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THE FLAMINGO

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THE RETURN

ALL of the hills
Are good to see
With the pink bouquet
Of the apple tree,

As I hurry by
On the iron train
To my own far hill—
And youth again.

For surely I know
Youth waits for me
Where the boughs are pink
On the apple tree;

I lost it there
In a spring long past
And shall I not find it there
At last?

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

Contributed to The Flamingo

THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

VOL. III, No. 3 MARCH, 1929 Price, 20 Cents

AFTERMATH

IVERNE GALLOWAY

THERE has been so long a time
Wind and rainy weather.
Who am I to put in rhyme
Days we had together?

Who am I to tell again
Days that used to be?
I have counted beads of pain
On my rosary.

NEXT!

DOROTHY EMERSON

HENRY was an expert barber, twenty-four years old and unmarried. Of the first and last he was boastful. "Every town needs a hair cut and no man needs a woman," he would say. "I can make a living any place and don't need a skirt to help spend my money."

Henry was at the third chair in Burk's barber shop. Old man Burk himself held the first chair as best of barbers by right of ownership. At the second chair was Geltlet, second best of barbers by right of eighteen months' service.

"You're lucky to have got to the third chair in two weeks," Geltlet had told Henry one day.

"Two weeks!" Henry had answered. "I been in this work for five years."

His hands looked it. The long, square fingers were soft and wrinkled at the tips as if protesting against always being wet. There was a callous on the knuckle of his right thumb where scissors had rubbed and rubbed.

It wouldn't surprise Henry if he took Geltlet's place at the second chair in two more weeks. Geltlet was an expert, no getting around that, but he, Henry, was . . . well, if it wasn't that the boss owned the place, he might have a chance to get the first chair.

At noon the shop was empty except for a small, light-haired boy, who fidgeted in Henry's chair, and the two barbers, Topper and Meeks, who were idling and reading newspapers.

"Henry." Topper, the barber on the left said as he slapped his paper with an emphatic hand. His tone was affectedly serious. "Henry, I see the cafeteria up the street is advertising today's special as raisin pie. Guess we ain't to have your company at the restaurant anymore, if they keep on specializing pies at the cafeteria. Is raisin pies one of your favorites, too, Henry? Let's see, it was apple yesterday and huckleberry the day before. The restaurant don't know the business it's losing by not specializing on pies. Suppose we ought to tell them, Meeks?"

The one addressed looked cheerful appreciation.

"T wouldn't do no good," he said and shook his head with knowing despair. "T wouldn't do no good if they made a dozen specials on pie every meal. There's only one thing they could do, Topper."

"What's that?" the man in the fourth chair urged.

"They'd have to make Henry think that there was a chance to find a curly blonde hair in that pie, wouldn't they, Henry?"

Henry clipped an uneven edge of hair on the small boy's forehead. "I don't get you", he said.

"Henry would understand better if you said a particular blonde curly hair," Topper explained to Meeks.

They laughed, Meeks striking his knee with the flat of his hand.

"I'm glad you fellows know a good joke when you see it." Henry spoke with cool toleration. "Because there ain't a word a truth to what you're saying. That little girl that hands out desserts up at the cafeteria don't mean a thing to me."

"O, no, not a thing!" Topper gave a long whistle. "Every night in two weeks for nothing, I just bet."

"A fellow needs a little company, doesn't he?" Henry demanded. "Gosh, he doesn't have to be serious with a girl just because he takes her out." He helped the little patron to get down from the chair. "Fifty cents . . . and, if your ma doesn't like it, come back, and I'll cut your neck off." He clanged the cash register and dropped a careless coin. "Aw . . . why she ain't even good-looking. Her nose is too long, and her eyes look like somebody scared her, and she never got over it."

Topper folded his newspaper and got up to stretch his legs as the boss and Geltlet entered. "Don't take it hard, boy." He sighed. "Some day, somebody's mother . . ."

It was Henry's turn to go to dinner. He fingered his tie for a moment at the immense mirror, snapped his sleeve garters with a swaggering gesture, lifted his hat from its hook, and strode up the street two blocks.

As the afternoon grew hotter, the barbers clipped and combed, lathered and shaved and threw on steaming towels in silence. The smell of perfume was oppressive and not to be lessened by the efforts of two

electric fans. The black-boy who shined shoes and cleaned the floor of hair with a janitor's brush worked in a dull stupor. Customers leafed listlessly through the old magazines without any signs of impatience at waiting. Once in a while a "Well. 'S'hot enough for you?" brought a resigned sigh from one just taking a chair, establishing a kind of mutual understanding, after which the barber worked.

About four o'clock two girls came in. One of them, plump and brown-headed, Henry recognized as a girl whose hair he had cut a day or two before. The other was Helen, the particular blonde who handed out desserts at the cafeteria.

"Hello, Henry." Helen smiled and turned to the plump girl behind. "Mr. Martin meet Miss Murdock. Henry, this is Gladys, and she says you gave her this shingle a couple of days ago. Could you give me one like it?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Well, I'll wait then," she said, seeing that there were only two ahead of her. "Marge." She addressed the other. "You go on out and look at shoes and get me later."

Marge contemplated. "I'll wait for you at Blaney's" she said and pouted. "I ain't going to come clear back here." She departed, and Helen settled in a chair, slumping comfortably on her back.

The two men ahead of her went to Geltlet and Meeks.

