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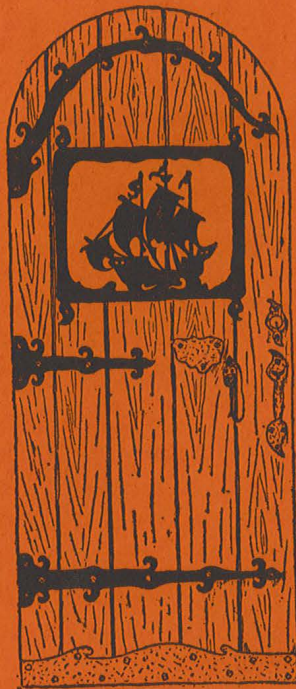
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# THE FLAMINGO

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## REQUIEM FOR FLOYD BENNETT

**O** most brave  
And gallant adventurer,  
Like a bright blade leaping,  
An arrow tipped with fire!  
The four winds of heaven  
Shall no more be riven  
By your fleet wings sweeping  
To the goal of your desire.  
Earth who mothered you  
Awaits your return to her,  
O most gallant  
And brave adventurer!  
Into her storehouse  
Of quietude sweet,  
She gleans the reaping  
Of the beardless wheat.  
As the blade to the sheath,  
As the arrow to the quiver,  
We give you, weeping,  
To the great mother's breast;  
O most brave  
And gallant adventurer,  
Soft be your sleeping,  
Sweet be your rest!

ROSE MILLS POWERS

Contributed to The Flamingo

# THE FLAMINGO

*A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation*

Vol. II, No. 4

MAY, 1928

Price, 20 Cents

## THE BELIEVER

ALBERT NEWTON

**T**HERE will always be the people  
Who do not understand  
The lonely night wind calling  
To far off Ballistan.  
Who have never known the beauty  
Of the faithful's call to prayer  
Or the snowy egret's circling  
Through the dusty twilight air.  
There must always be the builders  
Some will sow and some will reap  
Till their souls are dead to dreaming  
Till the grave has brought them sleep.  
But for me the fakir's crying  
And the wending caravan  
And the olive tinted maidens  
By the wells of Ballistan.

## THE DICTATOR

HAZEL SAWYER

*First Award in M. Flossie Hill Contest  
Second Award in Allied Arts Contest*

**C**APTAIN NORDSON stirred restlessly and sat up on his cot. For him there was no sleep when the full moon dreamed over the sea. Sighing he stooped and began groping about on the floor in search of his boots. He knew how the night bound him with



its chain of leaden hours. He knew that when the sun came again he could sleep, but in the night ghosts came up from the sea. They whispered her name with voices like the voice of a shell. Soon they would follow close behind him on the beach and leave on the sand no sign of their passing. He decided to go down to the figure-head and ask God to send them away.

He went heavily up the beach, his years dragging his feet deep into the sand. Above the sound of the surf thin voices whispered "Maria." He raised his shoulders and threw back his head. Maria had loved him more than all the world, she would be on his side, always, in any world. He was going now to the place where she seemed nearer to him than anywhere else, the figure-head on the beach.

He had planned it himself in the days when he had worked his way, slowly but surely toward his goal, his own ship. His schooner had been built for him after his own plans and had fulfilled his every dream. His chief interest, though he concealed it, was in the figure that graced the prow, the figure of Fate. He called his ship *The Dictator*.

Now the figure-head stood, tourist scarred, upon the beach. Blowing sand had blinded her face, while the rain, sun, and damp sea winds of many years brought out the grayness of dead wood; for the *Dictator* had grown weary of her uncertain wandering life and paid a ship's penalty for peace. She had gone on the bar close to the Cape and the heavy seas had broken her up leaving only a battered and broken old figure to remind the Captain of his loss.

But the loss of his schooner and all his worldly possessions were as nothing to Captain Nordson compared to the loss of Pablo's Maria; Pablo's Maria whose

name the sea spirits murmured as the waters sang on the beach in the slow soft dusk of evening and whispered in the languid summer night; Maria whose pale face and love-hungry eyes beckoned to him from the broken water beyond the bar. She was without voice but to him the sea spoke her name. He remembered the fragrance of her dusky hair. She seemed always to wear roses in her hair.

Pablo's Maria! Yes she was Pablo's wife. Pablo, a fisherman of Rota, was a big hearty fellow who lived always in the sun. All his interest was in the fleet and the work of the season. He seemed never to think of Maria and his child in the lonely little cottage on the far side of the village. When his work was done he sat in the boats with his comrades talking of tomorrow's chances, telling again the events of the day, or roughly jesting with one another. And Maria, lonely in the little white cottage beyond the village, would sit in the vine-shaded doorway with the sleeping child in her arms and her eyes would search the hazy ocean spaces with a hopeless longing that was like a muted ache.

Coming up over the hill, one day, the Captain had seen her dreaming there in the dusk. She seemed to him a holy thing, divinely intangible. To him she was always holy, like a saint who had unlocked a new gate to the citadel of heaven.

He had stolen her from Pablo, her and her child. He had promised nothing but his love and she had desired nothing more. The five weeks that followed had been without an incident to mar their happiness. All his long pent up yearning for romance, fed by his roving existence but shamefacedly suppressed, found expression in his love for Maria and in his affection for the child.



Always the joy of these recollections faded swiftly before dark memories of disaster, the terror of the wreck, when he discovered that men and boats were gone, the despair with which he had lashed Maria to the mast, and his clumsy ineffectual efforts to fasten the babe to his back. Often it seemed he could feel the cold fleshless fingers of the sea reaching out for him as they had reached and taken them. Some day perhaps the sea would take him.

And always, always in his mind dwelt the bitter certainty that Pablo's prayers for vengeance had brought the storm that had robbed him of all he held dear.

The Captain was an old man now and retired on a generous pension. The twenty years since the wreck had been spent in the faithful service. Now he had nothing to do. Each day he walked up the beach to the figure-head to think and to pray. He lived again and again in memory the days he had spent with Maria and again and again when he thought of her death, he felt the reaching of the sea and heard the spirit call she sent to him from beyond the bar.

In the twenty years he had had no sign from Pablo, but he had thought of him often and wondered about him. Pablo must hate him, for Pablo had loved Maria, this the Captain knew. The prayers of Pablo had raised the storm against him, but the sea had taken Maria and the child. Perhaps he didn't know that or perhaps he was planning something that would bite deeper than death—something that would take from him even his memories of Maria. His hate groped about in the dark places of his mind to find out what thing it might be. Jealousy fed his hate and distrust, for the sea ghosts spoke her name, half hushed, "Maria, Pablo's Maria." Always they called, "Pablo's Maria."

And now a new fear came to him. His hard old

fingers were hungry for the feel of Pablo's throat, and his hate went to and fro in the dark places to find out the thing that Pablo might do to him. Three mornings ago he had found flowers by the figure-head. They were not the flowers that grew in the sparse meadows over the sand dunes, but great drowsy roses and fragrant lilies. With them had been a dirty card with the scrawled line, "Roses for my Maria, lilies for the child."

