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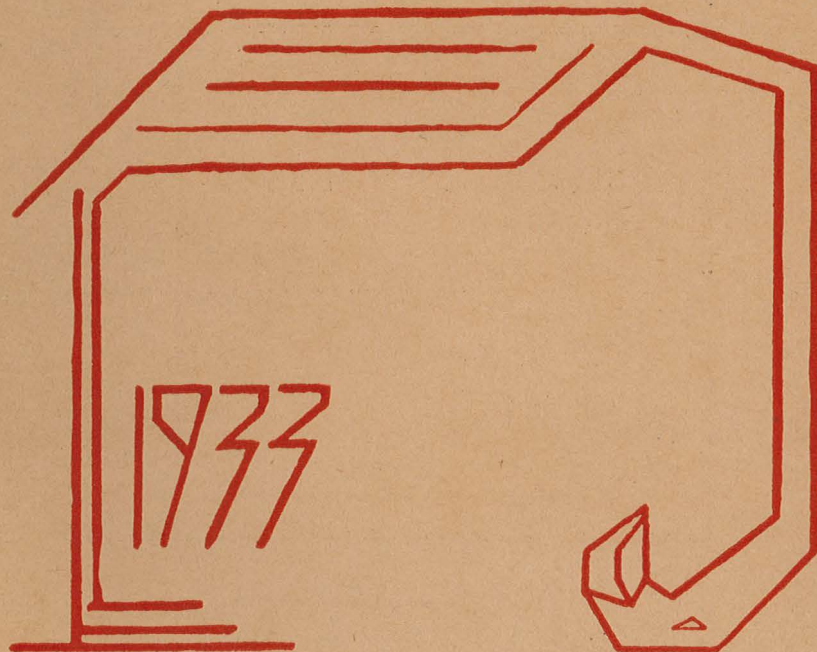
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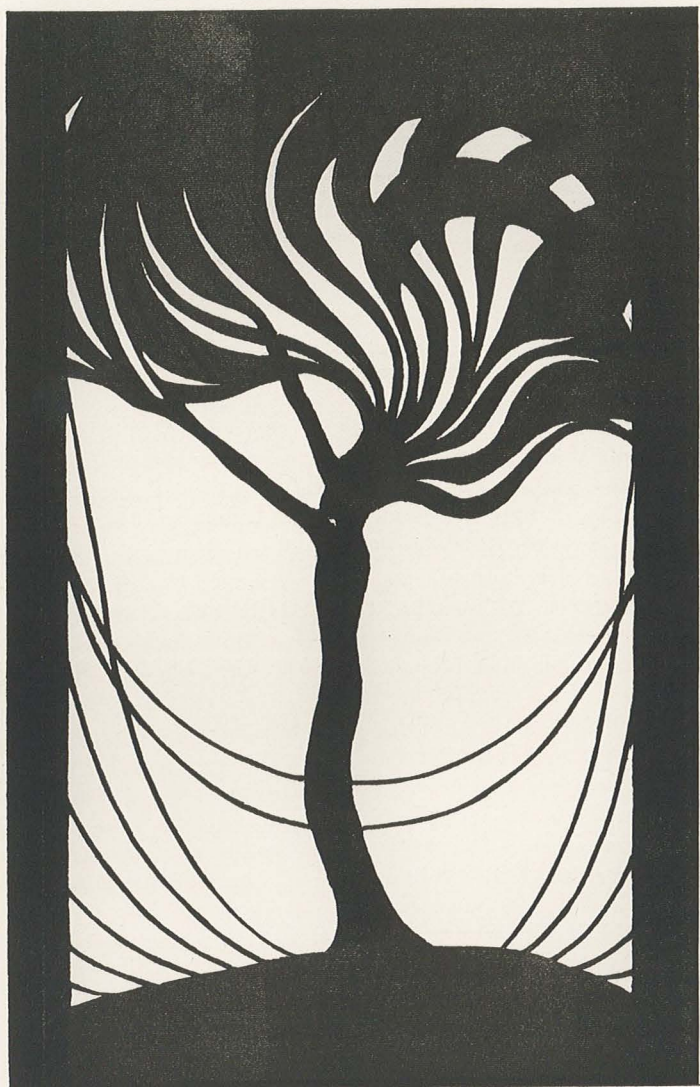
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AURORA—Elisabet Richards

THE FLAMINGO

THE CURTAIN RISES

Editorial

THE curtain will rise promptly at 8:15 o'clock" quoting from a long list of Rollins theatrical programs of the past year. And the curtain has risen; in the Annie Russell Theatre, in Recreation Hall and at The Museum; risen to reveal everything from classical drama to contemporary comedy; from the primitive rhythm of the negro to the artificiality of Queen Anne's England. Good plays, and on the whole surprisingly well done. Good audiences, and on the whole truly appreciative.

Like all dramatic seasons that have any worth, this one carries in its wake a trail of criticism. Some of it foolish and trivial, some of it of a more serious nature. That which is foolish will blow itself off, but the serious charges remain.

It is charged by the audience that instead of staying in the realm of its own capabilities, plays have been attempted way beyond the abilities of the actors. Now an audience is a pretty good thermometer and it has been observed that plays and actors who do not consider their audience disappear from the dramatic boards. But a college audience is in a peculiar position, it is not seeing professional actors, nor plays whose primary object is to make money—although that has to be considered; it is seeing student actors studying and producing the best plays as they are studying the best philosophers and the best men in

the field of physics. For this reason they have a faculty of biting off more than they can professionally swallow; of getting over their heads. in the dramatic sea.

Strength is a case of growth. And growth can only be accomplished in a space larger than the individual. Given a play over his head, an intelligent student actor, led by an intelligent director, is given a chance for creative growth that is unsurpassed. That is why there is a student theatre. He may not reach that full growth, but that is beside the point. He has tried, and he has learned something, and often he has come nearer a true artistic expression than anyone supposed him capable of. It should be the innate right of every student to have that chance for growth in the dramatic field as well as any other field; for no one pretends a student is not over his head trying to comprehend relativity.

Immorality has been charged against the theatre for so many centuries that it has become a tradition. Immorality has run particularly rampant on the American stage ever since the war. It is surprising how much alike modern comedies and eighteenth century comedies are. The one we are supposed to see on Broadway, laugh at as a picture of contemporary life and forget when we arrive in Florida; the other we are supposed to read as part of our required reading for an English major and not be affected by; although we are steeped in it and like material by the term.

Now it is a well known fact that life is a curious admixture of right and wrong. It is also a well known fact that the two seldom come parted and the one is often mistaken for the other. The stage reflects the life of the times. In that reflection it plays a part of immeasurable importance. It is a picture we should

not cloud, particularly in a college. If we do, we prevent the issue into darker and more vicious channels, instead of giving it the light of free expression in which we, as well as posterity, can see ourselves. Then if we have a quarrel with the times we can at least know what we are quarreling with.

B. C.

TO WADSWORTH

AGATHA TOWNSEND

(To Mary Seymour Lucas who visited the Lake District of England and drew her love for the poet from those scenes which inspired him.)

I HAVE turned down the sheets within my hand
 To gaze again upon this pleasant wood
 Where once you walked. I do not seek the words
 You wrote in telling of that sheltered road,
 That calm and azure lake. Nor do I read
 Your lines when I look down the hill to Wye.
 But, pausing rather underneath the brow
 Of some green cliff, I hum a well-loved tune,
 Think on a distant friend I long to see
 Whose words have reached me here. I watch the
 sheep
 Turn their black faces to me in surprise.
 The self-same wind that often touched your face
 Worries my hair. Here is your soul—and these
 Are holy words you wrote beneath the touch
 Of this, your home. I find your poems here—
 Not on these pages, but among these hills.

