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THE FLAMINGO

THE CONTENTS

TO J. B. R. (poem)	ELISE PADGETT
HARVEST OVER (poem)	KENNETH CURRY
DEAD (story)	MORRIS BUTLER BOOK
OLD WONDER (poem)	WALLACE GOLDSMITH
THE LAST COPPER (story)	LING NYI VEE
A POLITE STORY (story)	HARRY ERWIN
LEVELS (poem)	NANCY BROWN
POETRY SECTION	VIRGINIA LAWRENCE
CHOICE	INCOMPLETE
UNKNOWN	WISDOM
BOUNTY	CAMOUFLAGE
DESECRATION	
I KNOW SOMETHING (story)	JOHN CUMMINS
DOGWOOD AT NIGHT (poem)	PENELOPE PATTISON
FULFILLMENT (poem)	STELLA WESTON
JOHN BROWN'S BODY (epoch)	WALLACE GOLDSMITH

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TO J. B. R.
ELISE PADGETT

WE loved her hands—
So richly used to fingering finer stuff—
Damask, satin, linen like spun air,
Made in the caverns of some secret sea,
Or flung down from a workshop in the stars.

We loved her hands—
Touching with gentleness our rough-made
seams
And shabby edges; piecing here and there,
With patches of bright beauty, where we
found
Our words too bare to pattern out our
dreams.

These things we may forget;
Yet Time, iconoclast, forever sweeping
Broken fragments from our days,
Will leave one image for our dearest
keeping—
The windows that she opened with her
hands,
Pointing the Road that struggles to the
height,
Sweet with the songs of travellers long gone.

*Wearing a leaf of rosemary for a guerdon,
We will be on that Road before the dusk.*

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HARVEST OVER

KENNETH CURRY

THE earth was much the sadder
Since to-day was born.
On trees where leaned a ladder
The boughs are now forlorn.

Like folk whose sons are taken
From them one by one,
The orchard stands forsaken
In the fading sun.

DEAD

MORRIS BUTLER BOOK

It could not be possible! Surely, Doctor Goodman was not dead! Yet newspaper stories can usually be relied upon to give a reasonably true account of a day's happenings. The morning edition of the *Herald* had brought sad news to the city. "DOCTOR HUGH GOODMAN DIES" . . . rich people, poor people, almost everybody in town was shocked into silence. It was unbelievable!

Could it be true that this man, who had meant so much to the sick and afflicted had really died? It seemed unreasonable to even imagine a surgeon and scientist of Goodman's calibre not living for years and years.

There was no denying it, for the papers were crowded with bold, black headlines as if the news-sheets them-

selves were shrouded. Queer though, there were only a few lines actually telling of the Doctor's demise. The report was rather vague and not in detail. When the man was last seen by any known person there was no obvious evidence of ill health.

The reporter from the *Herald* stopped at the Doctor's office door. There was no use to go in now. A plain dark wreath hung from the brass knob. The reporter felt an urge to look into the room. Perhaps there could be found something that would shed a little more light on the Doctor's death.

A scream! The entire ninth floor of the large office building became suddenly alive with humanity. That awful cry of terror! It froze the blood for an instant in the veins of the clerks and stenographers, and then all of them came running toward that end of the floor whence came the piercing cry.

They stopped in front of the Doctor's door. Nothing there . . . the door was closed, the blind pulled down over the frosted glass, and the wreath hung loosely from the knob. The group of anxious people turned away.

The *Herald* reporter opened his eyes. He had fainted. A man in white stood near him pouring a liquid on a bit of hospital cotton. This was extended to the stricken fellow to inhale and as the aroma permeated the nasal cavities of his head he was stimulated.

The man assisted the reporter to a sitting posture.

"Why, why what does this mean? Doctor Goodman I am amazed . . . we all believed you were dead! The papers . . ."

"I am dead."

"What did you say, sir?"

"There can be no doubt about it . . . I died yes-

terday at five p. m. right here in this office. Where are your eyes, man, did you not see the crepe on the door? Yes, sir, on the office door of the famous Goodman. The newspapers say that I am dead . . . I read the account myself."

The reporter was more confounded than when he first saw the "dead man" at his desk. What could it be? To be sure the Doctor was very much alive. Something wrong . . . maybe too much work and worry had played its part. No light or vivacity sparkled in Goodman's eyes . . . they *were* dead eyes!

"Doctor Goodman, I am from the *Herald*. We should be more than glad to correct our mistake. Could you give me any information that might clear up this blunder. The tension in town is very great. It is an error that can not easily be corrected."

"Corrected! It is the truth. I most certainly am dead. Should I not know? I tell you, Doctor Goodman died last evening! I have not been able to determine the cause of this sudden cessation of life functions, but this I do know . . . I am dead."

