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THE FLAMINGO

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THE CRICKET

HARK to the fairy linnet—
How reticent he sings!
Sings—stops; then, in a minute
He'll re-begin it,
Then stop again.

THE sunset is his dawn:
When day is over,
He pipes a delicate strain
Beneath the tiger-lilies by the lawn,
Or, from the top boughs of the tallest
clover,
Outpours his Lilliputian carollings.

Percy MacKaye

Contributed to The Flamingo

THE FLAMINGO

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QUERY

VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

How delicate a thing it is!
Why, I could not say—
It has no name, it has no voice,
It only has a way.

Subtle as the hush of leaves,
Protective as a glove,
I cannot call it friendship, yet
I cannot call it love.

I'm sure we'd never wish to wed,
I hope we'll never part—
How strange is this, which has no end
Yet never seemed to start.

THE MAROONING OF MADAME RAVELLE

HARRY ERWIN

THEY tell a story about Madame Ravelle. It seems that prior to her marriage she had been a Miss Melroy, the daughter of Styversant Melroy of Manhattan, one of the banking Melroys. She was a fiery creature, they say, with a fierce, valkerie-like beauty. She hated restraint; did much as she pleased; and, when Ravelle arrived in America, she straightway decided to marry him.

She announced the glad tidings to her mother one morning while eating her breakfast in bed. Her father was instantly summoned, and the inevitable tempest ensued. An opera singer! Nonsense! One applauded them, one did not marry them. The daughter of Styversant Melroy! The idea! Impossible!

The young woman made little response to her parents' explosions. She calmly continued her eating, and it was not until her lover's presence was announced that she made any show of defiance. Upon hearing his name, however, she immediately jumped out of bed, dashed downstairs, and threw herself into his arms.

"It's perfectly proper," she assured her petrified parents. "We were married last night, you see."

Mr. and Mrs. Styversant Melroy took pleasure in announcing the engagement . . .

The Ravelles lived together for many years, loved each other viciously, disagreed about everything. Madame became an iron-grey old lady with a stubborn will and a hearty temper. In the course of time she had acquired, or thought she had acquired, a high blood pressure. She eventually concluded that her condition demanded a change of climate. She never told why.

"I have decided on Florida," she announced to her husband one evening.

"But I don't want to go to Florida," Ravelle objected.

"Nobody has asked you to," said his loving wife.

Strenuous weeks followed, and at last Madame Ravelle was packed off to Florida and the world of Captain Bravo.

People who have seen Captain Bravo in his prime say that he should have been a buccaneer. He looked

the part. His dark complexion, drooping mustaches, and perpetual scowl gave him an appearance of villainy that was too exotic for words. During the winter months he ran an excursion boat between St. Augustine and New Smyrna. The cruise was immensely popular, more because of the captain, it is to be suspected, than the scenery.

Captain Bravo was so fascinating! One could never guess what he would do or say. His anecdotes are classics along the entire coast. Year-rounders still tell of the time he turned north without warning and took his bewildered passengers to Jacksonville instead of New Smyrna. One cannot remain in St. Augustine many days without hearing of how he threw a complaining tourist overboard, neglecting to tell the wretch before he did so that the water was only three feet deep. But the jewel of the collection is the story of Madame Ravelle.

Madame Ravelle arrived in St. Augustine. No sooner had she arrived than she decided to go to New Smyrna. She, therefore, dispatched her nephew, with whom she was staying, to charter a boat for the trip.

"There will be the old lady," the nephew told Captain Bravo," and a bevy of worshipping admirers. They want to go to New Smyrna. Get them away from here; that is the main thing. Once out of sight of St. Augustine, and you can drown them for all I care."

Captain Bravo chuckled gleefully and promised to do his worst.

The day arrived. So did Madame Ravelle. She ripped and roared, railed and wrangled, and her companions dashed about at her bidding like a flock of scuttling sandcrabs. At last she was settled comfortably, however, and the boat plowed off down the river.

Now it chanced that on that day of all others Captain Bravo suffered with rheumatism. He was, therefore, in the worst possible humor to endure his erratic old passenger. Nevertheless, he managed to control his temper until Madame Ravelle, instead of sending an attractive satellite, came to him in person with a particularly terrifying grievance.

"The gasoline fumes on this miserable tub are positively nauseating!" she complained. "I can stand them no longer. I demand that you do something immediately. Do you understand? Immediately!"

Captain Bravo actually swelled with rage. His face became red, his eyes blazed. Just then he was wrenched with a twinge of rheumatism. He exploded.

"You go to hell!" he shouted.

Madame Ravelle grew pale. Her fingers twitched.

