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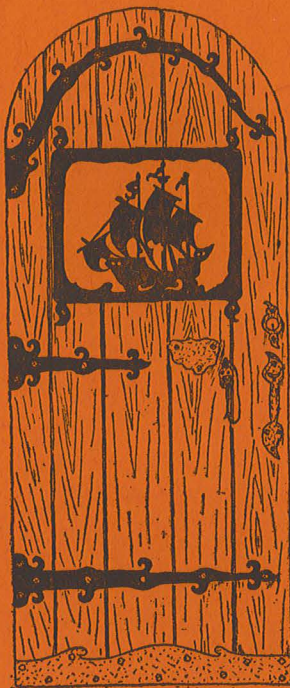
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Vol. II, No. 3.

APRIL, 1928

Price, 20 cents

THE FLAMINGO

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TO AN AIR ON THE SAMISEN

LITTLE Princess of the small slipper,
And the great heart,
Here is my gift, see!
(From all other gifts apart):
A little token of ivory,
White, like thy flesh,
Flushed as thy lips.
With a mesh
Of carven figures bordering the edges:
Sailing ships
By river ledges
Where brown girls leap
Into the waters deep;
And tranced peach trees
Guarding their sanctities . . .
Little Princess, see!
And in the pool, a mirrored me
Making obeisance to thee,
Little Princess of the fan, and the almond eyes,
With the bird-of-paradise
Woven into thy gown
Up and down,
And crosswise . . .
O, the sandal-scent of thy breath!
One word, for life or death?
Speak, little Princess!
The orioles sing above:
Is the one word,—love?

RICHARD BURTON

Contributed to The Flamingo

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PLEA

(triolet)

OH, let me dance in faery dress!
A soul is such a heavy thing,
So weighed with care and mortal stress;
Oh, let me dance in faery dress
And this will be my happiness:
A rose to wear, a song to sing—
Oh, let me dance in faery dress
A soul is such a heavy thing—

BEATRICE JONES

BEAUTY

CARTER BRADFORD

PYGMALION once carved a statue so beautiful that he fell in love with it. He had embodied in it all the physical attributes of a perfect woman. Pygmalion worshipped this image which his skillful hands had rounded from the cold, white marble. He decked it with flowers and came to call it "Galatea." The goddess Venus, taking pity upon the man's passion, gave the statue life and Pygmalion became the happiest of men.

Pygmalion was not always the happiest of men. Beauty, he found, might be a double edged weapon. Galatea's comeliness brought her the plaudits of many

men. Wherever they might go she was beset by admirers, while Pygmalion was forgotten.

The world knew that all was not well between Galatea and her husband.

At length, the realization came to Pygmalion that he had made his wife so beautiful that he could never keep her. Despairing at this, he fell on the point of his sharp sword.

Venus, once more moved with compassion, caused Galatea to be turned again into a statue.

* * *

As a young surgeon fresh from his internship, Dr. Perry Armstrong had come to a Southern city to establish his practice. The years passed, bringing an ever increasing clientele to attest to his skill. He was respected and honored by his colleagues and at the age of thirty-eight had become the most widely known plastic surgeon in America.

Plastic surgeons seldom have charity patients, but Dr. Armstrong devoted one day in every fortnight to charity work. Among those who benefitted by the Doctor's beneficence was Julia Sawyer, a daughter of a rural clergyman. A drawn facial muscle distorted the entire right side of her face and drew her mouth up into a perpetual leer.

The operation which he performed upon her face was one of the most delicate in his experience, but it was highly successful. The transformation was miraculous, for Julia Sawyer emerged from her bandage cocoon a butterfly. There was a radiance, a freshness about her new-blown beauty which few women have.

Dr. Perry Armstrong found, after a time, that he had come to love his patient. They were married, following a brief courtship, and went to live in a massive

Colonial mansion in the suburbs which he had purchased to please his bride's fancy.

The Doctor loved his wife with all the adoration of a man who for fourteen years had subjugated his emotions for a devotion to his profession. To the eyes of the world, they were perfect lovers. But at the end of their third year of married life a coldness grew up between them and tongues of the neighborhood gossips grew active.

One day the servants found Dr. Armstrong with a gun clenched tightly in his hand and a bullet through his temple.

Mrs. Armstrong did not remain a widow long, for within the year she was married to an expatriated Russian nobleman, who soon left her. The reason for his desertion was apparent, for paralysis had again taken hold of her face, drawing her mouth up into a hideous smirk.

THE FIDDLER

PAUL HILLIARD

I USUALLY walk with Gaston the length of our street, and he tells me many things.

Gaston is the blind fiddler who sometimes plays in our neighborhood. He steps slowly along playing as he goes; whenever someone drops a coin into the little tin cup he carries fast to his belt, he stops and fiddles out a song or two before moving on.