TRANSITION

SARA NATALIE SYLVESTER

GEORGE—" she called, but he ran up the hill with Patricia. Joan stared after them. She stood in the whirling snow and watched them take hands as they pretended not to see her. Slowly she walked back to the sedan. It was warm inside, and she tried to read a book. How cold it was. Her fingers were numb; she probably wouldn't be able to play a note that afternoon. Those two didn't seem to mind. It was rotten the way they left her out. George had always belonged to her before Patricia decided to get him. Girls were such cheats about men. Friendship didn't count a thing with Pat. You could be practically engaged to a boy for weeks—then your best friend made a pass at him and he broke his neck running after her. One boy could set a whole roomful of girls at loggerheads. Men seemed more honorable about such things. Anyway she was glad to be in out of the cold. Patricia's nose would be red. Joan powdered her's complacently, leaving the new vanity conspicuously on her lap in hopes George would notice its darlingness and ask where she got it. She decided to say it was a "present" and look mysterious.

Here they were, swinging down the last strides. Patricia looking coy. She must have been kissed. Joan pretended to be lost in the book. George rapped on the pane. "Hello—lazy. Why didn't you come with us?"

She yawned, touching fingertips daintily to her mouth. Her hands were much prettier than Pat's. "Too cold—I'd rather sit here and read." She slid under the gears, making room on the outside for Patricia.

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SARA SYLVESTER

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"Not going intellectual on us, are you, Joan?" Pat laughed, still flushed with romance. She was running around the front of the car to get in the left side, so she could sit by George. Her nose *was* red.

George slid beneath the wheel. He had lipstick on his right cheek. Joan wondered if Pat's technique had changed—she didn't usually have such bad aim. But she was certainly cuddling up to him now. Joan moved several inches nearer the window. "Room enough, Patsy?"

"Pl-enty! Have you?" Pat even squeezed a little closer to George, who beamed down lovingly at her.

To think a level-headed boy like George would go mushy over a blondie the minute she snapped her fingers at him. Joan slid her eyes over George approvingly. He *was* good looking, she thought with a pang. Any girl would fall for him. Patricia was practically holding his hand at this point. Joan decided no man was safe if another woman wanted him. But why didn't it work both ways . . . give him to her instead of Pat? She must not have any appeal. Or perhaps her system was wrong. George needed some kind of stimulation.

The car slowed down before the concert hall. No one had spoken on the way back. It was a good thing there were no mind readers about. Pat turned to Joan, her mouth sweetly cruel. "Do you mind if we let you out now, dear? I've got to buy a hanky at the drug store, and we'll be right along.—Unless you want to come too?"

Joan wanted to cry. George was letting Pat get away with it, but he looked uncomfortable. He was rather nice about carrying the violin to the Hall for her, though.

"Thank you," she managed.

Of course they were late. The orchestra had been warming up for ages and the audience was restless in the black pool beyond the footlights. Joan was afraid they wouldn't be back in time, but Pat breezed in at last with gardenias.

So she'd made him buy flowers. Showing him off to everyone as her property. Joan straightened defiantly. She thought of the times *she* had turned down movie dates for evenings of two handed bridge to save him money; inviting him to refrigerator snacks instead of accepting sodas. Her mother had counseled, "George is only a boy with a stipend—don't expect too much." And he'd spent a weeks allowance on gardenias for Pat.

The conductor rapped sharply above a flutter of applause. Joan raised the violin, tucked it under her chin. Up with the bow—left fingers tremulous upon the strings. The cue. Firm and resonant tone sweeping forth, curving, diminishing. A rest, while the silver flute blended with oboe and clarinet against a deep figure of 'cellos. Music was like colored lights, Joan mused, playing together against a gray curtain. Weaving patterns. The fiddles began again, breasting the rest of the orchestra like a wave. Following her own thoughts, Joan played mechanically. Music was kind, even in the thunderous places. It always seemed to understand you. She glanced at George. He was looking at Pat and playing sour notes on the oboe. Pat had changed places with Sarah to sit nearer to him. It was a wonder she didn't take up flute instead of 'cello.

Oh! She'd lost the place. Audrey pointed it out with the tip of her bow. The overture was almost over. There was a preliminary burst of applause from some idiot in the audience, then the real explosion. It sounded like an army of firecrackers. The con-

ductor ran off to the wings, but the pieces had to stay until the curtains swung together. The rows of vibrating laudatory hands looked like beds of white flowers beating together rhythmically.

Joan turned to put her whole soul into the rest of the program, to sing on her violin high above the other instruments. Her cheeks were fiery with excitement and her cool fingers flew unhesitatingly through their paces like hammers. It was reassuring when you could fashion your loveliest thoughts into sound. She practically always thought in music. George reminded her of the *Tales from the Vienna Woods* with his crisp hair and military bow at the close of numbers when the conductor made them all take a bow.

Thoughtfully she unloosened the bow and tucked the violin away in its plush case. A hand clasped her elbow and a startling male voice jerked her.

"Say, you were splendid, Joan." It was that fast Phillip Tate. "I had my eye on you the whole time. You certainly know how to handle a violin. When are you going to invite me around to your house and play for me?"

Joan giggled. "Now Phillip—you don't know the least thing about music." An idea was bubbling in her mind. Why not give him a date? He'd asked often enough. If George wanted competition, let him have it. Phillip was nibbling, anyway.

"Check, darling, but I love it from you. Come on—what about tonight? I dare you."

She tipped her head coquetishly—"Well—maybe."

"Gee, you're swell. What time shall I make it?" Did he have to hold her arm so hard? Anyway, George was looking.

"Eightish. And you'll have to run now; I must

meet Mother in exactly half a minute." (George was anxious. Here he came now.) "'Bye."

"Let me carry your case, will you?" George was pink as to neck and ears. No wonder—the way Pat frowned.

"Okay. I'm to meet Mother at the door. Thanks again, George, for the ride over. Oh! There's Mother."

He held her back. "Wait. You were talking to Tate—You didn't give him a date, did you? He's no good."

"Who says I did?" She achieved a scowl, but her heart was knocking blissfully. "Oh, here's Pat. Good-bye, you two."

The Bruton's chauffeur opened the car door as Joan ran through the revolving doors of the stage entrance.

"Hurry, dear, it's simply congealing out." Joan's Mother's voice was soft yet compelling, the result of years of feminine tact. "The orchestra was splendid this afternoon. I was very proud of my girl. I do think Professor Jasper is too florid in his conducting; it distracts one so.—"

She purred on while Joan nearly burst over her news. Suddenly she had an electric idea.

"Mother—may I get a new dress this afternoon? A Sallymil? There's time . . . and you promised one for next month. May I?"

It was a devine dress, totally different from anything she'd ever had. Joan surveyed her smiling reflection, then slipped into her mother's room to stand before the dainty dressing table and smooth a scarlet film across her lips. Lip rouge made her look pale, she decided, and interesting.

Phillip was arriving. She wafted downstairs, all romance, to greet him in the living room. He was idling with the fire tongs and pretending to drop them when he saw Joan. "Mama! You look devine." (He pronounced it "dee-vine") Joan smiled. George never mentioned her clothes.

