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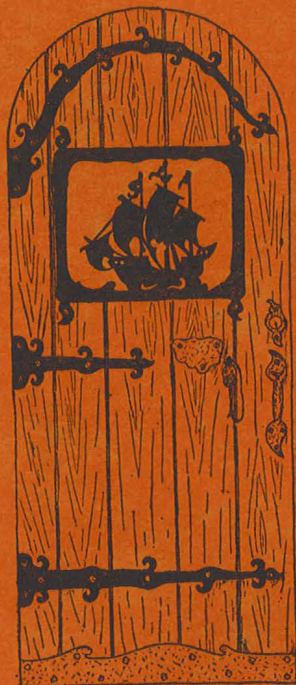
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THE FLAMINGO

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FLORIDA NIGHT

THROUGH a long palm tree peristyle
I see, to some strange night bird's
croon,
Rise as above the slumberous Nile
The lotus moon.

The roseate flamingo eve
Dies slowly, and I seem to mark
A pyramid's apex climb and cleave
The hyacinth dark.

The live oaks gather globes of dew,
The orange blossoms breathe delight,
And I experience a new
Egyptian night.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Contributed to The Flamingo

THE FLAMINGO

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VOL. II, No. 1 JANUARY, 1928 Price, 20 Cents

HEAVEN SHINING THROUGH

To me the somber evening sky
Is but the shade of night
Which God has reached for carefully
And pulled down very tight.
Then lest the darkness frighten us,
He jabbed his thumb through Mars,
And with his little finger poked
The holes which we call stars.

STELLA WESTON

THE RETURN OF AMOS

PAUL HILLIARD

MEN will set out to sea in ships, and women will
wait for them.
Amos set out to sea one day while a storm
was sweeping the coast, gripping and twisting trees,
wrecking fishermen's shanties, and blowing nets into
the saw-grass where they would lie ever afterward,
lost and rotting. It was like Amos to set out in the
face of the storm. He didn't believe in God.

Stella had dared him in a jesting manner, and then
laughed when he looked out the window at the raging
sea and hesitated. She knew that he had never taken
a dare in his life. Amos was proud, prouder than any
man in the settlement. That's why Stella coveted him.

She had singled him out for her man. Strong were these two, Amos and Stella; as magnificent as the plunging, plowing, snorting cow porpoises Amos sometimes swam out to play with.

So the dare assumed the nature of a challenge to the prowess of Amos, coming, as it did, from Stella.

"I'll do it!" Amos decided. "But when I come back, you've got to marry me!"

"Don't be a fool!" Stella snorted. "You know I was jokin' about you goin' out there!"

"Jokin' or not, I'll do it!" declared Amos, giving his oilskins a final adjustment. "An' you're my prize if I win!" He could have had her for a prize without winning, had he but known.

He beat his way through the driving rain and wind to the shore and prepared to set sail from the rickety little wharf. He faced the turbulent ocean and shook his fist at it, and cursed the sea and the wind and the ocean's might.

From the window, Stella watched him. She thrilled with his strength, could almost feel the splendid play of his muscles as he handled the mad tiller of his catboat. Pride surged up within her, the pride of a strong woman for her man. She knelt beneath the window and prayed:

"God, he don't believe in you, but he ain't never done nobody harm! Save him for me, God!"

And Amos, out there in the lashing sea in his delirious catboat, performed four operations at once, stuck his jaw into the face of the storm, and swore that he was a better man than God.

Stella waited.

Amos did not return.

Stella continued to wait for five years, while men, using her name as a byword, women, despising her,

and children, deriding and spitting at her during her daily trips to the well for water, said Stella killed Amos.

Stella waited.

The "Stella" had put out to sea with Amos, Amos would bring it back. This she knew. Her giant frame weakened and sagged from neglect, overwork, and torturous, sleepless hours of eternal waiting, but the flame of her hope grew brighter and brighter. Amos had gone. Amos would come back. Had he not said so? And what Amos said, didn't he do? They said she killed him. She kill him? Kill Amos, her Amos? In her shack at night their accusation would strike viciously at her, and she would laugh until tears came; then great sobs would rack her heavy frame and she would throw herself upon the bed and give way to soul-crushing remorse . . .

One night, while she lay thus, Amos came. He came as he had left—in oilskins. A storm was sweeping the coast, gripping and twisting the trees, wrecking the fishermen's shanties, blowing the nets into the saw-grass where they would lie ever afterward, lost and rotting. Amos entered the shack amid a great gust of wind and driving rain, and water poured from him into an ever-widening puddle upon the floor.

"I've won, Stella!" his deep voice boomed. "I've come for my prize!"

He put his strong arms about her and crushed her body to his. He pressed his lips to her own . . . This was what she had waited for: to be crushed by Amos until she almost could not stand it; to be mastered by Amos!