"Next," Henry called and looked at her meaningly.

She propped her short, narrow feet upon the footrest of his chair and adjusted her green-plaited skirt.

"This is the first time that I've been here since you started working," she informed him cheerfully.

"Yeah, I know; but it ain't going to be the last," Henry said. Her pleased giggle approved.

"Listen." She looked from the corners of her eyes, for she did not dare to move her head. "You'd better give me a decent hair cut, or not come begging pie this evening."

"If pie's the only thing he begs, you're getting off easy," Topper spoke from the next chair.

Helen laughed shrill delight. "Well, that's all he gets."

"And I have to pay for that," Henry said with a masculine grumble. He grasped her left ear between his fingers and pretended to snip her ear with the sharp scissors. "Now I've got you where I want you," he threatened.

Her squeal brought the boss's attention to Henry. "Three men waiting," he said briefly.

After that Henry clipped her hair in silence. His fine-toothed comb lifted each shining curl; at every cold glittering movement of the scissors a ringlet fell to the floor.

"Can't you cut that whistling?" he growled at Topper, whose rounded mouth seemed never tired of sentimental love tunes.

"Benefit concert," Topper replied and continued.

An interval was filled with the monotonous click-click of the scissors. Henry dusted Helen's neck with his soft powder brush. He took the apron from her shoulders, careful not to spill the short, loose hair upon her dress. He powdered her neck again.

She looked at him questioningly. "Through?" and twisted her head toward the mirror behind the chair.

"Oh, my gosh, would you look at that!"

She sprang to the floor and faced the boss, who stood with horror-astonished eyes. Her highly polished

nails ran frantically through a shaggy mop of blonde hair.

"See what this fool's done to my hair. Somebody's going to be sorry for this, all right. This place ought to be sued."

She started for the door, stabbing her sharp heels angrily against the marble tile. The boss walked rapidly after her.

While he was gone, the whole force watched Henry uneasily. He was touching the golden blonde curls that lay around his chair with his toe. He touched them slowly, meditatively. His lips were drawn into sullen corners.

"Her nose is too long, and her eyes look scared," he was reminding himself softly.

The boss came in, red-faced and glaring.

"What's the matter with you? The heat gone to your head? Any time we start turning out circus freaks for fifty cents, we'll let you know in advance."

Henry touched another curl with his toe. "A man might fall in love with hair like that," he said softly. He heaved a great sigh and looked up.

"Sorry. Heat, I guess. Headache. Won't happen again. Hair grows out anyhow."

The last four words seemed to strike him as unusual. "Hair grows out anyhow," he repeated; then, "Gosh, I'm quitting this job."

FRAGMENT

IVERNE GALLOWAY

THIS is a song that sings itself over and over:
 One day I had a friend;
 Once the wild plum tree, too, had its showers of
 blossoms
 Until the frost came . . .

GEECHEE'S CUNJUR

HARRY ERWIN

GEECHEE derived his name from his native race, that strange branch of the Negro family which inhabits the coasts of Georgia and Carolina. In the course of much wandering he had lost his almost comprehensible dialect but had retained, naturally enough, his inherent characteristics, including a love for the sea.

Geechee belonged to the shrimp fleet. Each morning at dawn he piloted his little green-and-yellow boat out of the San Sebastian river, past the town of St. Augustine, around the point of Anastasia Island, thence over the bar. All day he seined the great blue outside. At sunset he came churning back into the harbor, his nets draped like cobwebs from the masthead, his craft the center of a screaming crowd of seagulls.

Then a terrible thing happened. Geechee incurred the wrath of a nigger "in cahoots wid ha'nts," a green-eyed *voodoo* nigger named Lonesome Pine. This eccentric person was a power among the negroes. He lived in a small cabin amid the storm-twisted oaks and cedars of Anastasia Island. In the daytime he tended white folks' yards; at night he rambled aimlessly through the shell pits and sand dunes, softly mumbling to himself. In his youth, so the legend goes, he fought at the battle of San Juan Hill. During the height of the struggle his palate had been shot away.

"But dat did'n' bodder ole Lonesome," the darkies were wont to say. "Naw, suh! Ole Lonesome jus' swaller dat ole bullit an' goes on bout his bizniz."

Lonesome Pine's sad adventure affected his subsequent existence in two ways; first, he dared not stand too near a fire for fear the swallowed bullet might melt

and "gum up his in'ards;" second, he spoke with a hollow, nasal accent that reminded one of the grunting of a pig. He usually carried a battered valise into which popped stray beer bottles, tin cans, and picaninies, too, if we believe the more radical commentators. He wore cast-off golf knickers of gaudy plaids and flaring socks that never matched. Even the negroes, addicted to unconventional dress, admitted that this was rather a strange costume for a normal person. They were always careful to add, however, that it was doubtlessly *comme il faut* for one whose palate had been shot away at the battle of San Juan Hill.

I do not know the details of the quarrel between Geechee and Lonesome Pine. It was evidently bitter enough, because Lonesome Pine brought into play the most widely feared weapon of all voodooism, the *cunjur*. There is much ambiguity as to the exact method he used. Some say that he plunged his fist into a pot of boiling water; others maintain that he bit off his big toe and threw it in Geechee's face. However that may be, the *cunjur* was deep, dark and impressive. It forbade Geechee ever to go to sea again. If he disobeyed, fifteen devils would appear on the stroke of noon. They would throw him over-board. They would not only throw him overboard, but they would "hole 'im under tel he daid."

