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MARCH, 1927

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# THE FLAMINGO

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## RESPECT

**N**EVER commit the mistake of imagining that you can get respect by demanding it, or by the tricks of masters or the manners of servants, which only imitate it. Respect is a thing you can have only by being worthy of it, not merely by your achievements, but according to the quality of what you really are.

CORRA HARRIS

*Written for "The Flamingo".*

# THE FLAMINGO

*A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation*

VOL. 1, No. 1

MARCH, 1927

PRICE, 10 CENTS

## MY DAD

**I** WONDER if my dad is glad that he is dead.  
I wonder if he's glad to be alone out there  
All night beneath the splendid stars,  
Or if he sometimes wishes he was home.  
I wonder if he hears the whip-poor-wills  
A singing through the night, or if he sleeps.  
I wonder if he lies and smells the soft green freshness  
Of the grass that grows so smooth above his head,  
Or just lies resting quiet with folded hands,  
A thanking God that he is dead.  
I wonder.

ALBERT NEWTON

## OBJECT, MATRIMONY

CARTER BRADFORD

**Z**EB PERKINS was deaf for ten years before he knew it, from which one might infer that Eatonville was a quiet village.

It was in Eatonville that Walter M. Hill had been born and reared to the mature age of nineteen years. Today, just twenty-one years after he had left the village to seek his fortune, in good Horatio Alger style, he sat in his private office, lost in retrospection. He looked out over the factory yard at the great electric sign that each night blazed forth to the world the wonders of "Hill's Liniment, Best for Man and Beast." It had been a hard rub, this getting along in the world, but he had made it—with liniment.



Memories are dangerous things for bachelors entering the Fatal Forties. Back in the old days there had been a girl; he had never cared for another. Elsie Perkins was her name, daughter of old Zeb Perkins, the carpenter. She was Elsie of the long black curls and the dancing brown eyes. It seemed but yesterday that she had told him good-bye at their last tryst under the big elm, when she had promised to be ever true. He was to make good in the city and come back for her. However, the years passed and the winsome Elsie married another man. It was then he told himself that love was like an apple pie, a little crust and a lot of applesauce.

The early years of middle life seldom fail to bring changes in a man's perspective. Walter Hill had changed with a suppressed desire, a very natural and human desire hidden away under the routine of the years spent in amassing a fortune. It was not a thing that he would have admitted, even to himself, this longing, but the yearning was there nevertheless, deep down in his subconsciousness. He should have known that the companionship of a woman alone could satisfy him.

It had become a habit with him of late to sit dreaming of the past that was and of the future that might have been. Trivial events of the old days in Eatonville stood out like mountainous events, sooner or later revolving around that adorable bit of femininity who had pulled so hard on the heartstrings of his adolescent self. He had sworn to forget her, and had succeeded after a fashion, until the late years which seemed to encroach upon his resistance.

Sally, his younger sister left alone in the world and dependent upon his generosity for the past five years, wrote intermittently. From her he learned that Elsie still lived in Eatonville and was a widow now, her husband having been the victim of a mill accident several years ago. She had no children but she had been left a small home and

a limited income. Life must have been bitter for her, Walter surmised, for widows under sixty are regarded with suspicion in towns like Eatonville.

"I'm getting to be more of a fool every day," Walter muttered to himself, pressing a button on the desk.

"Bring me the evening paper," he demanded of the youth who answered his summons.

He had almost finished his perusal of the paper when by chance his eye wandered down the classified columns. Electrified, he stopped. Under the "personal" classification appeared a notice:

"WIDOW, under forty, would like to correspond with unattached gentleman near her age, object, matrimony. XYZ, Box 404, Eatonville, Illinois"

Could it be? Surely not, and yet, who else in Eatonville? How could Elsie stoop to such a thing, he mused; a vulgar matrimonial ad. Why, there was no telling what kind of men might answer it. Walter ground his teeth. On the other hand, the ad might not be Elsie's after all, but his suspicion fastened itself strongly upon her.

At any rate, he decided that he would answer the thing and if it was Elsie he would give her a good piece of his mind. His hand moved to press the button which would summon the stenographer, but paused in the act, for that would never do. What stenographer could keep such a choice morsel as this from the rest of the office force? No, he must answer it himself. Selecting a sheet of plain paper, he sat down at the typewriter.

An hour later the waste basket was full of crumpled sheets. His hair was torn and his brow damp, but the finished product lay in state on the desk. It read:

"My dear Madam: I note with interest your notice in the Evening Dispatch. I am forty years of age, a bachelor and have a good business. I believe we would find it of



mutual benefit to correspond. I am anxious to learn your name. Will you please tell me in your first letter?

Faithfully yours,

WMH, Care The Acacia Club,  
Washington Avenue, St. Louis."