"*What* did you say?" she demanded in a quivering voice.

"I said that nothing can be done about it now."

"You did not. I demand to be put ashore at once."

"But—"

"I said, 'at once.'"

Captain Bravo looked at the riverbank. He looked at his passengers. He called to his negro mechanic.

"Pull in the tender, son, and row these folks ashore."

Many long hours later Madame's nephew landed on Buzzard Island. He was met by a miserable aunt.

"Captain Bravo returned and explained the situation," he said. "He suggested that I come to see if you were still here."

"Still here!" snapped Madame Ravelle. "I should say as much. This is nothing but a beastly island surrounded by miles of marsh!"

"Yes, that's what Captain Bravo said."

"Oh, he did! Well, did he mention the mosquitoes and the heat and the hunger, to say nothing of the rotting carcasses of two cows and—"

"Yes, he touched on all that."

"Nephew, that man told me to go to hell."

Her nephew looked at the desolate island, and he looked at the group of bedraggled excursionists.

"Aunt, he said, 'I want to congratulate you on your unquestioning obedience.'"

WORKERS

PENELOPE PATTISON

NAUGHT he heard,
Naught he saw
Save the war, the glare
Of the furnace!
Hour after hour,
Day after day,
Bare arms streaming
He fed the insatiable fire
Till his soul sickened
And his mind withered away.

Another took his place,
Hour after hour,
He fed the hungry furnace.
In its glare
He saw beauty.
To him the surging war
Blended with his treasured hopes.
His body grew strong,
His soul richened
And his heart sang.

A GAME OF CARDS

IVERNE GALLOWAY

I AM so glad that you like me in black. I always thought that blonds look well in mourning, especially with nice pearls. I wish Charles could see me.

Whose deal is it? Mine? I'm frightfully keen on bridge, and I hate to have a hand played sloppily. Just like poor dear Charles. He did love his bridge!

Everybody count her cards, please; I'm afraid there's a misdeal. I have only—oh—it's all right. There's the other, on the floor. Let—me—think—. Did you ever, in all your life, see such hands as we are getting to-night? Don't you hope that in heaven every hand will hold at least six face cards?

I suppose poor Charles knows, now. If only he had taken my advice he could be playing right here, with us. My bid? Dear me! I don't know what I ought to do. I might as well take a chance. One club. I hope that you know what that means. Three bys? Isn't that too bad—I didn't want it to be clubs, at all.

Why didn't you take me out? You held five, to the queen? That doesn't matter. You ought to have known that I bid then as a signal, and not because I wanted to play them. It used to make Charles perfectly furious when I didn't take him out of a one club bid. If only he had had his eyes examined when I told him (Then he wouldn't have fallen off the bridge, I'm sure; even if it was night.)

We used to have the nicest games at home, too! Charles was so sweet about not wanting to bother me, but I always say, "What good is a man's home if he can't amuse himself there?" So I used to call up the

Jenkinses—you know them, don't you?—Lovely people—and we would have a good sociable game.

Did you trump that? I thought that all the clubs were out! Well, I'll take this next one.

Now, isn't that the worst luck? I can't get over to all those perfectly good tricks in the dummy.

We're only down two. Isn't it good they didn't double us? My dear, I'm simply dying for one of those little green peppermints.

ASYLUM

STELLA WESTON

I HAD a ghost within my wall.
Each night it scratched my whole room round
To stop beside my bed and make
Companionable sound.
And I,—I told it many things
That it alone could comprehend,
Until they set a rat-trap. Now
I know no reassuring friend.

Why did they do it? At the most
They might have left me
Just . . . one . . . ghost.

THE SPIDER'S PARLOR

A Play by JOHN CUMMINS

THE room is one of those office rooms in a large business building in New York City. Elegantly furnished; high broad windows, large bulks of chairs about a mahogany desk which is center stage. The room is in complete darkness save for lights reflected across the ceiling and walls from the traffic below and the blinking advertisement signs across the way. The desk is bare save for a telephone whose polished nickel-plate gleams sharply through the gloom. Spasmodically a slight rumble of traffic below can be heard.

(As the curtain goes up a man is opening the door back stage uncertainly.)

Man at the Door: As I expected, no one here. Well, it serves me right. (Turns to go.)

(Suddenly a man is sensed seated at the desk. With his broad back to the audience, he has been indiscernible, but now he turns slowly, yet noiselessly, in his chair. We get at first sight the red glow of a cigar butt along with a very white tuxedo front.)

A Very Cultured Voice, musically: Don't go yet.

First Man (starting): By George, man you scared me! I could have sworn this room was empty everything was so beastly quiet.

Second Man, laughing softly: Oh, no; I am always here.