"Thank you, thank you," said Gaston one day when Greb Hart, the big bully who lives across the street from me, came up and dropped a coin in the tin cup.

Gaston began playing, his long, sad face wreathed with smiles. When he finished the tune, Greb dropped

another coin into the tin cup. Gaston smiled again; if he had had eyes, they had been kind, I am sure, as he repeated:

"Thank you, thank you," and fiddled another tune.

I had seen many people drop coins in Gaston's cup, but I couldn't understand Greb Hart's giving him money. Greb was mean and stingy and never missed a chance to pick on us smaller boys. Even now he was grinning as if he had played some mean trick.

A dark suspicion entered my mind; I sidled close to Gaston and looked into the cup.

"Gaston!" I cried. "It's not money, it's slugs!"

"Shut up, you!" said Greb.

"I won't! It's not right, dropping slugs in Gaston's cup! You're the meanest boy I know, Greb Hart!"

Greb would have licked me then, sure, had not Gaston turned on him suddenly and pointed a finger at him, and said:

"Leave the lad alone!" I almost thought that Gaston had eyes.

Gaston's face was white as snow, and his finger trembled—the finger that pointed straight at Greb. Greb was frightened and ran back across the street to his yard and yelled mean things at us.

"You better go home, lad," said Gaston.

I started to protest—

"Tut, tut. Don't you think I know the difference between a slug and a coin when it hits the cup. Run along, boy."

And Gaston went on down the street playing his fiddle.

I looked across the street and thumbed my nose at Greb Hart, and ran in the house before he could catch me.

A GIRL IN CHURCH

"Our Father Who Art in Heaven"

THIS church is so stuffy. Seems like
After scrubbing and mending and cooking
All the week,
A girl might do something nicer on
Her one night off
Than go to church.
Oh! to see Old Craggy in the moonlight
Just once—
Lifting his black head out of the water—
So proud—
And beating the foam away.
Some Sunday guess I'll go out there
And just rest on him
Stretched out so peaceful. How nice it'd be—
"On Earth As It Is in Heaven"—
Just to look up at the sky all hung with stars
And each one smiling—
And the moon a-looking down so understand-
ing-like,
Making everything all white and clean—even
me.
Why, I can almost feel the little waves
Taking my hand,
And the trees
A-whispering and telling things to me.
Seems like anyone that loves trees—
The tall and fine and great ones—
Might get real close to Him, too—out there.
Then you wouldn't mind the scrubbing and
the mending—
You'd have a memory—and a friend—
"And the Glory Forever."—Amen.

STELLA WESTON

THE LAST LOVE

PAUL HILLIARD

IT WAS late afternoon. The sun was half gone below the rim of oaks beyond the lake. Brilliant rays of orange and purple and crimson washed the face and throat of Evalina Brent where she lay beneath the silken counterpane, her head propped up on pillows of down.

Evalina Brent had lived and loved for fifty-one years, and now she was dying.

She knew that she was dying. It is characteristic of women who love completely and divinely and never marry that they know when they are dying. As she lay there amid her pillows and perfumes and unrealized dreams, staring over the foot of the bed, out the big French windows to the lake at the end of the terrace, she thought that her life resembled the pattern of those French windows—beautiful to look through but full of holes. She smiled faintly. Her lips, delicately curved and so finely molded that an observer would have thought that they had been formed by the hand of a master, were born to smile until this, her dying day.

"I have loved all my life," she murmured through lips of rose and velvet. "Men have been like sun rays—colorful, always around me, never hurting me—except when they left me. When they left, they were gone—as that slant of purple on my hand will soon be gone—forever—"

The nurse, entering the room very quietly, halted in surprise as she saw Evalina Brent raise her arms, fully extended, up through that flood of sunlight, then fold them to her. Her lips, delicate and finely moulded, and almost imperceptibly pursed, curved into a faint

smile. How perfectly the Master had executed his art!

Evalina Brent sighed and her exhausted body relaxed slowly into the pillows. The orange and purple and crimson mounted the wall; and the sun, given over to the ordained plan, lost itself behind the rim of oaks beyond the lake.

SCAPEGOAT

MARTHA MATHIS

THE old ducky was lonely as he sat watching the last reflections of the summer sunset. He thought of the days when Mirandy had been in the cabin. Peculiar he could not realize that forty years had passed! He almost imagined he heard her singing in the cabin—sending sad strains out to meet and fade with the dying sunlight. He recalled the pickaninnies playing around the door. There was the same old night-blooming jasmine to perfume the air. He had neglected it. Tomorrow he would pull the weeds around its base and mend the fence there where it was decaying.

He picked up his worn hat and dinner pail, and, turning to look at the moon which was now coming up over the pines, stumbled into the house.

Not until the next morning did he find the note on the mantle which had been pinned there. It was scribbled with pencil, but he had no trouble in making out the bold and familiar childish characters.

