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THE FLAMINGO



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THE SOWERS

MY COLLEGE! Once—it was a day of old—
I saw thy panes aglow with sunset fire
And heard the purpose of thy story told
And felt the tide of infinite desire.

*In thee I saw the gates of mystery
That led to dream-lit, vast, inviting lands—
Far backwad to the bourne of history
And forward to the House not made with
hands.*

*You gave the husbandman a richer yield
Than any that his granary may hold;
You called his children from the shop and field,
Taught them to sow and reap an hundredfold.*

*To sow the seed of truth and hope and peace,
And take the root of error from the sod;
To be of those who make the sure increase,
Forever growing, in the lands of God.*

IRVING BACHELLER

Contributed from "The Sowers" to the Flamingo

THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

VOL. II, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1928 Price, 20 Cents

A SEA SHELL

NANCY BROWN

I HEARD the sighs of a thousand years
Roll in on the waves of the sea,
I heard the creak of the galley's oars
And the groan of slaves that once were free.
I heard the shouts of the Spanish main
And the cries of mutineers,
I heard the prayers of a thankful band,
Laughter and women's tears.
I heard the call of the sailor's deep—
A moan like a distant bell,
I heard the sighs of a thousand years—
In the vibrant hush of a pink sea shell.

FIREBORN

ALBERT NEWTON

A CHILL wind blew from the country of the plains
and the fires on the sides of the mountains
leaped high into the air with the madness of
their red flames. The sparks dancing away into the
blackness of the night like so many faery lamps flashed
crazily here and there and then disappeared.

"Long years ago there was a woman of the plains
country who came here, and she was a witch," said the

old man carefully whittling down to a fine point the small stick he held in his hand. "She was a beautiful woman, too, all golden haired just like the pictures you see on the covers of the books that the minister brings up here each month. But she was a bad woman, so bad that it would be hard to find a saint in Heaven who could see anything good in her, and a little girl was born to her in the spring of the year not long after she came when the fires were burning on the mountains.

"The fires of them that clear new ground in spring are pretty, flickering in the night like red stars. I have seen them jumping with their red flames toward the skies as a young bird learning how to fly. They are beautiful when they leap about like that and send up their red glow, but they are not good to look at if you are with child. They are wicked, too, and it is not good to be born when the fires are burning in the spring. So the little girl was deemed accursed with the wild spirit of the fires and never once would the minister go near the house of the witch woman or offer to give the child Christian baptism.

"None of her neighbors would have anything to do with the woman, till it was pitiful to see the way she went around so forlorn and forsaken like. Even when the fever came through here and people were dying like as if all the waters were poison they wouldn't accept any help from her. 'What should we be having to do with the likes of you,' they said.

"Her house has fallen down now, but I remember how tall and ghostly it stood against the sky, its unpainted, weather-beaten sides grim and forbidding. I was a boy then, but, sir, if you had seen it in those days you would have been afraid to go near it too. There were few, indeed, who were bold enough to go

by it at night and those who did said that they could hear a wild shrieking and laughing as though the place was filled with devils, and they didn't doubt but what it was.

"This woman, I was telling you, lived there alone with that little girl so like herself; so thin and beautiful with her fair skin so rosy and pink and with her wild golden hair and big blue eyes as it seemed a shame. I have seen her playing in the meadows when she would be picking the wild flowers and plaiting them into a little crown to wear on her head, or running naked in the light of the red fires on the mountain when she seemed like a little red fire spirit not born at all. None of the other girls nor boys would play with her for fear of being bewitched. So, she grew to be a young woman.

"And, then, one night her mother died. There are strange tales told how when she was lying almost dead, so weak and faint she couldn't lift her hand upon her bed—my father and mother were there, but I was too young—she suddenly sat upright in her bed and threw out her arms as though to clasp someone to her breast and cried, 'Oh, I see the firey chariot coming for me.' With those wild words she sank back on her bed and died. And as they watched at her wake a tall dog, as tall as a man's head, such as has never been seen in this whole country, came into the room and walking up to the coffin in which they had placed the woman's body stood looking down at her for a long time and then went out. My mother fainted and my father had to carry her out, but those that stayed said that when the dog went out, the corpse all ghastly pale sat up in the coffin and her little ghost jumped out of the body and running to the window stood on the ledge a moment and laughed mockingly at them that were in the

room, and leaping lightly to the ground ran up the side of the mountain to where there were some piles of brush burning. So big were they you would be surprised to see the like of them today. And the ghost ran like a little girl chasing butterflies and when she came to the largest fire she was looking back and laughing and before she saw it she had run into the fire and disappeared in the smoke.