The reporter was quick to grasp the situation. Something had snapped in the Doctor's mental processes and left him temporarily insane. The Doctor was obsessed with this wierd idea that he had died.

"Doctor Goodman, being a surgeon you must be aware of the biological fact that a dead man will not bleed. Is that not so?"

"Most assuredly, no dead body will bleed."

"Very well, allow me to sever an artery in your wrist, not deeply of course. If you see the blood flowing you will be convinced that you are alive . . . that there is a mistake. Is it agreed?"

"Yes, I would be convinced if you draw blood. Re-

member now, it must be warm and flowing freely. I'll have no tricks!"

The reporter's hand shook nervously as he made a slight incision on the Doctor's wrist. The red blood flowed quickly and steadily dripped from the demented man's arm to the floor.

The two watched it silently for a few seconds.

"There you are, Doctor Goodman! You are alive! I have proved without a doubt that you are not dead. Come now let us call a reputable physician."

A tone of deepest melancholy was in the Doctor's voice as he turned about to bind his bleeding wrist.

"I am sorry young man. I am still quite dead. You have only proved that *a dead man will bleed!*"

OLD WONDER

WALLACE GOLDSMITH

I BROKE a cob-web in the wood,
And paused a moment where I stood
To unmesh the crackly strands
From my brow, my lips, my hands:
Stretched elastic through my hair,
Silky feelers everywhere—
Trying to untangle air,
I discovered Beauty bare.
The long forenoon before the dawn
When the stars, tired of night,
Under a bushel hide their light,
And the moon's pall is withdrawn . . .
Breathing of all sentient things:
A locust's threnody of wings,
Aromas, shadows, murmurings,
All a web of spider strings!

THE LAST COPPER

LING NYI VEE

FOUR little children sat by the wall, leaning against each other.

"I am hungry," said one of them.

"So am I," another feebly responded. Then a short silence followed. The smallest of them began to cry. They all tried to hush him and to comfort him. Thus all day long they sat, a hungry empty stare on each small face.

Nature, kinder than man, lulled the children to sleep, thus enabling them to forget their hunger for a short space of time. Twilight began stealing in, and still the children slept, their heads nodding against each other's shoulders.

A bell softly rang. It woke one of the children. He well knew that it was the signal of the street vender coming, coming nearer. Oh, he had all kinds of candy, shaped as a horse, a monkey, a man in bright colors of red, green, purple, and blue. Each kind was enclosed in a glass case so the children on the streets could only look at them until their nurses should throw a copper into the hand of the street-vender. Then one of the children would push the needle suspended on the circular bamboo, and it moved round and round. All the children would hold their breath until the needle stopped. If it stopped on number one it would mean that the monkey went to the lucky owner. If on number two the horse. Number three and number four brought something else. Each day the street vender had something new, something strange, so each day the children waited, looking for the kind old man, listening, listening for the tinkle of that well known bell, that brought delight to each child's heart. The

man also had cakes, cakes shaped like a moon, and cakes with sesame seeds on top.

The four children were now all awake, and they gathered noisily around the wonder man with his wonder load. The four looked at each other. The smallest one whispered to the one next him,

"I want a moon cake."

Just then another child came from behind the wall. His face looked pale and serious. In his dirty palm he had some coppers. Casting a swift glance at the candy man, he sat down on the pebbled street and began playing with his money. He threw one copper on the stone. It vibrated with a clear, ringing sound. Another vibration, and another, and another, and another. He had five coppers in all.

"My mother gave them to me this morning," he said as if talking to his playmates. Then he heard the low whisper of the hungry child. He raised his head, and saw the four. He stood up. He looked down at his coppers. He counted them over again. One, two, three, four, five.

"My mother saved these and gave them to me," he said again. He walked towards the street vender and asked for four moon cakes.

"How much?" he said.

The man took up a sheet of paper and wrapped the cakes neatly.

"Four coppers."

The child counted the money and put it down.

"You still have one left. Don't you want to try to turn the needle?" asked the man.

The child looked at the candy. The horses, the monkeys, the dogs all seemed to be smiling at him. But he turned away. He brought the cakes to the hungry children. He gave one cake to each one of them

and stood watching them eat. Suddenly one of them said,

"Why aren't you eating?"

"I'm not hungry," answered the fifth child, "my mother gave me some rice cake."

As if by magic the hungry look had left the faces of the children. They all stood up and the five walked along hand in hand till they reached a big house, the doors of which stood wide open. They ran in. They shouted with glee. On the porch overlooking the river stood something tall and black. The children had often heard other children tell that you could look into it and see all kinds of strange things—a big city, an elephant in a cage. So one of them climbed up and looked into it. But all he could see was just blackness. Another climbed up, and another, till all five were perched on the window sill, bewildered, disappointed. Suddenly the fifth child discovered a little slot exactly the size of a copper. His face brightened. He looked at his last copper. The next moment they heard a clicking of a copper, and when they looked in they saw a wonderful scene. Delighted, they pushed and shouted and each fought for another peep. A slip of a foot, and one of the children, two, three, four, all five of them had fallen into the river.