Captain Nordson's gnarled hands clenched as he recalled the words "My Maria." Who but Pablo could have written them? Who but Pablo would bring an offering of flowers to the sea-grave of a woman long dead? Pablo had remembered after twenty years but he had always remembered. Each year he had made a pilgrimage to the battered old figure of Fate. Pablo hadn't remembered, Pablo hadn't cared. Pablo had never cared as he had, and it was right for Maria to be his. But now Pablo wrote, "My Maria" on a card and brought it with roses to the lonely beach where the figure of Fate turned a blind face to an empty sky. Hate surged in him like a bitter tide. Pablo dared to write "My Maria." It was not so. What were the five dreary years with Pablo compared to five glorious weeks of adventuring with him on the *Dictator*? Maria was his in this and in every other world. Her spirit was waiting for him there beyond the bar. Together they would wander in the hidden spaces of the universe and find out happier worlds.

There came a silence. The whispered Maria was hushed. He raised his head and peered sharply up the beach. Silhouetted against the moon a bent figure was slouching across the sands. A terror clutched at his heart. Tonight he had need of quiet, he could talk to no one. He slowed his step but continued up the beach



for he did not want to give up the moment of peace that he always found when he prayed there near Maria. He kept on hoping that the other man would turn back, but he did not. As they neared the place he concluded that the man was going on to the light house on the Cape. He was disappointed for, after pausing to get his bearings, the man stumbled up through the heavy loose sand and paused before the figure.

The Captain crept up the side of a sand dune and watched from above. He was shaken by emotion. He hated the man who came so inopportunistically to his chosen spot for meditation. He started as the strange man bent his head. The cadence of a prayer came softly to him, there he saw the other make the sign of the cross.

"It is well," thought the Captain. "The sea teaches men to fear and to pray. It teaches many other things. One forgets them, but always one can hate and fear and to love is to pray."

He saw that the hands of the man were full of flowers, and heard him mutter, his voice tremulous.

"Roses and lilies, roses for you Maria, and lilies for the child."

Turning he went with slow steps down to the sea. Waves washed over his boots. He didn't notice but went on. A heavier wave seethed about his knees, shook him, when the water slid back he scattered the flowers in the sea. They were twirled about for a moment, then snatched away.

And now the Captain knew. Pablo had come. Her husband, Maria's husband. The man who wrote, "My Maria" and brought an offering of roses to send out to her, there where the waters whitened. He couldn't think or pray, he knew only that Pablo shouldn't be

out there in the sea—with her. This was the thing that Pablo had planned against him. Pablo had planned to go to Maria first. No, he should not do it. He ran past Pablo, who stood with quiet face lifted as though praying. He sank in deep water. Maria!

Pablo was startled when he saw the dark shape of the Captain rush past him into the sea. When he realized his mad purpose he went quickly after him. He searched about in the dark muttering water, until his hands closed upon the thing he sought. Slowly he made his way to the shore towing the quiet body of the Captain. On the beach he placed the sodden form upon the dry sand. As he bent to place his ear above its heart the eyes opened wide, an eerie light flickering behind their grayness. Pablo supported him carefully.

"You think you've won," the Captain muttered, words of savage triumph clogging his stiffening tongue. "No! No! I win. I'll be first beyond the bar."

Then the strange light that was in his eyes flickered out.

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## TOADSTOOLS

ALBERT NEWTON

**M**y mother says that these toadstools  
Are poisonous as can be,  
But I just know my mother's wrong  
Because if this were true  
They would poison all the little toads  
Who sit on them you see.



## THE ONE-WHO-GOT-SPANKED

STELLA WESTON

*First Award in Allied Arts Contest*

THE One-Who-Got-Spanked stood in the Farthest Corner. It was a most un-in-ter-est-ing corner. It was a most dreadfully un-in-ter-est-ing corner. It had no wall-paper with curly lines to trace, or with fat, pouting roses to crinkle one's nose. People-Of-Good-Taste didn't have such wall-paper in their houses. Mother had said so. Instead they had a dusty-colored, Apologetic Plaster. So the corner was just dusty-colored, Apologetic Plaster. There was not even a spot on it. There was not even a bump in it. It was a Perfect Job. Daddy had said so.

The One-Who-Got-Spanked looked down with remembering excitement. Two stubby toes twinkled on the floor. Daddy had said that patent leather shoes were a Foolish Extravagance. It seemed that Foolish Extravagances were easily scuffed and cracked. They had no wear in them. But still the two stubby toes twinkled on the floor. Perhaps if one should hold one's breath long enough, they would crack. Then the stubby toes would be more comfortable. At least, it would be worth trying. But, no, they would not crack. No amount of puffing and holding one's breath could make them do it.

Perhaps if one rubbed them against the Apologetic Plaster they would get scuffed. At least, it would be worth trying. So the One-Who-Got-Spanked set eagerly to work. It was slow work, but it was in-ter-est-ing. The two stubby toes twinkled less and less. Then they lost their twinkle altogether. Likewise the Apologetic Plaster lost its dusty look. Instead it had a great Dirty Spot where the Farthest Corner began.

And then a tre-men-dous thing happened! A most dreadfully tre-men-dous thing! The Dirty Spot began to curl at the edges. It curled and curled. It gathered itself into a tiny ball and rolled from the Farthest Corner. It rolled so slowly that the One-Who-Got-Spanked could creep carefully after it. Once it got stuck on the edge of the Crawly Carpet, but after a breathless moment it humped itself over and rolled on. It rolled and rolled till it came to the Place Where the Nursery Left Off. And there,—and there—was a room with a wonderful wall-paper. It had fat, pouting roses to crinkle one's nose. It had curly lines for little boys to trace. And there were no Farthest Corners on it at all. Not a single one.

The One-Who-Got-Spanked stepped up cautiously to a Girl-Who-Chewed-Gum. "What do you do with bad, little boys?" he asked. "Where do you put 'em when you haven't any Farthest Corners?"

The Girl-Who-Chewed-Gum laughed inside of herself. You couldn't hear her do it at all, till some of it bubbled up and spilled over the edges. "What do we do with bad little boys? Why, there aren't any bad little boys here. There can't be."

"But there is. I'm a bad little boy. Mother says so. Daddy says so. They say I'm the baddest little boy that ever was. They say I'm a Great Trial. You see, Great Trials like Puppy Dogs and Dirty Faces. They go bare-foot in the Snarly Grass. They look a sight when people come to call. They look a Nawful Sight when People-To-Be-Impressed come to call. I'm a very bad, little boy."

The Girl-Who-Chewed-Gum yawned indulgently. "I guess you're a new one here, aren't you? I guess you never figured things out before. You see everyone who comes here has to figure things out. That's why there



aren't many children here. They believe what Grown-Ups tell them. They don't know any better. But when you can tell the Things That Count, you become a different person. Don't you see? You become an Understander. And because you understand, you let the rest have their way. You don't mind because all the time you have a Secret. So you just laugh inside of yourself and keep the Secret—all—to—yourself."

The One-Who-Got-Spanked reflected. "You mean that the Cuddly Lady was an Understander? You mean that when she told me to pretend I didn't care, she was helping me to figure things out? She said, 'Billy, your folks mean well. They just don't know about little boys. When things go wrong, just pretend you don't care. But never stop wishing. Because if you wish enough things and wish them long enough and hard enough, half of the wishes are bound to come true.' See? One of 'em has come true already. The wall-paper has curly lines and fat roses! But how do *you* know I'm not a bad, little boy."