He took her hand and led her out into the storm, down to the wharf. The "Stella" lay to the leeward, if there were a leeward, the same as it had lain five years before when Amos had put out to sea. Amos

stood with one foot on the tossing craft, the other on the wharf, and assisted Stella to board the boat . . .

Two days later they found Stella's body at the bottom of ten feet of water beside the wharf. An old timer who had braved the stormy beach in a vain attempt to save his nets the night of the hurricane, told how, as he was returning to the commissary, he saw Stella going down to the shore.

Another old salt declared that he had seen a ghost ship that night as he, too, was trying to save his nets.

A ROOM IN THE CASTLE

THE room's not bare—
It may seem empty, but
In yonder corner there
Kings and Queens have supped;
This royal chair
Perchance has held a trembling beggar-maid,
Lowly captive of a monarch's fancy.
In this open space
The clash of shining swords, the rush of feet
Have made the place
Alive in friendly bout or deadly enmity.
These vital stains may boast rich blood,
Or strong good wine,
Dashed from the drunkard's failing hand,
Unheeded, biting its way into the wood.
Here will I live,
Peopling my loneliness
With visions of those Kings and Queens;
The chair; the frightened beggar-maid;
The swordsmen brandishing their steel—
I shall have played
With majesty and romance:
I shall have held a vanished court at my behest.

BEATRICE JONES

VALHALLA

CARTER BRADFORD

JOSEPH N. HODGES's fifty-six years rested like a mantle lightly upon his slender shoulders.

He had been a remarkably shrewd financier, he sometimes told himself, especially in the past two years. It was just two years ago that he had perfected the formula for Hodges's Presto Roach Exterminator. A little credit in that deal had to be given to Lawyer Lem Atterbury, of course, for he had attended to the minor details of patents and royalty rights when the formula was sold to the big insecticide men from Pittsburg. At any rate, \$237,000 was in the bank to testify to his prowess as a big business man.

Joe did not consider himself in any way near the grave, or his feet in the proximity of the proverbial banana peeling. It was the speculative side of this proposition that appealed to him, he mused, as his eyes wandered up to the gold lettered sign which read, "Valhalla, A Beautiful Garden of Sleep."

In the window was a miniature cemetery plot, complete in every detail from the tiny gravestones to the pretentious mausoleum in the very center of the display. Just back of the mausoleum was a showcard which read:

"There are 26,785 residents in this city and only 2,130 available burial lots in the cemeteries. Beautiful Valhalla is bound to increase in value. For a quick turnover, invest in one of our burial plots."

This burial plot proposition would bear investigating, he decided as he strode into the elaborately furnished office. If what the showcard said was true,

this thing had possibilities, very good possibilities indeed.

"Good morning." The saccharine words floated to him from across the room, to interrupt his meditations.

"Eh? Good mornin'."

"I'm glad to see that you're interested in Valhalla." The speaker was very small, with a wealth of golden curls and a pair of hazel eyes. Her pale crepe de chine frock fitted her most intimately.

"Oh, I dunno. I was just lookin' around," Joe replied cautiously.

"I am Myra Delaine of the sales force. Were you interested in a lot for, ah, for your own use?"

Joe started. "Sa-a-a-y, young lady, do I look like a dead one?"

"Oh, no, no," she gurgled, favoring him with a denigrific smile. "Anything but that."

"Well?"

"For investment, of course. Here, let me show you—"

Joe was willing to be shown. There followed a trip to the development site and a convincing sales talk, most of which Joe did not hear. Two hours later he was the possessor of a deed to a grassy plot on Paradise Way, in the first section of Valhalla the "Beautiful Garden of Sleep."

Feeling much like a big realty promoter, Joseph Nathaniel Hodges made an entry in the stub of his check book, thanked the little saleswoman and took his departure.

A good purchase, Joe told himself that night. Its location was good, the price reasonable, the developers had planned magnificent landscaping, the mausoleum was to be an architectural masterpiece, in fact, it had

all the requisites of an excellent proposition, blonde curls and hazel eyes. Blonde curls and hazel eyes! What was he thinking about—an old idiot like him. Joe kicked himself, figuratively.

The next day Joe again visited the office of the Valhalla Memorial Association, and before he knew exactly what was happening, had purchased another cemetery lot, this time on Pentecost Drive, in the very shadow of the mausoleum, when it was constructed.

Under ordinary circumstances, two burial lots would have been more than adequate for the average man. Joe, however, was not an average man nor were the circumstances exactly ordinary.

For seven consecutive days the incident was repeated. On the ninth day the leading saleslady of the Memorial Association received her commission check and remarked to the sales manager that a certain party must think he had as many lives as a cat, for he had acquired nine burial lots.

The tenth day Joe did not buy a lot, but summoned up courage to ask his feminine business acquaintance if he might take her out to dinner.