"Ah ain' scared of ha'nts," boasted Geechee. "Ah'm *bukra*. Eats 'um for breakfus'!"

Nevertheless, he contracted a "mis'ry in the j'int's" on the very next day. This mis'ry was irritated by salt water, he said. Three weeks dragged by. Each morning he stood on ramparts of San Marco Castle, watching the fleet file out to sea; every evening he viewed its triumphant return from the dunes of North Beach Point. But he did not go to sea.

His comrades guessed the trouble. They were surprised, therefore, when Geechee suddenly reported for duty once more. That portion of the fleet's personnel comprised of Geechee and Nassau negroes made no comment. They observed that a bright, new alarm clock hung on his chest. They noticed further that the hands were set at half past eleven. The less said about *cunjurs*, however, the better.

But the Portuguese element, being white folks, had no sense of propriety in matters of that sort.

"Hi, Geecha!" they shouted. "How coom you no fear-a da spook, huh?"

Geechee chuckled delightedly. "Spooks on'y cahm roun' at noon," he said. "On dissere boat dar ahn't naw noon. On dissere boat it ahm 'leben-thutty from mawnin' tell night," and he pointed to his shining new clock.

A storm of ridicule greeted this explanation, but time proved that Geechee was right. Weeks slipped by. Geechee went outside each day. Not a devil appeared.

Geechee is famous now. The tale of his clock and his *cunjur* has permeated the entire winter colony. He ranks with San Marco Castle as a tourist attraction. Carriage drivers point him out to delighted parties of sightseers. His photograph appears in the gaily colored publicity pamphlet published by the Board of Trade. He is the subject of polite conversation at bazaars, tea dances, and benefit balls. His name is heard in the Plaza during evening concert; at the Casino on Venetian Night; in the fabled patios, lobbies, and salons of the winter hotels. Charming ladies call him "quaint;" prosperous gentlemen dub him "a sketch;" aesthetic souls find him "too picturesque for words;"

the intelligentsia consider him "an interesting study in negro psychology."

Nor is Geechee unaware of his fame. He wears his clock on every conceivable occasion. He parades the streets; he stands for hours on conspicuous corners. "Rubber-neck wagons" are his delight. He will go many blocks out of his way to pass one and hear the guide announce through his megaphone:

"On your right, folks, you see a queer old negro char-rick-teur, a typical product of the ancient cit-ee."

Such notoriety is bound to be profitable. Tourists pay well for deep-sea excursions with so remarkable a pilot. Nevertheless, Geechee is by no means optimistic.

"It cahm fahs', an' it go fahs'," he complains. "Sahm folks ahm so 'teef.' All dey wants is mahney, mahney, mahney."

Which remark puzzled me until I recalled that Lonesome Pine, the green-eyed nigger, the nigger "in cahoots wid ha'nts," has ceased tending white folks' yards and owns an especially luxurious second-hand car.

TEMPER

FRANK A. DOGETT

WHAT is this crimson cruelty of mouth,
These thinly parted lips?
Where are the soft words of the south
Like windy, singing ships

Dreaming along the rivers of my mind?
For now they plunge and halt
With screaming sails, the helmsman blind,
The cargo stung with salt.

THE CURIO SHOP AT PASS-A-GRILLE

JAMES PARKES

WE had been wandering over the deserted beach, picking up shells, discussing them. To complete our hunting we went into the shop. There was no one in, but we did not want to buy. We wandered from one cabinet to another, examining the shells displayed. Someone entered through the door in the back, but no one spoke. We continued to look about us, not knowing what we ought to do.

"What a large horseshoe crab," my companion said.

The man moved towards us, pointing to a larger crab we had overlooked. He was a small man, exceedingly thin. He looked old, but his shock of hair burned a flaming red. His beard, unshaven for several days, was as red as his hair. His face, too, was red and irritated, as were his hands and arms. From his toothless mouth hung a badly rolled cigarette, burning unevenly. A pair of blue cotton pants clung half-heartedly to his hips and slouched over his dirty canvas slippers. Yet he was not unattractive. He had a general air of unconcern, but he grinned proudly as he showed us, under a cabinet, a still larger crab. Then, climactically he pointed to his largest specimen, a crab so big that it overhung the eight-inch joist it was mounted on.

"But they grow larger than that."

"This is a hermit crab. He doesn't grow a shell of his own but finds one left empty by the death of another animal, usually a conch. If he can't find an empty shell, he doesn't mind killing a conch. When he outgrows the shell he is living in, he finds another."

We asked about a conch egg, a large parchment case, hanging down fully four feet, like an immense curl.

"How can a conch lay such an egg?"

"Oh, conches grow to be very big. But this is folded into a small bundle in her body."

He showed us that the egg was made of small cells that folded up like an accordion. The egg was slightly dry, or it would have all gone to pieces in his fist.

"The conch attaches the end of her egg to a rock or buries it in the mud to hold it in place. Then she moves away from the fastening. The egg trails out finally and remains floating upward. If it comes unfastened it floats to the top where the sun kills the eggs." He broke a small piece of the egg open. It contained a number of perfect conch shells, none over a quarter of an inch long.

