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# THE FLAMINGO



A Literary Magazine of the Younger Generation



## *Students-*

*We appreciate  
your trade and we  
desire to give you  
the very best serv-  
ice possible.*

**NORRIS'**  
(The College Store)

## *Visitors-*

*When you come to  
Winter Park let  
us serve you in a  
way you will re-  
member.*



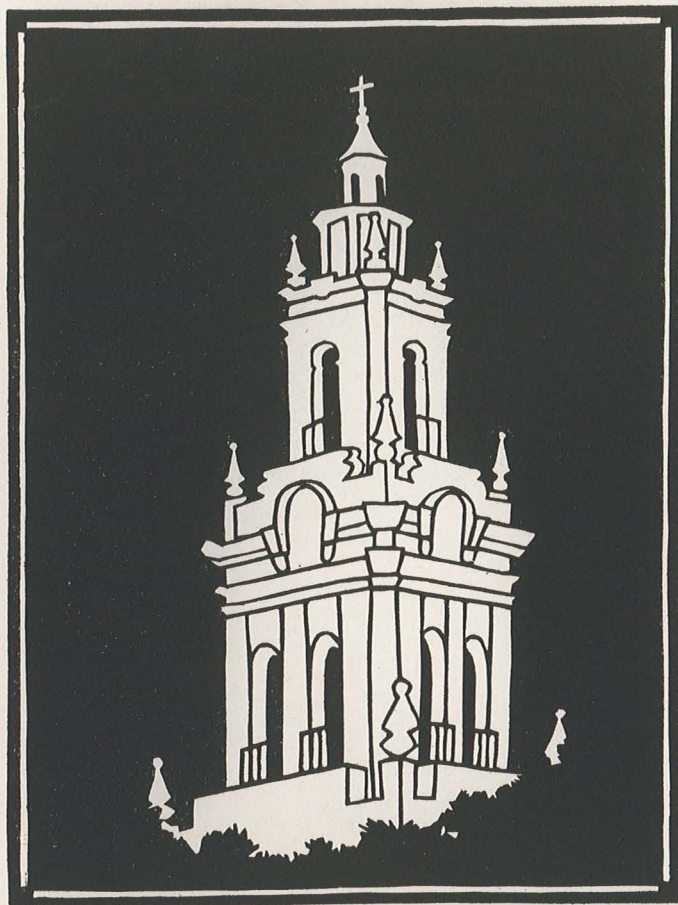
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CHAPEL TOWER  
*Silhouette, by Elisabet Richards*

# THE FLAMINGO

*A Literary Magazine of the Younger Generation*

VOL. IX, No. 1 DECEMBER 1, 1934 Price, 25 Cents

**T**HE sun,  
Noble monarch,  
Who first breathed life in clay,  
Knew man would bless him for his light,  
Some day.

SEYMOUR D. BALLARD

## OF MICE AND MEN

JAMES F. HOLDEN

**M**ISTER!" Tom Bridges looked down at the crumpled figure by the roadside. He very seldom smiled, but now the corners of his mouth twitched suspiciously. He stopped, gun poised in his hands. Ahead, the dusty file of surly convicts wound doggedly on.

"What you want, kid? Every day I go by here you act like you was tryin' to tell me something. What is it?"

"Please, sir, let me go with you. My Pappy's in your gang. I want to watch him work."

Bridges gazed at the boy with wonder. He was slight and pallid looking, but there was no mistaking his earnestness.

"Please, mister—"

The guard straightened up suddenly. He shouldn't waste his time on this little swamper. He had work to do.



"Gotta go, kid. Can't trust that bunch. They're lifers and plenty nasty."

He turned away. The boy tugged at his sleeve.

"Mister—"

"W-a-a-l," Bridges said unwillingly, "we're goin' to set 'phone poles down in Horse Creek morass. The pole truck'll be along any minute. I reckon the driver will give you a lift."

"Do you think the driver will stop?"

Something in the lad's tone arrested the guard's attention. The kid was serious all right, and excited. His eyes fairly popped from his head.

"Do you?" he repeated.

Bridges grunted, shrugged his shoulders, and turned away.

"Talk to the driver," he said.

Left to himself, the lad limped back along the road. He stopped at the first bar-way and, putting his fingers to his mouth, emitted a shrill whistle. In a short time a shabbily dressed woman appeared. She paused and brushed aside some wisps of gray hair that hung over her eyes. Her face was strained and eager. Her mouth set in a curious line.

"Did you see him?" she asked.

"No, I didn't, Ma, but I seen the guard. He's gonna let me go with him. They're settin' poles on the morass down Horse Creek Road."

"Here, Jemmy, take it and first chance you get, slip it to your Pappy."

The boy shuddered as he saw the cold, blue automatic pistol his mother held towards him. The sight of the gun moved him with a curious fascination. Slowly he reached for it, putting it in his overalls' pocket.

"I don't want to do it, Ma. Mr. Bridges was always good to me."

"You've got to, son. We can't live without your Pappy. We gotta have money."

"But, Ma—"

"We gotta have money," she repeated, "we're broke."

Jemmy looked up into his Ma's face. He saw that her eyes were red. All at once two tears appeared and slowly trickled down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, Ma," he said, "I'll get Pop. I'll bring him home to you."

He squared his shoulders and limped off the way he had come. He couldn't understand what possessed his mother. Five years ago his father had been convicted. He'd killed a man in a drunken brawl. Sentenced to hard labor. His father often cuffed and kicked him and memories of his rough hands still lingered painfully.

Waiting for the truck, he looked down the road and smiled. He loved to sit by the highway and watch the big cars filled with grand people. Once a limousine drew up and stopped. A fine lady got out and gave him half-a-dollar. He remembered how sweet her voice was and how low.

"Be a good boy," she told him, "and say your prayers."

Jemmy was about to ask her what prayers were when the car drove off. He never found out. Once he asked his Ma, but she only laughed and told him to "shet up." A faint rumble from up the road drew his attention. It was the 'phone truck. He moved to the middle of the road and held up his hand. The truck roared to a stop.



"What's the idea, kid?" a rough voice called.

"Mr. Bridges, the guard, said maybe you'd give me a ride. He's gonna let me watch the gang set 'phone poles."

"Aw right then, hop in, and make it snappy."

The lad clambered painfully into the truck. That morning he sat under a large shade tree beside the winding path that led to the morass. The convicts wound past him in single file. Up above on the roadway a cement mixer ground constantly. The men were carrying pails of cement to anchor the poles in the swamp. His friend, Bridges, stood nearby, back against a tree, gun in his hands.

Soon Jemmy saw his father. He was a large man with a red face, huge stooped shoulders, and arms that reached nearly to his knees. As he passed Jemmy he whispered hoarsely:

"You brat, what you doin' here?"

Jemmy didn't answer, but turned aside to hide the color that rose to his face. His father seemed always to resent him, to hate seeing him around. His father passed often during the long day, and once when the guard wasn't looking, planted a well-aimed kick on Jemmy's shins.

"Take that, you whelp!"

A moan rose to the boy's lips and tears flooded his eyes. He thought of his Mother and what she had told him.