"DEAR UNCLE JERRY,

We played in the swing today and like it fine. Thank you for making it for us. Mother says we can't have a goat.

JED AND JULIA."

"Wal, ah swan, k'nt hab no goat. Who ever year de like?"

When Jed came a little later to the cabin under the hill he had more to say, however.

"Jed, sonny, ain't you gonna lissen t' yo Uncl' Jerry some uv de time? Ah knows you better'n yo ma do ah 'spec."

"I don't know about that, Uncle Jerry."

"Wal, ah wuz yo nuse frum de time you wuz jes a li'l mite. A goat, ah sez would be de ver' thing fo you."

"I want one all right enough, but everytime—" He was unable to finish.

"W'at you needs ez mo extrasize. En ahs gwinter see dat you gits hit. Dat puny body o' yo'n ain' gwinter grow none till you gives hit a chanct."

"We have dancing lessons twice a week at school."

"Dancin'—dancin'!" He was too disgusted to go further until a thought came to him, and he smiled. "But den you know you kin git enything ef you jes' wants it bad 'nough."

"Al right then—how am I going to get a goat without Mother's knowing?"

"Easiest thing en de worril. All you gotta do ez ax en hit shall be guv unto you. Dat whut de Good Book say, ain' it."

"I didn't ask for the piano lessons."

"No. But whar dare's a will dare's a way. Why you don' eben know how t' swim."

"Aw, Uncle Jerry."

"Why ah bet Julia kin beat cha en her a year younger."

"I won't be ten till September."

"Wal, don' mak' no diffunce—whut ah wants to see

ez some colah en yo cheeks—practicin' a piano ain' gwinter git it."

"Well, what about Julia?"

"Don' worry 'bout her. Her bein' a girl de Lawd en Mis' Agnez togedder will sho'ly provide."

That settled the question. The goat must come by hook or crook.

A week passed and nothing happened, so the next Saturday Jed sought Uncle Jerry again.

"Go on back, Julia," Jed ordered. "Why do girls have to follow boys anyhow?"

"Where are you going?" she whined.

"Can't I have a minute to myself?"

"Where are you going; to find a goat, Jed?" she asked. "Uncle Jerry's always suggesting things like that and you don't ever know where to find goats or nothing," she complained.

"Uncle Jerry knows his business even if he is old and can't see so very well."

"I like Liza better."

"Liza's the dumbest cook we ever had."

"She is not! I guess I've been in the kitchen more than you have," Julia defended.

"Well, she wouldn't even give me a can to put the fish worms in this morning."

"That's nothing."

"It isn't! Well, she told Mother that I went in swimming without my clothes on, too."

"Why, Jed, did you? That's awful!"

"Yes, I did. And I'll do it again," he growled thinking of how his mother had scolded. "I'm going to have a goat, too."

By this time they had reached the cabin. Jed whis-

tled and the old negro came out limping and rubbing his eyes.

"Bless de Lawd, honey, ef you ain' don ketch me fo' ah hed ma breakfas'," he said. "Ef you kin jes wait out side ah'll be out dreckly."

"What about the goat?" called Jed.

"Don' know yit, sonny."

"Well, we have plenty of time, I guess."

"Mama said not," interrupted Julia.

"Hush chatterbox."

"I won't—you always say that."

"You talk too much, that's the reason," continued Jed.

"Hesh dat fussin' out dare o' Uncl' Jerry'll haf t' sen' you home."

"Who has goats around here?" asked Jed.

"Not so loud, Jed, Mother will hear."

"What's the difference? If I don't tell her you will."

"I will if you don't quit being so mean and hateful."

"Do it and see what happens to you, Miss Redhead."

"I'm going home just for that."

"Go ahead and see if I care."

But the last remark was lost for Julia and her hurt pride were half way home. Uncle Jerry was through with his breakfast. He found the little boy seated on the steps, talking to himself in an undertone.

"Now, if I could just find a place to put him after I get him," he was saying.

"K'nt cha use de garrage?"

"Let me see."

"Hit's plenty big 'nough—but there's de kyars comin' en gwine all de time."

"Yes, and then there's Mother. She would be sure to find out."

"Fo' a fac' she would at dat."

"Daddy wouldn't care though."

"Wal, whut's de matter wid dat ol' shed uv mine?"

"The very thing! Oh, do you think I really could!"

"Ah don' see no preventments, honey. All we gotta do now ez git dat goat."

Jed was more thrilled than he had ever been before in his short nine years. He and Uncle Jerry talked until Julia interrupted.

"Oh, J—ed," she called, "Aunt Mary has brought Percy over to play with us."

"Aw, Gee," he exploded. "Who wants to go and play silly games!"

"Mother says come on up," insisted the shrill voice.

"Well, can't you wait a minute?"

"Run erlong Jed—we kin talk dis ovah some udder time."

"All right. Good-bye, Uncle Jerry. I'll be back soon."