A silly thing to do, this answering a matrimonial ad, he thought. If the boys at the club knew it he would never hear the last of it. The very thought of its becoming known among his associates made him shudder, for he was a conventional soul. Of course this was not an ordinary case; he had a different motive than the ordinary matrimonial ad type.

Three days passed with leaden steps and Walter Massoit Hill cursed himself, in a polite fashion, for the anticipation with which he greeted each mail. On the fourth day the reply came. It was written in a neat feminine hand, writing that was vaguely familiar somehow, carefully worded and dealing with annoying generalities which cast little light upon the character of the writer. To the great disgust of its reader, there was no signature save for the anonymous "XYZ."

What should be done in a case like that, Walter asked himself. Evidently he would have to write her again, and he did, at length, but not a shade more intimately. In time the reply arrived, as impersonal as before, with comments on the weather, the oyster supper at the church, Abner Jones' five-legged calf and the advisability of keeping one's chest well covered with flannel throughout the winter.

Could it be Elsie? If it were she, did she know to whom she was writing and was she deliberately baiting him? The thought was petrifying. This thing had gone far enough, anyway, he allowed.

Immediately he dispatched a letter saying that he would arrive in Eatonville on the 10:40 train Wednesday of the

following week. Saturday he received a note in reply, stating that she would be glad to meet him at the station Wednesday morning!

Sunday was an age, Monday a century and Tuesday an eternity for him. Early Wednesday morning he packed a bag in nervous haste, taxied to Union Station and boarded a fast milk train which served Eatonville and other sections of rural Illinois.

Most trains, however slow, reach their destination sometime, as did the one carrying the impatient Walter.

With palpitating heart he swung down from the steps. Except for the train crew, only one person was in sight. He looked, and then looked again, dumbfounded. It was Sally, standing at the end of the platform watching the exit of another coach. She had not seen him. She wore a neatly tailored serge suit and a chic little hat faced with red—more attractively dressed than he had ever seen her.

His first impulse was to take his sister in his arms, but on second thought he turned and climbed up the steps as the train began to move out of the station.

Torn fragments of paper tossed from a car window whirled about in the suction made by the moving wheels. Perhaps it was the irony of Fate that caused one tiny particle to fasten itself to the outside of the window. It bore the two words, "object, matrimony." —s'all.

## GANDER SAUCE

ALBERT NEWTON

THE HARTLEYS are divorced.

You are not alone in your surprise. Others are still wondering and head-shaking in amazement. The men gather into small groups and argue about it, some of them blaming Isabel, while others are saying that Tom always was a cad. The women lift dainty eyebrows over



their cups of tea and declare that it was all Isabel's fault. There are a few who are asking still how two persons seemingly so suited to each other ever could have become estranged.

I remember when Tom and Isabel married how their friends couldn't seem to get over the miracle. They never failed to call forth a storm of comment from all sides in the various social gatherings when their names were brought up, as they invariably were. If there ever had been a perfect couple surely here was one the gossips allowed, but they left themselves an avenue of escape in case of disaster, by following the statements with pauses weighty enough to imply misgivings of their own statements. Even at the wedding when most of the guests were extolling the praises of the bride and groom I chanced to hear a group of people commenting rather facetiously:

"How long do you give them? Such love can't last."

The Hartleys have been an important factor in my life. I have watched their ups and downs with as much interest as a member of the family might. I guess I know Tom better than almost anyone else. Even as a boy he used to trust me with all his confidences. Thus I was especially interested in his marriage and in his suit for divorce.

You see, Tom was from North Carolina—landowners; slaves before the war; a big old colonial house with tall white columns; and all that sort of thing,—yes, the old aristocracy. Tom, himself, was a product of all this, a dashing young fellow never seeming to care a snap about his appearance, yet always just so—a kind of unstudied perfection in his way.

Isabel, on the other hand, was from New England—Revolutionary stock; ancestors,—you know the result. Social duties had filled her life even more completely than had the activities in entirely different fields taken Tom's time. When she and Tom became engaged not a few

wondered and many told strange tales of shattered fortunes—none of which were true.

During the two years of their married life they continued to entertain their friends and to prove to those who had doubted, that it was possible for two people reared so differently to live happily together. After the round of engagements of the day, if they were not too tired, they would sit for a while in Isabel's room, having a little party of their own, talking over all the incidents of the day along with a great deal of nonsense, perhaps, over a late repast or a cup of coffee.

You remember Paul Vancourt of course—the fellow who won such a name for himself as a football player back in the year Wilson was elected for his second term? He and I were roommates at that time at the University. Afterwards I lost sight of him and had almost forgotten him. Well, what should be my luck, but to run into him in my bank not long ago. It seems that he was a state inspector or something like that. Of course we went out to lunch together.