"Daddy," he said, fumbling in his overall pocket, "Ma told me to—"

"Shet up, you ———. I'll tend to you later."

His father lurched off down the path, mumbling to himself. Soon it was noon-time. The prisoners were herded into a group in the center of the morass.

"Everyone cross the swamp for slop," yelled Bridges. "Cook truck's just in."

The men, sullen and hot, formed a line and marched over a temporary bridge to the far end of the swamp. Jemmy looked down at the water as he limped along. It was cool and deep-looking. He wished he could swim like other boys.

During the meal, Jemmy again approached his father.

"Daddy, please listen—"

His father looked at the guard. The man's head was turned and he was bending over the cook truck.

"Take that, you brat!" he cried fiercely and struck his son a swift blow on the back of the neck. The lad went down in a crumpled heap.

"Daddy," he pleaded, thinking of his mother, "Daddy!"

"You go to the devil," his father said, and laughing, pointed out the lad's plight to one of his comrades.

After lunch was over and the men rested under the trees, Bridges strolled over to Jemmy's side.

"Havin' a time, son?" he asked gruffly.

"Swell," the boy answered, struggling to keep back the tears.

Bridges laughed grudgingly.

"That's good, say—"

He was red-faced and curiously ashamed, but he blundered on.

"I got somethin' for you."

Reaching in his pocket, he pulled out a candy bar and handed it to Jemmy.

"Gee, thanks."



Jemmy could control himself no longer. Hardly had Bridges turned away, when tears spurted from his eyes and coursed down his cheeks.

A few minutes later the line formed and began the march back across the bridge. Midway, Jemmy saw his father drop out and stoop over, his foot on the railing.

"Shoes untied," he heard him tell Bridges. "Be right along."

The guard nodded and took a step forward, looking back over his shoulder. Without warning he stepped on a loose plank and his gun spun from his hands. Stunned, he watched it sink in the black waters. Jemmy caught his breath. He saw his father look up, caught the gleam in his eyes. Impulsively he limped to the guard's side.

"Look out, Mr. Bridges," he warned, "that man—"

His father straightened up and strode menacingly forward.

"Bridges, you—"

The guard felt a tug at his sleeve. He flashed the lad a quick glance. Jemmy was holding out an automatic pistol.

"Please take it, mister," he said.

#### M E S S E N G E R

**I** OPENED empty hands  
to the Night  
and a black feather  
drifted into them . . .  
from the dark wings  
of Death.

MAXEDA HESS

#### MISTRESS OF THE SWAN

GILBERT MAXWELL

**I**T was on a wet evening just about sunset that I first saw the swan. I had yielded, under protest, to Lydia's plea for a walk in the rain and as we stood there at the pasture gate looking out over the marsh, I saw the great bird hunched in the willow thicket, a picture of white dejection. I started and clutched at Lydia's arm pointing silently to the willows. Lydia nodded, and one of her infrequent smiles flickered like a light in the usual pallor of her face.

"Yes," she said, "he is my friend—perhaps my only friend here. He is quite tame now. He has even done me the honor of eating out of my hand. Ross hates him because I love him. Ross hates everything that I love."

Something in her voice sent a tremor down my spine. I glanced sidewise at her, finding in her again that unearthly quality, half-seen, half-sensed, which I had found in her on that first evening, years ago in Vienna. She stood serene and still, yet somehow tense with vibration, staring out at the swan. In another instant the impression was gone. She turned to me her calm, inscrutable mask.

"Of course," she said, "you have been wondering why I summoned you. It's only because I am so desperately lonely. Ross is always shut away with his experiments, and except for the servants I am friendless here."

"But why," I said, "with the town only ten miles away?"

Lydia shrugged.



"Ross does not encourage my having guests. In fact, he forbids it. He says they interfere with his work, but that is not true. I think it is jealousy. He has always been madly jealous of me. Sometimes I think he is a little mad, Eric. He behaves so strangely these days."

"Oh, come now," I said, "I can't reasonably reconcile all this with Ross. Besides, if what you say is true, why on earth should he consent to your having me, of all people, here?"

"I don't know," Lydia said, "except that in spite of everything, I think he trusts you. Or it may be that he wanted to bring us together for an experiment, as he would bring together two rabbits or two chipmunks."

"Or perhaps," I said, "a lioness and a lamb."

Lydia looked at me for a moment in bewilderment. Then she laughed outright, but the laugh struck me as being decidedly unpleasant. I felt again that queer, tingling sensation in my spine.

"Don't be ridiculous," she said. "I'm quite harmless these days, Eric. If we were back in Vienna now, the Embassy gossips would have nothing at all to talk about. My feet are wet. Let's go back to the house."

She turned about quickly and ran off ahead of me. I followed at a slower pace. The stodgy years since Vienna have slowed me up a bit, but I thought as I looked after Lydia's fleeing form, watching her slow to a lithe, sinuous stride: "Her body has hardly changed at all. It is only this unexplainable calm, this tense serenity—"

Tramping along toward the house, I tried, as I had tried time and time again since my arrival at Wild-

haven to reconcile this Lydia with the gay and infectious girl I had known in Vienna fifteen years before; the girl whose numerous and truly outrageous affairs had electrified the embassy circle and endangered the position of her Ambassador father. I thought again of my own bitter love for her that had sent me home heartbroken to America—the love that had left Lydia apparently untouched. And I thought again of the relief I had felt, after my own grief was ended, to hear that she had eloped with my friend, Ross Carleton.

This brought me around to Ross, and I tried to reconcile in him, as I had known him in Vienna, brilliant, good-looking, vitally alive, this strange and aging man who had greeted me upon my arrival at Wildhaven. I had thought of Ross, in those chaotic, early-post-war years as the one stabilizing influence in my life. He was my wish image. I had counted on him to justify my own profligate youth. He had been the most promising surgical student at the University. It had not occurred to any of us to doubt that he would one day find a front line position in the ranks of American surgeons. Now here he was, secluded from the world, fooling around with rabbits and chipmunks in a makeshift laboratory at the top of an old Georgia farmhouse, fifty miles from nowhere.

Yet, I remembered he always had too much money—even more than I, and I had had too much (I really did nothing of importance until the market cleaned me out). Yes, surely, I thought, that explains it all. It has been simply a matter of too much money. But even as I thought, I raised my head and caught sight of Ross, leaning indolently against a column of the back veranda. Something in his very attitude troubled me, and undid my decision. I quickened my steps to



catch up with Lydia who stood waiting at the rise of the terrace, and we walked together toward the house, chattering and holding hands. At the foot of the steps, we paused and looked up smiling at Ross, who looked down, smiling and chewing on his pipe, at us.

"Hi there, Marse Ross," I said. "How does it seem to be a country squire on a rainy day?"

Ross grinned and knocked the ashes from his pipe into his open palm.

"Swell," he said. "Better than being in a city-pent. Where've you two been? I've been looking all over for you. Thought perhaps you'd like some chess."

"We've been rain-walking," I said, assisting Lydia up the steps. "Lydia has been showing me the wild swan down there in the marsh. Splendid creature, isn't he?"

Instantly the air was electric. Lydia shot a quick, nervous glance in my direction. Ross's teeth clamped down so tightly on his pipe stem that the muscles in his jaw stood out. He struggled.