First Man: Then am I correct in assuming you are the author of that fantastic "ad" in all the papers to-night?

Second Man, repeating slowly and distinctly: "Any

one considering himself a true apostle and a servant of science apply to room 3607 at seven p. m."

First Man: Exactly. What now? By the way won't we have some light?

Second Man, firmly: No. That is in direct opposition to my theory. For as humanity is so far in the dark, we should remain in the dark till we can adjust ourselves through our own strength to such a natural condition. Thus in time we will evolve an understanding, comparatively speaking, of this strange entity or, if you will, non-entity, and (*extends hand in fluent gesture*) a solution will inevitably follow. I hope you follow me.

First Man: Well, vaguely—but deuced interesting at that. You've intrigued me considerably and that's what I've come for. Something quite different you know. Let's get acquainted. May I sit down?

Second Man: Yes, by all means do. You may call me Doctor. This is my laboratory. Will you smoke? These perfectos are imported (*pushes box toward other who extracts one*).

First man: Thanks (*lights up*). My name is Parnell, Doctor. I am catalogued as an adventurer. All my life I have sought the strange and the new. Always have I been seeking thrills. But for the last year something has happened and I no longer react to any stimuli. And a terrible realization is beginning to break on me. (*Leans forward and taps the Doctor's arm and speaks in a low voice*). What if there was nothing left in the world to thrill me? My God!

Doctor: I take it, Parnell, that you've lived all of life's exalted moments and now life is becoming an atrocious bore. Perhaps you're tired of life, eh?

Parnell: That's it, Doctor. I'm sick of the whole damned business. I read your "ad" in the papers to-

night and said here is some one after my own heart, and now, Doctor, if you don't show me something oddly interesting I shall be jolly well disappointed.

Doctor: Oh, trust me for that, Parnell. My thrills never fail to satisfy. Besides you will make, I dare say, the Perfect Specimen. When I advertised today I had your type distinctly in mind.

Parnell: Specimen, Doctor? I am afraid I fail to make the application.

Doctor, laughing easily: Oh you will in time. You see this is my laboratory.

Parnell, with an amused chuckle: Damn me, Doctor, but if this isn't real genuine. Carry on, Doctor. You are doing splendidly.

Doctor, rather hesitant: Parnell, may I ask you a very personal question?

Parnell, with a generous gesture and tone: Shoot, Doctor.

Doctor: This, Parnell. Are you conscious that you are conscious of your own consciousness?

Parnell, throwing back head, chuckles delightfully: Beautiful! Admirable! Lovely, Doctor. Try another one.

Doctor, suddenly, in offended tones: Parnell, I was never more serious in my life.

Parnell, to himself: Are we conscious that we are conscious of (*laughs shortly*). No, I give up. That's too much for me. Ask me another, old man.

Doctor, still in grieved tones: I am deeply sorry, Parnell, that you should treat that question with such levity. Please remember this is a very serious hour for me and I may also add for you, too. For I expect to know within a short time whether my life's theory is tenable or not.

Parnell: No offence, Doctor, whatsoever. The fact is I am enjoying this hugely.

Doctor: Parnell, again may I ask, are you responsive to feeling to a marked degree? What I mean to ask is this: If a thing pleases you greatly are you equally spontaneous in your applause and appreciation? And if one should do you a great favor would you appreciate it to a point of reciprocity?

Parnell, rather puzzled: Why, yes, I am temperamental—emotional—if that's what you mean.

Doctor, arising: Thank you, Parnell. Thank you.

(*He is a tall heavily built man and walks with a slight limp. He goes to the window and looks down far beneath thoughtfully. The light and shadows vibrate on his intensive face. Next he crossed the room and locks the door and extracts key. Next he crosses left stage to a book-case and brings back from there a jar of some dark liquid and puts it on the desk. Parnell has been watching his every movement curiously. The Doctor holds the key above the jar, then drops it into the liquid. There is a mild explosion and a blue phosphorescent glow for a moment*).

Doctor, gazing meditatively into the dark liquid: Key, little key, where are you now? I have no use for you any more.

Parnell: Say, what the hell's the matter with you, Doctor? That infernal stuff dissolved that key. Now we are locked in all night.

Doctor, leaning over the desk towards Parnell addresses him arrogantly: Locked in all night. By the Lord when has it been we haven't been locked in all night. Back even before we can remember locked in a woman's body. Then locked in a world, locked in rooms, in jails, in houses, towns, cities.

(*He pauses out of breath then goes on in a softer voice*):

But I have found a way out, Parnell, after years of study. I have the key and tonight in the interest of science we will put my theory into practice.