While we were waiting for the check Paul turned to me and said:

"Say, I have some of the real stuff in my bag over at the hotel. Now what do you say to throwing a little party tonight for old time's sake. You bring a girl and I'll take one that I always go out with when I am in town. I want you to meet her. What say?"

"I think I can manage it all right," I told him. "We were expecting to go to the Cartwrights to an entertainment this evening, but I'll make some excuse to my wife."

As I had expected, everything went nicely up to a certain point. I didn't have any difficulty securing a partner. I had been going out occasionally with one of the girls in the office and all I had to say was, "Get your hat." Well, when I went to beg off from my wife I got along even better than I had expected. She said that it was all right



as she didn't feel well anyway and that she had planned to go only because I wanted to go. She phoned the Cartwrights that we couldn't go. I had not once given a thought to the idea that she might not want to go to the Cartwrights that evening—she had always seemed to enjoy their little affairs so much; thus I experienced a momentary twinge of remorse on leaving her alone after she had been so willing to sacrifice her own feelings to my pleasure.

When Phoebe and I met Paul whom do you suppose he had with him? Isabel Hartley! For a second I paused and felt my eyes widen slightly, but of course, we couldn't afford to recognize each other as old acquaintances, so I controlled myself and acknowledged the introduction. Throughout the entire evening both of us played the game bravely. In fact, it was one of the snappiest parties I ever attended. Paul had a wonderful time, but I kept thinking about Tom. Once or twice I noticed a slight frown between Isabel's brows as though she might be worrying too, but I made no sign to show that I had noticed.

The party went on and on—Isabel seemed feverishly anxious to prolong it, ever and again suggesting some new diversion when it seemed to be drawing to a close. I, too, felt myself dreading the end of it. At last we went our separate ways. Of course—Tom was my friend. You understand—the Hartleys are divorced now.

Yes, I am Tom Hartley.

## THE EIGHTH DAY

BRENNHAM MCKAY

**S**CENE—The cabin of an old sailing tramp. Outside can be heard the rush of wind and the surge of a high sea. A heavy metal object rolls back and forth across the floor with the heaving of the vessel. The stage is in darkness. There is a knock on the door. The heavy object rattles across the floor twice.

*A Man's Voice: (Outside, cautious and just loud enough to be heard above the wind.) Molly—Molly Sue! (A low, muffled sigh, almost a moan is heard within the cabin.)*

*A Woman's Voice: (Brokenly) Mr. St. John—Oh, Mr. St. John, please go away.*

*The Man's Voice: Open the door, Molly!*

*The Woman's Voice: Oh, I can't, he'll be coming back any time soon now.*

*The Man: I won't stay but a minute. Open the door. I want to see you.*

*The Woman: The lamp's broke, an' it's all black.*

*The Man: Well, I must speak to you. Lift the latch and I'll be gone before he can come back. He's trimming the rigging. A frightful wind is blowing up and he will be busy for some time.*

*The Woman: He—he said he'd pitch you back overboard if he found us together.*

*The Man: Molly Sue, it's mortally cold out here. The wind tears the clothes from my body and the spray is freezing on me.*

*(A low spasmodic half sob, half cough, from within)*

*(The door bangs open against the wall. The wind howls through it dismally and the screaming of the wet rigging can be heard above everything. It is as dark outside as in. There would be no indication of the opening and closing of the door if it were not for the increased intensity of the self-baffling turmoil. The door closes almost immediately. The man speaks from within the cabin.)*

*The Man: There, that's fine. A bit more of that and my teeth would have been chattered quite out. Why—how you're trembling, child, as though you'd been crying, and what—? Are these welts across your shoulders, Mollie?—Has that—?*



*The Woman:* With his belt. Now you see why the lamp's broke.

*The Man:* Fiend!

*The Woman:* It don't hurt, Mr. St. John. Honest it don't—leastways not no more. Don't squeeze my arms like that. Don't you try to do nothin' 'gainst him. He'll kill you, he said he would. He'll kill me—He'll kill me, too, he said he would.

*The Man:* He isn't a human. A very blind and cruel animal, though he is your father. And there is nothing I can do without hurting you. He is master of us now. All we can do is wait. We will have to do as he says for a while. We'll soon get to land and we will go away, you and I. All this will become only a bad dream. It will be only a week more till we arrive in Boston.

*The Woman:* (*Listlessly*) Eight days—'n' maybe more now we've run into this.

*The Man:* Eight days! Why what are eight days, Molly Sue? We'll forget them in eight more days. Go about your ways as usual, I'll be careful and we mustn't even speak when I pass you on the deck, as though we didn't know each other had ever existed. But deep down inside of us we'll both be singing: "Eight days—Seven days—Six days—!" Until there'll come a Today. A tall city with spires will climb up on the edge of the sky and we'll go and be happy.

