editor-in-Chief	-----	BETTY CHILDS
Associate Editors	-----	{ ROBERT BLACK
		{ ALICE LEE SWAN
		{ HORACE P. ABBOTT
Exchange Editor	-----	THOMAS TRAMMELL
Proof Readers	-----	{ SALLY LIMERICK
		{ RICHARD CAMP
Faculty Advisor	-----	ROBERT WUNSCH

Business Department

Business Manager	-----	WARREN APGAR
Circulation Manager	-----	JACK HIGLEY

Advertising Department

Advertising Commissioner	-----	JAMES H. OTTAWAY
Representatives	-----	{ BARBARA LANG
		{ BETTY TREVOR