Uncle Jerry was unable to wait, however. The trip he made to the Henderson farm that night was one of romance and adventure. For his daring he was rewarded and at nine-thirty he triumphantly smuggled into the shed something that was to mean his downfall.

This was his last quiet moment, too, for the goat which he had brought, finding itself alone when the old negro had gone refused to eat or drink and set up a series of screams such as he had never before heard in that shed. Nevertheless, Uncle Jerry slept that night.

"Sunday mawnin' en preachin' at nine," was his waking thought.

The message of the preacher drove home that day. Each remark was intended for the ears of the guilty

one. He twisted and turned nervously in his seat anxious to get away.

"Thou shalt not steal," came in sonorous tones. "Hit's writ yer in on de pages uv de Lawd. Don' haf t' be 'splained. Eny nigger k'n understan' plain talk-in'. De Lawd'll sho sen' 'im t' ever lastin' dam-nashun who take en lay his han' on dat which am not hisn. Brudder, do'n' take unto yose'f dat which am yo neighbors—his wife, his servant, his ox, his ass, his *eny-thing*."

The sermon dragged on an eternity, then—

"Neither shalt thou bear false witnez either—'cause de Good Book don say as much. W'at dat mean, brudder? Lie! Tell stories! 'Cause de Lawd'd no mo' let dat nigger en de purly gates uv heabn dan he'd let a hawse thoo de eye uv a needl'."

When the collection plate was passed around Uncle Jerry dropped in twice his usual offering and then rushed from the meeting house terrified and exhausted. There was the goat in the shed and it bleated on through the rest of the day at irregular intervals.

The second night was a repetition of the first, so far as the goat was concerned.

Every sound in the cabin and yard, even the wind in the trees, was a demon to torture the jaded soul of the stricken man. Still the little goat bleated and bleated. The whole neighborhood would know—would accuse him. The sheriff might come and take him to jail. He had stolen a goat and couldn't give it up because Jed would be disappointed.

After hours of torture light came. He remembered that Jed had said his father approved of goats for children. Mr. Carter was the one to see. He lost no time in dressing and in hurrying off to find him.

He dodged everyone he saw that morning, and was hours in locating the office of Carter and Brown. His conscience followed on like a dark shadow—always present—always plagueing. Mr. Carter's office had been moved and he was searching frantically up one street and down another, when by accident he almost ran into the man coming from the bank. In Mr. Carter's hand were five crisp, new five dollar bills.

The old negro's eyes grew wide with wonder and embarrassment.

"Scuse me, Mr. Carter, ah didn' mean t' run into you so hard."

"Well, Uncle Jerry! Is it you? Haven't seen you for quite a while. How are you?"

"Ah's po'ly, Mr. Carter, ah's po'ly."

"That's too bad. You look as healthy as ever, I would say."

"Taint a matter uv de body, Mr. Carter, hits de sperrit—hits de sperrit." He waited a minute for Mr. Carter to ask a question, making an opening for his story.

"Maybe I can help you."

"Could ah see you fu a minit in privacy, Mr. Carter?"

He led the way around the corner of the bank to a quieter place and then began telling his long pitiful story of how he had stolen the goat for Jed, and how he would have to go to jail for it unless it was paid for at once. He explained that unless something was done Mrs. Carter would not let them keep it for all his trouble and worry.

He did not look up as he talked. He seldom did for that matter, just rambled along. But when he had finished and Mr. Carter slapped him on the shoulder

good humoredly, he looked up and the expression of satisfaction of Mr. Carter's face repaid him for his trouble.

"You are a wonder, Uncle Jerry," he said, "and you've done exactly the thing I wanted to do myself."

"Whut does you mean by dat?"

"I mean exactly this. I have wanted the children to have a goat for a long time, but Mrs. Carter couldn't see it."

"Dey sho had ought t' hav one."

"Yes; well, now I'll make a bargain with you. The goat belongs to a friend of mine. I'll settle for it if you'll keep him at your place, feed and care for him and take the blame of having bought him for the children when Mrs. Carter finds out."

Uncle Jerry could not believe what he heard. He spit over his left shoulder to make sure he was awake.

"Hit am a miracle, ah knows hit am. *Sholy* you doesn't mean dat!"

"Certainly I do, and here is a five dollar bill to prove that I do."

"Oh, ah ez s' thank Gawd ah seen you t'day, Mr. Carter. En ah's glad t' be *ye* scapegoat any day. Why, Mr. Carter, you could tie *all* yo sins en tribulations right hyah on ma back jes lak Aaron don at Leviticus en ah'd ride right pas' Mis' Carter, on out into de wildernes' praisin' Gawd. Aw's dat happy."

MY CREED

GIVE me no creed elaborate,
A simple faith I ken—
I worship well a manly God,
And love all Godly men.