*The Woman:* I can't go with you, Mr. St. John.

*The Man:* Why, Molly, of course you can.

*The Woman:* (*Stubbornly*) You're land and I'm sea. I was born to this—cold, an' dark, an' waves—just waves and skies an' boats. I couldn't never leave 'em.

*The Man:* We could come back to the sea as often as you like, or maybe we'll build a house beside it.

*The Woman:* You hate 'em. I've seen the look in your eyes when the deck gets doused. You hate the sea because it picked you offa your steamer and you hate it

because it's stronger than you are. But I'm glad—! It brought you here. When we pulled you aboard you was sick, sick from bein' afeared of it, an' you ain't a coward, you're strong, an' brave. You just ain't sea. You couldn't never, never in as many years as there are waves learn to live the sea. An' I ain't land. I couldn't live there—so still and dead, with only the wind to make me crazy with its chanties.

You're land, I'm sea. We can't never marry. But—I—I—. Oh, I hope he finds us. I hope he'll kill us—both. I do! I hope he'll come here now, and I—!

(*The door bursts open. The wind roars deafeningly through it. The gale is raging terrifically. The woman screams.*)

*The Man:* Molly—Molly Sue! Don't scream so. The wind only blew the door open. Here, lie down in your bunk while I close it.

Shades of Tartarus, what a wind!

(*The door is closed*) There, that's better. Well, try to sleep now and forget those silly notions. One never is quite the same at sea and on a night—."

*The Woman:* Mr. St. John.

*The Man:* Yes?

*The Woman:* Come here, I want to tell you something.

*The Man:* No, not tonight, Molly Sue. You must try to calm yourself and rest. I will be near enough to hear if you call. And remember the singing: "Eight days—. Seven days—. Six days—. Today!"

(*The wind seems to have abated a little. The heavy metal object is no longer heard.*)

*The Woman:* Mr. St. John, there's something I want to tell you. Come here—close to me. The boards creak so, and the wind—. Put your ear down close to my mouth.

Mr. St. John—I love you. Whether he kills us or not, whether we ever get to land or don't, I love you. And I'm glad for that.



Sh—Mr. St. John—! I heard a laugh—There, across the cabin—he said—if he—When the door blew open, Mr. St. John!

*The Man:* No, Molly, there isn't any one. Here, pull the covers close about you and I'll show you there's no one here.

*(The voice slowly circles the stage.)*

Here's the table—nobody under or around it—The cupboard—nobody could hide in this—. That was only a chair—. The door's securely latched—as I left it—. The wash stand—nothing here—, and here I am back at your bunk. Now, see what a foolish child you are!

Tell me good night and forget all about everything. We'll have the best of Thad Marsden when we get into port and remember the song—"Eight days—Seven days—"

Why, Molly, how cold your hand is, and your head, so heavy—. Why, Molly—Molly!—h-have you fainted? Oh, you're all wet—sticky—Bl—!

*(The word is "Blood!", but even as the shout forms itself in the man's throat there comes the loud crash of a heavy blow with some metallic object.)*

*(The clamorings of the storm are heard redoubled outside.)*

*(The heavy metal object rattles back and forth with the roll of the ship again. There is no other sound in the cabin. Then the howling of the wind is heard fiercely for a moment as the door is opened and pulled shut again.)*

CURTAIN

## ON BEING A NUISANCE

RUSS L. FULLER

**I**N THESE days of intense specialization it is hard to find a calling that offers the opportunity of being original.

After dabbling in many things and taking a fancy to none, I stumbled upon a solution to my puzzle, quite by accident. As I look back upon the trivial incident that was responsible for the decision, I can but think that after all it is a small orbit within which the earth swings.

It all happened on a summer evening when everyone was irritable because of the oppressive weather. We were preparing to keep a bridge engagement, and the combination of the heat and the anticipation of a boring evening, for our hosts were atrocious players, had put us in a precarious mood. Fate and Noddy had fallen against me as usual and I could not find my apparel; for each item I had finally to resort to Noddy before being able to continue my dressing operations. When at last I got as far as the collar button stage, we were both at the breaking point.

"Noddy," I said, "Will you please help me find my collar button?"—an unobtrusive request in itself but momentous in results.

Torrents of words engulfed me and swirled about me with such fury that I was bewildered. All I could grasp was that I had become a nuisance. I was portrayed not as the common species, but as one of so many variations that I was enchanted with my versatility and then and there dedicated my life to being a professional nuisance.

I have been following the calling for a year now, and each day brings me greater satisfaction in the accomplishment. I actually pity the many amateurs who try to imitate me; who have too little knowledge of the art to offer any real competition. Specialization perfects the art of being a nuisance materially. I am surprised myself at the large number whom I can now annoy at one time.