"Oh yes," he said casually. "Fine bird. Very good specimen. Come on in, both of you, and be dried. I insist upon chess."

Then something momentous happened. As he turned toward the door, Lydia, like a frightened animal, her eyes fixed on Ross's face, slipped past us into the house. Good God, I thought. Can the man be mad? Ross's mobile face beneath his deep tan reddened perceptibly, but his expression did not change. After a moment he smiled.

"Always the actress," he said lightly. "Lydia will never get over playing tricks on us, Eric. She's an incurable Circe. Come down after you've changed and I'll lick you at chess."

"If you do," I said trying to bring into my voice a casualness I could not summon, "if you do, my fine fellow, you will have improved mightily in the last twenty-four hours."

Ross disappeared, chuckling, into the library and I went upstairs to my room, striving at every step to stifle the inclination to turn and run as fast as I could from that house, away from Lydia with her peculiar fascination that still drew me on, away from Ross, with whom I had no longer the mental communion we had once known.

I bathed and dressed, thinking, above the hideous turmoil in my brain, how stupid it was that the three of us should religiously get ourselves up in dinner clothes every night, merely to look at each other—to sit down elaborately for dinner here in this old Southern mansion, stiffened and starched and consequently formal, and make trivial conversation to hide the truth of our lives. Momentarily, hating all formality as I do, I was merely annoyed at Lydia. I secretly suspected her of dressing in the evening, as she always had, simply because she knew she was at her best in a dinner gown.

Then suddenly it occurred to me that I had been at Wildhaven for a full week and Lydia had appeared every night in a different costume! Why in the name of heaven, I thought, swearing at myself in the mirror as I tugged at my collar, why in the name of all the fiends in hell, would she get herself up like that, buy all those clothes, if she never goes anywhere nor sees anybody? Does she dress for the servants, or for Ross? After fifteen years a man should be too accustomed to a woman to notice or to care what she wears. Then I remembered something else. Every



evening, as surely as Lydia came down those winding stairs, just as surely had Ross been there at the newel post to help her down from the last step and to tell her how divinely beautiful she was.

Pulling on my shoes I was conscious of no emotion except annoyance at Lydia and Ross, a sensible man and woman, life-mates, bed-mates, and surely after fifteen years, as much an entity as two people can ever be, dressing up for each other. Then another thought struck me and I was so astonished that I dropped the shoe I was holding. They were not any of these things—they were as far apart as two individuals could possibly be—they had absolutely no understanding of each other! The incidents of the afternoon came back with vivid and overwhelming force—the swan—damn the swan. What could the swan have to do with it?

My God, I thought, I'll go mad with all this conjecturing. Is Ross jealous of a bird? The swan? And if he is jealous of a swan, why isn't he jealous of me? Am I so unattractive now? I crossed to the mirror and looked at myself critically—slight grey at the temples, yes, but no lines to speak of—good color, good carriage, yes, as good a man as I ever was, younger at least than Ross if not quite so good looking—I straightened automatically, turned away from the mirror and went resolutely out of the room, determined on this evening to be especially attentive to Lydia, to make her conscious of me, to find out about Ross.

Evidently I had taken a long time to dress. The chess board stood waiting and Ross and Lydia rose from the deep couch in front of the fire, to greet me as I entered the drawing room. Lydia wore a sheath of black velvet covering her completely in front and fast-

ened about her throat with a small chain of silver. She turned deliberately about as I came toward her and I gasped, slightly, surprised to see that the gown was quite backless, cut as far as possible to the end of her spine. Ross laughed and I knew that Lydia had winked at him. She turned swiftly about again and stood smiling up at me, her black eyes shining, the firelight giving a glow to her pale face, brightening her dark brown hair with glints of copper. She was exquisite. Involuntarily I bent and kissed her hand. We all laughed merrily.

"Madame," I said, "is it not you for whom the young prince, Sergei, drowned himself last week in the Danube?"

"Silly," said Lydia gayly, kissing me lightly upon the brow, "ridiculous fool. Come to dinner."

I was amazed at the feeling of good fellowship that seemed to exist between the three of us. With mock ceremony, Ross on one side, I on the other, we escorted Lydia to her place at the table. Solemnly we seated her, crossing imaginary swords over her head. She was as pleased and delighted as a child at her own birthday party. What has come over us, I thought, tasting the very excellent wine. At the head of the table, Ross, immaculate in a white dinner jacket, carved the fowl, with ridiculous jests and sallies, which Lydia and I parried as best we could. (We had always felt he was more clever than either of us.) No, I said to myself, there is no tension here. For the first time, it is all as it once was—Lydia is radiant.

"You know, Eric," Ross was saying, "it is too absurd. We have weathered so many storms, been separate so long, yet here we are, after all, safe and se-



cure, sitting around our table in a part of the country we never expected to see."

Now, I thought. Now is the time to ask my question, if I am ever to ask it.

"But why did you decide on the South, Ross? And when did you acquire this insatiable lust for the country?"

For a flickering instant a shadow seemed to have fallen on Ross's end of the table. He bent over his carving. "Oh, well," he said, "I got tired of cutting up live humans. I'd rather carve dead ducks."

He stole a quick glance at Lydia. My eyes followed his. Lydia seemed not to have heard. She was holding her wine glass up to the light looking absorbedly at the warm colors in the glass.

"Eric," she said reflectively, "do you believe in re-incarnation?"

Before I could answer, Ross dropped the carving knife on the floor. As he bent over to pick it up, I noticed that his hand was shaking. It seemed to take him some time to get hold of the knife. Presently he raised his flushed face above the board and resumed the dissection of the fowl.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's probably a good thing I gave up surgery since I'm getting so careless with knives."

I looked again at Lydia. Apparently she had not noticed the accident. If she had, she gave no sign. Ross passed her laden plate and something on the face of each as their fingers touched filled me with terror. It was only for the space of a second that their gazes met, but there was something so indefinably terrible about the meeting that I wanted again, desperately, to run away forever from them and from that house. It

was Lydia's eyes I think that scared me. They fairly glittered in the candlelight.

"Thank you," she said evenly and set down her plate.

After that I was miserable. Ross kept up a pretense at lively talk, and I answered him distractedly, trying desperately to be civilized. Lydia applied herself to her food. Now and again her gaze would stray to the window and she would stare fixedly out into the dark until Ross recalled her with some trivial remark, drawing her into conversation. Finally the meal was ended and we retired to the drawing room for coffee.

Lydia settled herself on the couch, lighted a cigarette, and prepared to read a small, purple-bound book that lay face down on the coffee table. Ross, plainly ill-at-ease, stood over the chessboard, rearranging the little figures. He tried to make his voice casual:

"All right, old Eric. Let's have some of this boasted skill of yours. I feel lucky tonight."