"After the woman died the girl lived on in the old house and she singled out the minister's son for a lover. He was as fine a looking young man as any in the country. He had a thin, lean face and slim fingers and the prettiest black curly hair that ever you saw on a man. The old man worshipped him and said that he was going to bring him up to fill his pulpit when he was gone, but *she* laid her spell on the boy and he used to leave his studies and steal out to see her at night when his father had gone to sleep. I remember one night I heard a great stomping and laughing behind some bushes not far from her house and pushing my way between, I saw their white bodies flashing in the moonlight as they leaped and danced round and round in a circle. It frightened me and I ran away. But there were some who told the minister and he forbade the boy to go with her any more, saying that she had never had even Christian baptism and thus was accurst of Almighty God. He said, too, that she was a siren and the daughter of a witch and that the bones of them that went in unto her lay bleaching in the sun.

"He wanted to call the boy before the elders of the church, but the boy wouldn't go. He ran away to the girl, hurrying with long steps and never looking back. She was watching for him, and when she saw him coming she ran to meet him, and seizing him by the

hand she led him into the house. Oh, the spell had laid hold of him till he had no strength any more to turn back.

"The minister cast him off then; so he lived with the girl in the old house. Many a time I have seen them walking hand in hand in the evening, picking the flowers or sitting alone under some big old tree back up the mountain. They didn't have anything to do with people hereabouts any more, and there were not a few who said they didn't doubt but that she rode before the moon of nights as her mother did.

"When the spring of the year came again and the people were burning their piles of brush on the mountains the girl sent for the doctor one evening and when he came he found the boy lying in the bed with a broken neck, and the girl clinging to him and sobbing something pitiful, till it would almost break a person's heart to hear. It would have been enough to turn the hard heart of the minister if he had been there. She said that the birds and butterflies and winged things like that, were the only friends she had ever known till the minister's son had come—that the boy had tried to catch a sparrow for her, that he had seen fluttering on the roof with a broken wing, but that when he went to climb the roof he slipped and fell.

"People around here didn't believe that story much. They always said that he had tried to fly away with her, as though he didn't know he wasn't born the way she was. And so he died."

THREE OLD MAIDS AT THE
SEASHORE

BEATRICE JONES

THREE old maids at the seashore were,
Peering through some horn-rimmed specs,
Lifting up their hands in horror
As they watch the fairies race—

Naked little elfin creatures,
Swimming away for dear life
All along the big waves' edges.
See—what looks like suds and froth—
That is just the fairies' take-off;
See their little elbows flash,
See their tiny milk-toes flutter—
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! tumble over—
Fairies got no bathing suits!!!

Poor old maids at the seashore,
Shocked and feeble eyesight straining;
Here's the pity of their trouble—
Only one pair of specs among them.

QUESTION

DOROTHY EMERSON

MINIATURE tragedies crowd all my days—
Ragged ribbons, cracked bowls.
Why be concerned with the ponderous things—
Ragged lives, and cracked souls?

THE SAGE AND THE PRINCE

CHARLES MAGRUDER

NOW it came to pass in the days before the Sacred Topknot came to lead the minds of men to Truth, our revered ancestors were ruled by the ignoble Prince Scheran. This prince, who was as fat as the pheasant fed on rice, lived in a marble palace without wives or sisters; yet he was not happy. He was tired! No amusement or game known to men pleased him. No polo pony would think of carrying such a huge man thus he could not play the game of Kings, he could count but to four, therefore jack-straws were of no use to him; he could not hunt, he could not walk; so he was reduced to the gracious pastime of sucking his royal and venerable thumb. This disgusting epoch lasted many moons until there came one crying:

"Boo, boo!" That is to say, "Look who is here!"

He who thus disturbed the peace was a knob-headed sage who had cracked his skull when he fell from his honorable mother-in-law's coconut tree. Through the crack, the god Siva thrust into his head an inspiration of heaven. Thence proceeded a new happiness in his life.

In the floor of his house Sessa cut sixty-four squares, then proceeded to manufacture a history of Mother India, from the time of Father Crocodile to the time of Scheran. When he had finished the history, he was so wise that he perceived the small value of a history and introduced a confusion into the work and made a new game to regale the king. He forthwith set off to see Prince Scheran and to present to him the game of Chess.

When Sessa entered the front room of the palace, the Prince bade two slaves place him in a dignified sitting position, then he hissed royally. Sessa ran forward and fell on his knees mumbling a good deal of a conversation he had heard that morning from a pig-herd and a travelling snake charmer. When he ran out of breath, he considered the sacred chant finished and rose to his feet, presenting and explaining the new game. The worthy Prince was so overjoyed that he forgot his vizier and the Keeper of the Moneybox, and told Sessa that he might name his reward. The cracked one, who had asked advice of a cousin who was a medium, asked for one kernel of grain on the first square, two on the second, four on the third and so on until sixty-four squares were filled.