"Why, Mr. Hodges, I hardly know you," had been her refreshingly original reply. But she went, nevertheless.

In the month that followed Joe Hodges learned to fox trot, after a fashion, and to eat Welsh rarebit that tasted suggestively like his Presto Roach Esterminator. Youth traveled at a fast pace, but not too fast for Joe Hodges.

In the course of time a diamond appeared on Myra's left hand, a genuine pearl necklace about her throat and a platinum wrist watch set with rubies graced one dainty wrist. Joe learned to murmur "sweet nothings" with adolescent fervor, but Myra needed no instructions.

The eventful day was to be in June. Joe wondered if people ever got married any other time but June, having forgotten that his first wife led him to the altar on April first.

With childish impatience Joe counted the passing days. The hours were long and lonesome, except those ecstatic moments spent with Myra. Love—a divine torture, he sighed to himself. Why did women set a date for weddings, anyway? Wasn't one day as good as another? But it was Myra's wish and it must be so. At length the appointed time drew near.

On the eve of the wedding day Joe made his customary call at his fiancée's boarding house but was informed by the landlady that she had gone. As the Arabs fold their tents and steal away, so had Myra folded her kimona and departed for parts unknown.

From the sales manager of the Memorial Association Joe learned that Mrs. Myra Delaine had gone to join her husband, Captain Jack Delaine, who was returning from his post in Honduras.

The next day Joe Hodges purchased nine marble tombstones to be set up in Valhalla and had the name "Myra" chisled on each of them.

FROM "DREAMS"

FOR he who would poems make,
His life like a poem must be—
And ye who would sing of silver ships,
Must first go down to the sea.

MARGARET D. WYLIE

SONYA

LILLIAN RICHMOND

Characters

Feodor—Father of Sonya and Menassa.

Sonya—Youngest daughter of Feodor.

Menassa—Her older sister.

Petrov—Lover of Sonya.

Michael—Friend of Menassa.

TIME—Between 1904 and 1905.

PLACE—A small cottage on one of the baronial estates of Russia outside of a small village near the Dvina River.

AN old-fashioned, bare, Russian peasant room, containing a small, square, wooden table in center and four straight chairs and a stool near stove. Also a small brick stove toward the back and a kitchen sink at left wall. When the curtain rises, the stage is empty. The only lights on the stage are those of two wax candles on either side of the table. Feodor enters from left.

(Feodor walks over to the stove rubbing his hands and stands in this position for a moment until Menassa appears.)

Menassa: Good evening, father. You are late tonight, are you not? I feared perhaps the snow would keep you at the shop all night.

Feodor: No, no, child. Tonight it was not because of the snow that I came late. I was detained by something else, but I will relate that when Sonya comes. Where is she? It is very dark out, she should be here by this time.

Menassa: Oh, you know how Sonya is. She baked some bread today, and as she says, "It is much too

good to keep all of it for ourselves." So she went to take a loaf of it to Minka, who has had another of her crazy spells. I begged Sonya not to go. People like that should be locked up, instead of running wildly around the streets. Really Minka is to be feared.

Feodor: Yes. It is dangerous, and yet—Sonya. She is exactly like her mother. My heart aches with happiness that it should be so.

Menassa, I am growing old. Soon you will be married. Jankelov, the matchmaker, told me today of a fine young man, a horse-trader, who would be satisfied with just a small dowry. Menassa, when I am gone, you are to take Sonya into your charge. Do not under any circumstances forsake her.

Menassa: Father, you know that I shall never do that. Come, speak no more of that.

(The stage is dim. The atmosphere is gloomy. A step is heard and Sonya's black eyes can be seen peering through the door.)

Sonya: Oh, papa, I am so glad you have come. It has been a long day, and I have been lonesome for you. But see what Aunt Herschel has given me for our supper, a part of a potato pudding.

Feodor: Sonya, of good can come naught but good. Your eyes sparkle; they seem to dance. Tell me, my Sonya, from where do you come at this hour?

(Sonya seats herself on her father's knee and gently smooths his gray hair and beard.)

Sonya: I have just come back from Minka's. Poor Minka. She has one of her crazy spells again, and no one will go near her. Every one is afraid. Of course one cannot blame them, for she really is quite terrifying, but I am glad she will let me be with her.

Feodor: Sonya, it is not wise to you to go there alone. One can never tell what a person who cannot

control her own mind will do. Surely, Sonya, you must realize this.

Sonya: Never fear, father, no harm shall come of it. She is like a wild beast which will jump on every one but the one who feeds it.

Menassa: Father is right, Sonya. I certainly would never do such a thing. And imagine anyone crossing the Dvina at such a time of year, just to see if you had some bread. Really, Sonya, I am half inclined to think that it is merely to show off your cooking that you have done this. It is disgusting the way you deliver your wares from place to place and to *such* places.