STELLA WESTON

JERICHO

LOUISE FERGUSON

JEDEIAH MORROW watched the curl of smoke from his meerscham and hoped it would spell out an answer for him. The smoke trailed off toward the tapestried west wall and disappeared in the shadowy corner of the den. He slumped deeper into his chair. A bundle of legal papers was lying in his open brief case on the table near him. He scowled at them.

"Decisions! Decisions! Millions of them and I can't make one for myself!"

He leaned forward until his chin rested in his cupped hands and his elbows burrowed into the folds of the dark silk robe that covered his knees. When he was perplexed with himself, he liked to sit that way, with his feet raised on the footrest of his leather armchair, because the nearness of his knees gave him a sense of unity and secureness that he lost when he was unrolled to his full length.

"Wealth?" he smiled. "Funny how everybody thinks I'm rich and powerful!"

Jedeiah Morrow tried to forget that he was at heart still a diffident boy.

"I've worked hard; I deserve to be happy. I—" His eyes found the picture on the mantle shelf. "Julie," he pleaded, "tell me how to be happy!"

The girl continued to tantalize him. Her eyes smiled down at him.

His hand brushed wearily over the grey line about his temples. He looked down into the fire. He was quiet for a minute, staring at the burning logs and frowning. He saw in the glowing embers a little girl

seated on the backsteps of her home. Her lips were parted, and he heard her singing.

"Jericho! Jericho!"

"Jericho!" Her towseled red head swayed. "Jericho!" On "Jer" it rolled to the one side. On "cho" it completed the rhythm, and started back again to "Jer."

"Hey, Freckles, stop that noisy warbling!" a lad's voice was protesting behind the back fence. Jed's blue eye watched the little girl through a knot hole about three feet from the ground. He was sure that Julie saw him, for she sang on louder than before.

"Jericho! Jericho!" Her blue ginghamed shoulders joined in the rhythmic movement.

Jed thrust a pale face capped by a mass of black curls above the fence. He raised his starched white sailor suit, and propped himself on his wiry arms. He pulled one black patent slipper up and over the boards, balanced himself on the top of the fence and swung his feet idly back and forth while he recovered the non-chalance necessary for a conversation with a girl, his minor by one whole year and two months.

"Jericho! Shucks!" he mocked with scornful indifference.

"Jericho! Jericho!" Julie persisted with her provoking smile.

Jed's legs swung with renewed vigor, and he looked intently at nothing in the next yard. But he knew when Julie looked away, because he was watching her out of the corner of his eye. Her brown eyes were dreaming, and her little bare feet patted softly on the walk. She was absorbed in Jericho.

The white suit sailed from the fence to the ground.

Julie stopped singing and laughed gleefully at the sprawling figure.

"I can jump from there and land on both feet," she said.

Before Jed could answer, she was back again at "Jericho! Jericho!"

While the boy was brushing his sandy hands on his trousers, he demanded, "Well, what's Jericho, anyway?"

Julie jumped up from her position on the step.

"Come and see!"

She smiled mysteriously and scooted around the corner of the house. Jed strolled after her.

When they reached the side of the house, she told him, "Now we'll go see Jericho!"

He hesitated, smoothing the soft grass with his shining toe. Many times before in following Julie's suggestions he had come into serious trouble. He remembered vividly his chagrin that the cat failed to return when Julie and he had tried to discover if Mrs. Gamy's pet Persian really did have nine lives as the story-book said. His toe burrowed through the grass into the earth. He looked up at Julie, already mounted on her wooden saw horse, waiting impatiently to spur the steed on for the adventure.

"That's your horse," she volunteered, pointing.

Jed scuffed toward the second horse.

"Come on; lets go see Jericho!" she said, and smiled happily while Jed clambered astride his mount. "I'll beat you to Jericho, if you don't hurry," she challenged between her teeth as she bounced up and down on her horse.

Jed clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth and urged his steed to a faster gait. While his little

body moved forward and back, he slapped his horse and cried out.

"No, you won't! I'm going just as fast as you!"

He glanced over at the chubby girl beside him and spurred his horse on with some ungentle thrusts of his black shoes. Julie was leaning forward to whisper to her horse. It must have responded to her caress, for her legs swung faster and she clung tighter to its back. It was running like the wind.

Turning her head toward Jed, she called excitedly.

"We're almost there now!"

He was watching her, but did not answer. His breath was coming fast; he was riding hard. Julie bit her lips and shut them tightly together. She was bracing herself for the final spurt.

"Whoa!" she cried suddenly. She pulled herself up and sat erect to steady her horse. "See those towers—" She was pointing ahead—"and the golden gate?"

Jed sat perfectly still for a second and stared ahead.

"Naw! that's nothing but old lady Gamy's sunflowers by the back fence," he said as he scrambled off his horse.

* * *

Jedeiah Morrow raised his chin.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, as if he were unwilling that the reverie should persist.