Parnell: You are certainly highly entertaining, Doctor, but pray be more explicit.

Doctor, seating himself again: Parnell, are we not always evolving things? Tonight will see the linking of a great chain through a process performed by us. Before proceeding, however, let me express my gratitude in having a man of your intelligence and calibre to work on. There is a mutuality between us. We are both two devils who have taken the best in life and now horizons are starting to hem us in with a crushing sensation. But there is an escape, a way, to attain freedom.

Parnell, smoking quietly: You've got some stuff, Doctor, but why be so beastly emphatic about it?

Doctor: Because Parnell tonight we bridge the gap. *After I have killed you*, I shall wait for you to come back through the medium of your spirit bearing the immortal secret.

Parnell screams: Doctor!

Doctor: Now, now, Parnell. Perhaps you object to the verb killed. Perhaps I should say after I have detached you. Ah that's it—detached you—set you free.

Parnell: Doctor, you must be crazy.

Doctor, magnanimously: Yes, I have been accused of that off and on in my dealings with other men in the past but it never worried me an awful lot. Usually I ask them to define their terms and find it is but a compromise term embracing the mental condition of the majority. But when, pray, were the majority ever

right? Theoretically I have as much right to say the majority are crazy. For the certainty of the mob you yourself know Parnell is by no means a metaphysical certainty. But as far as you are concerned, Parnell, I like you and consider you a sane person.

Parnell, in a dull voice: Thanks for letting me know.

Doctor: In fact quite the sanest man I have ever encountered and it shall give me infinite pleasure to be able to do you a favor.

Parnell: I say, Doctor, you win. Let's call off this little game. I'll freely admit that the atmosphere is just a bit too much for my nerves. But congratulations, Doctor. You have proved a noble entertaining host. And if you will forgive me I should suggest you call yourself Doctor of thrills, not pills—see now, I am guilty of an atrocious pun.

Doctor: My dear Parnell, is it that we misunderstand each other? I was under the impression you were the sanest of men. As I say after I've done you this little favor, you as a ———

Parnell: Damn it, Doctor, stop! You've got a good sense of humor, but there's such a thing as pushing it too far. Now you pushed it damnably far. What favor are you talking about?

Doctor, producing an automatic: The favor of shooting you through the heart, Parnell.

Parnell, slowly: I am beginning to understand you are crazy.

Doctor, magnanimously: Come, Parnell. It isn't as bad as all that, you know. (*Extends hand in wide gesture*). After all what is death? Looking at it devoid of emotions or sentiment it is nothing but the negation of the living personality. Now tell me, Par-

nell, does that sound bad? The negation of the living personality.

Parnell, to himself: He is crazy! Good God!

Doctor: I have worked out a little theory on life and death that I think would interest you considerably. There is a duality, Parnell, in man's fundamental nature. He is made up of two personalities, life and death. When he is alive that force or the personality called life is dominant and preserves him in the cosmic sphere. But there is a struggle, mind you, going on incessantly, between these two affinities who would have the subject man for its entire own. Of course, Parnell, this conflict, unknown to man, being an unconscious struggle, makes man's life what it is. Give him his moments of rapture and supreme ecstasy and plunges him in the deepest despair. I say, do you follow me, Parnell?

Parnell, to himself: Like a rat in a trap without a chance.

Doctor goes on: Most men are so imbued with life that they never become conscious of another force that would influence them. Others do,—that is the introspective men. Those in critical or crucial occasions are keenly aware of the presence of another force which would absorb their beings into its own personality. In short, as I said, Death is the negation of that living personality. When this power becomes strong enough to dominate him the life personality is annihilated. Disease, injury and pain are peculiarly adapted to it and aid it immeasurably. That is why in shooting you, Parnell, you will at first, till the transition is fully completed, experience a feeling of intense pain.

Parnell: You, merciless devil.

Doctor, laughing: Now, Parnell, did I not say that we two men were about to discover the greatest of all

secrets that will put us in direct contact with the other side. For in time we shall be able to make this transition with dying. I have instructions to give you before I shoot you.

Parnell: Say, Doctor, for the love of God, put that gun down—it's uncomfortably close to my face. (*Doctor lowers gun*). Yes, that's much better. Now, Doctor, once and for all listen to this. Though I am admittedly bored with life I am not quite ready to die yet.

Doctor, insistently: Oh, but you will, you must.

Parnell: Doctor, are you serious?

Doctor: Than ever in my life before. Great God, man, think what this hour means to me.

Parnell: But good Lord, man, this is murder, downright cold-blooded murder. What have I done to you? Have you no heart, man? I never met you till this evening and that by a mere whim and now you sit calmly across the desk from me and tell me you are going to kill me in a few moments.