The Prince gladly assented because he could see little in the reward, but the Steward soon came to him in despair for all the grain in the Royal Granary would not suffice to fill the conditions of the pact. Unfortunately, the Sage had asked too much, for after a deliberation of nine days and ten nights, the wise men of the country decided that all the grain in the world would be insufficient to fill the number asked.

He protested long and loudly that he wanted no grain at all but only three gold pieces, or even release from prison.

The illustrious Sage Sessa was finally trampled in the palace courtyard by a white elephant with two pink roses over each ear.

NEW WORLD

HAZEL SAWYER

IN A Southern sea there is an island, the fame of which has caused many a gilded prow to risk its fortune in a fruitless search, on the salt waves. Like a slender silver moon the isle floats double breasted in the calm pale water. Its meadows are tapestried with flowers of every hue and from its crystalline hills flow fountains of perfumed waters. There are fragrant groves, coral grottoes, and lyric music of birds.

Flowerlike was the princess who dwelt in a bower in the heart of the island. To win her, many had dared the perils of the watery glades. For it was known that he who first came without fear over the glassy sea to the shore of the isle, would be lord of her heart and king over the land.

Now in the waters around the island there lived myriads of terrible sea creatures whose duty it was to try the courage of each venturer, to learn if he were worthy to win to the shore. The chief of these guardsmen was a mighty sea serpent. His long green body thrice encircled the isle and he rested his head upon a coral reef. His eyes that glowed like fire-opals, restlessly scanned sea and sky and his voice mellow and lonely as a sea bell kept his frightful cohorts watchful.

Many suns and many moons lingered over the isle but no men won to the strand. The princess watched each new comer, saw the sails bravely advance, then falter and turn, leaving quickly the fear-pale waters. Then she turned to the serpent and crowned his horny head with flowers, with lotus and red lilies. The monster loved her as waves love the beaches and guarded

sleepless, yearning over her with a queer great ache in his jade heart that darkened his voice.

Then, on a night when the full moon floated in heaven like a silver apple in a crystal bowl, there came the ship of a Viking. The baleful sea-cold creatures crept upon him but his fearless glance destroyed them. The Serpent lashed the sea with fury but the Viking dauntlessly approached the shore. Seeing that all his efforts were useless he turned his staring eyes upon the princess, and crimson tears fell slowly upon the beach and shone like rubies. Then tightening the coils of his body he thrice shook the foundations of the island. Each time the waves washed higher. They reached over the bright meadows, washed the base of crystal-line hills and crept up to the bower of the princess. The Viking saw all and drove his ship upon the beach. Quickly he made his way to her side and would have borne her away in his ship but she stayed him, to crown his gleaming head with flowers, with lotus and red lilies. The serpent saw and sorrowed, then with one last cry to his vanquished cohorts, he plunged into the deep.

CAREER

T. L. MOYERS

IN THE swing, the night before, he had suddenly put his arm around her and whispered the magic words. The fact that she was so surprised that she answered, "Why, no, Theodore," must not be held against her, because she had two good reasons for doing so. This was her first proposal. She wanted time to think. She realized that this was a great moment in her seventeen years, and she did not want to be hurried.

Theodore hurried her, and she answered "No," automatically.

But now it was the next day. She was analyzing the storm that was sweeping her heart. It was the Great Love; that is, it was about to be the Big Passion. She expected at any minute to feel it. Where it would strike her she had not begun to wonder, but she already felt delicious shivers along her spine and in her feet, and her diaphragm and definitely conscious and unsubdued.

"If I feel this way just remembering last night," she thought, "I shall probably faint in his arms, or something, when I see him today!" And she thought pleasantly of herself draping Theodore Parmalee's right arm. "But, no; it mustn't be his *right* arm," she mused. "He must keep that free to smooth the dark hair back from my white brow. I must fall on his left arm." And so she planned it.

Theodore Parmalee came that afternoon at three o'clock, but she did not feel weak enough to let go and fall. She only thought, "My goodness, he's had his hair cut—the wrong way!" And Theodore, not realizing that the semi-circles of bare skin showing above his ears made those useful members inartistically prominent and therefore unreasonably distasteful to the woman of his choice, greeted her with a boyish, "Hullo, Curly-locks. Want to go swimmin'?"

She felt misused and annoyed. She did not go swimming. That night she thought seriously of an artistic career for herself.

It took her three days after this to idolize Luther Huggins. At the end of that time she had not had a letter from him for a week, and she had begun to forget his handwriting and his spelling and to think that maybe he never would write again.