Out from nowhere came a boat gliding towards the drowning children. The boat was in the shape of a white swan with its wings spread. A man in white sat up, reached his hand into the water, and rescued the children. The minute the last one was in the boat the man smiled and the ragged clothes of the children turned snow white, all five faces smiling. A breeze came, a mist spread over the river while the swan boat moved swiftly on.

The boat, then the mist. Then only the pink peach blossoms blooming silently outside of the window.

A POLITE STORY

HARRY ERWIN

IN the eyes of the world at large, Florence was just a sweet, sensible girl with no time for men. But her elder sister, Angela, who had cared for her when she was little more than a skipping, giggling morsel of smudge and gingham, felt that she was still capable of disgracing the family. She told Florence so on various occasions. Florence would merely laugh. Angela would laugh, too. Florence would laugh because she was no longer a silly little girl, but a calm, intelligent modern woman with a taste for plays that had cuss-words in them. Angela would laugh because Florence pretended to be a calm, intelligent modern woman and was in reality a silly and altogether charming little girl.

"Some day," Angela would say to herself, "she will surely disgrace the family."

Florence plugged away at a secretarial job in a New York law firm. In two years she received her first raise and bought a home in Flatbush. Her second raise sent her to Jersey and the Erie commutation trains. Her third, however, she put in the bank and began to collect gayly colored publicity pamphlets singing the praises of towns at a scandalous distance from Manhattan. Angela saw the signs. She prepared herself for something improper and radical. She was entirely resigned, therefore, when Florence's fourth raise sent them to their trunks and landed them at length in the roaring vastness of Pennsylvania Terminal.

"Isn't it wonderful!" sighed Florence.

"Hush!" whispered Angela. "Folks will think we've never been here before."

"But we haven't. We haven't *really*, Angela . . . Listen!"

"*War-shang-tun, Rich-mun; Cha-a-rlestun, Suh-va-a-nah!*" thundered a Jovian voice, "*Jack-sonville, Pa-alm Beach, Mi-yamma, Ke-e-y West! Hat-lantic Coast Line, Havana Special, eleven fifteen, tra-ack nine!*"

"Savannah, Palm Beach, Miami," breathed Florence.

"Atlantic Coast Line, eleven fifteen, track nine," snapped Angela. "Here, Redcap! Take these grips . . . Florence, you take the satchel, and I'll bring the hat-boxes. Let him carry the rest. Hurry!"

They dashed madly across the rotunda, through the gate and began to descend the stairs to the train-shed.

"Angela! Not so fast!" gasped Florence. "This grip is heavy! I . . ." Suddenly, she lost her balance. The crowd spun up before her eyes. She glimpsed the platform miles and miles below. Then . . .

"Do be careful!" exclaimed the nice young man.

"Oh, pardon—I mean thank you," said the breathless Florence. "Thank you so much for grab—for catching me."

"It was a pleasure," said the nice young man. "But really, you know, there is plenty of time. No need at all to jump. And besides, that platform down there is damp and cold. Suppose you had landed on your face. Why, you might have caught pneumonia!"

Florence laughed a laugh she had not laughed in years. "I-I must have fallen," she said. "I was so elated you see over the prospects of going to Florida."

"Hush!" said Angela. "The gentleman will think we've never been there before."

"But we haven't," said Florence. "This is our very first trip."

"How delightful!" exclaimed the nice young man. "There is nothing quite so charming as a first trip. Alas, this is my eleventh."

"To Florida?"

"Yes. I live there, you see. Perhaps—but we must be trotting along. Let me carry your luggage . . . No, really, I don't mind in the least. It's a pleasure."

II

The nice young man had gone. The Havana Special still stood in the station, but the ladies had already arranged their belongings and settled themselves in their compartment for the journey.

"He said, 'Do be careful,'" quoted Angela.

"He meant, 'Do be careful you don't hurt yourself,'" Florence explained.

Angela was unconvinced. A little playful disillusioning would do Florence no harm, she felt, and would add spice to the journey. "He meant," she said, "'Do be careful you don't disgrace yourself.'"

"He said, 'There's plenty of time. No need at all to jump,'" giggled Florence.

"He meant, 'There'll be plenty of time to make advances on the train without risking your life,'" said Angela.

"He said, 'There is nothing quite so charming as a first trip,'" sighed Florence.

"He meant, ' . . . a first trip together,'" snapped Angela. "He was no gentleman."