We moved toward the back of the shop. There we saw a string of beads made of at least three hundred tiny shells, each drilled for stringing, each carefully picked for color. But the price tag read only seventy-five cents. The shells were iridescent.

"After you wear them a few minutes, they turn the color of your clothes," he told us, urging us to try them. "Some folks accuse me of painting them. I can dye them a solid color, but look at the tiny bands of white on each one"—with true collector's pride—"That would be impossible to paint."

We moved on towards the door, thinking we must go. The old man showed us many varieties of small fish, preserved, attached to cards which named and described the fish.

"How do you preserve them—by drying?"

"No. They'd drive me out of the house in a week if I tried that. I use a preserving fluid."

We went out of the door, but he, obviously glad to have visitors and an audience, followed us.

"People's bodies can be preserved with this fluid, but it takes so much of such a strong solution that it would eat your own skin, burn up your lungs, and blind you. Of course, just a weak solution is used for fish."

However, his eyes, eyelids, and hands were badly inflamed.

We were almost at the car, but the lonely old man did not want us to go.

"I once preserved a human body," he said. "It was exhibited as a mummy in a sideshow for years, but anybody that knows anything about mummies knows that a real one crumbles when it is exposed."

"Well," was all we could think to say, and we left him.

QUERY

IVERNE GALLOWAY

WHAT shall I do with Joy,
The Joy he brought me?
Lock it in a box, in a sandalwood box,
And tie the key on a string.

What shall I do with Laughter,
The Laughter he brought me?
Polish it, shine it;
Laughter tarnishes.

What shall I do with Sorrow,
The Sorrow he brought me?
Put it on a chain, on a thin gold chain,
And wear it with a crimson dress.

N. B.!

CHRISTY MacKAYE

THERE's a huge disparity
Between myself and charity.
I want it understood
That I find no meek hilarity
In being good.

RAIN

CHRISTY MacKAYE

EVER the earth unknowing
Has worshipped you,
The fragrance of you,
The swift gold crash of lightning,
The breaking of the fresh-voiced thunder.
All the dim green world is a-foam
In a sweet terror before your breath;
And after the straining stillness of the
sun-cracked day
How good to hear
Your muffled trampling along the hills,
The streaming deluge shattered against
the ground!
Never a thirsty plant
Was gladder of release
Than I to stand in the cold, heavy rush
of you;
And after you have beat away
My stiff bonds wrought in tangling hours
And when the earth has drunk the
heavens bare,
Then, oh, the misty wonder of the night,
The intent dripping in the dark,
And the grey-handed peace.

UP!

CHRISTY MacKAYE

IGROW as the grass,
As the grass grows at dawn,
When the hillside is dim
And the dew is grey.
I grow as leaves unfurl in the spring,
I grow in the gloom like a white moth's wing.
I grow in the sun like a young birch tree,
And the world laughs, and I laugh, and God
laughs to see.

WAIT OR SEEK

CHRISTY MacKAYE

WAIT for me in the mist and rain.
Wait for me in the smallest wave
Of a sun-lulled sea.
Wait for me in the rain and mist,
When the green of the world is dreaming,
And the brooks call back to the rain-soaked
hills;
Then wait for me in the bright, drenched
leaves
And the stillness after the storm;
Wait for me in the smallest wave
Of a sun-lulled sea.
Yet I may come in thunder,
And I may come in snow,
And I may come in the might of man,
Or when the four winds blow.
Seek me there,
Ye who dare! . . .
But *wait* for me in the smallest wave—
The stillest note of eternity.

IN A CITY STREET

CHRISTY MacKAYE

ONCE in a dismal street I saw
A blinding flash of joy.
It beat upon my eyes as glad
As waves leap on the shore.

I heard the laughter of the ground
Rejoicing in the sun,
And I must brace myself against
A rushing stream of sound.

Oh, distant sky of cool delight,
Upon the earth I stand,
And sure it is the star-fed winds
Are flowing to my hand.

AU REVOIR!

CHRISTY MacKAYE

THE road is cool and dark behind
And silver on before.
I walk from the windy hills
To the ocean's moon-hushed shore;
I stop at no man's door;
And I'll live forever, ever more
On foam of the sea
And topaz tea
That little green fishes brew for me.

THE CRY

CHRISTY MacKAYE

THE cry of a train at night
Makes me hold my breath
Like the sudden glimpse of a terrible dream,
Of a beautiful death;
Like the glow of a high-piled thunder cloud
Triumphant in the sun;
The fierce desire for unknown things
That can never be won.

NIGHT-RIDER

CHRISTY MacKAYE

COME, gallop over the stars with me!
The night is clear, the wind is swift,
And all the wild shadows of dark are adrift.
Oh, gallop over the stars with me!
Gallop over the stars and away
Through the cold blue wastes of echoless air
Singing: "*Beware—*

*Despair—**Take Care!*"

As you gallop over the stars and away.
Gallop over the stars and down,
Down through the clouds and caverns of
night . . .
But throttle your dreams in the dawn's chill
light,
When you gallop down from the stars!

"HOT"

VIRGINIA RALSTON

As his last name was Day, it was almost to be expected that some flippant soul would call him "Hot," and when his fraternity brother discovered that he lived up to his nickname in most ways, it stuck.