We settled ourselves at the board and began the game. The coffee was served. Lydia drank hers, keeping one eye on her book. As the game progressed, she continued to read avidly. Now and again she would lay the book down and stare into the fire, and there would be about her an indefinable look of being lost, of being alone in a dark and evil place. Ross kept looking at her and forgetting to move when it was his turn. I beat him outrageously on the first game and we started another. When the second was well under way he seemed to forget Lydia and played very cleverly, giving me a close run for my game. Once I looked at Lydia. She had obviously forgotten that we were in the room. She sat perfectly still



staring at the shuttered window that gave onto the terrace. She seemed to be listening to the fierce wind that hovered outside. I went back to my game.

Presently, Lydia came over to the chess table and stood behind me, her hand resting lightly on my shoulder. I turned my head and smiled. She did not notice. She was apparently absorbed in watching the game. After a moment I was aware of her hand stroking my shoulder. I felt, absurdly, that it was as if she were stroking the feathers of a bird. Suddenly she spoke, her voice low and husky and seeming to come from the depths of her throat.

"You are changed, Eric," she said. "Terribly changed. I had not thought you would be."

Ross looked up quickly and looked down again at the board. Vaguely I realized that he had seen something which he had not wanted to see.

"Your move, Eric," he said.

Lydia's hand crept away from my shoulder. She moved around the side of the table, bent and kissed us both, first Ross and then me. We rose and stood watching her. She spoke again drowsily.

"You will forgive me," she said. "I am very tired."

Her gaze wandered briefly to the windows. Then she turned swiftly on her tall heels and went out of the room. For some reason we both stood listening until she had mounted the steps and we heard her door close upstairs. Then we sat down again and went back to the game.

But Ross was plainly nervous, and he played carelessly. I won again. He looked up at me, smiled vaguely, and asked if we might call it a night.

"Right," I said. "But perhaps you won't mind if I sit up for awhile?"

"Certainly not," he said. "That is, if you won't be too lonesome. I'm really very sorry to desert you like this. I'm getting to be no good after ten—the country, I suppose. Sure you don't mind?"

"Don't be an ass," I said shortly. "Since I did without your company for fifteen years, I daresay I can manage for a few hours."

The slow red mounted beneath his tan. I had offended him, and I had meant no offense. I could have cut out my tongue.

"Some day I'll explain it all to you, Eric," he said, and was gone.

I sat where he had left me until I heard him close the door of his own room upstairs. Then I got up, went noiselessly over to the coffee table and picked up the book Lydia had been reading. It was a volume of poems by one of the lesser known contemporaries. The book opened almost of itself to a page that had the look of having been read and re-read. There were some lines marked lightly in pencil:

*"Of all celestial spirits that were once  
Mortal and beautiful and ripe with lust,  
None was so excellent and none so fair  
As Lida, the swan's tall mistress, whose light hair  
Is cobweb now, and whose bright lips are dust."*

Across the top of the page, scrawled three times in Lydia's unformed hand, was the one word, "Eric." I sat down unexpectedly upon the couch. It was as if my knees had given away. I felt a sickish sensation in the pit of my stomach and again that ticklish tremor in my spine. I laid the book down very carefully on the table, face down as I had found it, conscious of no thought save that the room had grown



very cold and seemed strangely to be larger and filled with shadows.

I shivered and stood up, walking backward toward the fire, afraid to turn my back to the room and the door. I felt as if there were some nameless terror in the room. I cannot describe what it was, except that suddenly it was as if I shared with Lydia that feeling I had seemed to read in her face as she had sat staring into the fire, that feeling of being alone in a dark and fearful place. I stood as though rooted to the hearthrug, afraid to move, afraid to take my eyes away from that door through which Lydia and Ross had gone. Suddenly I knew what it was. I was sick with the fear that Lydia might come through that door. Good God, I thought, it is Lydia, it is Lydia.

I felt myself being pulled toward the door by some force that I shall never be able to explain. Crossing the threshold and entering the hall, I found myself with my foot on the first step of the stair. I strove desperately to turn back, but I went on mounting the stairs, my one thought that I must go to Lydia, yet wanting terribly not to go.

Her door was at the head of the staircase. I paused with my hand on the door-knob, hearing a murmur of voices inside. First I heard Ross's voice, pleading, cajoling:

"Come back to me, Lydia. Try to come back to me. See, dear, it's Ross—I am here. Nothing can hurt you. Nothing can harm you."

His voice went on soothingly, comfortingly. She spoke incoherently, jerkily, and she spoke in French. I caught only a word or two: "Jamais—le cercle—la nuit—mal."

My hand slipped from the knob. I turned and walked straight toward my own door at the end of the hall. "Whatever it is," I heard myself saying aloud, "whatever it is, it concerns me, and I must get away from here—I must get away from here."

Inside my own room, with my back against the door, I stood holding to the door frame, saying over and over to myself: "Lydia—the swan—Lydia—I must get away from Lydia."

I swerved and turned the key in the lock. I looked wildly about the room and spotted my trunk in the corner. Furiously I leaped to the dresser, emptied all the drawers and dumped their contents on the floor. Then I jerked open the trunk and began to pack my clothes. Even now, I cannot explain this action. It was as if all reason had deserted me. Somewhere in the middle of my packing, I was aware of a door closing in the hall, and I seemed to come back to myself. I sat down on the floor and covered my face with my hands, trying furiously to get my thoughts together, but it was not until I had risen and undressed myself and crept into bed, that I was able to think at all.

Lying there in the great darkness, listening to the ominous wind outside, I tried to explain my extraordinary actions to myself. I could not. I cannot now. Lying there motionless in the center of my big bed, I knew only that for that ghastly half hour since I had read my name in Lydia's book, I had been shaken out of my senses.

But even now I do not know what transmitted that fear to me. No, I do not know. Nor did I know, when later that same night, Ross came for me and I followed him down to the marsh where, deep in the willow thicket, we found the swan with its neck wrung.



Nor even when, with the aid of a farmer's lantern, we dragged the drowned body of Lydia from the depths of the marsh. But I shall remember forever the look on Ross's face, pale in the light of the lantern, as he bent over Lydia's body and the few words he said:

"Sometimes, Eric," he said softly, "it is not so terrible to die. No, not even to drown."

## A WAITING AND A SONG

**I**F life be this: a waiting and a song  
 Unsung; a daily message of the heart  
 To veins rebelling in their simple part;  
 The shuttered eyes; the empty hands so long  
 Up-turned in pleading mute, unanswered prayer;  
 Then, I must needs know this . . . and very soon:  
 If dark be only Night upon the stair,  
 And patience long-endured, the future's boon;  
 If all the tedious and the safely-sane  
 Slow hours grow deep within the heart and bloom  
 In ripe fulfillment of life's richer breath;  
 If so, then waiting is a gift, not the dark tomb,  
 Yet . . . I mistrust monotony of pain  
 And may find quick adventure in swift death.

MAXEDA HESS



## THE ORCHARD

O H can it be that while I walked with you  
 And saw the burning beauty of your face  
 With naked, shining eyes and blowing hair;  
 When pale green apples, firm and bitter-juiced  
 Hung in the living shadows of the trees  
 And patterns of the flower-nurtured fruit  
 Tangled the brushings of our feet in grass,  
 That while you talked of passing loveliness,  
 A rabbit's frightened scurry in a bush,  
 The sun-drawn pungency of small, wild thyme,  
 The core of sadness lay in both our hearts,  
 The half-guessed meaning of a darker thing?