Florence was at last goaded into resistance. "He couldn't help it if I fell," she said heatedly.

"A public embrace was no way to prove it," said Angela.

"He didn't embrace me. He caught me. I might have been killed."

"Well, at least you would have died with a clear con-

science," snapped Angela. "As it is now—Florence! Stop powdering your nose before that window where all New York can see you!"

"What of it," demanded Florence coolly. "It's *my* nose, isn't it?"

Angela rose to a majestic height. "Florence," she said with withering scorn, "*I believe you fell on purpose!*" With that she stalked from the compartment, not forgetting to slam the door.

III

The Havana Special rumbled out over the Potomac River. It was late afternoon, and the sinking sun filled the compartment with a ruddy light.

"Here's the Potomac!" exclaimed Florence. "Ah, Dixie begins at the Potomac!"

"You are well informed for one who has never been there," Angela remarked.

"The porter told me," explained Florence.

"It was very poetic of him," said Angela. "But doubtlessly *you'd* drive anyone to poetry."

"A poetical porter is not an impossibility," said Florence.

"Of course not," her sister agreed.

*"There was once a poetical porter,
Who didn't talk just like he oughta,
He shouldered his grips
With iambic quips,
And"*

You have driven even me to poetry. What else did the porter tell you?"

"We talked about the Old South," said Florence.

"Indeed! I suppose he was raised on a plantation and thinks that the negro was happier in slavery."

"I don't discuss such things with negro porters."

"Shocking manifestation of race prejudice!" ex-

claimed Angela in mock horror. "How thoroughly southern you have become on just a few hundred yards of Virginia."

"Southerners aren't race prejudiced," said Florence.

"Aren't they?"

"No. Mr. Cameron says"

"Mr. Cameron, I take it, is the name of the porter," Angela observed to a passing telegraph pole.

"Mr. Cameron is the name of the man who insulted me by saving my life," snapped Florence angrily.

"I don't remember him introducing himself," said Angela.

"He didn't," Florence admitted. "But just now, as I was walking through the parlor-car, the train lurched I lost my balance, and"

"Say no more," quoth Angela. "If our flower of chivalry had not caught you in the nick of time, you'd have dashed out your brains on the hard, cold carpet."

"I couldn't help falling!"

"Of course not. Especially for such a nice young man. But what, may I ask, will other people think of all this."

"There was no one else in the car."

"Florence!"

"Except the flagman."

"Oh. And what did the flagman do?"

"He fanned me until I caught my breath."

"Why didn't Mr. Cameron fan you?"

"Because both his hands were—were—Oh, Angela, I think you're horrid."

IV

They were seated in the dining car. Outside all was black save for the occasional flash of a signal light.

Angela spoke. "Florence."

"What?"

"Once upon a time," said Angela, "a lady and gentleman were seated side by side on the deck of a steamer. The lady dropped the key to her stateroom. The gentleman picked it up and returned it to her. She dropped it again; the gentleman retrieved it again. When she repeated the performance a third time, however, the gentleman, instead of giving it to her, tossed it overboard."

"What of it," demanded Florence.

"I expect to hear at any minute that Mr. Cameron has thrown you off the train," said Angela.

V

When Angela awoke next morning, she was surprised to find that Florence had departed. She dressed hastily and was about to instigate a search when the prodigal returned.

"We're in Georgia." Her manner was strained. Angela felt that something had gone wrong.

"Where have you been?"

"Out on the observation platform, looking at Georgia," said Florence.

"Really. And what did you see?"

"A lot of funny little negro cabins and an old southern mansion. Mr. Cameron said it reminded him of his home in Florida. Mr. Cameron said that most of Florida is pretty modern but that his place is laid off along old plantation lines. Mr. Cameron is a southerner, you know. All southerners are interested in the past."

"Was Mr. Cameron looking at Georgia too?" inquired Angela sweetly.

"Mr. Cameron was looking at me," stated Florence.

"Ah, yes," said Angela, "you *did* say he was interested in the past. Well, what else did he have to tell you?"

Florence waxed eloquent. "Oh, Angela, the train was standing still, and everything was fresh and quiet and lovely, and he told me about his home and his family and the Civil War. The train started again and . . ."

"You made your prettiest fall."

VI

After their encounter in the Pennsylvania Terminal Angela did not again see Mr. Cameron till the train was crossing the St. John's River. Then she chanced to find herself, or at least, she always afterward said it was chance, alone on the observation platform with that highly suspicious young gentleman.

At first there were a few moments of embarrassed silence. Then Mr. Cameron spoke. "Do you see those birds out there that look like seagulls?" he asked.

"Yes," said Angela icily.

"Yes. Well-er-they *are* sea-gulls," Mr. Cameron continued.