She recalled first his adoring eyes. She had once called them dog-like because of their perfectly simple idolatry of herself; and she called them this, not because she loved dogs but because she discounted Luther. Now in her heart she named them 'limpid eyes'—the unshuttered windows of a beautiful soul. Then she remembered his hands: large, slow, powerful. Power, that was it—in his big body, in his strong hands. He could reduce her to abject insignificance with the heaving of his chest, if he would; but, for her,—for her small feminine self,—all that power was held in leash, all his gentleness was focussed in those soft brown eyes.

She could tolerate Theodore Parmalee's stark ears, having this idol in her heart.

The following Saturday morning she was sitting on the back steps sucking poetic nourishment from the end of a purple pencil and staring into space over the chicken coop. She was finding rhymes for 'limpid eyes,' and she had just discovered 'glad surprise' and 'love's soft sighs' when the doorbell rang meekly in the kitchen. With the purple pencil still in her hand, she scrambled up and hurried to the front door.

"Stifled cries," she was saying, "limpid eyes."

There, filling the small porch with that powerful frame that she loved, waited Luther with his limpid eyes alight.

"Oh, my goodness!" she exclaimed, dropping the pencil. "What are *you* doing here?"

Luther took one startled look at her, saw the pencil, heaved his chest, and stooped to pick up the small colorful object. He would have managed this act of gallantry very well, if the porch had not had a railing. As it was, he needed the space which was being occupied by the screened door held open by his lady. Even

so, he came out with but slight damages. He crushed his hat against his side; he stepped on the pencil as it rolled toward him, and broke it; and he mussed his sleek hair so that it stood up like splinters in half a dozen places on his head. But he smiled as he rose with a red face.

"H-Hello, Margie. Ain't you—aren't you surprised to see me?"

"How on earth did you *get* here?" she demanded, as he shambled along by her side into the living room.

"I'm with the swimmin' team. We got a bus," he beamed.

"The University team for the state water meet?" she cried. "Why, you never did mention—"

"Naw,"—Luther's tone held the joy of the lover who has practiced this happy moment a hundred times in anticipation—"I wanted to surprise you. I'm in the Freshman divin' part. You'll see me this afternoon."

"Oh, my goodness!"

That afternoon Margie, in her red dress, was as gay as she could be under the circumstances. She felt a solemnity that she could not explain to herself, as though she were a queen of tragedy. Her heart did not sing with rhymes. The presence of Theodore Parmalee in the next row with Angela Dartmore did not help matters at all. Margie persuaded herself that she was solemn because of the risks which Luther would be taking when he presently should enter the diving contest.

Luther started to mount the ladder of the tower. The bottom step must have been insecurely fastened, for it gave way under his foot. However, Luther's legs were long enough to reach the second step without a foothold on the first; and he was soon to be seen,

a notable figure in yellow, standing on the sun-swept platform.

Margie, seated with acquaintances on shore, saw him search her out and wave to her. She lifted her hand to return his greeting very quietly. At that moment the girl behind her asked a companion, "Who's the big handsome one in yellow?"

Margie rose in her place then, and waved ostentatiously. At a distance Luther did look more graceful, somehow; and after all, he was about to win something—for her.

Then the contest was on. The throaty cries of spectators on shore died away in gasps of anticipation. Margie saw the University boys standing very erect at their side of the platform. One by one the divers stepped out and leaped off into space. Then it was Luther Huggins' turn.

The young giant's hands tugged at his yellow suit, his feet shuffled, and he made his way majestically along the narrow springboard. A freckle-faced youngster took this moment to yell clearly above the crowd:

"Go to it, canary! Give us a birdie!"

Margie heard the crowd approve the youngster with an appreciative titter.

At any moment now Luther would press the board far down and, with splendid grace, sail up into the air and down into the green, green water. Margie's mouth dropped open. Luther slipped. Luther dropped; Luther streaked downward, a yellow light.

Even then Margie might have played the ministering angel to the fallen hero, if the crowd had not suddenly decided to laugh—at Luther, a yellow light.

It was when Luther had been wrapped in a blue bathrobe and guided to a dressing-room, that Margie remembered Gabriel Sylvester Sweet. It was three

years before that he loved her. He was a poet and he was married now. Margie could not remember just where she had pasted the two poems he had written to her. They were at home somewhere. She would get them out and read them. She must do so, for now she was old enough to understand Gabriel's hopeless devotion to her. He had written of it. She had accepted it too casually. She must atone. She must live her atonement. Gabriel Sylvester Sweet's memory she would always cherish in her heart. She must never marry. Life was a tragedy, after all, when one so young must bear so great a sorrow. But she had heard of sublimation: a career should be hers. Art she would embrace, not for Art's sake, but for the sake of her love for Gabriel.