FRANCES PERPENTE

## EGOCENTRIC

I SHALL lie stripped in some sharp season's turning,  
 Of all but narrow, whitely polished bones.  
 I who have walked in hilly, upland pastures,  
 And seen the shining shoulder of a girl  
 Flash bright against the granite ribs of earth  
 (Worn stark by patient rains and blasting cold)  
 And seen her break red berries on her teeth;  
 Small, early berries hidden in the grass,  
 And shaded by red, many-pointed leaves.  
 But now I have a power in my hand,  
 I carry stars within my arching skull,  
 Within my body lies the wherewithal  
 Of many men; the stirring of all life.  
 Through me the world is real; with me it dies.  
 All joy is mine; the ecstasy of rain  
 Sifting on leaves is there because I see it.  
 I press my living hands against my eyes  
 And push the pictures of the world askew.

FRANCES PERPENTE



## SUSURRUS

## I

**Y**OUR written words do nourish well my wants  
 And salve my thirst as well as any might  
 While you are gone. Go seek what fortune  
     vaunts  
 And cramp your hands with gold — that is  
     your right.  
 Since you have wished it so, I shall not fret  
 Nor bend me down to beg of you such sweets  
 As every rightful lover knows—and yet  
     When some young lad goes whistling by and  
     meets  
 His waiting love behind the shielding hedge —  
     Such sounds, such petaled words as come to  
     me  
 Do bleed my very soul whose brittle pledge  
     Thus seals our fate. My love, which shall we  
     be —  
 Age-bent, in tears, above the withered vine,  
 Or gallant beggars, rich with stolen wine?

## II

I do not know, in spite of all my gleanings,  
     Which I love most. I swear to loving you  
 And yet, at times, this small, blue star-grass  
     leaning  
     Through the rain means more than all you do.  
 Such pain as this — your kiss against my  
     mouth —  
 Is no more than when through autumn skies  
 The long, thin lines of wild geese flying south  
     Do bleed my heart and pierce me with their  
     cries.  
 Long shall I grieve, but still my spirit knows  
     I shall go on while yet your life is done —  
 I who have loved the slender rose that grows  
     And comes again as two that once were one —  
 Nor shall I know when you are shapeless clod —  
     Which of the two was you and which was  
     God.



## III

Until today, I have not loved you wholly:  
 Though such I've sworn, yet say you not I lied.  
 I loved as well as any maid who solely  
 Gives her flesh, and that is justified.  
 Search anywhere and I daresay you'll find  
 Love of the heart and soul that grows as one.  
 But not the third, the cool love of the mind  
 That squares itself, when all is said and done,  
 To petty faults that rankle in the brain  
 And keeps its own when all else dear must go.  
 Such love integral is not split in twain  
 No matter what befalls—this much I know—  
 'Tis but a while the spirit grieves and frets:  
 The mind withholds that which the heart forgets.

DOROTHY PARMLEY.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER  
 S P E A K S

HERE I lie moldering under a marble slab;  
 Placed in this grave with pomp and music,  
 The blare of drums,  
 And all the panoply of honor  
 A nation gives to one who served her well  
 in life.  
 What a sublime joke  
 That of all the dead, mutilated beyond  
 recognition,  
 I should be chosen to rest here:—  
 'The Unknown Soldier  
 Who loved his country well,  
 And died for it.'  
 God! I can hear my skeleton-laughter echo  
 Against the walls of my coffin at the  
 thought.  
 I joined the war  
 Because they drafted me for service  
 And I had no excuse good enough  
 To keep me from going.  
 I grumbled always:  
 I hated the country that could send men  
 Into the filth and stench  
 And carnal beastliness that all war is:  
 I hated killing brother men  
 For some tradition of a nation's name:  
 I tried my best not to die—  
 I dodged a shell the wrong way once—  
 Then I had to be picked of all the dead,



And brought across the ocean to lie here in  
 honored state,  
 To be stared at reverently by sad-eyed  
 people.

God!

If they knew the mockery I am."

MARLEN ELDREDGE.

## RUPERT BROOKE

MAY MOULTON LONG

**I**N this era of defaming great men the feeling that Rupert Brooke's admirers have for him is significantly refreshing. To them he is ideal, and Rugby and Skyros are shrines most sacred. It is true that Rupert Brooke was almost completely a master of his art, but had he lived longer and become, as many believe he would have become, a very great poet, he might have lost the aura of idealism which exists about him today. It is the splendid ideal of youth, a darling of the gods destroyed at twenty-nine, which holds the imagination.

Youth and vitality are the soul of everything he wrote. Life was his cry. He was the "Great Lover" of the splendid and compromising present. He longed "to walk a thousand miles, and write a thousand poems, and drink a thousand mugs of beer, and kiss a thousand girls."

This vigor and love of concrete things was the source of his realism. Yet, though he passed through stages of neo-paganism and naturalism, and tried to be very brutal indeed in his poetry he never succeeded in eradicating the ideal beauty from his work. He analyzed the ugliness of life, writing what he called the "unpleasant poems," but these poems retained a certain beauty. His attempts to be brutal and profane could not change this innate beauty in his work, and only rendered it more living and picturesque.

His work could never have been so picturesque, however, if he had not possessed another youthful attribute, a whimsical mind. It is this capriciousness, more perhaps than his quick wit, that makes both his



poetry and prose so vivid. The sublime and the ridiculous were alike to him, as his humorous poems and letters show. Yet this rare whimsy did not always turn toward humor. It is the charm of some of his most exquisite poems, such as the sonnet, "*Oh! Death Will Find Me, Long Before I Tire*," and it makes more poignant the half-grief in "*Day That I Have Loved*."

Something heroic appears even in his earliest poetry. "*Second Best*" is an expression of valiant willingness to accept the changing order and what may come after. It is less chained to the senses than many of his other early poems, but it is as young. It is of the spirit which later created those hymns of consecrated youth, "*The Soldier*" and "*The Dead*."

Everything Rupert Brooke wrote is a monument of an immortally youthful mind. He expressed every thought, every passion, every desire known to youth, in the ardent words that youth in every age strives for. In himself he personified the most inspiring qualities which belong to youth, and because these qualities are enshrined in the hearts of men, Rupert Brooke is enshrined there also.

## "RIVER-TO-CROSS"

ROBERTA BLACKMAN

DOCTOR JOHN pulled his hat farther down over his eyes and dozed in the slanting rain. He looped the reins loosely about the pommel and let his tired body sag in the saddle. It had been a hard week, he thought foggily, with the Gonzalez twins making their debut and little Johnny Stoner coming down with flu'. He'd nearly lost that woman, those twins had added the family's total to thirteen children that he had ushered into this world. Doctor John spoke with a weary whimsicality to his horse: "Remind me to speak to Pete Gonzalez, Queenie. That poor wife of his has got to stop being a baby-factory if she wants to live."

Queen's ears twitched at the mention of her name. Head nodding, she stepped carefully around the deep holes in the dark road that were already filled with water and overflowing from the long rains. By instinct the mare seemed to sense the treacherous places, slopping carelessly through the shallow holes. For over eleven years she'd carried Doctor John night after night to the beds of the sick and discomforted through weather as nasty as this. The rain let up for a bit. Queen's breath steamed in the night air.