"Why, how could you be? If you were really bad, you couldn't have come here, to begin with. And now that you're here, you can't do anything bad. This is the Do As You Please Place. Nobody cares what you do. Nobody here minds Puppy Dogs or Dirty Faces. And there aren't any People-To-Be-Impressed. That's why I chew gum."

"Then who are those folks over there? Mightn't they be the Horrified Ladies? Or maybe the men who say, 'H'mph! In my day children were seen and not heard! Why, maybe—even, they might be the Do-As-You're-Told-Ones!'"

Not in this place, Billy. Only the Understanders get in here. Those folks are the People-With-Poor-Taste.

They are the Ones-Who-Get-Criticized, and that's why they have so much fun here. It was only yesterday that they put up that wall-paper. And they do all sorts of things. The women wear Loud Colors and Flopsy-Wopsy Hats. They dress as though they were 'xteen years old when they're really forty-'leven. And their stripes go Round when they should go Down, and go Down when they should go Round.

"But what about the men? There are lots of them, too."

"Oh, the men wear Gold Nuggets and Ties That Clash. Some of them have Shoes That Button and Dirty Finger-Nails."

"I'd like to see the Cuddly Lady. Doesn't she ever come here?"

"Oh yes. Lots of times. We can take a walk and see if we can find her. What do you think of those men over there with the Sand-Paper Faces? And see those with the Stubby Chins? They are the Hate-To-Shavers and the Ones-That-Sleep-Late. Then over beyond them are the Won't-Be-Subdued-Ones. They whistle in the Subway and sing in their Bath. They quote Funny Papers and chase Fire-Engines. Then when things get dead and there's nothing to do, they play Let's Pretend or do Riddlin' Rhymes. But there's the Cuddly Lady now. She's talking with the Ones-Who-Make-Puns. If we hurry, we can catch her before she leaves."

The Cuddly Lady saw the One-Who-Got-Spanked turning sommersaults toward her. The last one he turned brought him right into her lap.

"Why, hello there, Billy, I've been waiting for you. And what do you think I've brought for you? Think hard of the Thing-You-Wish-Most-Of-All and that's what it is."



The One-Who-Got-Spanked shut his eyes tight and screwed up his Dirty Face to think real hard. He wiggled his bare toes in the Snarly Grass and twisted his tie till he looked a Nawful Sight. Had there been any People-To-Be-Impressed around, he would have undoubt-ed-ly been a Great Trial, but the Understanders didn't care in the least. "I wish—I wish—I wish for a Puppy Dog. A Puppy Dog with a waggly tail and ears that Dangle. He would have a big brown spot where he Scratches His Fleas, and another Where He Sits Down. And he has a nose that is cold and wet, and a Long, Pinky Tongue to be loving me with."

There was a Funny Feeling where the bare toes were clutching the Snarly Grass. A Long, Pinky Tongue was loving the Little-Pig-That-Went-To-Market. With a whoop the One-Who-Got-Spanked stretched forth his hungry arms and into them squirmed a Puppy Dog with a waggly tail. With a waggly tail and ears that Dangled, and a big brown spot where he Scratches His Fleas.

The Cuddly Lady laughed as she started walking away. Her Cuddly Voice floated back over the people. "You see, Billy, this is the really truly Do As You Please Place. And after you've been here once, you can always come back. No matter what happens, a Real Understander can always come back."

The One-Who-Got-Spanked looked at the Dirty Spot in the Apologetic Plaster. He looked at the scuffed toes of the patent leather shoes. He *was* a Great Trial;—his mother was saying so as she unbuttoned his rompers to spank him again.

But when the spanking came which was a p'tic'larly hard one, he didn't kick like he usually did. He didn't say bad names like he usually did. For he was an Understander, and so mustn't really care. He was an Un-

derstander with a Puppy Dog and a Cuddly Lady—with a Girl-Who-Chewed-Gum and a Do As You Please Place.

And when the One-Who-Got-Spanked was stood in the Farthest Corner; he didn't sulk like he usually did. He just laughed 'way down inside of himself, though some of it bubbled up and spilled over the edges. He laughed because the Dirty Spot was starting to Curl, and he had a Secret to keep—all—to—himself.

## PRECAUTION

DOROTHY EMERSON

I AM more desirous of your words  
Than any other's words, but I shall be  
More hesitant in taking them. I fear  
My eagerness would let them injure me.  
My longing for too much might let me find  
More meanings than you meant there should be  
found.

I shall examine with minutest care  
Each flection of your voice, each shade of sound  
And I shall tear apart your every word  
Into its syllables and weed it out,  
And having made your meanings small as small,  
I shall believe them with a saving doubt.



## FOWL PLAY

GLADYS WILKINSON

*Persons of the Play**Horace, a rooster.**Gertrude, his wife.**Maud, the neighbor duck.**Claud, her husband.**Uncle Christopher, deaf old gander.**Other chickens, pullets and barnyard occupants.**Scene: A Barnyard.*

*On the right up stage is a small chicken coop. On left a small duck puddle, a medium sized rock sheltering a nest, and in the center is a bushy shrub used as a public shade center. In the background are many other chicken houses, tinfeeders, water troughs, and scattered boxes and cans.*

*Time: Mid-afternoon. Stage is flooded as with strong sunlight.*

**T**HE curtain reveals Horace standing on one foot beneath the shrub. He is awkwardly arranging his neck feathers and casting hopeful eyes about the quiet yard. There is a walking-cane under one wing, and he wears a high silk hat. Gertrude can be seen looking out from her coop on the right.

*Gertrude: Oh! Horace. (Evidently he does not hear her). Horace! (More shrilly).*

*Horace: Well, what is it?*

*Gertrude: Dear, I wondered if you would sit on these eggs this afternoon. . .*

*Horace: (In a surprised and shocked whisper) Why, Gertrude!*

*Gertrude: No, I'm going to insist upon it. I have*

been setting here long enough. We should share our responsibilities equally. Why only this morning Maud was telling me how beautifully it worked. Claud gives her more leisure. Then I could be more of a companion to you. *(She stops breathlessly).*

*Horace: (Regaining his usual composure). My, dear Gertrude, what nonsense you cluck. Who ever heard of the head of any barnyard lending assistance in hatching eggs. (Twirling cane). It is absurd.*

*Gertrude: (Pouting determinedly). At sunset the ladies are meeting at the Main Puddle to discuss plans for the Communal Incubator with Mrs. Goose Justus. I will not be jibed any longer for being a stay-at-home and never participating in civic improvements. Now that last movement for Free Puddles for the Public, and the fund for the Laying in Hospital. Horace!!!*

*(A young chicken enters. Horace rushes up to pick up a feather she has coyly dropped and is walking off with her).*

*Horace! (He stops, picks up one foot as though surprised, then reluctantly turns to coop).*

*Gertrude: I'll teach you to go off with young speckled hussies. I've been too faithful to you. (She stalks stiffly out from her coop, flapping wings that send moulted feathers flying about).*

*You perch yourself on those eggs, while I go and have my faded feathers glossed up a bit for the meeting. You faithless yard-comber, you—(She walks off rather clumsily).*

*(Enter old Gander hobbling, an ear trumpet clutched under one wing).*

*Uncle Christopher: Eh! What's the matter, Horace? I see your wife go by all in a huff like.*

*Horace: Dam! That Maud has been filling Gertrude full of this equality bunk again. Her single*



standard and equality stuff may be all right when she and Claud are the only ducks in the barnyard. Poor Gertrude was fretting from sitting on her eggs so long, and even talked of some radical movement of communal incubators.