"Oh—you've come for your lesson. Well, pupil, this is my studio. The violin's across the armchair, and we won't be disturbed. Mother's having contract in the library."

"Fine; I'll have you all to myself." He snapped on the radio and tuned in an erotic orchestra. "Boy! that's hot and sweet. Let's postpone my lesson 'till next time and dance to this slick music. C'mon—be a sport, Gorgeous."

Phillip enfolded her and began a tantalizing, rhythmic swaying from foot to foot without actually moving out of his tracks. His arm wrapped clear around her waist, with her body pressed against his own. He hummed gently, lips just brushing her cheek. Joan broke away indignantly, then to keep her pose of bravado she held out her hand imperiously. "Cigarette?"

He lit it for her admiringly. Joan took a long pull and choked, but covered it with a cough. She avoided his outstretched arms, calling gaily, "Come over here. I want you to see some prints mother brought back from Belgium last spring."

Phillip laughed indulgently. "Say, Jo, if you're all wound up over pictures I'll take you to see some real ones. Clark Gable's playing over at the Olympic. Get your bonnet."

He held her hand insistantly in the betraying darkness. Joan counseled herself, "It's only conventional to lollygag at a movie,—doesn't mean anything anyway." But on the way home Phillip stopped his

coupe and fumbled in the pocket. Joan leaned into her corner as he held a bottle to his lips and drank in great pulls. His breath was fetid as he offered the shine to Joan, breathing heavily into her face. She edged toward the door, clutching her purse, but he seized her hungrily and covered her body with forced caresses. "Sweet bab'—c'mon, buddy up!" He commanded.

She must be cool. "But I want a cigarette—"How could her voice be so unmoved? Yielding to latent gallantry, he lit her up. Joan held the burning tip between them as she looked at her watch. "Snakes! I should be home right now. Step on it, Phil, or Mother'll give you the devil."

When the car drew up before the house Joan sprang out and ran up the steps before Phillip could collect his wits.

"Say—you wouldn't skunk a friend, would you?" he mourned.

Swiftly she let herself in and closed the door. There was a telephone message from George. He had called five times. She tore the envelope across without opening, and walked soberly to the living room.

Music was kind, even though it might hurt you sometimes. It was closer to her now. Understanding and beautiful—not like boys who were only fools anyway. She opened the case and fingered the violin. It was an old friend. She no longer regretted the many hours of tedious practice, the forfeited pleasures. She began to play softly. The instrument whispered lovely, soothing things. Notes rippled down like a cascade of petals.

There was a sudden step in the hall. Mrs. Bruton entered in negligee. "Darling," she purred sleepily, "do you know what time it's getting to be? My guests

left long ago. Come along to bed—you can practise in the morning."

Joan stood before her mirror in pajamas, shivering from the cold shower. Her face was so helplessly familiar and unchanged . . . At last she turned and folded the new dress back into its box. Standing on a chair she shoved it to the back of her closet shelf. A soiled teddy-bear fell comically against it. Switching off the light she crept into bed.



SONNET

MARLEN ELDRIDGE

A ROSE and purple sunset fills the sky
Beyond the drifted sand-dunes, white as snow,
And straggling lines of gray sea-gulls wheel low
Above the crested waves as I pass by.
Alone, I gather sea-weed, brown and dry,
That lies above the waters' ebb and flow,
But often pause to watch the fading glow,
And gaze at thund'ring breakers rearing high.

And yet, my neighbors, living near the shore,
Spend all their days within the noisy town;
They find the drive along the beach, a bore,
On simple people, such as me, look down;
Perchance I like God's handiwork the more
Because they look upon it with a frown.

FIRST BEER

GEORGE BARBER

THE smoky air reeked with stale beer, negro musicians and gin. The room, too small for the number of tables and tiny dance floor, was dismal. Two girls, entertainers, whose costumes were in complete harmony with the surroundings, wandered aimlessly from group to group. Talk was incessant and subdued, punctuated by an occasional high-pitched laugh—the chief offender, a vapid looking female with a tight evening gown and a pale face, was becoming a nuisance. The other guests, with the exception of three young men who lolled at a table in the corner, were reserved and inconspicuous.

The youths at the corner table lounged lazily, but their eyes roved excitedly over the room. Frank, obviously the oldest, lost interest in the surroundings; he fingered the handle of his beer mug in silence. It caught the light, swallowing it, holding a dull amber glow. He felt peaceful, remote, and a little sleepy. Lost in his reverie, he only vaguely noticed the arrival of one of the girls in the shabby chorus dress.

"Do you boys need any more beer—or anything?" she was saying.

Frank looked up. Both faces on the opposite side of the table wore interested grins. Bud's thin lips parted in a broad expression of amusement as the girl slid into a vacant chair, and rested her elbows on the moist table top. Frank could see the glasses and Bud's face mirrored in its shiny surface. Bud, dark, tall, and too carefully dressed, turned to his friend.

"How about the beer situation, Ted? The girl here will get us some, won't you babe?"

Ted didn't think it was a bad idea. He shifted his

slight figure forward in his chair as the faded dress departed barward. His grey eyes followed her with distaste.

"I say, Bud, she's pretty terrible, even for this place, isn't she?" he remarked with a final appraising glance.

"Never saw worse," said Bud.

Ted studied the milling crowd on the dance floor and felt a strange exhilaration. He reached for his half empty glass. Several drops on his trousers diverted his attention. He began to mop at them with a pocket handkerchief. Bud, anticipating the arrival of more beer, cleared a large space in front of himself noisily. Frank squinted at the bulging neck of a fat man at the adjoining table.

The girl reappeared carrying three steins in one hand.

"Yeah, I will, even if I do have such a rotten headache. What's good for a headache, doctor?"

"Aspirin!" grunted Frank, awakening from his silent contemplation.

The girl, after a brief, withering glance, disregarded him.

"How about a dance, kid?" said Ted.

"Why sure, I guess so."

Smiling at his friends in triumph, Ted sidled through the clutter of tables toward the floor.

Bud snorted audibly. He reached into the glass bowl, selected a hard-boiled egg; and commenced to peel off its shell. He watched the intent face across the table with interest. Frank, interrupting the study of his glass by intermittent swallows, was absorbed. He blinked owlshly.

The music stopped.

"—but headache or no headache, it's the same old grind around this forsaken place", the girl was complaining.

"Sit down and forget it!" snapped Frank, suddenly, craning his neck forward. He was slightly pale.

"My, my, what's the matter with the doctor?—he don't seem so well either," crowed the girl.

Frank pushed back his chair and walked carefully from the room.

"Aspirin, maybe", she cackled after his receding figure.

Vaguely chagrined and distinctly unhappy, Frank breathed the cool air of the street gratefully. He leaned heavily against a high board fence. Nobody was in sight. He was floating in the faint murmur of voices and melancholy music. A dim moon hung in a dusty patch of gray light between two buildings. He decided to sit in the back of the parked car. His head dropped back on the cool leather cushion. Cold air stirred his hair. He felt miserable.

* * * * *

Ted, restless, ground the end of his cigarette in the ashtray. Bud drummed the table with his fingertips. He moved his chair to allow another youth to squeeze past.

"Y'know", the stranger informed them, "it's an awful thing to have to sit around twiddling yer thumbs when the wife's expecting a baby". His voice became confidential, husky. "Why they tell me", he added, "if the husbands had to have the second one, there'd never be more than two in any family." Leaving this bit of information to be digested, he moved off toward the door.