Doctor, with an irritated tone: But damn it, Parnell, you are the most illogical of men. Can't you trust me? This is the culmination of a life's work dedicated to philosophical and scientific concepts. This is no idle experiment. Now let's be sensible. Hear this: As soon as you die you will realize the great freedom I have given you. A power of gratitude will fill and dominate your spirit and you will come back knowing I am waiting for you. I shall record everything you say. You shall give me the truths needed to complete my thesis which shall be promulgated at the University of Berlin.

(Parnell makes a grab for the phones, calls frantically into the mouth-piece and clicks receiver): "Police police, central, can't you hear me!" (*Gets no response*).

Doctor: No use, Parnell, those wires were cut fortunately before you came in. Parnell, you are irritating me considerably. You are as thoughtless as a bug under a microscope. (*Reaches in drawer and produces pen and ink*). Of course, I can see how you will rebel at first but as soon as you get over on to the other side you will understand the great service I have done for you. Your gratitude will be so deep and affectionate that your spirit remembering will come back to me and I shall wait pen in hand for you to speak. (*Levels gun at Parnell's heart*). Parnell, are you ready?

Parnell: Damn you, you spider, you ———. (*Half arises and reaches toward the gun. The Doctor shoots him through the heart. Parnell falls and slumps across the desk. The Doctor keenly alert takes up pen, dipping it into ink, puts pen to paper and waits one minute, two minutes, then speaks impatiently*).

"Quick, Parnell, I am waiting, quick man, quick. You are there now. You know you can tell me. Damn it, I am waiting. (*Suddenly raises out of chair and gazes off into distance*). What? What? Oh God, Parnell! Not that, not that! You don't want me. No, answer me, Parnell. What! Oh don't do that! Anything but that. No, no! Damned if I will go. Quick, Parnell, the key. By God, I will ——— (*lunges forward and falls heavily across the desk and is very still. The curtain closes on the dark forms of two men slumped across the desk*).

PEARLSHEEN 160

PHYRNE SQUIER

THE second shriek of the big factory whistle sounded and ceased. With it's blast the monotonous clash of machinery settled automatically into a steady rhythm.

Mary Gavin came running up the long flight of stairs leading to the Sanderson Silk Co. She was unbuttoning her jacket and pulling the cocky little tam-o'-shanter from her water-waved hair that curved in precise undulations about the carnation tint of her cheeks, as she hurried along the aisle between the machines, but, strangely for her, she glanced neither to right nor left, nor did she respond to the bobbin-boy who hailed her cheerfully as she passed him.

Pausing before her own loom she removed the coverings protecting the precious yardage from possible damage and began rubbing talcum powder over her hands from the bag suspended at the side of the big machine. Mr. Martin, the foreman of the room, who had been seated on a hand truck jotting down piece-numbers in his note book, stuck his pencil behind his ear and approached her, frowning. "Late agin, Mary. This is the third time this week and the office hollerin' because we're behindhand five hundred yards on that Pearlsheen 160 pattern. Henrishon he says to me yesterday, 'You know why we don't git no production? It's because the girls come stringin' in all hours,' he says. 'It's a heck of a way for a plant like this to be run.' Startin' next week' he says, 'them doors will be closed at seven-fifteen and if you're late you haf to come around through the office and leave your reason with young George B. himself.' 'Where's Gert?' he

demanded abruptly, jerking his head toward the opposite untended loom.

"Gee! Mr. Martin, you wait till I tell yuh! Listen, I got a real excuse this time, honest I have. I come near not gettin' here myself this mornin' and that's the truth. Poor Gert ain't comin' back no more. They had to take her away. Ain't that the awfulest thing, Mr. Martin? Gee, I'm all shot to pieces."

"What d'ye mean take her away?"

"Well listen, she's gone cuckoo! Just like that." Mary snapped her fingers. "I had to stop in and call up on my way home last night, so Gert went on ahead to get the supper started. When I got home she'd just got this letter from Harold, see? And the doctor'd told him he'd got to get out of Chicago if he expects to keep goin' much longer, he says he needs a dry climate. Think of that, when she ain't got the baby's funeral paid for yet. Well, I got the gas lit and the kettle on and when she'd et a little supper, I thought she'd feel better, but no, she just went around and around that room like she was doin' a marathon, then, all of a sudden, she spotted this spider-web, way up over the door, it was quite a big one, but honest, nobody can tend to all them things when they're workin' and keepin' house too. Well, she climbed right up on top of the radiator and looked and *looked* at it and got down and started lookin' funny at me and sayin' she'd had enough cob-web patterns to look at all day in that stuff she's weavin' without seein' 'em all night, but she wouldn't care if it wasn't so sticky lookin'. Gee! I started after the broom to take it down and when I got back, here she was climbin' on the radiator again and then she started yellin'—just screetchin' at the top of her lungs and all the time eyein' that spider web like t'was a rattlesnake. Gee, it was awful! You can't imagine!