*Uncle Chris:* (*Trumpet to ear, chuckles*) The eternal woman. It might be jealousy, eh! Horace? Maud hasn't laid an egg in a month that anyone knows about. She probably has nothing better to do than spread this propaganda.

(*Maud herself waddles in. She is very primly dressed, and looks at Uncle Christopher and Horace through a large Lorgnette. Speaks effusively.*)

*Maud:* Why, howdy 'do. Why, Mr. 'Orace, where is Gertrude. (*Spying empty nest*).

*Horace:* (*Clearing throat*) She had to go away on business, an—

*Maud:* What, she leave her six precious little unhatched children, an' her expectin' any time now.

(*Horace gives a startled look, but as another chicken saunters in fluffing her new buff dress, the attraction is too great.*)

*Horace:* Ah! what slender drumsticks.

*Uncle Christ:* Eh! what is it you're saying?

*Horace:* Oh! 'er only wondering if in this predicament Maud might consider doing me the favor of taking Gertrude's eggs (*With a pleased look of approval at such an ingenuous idea of his own*).

*Maud:* What! me, why,—

*Uncle Chris:* Now, now, the very thing. (*Winks at Horace*) Maud is always so helpful. A mother of the Humane Society for orphaned chicks an' all. Maud should be glad, ahem!!!

*Maud:* (*Easily flattered*) Well, when you put it that way.

*Horace:* (*Very gallantly*) It would be a great favor. (*Another chicken enters, even more comely than the first two. Horace follows her off.*)

*Uncle Chris:* (*With a sly smile to himself, nods*). Maud, I think it would be wiser to move these eggs, say, behind that rock.

*Maud:* (*Puzzled, as Uncle Christopher hobbles off with two under his wing*). Well, as you say, Uncle. You are always very wise.

(*Maud is settled. Hid by the rock from the rest of the stage. Uncle Christopher closes the door of the coop as Horace re-enters. He flicks a light colored feather from his wing.*)

*Uncle Chris:* (*Jabbing him playfully with his trumpet*) You pullet hound.

*Horace:* (*Tilting his hat over one eye and strutting*) You said it Uncle, but Great Seaweed! Where is Maud and Gertrude's eggs?

*Uncle Chris:* Shh-h (*He whispers to him*).

*Horace:* (*Clapping wing over Uncle Christopher's back*) Teach her a lesson, all right.

(*Enter Gertrude, looking rejuvenated*).

*Gertrude:* Well, Horace, and how long have you been off those eggs?

*Horace:* (*Confused*) Why, I-er-

*Gertrude:* Horace, don't hesitate. I shall take their temperature immediately. (*Draws out a large thermometer and pulls up the door. Stares, then lets out an egg-breaking scream*).

*Uncle Christopher:* (*Jerking trumpet from ear as if shot*) Great Corn-giver!

*Gertrude:* (*Wildly*) Gone, gone, my poor babes, gone!

*Horace:* (*With mock concern*) Gone.



*Gertrude:* Kidnapped, flown, ruined. Oh, my happy home! What have you done with them?

*Horace:* (*Tantalizingly*) Perhaps the Communal Incubator committee took them.

*Gertrude:* (*Shrieks*) Oh, you faithless one! You stand there doing nothing while our children,—Oh. . . I shall find them, my poor babes, or die! (*Flurries off*).

*Horace:* (*To Uncle Christopher*) Well, what now? It worked.

*Uncle Christopher:* (*Scratching head with trumpet*) Yeh, mebbe too well, eh!

*Horace:* Well ring my neck! (*Points to rock. There wabble out six creamy chicks. Maud follows with a queer expression on her face*).

*Maud:* I'm afraid—

(*Enter right Claud. He is in working clothes and carries a lunch pail*).

*Claud:* Sacred fish-heads! Oh! you waddling hypocrite.

*Maud:* Claud, stop. Claud, I can explain (*Fearfully*).

*Claud:* Explain. You shameless creature. With your trail of guilt. (*Maud cries. Claud shakes his foot at Horace and honks this at him*).

*Claud:* You, you buzzard! You home wrecker! Have you not enough to attend to—

*Uncle Christopher:* (*Even forgetting to use his trumpet in his excitement comes between them*) Now, now, you big simpleton, you dumb egg.

*Claud:* (*Offended*) Dumb egg?

*Uncle Christopher:* Sure. Be reasonable. Maud never laid those eggs. She only hatched them for Gertrude.

*Maud:* (*Sniffing still*) Yes, Claud, I was only trying

to help out poor neighbor 'Orace, who was so worried when Gertrude went away, an—

*Claud:* (*Interrupting*) Maud, to think that I misjudged you. I could drown myself. Dearest, dearest— (*They beak rapturously and exit by Puddle*).

(*Gertrude enters right. She is muddy, bedraggled and keeps her eyes cast to the ground*).

*Horace:* (*Rather kindly*) Gertrude.

*Gertrude:* (*Looks up and sees the chicks huddle together*) Oh, my lost ones. I've searched everywhere. (*She rushes to them and hovers over*). Horace, I'll never leave my home and chicks again.

*Horace:* (*Clearing throat*) Why, Gertrude, I only hope—

*Gertrude:* (*Eagerly*) You are always right, dear husband. I will not go to the meeting. (*She coaxes her brood into the coop happily*).

*Horace:* (*Starts to speak but thinks better of it. He closes the door to the coop after giving Gertrude a perfunctory kiss*) There!

(*He starts to speak to Uncle Christopher but as a beautiful pullet is stepping by he turns guiltlessly and follows. Uncle Christopher shakes his head wisely and exits opposite direction, his ear trumpet tucked carefully under left wing*).

CURTAIN



## LA CLOCHE D'OR

CHARLES MAGRUDER

**D**ARK-EYED Henriette wept alone, in her tower retreat pierced by cold rays of the winter sunset and haunted by the mournful twittering of the swallows circling a nearby turret. At a light tap on the bolted door, she fastened her bodice and smoothed her ruffled hair; then she called wearily, for she was sure that the intruder was her uncle whom men call the Fox of Maupois.

"O mine uncle, I pray you persecute me not. I shall not marry thy. . ."

"Nay, nay, I am thy friend, Father Andre, Henriette."

"Father Andre!" she cried, joyfully, as she opened the door for him.

"My child," he commenced, "thou must come to the feast below. . ."

"Never shall I stir from this room 'till after this midnight, when my uncle's vow will be past, and he will follow me no longer."