Doctor John roused himself and leaned forward in the saddle, peering into the dark that lay ahead of him. Far down the road, lights danced up and down uncertainly. Queen's ears flicked forward with interest. The old doctor came fully alert. Queen's ears were his barometer and he never failed to take notice when they went forward stiff and pointed in attention. He slapped the mare on the rump and she quickened her pace.



Doctor John felt in his wallet again for that crumpled, pitiful note, Simeon Henry had brought him earlier that night, swimming the swollen river to reach him with the news that neighbor Tims' boy was "terrible bad again, please to come quick, Doc!" Could it be that those bobbing lights ahead were a party of neighbors sent ahead to hurry him? He rode within the circle of one of the lights.

A lantern paused by his stirrup and the brown, weathered face of Bill Thomas squinted up at him. "Good evenin', Billy," the doctor said, looking down at him with one hand resting on his knee. "What're you doing at the bridge this time of night?"

"Oh, it's you, Doc John." Respect warmed Thomas' words. "The bridge is out, washed clean away in the middle an' I'm awatchin' it. It's sure a bad night to be goin' anywhere, Doc!" Another man stepped into the lantern-light.

"Who's this, Billy?" the doctor asked, nodding to the new man.

"Just my new brother-in-law, Doc John. I talked him into keepin' me company while I kept watch over this pesky bridge. That's some talkin', ain't it, Doc, an' him with a brand new bride up to the house?" Thomas tipped back his head and laughed heartily, the lantern shaking in his hand. But he sobered quickly at the doctor's next words:

"I've got to get across the river tonight, Billy."

"Not tonight, Doc John." He shook his head ruefully. "They's no one that could cross Snake River when she's as high as she is now. She's havin' a spring-tantrum that beats all."

"I'm crossin' over, Billy, some way 'ruther."

"No, you ain't, Doc. The Snake wins all the ar-

guments when she's on the rampage. You better go catch up on your sleep. Stop by the house. Mary'll fix you up snug and dry." Thomas laid a kind, heavy hand on the doctor's boot. "Let me write this prescription, Doc."

"I wish I could, Billy, but Tims' boy is worse again and I have to cross over. Simeon Henry brought me the news not an hour ago."

"I don' see why you keep on treatin' that riverscum for anyway! Ever since those Tims and Henrys come here, a man's own barns ain't safe. They run together like a pack o' rats! Where is Simeon Henry?" Thomas ended sharply. "He'd ought to be with you."

"I ordered him to bed with a hot drink. He was all tuckered out." Thomas snorted with disgust. "Lend a hand here, Billy. I'll have to sling my saddle-bags around my neck, I guess, to keep 'em dry." The old doctor twisted about in the saddle, his numb fingers fumbling at the buckles. Thomas' hand closed over the doctor's smaller one.

"Hold on, Doc. You ain't thinkin' of swimmin' Queen acrost?"

"Yes," sighed the doctor, "I'm afraid that's just what I'm plannin', Billy, unless you can think up somethin' better." Doctor John looked down wistfully at Thomas through the feathery mist that began to fall.

"Well," Thomas said grudgingly, "you know and I know that worthless Jake down-river has a flat-bottom boat that don't leak too bad, but he's supposed to be tendin' this here bridge, and where is he? Home drunk, most likely." Thomas spat into the mud. "The government pays him good money to watch this bridge and he stays home with that slattern woman of



his the very nights he's needed most. You can ride south to his place, if you're a mind to, Doc John, but he's a bad man to cross. I wouldn't want to be askin' nothin' of him."

The saddle creaked as the old doctor twisted about. Queen stood patiently as he said, "That boat, if she don't leak too bad, sounds like my best bet, Billy." He kicked Queen gently in the belly and rode off into the gloom of the river-bank. Over his shoulder his voice floated back faintly to the two men who stood watching him. "'Night, Billy. Don't stay out too long in this rain."

Thomas shook his head. "I sure hate to see him go, somehow." The new brother-in-law spat through his front teeth and walked towards the bridge-keeper's shanty. Thomas followed reluctantly. "Mebbe I should've gone with the Doc," he muttered, "but he wouldn't have liked it."

Patiently, the mare plodded through the mud the long mile to Jake's shanty. This Jake was new to the doctor. He didn't remember anyone living on the east-bank of Snake River, ah, yes—now it all came back—the other night at the store the men had been talking about this Jake. They gave him a pretty bad name, painted him pretty black to've lived in the place so short a time. Well, this Jake belonged to the west-bank people, river-rats Billy'd called them. They were a clannish, secretive folk that looked guilty of any of a dozen crimes. Oil and water wouldn't mix. This Jake, now, would be better off the other side of Snake.

Queen's tell-tale ears pointed forward. Once again that night, Doctor John stood up in his stirrups the better to see a dim glimmer of light just ahead. The noise of the mare's hoofs was loud in the quiet. The

rain fell silently. The air was heavy with moisture and he could taste it in his mouth. He was nearer the light than he expected, due partly to the dirty window through which it shone. The soft swirling of the swollen river came to his hearing as he hoisted himself out of the creaking saddle and looped Queen's reins over a post-bar.

Approaching the small, sagging house, Doctor John passed the window through which he had spied the light. He felt, rather than saw, alien eyes take stock of him as he mounted the steps of the porch overlooking the river. He knocked loudly. The silence was his only answer. Again he knocked imperatively and received no answering. Then the door was snatched open from under his thrice-descending knuckles and he was met off-balance. The old doctor felt handicapped by his beginning. A dirty, giant of a man was framed in the door and asked him harshly, "Whadda' ya' want?"

"I want a boat to cross over in." Doctor John looked steadily into the shifting eyes opposite his in the doorway. "A neighbor down the road a piece told me of yours. Might I borrow it for tonight? It is imperative that I cross, and it'll be quite safe. I'm—"

"I don't care who you are!" the man interrupted. "I ain't lendin' my property to nobody. You're wastin' your time, mister." And he shut the door abruptly in the doctor's face.

Doctor John pounded on the door. "Open up, you fool," he said sharply, in exasperation. "I'll even pay you reasonably enough if you'll row me across yourself—then you can bring the boat back."

The door reopened with surprising speed and the



man's face reappeared. "Didcha' say you'd pay me to take you across?"

"Yes," said the doctor in resignation. "I'll pay you. I have to get across somehow, any way will do now."

"How much'd ya' pay?" The man considered the doctor's rather shabby black suit, speculating on the price he dared ask. Doctor John spoke first.

"I'll give you a dollar, man, but let's get started!" he said.

"Listen, fella, once an' for all, there ain't nobody I'd row acrost this river in this weather—for a dollar, an' besides that—I ain't interested, see?" The door was closing again, but the doctor anticipated the move and placed his foot in the crack. Within the room a woman whined, "Who is it, Jake?" "You shut your trap!" Jake said savagely and stepped out onto the porch. Instinctively, Doctor John retreated from the other man's advance. "And as for you, you inter-ferin' . . . if you don't ride outa here prompt, I'll mess you up. Now git!"