Since Hot was broke as usual and since college was over for three glorious months, he cast an eye about him for some manner of leisure that would bring in the "dough." His desire for this was vital; only that morning his father had broken the sad news to him that any pocket-money to support Hot in the luxury to which he had been accustomed would have to come from elsewhere than the paternal purse, as this usually capacious spot was practically exhausted from getting Hot in and out of college, jail, and other expensive places. Consequently Hot was a trifle perturbed as he contemplated how cramped leisure without money can be. He could either have money or leisure, but he hardly saw how to find the two of them at once, and, being addicted to both, he could not decide which one to part with. However, as yet it was early in the day, and he was still hopeful. He draped himself upon the park bench of the tiny Florida town, which he honored by calling his home, and gave himself up to a period of what a more intellectual soul would have called "deep thought."

"It's hot," said a strange voice. Hot jumped up and prepared his magnetic smile, but the speaker was only a perspiring lady commenting on the weather. She smiled benignly on Hot, who gave her a sour grin, muttered, "Aw, Bologney!" disgustedly under his breath, and sank once more into a state of coma.

"Well, if it isn't Hot!" ejaculated someone again. This time it was a masculine voice. Hot turned his head warily to perceive his room mate, also in pursuit of worldly wealth, with about as much success in the race so far as his impoverished friend.

"Boy," said Hot gloomily. "Gosh, I got more fool ways to spend money and no fool money to spend."

"Say, brother," sympathized Ted, giving Hot the fraternity grip, "we're brothers in that, too. And how are we going to go to the opening of that swanky night club out on Riverside without even enough cash to pay the cover charge? Tell me that."

"Ask me another," suggested Hot apathetically. "I been sittin' here thinkin', but I left all my ideas in college."

"Well, you idiot. Do you think the job's goin' to walk up and salute you?" demanded Ted. "How about lookin' around for one?"

Whereupon a blare of trumpets was heard, and the job came walking around the corner, in disguise, as it were. It was no less than a soap-box campaign for Governor of Florida. The petty politician was pursuing his office to the tune of a brass band, in front of which walked a small colored boy bearing a large white sign on whose surface in flaming red letters were the misleading words:

"TRUTH AND JUSTICE—VOTE FOR
SAMUEL E. DOTZ, THE FARMER'S FRIEND."

Samuel himself walked at a dignified distance from the band, followed by a crowd of farmers, several dogs, a few working women, and a raft of small children. Hot sat spellbound as Dotz promised the farmers enough real oil and filled-in-land to make them have huge income taxes. He said Florida was the land of promise; of farms and flowers, not real estate; and

he, for one, was out to see the farmers get their rights! He wanted to meet each one of them personally; they were all such remarkable men; they stood for such fine things; they were the back-bone of Florida, the true Crackers; and he, and he alone, could and would support them the way they ought to be supported. He was at their service, suhs! In fact, his main purpose in running for office was not mere personal gain—nay Brethren, no, not that—but so he might better stand for Truth, Justice, and the Florida Farmer from a position of authority! And more in the same vein.

Hot wondered if all stump politicians had been wont to dress like Dotz in the good old days when stump politicians were numerous. Samuel E. wore a rusty opera hat with a little red badge promoting himself stuck on one side. His prominent Adam's apple shelved over a dark tie hitched precariously to his wing collar. His coat was swallow tail and funereal. His trousers were large and baggy in all the wrong places, yet seemed to have been pressed only recently. They were so much too big that Ted told Hot: "The old guy has room t' turn completely around in them and never know the difference."

While Dotz continued to hold forth, Ted told Hot something of his chequered career. It appeared that Dotz was all things to all men, both for and against all vital issues, such as: prohibition, farmers, income taxes, birth-control, and woman-equality. He went from town to town, house to house, calling the various families by name. This apparently incredible but very clever "personal touch" was made possible by his lieutenants, who went to the village a day or two before him, and compiled long lists of prospective voters. A man had long ceased to be a man to Dotz. He was only one vote more.

This blarney and foresight had for years procured for him the governorship of Florida and would probably continue to do so until he and his dismal swallow-tail left Florida for Heaven or points south.

Hot was interested but not enthused. His main thought at present was not politics but cold, hard cash.

Samuel E. Dotz finished his oration and descended from his perch, it being plain to see that he was indeed the farmer's friend. From this village he then wended his way to Jacksonville.

Ted suggested that, having nothing better to do, they follow Dotz in the Ford, which was named, somewhat obscurely, "Queen Victoria." Queen Vic was at length persuaded to progress, and at the thrilling and thundering pace of fifteen miles an hour they started for Jacksonville.

Hardly had they arrived when Heaven-sent opportunity in the person of the great stump speaker himself approached them. After a brief conference Hot and Ted took over several packets of small white cards, minute replicas of the big sign, except that here Dotz was depicted generously as the friend of the people rather than of the farmer alone. Their job was to pass these out to all the passersby, thus promoting the worthy cause of Samuel E. At the end of the day they were to be remuneratively rewarded.

Hot passed out cards for about fifteen minutes undisturbed, when again fate smiled and a smallish gentleman approached. The smallish gentlemen had not observed that Hot was already engaged, and he endeavored to enlist him among the helpers of one James Robertson, who also aspired to the office of Governor. Nothing loath, Hot accepted the offer, the tickets, and five dollars cash.

"There's always room for one more," he quoted to himself with a grin.

The town was full of campaigners for sheriff and justice of peace as well as for Governor. Before an hour had elapsed, Hot was \$25 richer and was passing out to all who approached, *six* tickets: two for Governor, two for justice of peace, and two for sheriff. A block away Ted was doing almost as well.