There were two painters in Maryville who would take pupils; one, a grizzled veteran who had once asked John Singer Sargent how to paint pictures and had profited by the answer received; the other, a youth with ringlets on his head and with ready references to the isms on his tongue.

Margie wrote in her diary, after she had interviewed these men:

"Of course, if I studied under the old Mr. Wylie, I might learn more of the fundamentals of art; but I think I'll just take Mr. DeLisle. He is bound to be more vivid and personable as a teacher—as a talker. I'll get along faster under him. But I'll always remember Gabriel—even if Mr. DeLisle should try to kiss me."

A LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE

DOROTHY EMERSON

HE KEPT the small town grocery store.
 The small town people came to him
 To test his vegetables and fruits,
 With pinches and suspecting taps—
 And in the end to buy from him;
 There was no other place to buy.

The room was shrunken with the dark.
 The cans of stuff and bags that held
 A certain weight of this or that,
 Seemed sagging from the walls toward
 The darkened middle of the room.
 And if a customer complained
 About the windows gone dust-blind,
 He would indifferently explain,
 That with the windows thickened up
 Too much for eyes to see through them,
 A man out in the street must come
 Inside to find what he'd for sale.

And all the while his muddled mind,
 In silent groping, thought about
 The uselessness of washing things
 Like windows, when the walls of dark
 Kept closing in about his life.
 He thought about his sloven wife,
 Who dragged with aimless stubbornness
 Upon him, and he thought about
 His children who were strange to him.
 He knew the way of dark that drained
 And dried the life of things, for dark
 Had almost had its way with him.
 A secret love, held unexpressed

And cloistered close within his heart,
 Had been the saviour of his life.
 The girl who worked for him had been
 Unknowingly, his secret light.

He watched her move about the store.
 Her movements set a fire in him
 That flamed and burned as candles flame
 About an altar. Every stir
 Was broken bread and wine for him.
 His love was a religious lust
 That made him spend his days with plans
 To touch her apron or her arm,
 As a believer plans to touch
 The feet, the robe, the cross of Christ.
 And jealous for her purity,
 As worshippers are jealous for
 The purity of chosen gods,
 He would not let her white hands wash
 The dusty windows. Let dust be.
 He would not take her purity
 To break the darkness. Let dark come.
 He only prayed to worship her,
 And keep her unaware of him.

* * * * *

And she who helped him in the store,
 With cruel purpose went about
 All day in search of happenings.
 And she collected them, and made
 Word-pictures to amuse, arouse,
 Confuse her lover with at night.

"The damned, old fool—the crazy fool.
 As if I didn't notice him,
 His touching me, his poor pretense

Of accident. The clumsy clown
Has got an old, fat wife, and why,
He has a tribe of children—fool!”

And his response, a lover's growl
Of sullen, jealous sympathy,
A furtive movement of his hand.

“Don't touch me that way . . . I don't care.
Yes, touch me . . . kiss me . . .”

PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

CARTER BRADFORD

A GOOD woman is a pearl of great price but an unfaithful woman is as a thorn in the side of a righteous man.

In the land of the illustrious Jehaz dwelt Haman, a man of great valor and virtue and high in the esteem of the King. His fields were broad and his herds plentiful. In the army he marched at the head of the King's host.

Not in all the world was there a ruler more wise than Jehaz. His justice was dealt to rich and poor alike. His taxes were just and his treasure chests bulging. Before him one day was summoned Haman.

“Haman,” spoke the King, “a task of sadness awaits thee. Take this sword and as thy wife sleeps tonight, slay her. Bring me her head on the morrow. Do this and thou shalt have a thousand pieces of gold and a tenth of my kingdom to rule over.”

Haman marveled much, but answered nothing. The commands of Jehaz were not questioned. He took the sword and departed.

That night, as his wife slept, Haman rose and took his sword in hand. A broad beam of moonlight had crept through the windows and fell full upon the face of the sleeping woman, bringing into shadowed relief the delicate curves of her cheek, her neck and bosom. Long strands of raven hair fell about her bare shoulders. Little Numanan, their only man-child, slept close by his mother's side, one chubby hand clasped close in hers. Jenebel, a year older, slumbered peacefully with her curly head pillowed upon her arm.

Haman raised his hand to strike, but his sword arm faltered. Three times the shining blade rose in the air, and three times it wavered. He cast the sword into a corner and stole out into the night.

On the morrow Haman appeared before Jehaz with bowed head.

“I am not worthy of thy trust, oh King,” he murmured.