"How interesting," said Angela in a tone that was anything but interested.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Cameron, "sea-gulls *are* interesting. In fact, I can think of nothing just now quite so interesting as sea-gulls. They're so—so *interesting* if you know what I mean."

"I believe I catch your meaning," said Angela. "The idea you are trying to convey is that sea-gulls are interesting."

"Yes," said Mr. Cameron. "You know, Miss Angela, your sister always reminds me of a sea-gull. So naturally graceful, so free, so unspoiled, so unaware of her charms. She reminds me of a lovely white sea-gull soaring through the air."

"Oh, yes," sighed Angela. "And falling every now and then for some poor fish."

"Only to rise again, Miss Angela, taking the fish with her, no longer a poor fish but a very fortunate fish."

Angela regarded him bleakly. "When a man admits he is any sort of fish at all, it's a sign . . ."

"Of what, Miss Angela?"

"That he has seen too much of Georgia in the early morning air."

VII

The Havana Special churned its way deeper and deeper into the south. Finally it pulled into a neat little station that stood in a park of shrubbery and palms. The ladies, peering from their compartment window, saw Mr. Cameron alight, followed by a baggage-laden porter.

"He must live here," Angela remarked.

"Who?" asked Florence absently.

"Mr. Cameron."

"Oh, Mr. Cameron."

"That nice looking old couple in the automobile are probably his parents," Angela went on. "Yes, he is waving to them. He doesn't seem especially glad to see them, however. He is not even looking at them. He is looking back at the train. Good heavens, the expression on his face is positively . . ."

"Angela, hush!" cried Florence. Then, acting under a sudden impulse, she thrust herself halfway through the window and commenced to wave her hand. "Jack!" she called hysterically, "Oh, Jack!"

Cameron stopped abruptly and turned. There came a puff from the engine. The Havana Special began to move.

"Jack!" cried Florence. "Yes, yes. I meant yes! I meant—oh, Jack;—I . . ."

"Florence!" Angela almost screamed as she dragged her sister back into the seat.

"Did he hear me, Angela, did he hear me?" Florence sobbed.

"Well, if he didn't, Florence, at least fifty others did, and perhaps they'll tell him. What possessed you to"

"He asked me to marry him," explained Florence excitedly. "He asked me while we were looking at Georgia. I wanted to say 'yes' so badly that I said 'no' and—Oh, Angela, he is so fine and courtly and handsome and we are going to live in a beautiful estate with flowers and trees and beaches and oceans and"

Angela was completely upset. She felt that something must be said immediately, but she was so upset. At length, however, she mastered her voice.

"Florence," she said, "to hear you take on one would think you'd—you'd never been married before!"

Their last impression of the neat little station was the spectacle of Mr. Cameron embracing the porter.

LEVELS

NANCY BROWN

You speak of brief un consequential things
 So like the things you always say.
 Your voice in monotone beats like the rain
 Unceasing on a summer day.
 I nod and answer to repeated questions—
 You never notice my replies,
 For we climb parting mountain trails that lift
 And wind beneath two separate skies.

CHOICE

VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

RICH in talent,
 At one time
 He polished verse
 In chiselled rhyme.

Fame briskly strode
 And came before
 The printed name plate
 On his door.

Fame must have felt
 An outraged shock!
 He would not answer
 To its knock.

Instead, he inked
 A novice' pen,
 And out of boys
 He moulded men.

Instead, he used
 His art and name
 For introducing
 Youth to fame.

Instead, he took
 A sportsman's pride
 In giving what
 He cast aside.

UNKNOWN

VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

BEAUTIFUL as Helen
Who was beloved by Kings,
You stood beside a peasant lad
And country things.

"And Helen was the queen of love,"
So the story goes.
You stood beside a peasant lad—
And no one knows.

DESECRATION

VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

TODAY, the first time since we loved,
You spoke an unkind word.
It was as if a waveless pool
Were by a pebble stirred.

It was as if a soaring bird
Were struck on lifted wing.
It was as if a human hand
Had touched a perfect thing.

INCOMPLETE

VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

HALF a moon
Alive with light,
Above a lake
Tonight.

I would have all
Or none of bliss—
Not half a moon
Or half a kiss!

BOUNTY

VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

ICOUNT what life has given me—
A friend who understood,
Every night a flash of stars—
And these are good.

And then, a brown wren's neutral note,
A spray of goldenrod—
And yet, I'd not have chosen these
Had I been God.

WISDOM

VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

LAST night your heart was mine.
This I could avow.
You did not speak—and yet I knew
Somehow.

Tonight, and all is changed.
You are another's now.
You thought to hide it, but I knew
Somehow.

CAMOUFLAGE

VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

THERE is something I shall send
Flaming down the years,
As a shaft through the mirage
Of little falling tears.