Sonya: Do not speak so. I only want to do what little I can for those who are unfortunate in that they cannot help themselves. I would not have anyone sacrifice himself for me. But then perhaps you are right. Perhaps I am selfish in that I derive such great pleasure in giving to Minka or Sorka a piece of bun, and then watching their faces light up in gratitude. Oh, I don't know. I think therein lies happiness. But come, it is getting late and father, you must be very tired and hungry. Did you meet Uncle Dimitri today?

Feodor: No, I did not meet your Uncle and so I had to walk home, but I did not mind that for I feel as though life flowed high in me today.

Menassa: Come, everything is on the table and the soup will be cold.

(All seated. Feodor recites a silent prayer and all reverently bow their heads.)

Menassa: Now father, what news have you brought from the village? You said that you had something of interest to tell us. It is dull here all day, and I get so tired of this barren existence that I look forward—

Feodor: Menassa, do you think that I do not keen-

ly feel—do you think that I do not have a heart and senses—but we must bear all bravely and live in the hopes of happier days.

Sonya: I met Jankov on the way home and he said that he actually saw you with the Baron again today. You must indeed be in his favor.

Feodor: Yes, I was with the Baron today. That is what I wanted to speak of. Baron Jacobus has been most kind to me. He has not been more than passing polite to any of his other tenants except when he needed their goods or a tax to help him. But indeed it is gratifying that he has been so kind as to consult me in his personal affairs. Today as I was walking through the forest, I met the Baron again. After a few remarks, he said, "Feodor, indeed you have offered me many words of wisdom. You are far more learned than any of your class and even of many of the most cultured noblemen. I would like to reward you and thus have you accept my second assistant secretaryship. The head secretary will outline your duties to you. In addition to this honor, I will give you 200 rubles a year."

Indeed that was a flattering honor to a poor man. Oh, just think how we poor men suffer. A word with a man who is our ruler, and then every one looks sweetly upon us. What a jest is society! How futile and empty—full of vanity and hypocrisy—and yet, knowing all this, we are so bound to one another that we cannot part from it. Oh, when will this day of slavery be over!

Sonya: We are bound to overlords for a long time to come. Society is not yet ripe for any other method. Still, father, it does make one feel good to be taken into the confidence of such a man. He who could have the richest and those of the most noble blood in his

service at a mere call and, from this wide selection, that you should be the object of his choice indeed shows wisdom on his part.

Menassa: Why, really, you are surprisingly serious, Sonya. Have you not yet learned that the woman's place in the home is to cook, sew, spin, and listen instead of offering opinions and thoughts?

Sonya: I am sorry, Menassa, that I spoke beyond my bounds. But, father, you do not mind my venturing a humble word, do you?

Feodor: I do not mind when we are alone. In fact I enjoy even a woman's opinion if it is worth while. But when the matchmaker comes or when Petrov comes in, it will appear most unseemly.

Menassa: But, father, we've talked all through the meal and you have not told us yet whether you have accepted Baron Jacobus' offer. Still, how foolish to ask! Certainly you would.

Feodor: Menassa, do not be angry. I am old, and I do not go straight to the point when I talk. I am prone to mix things up a bit. No, Menassa, I did not accept the offer. I was only happy to receive it from so estimable a man.

Menassa: You don't mean that you haven't taken it! Just think what 200 rubles extra a year would mean to us. And it would mean a great deal in selecting a suitable husband. I shall never get anyone worth while without a fairly decent dowry.

Feodor: Probably for your sake I was wrong in not accepting and yet—. The Baron and I are friendly. I am glad of that—not because he is a baron but because he is a man in whose company I find enjoyment. I am even now a slave in that I am a tenant—I did not want our lives and friendship to be marred by my being still further indebted to him. I do not want to

be hired into a man's service to give what little I can of my heart and mind to him.

Sonya: Although the money would be useful, still I would rather have a real papa—a real man!

Menassa: Of course you are right, I suppose, but still . . .

(She is interrupted by a knocking at the door right and merry masculine voices. She goes to open the door. Enter Petrov and Michael. They exchange good evenings).

Petrov: I hope we have not interrupted your meal. It is rather late and we supposed that you would be through.

Feodor: You have not interrupted us at all. We were finished quite some while ago, but we got to talking and we just remained at our places. Come, sit down, friends, and make yourselves at home.

(Sonya and Menassa clear the table hurriedly and wash the dishes while the men sit down, smoke their pipes, and engage in conversation).

Michael: Well, the snow is still falling heavily. It was even difficult to drive the sleighs and horses through late this afternoon. By morning, if this continues, the paths will be impassible.

Feodor: It was quite deep when I was on my way home. Russia is the country for snow. One suffers many things here. Yet could one ever be happy on other soil?

Michael: It is strange how we get used to a form of life from childhood on and in case we are separated from it, we feel as though part of our life's blood is gone.

Feodor: By the way, is there any news from the front?