"Ay, but you know not that your uncle grows impatient and he will open this room in a trice if he so wishes. This, daughter, is to be a battle of wits not of force, and WE are together. Let us plan . . . Dost thou know the secret to move the hands of the golden clock on the wall below? Then listen while I speak..."

In the high vaulted hall of the castle, beneath ever-swaying banners, feasted a painted and jewelled company. In the midst of the light and perfume and drunkenness, sat Henriette, pale and calm. She was not silent, but was eagerly entertaining her shrivelled uncle, that he might wait overlong. At last he sank down in his oaken throne and watched the company

furtively, until they sensed an evil blight on their merriment, and fell silent. Then he rose, staggering, and cried.

"Now hearken ye! Rejoice tonight! My loved heir takes to wife the fairest flower of Toulouse . . . Chaplain!"

Laughing, he fell back into his throne. Henriette turned and eyed with fear and disgust, the drooling half-wit she was expected to wed. The rest of the company turned to the great fireplace where Father Andre took his stand to ask a Divine Blessing on those gathered there. Every eye seemed arrested by the little robed figure with upraised hands; and as he began to speak, his eyes, the women said afterward, shone like emeralds, though none of that untutored throng understood the meaning of his prayer as he intoned.

"O Pater Miserate, tuam castam liberam serva et mihi potestatem avertere malos manus ejus inimicorum da." They were transfixed by his eyes and deafened by his voice, until the golden clock boomed the count of mid-night. As they recovered, the Fox screamed,

"He has magicked us! We have stood here an hour by the golden clock on my wall and the time of my vow is past!" pointing to the golden clock on the wall at his back. "Get the conjuror. Seize him and strangle his partner through him. Kill Satan!"

All turned again, but Father Andre had gone, and in the confusion, Henriette regained her seat, unnoticed. None there ever saw the priest again, save perhaps Henriette, who kept in the castle of her beloved husband, a confessor whose face was unknown to men.



## THE STORY OF HOW BOOGIE, MENA AND NEET WENT TO SEE THE RAINCOAT MAN

MARTHA MATHIS

**B**OOGIE, the oldest, and Mena, the sweetest, and Neet, the youngest, sat on the back steps. Boogie cried because Mena cried; Mena cried because Neet cried; and Neet cried because their mama had gone to a bridge party. But she always did go off and leave them and they always were alone, so they cried from habit.

They decided to run away from home and go to see the Raincoat Man. Sniffing and rubbing the tears from their eyes, they took a basket full of hard boiled eggs, with a pinch of salt for each and started down the path that led into the Bulgy woods. The whiffle birds sang in the tall and short trees, reminding them that it was Friday. The gentle wind fluttered the leaves and dried the tears of Neet because he was so young and still cried.

They passed the place where the chocolate covered carrots grew and waded in the soft green mud of the slimy, sleek pond.

And Boogie said:

"I hope the Raincoat Man is in when we get there." He said that because he was the oldest and always spoke first.

Then Mena said:

"If he's in he won't be out, will he? And the Raincoat Man always tells the truth." Mena said that because she was the sweetest and never thought or said naughty things. And because she always finished what Boogie started.

Then Neet said:

"Me too." He said that because he was the young-

est and found it easiest to agree with the oldest and the sweetest. He was far too young to think for himself.

It wasn't hard for them to tell when they came to the Raincoat Man's house, for it was made of icicles and sea foam and waterfalls and all the kinds of water that ever have been. It could be seen for miles sparkling and glittering in the sunshine like ten thousand diamonds thrown away in the deep Bulgy woods.

They drank a drink of the sparkling glittering raindrops from Rainfall Fountain, then knocked at the door and the Raincoat Man came.

Boogie, the oldest, and Mena, the sweetest, had never seen him looking so fine. He wore a bright yellow slicker, black patent leather boots, a green skull cap and a blue and gold smile. He had dew on his face as tho' he had slept in the open all night, but he didn't say so, he just gave each one of them a big bear hug and took them in to supper.

They sat down in a row at the table and he ordered his maid to bring dishes and dishes of strawberry shortcake, chocolate ice cream and cotton candy. And while they ate and ate he told stories and drank water.

One of the stories he told was about Long Nose Jim. His nose grew and grew until he had to buy a wheelbarrow to carry it in. When he went around corners the wheelbarrow would sometimes tip over, then he'd have to call for help to straighten him up again. Long Nose Jim was so sad because of his nose that he bought a wheelbarrow for his wife, too, because she had a wart on her nose, and he hoped that her nose would grow, too, so that he'd have company. But hers never did, so they used the wheelbarrow for wood when it got cold in the winter time.

After a while the story was ended and the whiffle



birds quit singing in the tall and short trees. Long after the sun had set behind the great grey mountains, Boogie, the oldest, said:

"I think it's time to go home. Mama must be home by now."

And Mena, the sweetest, said:

"I hope she won the prize."

And Neet said:

"Mee too."

So the Raincoat Man took them in his great strong arms and carried them home through the Bulgy woods.

Their mama was so glad to see them that she didn't spank them. She just thanked the Raincoat Man and he said:

"Goodbye."

And what do you think? The very next day she left them alone again, sitting on the back door steps.

And Boogie cried because Mena cried; Mena cried because Neet cried; and Neet cried because their Mama had gone to another bridge party.

## LOVE

T. L. MOYER

LIKE consciousness after a fevered dream;  
Like an indrawn breath; like glee;  
Like fragrant dawn o'er a silver stream,  
Love walked through the years to me.  
Like the pulse of joy; like a hand in mine;  
Like the green-gold surge of sea;  
Like the thrill of youth in the purple wine,  
Love walked for awhile with me.

## THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH

CARTER BRADFORD

YOU'RE so narrow minded. I declare, both of your ears must grow on the same side of your head!"

"Huh. That's what they learned you. I send you to a high-falutin' girls' school up at St. Louie and they learn you to sass an' insult your old father. I won't have it, young lady, I tell you I——."

"Oh, don't throw a duck fit, Papa. I'm of age and I think I know my own mind."

"Yeh, you're of age all right, an' ten years more, too. But I've still got a father's responsibilities an' I don't intend to see you get mixed up with that there scatter-brained wind bag. What's he ever done but talk? Why, his tongue's loose at both ends and flops up and down in the middle."

"You won't gain anything by insulting him to his back."

"And he wears false teeth, too. Store teeth!"

"What of it? You'd do well to get a set yourself."

Argument of this sort was more than futile, Elizabeth Follinsbee concluded to herself. It was all very well to hold your own—to stand up for your rights, but why argue with a stubborn parent? It did seem that after all these years, these years of loneliness, she might be allowed to use her own judgment so far as men were concerned. Oh, it was too much!

"I-I j-ust can't stand it," she sobbed, burying her face in her apron. "You're so m-m-mean to me. I'm going away—away—AWAY!"

"Huh," grunted Adam Follinsbee, and began to pace the floor, pausing to aim a vicious kick at the cat who slumbered peacefully under the table.

"I n-never had a beau yet that you didn't object to."



I guess y-you want me to b-be an old maid all the rest of my life."