Hot had no pangs of conscience about working for both Republicans and Democrats at the same time, but it rather worried him how to state the various views of each of the six in the time it would take a man to pass him. Finally the problem was solved when an unusually brilliant idea struck him. He gave out the six tickets to one and all with the snappy speech,

"Here, Brother, let your conscience be your guide!" And it was up to the bewildered man who received these contributions to choose for himself.

A couple of hours later he and Ted combed the town for Dotz and finally discovered him holding forth in the hotel lobby while the band played softly, "I can't give you anything but love." Samuel and the band were of the same opinion. He said innocently that he had never seen Hot or Ted before; they had done nothing for him; and although they looked like nice boys, he was not in the habit of making contributions to charity—or rather to college men. The band agreed. A joyous surge of music joined his words, and the orchestra sang in unison, "I can't give you anything but love, baby!" They seemed to be gazing directly at Hot.

Hot felt that something should be done at once. He had not stood in the hot sun two hours for nothing—emphatically not, and he wanted Dotz to pay *his* share.

One price to all," said Hot, controlling his temper with difficulty. "Mr. Dotz, this is your last chance. Five dollars, please!" Mr. Dotz smiled a pitying smile and shook his head.

"Nay, Brethren," he said sadly. "You heard the band. I can't give you anything but love."

"Oh, is that so?" inquired Hot in a nasty tone of voice.

"Yes, Brethren," answered Samuel smoothly; and he quoted a few verses of Scripture concerning love and charity.

"Oh, is *that* so?" demanded Hot and Ted in vehement chorus, perhaps a trifle sacrilegiously. Samuel slowly and impassively turned away.

Hot, in a red haze of anger at the old hypocrite, swung a hard right fist into Dotz's eye.

"No extra charge for *that* either," he remarked pleasantly. "The best things in life are free,' so just take that with love from me to you."

Ted seized Hot's arm, and they made a hasty getaway in "Queen Victoria" before anyone knew what it was all about. Between them they had fifty dollars, which was very good for two hours' work.

Hot felt well content. He had given Dotz a black eye that would take a week to resume its normal hue. He had given almost everyone in Jacksonville the opportunity to choose for himself without any biased salestalk from Hot as to the ideal man for the various offices. Ted also felt good. So did "Queen Victoria," who had two gallons of gas in her for the first time in months.

"You know," shouted Hot pensively above the roar of Queen Vic, "I feel just like the village blacksmith—'somethin' accomplished, somethin' done, has earned a night's repose'."

"What makes you think so?" Ted shouted back. "Don't you know we're goin' to the opening of that hot night club over on Riverside? Gosh, that's not my idea of a night's repose."

"Oh, that's right, I forgot," Hot said. "After all, we might as well blow it on one good night; it would be gone soon enough anyway."

And he composed himself for an hour of refreshing sleep until "Queen Victoria" should traverse the twelve miles to his home.

Came the dawn, and the newspapers telling how Samuel E. Dotz, the people's friend, had run into a post in the dark, causing minor injuries to his right eye.

Hot, arising after a strenuous night at Riverside, snickered loudly as he read this touching announcement.

"Would you call this a post?" he asked his sister, shaking his right fist under her astonished nose as they went into the dining room for lunch.

"No, you moron," she answered sweetly. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Don't bother your feeble brain about it. I just wondered," answered Hot and refused to discuss the matter further.

TWO SILVER DOLLARS

MARY LEE KORNS

By the gutter in the muddy side road of the Ta Chieh reserved for animals and carts sits a coolie at the foot of his rickshaw. The dripping canvas top, which he has erected over the seat of his two-wheeled carriage, is little protection against the drizzling rain. He has rolled his blue trousers above

his knees and so exposes his feet and legs, caked with mud. From the waist up he is bare. Tiny rivulets of water trickle down his brown muscular back. Over his shoulder is slung a dirty towel. His braided pig-tail is wound around his head.

The rickshaw is old and battered. Several spokes of one wheel are broken, and one tire is flat. A mud guard is cracked, and the glass of his lantern is shattered. The shafts are crooked. The coolie looks eagerly about him for a prospective passenger, but he really does not expect any such good fortune.

"No one will ride in this pi cheh. It is too old and sad-looking. There are too many others that are much finer. But how can I have it painted and fixed up? It would cost at least two dollars—an unthinkable price. Well, I can still run fast. If only I had a chance!"

From time to time he glances across the way where a butcher is portioning out meat to customers. In front of the shop a hawker is selling steamed sweet potatoes, and another is pouring hot tea from a large black kettle into small cups. A tai-tai, wearing stilted rain shoes, stops and pays a copper for a drink, while a beggar boy kowtows on the wet stones before her, whining for money. A water carrier, balancing his wheelbarrow, makes a squeaking approach. He slips the wide straps from his shoulders and leaves the wheelbarrow supported by props, while he also warms himself with several swallows of hot tea. In his hand the coolie clenches twelve tungtze, his entire wealth.

"It is afternoon already, and I have only these twelve coppers, which I earned early this morning. I cannot spend any of them, although my stomach is aching with emptiness. I must take them to Ah-Li. Yesterday Wang tai-tai said that she did not need Ah-Li any longer for washing cloths. I don't see how

she can find another position, and she said this morning that there was not enough money to buy shiao mi or ta bin for our next meal."