Mrs. Carr come runnin' upstairs to see what was goin' on and no wonder. We got Dr. Michel and he give her somethin' to make her quiet I guess, for she wasn't so bad for a while, but about three o'clock this mornin' she started in again worse than ever and all the time here we was tryin' to get Harold on the phone and couldn't reach him, and now, they've taken her over to Marberry, and I don't believe she'll ever come back again. Gee, I feel awful bad about it, her and me were just like sisters. It seems worse comin' so quick! I never dreamt of such a thing. Poor Gert!"

Mr. Martin was sympathetic, he leaned for a full moment against the window-casing staring at Mary then—

"I'm sorry as Hell," he said, "and that ain't all, she was the best weaver I had. I got to git that piece off tonight. Listen kid, you go over on Gert's loom and finish up that cut." He started away down the aisle but halted to call back "And don't you go off your nut lookin' at that cobweb pattern."

ORIGIN

VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

HER lips are cold,
Her eyes are snow,
Her words are frost flakes
Falling slow.

She lifts a pen
In fingers terse,
And scrawls impassioned
Flame-like verse.

PASSAGE

JOHN CUMMINS

TENDERLY let me go
 Like tired birds through the west;
 In the kind hour of fire-fly glow
 Would I find rest.

Let the darkness take me slowly,
 Win me unafraid,
 While its power disarms me wholly
 And I go unbetrayed.

Let there be grief among the flowers
 Bowed low of head and stem,
 And through the long nocturnal hours
 A cricket requiem.

I AM TOO FIERCE A LOVER

JOHN CUMMINS

IAM too fierce a lover of earth's things
 That immemorial time should readjust
 The vibrance of my song unto the dust
 While over me a single robin sings;
 While there is still the passage of the springs
 In bannered pageantries, there is no lust
 That could seduce me from my armored trust:
 While these endure there shall be answerings.
 The poignant essence of blown apple bloom,
 Swift skies, curved hills, dawn winds, these shall
 remain

When sensitive as music through the gloom
 Shall come the slow dark falling of the rain
 Across my heart, until my songs shall be
 Responsive to that higher symphony.

YOUTH'S LOVES

JOHN CUMMINS

THE loves of youth have never died,
 Though often they are crucified;
 From resurrections out of pain,
 Love has been crucified again.

Swift lips, warms hands, quick tender hair—
 Dark moments when two lovers dare—
 And yet for every one of these
 Love pays its toll of Calvaries.

THE POPPIED SLEEP

JOHN CUMMINS

IN answer to Lou's yellow light
 Shadows slink in from the night;
 Unbeguiled by other gleams,
 They seek the silent house of dreams.
 Soon in the smoke-infected gloom
 Swift labored breathing fills the room
 From sleeping men along the wall
 In narrow bunks; the rise and fall
 Of forms obscure immersed in deep
 Fulfillment of the popped sleep.

Fat Lou sits in his shop below
 Distributes pipes and sees them go
 To dream until the night is fled
 When he'll awake them from the dead,
 Stir their forms, bid them be gone
 And send them reeling through the dawn
 Whose daggered light will slash their eyes
 And fill their souls with burning cries,
 Driving the peacocks from their brains,
 Renewing long forgotten pains.

EARTH SPEAKS OF LAZARUS

JOHN CUMMINS

ONCE was I betrayed in shame—
 Lazarus was that lover's name . . .
 . . . Swiftly I crept across his breast
 Firercely his silent lips I pressed;
 And I rejoiced that I had won
 Another lover from the sun.
 Another lover, he was fair;
 I ran my fingers through his hair,
 I murmured secrets in his ear,
 Until I taught him not to fear;
 Full tenderly I held his head
 Till he grew glad that he was dead,
 And he forgot the light above
 Immersed so deep in my dark love;
 Closer each day our limbs we bound
 Intermingling without sound.
 Then what strange voice was that he heard
 That called him sternly forth? He stirred
 Raising his head unto a name
 That filled his limbs with livid flame;
 Slowly from him my arms fell way
 And he went forth unto the day.

I HAVE SOMETHING TO FORGET

DOROTHY EMERSON

I HAVE something to forget . . .
 Let me toil with mills that grind;
 Let me know of thirst and sweat;
 Let me hunger and go blind.
 I have something to forget . . .