Michael: Not anything new—always the same thing. Little did we know when this war began what a hardy race we were dealing with. Think of it, Feodor, we Russians who are accustomed to much hardness, who are continually warring mentally or physically, cannot even gain one decisive victory from such a race as the Japanese.

Petrov: If we could only gain possession of the seas, then Japan would have to yield. She would be cut off from her soil and communications. Besides, I believe her men are becoming worn out.

Feodor: The plain trouble now is, as it is with everything else in Russia. It is a politicians' war and again, as in every case, the people are not considered. No one wanted this war, and therefore it has not aroused any support or patriotism; but our wishes are not an important item of consideration.

Petrov: There is certainly enough to contend with in our own limits without going out of our bounds for trouble. Do you know, Feodor, in the towns there are already signs of a revolution. Already the red flag is carried in the streets by the radicals.

Feodor: It is bound to come. The Little White Father and those in whose hands he is helpless will not be able to rule us with a stick forever.

(Sonya and Menassa, who have meanwhile been at left of the stage washing dishes and preparing tea, now serve the guests with tea).

Sonya: I am sure that after such a long walk in the cold you will not refuse a glass of tea. *(This is said to all but is meant for Petrov).*

Petrov: Even if I were not thirsty, I would drink anything your pretty hands had prepared.

Sonya: *(Laughing)* Do not flatter me, or you will have to make the next glass yourself for fear those "pretty hands" may be spoiled.

Petrov: (*Drinking*) I should not mind that at all—for you.

(*Feodor is beginning to drowse over his tea glass*).

Menassa: Father, you must be very tired. You will soon fall asleep.

Feodor: I must have been beginning to nap. Yes, I am very tired. I wonder if you, Petrov and Michael, will pardon me. I would go to my cot.

Michael and Petrov: Indeed, Feodor, do not stay up on our account.

Feodor: Then I will retire. Good-night.

Menassa: Come, Michael, let us dance and be gay.

Michael: All right, Menassa. Petrov, play a tune on Feodor's accordion, and we will dance and make merry. Let us get away from ourselves for a little while.

Petrov: I will play but one tune. Somehow I do not feel like dancing and playing tunes.

(*Picks up accordion and plays a Russian Folk song. Menassa and Michael dance together a cazotzki or Russian Folk dance while Sonya goes over and sits in a corner of the room. Petrov plays this dance tune and then gradually changes to a glowering minor hymn*).

Michael: Here, here, why so melancholy? I can do better myself.

Menassa: You are quite moody this evening, Petrov. What is the matter?

Petrov: Oh, it is nothing—nothing. Michael, here, you play yourself.

Michael: Very well, Petrov, but it will certainly not be as accomplished as yours.

(*He laughs. Michael and Menassa go over to the other corner and sit down. He plays lightly while Menassa sings softly. Petrov goes over and sits beside Sonya*).

Sonya: I believe Menassa is right. You do seem rather moody and restless tonight. Does something disturb you Petrov?

Petrov: I did not wish my feelings to betray me . . .

(*Michael and Menassa walk toward door right. Michael interrupts*).

Michael: I think I will go home. Are you ready to go, Petrov?

Petrov: I shall stay for a while yet. I will follow soon.

Michael: (*To Menassa*) It sounds suspicious. I wouldn't be surprised if . . . (*Menassa laughingly pushes him out of the door*).

Menassa: Good-night, Michael.

Michael: Good-night, Menassa. Good-night, Sonya and Petrov.

Menassa: (*Yawning*) I think that I, too, will go to bed. I am very tired. Good-night. (*She goes out door to left*).

Petrov: Sonya, my beloved, we have known each other since childhood. We have always loved each other, I think. We speak of our wedding as though it were a vague and unbelievably happy dream but now—now—! Sonya, when will you marry me?

Sonya: Of course you know I love you, Petrov, more than anyone in the world—but how can we marry? I have no dowry at all and you have no money . . .

Petrov: What do I care whether or not you have a dowry? I don't want your dowry. It is you I want. Sonya, will you marry me now?

Sonya: Yes. (*They embrace*).

Petrov: Oh, Sonya, this is the greatest happiness of my life.

Sonya: You cannot be happier than I. (*Taking his head in her hands*) My Petrov!

Petrov: Oh, Sonya, I wanted your consent before I could tell you. So much has come to me in the last twenty-four hours that I do not know myself. I have to pinch myself to be sure that I am I. You know I have so often talked to you about going to America, the golden land; the land of opportunity where money grows on trees. Today I got a letter from my old friend, Ivan, who went to America five years ago. He has a big store in New York and, knowing that one of my most cherished dreams was sometime to go to America, he has sent me a passage. He will take me into his business without my putting in a cent. I am to sail next week and now, Sonya dear, you will come with me. Here, Sonya darling, read this letter. Oh, what happiness life holds for us.