"Um-m," commented Adam again, but weakening. As president of the Walnut Ridge State Bank he had seen many tears shed. He had foreclosed mortgages and performed other unpleasant tasks attendant upon the duties of a country financier; not that he was a Shylock, by any means, but that the interests of his depositors, of his stockholders, might be protected at all times.

Perhaps the years of middle life had made him a bit "soft in the head," Adam sometimes thought to himself, when such an occasion arose, and his indomitable will was unable to cope with a burst of feminine tears. But Elizabeth always had had her way. Always, since the day that Fannie died leaving her a motherless little thing all legs and pig-tails.

"There, there, Lizzy," he said, placing one hand awkwardly on her shoulder.

"Don't call me Lizzie!"

"I reckon you'd better be gettin' yourself fixed up if he's comin' this evening." Having made unconditional surrender, Adam Follinsbee slipped out of the room.

Walter Page Dunnington stood before a mirror in Mrs. Sarah Cook's spare bedroom, where he had established his habitat for his indefinite stay in Walnut Ridge. He tied his best blue polka dot tie in a large, drooping bow and added finishing touches to his toilet.

"Da-dum, da da de da dum," he hummed blissfully, unaware of the furore he had created in the Follinsbee household. His suit of brown heather mixture fitted well, almost too well at the waist where alterations had been necessary to meet the demands of expansion. His black hair was carefully brushed back in a sweep-

ing wave that assured at once feminine admiration and a covering for the thin spot near the apex of the cranium.

"If a person were as old as he felt," Walter P. Dunnington loved to philosophize, he would be twenty-five; if he went by the public records of Johnston Creek, Pennsylvania, he'd have to own to forty-six.

Lighting a long brown cheroot, he left the house and sauntered along the sidewalks toward the rambling two-story frame house where a black iron stag stood in the yard with a plate on his breast bearing the information that these were the premises of Adam Follinsbee, esquire.

Elizabeth Follinsbee was ready and admitted him at his knock. She was dressed in a manner as nearly imitating the acme of metropolitan flapperdom as was possible in Walnut Ridge. The dress was short and the hose sheer. Her face was carefully powdered, her cheeks daintily rouged, her eyebrows painstakingly plucked and penciled. No trace remained of the crows feet which were apparent in the early morning.

"Come right in, Mr. Dunnington," she greeted him.

"Ah, how splendid you look this evening, Miss Elizabeth," he replied with a gallantry born of long experience with women.

"Flatterer."

"No, really."

In the parlor they seated themselves on the large haircloth sofa. At home in any surroundings, Walter Dunnington propped his feet on the Morris chair and attained a position of supreme comfort. The weather, the Stone county fair, the political situation, the need of a movie in Walnut Ridge, the new dance steps and the sins of the younger generation all came in for their



share of the discussion. At length Walter approached the subject that was dear to his heart.

"What does your father say about the oil leases, Elizabeth?" he questioned.

"Oh, he says it's a humbug—that there couldn't be any oil under all these rocks."

"But this is a direct extension of the Oklahoma field. Of course there's oil here. The samples from the Higbee place and the government reports—"

"Yes, yes, I told him all that. But he's a hard man to convince. Whenever he invests in anything he has to see the gilt edges."

"I know, I know. But you remember the old adage about the man who never took a chance. Why, think of the billions that have been made in oil."

"Well, it looks rather hopeless, Mr. Dun—, er, Walter."

"I never say quit. You, ah, you've heard me talk of it so much. You believe we have oil here, don't you, Elizabeth?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you must keep on helping me. Mr. Follinsbee will listen to you. Why Elizabeth, putting this proposition over is the most important thing in my life—that is, er, almost the most important thing—." He stopped as though embarrassed.

Elizabeth blushed. "I will," she promised. "I'll do all I can."

With that Walter P. Dunnington bade her good-night, held her hand a trifle longer than was necessary and then departed.

On the next day Adam Follinsbee received a caller in his private office, which was private because there was a railing around it.

"Nope," the banker declared during a lull in the

promoter's sales talk. "I don't take no stock in the idee. Don't reckon I can help you any."

Rebuffed, but not disheartened, Dunnington left the bank and spent the rest of the afternoon browsing about the hills on the outskirts of the village.

In the evening, again a caller at the Follinsbee household, Walter lingered at his leave-taking in the dimly lighted hallway.

"Your father refused me today," he murmured, half apologetically.

"I'm—I'm sorry."

"Elizabeth."

"Yes?"

"Elizabeth, you can do it. You can persuade him. Will you?"

"I'll try."

"Will you?"

"Y-yes."

"You're the greatest girl—"

"Don't, Walter, do-o——m-m-b-um!"

The next day posters were put up advertising the oyster supper to be given at the Methodist church on Wednesday evening. Walter, anxious to make a good impression, volunteered his services to the committee in charge. His services were promptly accepted.

On Tuesday word got about the village that Banker Follinsbee was going into the oil project. It was said that he would finance Dunnington to the amount of \$2,500 to be used for buying leases and for preliminary work. The villagers marveled, for the banker had made no secret of his dislike for the promoter. But the concensus of opinion was, as Mrs. Skaggs said over the party line to Mrs. Brady, "Lizzie got him into it."

Walter P. Dunnington, hearing this, smiled and said nothing.



Long tables were set up in the Sunday School room of the church Wednesday evening and Walter, resplendent in a makeshift chef's cap, presided over the caldrons of soup simmering on the oil stove in the improvised kitchen.

In Walnut Ridge an oyster supper is an event to look forward to. Reverend Elias Whitmore, pastor of the church, sat at the head of the first table. On his right was Mayor Brown and on his left Adam Follinsbee with his daughter. The adjoining place was reserved for Walter Dunnington. When the soup was on the table, Rev. Whitmore asked the blessing.

"Where's Mr. Dunnington?" Elizabeth wondered, sotto voce, to a waitress. Walter had not taken his place. "Is he still in the kitchen?"

"I dunno," was the reply. "I ain't seen him lately. While ago he was out in the kitchen lookin' under ever'thing like he'd lost somethin'."

Not satisfied, Elizabeth left her place and went out to the kitchen.

"Mrs. Billingham, have you seen Mr. Dunnington?" she asked of a portly woman whom she met in the doorway.

Before the woman had time to answer, Elizabeth glanced past her and beheld Walter, fishing in a soup kettle with a large spoon. Hearing her voice, he half turned, holding one hand over his mouth. There was a pitiful expression in his eyes.

Elizabeth felt very faint.

Toward evening the next day Ab Jenkins, on his way home from work, stopped to chat at the Perkins' grocery.

"I hear as how old man Follinsbee ain't goin' to finance this fellow Dunnington in that oil scheme, after all," Ab imparted.

"Nope, I reckon he's lost that wad o' easy money," Perkins chuckled. "Lost it, as a feller might say, 'by the skin of his teeth'!"

## SECOND HELPINGS

BEATRICE STROZIER DANIEL

CHRISTYNE jerked another ruined sheet out of the typewriter. The trip to the beach tomorrow would be wonderful. Mr. Smith would drive her roadster. "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Arlington Smith are taking a motor trip to the East Coast." That would make a lovely item for the personal column.

There had been a time when Chrystyne had thought that she might marry a man named Persevalion or maybe de Costaline. That time, however, had passed with instep length skirts.