A log rolled from the braces behind the andiron owls. He reached for the brass poker to pull it on again. The log split and the embers scattered and lay like smouldering stars in the ashes.

He looked up at the picture again.

"Julie," he told her softly, "I see Jericho now; but it is so far, far away. I wonder if I shall ever get there without you!"

CHORD

THE wind wails like the dying."
The old man said,
And hid away and covered
His frightened, old head.

"The wind whines like a baby."
The woman by the mound
Had clasped her ears in panic
Against the wind's sound.

I stopped my song to listen;
And underneath the moon,
A wind was weeping wearily
For my lost tune.

DOROTHY EMERSON

IN MEMORIAM

(triolet)

I PLANTED a lotus pod one spring
And kept a tryst for you.
Perhaps it was a trivial thing
I planted a lotus pod one spring
For a hope that long had taken wing
And a hurt that still was new.
I planted a lotus pod one spring
And kept a tryst for you.

ALBERT NEWTON

STALEMATE

THE sun had sauntered through the tower slit,
And now it checkered them with black and
white,

As they in sober earnestness employed
Their leisure, spendthrift time at playing chess.

They were two Kings incarcerated there;
They might have been dead as the wooden men
They moved, for all of human show they
gave . . .

The sun beamed down in slant expectancy
To see if they would make the logic play.
Their dusty brows intent upon the game—
Unused to seeing handsome day without—
They missed the fine array of cloud-plumed
sails

That breezed out past the bar beyond the bay.
The window-ledge of that high dungeon-cell
Was cut so deep and narrow that the sky
Might be the sea and they would never know.
It towered now above the sand so tall
That the horizon could not look within!
Their game was nearly done: Tyre murmured
"Check!"

And Ptolemais moved his king a pace.
There was no doubt about the winner now,—
His neighbor-prince was more strategic far.
He saw the monarch Tyre touch and move,
Advance a pawn, and make the game a
draw . . .

The rats inherent in all prison-towers,
Are gnawing on the wooden kings by now;
A hundred years or more ago they licked
The last gray bones of dying royalty.

DOG BAYS AT MIDNIGHT

You bastard cur, bark!
Bark away till your throat's dry,—
Till your throat's dry as the River Styx,
After the annual Hell-fire.

You devil-dog, howl!
Howl to the rasp of flint-steel,—
Of a flint tongue on a throat of steel,
Striking sparks to the star-sky.

You coward man, pray!
Pray to sun and to star-dust,—
Till your eyes rot and your tears rust.
Bark, dog . . . Man, pray higher!

DRYAD AT REST IN THE WOOD

BARELY a muscle flexed her form,
Whiling the noon away;
But I saw a smoke of incense rise
From the pine-bed where she lay.
Hazy, uncertain, it veiled her 'round,
Till the lithe wind brushed it by.
Oh! she wantoned herself to his swift caress,
As he soothed her fevered thigh.
Silver her breasts, like poplar leaves,
Quavered beneath his kiss;
And he ravished her hair as though it were
Waving in fields of bliss. [wheat,
Lips like the autumn foliage,
Tinted a scarlet stain;
With a body langorous, yet fresh
As leaf-mold after rain.
Soul of a dryad born of earth,
And suckled on flower lymph—
She was chaste as the inner pith of ash—
Oh, Wind, you have raped a nymph!

JAX

(A Puppet Play)

LUCY HARRIS

Cast: Prince, Princess, Ogre

SCENE: The home of the princess. There is a door center, beside it, a mirror (right) which is the same size as the door. There must be no heavy furniture save the couch which is against the wall (left). In the center of the stage is a spinning wheel and above it an attic opening.

Costumes: The Prince is dressed in any costume befitting a Prince. The Princess has long hair and wears a hoop skirt. The Ogre is huge, coarse, ugly.

Discovered: The Princess at the spinning-wheel. Beside her is a heap of rope-like spinning. The Prince enters. He closes the door hastily but quietly. The Princess, with back toward the door, does not see him. He opens the door slightly and looks out. He closes it instantly. He peeks through the keyhole, turns away wringing his hands. He begins to moan softly. The Princess looks around.

Princess: (Going toward him) Something is wrong, my Prince?

Prince: (Nervously) Not at all, my dear.

Princess: (Takes him by the arm and leads him toward the couch). Your first visit must be marred by nothing. (They sit on couch). Come, let us speak together. Tell me about your country of which I am to be queen.

(Pause. Prince listens toward the door).

Princess: Are there no wonders in your land?

Prince: (Still nervous) Not at all, my dear.

Princess: No! Why, here in my country there are many. There is Jax who guards the palace. He can

lift ten men at one time. And the Ogre—almost as tall as this room and so ugly! He eats everybody he can find for his suppers.

(Prince rises stiffly. He listens toward the door, wipes his forehead with the back of his hand. There is a loud crash against the door. He jumps).