(Sonya takes letter slowly, reads part of it and then, unconsciously, drops it. Petrov sees her tears on the sheet. He takes her in his arms).

Sonya dear, tell me what is the matter. Why do you cry? Look, in front of us is the land of freedom and promise, the land of liberty. Sonya dear, tell me, what is it?

Sonya: Oh, Petrov, I cannot go to America with you. Think what it would mean to leave my old father who has but a few years more in this world, and my only sister. Petrov, do not ask it of me. I love you, Petrov. I will do anything else in this world for you, but not this.

Petrov: But, Sonya, think what it is, you are refusing. I will work, work, oh—so hard, so that you will have every comfort, everything to delight in. We will save and it won't be long before we will be able to send for Feodor and Menassa. Then we will all be together, one large happy family in a land of joy.

Sonya: I cannot go with you. It would kill my

father. Certainly a man like you need not go three thousand miles away to be successful. If the ability is in you, then you will succeed here just as well. Oh, Petrov, I implore you to stay here. Stay, and let us be happy.

Petrov: Sonya, I cannot stay here. Russia is in the midst of a change. A revolution is rapidly in progress. Much hardship and suffering is bound to take place not only during the time of the revolution, but for many years to come. Probably it will not be before the next generation that we are free to exercise even a little of our ability in any line. I am not that much interested in Russia to wait that long. Sonya, I must go. I will do great things. I will work, I will study. I will do everything. Sonya dear, I beg you to come with me—for your sake as well as mine. Don't bind yourself to a life of misery, because your ancestors were willing to bear it. You, too, Sonya, have remarkable abilities. Come, together let our souls expand—let us breathe in an atmosphere of tolerance and beauty. Sonya, my darling, here I am hindered. I can never be more than I am now. I cannot exist here any more. It is killing me. I drink black water and inhale poisonous air. Beloved, come with me now, and you will never repent it.

Sonya: Petrov, do not ask this of me. It is my duty to my home here and to Russia to do my part in preserving the home that I have lived in. My mother lies buried here. Here also will I be buried when I die. Petrov, I love you, but I think I love my traditions and my home more. I cannot go with you.

Petrov: Do I hear aright? Sonya, how can you be so hard hearted! You whom I love. Sonya, this cannot be you. Surely you do not know what you are saying. Sonya, reconsider what you have said and . . .

Sonya: It is useless. I am determined. I will not go to America.

Petrov: Then, I cannot hope that you will change your mind?

Sonya: No.

Petrov: Goodbye, Sonya. Perhaps some day I will come back for you.

Sonya: Goodbye, Petrov.

(He takes her hand, kisses it and goes to the door. He stands in the doorway for a moment looking at Sonya. Then he hastily turns and closes the door. Sonya, weeping bitterly, runs to door and then to the window. She stands in this position for fully two minutes, then goes over to the table. One of the candles has already gone out, while the other is still burning. She starts blowing it out also, then as if she has no more strength left to blow it, she falls to the floor holding the candle and sobbing bitterly).

Love—choice—life—light—

Oh, God!

(The stage is then in utter darkness and the curtain falls very slowly, as the last bit of action takes place).

CONVENTION'S CALL

WE quarreled, and in atonement
My lover came last night
With a dozen sweetheart roses,
Perfume-petaled—white.

And I forgave, though smiling
At this, convention's call,
For a thousand roses clamber
Across my garden wall.

VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

THE PRODIGAL

I HEARD Hosea in Shiloh
Crying after Ephraim;
Calling Ephraim of the fair face and curling hair,
The beautiful one,
The beloved of his father,
Calling, "Ephraim. Oh, my son, Ephraim,
How can I forget thee?
How long wilt thou follow strange gods
And forsake thy father's house?
Ephraim! My son, Ephraim!"
And a broken echo answered, "Ephraim."
Yet while I listened there came a voice
Like the sound of vesper bells,
Telling each word with a ringing note,
"Call no more.
Ephraim is joined to idols;
Let him alone."
And a thousand echoes answered, "Alone."

ALBERT NEWTON

THE HARLOT

DARK waters call to me at night
With a sinister age-old lure.
Swift moving clouds with a black grape's hue
Glide by with a silvered rift,
And the pale moon stares
With a free, bold look
Through the jagged rent in her hood.
Over the deadly glamour of the waves
She questions me with her jade-green eyes—
She questions, with side-long glance,
And veils her face as she goes.

ALBERT NEWTON

DAUGHTER OF A BANISHED KING

IN my garret old and high
 Treasured silks of Araby lie,
 Shimmering patterns of white and green,
 Cloth of gold for a Caliph's queen,
 Fabrics sheer as gossamer mist,
 Colors of ruby and amethyst;
 With caressing hands I lay away
 Those fragments of my yesterday.