The doctor stepped down off the porch and walked towards his mare, who stood humped up against the wind. Jake turned away, then jerked back. Out of the tail of his eye he'd caught sight of actions that didn't look anything like departure. He strode through the dark to where Doctor John stood, unfastening his saddle-bags. Silently the doctor handed the bags to Jake, who took them out of sheer surprise, his hands closing upon them out of habit. Then, the doctor turned and strode toward the house, ignoring the riverman. Jake took a quick step after him as though to stop him, and was himself stopped by a sound, a small chinking sound coming from the worn saddle-bags he held in his hands—a sound as of coins

rubbing on coins. Jake felt of the bags outside. There were bulky packages, too—probably banknotes, he thought, feeling very proud of his shrewdness. This shabby-looking man should pay for his crossing. Jake took another step and stopped again, mouth open, ears straining. Every step he took, the bags gave off a faint chinking. Collecting himself, he ran silently on the balls of his feet toward the house and caught up with Doctor John at the door. Obsequiously, Jake invited the older man to enter. The doctor went in and Jake closed the door.

"You kin pay me now," the riverman suggested, moistening his thick lips with his tongue. "Then we kin git goin'."

"Very well," said Doctor John, looking at the man in quiet distaste. He'd be lucky if this river-pirate didn't cut his throat, the doctor thought as he laid Tims' note down carefully on a chair and took out a worn dollar bill from his wallet. The Tims would, most probably, never pay him at all for this night's call, or for the numerous other calls he had made them, but that didn't matter so much. Folks couldn't always get sick according to the limits of their pocket-books and if he wanted to be rich, he'd've been a city doctor long ago.

Doctor John drew himself back to the reality of the squalid room and left the dollar bill in Jake's eager palm, replacing the note carefully. Jake got into a ragged jacket and pulled a dirty cap down over his head. The doctor stooped to pick up his bags, but Jake was ahead of him.

"I'll carry 'em easy. They ain't heavy," and Jake was out of the door before the doctor could speak. He followed his bags out onto the porch, then stopped,



lost in a world of damp pitch. Jake's heavy voice came to him out of the dark. "This way—and mind them steps. Some of 'em are rotted clean away." Below his feet Doctor John heard the whisper of river-water against the bank. Gingerly, he slid and picked his way down the slope after the steps ended. He came up short against the boatman, indistinct in the gloom.

"All right, Charon. Let's push off," the doctor said.

"What'd you call me?" Jake demanded, his tone heavy with suspicion.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, man. Let's get goin'," Doctor John said shortly. He wanted to cross and be rid of his man as soon as possible.

"Yeh," said Jake, standing immobile in the dark.

The doctor picked up his saddle-bags and had leaned over to climb into the row-boat when the blow fell, sending him into a dark forgetting.

Jake bent over the doctor's limp body relaxed in the stern of the flat-bottom boat, and the boat pushed out into the current, Jake straining frantically to bring it back under his control. The river-bottom shelved off deeply and he dared not wade out further. With the aid of the axe-handle, he finally managed to pole the boat back to him and, securing it to the stake in the bank, he lifted the doctor's body in his arms and began the ascent of the slope. It was hard going, carrying a man, and Jake cursed under his breath all the way up. His wife whined in fear as he carried the body into the light of the room and laid it down by the stove. Jake turned on her. "Git them bags in the boat and be sharp about it!" The woman moved to obey him, whimpering under her breath. Jake bent

over the doctor's body, clumsy fingers searching for the wallet.

The woman entered with the bags, which she let fall with a crash to the floor-planking. Jake sprang for them, tearing them open. His first fistful brought forth a stethoscope and a bandage-roll of gauze which unravelled and rolled across the dirty floor. Feverishly, he emptied the entire contents out upon the floor. Vials filled with capsules and different pills tumbled out along with a thermometer case and cotton, etc. Jake pawed over the doctor's equipment like a man gone crazy. No money! He rocked back on his buttocks in overwhelming disappointment and stared stupidly at the ribbon of gauze so startling white against the floor-boards. But there was still the wallet and he crossed to the body! His fingers encountering it, he drew it out joyfully. The note fell to the floor. He counted the few bills over and over before he thought of the fallen note. Then, he stooped and picked it up, bending to read it in the light of the stove. The writing looked familiar and, bending nearsightedly nearer, he read its contents slowly—"Boy very bad—please come quick. I can't leave. Come quick, doc!" And the note was signed by Jake's blood-brother!

"Come quick, doc!" Jake repeated dumbly to himself, fingering the small note written on brown wrapping-paper. He turned it over and over between his thick fingers, his forehead corrugated with unaccustomed thought. He glanced down once or twice at the body lying silent at his feet. The woman watched him out of passive eyes.

Suddenly, Jake kneeled and put his ear to Doctor John's chest. Faithfully, the old heart pounded a re-



sponse to Jake's new anxiety. He was only unconscious then, and the riverman lifted the doctor in his arms and went out the door. Going down the dangerous river-bank in the dark Jake slung the doctor over his shoulder for better balance and dumped him gently in the prow of the row-boat. Just as silently, his woman handed him the saddle-bags, refilled with their rightful contents, and Jake shoved off from the shore, bending his oars against the strength of the river-currents.

FINIS

### TRIOLET

UPON your name for all refrain  
 I make a witless little song.  
 I hear small bells within my brain;  
 Upon your name for all refrain  
 They chime a music, sweet and plain.  
 I love you so; night-long, day-long,  
 Upon your name for all refrain  
 I make a witless little song.

MARY MCGONIGAL

### THE MASTER MIND

BONAR COLLINSON

HERBERT WINKLER always knew he would be a good "hypnotizer" some day. If only he could find someone to listen to him and take a chance on being mastered by his piercing eye, his fame and fortune would be assured. His name would be placed along with those of Conan Doyle, Houdini, and other great mystics.

He had tried to convince his wife and friends of his ability, but they had only laughed at him, or at best, listened, but would not submit to the test.

Perhaps, thought Herbert, as he rumbled homeward over the Jersey flats on the 5:09, it was because of his size and meek look. Herbert did not try to conceal from himself that he was a little man, nor that he looked very similar to the pictures one sees of the hen-pecked husband. It was hard for anyone to see in this harmless appearing person anything of the great mind which he knew he possessed.

Some day though he would show the scoffers that beneath this humble front was hiding a mind strong enough to abase the greatest among them. As he thought of the vast power for good and evil he controlled, Herbert instinctively clenched his skinny fist. It was wonderful to be so mighty, even if people didn't know it yet.

Herbert put in the yet because he firmly believed that he would get his chance. That is why he was continually studying hypnotism and reading everything he could get on the subject. No one could say when the great moment would arrive, and Herbert was going to be ready for it. He might even make that moment for



himself. Such a daring thought quite took his breath away.

Reading on the subject was not the only preparation that Herbert had made for his future role. There were times, when he thought no one was looking, that he even dared to practice his powers on living creatures. Once he had almost put his wife's Persian cat under the spell of his mind.