A light handclasp, a careless smile,
Since you wish to go.
My eyes shall be as cold as stars—
That you may not know.

I KNOW SOMETHING

JOHN CUMMINS

AFTER supper, ever since it happened, I like to stroll down Maple Street mysterious like and whistling to myself.

"What's wrong with you Ed?" asks the gang that hangs around Carpenter's drug store when I go past. If they only knew,—if they only knew. I stand there with them and smoke one cigarette right after another, always keeping my eye open for the old man coming home from working overtime in the railroad yards. Sometimes one of the gang will see him coming and say, "Here comes your old man, Ed."

Then I throw my cigarette away quick and step on it. Once I threw my butt away and it landed in the cuff of Billy Jacob's trousers and burned a hole right through the cloth. Billy was sure hopping mad, and the rest of the gang kidded him. I used to feel awfully proud that they would let a kid my age stand around with them and hear them talk and I'd say:

"Gee, I'll sure be glad when I'm old enough to be one of the gang."

But now in a way I feel superior and wiser than most anybody else in town because I know something they don't know, nor ever could know.

Leaning against the side of the drug store watching some of the town fellows taking their girls to the first show at the Empire, suddenly I get feeling queer and stop listening to the rest of the gang talking about the base ball scores and prize fights, and think of Mrs. Stodard and Tom MacArthur. Then a queer feeling comes over me like when our town band plays on a hot summer night in the base ball park and us kids snuggle down in the cool grass and just listen to the

band play till you get tense and crazy like and wished you were a rocket and could shoot up in the sky and make a big red flare way up there. Oh, heck I guess you know what I mean. Well, that's how I feel when I think of Mrs. Stodard and Tom MacArthur who is the best lawyer we ever had in this town. Well, when I think of these two and what I know, well, it makes me strange and excited all over.

But when I think of George Stodard I get mad all over. Some men are just made to be hated. He never laughs at any thing and keeps his mouth twisted some way that makes him look like he hated everybody in our town and even in our state. He owns the other drug store in our town but he'd never let us stand around outside it like Carpenter does. He is the worst crank I've ever seen, always complaining in a whiny voice about something.

I hated him because my old man was afraid of him and nearly everybody else I knew. He was getting rich and powerful through his land deals and he had prevented Tom MacArthur from being District Attorney last fall.

But most of all we hated him because of Mrs. Stodard. Mrs. Stodard is the loveliest lady I ever saw in my life. Gee, she is beautiful, so tall and stately with dark hair and white, white skin and she had an awfully shy kind of smile. Often when I'd be selling berries in the summer she'd always buy some and go in the house to get the money, then she'd give it to me and say, "Is that right?"

It wasn't what she said but the way she said it and smiled. She'd always be busy among her flowers when I'd come. She had the nicest flowers in town, kinds I never saw before. Once my dog Jeff, rooted up some of them. I knew she thought an awful lot of those

flowers but she only looked at me and smiled, because she knew Jeff was only a dog and couldn't know any better. She was heaps and heaps too good for George Stodard. She was too good for any man in town excepting Tom MacArthur perhaps.

He liked us boys to call him Tom. He was never too busy to stop and talk to us and always knew us by our right names. In the summer he used to take a bunch of us over to Echo Lake camping with him. He didn't talk to us like some men to show off how big they are, and call you "buddy" and get ready to laugh at the first sensible thing you say. I don't like men like that, and I am onto them. But Tom was different. He had nice blue eyes and when he smiled you could see them twinkle. When you'd talk to him about things he'd listen very serious and nod his head in an understanding way. I remember once working in Carpenter's drug store one Saturday afternoon when Tom came in to buy something. I waited on Tom because old man Carpenter was waiting on another customer. So Tom bought something and gave me a five dollar bill. Well, I kind of got excited and gave him back too much money. But Tom only said:

"Now, let's see, we made a mistake here, didn't we? I took too much money from you."

And then he gave me back the right amount. He didn't smile wisely and call across the store to Carpenter asking what kind of a clerk he had giving away money.

Tom MacArthur did things like that in a quiet way. After he got beaten for District Attorney I saw him walking slowly down the street, tall and thin, and before I knew it I ran up to him and blurted out, "Gee, Tom, I am sorry you were beaten for District Attorney."

But he just smiled that funny smile of his and caught my hand for a minute. Before he let go he pressed hard till it hurt a little but I never let on. He did not say anything but his eyes seemed to say: "Never mind, Ed, they can't lick us two."

But he was always sad. They said he used to be gay and devilish and was going to marry Mrs. Stodard only something happened and her people made her marry George Stodard while Tom was at Pendril studying to be a lawyer.