He again looks hungrily at the hot sweet potatoes, but averts his gaze in a determined manner.

"No, I shall not look in that direction. How is it that I can think of myself when I see in my mind Lan-Huar, my daughter, lying on her k'ang too weak to rise? Does not the thought of Ling-Whei, my baby who starved to death, fill my heart with sorrow? Even my only son is wasting away. During the past few days the little fellow has found only a few good coals in the discarded ashes by the Wall. They will burn only a short while. What shall we do when we have no fuel? Already the leaves are beginning to fall, and soon the winter winds will blow. What shall we do for clothing?"

He shivers slightly as he becomes conscious of the rain streaming down his back.

"They say Peking will be a poor city now that the officials have gone away, and that no one will care to ride in a rickshaw. Well, I have these twelve tungtze, and I must take them to Ah-Li, or she can buy nothing to eat."

The coolie picks off some of the mud caked on his legs and then wipes his face and arms with the dirty towel.

"Would that we had not left our little village of Shih Ch'ing Shan! They told us that life would be easy in Peking. Easy! and now after seven years of struggle we are starving. Aye-yo!" He clutches his side in pain. "Those sharp pains come so frequently now I do not seem to get enough air on which to live. Yes, I journey constantly with misery. Until lately I have drunk my misery without complaint, but now

there is bitterness in my heart. It is—too hard—to live."

The strained expression of pain on his face relaxes into one of weariness as he again looks at the coppers in his hand.

Just at this moment a prosperous-looking gentleman in a silk garment appears at the entrance to the curio store at the left of the butcher shop. He bows toward the dark interior of the store and smiles slightly as he taps with his long finger-nails a square bundle tied in blue cloth, which he is holding carefully. When the coolie sees him hesitate for a moment at the door, he grasps the shafts of his rickshaw and leaps across the muddy road to the gentleman. Strange to say the pleasant-looking shenshiang does not state his destination and then his price with a tone of finality. He simply places two silver dollars in the coolie's hand and enters the rickshaw.

"Liang kwei ch'ien!" the coolie stammers. "Is it not a mistake, honorable sir?"

"Take me to the Lung Fu Sze. The money is for you."

The coolie nervously places the money in the belt at his waist and tucks the canvas cloth about his benefactor with trembling fingers. Then he picks up the shafts and pulls the rickshaw over to the Ta Chieh. His heart is throbbing violently, and he is hardly conscious of his passenger's weight.

"Liang kwei ch'ien! More money than I earned in the past two months! He must be a very rich man. It is not often rich men are so kind. How does he happen to be giving his money away so freely? I wonder whether this bundle is full of silver pieces . . . Now I can have my pi cheh made like new. But no; I must take the money home to Ah-Li. She will then

get something to eat . . . This is surely a stroke of good fortune. It is a long pull to the Lung Fu Sze, but I am not tired. The shenshiang does not seem heavy. How hungry I am! I wish now I had spent two coppers for a potato."

Suddenly he notices that policemen, on foot and on horseback, are clearing the street of pedestrians and vehicles. They brandish clubs and shout orders to the people, who are so slow to move. In his effort to shove the crowd to the ditch and beyond, one policeman becomes excited and lashes the people and his horse alike with his whip. The animal rears and with his hoof catches the shafts of the rickshaw. Desperately the coolie struggles to prevent the carriage from going over backward. With a tremendous effort he pulls down on the shafts. Just as he levels them to a point below his waist, his arms fall limply to his sides, and he drops in the mud by the gutter. A policeman gives him a kick and shouts to the gentleman in the silk garment.

"He's dead! You must see to it that——"

But the rest of his words are drowned by the honking of the horn on the President's car, which is flying by. The shades of the windows are drawn tightly down, and armed soldiers of the palace stand guard on the running board. Black mud is spattered over the coolie. The shenshiang picks the two dollars out of the belt at the coolie's waist and says:

"These will pay for the ghost money at his funeral."

He gazes at the gaping, motionless mass of people as he clicks the dollars together and adds:

"At least they will bring him comfort in the other life."

"THE PERTINENT QUESTION"

MORRIS BUTLER BOOK

THE hot water tap in the bathroom spit and fizzed and the little wall mirror that hung over the splotted marble wash bowl paled with a steamy fog. There was a face reflected beneath the smear on the glass and as a peevish hand rubbed away the mist a young man's countenance came into bold relief.

With utmost care and deliberation Sheldon Simmons surveyed his lathered features and ran the safety over young and tender bristles. At times he would screw his mouth to one side and pinch up his nose like a contortionist in order to allow a wider swath for his drug counter sickle. Three times his face underwent this minute razoring and when he had plunged his hands into the hot water and ducked his nose in the frothy depths of the bowl he came up looking like a glazed apple.

Sheldon was not unusual, just a normally healthful lad of nineteen years with perhaps a bit more twinkle to his eyes than the average youth in Swankton. For three months he had been combing his sleek ebony hair in the evenings. For three months he had been shoving the blacking brush over his shoes after supper. And for exactly ninety days and nights Sheldon had pondered over the matter of tendering Mary Blossom a proposal of marriage. As yet he had not dared.

"Tonight," Sheldon muttered, "I mean business," and he gave his tie a final twirk to emphasize it.