Jehaz answered him saying, “Thou hast pleased me well, Haman. Two thousand pieces of gold shalt thou have and a fifth of my kingdom to rule over.”

In the same day Jehaz secretly called before him Sanzibel, wife of Haman. To her the King spoke, saying, “Sanzibel, a task of sadness awaits thee. Take this sword and as thy husband sleeps tonight, slay him. Bring me his head on the morrow. Do this and thou shalt be richly rewarded with bracelets of gold and necklaces of priceless jewels.”

Sanzibel wept as she left the King's palace.

That night, as Haman lay on his couch, Sanzibel rose and took the sword from the cupboard where she had hidden it. Haman, handsome of features and deep of chest, slept the slumber of an untroubled soul. Sanzibel paused, with the weapon in mid-air—and struck!

The sword came down upon the neck of the sleeper. The edge crumpled . . . for the edge of the heavy blade was made of softest tin.

Haman arose and beat his wife without mercy.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR

LUCY HARRIS

SCENE: *The corner of a box-car. Above the sound of the moving cars can be heard deep snoring and the steady dripping of rain. The stage is in darkness.*

Buck (Hoarsely): Move over! How can I sleep in this here puddle?

(The snoring ceases. There is a peal of thunder outside. The rain drips faster.)

Buck: Slip over I tell you! *(He punctuates his remark by a jab in the other fellow's ribs.)*

Sphitz (Determinedly): I shan't slip an inch! Find you another berth if you don't like the one I give you. I'll give you a biff what'll serve for a Pullman ticket.

Buck: Over! You flabbergasted bone-head hooligan, else I'll lamm you through the siding.

Sphitz: Touch me! and I'll make you think I'm a-using you for a mop for to wipe up this here box-car! You're nothing but a dried up hunk of liver and not worth the gravy it'd—

Buck: All you and me need is to get acquainted. I ain't dined since yesterday but I could flatten your head to fit a spittoon in a nigger's depot.

Sphitz: A lot of poppycock! *(Indignantly)*—and me a-taking orders from a mutton-head like yourself.

Buck: You dirty lummo! Get a hunch on—

(Sounds of shuffling, followed by a slight groan.)

Sphitz: You're a hook and a thief, that's what you are, and a rapsallion and a blue liar and a hoodlum and a lallypaloozer and a—

Buck: Yes, and you are all those things what you called me and a double-dyed hypocrit and a highjack and a flathead besides.

Sphitz: You can't tell that to a man from Arizona! Get ready to cash in your chips.

Buck: Arizona! What part?

Sphitz: Murray's Gap, and I'm the son of a two-colored hyena if any man can—

Buck: Murray's Gap! Dern if that isn't where I almost got shot once.

Sphitz (Interested): How?

Buck: Why the sheriff saw the smoke! I grabbed two jugs of the best liquor and crawled out the back.

Sphitz: Haw, haw, haw—and then what?

Buck: Oh, he saw me jump over the bank.

Sphitz: Pshaw! I hid behind the stove and used my pipe.

Buck (Surprised): He got after you too?

Sphitz: Only mostly I got after him. You should have heard him yelp when I shot his hat off—haw, haw. Go on—what happened after you jumped over the bank?

(A loud clash of thunder is heard outside. The rain pours faster.)

Sphitz: Say! That rain is coming in there! Let's exchange places.

CURTAIN

HALF-TONE

BEATRICE STURGIS DANIEL

His ancestor led in the Mexican War,
Whose picture adores the living room wall.
His father once graced the Executive Chair.
Not one of his forebears neglected fame's call.

In order that he might be eminent too,
Instruction and travel prepared him for life.
Solution of problems for nation and state
He gives—to the paying house guests of his
wife.

SING A SONG OF LOVE

BEATRICE JONES

SING a song of morning
Pocket full of cheer—
Cut a fancy caper,
For my Love is near.

Sing a song of noontime,
Lunch is bread and rum—
Set a merry table
When my Love is come.

Sing a song of evening,
Moon and magic sway;
Happy is my hearth-fire—
Love is here to stay.

A LOAF OF BREAD

PAUL HILLIARD

NOTHING had ever happened to him to render him half so sorrowful as he looked. Life had not penetrated beyond the depth of his skin, save for the ordinary fluctuations of joy and grief that every person experiences in normal living; his sadness emanated from inside for no earthly reason nor mortal disillusionment. It could be attributed to nothing, except to a state of spirit, a condition of the soul.