Chrystyne might have had a girlish figure if she could have resisted the second dish of oatmeal and cream. Her bobbed hair was a rich mahogany—at the ends, but sometimes it was fawn colored near the roots. Just above the ears were little crescents of red, but no one except Madame Cecille and Chrystyne had ever seen them.

There was a time, too, when Chrystyne had been unhappy, and the cause was not worry over provisions for the future. The balance column in her bank book showed that her millinery store did a good business; besides, there were coupons to be clipped semi-annually. Everyone who knew Chrystyne knew how well fixed she was.

Her trouble had been more vital, Chrystyne was lonely. Not one of Miss Effie's paying guests was young enough to run around with her. They were



simply sitting in the sun waiting to die. The men, especially, were of the octagenarian type, and even more so.

She had once thought of going somewhere else to live, but Miss Effie served turkey every Sunday, and Millie in the kitchen made cakes and custards, the like of which could not be found elsewhere.

Things were different though now, since Mr. Smith came a week ago. He had been with her nearly every hour when she was away from the office. He had taken her to the movies and to the soda fountains. There could be no doubt about his intentions.

Mr. Smith enjoyed his meals, too. He told Miss Effie that he had never seen anyone run a house so efficiently. He could tell that she was Southern by the good food she served. He thought all the women in the house were charming. He couldn't believe that Mrs. Billingslea was sixty, when she looked a mere forty-five!

Chrystyne hurried with the last statements. As soon as she finished them she would leave the store and let her assistant look after things until six o'clock. She could drop the balance of the money in the night deposit box as she passed the bank. She wanted to get to Madame Cecille's before closing time.

There was a knock at the door. She hoped that she wouldn't be delayed much. Her heart fluttered when Mr. Smith breezed in, bringing with him an odor of bay rum and of shaving cream. She loved the masculinity of that smell in her office. She was pleased to think that he couldn't wait until dinner time to see her. She must be firm though and not let him stay too long. Men liked girls who were indifferent.

When she left Cecille's she was fortified for another week of gaiety. Her face tingled and her hair was

mahogany all the way to the scalp. She enjoyed the feeling of lightness and youth imparted by the high heels of her new slippers, and was glad that she had not bought the other pair, with the usual military supports. There would be a lovely moon tonight and they would sit on the porch after the movie. She liked for Mr. Smith to put his arm across the back of the swing. She had learned that by a slight upward movement she could feel the roughness of his tweed sleeve against her georgette-clad shoulders. Maybe he would propose this time, then the trip tomorrow would be like their honeymoon.

Dinner had just been served when she reached home. Mr. Smith had not yet come in, but he would probably get there before they finished the tomato bisque. She wondered what was the matter with Millie lately. The roast tasted like unseasoned gelatine. Chrystyne was bored by Mrs. Warner's recital of the list of her ailments, and she wasn't interested in the number of Miss Porter's ancestors who had signed the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Smith's chair was still vacant when the salad was brought in.

Miss Effie had been watching the dining room door too. She always insisted upon promptness at meal time.

"Dilsie, go and see if Mr. Smith heard the bell," she directed.

Chrystyne ate slowly. It would be nice for them to finish their dinner together after the others had left the room. It would be like sitting across from him at their own table, with a bowl of sweet peas between them. A set of those green glass dishes she had seen in the window would be cool looking in the summer time, and she would have yellow breakfast linen in the winter. She was sure that some of these morning



frocks of flowered prints would be becoming to her, as she sat behind the electric percolator. A canary singing in the sunshine would make things cheerful, too. She kept listening for the sound of running footsteps down the stairway, as she had many times during the past few days; but the returning Dilsie's shuffling feet made the only noise she could hear in the hall.

"He ain't dere, en his suit case is gone too," was the information brought back.

"A week's board bill!" Miss Effie shrieked, "besides a check I cashed for him this afternoon."

Chrystyne said nothing. No one need ever know about the check she had cashed after banking hours.

But she couldn't eat a second helping of caramel custard.

## A RED CORPORAL OF 1816

T. L. MOYER

It was one of the outrages of war. It was one of the indignities to which as soldiers we had to submit. At the capture of Napoleon after Waterloo we were returned to the monarchy that our native Hesse-Cassel became. We were mustered to protect and uphold a regime that put on our heads powdered wigs and pig-tails!

Powdered wigs and pig-tails; the armies had not worn them since the eighteenth century. Now to be handed them with orders as though we were lackeys—bah! I do not blame Caspar Fiffenberg for what he did.

I can see Caspar and his red hair now as they looked when I told him about the wigs. He was

watering the captain's horse at the well in the square; it was a task he performed none too willingly these days, because the new captain was a Royalist and a reforming conservative, loving the ways of Prince Metternich and living by them.

"Ha," I said, walking up to our own little fighting corporal, who stood holding a wooden bucket in front of the horse's face. "We have good news for the bright-haired one!"

Caspar dropped the bucket to the cobbled street. He had not had a chance to sing *Le Marseillaise* for many months, and his nerves were not under the best control in consequence.

"There, there!" I laughed, backing away from those menacing fists. "Wait till I tell you."

He scowled.

"Yes, but see. This is good," I urged.

Our usual crowd was gathering. Soldiers who had been sunning themselves in the court-yard nearby, a few peasants, a fraulein or two, loitering near.

"What is the news?" All wanted to hear; they were laughing, knowing that there would be some excitement in the center of the crowded place.

"Well, my good brothers," I began, holding up a rolled document, "The royal word has gone forth, saying, 'Know ye by these tokens, that the officers of the armies of this State, Hesse-Cassel of Westphalia, henceforth from this enunciation shall wear and keep the dignity of the costume formerly worn by the protectors of their king's flag, powdered wigs and ribbons of the aforesaid legionaries.' Brothers, this is signed by His Majesty—"

"Ach!" "Gott!" "Outrage!" The square resounded to their excited discussion.

I let them talk for a moment or two, then I held



up my hand. I am afraid my eyes twinkled when I reminded them:

"Brothers, have you forgotten? Our fellow soldier, Corporal Fiffenberg, is to be considered. You do not notice! You do not think! Can you not see—it will mean to him—Ach! Now you see!"

The crowd was shouting and roaring and suddenly laughing around our little corporal. I stepped adroitly back, expecting a swift blow from him. I pushed a sturdy peasant in his way to receive the treatment. No blow came. Caspar stood very still and pale.

Suddenly he turned on his heel and was gone.

The wigs were given out next day. Caspar was not present in the court-yard to receive his with the rest of us, but two of our best-muscled boys were commanded to take his white wig to him. He appeared that evening at supper, the wig fitting closely, covering every trace of his glowing locks; but he did not eat a great deal, and we thought that he might be feeling ill.

He stood it for one month. No one saw his red hair from daylight till dark. When he slept, he wore a night-cap, which he had never tolerated before and which he now slammed viciously down over his ears when his bunk-mate was indiscreet enough to watch his preparations at night.

There never was a fight around the quarter. Caspar did not seem to be present often. I don't know whether it was because the men themselves were pre-occupied with hair-dressings or because the life had gone out of the Little Fighter.