Prince: (Gasping) The Ogre! (Disappears under the couch).

Princess: (Distracted) What shall I do? Where shall I hide? (She tries to get under the couch, hoop skirt prevents). Oh! What shall I do? If Jax were only here! (Runs about stage).

Prince: (From under couch) Get under the spinning wheel!

Princess: Coward! Come and save me!

(Prince's teeth heard chattering).

Princess: I knew you were a coward the moment I saw you. (Flies about hysterically).

(The noise increases).

Princess: I wish that you had stayed in your own country—

Prince: I (heart beats heard) do, too!

Princess: You would let a great big Ogre devour a little princess. Oh you beastly coward! I hope he boils you a molecule at a time.

(More pounding).

Princess: And they say he hangs them over the fire by the toes—oh me! (She sinks in a corner).

(All is silent save the staccato shaking of the couch. The door burst open, the Ogre enters).

Ogre: (Spying the Princess) Ah! (Seizes her by the hair).

Princess: (Shrieking) Jax! Jax!

Ogre: Jax! Bah! (He places her under his arm like an umbrella) Jax is not as large as I and not half

as strong. (*He starts toward the door. He sees his reflection in the mirror but not that of the Princess. He throws her aside and steps back*). Jax! I suppose. (*Sneers*) I can tell by looking at you that you can't fight. (*He draws his knife. The Princess slips to the couch*). That knife of yours wouldn't disable a grasshopper, but your looks would strike him dead. You are the ugliest thing I ever saw! No wonder they keep you to guard the palace. Your eyes look like a bunch of frog's eggs, and your teeth are as long as a donkey's. Your legs are as crooked as a tree trunk and you are so flabby that you couldn't kill a june-bug. Huh!

(*Meantime, the Princess persuades the Prince to come out. His knees clap together. He tries to get back under the couch but the Princess prevents it. She gives him the rope-like spinning and he throws it up to the attic opening and attaching it to the spinning wheel, makes a pulley. They dance around it for a moment and then catch hold of the rope and are lifted to the ceiling by the improvised pulley*).

Princess: (On reaching the top) I have known since the first minute I saw you that you were a hero. (*She may embrace him*).

Prince: Not at all, my dear.

(*The Ogre discovers them and thrusts up his great arms. He is so tall that he grabs the opening in the ceiling and pulls the house down upon himself*).

CURTAIN

THE SINGING SPIRIT

HAZEL SAWYER

THE doctor looked up with a slight frown. His patient lay with closed eyes, one hand clutching the covers close under his chin. At the foot of the bed stood a man whose bulk dwarfed the meager furnishings of the room. He had been watching the doctor closely and when the vertical lines appeared in his forehead he shuffled uneasily.

"How is he, Doc" His voice was muffled.

"Bad enough. He needs careful nursing and better care than you can give him here. He may pull through as it is." Closing his bag, he took up his hat and rose.

"What'll I give him to eat, Doc? 'Tis nae wonder the man's weak and not eating."

"O give him some soup," the doctor was on his way out.

As the big man followed him to the door the peculiar gait of the sailor was noticeable in his movement, even though he went on tiptoe.

Outside, the doctor's mud-spattered car was shaking in the violent gusts of the cold wind. Above, clouds were rolling southward in murky streams. Both men noted the signs of storm with practised eyes, the sailor looking first to windward then sweeping the horizon with a quick keen glance, the landsman noting the speed of the clouds and the white caps of the bay.

"Ye'll nae be coming by the night?" His voice was no longer hushed, but loud and hoarse.

"I'll be passing. If you need me put a lamp in the front room." The last he shouted above the roar of the engine. The gears were shifted noisily and the car moved down the beach road which was almost covered by water backed up there by the high wind.

The man left behind stood for a moment looking past the green garden patch to the salty meadows where the marsh ponies ranged. Turning, he mounted the warped steps of the porch and gazed out over the sound. The dark smudge of Point Harbor was lost in the failing light. The sound was dark and sullen, colorless, lighted only by leaden gleams from fleeting crests. His blue eyes darkened until they were like the water. He entered the house. In that moment his age became apparent. The lines around the eyes and the furrows from the nose to the corners of the mouth deepened and the ruddy glow of the skin gave way to sinister pallor.

In the hall a voice from the sick room stopped him.

"Maxie, I hear the wing sugh. There's a nor'easter coming on, ain't there?"

"Aye Larry, but dinna ye worrit. Will ye be havin' some brothnoo?"

"I care nae for it. A taste noo of me mither's water-brose—but I care nae for broth. The wind's up like it was on the day of the wreck." He spoke rapidly in a high thin voice.

"How'll ye be making it noo, mon? Are ye nae better?"