Well he remembered that day. His head ached with the strain of the concentration for an hour after the experiment. He had caught the cat unawares by the fire when her resistance, due to sleep, was at its lowest ebb; and there he had gazed for nearly twenty long silent minutes into her flickering green orbs while he whispered soothingly to her to sleep. It was only when he began to get dizzy and thoughts became hazy in his own mind, that he desisted. It took him ten minutes to completely wake himself up after that experiment. Nevertheless, Herbert decided the whole affair was a success. It was owing to the weakness of the cat's mind that she did not pass into the hypnotic trance. The cat had no statement to make.

Another time one of the young stenographers of the office where he worked surprised Herbert staring at her very fixedly.

She confided to a friend over the washroom mirror, "He turned away just as I looked at him, but not till I got a look at his eyes; they was awful!"

"Yeh!" prompted her friend, chewing gum and expertly following the movement of her lips with a lipstick, "did he make any passes at you?" She streaked the red on more brightly. "Ya gotta be careful of these old guys; they're sometimes the worst. Can't leave a nice girl be." With this parting advice she

smoothed the dress down tight over her hips and swayed snakelike out of the washroom.

Could he have heard this conversation poor Herbert would probably have blushed furiously, for he was one of the older generation who had retained foolish inhibitions even to this day. He was blissfully unaware of his crumbling reputation as he sat gazing out the window at the rows of little houses, all very much like his own little house, only closer in town.

As the train rushed through the various subdivisions, he allowed his mind to dwell on thoughts of a bright future where his genius would be recognized and his big moment would arrive.

Suddenly he was startled by a rude voice coming from directly in front of him.

"Get 'em up, everybody, and keep 'em there!"

There was a series of surprised gasps as the passengers rose and put their hands over their heads.

Herbert looked up and right into the eyes of the bandit. He was so shocked that he almost leaped to his feet. Once up he became strangely calm. He felt as if something were about to happen and he would be in the middle of it. He could even look the bandit over and notice things about him.

For one thing he was very pale and nervous looking; evidently working under high tension. Or maybe it was his liver, thought Herbert sympathetically. This was probably his first big job.

Then suddenly Herbert knew. Out of the clear air it came to him. This was *the* big moment. This was his chance to become famous and prove to everyone that he possessed great hypnotic powers. The man was excited and concentrated on the holdup. It would be easy to subdue him.



In a second Herbert had become the master mind. Fixing his eyes upon the face of the bandit he commanded, "Look at me!"

The bandit looked, as did everyone else in the car.

Herbert glared him straight in the eye and began to concentrate. He wrinkled his brow with exertion and beads of sweat stood out on his face. "You are in my power," he murmured, "Sleep."

The bandit didn't go to sleep, but he gave Herbert his undivided attention. He was plainly worried. He became more nervous and his eyes grew larger as he tried to figure out the meaning of this strange show. Was it a trick to catch him? He dared not take his eyes off Herbert.

Herbert continued to concentrate; oblivious to all else.

Herbert redoubled his mental efforts and flung a thought at his victim.

The gun slipped from the nerveless fingers of the bandit and clattered to the floor. For a second he swayed, staring at Herbert, then he plunged forward on his face.

The passengers crowded around the dramatic group, gaping at the fallen man and congratulating Herbert. "Wonderful!" "How did he do it?" came from all sides.

Herbert stood very erect in the midst of his admirers. He was smiling a little as he answered the queries. He wiped his brow carefully with his handkerchief. This was his moment; his success. He was famous. A reporter was already asking him for the story of his strange hypnotic power. He was news. Herbert was very happy.

Several hours later in the city morgue the doctor

straightened up from the examination of the dead bandit.

"It is," he said, "clearly a case of apoplexy, brought on by severe mental and nervous strain. Death was unexpected and instantaneous."

Outside newsboys were shrieking the blaring headlines, "Hypnotism Fatal to Bandit!" The doctor listened, shrugged and turned to his next autopsy.



## BOAT REMEMBERED

JACK ALAN MACWATT

**M**y ship has been outward bound for four days. I have just finished a plate of fine ripe strawberries. The swinging door makes a muffled puff as it allows the noise of dishes and a little Filipino boy to enter the carpeted dining room from the kitchen. I can smell the odor of the country. Sword-spikes of a brilliant speckled red are set on each of the tables. The wind stirs the curtains. It will be fine on the bridge tonight. That third step should be fixed. Better tell the steward. A light swift tap of slippers on metal and the swish of a dress as a girl rushes by. Guess I will go out on the port side.

The wind is rising. I can lean against it. The ocean looks like a field of black vibrating bumps. Bumps that will burst and a devil come out and grab you. What was that? Oh! The stream of water pumped from the engine room. I smell cigarette smoke, mingled with the fragrance of orange-blossom perfume. A shimmering dress snuggled in a dark-coated arm passes. They trust me. The girl's light brown hair is blowing about the boy's face. He smiles. Soft clammy paint is under my hand as I steady myself against the roll of the ship. The metal strips make a hollow clang as I mount to the boat deck. The snug life boats in their even places look very safe.

I squeeze between a damp canvas-smelling ventilator and the deck house, over a high step and on to the bridge. It is wide and short and the clean convex floor always reminds me of a notebook page. The pilot is at the wheel in the center of the room looking

for the devil in each wave. The engine-room clock looks in good order. A slight rustle of cloth. The quartermaster is moving the flag in the corner. A good clean smell of Navy Cut tobacco. Who is there? Against the background of light yellow and green shadows of the chart room stands a man. Looks like the first mate with his hands thrust in his pockets, thumbs acting as hooks. This really is my first trip as captain. The pipe spreads a dreamy haze over his wrinkled smile. The ship's certificates are on the wall. The pipe is shifted. The passengers trust my judgment.

"Good evening, captain."

"Evening, I'll take over, sir."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The first mate goes out on deck. Who is that he is talking to?

"Now, students, that is one of the forms of amnesia caused by dementia. On his first voyage as captain of a large passenger boat an explosion in the stern hold blew the ship apart. He drifted in the water for hours before he was picked up unconscious. It is futile to try to explain what today is, for his memory stopped with the night of the accident. Down the hall we have another case:—"

Mate must be crazy. Speak to the steward about him. Captain never leaves his ship . . . . .



## THE FLAMINGO

*Published Monthly by Students of Rollins*

Established March, 1927

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

Advertising rates on application

Winter Park, Florida

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### EDITORIAL NOTES

*It may not be generally known that Sinclair Lewis paid a tribute to creative work at Rollins College in his address at Stockholm, Sweden, on the occasion of his acceptance of the Nobel Prize for literature. He said in part: "Our Universities and Colleges exhibit the same divorce of intellectual life from all our standards of importance and reality. I can think of only four of them—Rollins College in Florida, Middlebury College in Vermont, the University of Michigan and the University of Chicago—which have shown interest in contemporary creative literature."*

*Two Rollins students have issued volumes through New York publishers while still undergraduates: "Dipped in Sky," by Frank Dogget; and "Wind in the Grass," by Christy MacKaye. "The Rollins Book of Verse" contained the work of twenty-two undergraduate writers.*

*"Harper's Magazine" for August and also for September contained poems by Gilbert Maxwell, one of the associate editors of "The Flamingo."*

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