In her corner from a beam
 Vain Arachne may be seen
 Weaving webs of fairest hue,
 Following ancient patterns true,
 Spinning out her silver thread,
 (Curse of goddess long since dead,)
 Knowing she can never lay
 Aside her dreams of yesterday.

ALBERT NEWTON

DANCING TOY

VANETTE—dancing toy,
 Clasped the man a little closer,
 Whirled amid the gay confetti,
 Hummed a little song.
 Once she caught a red balloon
 Bobbing overhead,
 Held it tightly for a moment
 And tossed it in the air;
 Wished the tall, dark man—her partner,
 Would tear his mask aside.
 She had danced with him the evening
 And she wished to see his face.

Oh, Vanette—poor dancing toy,
 What a foolish wish!
 If she had known
 Death held her snugly
 Clasped in his embrace
 She would have danced a little freer,
 Hummed a sweeter song.

Alas, Vanette—poor dancing toy—
 The orchestra throbs on.
 Other toys' trim feet are gliding
 On the polished floor,
 But for her the dance has ended.
 Alas, Vanette has gone.

ALBERT NEWTON

TO CLEONE

ALL NIGHT my heart has cried unto you,
 Oh, Cleone—
 All night have I stood beneath your window
 And sung you the songs of my heart,
 Songs that the wild north winds have carried
 To a land of uncharted seas;
 There the waters of jasper with fishes of gold,
 And fabulous cargoes of fortunes untold
 Lie gleaming and waiting for you and for me.
 But you, Oh, Cleone—
 Your eyes far brighter than stars of the night,
 Your smile a gleam of the morning light,
 Your heart a heart of stone—
 Have laughed—
 And laughing gone.

ALBERT NEWTON

ON DOUBT

RUSS L. FULLER

DOUBT is as old as the world. Eve doubted the sanctity of the apple and women have followed her example ever since. Women, being women, men have doubted as well. Not until the Christian era, however, when Thomas established his immortal reputation, did the doubting habit assume its real importance.

It is not the history of Doubt, but its place in modern life that interests us, however. Exchange and expose of propaganda during the late World War filled every action, speech, and plan with doubt; and the public has not yet been allowed to live down the habit. Recent intensive advertising campaigns and other schemes for exploiting the masses have accepted doubting as a modern human characteristic.

We doubt the integrity of purpose of everyone. Mr. Biddle goes to buy a used car. He finds one that seems particularly good. Just as he is about to buy it, the salesman recounts the virtues of the car. Biddle becomes suspicious and rejects it. Smith is especially fond of a certain beverage. Along comes Watson and tells Smith how good it really is and Smith immediately begins to dislike it. Truly, things have come to a deplorable state. We doubt this, we doubt that, and when we get through suspecting and hesitating, there is nothing but doubt left. We find ourselves with no positive premises upon which to base a constructive optimistic philosophy of life.

The trite old saw, that there are two sides to every question, holds to the rule in the instance of doubt. Let us turn this problem over and see the other side of it. Einstein was able to develop his famous theory

because he was courageous enough to doubt Newton and his venerable assumptions. Wright built his aeroplane because he scorned the counsel of others. Columbus discovered the New World because he dared to doubt the common belief of a flat earth. Many other examples could be cited which have had momentous results. These outcomes might lead to the idea that before a project can be accomplished, it must be prefaced by sincere doubt. If that is the case, we should soon be in communication with Mars, as that seems to be the popular concept of doubt at present.

One of the strongest of doubts arises from argument. Born as we are, human beings, with a predilection to doubt, we discredit any point raised and stick persistently to our own belief. The hotter the argument, the stronger the belief in its reverse grows. If, on the contrary, our opponent concedes our point we begin, at once, to loose faith in it.

The great difficulty with this topic is its reality. No matter what conclusion we draw, the reader will doubt its correctness. The one solace in the case, however, which is entirely in order, can be expressed in the words of the poet: "There is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds."

NOCTURNAL

To a Cat

SLIDE out of your alley;
Scratch a loquat leaf with long claws;
Prowler of the night.
Crouch your slack belly close to the ground—;
Cry with a noise like death—or women in
childbirth;
Glare with your yellow orbs—
Prowler of the night.

BRENNHAM MCKAY

VIS POETAE

HAZEL SAWYER

ONCE there was a Sultan of Turkey who was very rich and very powerful. He had thirteen wives who dwelt together in a marble palace.

One day when the Sultan had gone to hunt in the mountains, a pythoness crept into the palace and devoured the thirteen queens.

When the Sultan returned he discovered the pythoness sleeping in his banquet hall, and, realizing what had come to pass, he drew his silver sword and slew her in her sleep. When she was dead he heard the voices of his wives crying out to him to release them. He cut open the body of the pythoness with his sword but found no sign of his loved ones.

Then he called a council of his wise men and asked them to interpret the meaning of the wonder. Long they waited without giving answer, then rose the eldest councillor as their spokesman.