The boys laughed. "Nothing but a kid", said Bud. "Suppose we go look for Frank".

A gust of cold wind, laden with dust and flying paper, welcomed them into the street. They walked over to the car.

"It's swell out here—too stuffy inside—feel like

driving". Frank's greeting was less enthusiastic than he had intended it to be. Ted shivered slightly. His ankles were cold. He didn't know what to say. "What do we do now?" he asked bleakly. His tone surprised him, puzzled him.

Bud was saying, "I know a good place to go—it's early yet. Of course Frank had better go home."

The reclining figure in the car uttered disparaging comments on such an idea, albeit a trifle listlessly. Conversation ceased. The two standing on the sidewalk shifted their weight, undecided. As though by mutual consent, they climbed clumsily into the car, started it, and turned north toward home. No one spoke. Each felt embarrassed—not knowing exactly why.



KNOWLEDGE

B. T.

At noon the day paused
 As though there were no time,
 As though it did not know
 That night would come.
 A butterfly poised lightly
 On the buoyant breeze,
 And underneath there was
 A timeless silence.

At noon the day paused.
 The butterfly was arrogant;
 I was a thing apart
 I knew that night would come.

AN EXIGENCY OF WAR

EDWARD N. JENKS

THE American tramp ship, *Tuscan*, steamed leisurely northward along the coast of Southwest Africa. It was just past midnight. Except for the mate who had remained on the bridge to chat with his relief, the first night watch had gone below. The sea was calm and the night clear. The wind came in warm puffs with just strength enough to stir a man's hair.

The helmsman of the *Tuscan* stood by the wheel like a phantom. His face, faintly illuminated by the glow of the compass light seemed suspended in space without the support of a body. The ship held to her course easily. Perhaps once in three or four minutes the helmsman gave the wheel a half-turn that made its brass-tipped spokes gleam momentarily as they caught the light from the glass window of the compass hood. For the rest, the man stood stolidly in the darkness, shifting his weight occasionally from one foot to the other. His eyes, which reflected the light like the brass-tipped wheel spokes, stared fixedly through the binnacle window at the compass card.

The two mates were standing together on the bridge near the door of the wheelhouse. The helmsman, straining to catch the drift of their subdued conversation, heard snatches of what old Kellermann, the third mate, was saying in his throaty German voice.

"It was my first command . . . scuttled . . . at Walvis Bay . . ."

The man at the wheel allowed his eyes to stray from the compass as he half turned his head and listened more intently to the conversation on the wing of the bridge.

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" . . . The order had come from the War Office and the Consul meant to have it obeyed. I saw the cable they had sent him. . . The Consul talked a lot about duty and the Fatherland. The British destroyer was up the river, and the channel was very shallow. If the channel could be obstructed, the destroyer would be trapped. It was the Consul's idea—to scuttle my ship across the river mouth. The job would have been better done with a keg of dynamite, but did the Consul care? Was I consulted? No indeed. The Consul was thinking only about his own future. What did mine matter to him? He had cabled the German War Office and got their authority to carry out his plan. No great harm would be done, he said, but I knew better. When they had got the destroyer he would see to it that my ship was floated off without damage. A simple little trick and clever, too, he thought. For the Fatherland no sacrifice was too great. . ."

The voice grew indistinct, muffled by the vibration of the rigging which swelled from a scarcely audible flutter to an indistinct pulsation as the ship rolled against a heavy ground swell. When the noise died away, the watch officer, Jorgensen, was talking in a soothing tone when Kellermann fiercely interrupted.

"An oversight, eh? You call it an oversight when the Consul had only to look from his office window to see my ship lying on the bottom with her decks awash and a gaping hole in her bow? A deliberate oversight, perhaps! Bah! It was easy enough for the Consul to talk of duty. He had nothing to lose. What did he care about me? I'd never seen him before. It was his own future he was thinking about. Mine didn't matter."

In the wheelhouse, the light flashed on the spokes of the wheel as the helmsman spun it quickly. The ship had swung four degrees off the course while he listened

to the mate's conversation. When the ship was again steadied on her course, the man at the wheel stepped toward the door of the wheelhouse. The mates had changed their position slightly and it was more difficult to hear what they were saying. Kellermann was still talking, his voice charged with bitterness.

"Only a few days before the Germans had been beaten. The English were invading the territory. There was scarcely any resistance—only this last chance to make trouble for England before the end came. The destroyer had been up the river since dawn. She would escape unless something were done quickly. Can't you see how I was hurried into that act? A man doesn't ordinarily throw away his ship like that but if the command to do so has the stamp of the War Office? My career meant nothing to the Consul—absolutely nothing. He knew well enough what would come of it, and the War Office knew too but it was the destroyer they were after and the cost didn't matter so long as it was borne by someone else. . . ."

Kellerman was silent for a moment before he continued in a desolate murmur.

"After it was done, they wanted to forget. To forget! As if *I* could ever forget! The Consul was politely sympathetic at first but it was plain that I, annoyed him. He wanted to be rid of me. I was no more use to him. And meanwhile, there was my vessel on the bottom with her decks awash at high tide."

The officers began to pace the deck.

"Keep your mind on the wheel," mate Jorgensen, with an eye on the stars, quietly remarked. The helmsman retreated guiltily from the wheelhouse door until his face was again transfixed by the faint shaft of light from the window of the compass hood. The two men on the bridge had moved out of earshot and for several minutes the compass occupied the helms-

man's attention. Somewhere in the darkness off to his left, the ship's chronometer struck a single brisk but frail note. A hand left the wheel, reached into the darkness overhead for the bell rope, jerked it once in response to the chronometer, and returned to the wheel. The face poised over its spokes turned aside and waited alertly for an answering note from the forecandle-head bell. After a pause, the answer came, a single low, rather tired sound followed by the cry of the lookout: "Lights are bright, Sir!" The second mate stopped his pacing by the wheel-house door and replied to the lookout's hail. Kellermann was standing behind him and still talking. Jorgensen usually did the talking, but tonight he scarcely said a word. Third officer Kellermann had not talked so continuously for months. The vessel's proximity to the part of the world which had been the scene of his disaster drew the man out and as he talked, the pale oval of the helmsman's face bore an expression of suppressed incredulity. There were frequent pauses in the mate's story—pauses during which the speaker groped for adequate words.

"The Consul was going to throw me in prison if I refused," he wailed. "I had a family that depended on me. I had to fight for my ship for their sake. Their futures, as well as mine, were concerned if my ship were lost. But it was no use—fighting. I had most of her cargo taken out and, with my own hand on the wheel, maneuvered her across the channel. Two hours later, she was on the bottom with her decks awash. About noon the next day, the destroyer came back. Her officers must have expected that an attempt would be made to blockade them. They lowered a launch and towed something toward my ship. I knew well enough what they were going to do and they did it as though they had had long experience at the work. They planted their bomb against the bow where the

current had washed away the sand during the night. The explosion tore a gash in the bow plates heeled my ship over and gouged out a new channel for the river. The destroyer was gone before anything could be done to prevent her. When I saw the Consul again, he blamed the failure of his scheme on me—said if I had really meant to block the channel I could have done it and that I deliberately placed my ship in a position that would not completely block the channel. First he told me to stop plaguing him then he lost his temper, called me a traitor to the Fatherland. He could talk like that. He had lost nothing but the chance for advancement if his plan had succeeded.