Yet it was not altogether a lack of nerve that forced this ardent young swain to hold his horses. He had suffered a constant handicap in the presence of Mary's

father. George Blossom stuck to the porch or living room as close as the baseboarding.

"Old man Blossom is going to bloom somewhere else besides the porch this evening or I'll know the reason why," Sheldon confided to his lanky shadow as he approached the gateway to the Blossom home.

"Good evening, Mr. Blossom."

Sheldon seated himself in the far corner of the swing as usual and awaited anxiously the approach of the apple of his masculine eye. Mr. Blossom indulged in extensive comments on the weather and the poor way in which the town council handled the traffic situation. Mary came out on the veranda.

At nine-fifteen Mary and Sheldon were sitting in the swing and George Blossom was dozing at the far end of the porch with one ear tuned in on remote control.

"Mary, I have something I must say to you *tonight!*"

Sheldon said it as a man who doubts the veracity of his own statement.

"That is at least the umpteenth time you have said that, Sheldon, and I can't see what you've told me, that matters much."

"But listen, won't you? What I'm getting at is . . ."

Mr. Blossom stirred in his chair and deliberately sneezed.

"Sap!" Sheldon muttered.

"Why, the idea! Who might you be calling *sap* I'd like to know?" Mary fumed.

"No one, just thought of a three letter word found in maple trees in the spring . . . it runs horizontal."

Nine-thirty.

"Mary, I've *gotta* say something to you!"

"Ceasar's shade! Please don't say *gotta*."

G. Blossom allowed his pedal extremities to fall heavily from the porch railing to the floor with a bang.

In a few minutes Sheldon arose, turned to say the customary "Good night" to his heart's desire and bowed stiffly to her father.

As he turned into the hotel lobby a few minutes later Sheldon grinned contagiously, and when he dropped a nickel into the pay-phone an instant after, he was positively laughing.

While his party was being connected young Mr. Simmons repeated the name of George Blossom accurately and precisely in high falsetto. His confidence rose when he realized that Mary had not recognized his voice when she put the receiver to her ear. Mary called her father.

"Hullo," from Blossom.

"Hello," in high C from Simmons. "George Blossom, you old codger, this is your Great Aunt Sophie. I'm at the daypoe and I'd like for you to run down to see me for a minute or so between trains. I wager I ain't seen you since you was knee high to a milk can."

George Blossom went.

Sheldon went—back to see Mary. As the front gate slammed after George Blossom the back gate squeaked Sheldon's cautious return. On the porch Mary was calling to her mother that papa had gone to see Great Aunt Sophie at the railroad station.

Madame Blossom had retired. She had never been able to accomplish anything after eight in the evening. Her mind grew weary. She thought Mary had said that papa had gone out to get a great big sofa from the station. She pondered sleepily over this and decided that George had ordered it for her birthday and wanted to see that the new furniture arrived on time.

"Mary!"

"Sheldon!"

"Shhh—I'm back."

"I'm not blind, am I?"

"But I'm back to tell you that I've got something to say to you!"

"*Good night!* Are you crazy Sheldon Simmons? You act positively *spooky!*"

"Mary, would you consider. What I mean is could you be—"

The front gate opened and slammed.

George Blossom was growling audibly. He was offended at something.

"Say, what do you reckon? I got half way down to the station when I happened to remember that my grandmother's sisters were all brothers. There couldn't be any Great Aunt Sophie! Anyhow the railroad station ain't even open on Sundays."

Mary was astonished.

"Some nut tryin' to put one over on me I guess, and believe me she got fooled."

George's deductions were perfect except biologically. He made a mistake in the use of a pronoun.

Then Mary turned to ask Sheldon to continue with whatever on earth he had to tell her. But where *was* he?

The back gate slammed.

Then father Blossom saw the light. It dawned upon him with the effulgent glory of the rising sun.

"Blast it," he said, "who would ha' thought Aunt Sophie wore bell-bottomed trousers?"

SHADE

A Vignette

PENELOPE PATTISON

WHAT is this fearful, black ghost, creeping silently, stealthily upon your lawn? He hates the light, and in mad fits he growls in the dirt. You have seen him, long, slender, shapeless, jagged in the morning; or at night, faint, misty, fatigued, lying upon the white earth beneath a white moon.

At noon he hides from the light of the sun under brush or tree; but, if you watch long and quietly, you may see him stealing out, bending low, thrusting out a long, bony hand, drawing up a knotted foot. His thin, black, flowing cloak swirls behind him. He pauses; then suddenly he tosses his skeleton arms with dangling fingers above his head; and his lean, sharp, fierce face with hooked nose glares with bad omens.

Prone on the earth, away from the sun, silently stretching longer and longer, he fades into the dusk.

What is this fearful ghost?

THE FLAMINGO

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The March issue of The Echo, a new quarterly review of American and British college literature, published at Hamilton, N. Y., will be of special interest to all friends of Rollins College.

Eleven colleges are represented in this issue and Rollins is honored by having five stories and poems selected from the recent issues of The Flamingo—more than any other college. The Flamingo is also complimented by having The Echo adopt its format and general typographic style.

The American Library Association recently wrote: "We wish to congratulate the editorial staff of The Flamingo on its excellent literary quality and make-up. It is an undergraduate magazine to be proud of."

The editions of the January and February issues of The Flamingo were both sold out. Subscriptions may begin with the current issue.

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