The principal function in the art of being a nuisance does not consist in annoying people, however. That phase is a trifle too amateurish for the advanced student. On the other hand, a skillful nuisance is not annoyed or bothered by others. When I meet Mr. Jellico, for instance, who has just lost a half million dollars in stocks, I do not sympathize with him; but, remembering that misery loves company, I tell him with fine gusto of Mr. Smith who recently made a million dollars in the same line.

The use of silence aptly illustrates my technique. A pet maxim of mine is "Never listen to anything that has not been repeated at least twice." When suggestions are wanted I am always preoccupied. My greatest enjoyment is to start a group conversation and then to leave it stranded by suddenly losing interest and noticeably neglect to keep it going.

I have to be constantly alert for new avenues of advancement, especially at social functions. There are always unique ways of being a nuisance to the host. When he is evidently in some difficulty, I find it diverting to make every attempt to aid him in such a way as to make his task doubly hard. Lately I have abandoned bridge because most bridge players are near nuisances anyway and my art is therefore not fully appreciated and suffers by comparison with the common indifferent type.

Advanced study is desirable in any subject. To the casual observer advanced work in being a nuisance may seem a bit superficial. There are distinct advantages, however, of which most outstanding is the distinction between a nuisance and a pest. I mention this because it justifies my profession. Nearly all amateur nuisances turn out to be pests. A novice does not have time, in his rush to attain the heights, to learn the niceties, and can always be marked. If it were not for this, I would feel discouraged because almost over night the world seems full of these

would-be nuisances. Everywhere I go, they are present with their crude and badly-executed attempts.

I have come to a full realization of how specialists in other lines feel when outsiders trespass upon their domains. This world is entirely too sophisticated for me to have an Utopian dream of the golden rule, but my plea is on the basis of brotherhood. We are all specialists in our way. Let only the die-caster cast dies, let only the topper place tops, and above all let only the professional nuisance be a nuisance.

## LEVELS

PAUL HILLIARD

HE WAS distinctly a product of the masses; neither cursed by riches nor blessed with poverty; predestined to mediocrity and ordained to obscurity. He was of the stuff that sometimes rises to heights, and sometimes sinks to baser depths, but always comes back to its own level. He survived the tide of humanity through sheer unimportance as an integral force. From his offspring might come geniuses or nonentities, but more likely nonentities—like himself.

He belonged to that great army of clerks and bookkeepers, office boys and stenographers that throng the restaurants three times a day, and scurry back into twenty-story ant-hills with the tick of the clock. He was twenty-seven years young; at forty one could be reasonably certain he would be old. He made thirty-five dollars a week, dressed well, drove his own automobile on which seven payments still were due, attended the Follies and the Scandals regularly, and never failed to live beyond his income.

\* \* \* \*



Molly was the blonde, Eleanor the brunette. Both were privates in the great army of the employed; yet, two women could not have been more extremely contrasted. Molly, with her easy air of worldly sophistication, talkative, witty in a suggestive, boisterous sort of way, invariably ready with a quick retort,—she could fill an evening with words and express one lean thought. He liked her, however. He always was sure of a good time when he went out with her.

With Eleanor it was different. In stature she barely reached his shoulder. She was dark, reserved, quiet. She didn't care much for the shows; when he took her out, they usually went to the seashore, or picnicking out in deep cool woods. She would sit for long stretches, her back to a tree, dreaming; a wistful, far-away look deepening her melancholy eyes.

Molly never dreamed.

Tonight he was taking Molly to the theatre. She had begged him—it was the latest revue, a big hit, the talk of the town. There were whispers of costumes and settings gorgeous, sparkling,—of bare limbs, glittering scenes, all woven into one magnificent display. It was one of these attractions to which a noble husbandry took opera glasses and left wives at home.

All through the entertainment Molly giggled as she squeezed and released his arm intermittently. On the occasion of one particular daring obscenity, he ventured to look down at her. She was regarding him through half-closed eyes and something passed between them that charged, sending a fevered thrill through his body.

"Did you like it?" he asked her, after the last curtain had dropped in thunderous applause, and they were threading their way through the congested vestibule.

"Gee, Steph, it was wonderful!" Molly exclaimed. She squeezed his arm. "Let's go to Tonelli's. I'm famished, absolutely weak for food. Say, wasn't that leading man

a perfect darling! Oh-h, I just could love the sweet old dear!"

And so on through the course of the sumptuous supper at Tonelli's, during which she did most of the talking while both drank indiscreet quantities of Tonelli's most excellent wine.

Stephen paid the rather large bill nonchalantly, and, with a philanthropic "Keep the change," they departed. Molly's exuberance manifested itself in a steady stream of words—ejaculations, rapturous exclamations, little ecstatic cries—and she snuggled closer beside him in the car, her arm through his. At times she would press his arm close to her in her elation, and he could feel the soft warmth of her breast. In his half-drunken state the contact was like fire. He stopped the car at a darker place on the street.