But the thing I know about is this: Our church was having a festival on the day it all happened and my Ma is a great church worker. So Ma kept me carrying things that she baked all afternoon to the church. Gosh, the sun was hot that day. So hot you couldn't walk on the sidewalk with your bare feet. So I kept going and coming on the road all soft and dusty. Drink? I must have drunk gallons of water, and lemonade, too, for each time I'd bring something to the church Miss Shultz, the fattest woman in our town, used to fill me up a glass of lemonade and she'd laugh so hard watching me drink it that she'd shake all over and she'd have to take off her glasses and wipe them. Jeff, my dog, must have drunk gallons, too, running along panting behind me with his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth almost touching the ground and biting and snapping at flies.

It was getting toward late afternoon and I guessed I had done my share to help the church so I thought I'd go fishing for a while up Slade Brook and swim afterwards.

The place where we go is secret and only Jerry Kelly and me know about it. But Jerry had gone away with his people to Lake Michigan, so I used to go up there and fish and go in swimming all alone because it was

our secret place and we promised when we discovered it never to tell anyone. A narrow path leads up to it through the woods and it's nice and cool in there. When I got up to the brook I threw in my line and began moving up stream waiting for a bite. Just then Jeff began sniffing at my feet and I looked down and saw footprints fresh made in the ground.

"Gee," I said to myself, "Somebody's found out our secret place and has been here just a little while ago, too."

There was a lady's foot print here and there. So I hurried up where the falls are and where we swim thinking if there were any ladies there I couldn't go in swimming because Jerry and me never wear suits when we go in.

I climbed a high rock and looked over, and there near the pool over in the shady moss close to the rocky cliff was Tom MacArthur and Mrs. Stodard. And then I saw the most wonderful thing in the world.

Tom was kissing Mrs. Stodard and she was kissing him. I just stood there and forgot everything else that ever happened. I even forgot my name. Mrs. Stodard's face was very white and there was a queer look on it as if she were looking into heaven or hell, or something like that. Her eyes were shining and she looked like a little girl even younger than me. They were kissing each other slow like in a dream. Oh, it was beautiful, wonderful. Mrs. Stodard with her face so awfully white lifted up to Tom's and all her black hair falling back from her white forehead and she would keep saying over and over again like a moan: "Oh, Tom. Oh, Tom."

And every time she said that something sharp inside of me hurt.

But it was sacred and holy the way Tom and Mrs. Stodard kissed each other.

I've seen my old man kiss my Ma when she'd remind him of it when he was going out with the wrecking crew but it was just hasty and quick and it didn't mean anything. Then when I fight with my brother my old man makes us kiss each other in front of him because he knows how we hate it.

But this way was so different and strange, and also sad, like at twilight when it gets dark and all the town, all the streets, the yards and the fields, get sad. It was sad like that with Mrs. Stodard and Tom.

Suddenly my dog began to bark and Tom jumped to his feet and saw me standing there. He looked at me hard, straining his eyes like he didn't believe I was there. There was a curious look in his face. I never felt so rotten and ashamed as then. So I cried:

"I won't tell, Tom. I won't, honest to God. I didn't see you on purpose, Tom, honest to God."

"Come here, Eddie," he said gently and I walked down to him. Mrs. Stodard had arisen and grasped Tom's arm. Tom put his hand on my shoulder and looked away off into the sky. Then something broke inside of me and I began to cry. I guess I'll never cry like that again. Sometimes when I get licked at home real hard I cry but that's because I'm mad. But the way I cried then was soft and gentle, like sometimes when it rains in spring. Tom's hands drew me against him closer. Then Mrs. Stodard bent down and kissed me and she was crying softly too.

Tom's voice kept coming to me far off. "Everything is alright, Ed, everything is alright," he kept repeating over and over again.

Then at last I stopped crying and, oh, I felt glorious. Oh, it was glorious up there in the woods with Mrs.

Stodard and Tom. It was just getting sunset. A little wind came off the brook and blew through the pine trees. I felt more glorious and holy then I ever did before in church.

We stood listening to the water splashing on the stones below the falls for a long time and then I said to Tom:

"Gee, Tom, it is so beautiful, you and Mrs. Stodard, and I was so glad because I love you both and because you love each other." And then I cried. I don't know why I cried."

Then Tom looked off in the sky and said:

"You won't understand now, Eddie. Later on when you grow older you will."

Then we walked down to the brook and I walked between them just like I was their boy. Then Tom began to hum funny little songs and stop and say, "Remember that one, Alice?"

Then they would both laugh and I would too because they did.

Then Tom began to act funny, he took my pole and pretended he was afraid of the worm and the hook and he did a hundred funny things like that to make us laugh, but when we stopped laughing everything would get quiet and sad again and when I would look at them they would be looking far off into the sky with that queer look on their faces.