His body was a heavy, massive hulk of flesh, sagging upon a ponderous frame, and it stooped as if weighed down with perpetual melancholy. His feet were enormous, barely exceeding in size his great hands. His hair was white as the whitest cloud, lending him an aspect of patriarchal dignity. Without that shock of white hair, he would have appeared sorrowfully inadequate in the face of life. And his eyes—they were sad, too.

This man tended the flowers in one of the city parks. Day in and day out, year in and year out, for hundreds of days and scores of years, he had tended the flowers. He had seen the roses bloom, living organisms, scintillating with thousands of sunlit dew-glints at six-thirty in the morning. He had seen the roses blighted by cold, grasp despairingly at a vestige of life, finally drop the last tenacious petals and give themselves to death. He had raked away the fallen blooms of wilted poinsettias; he had cleared away other varieties of fallen flowers. He had raked and raked and raked, continually with slow, ponderous motions as if anticipating the degree of flexibility of each muscle in his tired body. If, by chance, he happened not to be rak-

ing, he puttered about among his bushes—but, usually he raked.

It seemed as if always the park needed cleaning. Pedestrians threw their papers down anywhere with no regard for tidiness; flowers shed their petals continuously; the winds caught up stray papers and tossed them, spiraling and see-sawing, into the park, and the gnarled old oak trees showered their leaves frequently all over the place.

So the old man worked on and on. The mere sight of him, inevitably, irrevocably, fatefully raking, as if destiny allotted to him no variation in his task, no diversion, caused others more or less fortunate than he to experience a brooding melancholy settling down upon them. He was a helpless, impotent old fellow, this hulk of a man who tended the flowers in the city park. He was nothing more than a chipped cog in the wheel of circumstance, a broken design in the pattern of life.

It was April on the calendar and Springtime in the park.

A white-haired lady tripped gaily through the park. Her eyes gleamed like twin blue sea shells; and she was filled so utterly with exhilaration of renewed youth that her aura of good will toward all things and all people glorified her like a luminous halo.

She came upon the old man raking,—raking nothing of consequence, because it was Spring. What is there of any consequence to be raked up in the Spring? Leaves are living. Flowers are living. Nothing is dying, nothing has begun even to contemplate death or decline.

The old woman stopped and regarded the old man. The old man fingered his misshapen cap confusedly, and at length fumbled it off his head and held it in

front of him in both hands, having juggled the rake handle to the crook in his elbow.

"Good morning, ma'm," he said.

"It's a splendid morning! What are you doing, man, raking papers on a morning like this? Don't you know it's Spring? Straighten up and fill yourself with this good, warm, fresh air!"

She demonstrated; throwing back her shoulders and expanding, she wheezed through distended nostrils.

"See? That's the way to do it! It makes everything look different. Now, try it once."

A responsive gleam relieved the sadness in the old man's eyes.

"Me?" he said.

"You. What's your name?"

"Jeb—Jeb Parker."

"Jeb: that's a good Bible name. Now, do as I say—here, give me that rake. The idea, a rake!" She snatched energetically at the handle; and, securing it from the astonished old man, hurled it as far as she could—almost ten feet. "Now, sir, lift your chin and throw your chest out and breathe!"

So astounded, so utterly confounded was he, that Jeb failed to execute orders. The peremptory little old person represented something new in his life, an extraordinary interruption in his raking. The rake! He must get it from over there. He must pile up the papers and carry them to the curb so that the trash man could cart them away. He must get—

"Like this," the young old woman was saying. She had her left hand placed exactly in the small of his back and her right, on his chest. "Now, straighten up! That's it—the chin, raise it, higher, higher—go ahead, raise it!—there! Now, breathe!"

And Jeb Parker breathed, not from any inherent inclination or initiative, but because he had been told to breathe. He had always done what he had been told to do, day in and day out, year in and year out, for hundreds of days and scores of years. He closed his eyes and breathed. It felt good, that pressure in his back and that weight upon his chest, and the breathing, with eyes closed.

"Now!" chortled the woman triumphantly. "Now, open your eyes!"

Jeb Parker opened his eyes.

A spear of sunlight pierced an open space in the leaves overhead and stabbed at his face. He blinked and moved his head and looked again. Momentarily the brightness blinded him.

Then his vision cleared. He saw a squirrel sitting on its haunches upon an overhanging branch, looking down at him, squeaking and scolding, flaying the air with lightning-shod forepaws, as if it resented this prying intrusion into its foliated habitat. Jeb hadn't seen a squirrel sitting upon a branch for a long time, he remembered, now that he came to think of it. He didn't like the sun—it hurt his eyes.

"There!" cried the little woman. "I knew it would make you feel better, to take a full breath and look at that sky! Here, Jeb Parker, take a vacation for a few days," and she thrust something into his great paw and tripped away across the park, humming lightly an old tune of love and Springtime fancy. Jeb listened as he might have caught at a half-recalled dream. . . .