"Better? Aye, but the wind keeps my min' on the wreck. There I was in the north field grabbling taters when Ted Simpson came by. 'Thar's a schooner goin' ter pieces outside the head.' Them were his very words. 'I'm coming,' I called and we started out, running. I got there in time to help haul ye in—all wet and daid looking ye were. The taters were muckle that year. But I'm all mixtie-maxtie. Mon, ye dinna think I'm deleerit?"

"Na, na, ye arenae."

"All things work together for good for them that love the Lord. When I brung ye home I never thought you'd have to manage the place and nurse me too. It's blowin' a gale noo."

"Aye, it's a bad nicht for the tarry-brecks."

Maxie McCue stood very still. The words of the sick man had brought before him a scene that he had lived over and over again in the months on the farm. Though for fifty years he had been a sailor in small freighters and lumber barges he had never come to accept as a matter of course the risks of nautical life. The forces of wind and wave he regarded as directed by fantastic and vindictive creatures. A tormenting imagination never allowed him to take things as he found them. His fancies had the force of superstitions, and his dreams were the source of revelations. In all his irresponsible happy-go-lucky years he had kept the feeling that he belonged to the world of the unseen and the mystic. He believed and often asserted that if he were drowned he would haunt the shore nearest the place of his death. This conviction and his somewhat peculiar habits did not keep him from being an efficient workman and a popular one with his shipmates. His influence was due in part to his singing, and in part to his great physical prowess.

The little farm had been a safe haven to him. He liked to work in the garden, to watch things grow, changing from day to day. He liked the rich sun-warm smell of new turned earth and the feel of it under his fingers as he set out plants or patted down its brownness above the hopeful seeds. It was good to putter about masterless, choosing to do what he would. Now in the field, now driving the ponies over the salt meadows. The ponies liked him for his gentle hands and big voice that sang and sang in the wind. They

would lift their heads and watch him as he came singing toward them. Sometimes he could reach out a hand and stroke a shaggy head or pat a shoulder. Larry would never have dared to do this, if he could have come so close to them.

And Maxie loved the little farm house and the sound the wind made round its battered eaves. He loved the cozy kitchen with its big wood range, its array of pots, and its table with the red checked cloth and the lamp above with its polished shade.

It all meant home to Maxie in a way that ships had never meant. He hoped that when he entered the spirit world he would not be with the cold sea kelpies but would join the joyous singing spirits of the land.

Larry's voice roused him. "If I had money to go to the hospital and get treatments like the Doc sez I believe I'd get well."

Maxie's gaze went out over the sound. He knew only one way to get money, that was to take berth on one of the ships in the harbor. He had an affection for the sea, but something lurked there, a something that he feared. Tonight the kelpies had writhed their way close in shore and were gibbering at him while the sea wind moaned over the lea-rig.

The labored breathing of the sick man hurt him. It seemed a part of the grieving of the sea. A few dollars might save his life. The decision was made. He would ship as able seaman again—Larry should not lose his chance, through a shirking land lubber.

He went into the kitchen and prepared a broth. He had just taken it from the stove when Ted the dairy boy, came in with a jar of milk.

"Ye maun stay here a bit, lad," Maxie greeted him. "I am going to town." Then to Larry he said, "I maun

lea'e, Larry, ye'll go to the hospital. I'm shipping to-night in the *Belfast*. Get well before I come back."

He wrapped up his few belongings and went down the beach road. The wind pulled at his hair and beard and his great voice boomed out over the country.

Six months later another schooner went to pieces outside the head. It was the *Belfast*, and she went down with all hands. It was a strange thing that the marsh ponies never came again to their drinking holes after that wreck.

Larry was back at the little farm. It was lonely now without Maxie. Many things reminded him of his friend. He thought always of how he had faced the sea-fear again for his sake. And Larry prayed for his friend that he might join the singing spirits of the land, as he had said he would do.

One eerie day as he worked listlessly in the field, Larry heard a voice singing of the auld kindtra and of the sea. Larry laughed into the wind. He forgot his loneliness and went about his work with a new heart and with meticulous scrutiny for he knew that Maxie had come back, and Maxie McCue had always been a hard man to live up to, when it came to farming. When the Sound is dark beneath the clouds, lighted only by the leaden gleams from angry crests Maxie McCue sings the merriest of all.

QUIESCENT

THE night is something black in a cup.
 I lean alone from my window
 And sip it daintily;
 And wonder why two lovers beneath my window
 Gulp it so thirstily.

DOROTHY EMERSON

THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The two outstanding literary events of the month at Rollins have been the course of lectures by Dr. Richard Burton, the poet, essayist and dramatist, and the visit and lecture by Carl Sandburg, the poet, story-teller and biographer of Lincoln. Many of the students had the opportunity not only to hear but to meet these notable guests.

The January issue of The Flamingo has been sold out. Copies of all the other issues can still be supplied.

The poem "Locomotive" in the January issue has been widely quoted, having appeared in several Railroad magazines.

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