THE GODDESS OF MERCY

LING NYI VEE

THE princess looked pale and wan as she finally reached the pavilion of the Goddess of Mercy in her father's imperial garden. Her maid talked to her in a hurried, whispered tone. The night was advancing and they must hurry. Slowly, the princess took off her dark red cape embroidered with gold butterflies, and carelessly flung it on a chair. Tonight she was dressed simply in gold. It was not a court dress, no broad loose sleeves, and no embroideries. The dress and the skirt fitted her tightly. No flowers adorned her black hair—deep black, and smooth like varnish. Her face was serene as she leaned against the railing and saw the new moon push out against the dark clouds. She sighed with what deep anguish perhaps only her maid could know. Then she realized that her maid was lighting the red candles. She turned, and took from the box on the table the incense, and burned it and planted it in the incense burner.

Her maid had fixed the cushion, all was ready for her to worship. She looked at the little Goddess of Mercy exquisitely carved out of white jade. Her face had such a patient look, such a tender look. The Goddess was like the little worshipper before her when she was on this earth. She too had been a princess once. She had given her life to save her father's. A heart full of mercy. And now she was the goddess to protect and guard all unfortunate maidens on earth. The princess bowed, bended her knee on the cushion. As the perfume slowly rose to heaven her prayers too ascended. They must have, because they were uttered from her heart. She was even afraid to whisper her prayers

lest the wind catch and scatter them around. The princess prayed while her maid kept watch. The night was growing deeper, it was about the third hour, and soon the night watchman would come around to lock the garden gate. What would he say if he saw the royal maid here with only one slave attending? No, the whole empire would be shocked. It must not be known. The night was still, even the fountain had gone to rest. The princess rose from her cushion and sat there motionless.

"Will the princess have some tea?" asked her maid. She shook her head. A splash in the water. A shadow flitted across. The princess stood up.

"My Little Lotus, what is that? Is he here?"

Both listened. Silence again. Perhaps it was only a frog leaping to the pond, only the twig of a tree bending.

"Here he comes—there. See his dark figure?" cried the princess in hushed joy.

A dark figure was advancing cautiously. Finally, he stopped in front of the pavillion.

"It is he, princess. Shall I bid him in?" asked Little Lotus excited.

Her royal mistress nodded. He came in, threw away his wrap, and knelt by her.

"The night is deep and you are cold, Princess. I go away tomorrow to fight the Northern tribes. Be good to my father, your revered tutor."

"But I have prayed to my Goddess. She will protect us. Even though you are of humble birth and I of royal blood, we can be happy."

"I am grateful, princess. But your father's word is law. Death awaits me if I disobey." He stopped. Then suddenly he could control himself no longer. "Oh, would that my father had never brought me to the

palace. Then we would not have grown up together." He suppressed a sob. He was again resolute. "But I will go to the bleak North. I will defeat the rebels. Then I too will become a Noble and perhaps claim you."

The princess looked at her lover, so young, so handsome. Yes, he had golden dreams, but all this lapse of time! Could the daughter of an emperor stay unwed so long? She shuddered.

"Heaven blesses those who are faithful. My Goddess and my dead mother will keep watch of me and of you. My heart shall be with you."

She took from her left arm a green jade bracelet with bits of gold on which her name was engraved. Little Lotus took it and handed it to him. He bowed in reverence and admiration. It was a token of her purity and her love.

"Princess, it is approaching the third hour. The watchman comes. We must hurry," the maid whispered to the lovers. They both stood up. An owl shrieked in his cold nest above. In a minute the candles went out. The dark figure had flown. Two other figures slipped past the garden gate. All was quiet again, only the wreaths of smoke from the incense curled and died away, perhaps ascending to heaven where the Goddess of Mercy kept watch of the earth.

"Little Lotus, this new sorrow is too hard. I am so tired. I long to go to my mother and rest!" The princess sobbed in her bed. Tears trembled and at last fell from the slave girl's eyes. Her royal mistress had been like a sister to her. The princess loved her, and knew that the maid too loved her mistress. But what could she do?

"Princess, remember the Goddess of Mercy."

The princess was surprised at her maid. This time

she did not seem to understand her mistress. She seemed happy, and admired, so, all the wedding clothes and gifts that were laid before the princess. Well, poor little girl she could not help it. The princess sighed, pitied her, and turned away in silence. She noticed also that a pensiveness had recently come over her Little Lotus. What could she be thinking about?

Oh, she was so tired, she had spent a restless night. But she had to get up. Faint music was in the air. Ah, this was her bridal morning. The night before she had prayed for the Goddess of Mercy to spare her this sorrow. She yearned to die.