He turned his eyes to his open palm: there was a banknote in it. Slowly he unfolded it, and when he observed the denomination (a twenty-dollar bill), his jaw dropped in a stupid amazement. His insides

turned upside down and he felt queer all over. He looked after the generous white-haired Samaritan, but she had disappeared into nowhere, whence she had come.

Jeb began to compute his wealth in terms of food and clothing . . . What was it he had reminded himself to take back when he left home that morning? . . . He remembered that he had thought he would have to get something . . . What was it? . . . Fresh bread. That was it, bread. The mice had gnawed out the center of the old loaf . . .

He retrieved the rake and began mechanically to finish the job which the old woman had interrupted with her youthful Springtime exuberance. He raked on and on, slowly, as if anticipating the degree of flexibility of each muscle in his massive, sagging body. But, if that was his seeming, his looks belied his thoughts. Now he could buy a new pair of shoes and a new workshirt . . . What was it he intended to take home? . . . Funny, he couldn't remember . . . now, he remembered: a fresh loaf of bread. He must remember not to forget again. The mice had gnawed out the center of the old loaf . . .

LOTUS DEATH

MARJORIE GIFFORD

THERE is the feel of cool snows
About your bare body,
And your lips are frozen pomegranites,

But your love has burned the flesh from my
bones;

I leave the folds of your silks a skeleton.

FATHER MISSISSIPPI

KATHERIN HOSMER

FATHER MISSISSIPPI, by Lyle Saxon. *The Century Company, New York.* \$5.00. *Illustrated.*

A book of facts told with the charm of fiction.

FEAR of its ungoverned power forms the background of this new story of the Mississippi. Lyle Saxon, looking across the glamour of childhood's memories upon the river he had loved, has found it a thing to be dreaded. The brilliant and intense study he has made of his early friend, turned traitor, shows many contours. In an intriguing pageant there passes before the reader amusement, information, romance, fantasy, terror, tragedy. "The old Devil River" becomes like some Oriental deity—deceitful, magnificent, ruthless.

Mr. Saxon has written down his own memories of life along the levees. He has carefully gathered interesting Americana dealing with the whole human history of the river. He has told, in compelling narrative, of the horror and desolation of the 1927 Flood. The Father Mississippi has made and ruled the heart of the country. It has killed in unbridled rage. It has massed cities of the French, and cradled the bread lands of the country. A book that is more than history. It is an interpretation of river spirit.

DISTRESS

DOROTHY EMERSON

THE wind has told me one thing.
The quiet said another.
What am I to believe,
Who claim both as brother?

THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

A magazine of letters sponsored by the English Department of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. Unless otherwise indicated all contributions are by undergraduates.

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BRENHAM MCKAY, *Editor*

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CARTER BRADFORD, *Advertising Manager*

EDITORIAL NOTES

The January issue of "The Flamingo" has attracted more attention than any other number of the magazine. Several comments appear on another page. Three railroad presidents have asked to reprint Miss Weston's quatrain "Locomotive" which was written as an exercise in Professor Wattles' class.

Cale Young Rice, the distinguished poet, is at present conducting a class in Poetry Writing, and Alice Hegan Rice, the famous author of "Mrs. Wiggs," a class in Fiction Writing. This is only one of the many stimuli for creative writing which are offered Rollins students.

"The Flamingo" joins in the celebration of the forty-third anniversary of the founding of Rollins College by issuing this number during "Founders' Week."

Comments on January "Flamingo"

The January issue of "The Flamingo" has called forth a number of gratifying comments.

THE VIRGINIAN-PILOT of Norfolk in an extended notice said: "The Flamingo, in our opinion, is the most neatly executed student periodical of them all. It is advertised as 'a literary magazine of the youngest generation.' It seems to be the best of that generation."

THE JACKSONVILLE TIMES-UNION said: "As distinctive and unusual as its outer appearance are the contents of The Flamingo. 'The Return of Amos' has atmosphere with a strong delicate touch and an indefinable element of the mysterious. The thirteen poems indicative of a penetrating observation and sophistication rarely expressed by young students have both imagination and substance."

MR. ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY, the distinguished novelist and poet, who was for some years editor of "The Cosmopolitan" under John Brisbane Walker, wrote: "I approached The Flamingo with no great appetite—rather with that languid interest with which I take up any undergraduate publication. But The Flamingo interested me *at once*. The opening poem, 'Heaven Shining Through,' is excellent and reminded me of Emily Dickinson. The story of the man who bought nine lots in a cemetery and erected nine monuments to Myra, the saleslady, is a corker!"

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