Seizing her in his arms, unyielding, even willing, he kissed her lips, her eyes, her temples.

At her apartment she refused to release him.

"Take me in, Steph, I—I'm all weak and trembly," and she laughed in a hard, grating way in Stephen's ears.

"No, I mustn't—you don't know what you ask—I mustn't—"

But he did.

\* \* \* \*

The next afternoon was Sunday. Stephen and Eleanor had chosen a spot well out in the country on the leaf-covered bank of a little stream. The autumn day was clear, quick with the crisp tang of approaching winter. Trees were golden, and numberless leaves fluttered downward in lazy spirals.

On their way out Eleanor said little, except, occasionally, to exclaim delightedly at a grazing herd of cattle or over an especially beautiful vista of landscape. Stephen, carried away by her simple, unassuming charm, talked monosyllabically, dividing his attention between his driving and the girl at his side.



"Isn't it all lovely, Stephen?" she asked suddenly.

"It sure is, Eleanor. It makes a fellow think, doesn't it? Say, how would you like to live out here in a little vine-covered cottage, room enough for two, say, with a cow, and chickens, and—a dog, and—and—"

He broke off, embarrassed from his near-poetic sentiment, abashed at his own temerity.

"Oh, wouldn't it be glorious!" she cried. "Away from offices and typewriters and desks and apartments. I get so tired of them. But maybe we can some day, when Jack has saved enough money."

"Jack? Jack—who?" Stephen showed plainly his surprise.

"Why, Jack Hethow, of cour—oh, Stephen, don't you know?" She glanced up at him shyly. And then she rushed on impetuously: "Jack and I are going to be married. His company has promised him a raise in two weeks. Then we're going to be married. He's working out in the shops, but as soon as he gets his raise he's going to be taken into the office. Jack studies all those books on buildings and things at night. That's why he was able to get the raise. Oh, I just know we'll be happy, don't you, Stephen?" she entreated in the manner of one who wants assurance that she had made the right decision.

"Why—why, yes, Eleanor, I know you'll be happy." He looked at her queerly.

A lump closed his throat. His eyes misted suspiciously. Too late he realized that he had lost a treasure—that he loved Eleanor. He repeated:

"Yes, you'll be happy."

\* \* \* \*

Human beings have at least one peculiarly futile habit—when they meet sorrow they try to drown it. By the following evening Stephen had reached a state of glorious intoxication.

Instinct led him to Molly's. He had telephoned her earlier asking if he might come that evening. But he never reached Molly's. An unreasoning repugnance which had grown upon him during the day deflected him from his hitherto set purpose, and brought him up quite without conscious intention at Tonelli's.

He went in, possessed himself of one of the private telephone booths, and spoke a number.

"H'lo. Molly. 'S that you? Can't come t'night. No. G'bye."

Stephen was of the stuff that sometimes rises to heights, and sometimes sinks to baser depths—stuff that always comes back to its own level.

## PICTURES FROM A GALLERY

SPRING—  
I  
A shouting cuckoo on a flowering branch.  
Young sunshine!  
Young sunshine!

II  
A scarlet flower,  
A deep tree,  
A woman with full breasts—  
Summer.

III  
Francesca wandering in the halls of Rimini.  
Stains of sunlight  
In a cathedral—  
Autumn's tapestry.

IV  
Snow, blue in the night.  
Bare, black boughs.  
Stillness over all the earth—  
Winter.

BRENHAM MCKAY



NOVEMBER 11

GOD!  
I have seen the dead.

Sides of a valley rising high,  
Paved with faces pallid, awed.  
Lips turned gray,  
Open eyes.  
Bodies in arrested motion lying  
In writhing agony frozen,  
Driving onward in grim determination fallen—  
Bent forward, drooping heads.  
Broken flesh, wax white  
Showed through a torn burnt khaki shroud.  
What holds Death for them?

Some there were who seemed to rest.

What was there on the pale wind?  
Gun-smoke wraith—  
Or a ghostly widow's veil?  
It shaded the sun  
From the quivering beauty of red.  
Was it a mist—  
Or a cloud of whining flies?

God—  
I have seen the dead!

BRENHAM MCKAY

## PUZZLES

CHRIST, Plato, Socrates  
Talking of those sizeless, timeless things.  
Francesca dressed in scarlet silk,  
Burnt to a russet gold.

BRENHAM MCKAY

## MONA LISA GIOCONDA

ONCE THERE WAS a lady  
She lived and loved, was loved—  
Once there was a lady.

A blue balloon  
A purple, red and yellow,  
A green balloon for dreams.  
Confetti shower,  
Golden rain.  
A mist of light—  
Streamers serpentine.