"For nearly a week, we worked to salvage what was left of the cargo then a Dutch vessel called at Walvis Bay and I sent my crew back to Germany with her. It was the next day after the Dutch ship had sailed that the same British destroyer steamed into the bay and anchored within a hundred yards of my ship."

Kellermann lapsed into silence as though the effort of continuing demanded more of him than he cared to give. He began to pace the wing of the bridge restlessly only to halt abruptly behind Jorgensen and bark into his ear:

"They loaded dynamite into my ship and blew her out of the river!"

Jorgensen whistled softly as Kellermann went grimly on with his story.

"No one attempted to prevent them. No one fired a shot. You can't expect much allegiance in a port full of heathen niggers and European degenerates who'd forgotten—if they ever knew—that Germany owned the country. It was all incomprehensible to those niggers—another of white man's strange activities. But I thought the Consul was German enough to do something about it. I called on him, very meekly,

after this had happened. All I wanted from him was a place to sleep and a little money for food. He glanced at a mosquito biting his arm and after it had bitten for a while, he crushed it; then, without changing his expression, he looked at me and said he'd find me a cell in the prison if I persisted in making a nuisance of myself. The swine!" Kellermann growled in a burst of anger. "He wanted to throw off the responsibility for what he had done. He wanted me to die. He was ready to forget but I have never forgotten. That was all I remembered for years."

The man's anger was crushed by a wave of disillusion and despair.

"I had no money—nothing. I couldn't go back to the Consulate after this. There was no one else I knew and no other place I could go.

The mate was silenced by the memory of his abject misery. Jorgensen took advantage of his pause to speak to the helmsman.

"What are you steering now?" he asked sarcastically, leaning into the wheelhouse.

The helmsman was startled. The mate's question seemed to give his thoughts a sudden wrench. He glanced at the compass.

"On three fifty-seven, Sir," he replied hesitantly.

"Better stick to fifty-two till I tell you to change," Jorgensen remarked tartly. Then, addressing the third mate, he asked:

"Do?" Kellermann repeated. "I got drunk. I thought I could forget that way. It took a lot of drink—I must have been drunk several days. It was a long time before I got over that—before I began to remember," he said sadly. "About two years. . ."

"Two years!" Jorgensen echoed in surprise.

The helmsman tensed expectantly over the wheel.

When Kellermann continued after a pause, his voice was hard, dispassionate, almost lifeless.

"I wish I had died then but I hadn't guts enough. When fever came on, I stumbled to the hospital. I thought I was being moved to and fro between an ice box and a furnace and raged against the Consul for trying to kill me. Afterwards I could remember the delirium as one remembers a nightmare—conscious of its occurrence but forgetful of its details. It wasn't all over when I left the hospital. The fevers and the chills still come back—to remind me." Kellerman shuddered at the recollection.

"When I left that wretched little hospital, I left my past behind. My memory was blank—what the doctors call amnesia. It was horrible . . . horrible! It brought fear and a sense of futility—this middle-aged rebirth. I had no knowledge by the emptiness of the world."

The ship's chronometer struck two thin notes in quick succession and the helmsman's hand again left the spokes, reached upward, and repeated the notes on the bridge bell. After the interruption, Kellerman continued, nervously pawing the railing as he talked.

"One day a ship called at Welvis Bay—an American ship. I couldn't speak English then, but I was desperate . . . desperate. I had to get away from that place. It didn't matter how. I was almost ready to walk into the desert. That kind of death would have been easier than the torture of living. . . "

The voice ceased for a moment only to continue after a gruff weary sigh.

"I was allowed to take little walks to gain back my strength. One afternoon I saw the departure flag flying from the foremost of that American ship out in the harbor. I didn't go back to the hospital. I was afraid I wouldn't get away again before the ship sailed.

I hung around a saloon on the waterfront in a nervous sweat for fear the boat would sail before it grew dark or else that someone from the hospital would see me. When it was dark enough, I went down to the beach and got one of the native's boats into the water. It nearly killed me—pulling it over twenty yards of sand but there was no going back to the hospital then. I got out the oars and started to pull toward the lights of the ship, but I'd no sooner got clear of the beach than the tide caught me. It carried me down past the Consulate and then almost under the porch of the hospital. There was nothing I could do to prevent it. The boat moved on the tide as though guided by some heartless Nemesis bent on tormenting me with my own miserable past. It was drifting straight for the the river mouth where I had lost my ship. It was horrible I tell you—this frustration! I would have drowned myself before I'd go back to the hospital again. The tide carried me along until I could make out the hulk of my ship not more than a hundred yards ahead of me. Then a strange thing happened—strange until I realized what it was. I'd no more picked the shape of my vessel out of the darkness than I lost it again. It had disappeared as completely as though it had ceased to exist. At the same time the boat I was in moved forward more rapidly. I remember how shocked I felt when I saw the riding lights of a ship in just the place where I was trying to pick out the shape of my own hulk. I felt as though I were the victim of a ghastly practical joke. And then in a flash I understood! I had got into the back wash, so to speak, of the river and been carried along the shore until the main river current had caught me again. When I realized that, I pulled like fury to get into the middle of the current. After a minute of that I was too weak to pull the oars

through the water any more. I remember that I cried like a child over my impotence. But the lights of the ship got nearer all the time. All I could do was to sit on the boat thwart like an idiot and stare at them. It couldn't have been more than ten minutes before my boat rubbed against the hull of the ship. Her crew was working over the gangway amidships. The only way I could get aboard without being seen was by the anchor chain. I didn't think I would ever make it, but there was no going back after I had once started up. I had kicked the boat adrift. I hid in the anchor-chain locker and within a half hour the ship was on her way to—where? I didn't know. For a good many hours, I slept in that locker and when I came on deck again, the sun was directly overhead.

"They treated me well enough but it was hard—not knowing the language. I was nearly a year with the ship, and during that year, bits of my past slowly came back to me. It was like meeting an old friend—a friend of my childhood. And would you believe it, for more than a year it hadn't occurred to me that I was married! I had not thought of my wife for over a year and when I remembered, it was only her face and her name. I couldn't think where she lived.

"I wanted to go back to Germany and so once when we were in New York, I left the ship. But it wasn't—it wasn't so easy to get back to Germany. No! It was only a month since the *Lusitania* had been sunk. I got caught in New York. I—a German—without papers! They threw me into jail. I stayed there for more than three years—till the war ended—three years of treatment you'd be ashamed to give a cur. Nothing but work and hate. There was no one to talk to. No one could hear me. I wasn't even allowed to write. . . "

Kellermann rummaged through his pockets for his pipe, packed it, and struck a match. Its flame cast

a lambent glow over his features furrowed with years of seafaring and suffering and weariness. His features emphasized and illustrated the story of his life. His eyes did, too. They were small, thoughtful, sorrowful eyes that seemed to look without seeing, as though their owner were preoccupied with his own thoughts. When the pipe was drawing well, he tossed the match over the rail and resumed his story.

"After the war, they released me, of course. It was very hard finding a job. There weren't many ships calling at North German ports in those days. I got one to Denmark after a time. They gave me work in the galley." Kellermann snorted contemptuously. "A Captain in the galley!" The recollection rankled. "Fourteen days of *that* and we docked at Kiel. I had money enough to reach Hamburg. I met an old friend in a saloon there—a man I'd grown up with. He seemed shocked to see me there. It was plain he wanted to avoid me but couldn't decently manage it. There was something he was trying to hide from me. I had a feeling it was something about my wife. When I asked about her, he tried to steer me off. It was horrible, dragging the truth out of him."