Then eight maids carefully assisted her in dressing. Her face was like a flower half drooping under the noon-day sun. Her headdress was a little heavy, but it became her. As she walked out of her room her eight attendants followed, Little Lotus closely behind her. The eunuchs were waiting in two lines. A murmur of admiration arose as she passed with her jade ornaments tinkling on her skirt. They knelt and they blessed her. When she passed it was like a vision vanishing.

The princess found her father waiting in his dragon seat in his Inner Chamber. He smiled on his daughter, he was happy. She knelt before him, blessing him, twice blessing him, and blessing him again.

"My daughter, my blessings on you. May you be happy. I have not forgotten your dead mother's request. Today I am giving you a "Flower balcony Wedding." You can choose for yourself. The God of Fate will be with you. I know. I am the Emperor—the Son of Heaven."

The flower balcony was bright with red, green, yellow, blue, and gold silk. Royal ladies were seated there early in their dazzling pearl and jade ornaments.

From below, myriads of human beings thronged, pushing, fussing, jeering like a mad tide. The hour would soon come. The princess would throw the silken ball, whoever caught it would become the royal husband. Ah, what wealth, what pomp awaited the fortunate one. No wonder the throng acted as if mad.

At last the princess came. All arose, praising her beauty. She only smiled. She looked down, sighed at the mad crowd, while a cheer arose. What could she do? She prayed to her Goddess of Mercy to spare her. Little Lotus stood by the princess, looked anxiously down, smiled and seemed to enjoy the bright morning. The princess in her heart reproached her.

She threw the silken ball. It floated down, down, down, the crowd below waiting, looking at the magic ball that would touch poverty, and poverty change to glory. Still it floated, it seemed to stand still. Little Lotus's breath stood still with it. The crowd was impatient. They again pushed, squeezed. A man on horseback rushed in, both man and horse dusty from long travel. No one paid any attention to him. He looked up, then bent his head. A wind rose, the ball again floated, hesitated, floated. It dropped down finally. A sudden hush. The mob looked. There the ball was securely entwined on the shoulders of the man on the horseback.

A wedding, and great rejoicing. But the bride was sad. She longed to die, to be with her mother again. Yes, she would kill herself. She closed her eyes blind to her surroundings.

Footsteps. The bridegroom must be coming. In her anguish, she cried aloud to her Goddess. Would she not be merciful and take her life away?

A ripple of laughter. A familiar voice.

"Princess, I have come back. See your jade bracelet, emblem of our faith."

Instead of a stranger, she saw her lover, her warrior lover back from the deserts. She could not believe it. It must all be a dream. She must have died. But where was her mother and the Goddess of Mercy?

"At last I have left the earth. I must tell her my joy. Where is my Goddess of Mercy?"

"There, there she stands. Ask her for all her plots and her tricks. There stands our Goddess of Mercy," the lover repeated. The princess looked and saw her Little Lotus standing with a face full of tenderness like the face of the Goddess of Mercy.

THE CYNIC

MYRA THOMAS

SUCKED a bitter root
Had a bitter thought—
Pleasures in life—
They hold naught.

Chewed a spicy leaf
Saw the sun drop down—
Day fade into night
A smile turn a frown.

Root, leaf,—a life—
Sweet turned bitter
Dreamy eyes unveiled
Summer turned winter.

HEARTH FIRE

PHYRNE SQUIER

WITH half-closed eyes
I watch the flames
Creeping against the black,
Orange tentacles of a devil-fish
Salamandrine,
Clasping, winding about a stick.

I hear them
Drawing out its life
With the smacking noise
Of many small mouths.
The panting of the stick
Is a fluttering, throbbing sound,
Almost too faint to hear.

Thin violet smoke ascends—
Protoplasmic,
Formless—
The soul of the stick
Leave-taking.

Full-fed,
The fire ceases to suck;
The stick slips from its grasp,
Falls downward, and lies,
A straight black thing,
Upon the hearth.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The issues of THE FLAMINGO for January 1928 and for January 1929 are completely sold out. Readers who are not keeping a file of the magazine will confer a favor by mailing their copies of these issues to the Editor for file purposes.

The current issue of THE ECHO, a quarterly review of British and American College literature contains a story and several poems reprinted from recent issues of THE FLAMINGO.

Creative work at Rollins has been greatly stimulated during the winter term by the courses in the art of writing poetry, drama and fiction which are being given by such distinguished teachers as Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Clinton Scollard, Percy MacKaye and Lyde Drummond Harris.

The leading article in the current SUWANNEE REVIEW entitled "H. D. A. Study in Sensitivity" is by Frank A. Doggett now a senior student at Rollins.

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