Once there was a lady.  
She lived and smiled and died—  
Once there was a lady.

BRENHAM MCKAY.

## FOOT-FAST

HUGH POOLE

THE ST. JOHN'S river was unusually quiet. No waves marked its surface, and the shadow of the trees on the water was so perfect that it was difficult to tell where water and shore-line met.

A boat appeared around a bend, and glided slowly forward, propelled by a very black son of Africa. In the boat, which was a flat bottomed, rather narrow affair, were three other men than the negro. Two sat in the stern, trolling and smoking; the other stood up in the bow, casting as near as he dared to the weeds and brush which lined the shore. Luck apparently had not been good, for the men were all engrossed in moody contemplation. Once in a while, one of them would make a remark, not always



complimentary, about the voracity of mosquitos, or the lack of it on the part of the fish.

The negro was almost asleep. The slow motion of the boat, and the warm glow of the sun combined with the after-effects of moonlight, or moonshine, of the night previous, made him impervious to things worldly. His mind just then dwelt on a platter of nicely roasted 'possum which he hoped sometime to see.

Suddenly the boat struck a snag, and the progress of all but the man in the bow stopped abruptly. He, however, with the exception of one foot, was dumped unceremoniously into the water. The negro jumped up, so suddenly was he aroused from his reverie. Seeing the plight of the man forward, one of whose feet had caught between a rowlock and the gunwale, he caught hold of said foot, braced himself, and pulled vigorously.

Just about this time, the bathed one's head appeared above the water, and speech was attempted. But the pull upward on his foot caused a contrary direction to his head. This went under, with the mouth still open. He had said, "Da" (short "a") when water silenced him. The negro let up the better to brace himself, and again the head appeared. The black took this as encouraging, and pulled again. This time, only the "D" was uttered before an incoming gush of water silenced the would-be speaker.

The men in the stern were afraid to move, as the boat was already overloaded, and if they all moved into the bow of the boat, it would be sure to capsize. Besides, the negro would have to move to let them pass. He insisted that the rescue should be his, as he had been the one to begin it.

During the argument which ensued on this point, the fallen had, by wild thrashing of arms, succeeded in raising his head above water a third time. It was a moment before he could speak, and then he uttered again the syllable, "Da." At this point, the oarsman gave a great heave, a

third time forcing the unfortunate to submerge, again with hatches open, and shipping water. This time, the negro was more persistent and kept up the pull until all struggle of the sunken fisherman ceased. Then it was relatively easy to drag him aboard. He was laid face down, with his middle over a seat, and his reservoir emptied. As soon as he came back to consciousness, his lips began to work. After a few unsuccessful, choking efforts, he said, "Damn that foot!"

## A DOSSIER

ISOBEL GREEN

THE COMFORTABLE brick buildings of Phillips Exeter Academy added an atmosphere of dignity as well as of gaiety to the quaint New Hampshire village of Exeter. Men and boys from all parts of the world came here to receive instruction for college preparation.

The town was full the night of November twenty-second. Guests were coming to the big Junior prom. The low rambling country club was brightly lighted and throngs of men passed to and from the building.

Ben Scott sauntered into the broad, low living room with the same playful, frisky attitude shown by a thoroughbred horse as he is led on to the race track. He was one that betters would judge as a second placer and he always did come in second. A group standing near the huge fireplace good-naturedly opened at his approach. He greeted his friends with a nervous cough and then burst into musical laughter.

He was a tall, lovable looking chap with shiny brown eyes. As his spontaneous mirth would bubble forth his delicate round mouth showed perfectly shaped white teeth with gold railings fastened to train them to their correct positions.



Ben had a small foot and commonly wore those short broad brogues which gave one the feeling that his underpinnings were not substantial enough for his height, and that he was likely to tip over frontwards any minute. Tonight fine calfskins were substituted for the brogues.

When the girls began to arrive he felt peculiarly lonesome. There the boys were, their faces beaming, rushing the girls about with glee. Tears welled up in his sad eyes and he hastily found a secluded nook on the windy veranda. Why the devil had he been such a fool? Phyllis thought worlds of him and he hadn't asked her up because he feared she was too young. Maybe the boys would have liked her and not accused him of robbing the cradle. The pale yellow moonlight seared the snowclad hills and pines. It comforted him and he wished that he were thousands of miles from the festive air on the other side of those walls.

Ben was born in the big brown house on Beacon Hill, that had fifty-seven stone steps winding up the cliff from the road below. He told untruths when he was little, and placed his boy friends in the wrong. He was angelic before his mother and swore like a trooper to his little girl friends. He adored the newest books of current fiction but loathed the classics. He loved mischief as all red-blooded boys do. Whenever asked what he was going to be when he grew up he stoutly affirmed that he was going to be a banker.