Breaking off suddenly, Kellermann fell to pacing the bridge and puffing at his pipe until its coals grew candent, throwing their glow on the stubby fingers that clutched its bowl. He stopped at last on the wing of the bridge and leaned over the side. The green color of the starboard running light gave his aged face a deathly pallor. After a moment, he remarked negligently. "I thought for a minute it might be the Walvis Bay light." The moon was indeed rising, but Jorgensen knew that Kellermann had not been looking at the moon. The man's actions mystified him and the irrelevance of his comment annoyed him. Jorgensen replied with an impatient grunt. For several minutes,

Kellermann stared meditatively at the rising moon. Then, tumbling the dead ashes from his pipe by tapping it against a stanchion, he laid a firm hand on Jorgensen's arm.

"The world is selfish," he said quietly, "selfish above all else. It is only blindness and fear that makes us believe in the freedom of will. But I tell you that there is no feeling more terrible than to feel oneself a puppet in the grip of destiny. There was a time, years ago, when I thought my life was my own to make what I would of it—but I was a fool then, puffed up with a false sense of my own importance and independence. What I have learned since has humbled me, has overwhelmed me with a realization of my complete insignificance in the scheme of things."

"You speak like a man who's afraid of life," Jorgensen commented. The grip on his arm tightened.

"Everyone—every fool says that! A fool thinks that the laws of the Universe have nothing to do with him. A fool thinks that man runs the world." Kellermann paused for a moment and the silence of the night took possession of the bridge. The moon had risen sufficiently so that the helmsman could just make out the two figures on the wing of the *Tuscan's* bridge. He saw Jorgensen wince as Kellermann tightened the grip on his arm and continued savagely.

"You'll die a fool, Jorgensen. Your life has been too easy to teach you the lesson of man's insignificance. But do you know what I learned in that Hamburg saloon? I learned that I had died in a hospital at Walvis Bay from sickness contracted in the service of the Fatherland. That wasn't all. My wife had been notified and she had married again. And do you know who it was she married?"

Kellermann's face was twisted with the agony of his revelation.

"It was the very man who was telling me all this. There was nothing left to fight for. . . ." Kellermann talked incoherently. "Nothing left to fight for . . . couldn't go back . . . felt the grip of destiny . . . a terrible lesson. . . ."

The voice trailed off. The helmsman, listening to Kellermann's story as though his own fate hinged on what he said, swore viciously under his breath. The two mates stood silently beside one another for a long time. The silence might have lasted indefinitely had not Kellermann been roused by a deep note struck by the lookout on the bell forward.

"That must be the Walvis Bay light," Kellermann said quietly, peering intently across the moonlit, vitric sea. "Yes," he continued after he had made out the faint far beam of light, "the light is on the hill just above the channel. A sort of buoy to mark the wreck . . . like a tombstone." His voice as he continued was charged with melancholy and disillusion. "It is as though that light marked the beginning and the end of an episode—a nightmare episode that ends where it began, yet leaves the sleeper with a feeling of weakness and hopelessness that's too great to endure. . . ." He sighed wearily and turned to go below, but Jorgensen detained him with a question.

"Tell me," he asked, "What did you do—after you had heard?"

"Do?" There was the sadness of complete defeat in the tone of old Kellermann's answer. "Do? What could I do? There was nothing, was there? I could only hope to forget."

"Have you ever forgotten, even for a moment?" Jorgensen cruelly pursued with a suggestion of sarcasm in his question.

Kellerman did not answer but descended the bridge

ladder as if he had not heard. At the foot of it, he paused.

"By the way Jorgensen," he called up, "what's the water temperature along this coast?"

Jorgensen consulted the engineer's report in the chart room and called out the answer. The helmsman heard Kellermann clumping down the second ladder to his quarters in the saloon. A moment after he had gone, the watch officer, Jorgensen entered the wheelhouse and looked at the compass. The man at the wheel held the ship to her course without an error of so much as one degree. That irritated Jorgensen. He was looking for an excuse to criticise the man's steering. Not finding it, he returned to the wing of the bridge and slouched meditatively on its railing. There was an interval of silence once interrupted by the chiming of the ship's chronometer before Jorgensen's again blocked the door frame.

"I notice your steering has improved since Mr. Kellermann went below," he remarked with the air of a man looking for trouble. "If you'd keep your mind on the wheel instead of on what may be happening outside the wheelhouse, you might be worth your pay."

"I couldn't help hearing what Mr. Kellermann was saying at first. He was standing almost in the doorway there. The rest I had to hear, sir. It was a piece out of my own life. . . ."

Jorgensen's silhouette in the door frame stiffened.

"How do you mean, 'a piece out of your own life?' What's Kellermann's story got to do with your life?"

"My first trip to sea took me to Walvis Bay. After the trouble, I was sent home with the rest of the crew on a Dutch ship."

There was something Jorgensen always did in the presence of the extraordinary. He did it now. He whistled softly then grunted. A moment later, he

turned and nervously began to pace the deck. He paused from time to time at the wheelhouse door to ask the helmsman a question but resumed his restless pacing before the man could reply. At last Jorgensen came all the way into the wheelhouse and stood meditatively in the oblong of moonlight that outlined the door frame.

"Do you suppose the man will try to kill himself?" The watch officer spoke the words slowly as though he were not sure in his own mind of their implication.

"Wouldn't you, in his position, want to kill yourself?" the helmsman sad.

"Have a look in Kellermann's cabin. Tell him the Walvis Bay light is abeam. He'll want to be on deck now."

The quartermaster relinquished the wheel and darted into the moonlight. Several minutes passed before he returned.

"Then he's done it! He's done it already;! Oh Christ!"

Jorgensen put his hand on the engine room telegraph.

"We must go through the formalities," he said weakly. Then, in the last moment of stillness that preceded spreading of the alarm, Jorgensen said faintly in a voice charged with awe:

"It lay in my power to prevent this. . . I could have saved Kellermann, in spite of himself. . . ."

And the helmsman answered,

"That would have been cruel . . . cruel. . . ."

COMPARISON

B. T.

A PINE tree
Moss draped
Reaching to the sky;
Tall and poignant
Against the blue
Or tossing in the wind
When the sky is gray
Reminds me of my mother—
Only she
Feels her loneliness.

THE END

B. T.

O VERHEAD, no stars in the murky sky;
Ceaselessly the ocean beat the sand.

"What will I do when you are gone—?
You do not care."
And his shrill laughter
Rent the dark sea air.

I dug my fingers in the sand
And flushed to know
I could do nothing
What he said was so.

THE COLT WITHOUT PEDIGREE

JOHN C. BILLS

T HE herd milled wildly about the big corral. Expertly the black boys singled out a mare and her colt. Pete spat possessively, "Dogged if'n I ain't got me a fine 'n," he grinned.

Mare and colt were driven through the gate into the upper corral. There Pete, Eli and Walt seized the colt and dragged it into the branding pen. A puff of smoke, the acrid smell of burning hair and flesh, the white hot iron on the quivering rump—screams of terror, agony. Then, moaning low, the gelding struggled to his feet.

"Hit mought be bigger but I don't crave none better." Again Pete spat, the excellence of this colt deserved two expectorations. Walt and Eli chewed on methodically.

The next mare was skittish and wild eyed. But the little colt which clung close beneath her belly was strong and clean limbed. Walt spat. Pete and Eli jumped to their respective tasks and Walter's was seared into his hide.