So I left them down by the brook and came home with Jeff. And I know something. I know something everybody in town would give their ears to know. I know something that I would never tell anybody in the world, no matter when I grow up, or when I'm an old man, because it is something too wonderful, too beautiful to tell. And that is why every time I pass George Stodard I laugh inside to myself.

DOGWOOD AT NIGHT

PENELOPE PATTISON

THERE were no bright stars to hold our gaze,
No friendly lighted windows,
Nothing—but us two
And our self-sorrow,
Held in by the thick darkness
Of a still and lonely night.
So we wandered.
Till all at once
A mosaic of white dogwood
Shone from the night.
I smiled, I heard a silent tune
And felt the time
To which the blossoms danced—
Crowds of blossoms,
Like crowds of ballet girls—far away—
Lightly stepping, swaying in unity—
Gay girls in white frilled dresses
On a carpet of silk velvet . . .
"Oh, come on!
It's just a dogwood tree."
And I went on,
Joy dancing within me.

FULFILLMENT

STELLA WESTON

THE stars swung lower on that night
Than any other night.
Yet when I confidently reached,
They drew away their light.
The stars stood higher in that sky
Than any other sky.
Yet when I turned to go, they pricked
My forehead . . . passing by.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY (Epoch)

WALLACE GOLDSMITH

THERE is a happy coincidence in Stephen Vincent Benet's choice of Phaeton for his symbol of war; it may be extended to the poet's own style, for, in the words of Spenser:

" . . . like Phoebus' fairest child,

He leaves the welkin way most beaten plain
And, rapt with whirling wheels, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine."

How far this *epic* "leaves the welkin way" blazed by Homer and Vergil; whether it is even to be taken for such a type of poetry, is debatable. The prevailing narrative metre varies from strict blank verse to diverse free rhythms, from smooth-swelling anapests to choppy surf spondees. This is one instance of how Benet has sacrificed unity of impression for diversity of scope. But, in fairness to the zeal of his imagination, his lines are made to burn, as well as "fairly for to shine," from the opening Invocation when he cries:

"And all the fire that fretted at the will
With such a barren ecstasy of thirst."

to the surrender of fanatical John Brown to his familiar soil:

"Let the strong metal rust
In the enclosing dust
And the consuming coal
That was the furious soul
And still like iron groans
Anointed with the earth,
Grow colder than the stones

While the white roots of grass and little weeds
Suck the last hollow wildfire from the singing bones."

Here is an intimation of Benet's sense and use of contrast.

He can be assuasive as he is harsh. The passages on rain are lightly traced:

"And the New England cloud to work upon,
With the grey absolution of its slow, most lilac-smelling rain."

The book is fitfully conceived; it scorches with the tongues of many bivouac-flames. There is complication of an unwarranted kind and no one character to unify the complexity of scenes—a heresy in the epic tradition. An attempt to introduce a character-type for every section of the states, to mark his career throughout, makes the characterization superficial. For the most part it is as unrevealing as the catalogue of generals. Jack Ellyat, who might well have played the star role, is not as sympathetically treated nor cast with the insight that marks Johnny Frazer in "Drums." This is due to the non-biased attitude which forbids the poet attaching his sympathies to either Blue or Grey. For his lack of partisanship Benet deserves full credit—as an arbiter! But can an artist be disinterested? Can he preserve neutrality without forfeiting suasion? There are a few exquisite delineations of the major characters: the delicate idylls of their loves, Jack Ellyat's surrender of a bit of his courage.

However, it appears Stephen Benet never meant to sketch a definite character. The book is impersonal as John Brown himself—"a hard and actual stone." The motivation is epochal, not epic. Benet's comprehension of the era is superior to his understanding of any one actor. A poetic survey of the age, interspersed with lyric interludes, it does get the most out of the setting, just as

" . . . the white roots of grass and little weeds
Suck the last hollow wildfire from the singing bones."

THE FLAMINGO

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The Poetry Society of Florida, of which Jessie B. Rittenhouse (Mrs. Clinton Scollard) is president, recently announced the winner of its annual Ponce de Leon prize of \$100. The judges were Dr. Curtis Hidden Page, President of the Poetry Society of America; Arthur Guiterman, the distinguished poet, and Miss Gwendolyn Haste, the Secretary of the Poetry Society of America. The Ponce de Leon prize of \$100 was awarded to Miss Marlise Johnston, a special student in Rollins College. The \$50 Poetry prize offered by the Society was won by D. B. McKay, a graduate of Rollins, class of 1928.

The Allied Arts Society of Winter Park, of which Irving Bacheller, the famous novelist, is President, recently announced its annual prizes for creative work. The following Rollins students won recognition in the Quill Drivers' Short Story contest: First prize, Mary Lee Korns; second prize, Phyrne Squier; honorable mention, Stella Weston and Carter Bradford.

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