When Ben was ten years old he was sent to one of the finest schools and one of the most expensive in the country, near Newport, Rhode Island. He was placed there because his mother thought he would get more of an education than he could by talking to Nora, the Irish maid, while she was at the clubs and social functions. Mr. Scott said he couldn't afford to send the boy to such a school but if Florence insisted, what could he do. While there he roomed with one of the young Vanderbilt boys. They

just couldn't go to bed without their toddy after an exciting poker round. The atmosphere was not conducive to education particularly, but to the abhorrence of all work and to the love of leisure. He was a perfect heathen and flunked every subject but Bible. His mother had always been an active member of the Unitarian church but this had little effect upon her son.

Ben's father was a tall handsome Norwegian gentleman, at one time having been an officer in the army of his country. In this country he became associated with a large company as an electrical engineer. Now he was the ineffective father of a son who nonchalantly spoke of him with a laugh as "the old man." Mrs. Scott was a Wadsworth, a stunning woman, interested in music, travel and society, an indifferent housekeeper but a delightful hostess.

In the summer Ben came home to the lonely big brown house for a few days, then he was packed off to the summer home in the New Hampshire hills. The doctor said he must get away from the city and the sea and the piercing east winds, so he was sent to the tall pine woods. Here he was happy. Down at the lake the Scotts had a boat house. Ben and his friend Dan stayed there for weeks at a time returning to the big house once a day. In the boat house there was a stove, table, pantry and sleeping porch, a canoe, row-boat, fishing tackle and guns. The boys would fish for hornpout by moonlight, sitting silently for hours. When they returned they played pinochle until one o'clock and then turned in. Up at nine, they prepared the undersized fish for breakfast and washed their dishes in the lake.

Sometimes Ben was very gay and cheerful; at other times it was almost impossible to rouse him from the moods of melancholy into which he would lapse. At the age of seventeen a pretty girl named Phyllis moved into the gloomy stone mansion next door. Ben became devoted to her. That year he was sent to Phillips Exeter Academy.



He had grown into an essentially independent person who was quite a law unto himself. He was anything but conservative and absolutely unconventional. His sole purpose in life was to have a good time; he had no aim or ambition. If he had any ideal no one knew it. Nothing shocked him.

This night Ben was just a lonely, homesick boy. Longing for the girl he had feared to ask to the dance. After twenty minutes of mournful thought, he realized he was freezing and gave a lurch toward the crowd. Pressing into the ballroom he almost bumped into a couple. Confounded he gazed into the face of Phyllis, who stood before him like a gold cross, festooned in soft green. A low familiar laugh rippled through his brain as she greeted him cordially.

He turned and stalked away into the moonlight that was searing the snow blanketed hills. Ben had been always a second placer.

## TRANSITION

VERNA MAXSON

SOFT breezes blow across her hair,  
The sun's rays touch her cheek,  
But the maiden moves not, for  
She lies in the tender arms of Sleep.

The moon glides through the darkened sky,  
He strokes her cold, white breast,  
But the maiden moves not, for  
She lies in the cruel grasp of Death.

## TWO BOOK REVIEWS

DON C. KAYLER

ISRAFAEL

*The Life and Times of Edgar Allen Poe* by Hervey Allen

One of the most notable achievements in the history of biographical literature is Mr. Hervey Allen's recently published, "Life and Times of Edgar Allen Poe."

Poe ranked with Irving as an American master of short story and sketch, piques the curiosity with his psychological mystery stories. With an extremely excitable nature, his fascination is that of art and intellect. Mr. Allen aptly recalls the man and the era that bore him on its wave.

A keen discernment, a respectful attitude, and a comprehensive treatment conjoined with a correlation of eligible old and hitherto unedited new material makes this work valuable to the admirers and lovers of Poe; and particularly so to those who deprecate Poe's writings, offering as it does a sound basis for intelligent understanding and opening a new realm for perusal of the story of a fascinatingly human life.

The book contains interesting reproductions of the title pages of Poe first editions, and poems by Henry Poe, brother of the poet.

GALAHAD

*Enough of his life to explain his reputation* by  
John Erskine

Heralded as another "Hamlet in balloon trousers" Galahad came into our life. Modernized to a rational degree, the peregrinations and wooings of our Lancelot assume new shades of virtue and romance and are highly entertaining.

The conversations, clothed in modern colloquies and Americanisms give the good, old legends a youthful interpretation that is at once stimulating and mirth provoking. The book is not an after-dinner glass for the seven wise men, but it does make a delicious quaff for those of us who have known Galahad only by his Tennysonian reputation.



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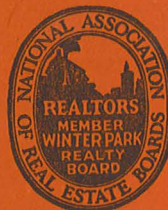
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