"O Padishah," said he, "You must take thirteen scales from the head of the serpent and cast them into a pool of tears, then your wives will be restored to you."

The Sultan searched throughout the land for a pool of tears, yet nowhere could one be found. At last in desperation he called on a troupe of wailing yogi to mourn, but he found they could produce a mere tea-cupful of tears in a day, which evaporated almost as fast as they were wept. He had despaired of ever seeing his loves again when a young poet came to the court. Now this poet had been disappointed in love many times and when he sang, the springs of the Sultan's heart were unsealed and he wept for forty days and forty nights, and when the poem was finished, behold, a pool of tears gleamed at the Sultan's feet!

Then he made great haste to cast into it the thirteen scales from the head of the pythoness. There was a bubbling in the pool and iridescent mists rose shimmering above; shadow-music like that of hidden streams floated through, and the thirteen laughing queens came dappling the mist with the figures of their dance.

CALVARY IN CELESTIA

STARS of the southern night appear:
Four pale stars in the fevered air.
Livid and aureoled, they form a cross,
Fit for a crucified King to bear . . .

Harsh in the southern noon there grins,
—Blue adobe, massive, crucifix-spired—
Church of Aruba, St. Nicolas town.
—Folks are absolved here all of their sins!

High in the southern hemisphere
Flares the False Cross;—no less fair.
Sailors mock: "Jerusalem Slim . . ."
—But you who worship, *you* don't know him!"

WALLACE GOLDSMITH

LOCOMOTIVE

ACROSS the parchment of the earth
You scrawl with hissing pen
The autograph of industry—
The manuscript of men.

STELLA WESTON

PSYCHE'S LAMP

PSYCHE'S LAMP, *By Rose Mills Powers; Publishers: The Angel Alley Press, Winter Park, Florida. Price, \$1.50.*

IN reading "Psyche's Lamp," by Rose Mills Powers, one is struck by the exceptional charm and beauty of the book as a whole. The Florida Poetry Society, which publishes the volume, deemed this collection worthy to be made its first Book Award. Two of the five sections of the book are particularly worth mentioning. The groups of Celtic and Florida poems stand out from the others, but through all runs a maturity and poetical insight much above the average. The whole book is written with a strain of Celtic sombreness and melancholy coupled with the insight of a mature mind. The themes of love and youth are dealt with, but in the light of one who looks back on them with a kind of awe and reverence, while age and loneliness are portrayed with an equally sure touch.

Especially depicting the Celtic melancholy and loneliness is "Swan Call," from which the following passages may be cited:

There's a knife at my heart	At a wild swan's call
That hurts me sore	On an alien lake
And I mourn apart	I beat my breast
On an alien shore,	As I lie awake,
For a wild swan's sake	And yearning hands
I am called to go	To the dark I throw,
Where the blue wave lifts	Where the blue wave lifts
In far Mayo.	In far Mayo.

The outstanding poem of the Florida section is "The Ride of the Thirty Cavaliers," a ballad telling of the adventures of the horsemen chosen by DeSota to carry a message to Tampa Bay. This is a work of great power and depth. While this poem is most noteworthy

there are others of exceptional beauty such as "Faery Florida," pictured by Mrs. Powers,

"Like the slender body flung
Immemorially young,
Of a nymph upon the sand,
Water-laved on either hand."

Reviewed by ALBERT NEWTON

TREE SOULS

I HEARD afar the call of Spring
Come floating on the air,
And tiptoed down a forest path
To find two lovers there.

A stately pine tree, gallant, true,
A worthy lover he—
How can they say trees have no souls
Before such chivalry?

And she, a little, pale, proud birch,
Curtsied most daintily—
How can they say trees have no souls
Before such chastity?

He tenderly gazed down at her,
And she at him. Ah, me—
I envy trees their tranquil souls,
Their fine nobility!

STELLA WESTON

THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

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BRENNHAM MCKAY, *Editor*

PAUL HILLIARD ALBERT NEWTON KATHERIN HOSMER

CARTER BRADFORD, *Advertising Manager*

EDITORIAL NOTES

With this issue "The Flamingo" begins its second volume. The recognition and literary support which was given the magazine last year was most gratifying. This issue is offered as evidence of growth.

The Seminar Courses in Fiction and Poetry Writing at Rollins will be given during the Winter term. The instructors in Fiction Writing are Irving Bacheller and Alice Hegan Rice; in Poetry Writing, Cale Young Rice, Jessie B. Rittenhouse and Clinton Scollard. These honor courses should stimulate a new interest in creative work.

Two "Literary Scholarships," each worth \$200.00 a year, have been recently established by friends of Rollins. These have been awarded for the rest of the year to two High School students who were among the prize winners in the Witter Bynner Poetry Contest of last spring.

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As You Are

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