One day he did not answer at roll-call and no one could find him drunk at any of the inns. We became aware that he had left our platoon. We found a pow-

dered wig under the pillow of his bed. A night-cap with a hole in it was hanging to the post of a chair.

Often since his disappearance I have thought about him. There must have been something in our relations with him that we stupidly overlooked. He had always had something to fight about; he carried it with him. Caspar Fiffenberg was the only red-haired musketeer in our platoon. To us of the Hesse-Cassel soldiery, he had been a source of inspiration. Even today I am sure that if Napoleon had chosen us, at any time during those furious years when he was spreading the beloved "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite" over, not only our own Westphalia but even so far as Poland and Russia, we could easily have subdued all: with Caspar Fiffenberg flaming at our front we could have stopped the march of monarchs by sheer force of emotion.

We recognized this power in Caspar the first time he came among us.

"Ach," we greeted him, as he stood with his red head blazing out of the stiff collar of a new uniform, "here we see a new Little Corporal—one who will top the Conqueror by a hair's breadth!—what a hair's breadth!"

And Caspar had lifted himself in the toes of his new boots to place his fist in the insolent one's cheek. The insolent one had viewed the rest of Caspar's activities from the hard gray stones of the court-yard.

It was thus our Little Corporal had come among us. He had stayed among us with the same definite distinction, often renewed. He had been the focus of everything when we had fighting to do; he had conscientiously and thoroughly spread "liberty, equality, and fraternity" in every corner of Westphalia, and had longed for orders from Napoleon to push onward with



the rest, carrying the tri-color of freedom beyond the border of his native state. The rest of us had wished for orders, too, but they had not come. So it was when we were bored by lack of events that we consciously evoked the most interesting aspects and reactions of our Fighting Caspar. When the dust along the roadside was lifted not at all by moving armies and when even the fowls that scratched therein were well-behaved, we searched out our Little Corporal and made references to his hair.

"Caspar, if you combed it by the light of a torch, you would be burning your hand every little while, I think."

And usually Caspar had won. His fists were hard by then and he had a spring that was beautiful to see. He had worn his legionary boots long enough to know their limitations and to discount them; he could lurch forward and swing himself and his fists upward at our tallest musketeer's chin, with hardly a lost second. He defended his color as if he had chosen it himself, his life's responsibility.

We sometimes wondered if he were not happiest when striking out in retaliation after our baiting, but he wore such a dogged look of temper that in the end we always felt sure that he did resent our teasing; that he did wish he had not been handicapped with red hair.

Long after he left our platoon, a traveler brought a tale about a very little corporal in the French army. I have been thinking this may have been Caspar. We might have kept him in Hesse-Cassel if we had continued to refer to his hair. Caspar did resent our attentions.

## TWO SKETCHES

PAUL HILLIARD

### *Kindness*

CARLENE sought refuge in our garden shortly after her marriage. Carlene was my sister. She was fine-looking at the time she shut herself off from the world in the quiet retreat of the garden. Her hair, she brushed straight back from her forehead; it was the blackest hair I have ever seen, almost as black as her eyes.

Mother, who was always so kind to Carlene, called her husband a beast. I remember the first time Mother said that: it was at dinner one evening. Carlene instantly cast her eyes down at her plate.

Carlene seldom talked after she secluded herself in the garden. I felt so sorry for her.

Mother seemed to be her only comfort.

These things happened years ago. Carlene has never departed from the garden. Her black hair has become foamed with gray, but has lost not a slant of its natural luster. Her eyes have become—how shall I say it—deeper? And she is always melancholy.

I wish Mother would let Carlene forget that her husband was a beast.

### *The Derelict*

IT was close to midnight, and the man had been sitting on the park bench since before dark. He stared straight ahead without seeing, as if he were a creature existing utterly within himself. As he sat still and immobile in the dripping darkness and the drizzling rain his lips moved like a mute's, unconsciously manifesting the dull action of his brain. It was



as if he experienced a near-existing that was neither being nor its absence.

Miraculously a woman appeared from out the drizzly, curtain-like haze, and sat down beside him. She peered intently at him; he got up and made his way gropingly to the next bench; he didn't want to be bothered. It was the first time his body had moved in its entirety for more than five hours. He reassumed the attitude of stillness and immobility, while the rain, dripping from the side of his head to his ears, thence to his shoulders, relentlessly persisted in soddening the already soaked figure.

The woman got up from the first bench and followed him. She hesitated before him for a moment as if she would have something to say, then turned, and with slow, faltering steps made her way into the night.

The man was trying to think. Once the moving lips emitted a sound: "Carmella;" again, as though they summoned some strange, unchristian god. But there were no sparks in his thinking. His mind was an instant ember fanned periodically into renewed life by recurrence of a detached memory. Pictures came and faded before him . . . a low flung waterfront dive and the smooth, gyrating figure of a slender-waisted dancing girl . . . a glittering entourage transporting a high-caste Chinese woman from somewhere to somewhere . . . sleek brown arms; laughing eyes warmed by a peculiarly calloused glitter . . . a procession of high priests gorgeously robed in silken flames, entering a Buddhist temple . . . he never understood why those priests marched so silently to and from their mystic shrines . . . he never understood the Chinese, anyway . . .

The rain drizzled and the mists lay upon his mind, half-enshrouding the mental sketches.

Toward morning a heavy wind swept through the park, dispersing the mists and driving the rain drops before it like stinging pellets hurled from a slingshot. The man stirred and got up. He pulled his head down deeper into the valley between his shoulders. Propelled in part by the wind at his back, he wandered on through the park, riding the drift to other localities.

## MICROCOSM

BEATRICE JONES

THE world is a grassy place  
Whereon we pause  
To smile and speak to one another;  
The sun and moon, the stars  
Have meaning only as they shine upon your  
hair,  
Your head bent down;  
The ages gone  
Are years of small account  
Save as they slow created us  
To find each other—  
Time itself is all Now and Forever,  
Not past nor future;  
Life is all love,  
And love is all this—  
Your kiss upon my hand.



## 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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PAUL HILLIARD, *Editor*

ALBERT NEWTON

KATHERIN HOSMER

CARTER BRADFORD, *Advertising Manager*

### EDITORIAL NOTES

*With this issue "The Flamingo" closes its second volume. The increasing interest in creative writing at Rollins is notable and gratifying.*

*The Angel Alley Press of Winter Park has announced for publication early in the fall a volume, "Flamingo Tales," which will include a selection of the best short stories that have thus far appeared in the magazine.*

*In the annual contests sponsored by The Poetry Society of Florida and The Allied Arts Society of Winter Park, the following Rollins students won prizes:*

*Marguerite Atterbury, first prize for the best play.*

*Halle W. Warlow, Ponce de Leon prize for the best poem.*

*Stella Weston, first prize for the best short story.*

*Hazel Sawyer, second prize for the best short story.*

*Hugh McKean, first prize for the best oil painting.*

*Sara Ethel Greene, first prize for the best monotone*

## EVERY

Former Rollins Student should be interested in the development of his college.

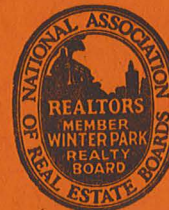
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