In the far corner of the big corral, Eli's prize mare stood calmly watching the melee. Her colt was hidden back of her unobserved by the cowboys. Head high and silky mane glistening in the sunlight, the big horse watched as from afar and fearlessly.

Eli said. "Now you-all jist look at that 'er hoss. Some hoss, what I'm talkin' 'bout."

"But whar's her colt at?" Pete asked a bit jealously.

The black boys drove the mare into the upper corral, the colt close sheltered behind her. Eli looked at

it—his jaws went still. Pete looked; Walt looked; they looked at each other. Then the methodical chewing of all three continued after its brief interruption. But Eli saw the smiles which dropped no lower than their eyes.

"Hit's yer squirt, Eli", Walt reminded him.

"He can't spit", said Pete dryly, "He's swallowed hit."

The colt went unbranded. One of the doggers christened it "Shaggy"; he was observant black boy. "Dat 'ere mare hoss", he later explained "got ter messin' 'round wif some low down trash, and' dat colt ain't pedigreed."

On a Saturday night eight months later a score of cowboys from the trails were gathered in Aunt Nellies store. Pete, Eli and Walt were there.

"A hoss", mused Pete, as he picked a plug of Brown Mule from the show case, "oughter look like a hoss, that's what I'm talkin' 'bout."

"Yes an' at hits fust startins off, looks like hit oughter look like a colt", added Walt with an air of great originality.

Eli chewed on—his prize mare chewed her bit like that when her feet were jerky. Eight months of rehearsals by Walt and Pete had made burlesque of his tragedy. Their performance was the grand finale at Aunt Nellie's each Saturday night, and the twenty riders of the flats would have resented any variation from the standard form of presentation. But after all it wasn't the colt's fault. Its mother hadn't disowned him; Eli prized the mare.

"That head", Pete queried, "how did hit git that-a-way?"

Eli was the best marksman on the range—rifle, pistol and fluid tobacco. He never missed. But this

time when he delicately wiped the back of his hand over his lips, brown trickles ran down Pete's polished boots. And the sawdust box was at least ten inches away.

"Hexcuse me", said Eli.

"Haw, Haw!" roared Walt. The other men joined with guffaws. They all knew that Pete had tried to catch the ugly colt a few days before and had had the breath kicked out of him.

The colt was an Icabod among its kind; shaggy, bad tempered, lonely. At the age when other colts still snuggled their mothers, he grazed alone. A natural meanness of disposition grew. Other horses hated, feared him. Thus passed three years.

And the ugly colt became a horse, strong and—

"Shaggy" mused Eli one evening for the benefit of the cowboys gathered at Aunt Nellie's, "has gone an' got him a right smart little bit of a mare an' they's set up housekeepin' down in the bit swamp. He likes to look awful grownish, that hoss."

"Even the rattlesnakes down thar has chills 'n fever", growled Pete.

"An he runs beautiful", Eli continued complacently, "long an' flowin' jumps like a crane flies."

"Meanest cuss on th' river flats, what I mean." Pete spat and missed the box. "Messed up my stud terrible last week. You take the fight out'n him or I'll shoot him."

Eli shot a bulls eye; he admitted, "that hoss's the meaninist brute I ever see."

But by the time he'd cranked the Ford, his horse love, his pride in his own stock—even the unchristened Shaggy—had changed his mind. He couldn't shoot the outlaw.

So the next morning Eli spotted Shaggy alone in a clearing. Followed hours of grinding chase, Shaggy's head high, his feet dancing. But Eli saved his mare's strength; he cut across meadows which Shaggy raced around. And always the trained dogs were back of him, in front of him, worrying him. The sun rose higher; the foam on Shaggy's fine hide dried.

"Dogged, what a hoss", grumbled Eli between parched lips.

But Shaggy was a novice; Eli a master. A maneuver through a clearing which ended in fierce gallop. The dogs closed in. Wildly Shaggy tossed his head; vainly he tried to keep his eyes on them. Then—he was between two fences that narrowed on both sides of him. He was in a pen. A gate dropped behind him.

For a second the powerful horse trembled. Then with all the force of his untamed rage, he threw himself against the tall walls. He kicked and his legs hit a wooden bar. He tried to turn but the high fence held him as in a vise. Slowly Eli pressed the rail against his hind legs; Shaggy's neck was twisted, his head pressed upward and back. Eli's hands were steady but his heart was pounding unnaturally. He hated to hurt this magnificent horse. And he finally forced a rail under his belly and lifted his hind feet from the ground only by self compulsion.

That night Shaggy shivered and whinnied low in Eli's corral. His high spirit was broken. Eli's skill had conquered him; Eli's kindness was to win him. And as the years passed his devotion to his master became like that of a dog. Eli and Shaggy were inseparable companions.

"Hoss's responds more quicker'n peoples", said Eli.

And Pete said he declare Eli had saved the meaninist brute's hide. He war goin' t' shoot him.

The Great Hurricane of 1928 passed south of the St. Johns River flats but the deluge of water loosed by it swept northward. For several days the waters rose; the flats were going under. The cowboys were rushed to utter fatigue driving their cattle back into the protection of the flatwoods. So it happened that Eli sought my inexperienced assistance.

It had been a hard day. Time after time Shaggy had drawn the lassoe taunt and pulled some struggling cow or calf from a sink hole. We had raced frightened cattle into the woods and forced stragglers to ford swollen streams. As the day ended my mare's legs staggered but Shaggy still champed his bit.

"Let's make camp on the big shell mound", I suggested, "the river can't reach us there."

A night in the rain without shelter presented no inconvenience to Eli. In a few minutes he had a cheerful fire blazing. Eggs and white-side were sizzling in his pan. Between us we soon had enough wood for the night. My mare was tethered close to the fire but Shaggy roamed about at will. He would be tied later.

"Looks like these 'ere river flats", Eli mused, "b'longs to Shaggy. We're jist natrulized. Look how he goes off'n them woods. Thar's panthers thar."

We finished our meal. The rain slowed and stopped; the last dismal drips were from the big palmtteo fronds. The moon glowed in flashes through the hurrying clouds. Eli whistled for Shaggy.

"Show yuh somethin'", he suggested. Eli was always teaching Shaggy new tricks. The clever animal had advanced within the light of the fire and stood alert, his eyes watching his master.

Eli raised his right hand slowly, then began to move it right and left. He whistled. Shaggy reared on his hind feet and as Eli's waving moved faster, the horse

swayed back and forth. It seemed as though he shook his hips like a dancing girl. Then Eli lowered his hand suddenly and Shaggy's forefeet came to arth with a thud. His tether rope bellied towards us; Eli dodged as it passed his head. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a lump of sugar.

"Most like a human", said Eli as the horse's delicate lips took the sugar from his palm.

It was time to turn in. Eli was banking the fire for the night when the night sounds were suddenly stilled by a terrifying scream; then Shaggy's wild whinney. The horse had been tethered some distance from the fire where the deep grasses were still above water.

"Panther", Eli said grimly, "after Shaggy. Keep th' fire blazin'". He grabbed his rifle and jumped into the darkness.

Heavy clouds covered the moon. Beyond the ring of our firelight was utter darkness. I threw fat-wood on the fire and waited. The moments dragged; the night sounds grew louder, undisturbed. The panther must have sulked away. There were no more whinnies from Shaggy. The night mire had swallowed Eli. I threw more fat wood on the fire. Moonlight crept in fleecy yellow about the fringes of the clouds. An hour passed. It was my job to keep the fire blazing.

Then the clouds parted and clear moonlight flooded the flats. I could see the tree where Shaggy had been tied. There was a short piece of rope on the tree; Shaggy must have broken his tether. I shouted for Eli. I thought of the panther, his vicious teeth sunk in that magnificent horse's neck. I thought of Eli; an hour had passed and there had been no call, no shot.

I banked the fire and started out on an all-night search of the great flats.

The clouds parted and there was clear moonlight; they closed and heavy darkness settled over me. The ground was slippery, boggy. There were sink holes which never gave up their victims. I stopped just in time—close to one of them. When the moon was covered I stood still; when it shone I ran wildly, shouting. In the early morning hours I realized that I was lost. The shell mound, our fire—I might be ten miles or fifty yards from them. There were no signs, only the endless mud of the flats. I came to the banks of streams; I turned and came again to the banks of streams; I was surrounded by streams.

Dead with fatigue, I sat down on soggy grass to think. I had been walking, running for hours. The great flats rolled on for thirty miles north and south. I located the North Star; but should I go north or south?

Had the panther killed Shaggy? Surely no panther would attack Eli. He was a master woodsman.

And the sink holes ?

Frantically I ran through the grass and the shallow sloughs—while the moon shone. With throbbing heart I restrained my twitching muscles when the clouds shut off the light. Finally I found high ground and sat down, waiting for the sunrise.

I dozed and moved and dozed. The hours passed slowly. I coughed and could not stop coughing. I wondered if the night, the damp mist from the flats had poisoned my lungs.

A faint light in the east. It grows. The flats are still dark. Outline of lone palmettoes; outlines of clumps of dark woods. A clump of trees near on my left. That may be our shell mound. Lazy odors as

from a dying fire. There is no breath of air. The east glows.

God! There to the east, not 100 yards away, is a swaying form. It moves ahead—if it has a head—and retreats. It rises and falls like an illusion of the sunrise. It is a horse.

The trees on my left are the shell mound. Our fire should be there but where is Eli? That strange shadow is moving, it rises and falls. Yellow, Red come in the east. It is a horse! It is Shaggy! I run toward him. He is by a sink hole. Perhaps—I am not sure—something moves the green of the hole.

Eli was black and slimy when I got him out. Shaggy's droopy head was close beside us.

"Wan't nothin' but haid an' shoulders outa muck when Shaggy come 'long", Eli gasped, "my whistlin' brought him. When the moon come, I give him th' sign an' he kep' athrowin' his busted tether rope. It war all muck and slipp'ry an' my fingers couldn't cotch holt good but he kep' me from goin' under."

Shaggy raised his head. The sun had broken through the mists. He whinnied.

Dry mouthed, Vic spat.



DUST AND HEAT

"The Column of Creative Controversy"

MENTAL LAZINESS

(The following was written by Horne in a moment of delirium brought on by some of his cohorts inane remarks in a Physics class.)

Mental laziness is nothing more than the condition of the mind when it refuses to learn new facts. Unfortunately this disease is all too apparent in our fair college, and the most potent cause is the abrupt change from the pressure of High-school and prep-school days to the freedom of college. In high-school and prep-school, pressure, in the form of dean's office threats and such, keep the wayward student in line. The fact that official unpleasantness will result if the student relaxes his efforts to any degree often is the most potent factor in keeping secondary school pupils from loafing. Also one is young enough so that maternal and paternal discipline holds sway. In a word, one is closely supervised until the Freshman year in college, and during these years before college one can not help but learn the foundation of a few subjects. A few of the more apt, it is true, learn to "go after" a subject, but such is not the usual case.

Now what happens when the student gets through secondary school and goes to college? Perhaps during the summer before entering he thinks of the great accomplishments he is going to make, but that is due to that old adage "Expectation is greater than realization" and inexperience. Actually when the fall comes along and the grind starts, unless the college is stiff enough, the victim "coasts" along on the knowledge he

has already acquired. Very few realize their opportunities during the first year in college. They who coast are mentally lazy!

For a specific example of a person in this predicament let us consider the person who gets a smattering of Algebra in secondary school, and, on coming here, takes a regular course in college Algebra. At first he (or she) finds the course easy and thinks that because of the speed he or she is making that he or she will be able to finish the course with little difficulty. Presently harder problems come along, but instead of learning how to do them, the victim merely compares the easier ones in each assignment with the example in the book and doesn't give a tinker's damn for the "why or the wherefore" of what is being done.

Another excellent example of mental laziness is that of the person who takes a course "only because he has to" and neglects the practice it gives in thinking clearly and concisely, and the actual useful knowledge contained therein. Most persons of this calibre reason that they will never need the stuff, and if they ever do, the most poignant facts can easily be gleaned. Horse raddish!

In conclusion may I say that something is vitally necessary to break the change between college and high-school. On which side of the break the modulation should come I do not know; perhaps it should come on both sides.

GODOLPHIN HORNE

WHY DO WE WANT A PROGRESSIVE COLLEGE?

Rollins has for some time sought notice in the fields of publicity by advocating progressive principles of education. Because a spirit of restlessness has pervaded the campus this last year, I think we should pause and ask the question. "Why do we want a progressive college?" We must determine precisely on what grounds we are advocating this change in the system of teaching. Do those in authority favor this scheme because it seems to remedy certain defects they suffered during their own schooling? That is to say are these advocates merely looking back on their education and saying to themselves it was this thing here and that difficulty there that made our college years beastly unhappy? Can we not do away with this needless unhappiness by attempting a few corrections for these disturbing factors?

It would be foolish to uphold that what has been learned through past experience would not make changes valid. These experiences serve as our foundation, our starting point. However, no matter how carefully we seek to remedy past failings, unless there is a change of attitude and temper of mind we can not know the results of a real success. Is the administration considering the possibilities of a much changed society? Is it resisting the changes—or is it feeling along with society trying to make adjustment easier? There will be many new ideas and a new moral code. Are we going to be held back and made to see the world through the eyes of the past two generations of problems as they appear against a modern background, perhaps entirely different from the environment they were faced with when they tackled similar problems? We have understood and seen what so-

lutions were found in the past, but we are anxious to find those which will hold truth for the present and the future.

I tire of this talk about Rollins being a happy place. If that was the primary motive for an adoption of progressive principles, it is a sad misfortune. All through the ages we have seen men, who have had greater minds than many of us, try to find Happiness. If it was to be obtained by some convenient formula, we would have stopped this useless search long ago and lived on the results of their discovery. No, Happiness does not come from acknowledging the existence of such conditions and making an honest solution which will recognize and provide for those disturbing elements without any attempt to control them by stamping them underfoot!

I once believed in Rollins because I thought it stood for the type of education which will doubtless supersede the methods now commonly in use. But to my dismay I find that the tolerant and progressive spirit which must back such an enterprise is lacking. Because it does not exist I feel an appalling sense of insincerity. I really want to know, "Why do we want a Progressive College?" Is it only a tool to gain attention?

I believe that my personality contains potentialities of Love and Loyalty. These are not merely abstract quantities lying about until touched by an appeal, but are strong emotions that accompany my interest in what I believe and what I am working for. The name Rollins was once enough to summon these feelings but it seems that I am no longer touched by it. My diploma is my goal here now at college, and when I have left I will shake my head and sadly think what Rollins might have done.

MARY TROWBRIDGE

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