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Vol. IV, No. 1

FEBRUARY, 1930

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THE FLAMINGO

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OFF SHORE WIND

Daytona Beach

THE dwarf oaks and palmettos,
And the slender pampas grasses,
They slant and lean to seaward
In the burly breeze that passes.
It hastes in its heady going,
And it murmurs more and more,
The long wind—the strong wind—
The wind that blows off shore.

It scatters the bobbing beach birds
As it skims the shining shingle;
It tosses the plummy spindrift
Where the sands and the white shells mingle;
It checks the fleet inflowing
Of the tides that race and roar,
The long wind—the strong wind—
The wind that blows off shore.

Wings with an unseen wafture,
Pinions that never tire,
We would mount the sky and ride them
To the ports of old desire.
Into the distance glowing
With dreams far gone before
We would fly with the long wind—strong wind—
The wind that blows off shore!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

(Contributed to the Flamingo)

THE FLAMINGO

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VOL. IV, No. 1 FEBRUARY, 1930 Price, 20 Cents

EDUCATION

HOLLIS MITCHELL

THEY are thrust into line
And learn to bow,
And scramble in the dust
Of musty precepts,
Principles and rules.
The teachers have been
Taught themselves,
And so, far back the line
Each echos each echo's echo,
Yet never thinks himself.
And the first man was a liar!

“SLIPPING ONE OVER”

MORRIS BUTLER BOOK

HAGGELSBURY did not like the railroad conductor's attitude. He watched him snatch tickets from the unassuming passengers, one by one. The train official's manner was not at all encouraging, for Haggelsbury did not possess a ticket.

He must think and think fast. Never had he been forced off of a train. The little trick that he pulled on the ticket takers whenever he was minus the required pasteboards had invariably been a huge success.

Upon extensive observation the evidence seemed conclusive that this conductor was void of any sym-

pathy or toleration. No kindly light sparkled or shone from the glaring windows of his soul. Haggelsbury was losing heart.

As the conductor turned to collect the fare from a woman across the aisle Haggelsbury retrieved a small slip of paper from the innermost confines of his vest pocket. The paper was a replica of standard railway tickets. But it was decidedly not a ticket.

"Tickets!"

His hour had struck. Haggelsbury jumped. He appeared to be excited and as he turned toward the conductor he allowed the slip of paper to blow out of the open window. A hurt expression came over his face. It was obvious that he was disgusted.

"There now! See what you caused? You frightened me so with your raucous appeal for tickets that I let mine slip out of the window."

"Come out of it! You can't get away with that gag on this line. Ticket or the equivalent in cold cash."

"I'm broke. It's the truth about the ticket, conductor."

"Less of that, less of that! Show me the ticket or off you go."

"That is all I had. I don't claim to carry a summer's supply."

The conductor signaled for the train to be stopped at the next way station. Haggelsbury felt certain that this railroader was lacking in a sense of humor. The fellow actually *meant* what he said.

The train stopped.

"Come on, *get off!*"

"I'll not do it! I said I had a ticket. You're to blame for me losing it . . . if you want me to get off *put me off.*"

The conductor called the beefy flagman. The two of them rather unceremoniously lifted the irate Haggelsbury down the steps and onto the platform of the little station. As they turned about to board the train Haggelsbury called menacingly after them.

"All right, gentlemen, I'm off the train and you put me here, but believe me you'll sweat for this! Go ahead, take your dinky old engine and run along. You won't have any to ride on when I get thru with you. This is an outrage!"

The conductor was impressed in spite of himself. He thought of his unmarred career with the Company. Suppose the man *did* have a ticket. After all he might have lost it. The conductor was a man of bulldog tenacity but he winced at the idea of a demotion over such a silly fracas.

"All right, *get on!* I don't believe you had a ticket but I'll risk it. Hurry up!"

"I did *not* get off and I will not get on."

"Come on. We can't hold this train all day."

"You put me off. If you want me back you'll put me on."

Haggelsbury held his breath. He was surprised to see how delightfully things were turning out for him, but he feared that the conductor would balk at this last infamy.

The conductor and the flagman got off the train again, lifted Haggelsbury awkwardly from the platform to their arms and carried him back to the train. They left him.

Haggelsbury straightened his tie and brushed the dust off of his trousers.

"I don't believe the old boys feel well," he chuckled and went back into the car.

CONFUSION IN A HOUSE

DOROTHY EMERSON

THAT swing oughta be fixed so it can't bang against the house." Myra looked past the lamp across the table at her husband. His sunburnt blond hair streaked in straight lines from the crown of his head and fell carelessly over his eyebrows. He was leaning on his elbows, his arms encircling the newspaper, his hands folded loosely together. His fingernails were black with farm soil, and contrasted curiously with the white paint that rimmed the cuticle of each nail. White paint daubed the faded kaki trousers that straddled the table leg.

The wind blew the swing in heavy staccato against the house, causing a front room window to vibrate noisily. Her husband did not hear the wind; he had not heard her voice.

"Well, I guess I ain't helpless." Myra's soft full lips thinned with irritation. She put her patch-work down upon the table and went to the door with a determined click of heels in every step. The door thrown open, she felt the wind force the spring chillness against her breasts. She closed the door quickly behind her to cut the draft from the wildly flickering lamp light, and folded her arms closely over her bosom. Stepping across the porch, she put her back in the wind's way and stooped to unfasten the swing from the long chains that suspended it from the ceiling. First one corner and then another she freed, easing it gently to the floor. Then she looped the hanging, unweighted chains about each other to prevent their blowing in the wind.

Every motion was jerky with the sullen anger that had drawn the corners of her mouth tense. After she

had looped the chains into a heavy knot, she stood a moment with her right hand resting upon them, her eyebrows drawn, her eyes staring narrowly into the dark. The odor of wet paint was clammily acrid to her nostrils. Mrs. Hancock had said that Herb was a mighty generous husband to give attention to the house. Her mouth began to tremble. She pressed the back of her hand against it as she went into the dining room.

"You ought to've fixed that swing for me, Herb. I've pinched my finger letting it down."

"Pinch it bad?" Her husband shifted his shoulders in the faded blue shirt, throwing his hair back from his forehead. "Better heat up some water to soak it in."

She sucked her finger, until his pale eyes, which seemed naked so lashless they were, looked upward. "No, it ain't bad," she answered in a low voice, rubbing her wet finger against her aproned side.

His attention turned to his paper . . . she used to tease him about smelling the words out with his nose.

"I guess I'd better soak it though." She passed him to go into the kitchen. "I'll need that lamp in here, Herb," she called.

"All right!" A downward glance retarded his rising. "Just a minute." Then, "Can't you leave the door open, dear, and get enough light?"

She stopped still in the dark just on the margin of light that streamed from the opening of the doorway. "There's no water in the house. I thought I might go out and draw some if I could find . . . I guess I can find the bucket without the lamp."

For a moment she stood hesitant, but the man there at the table only looked at her with indifferent agreement. Scratching the side of his head, rubbing his

unshaven cheek vigorously with the palm of his hand, he resumed his reading.

The handle of the tin-bucket squeaked sharply, as she lifted it from the draining board of the kitchen sink. She hated the sound it made, and the whine that crept into her voice as she said, "Herb, where'd you leave those paint cans. I don't want to fall over 'em in the dark."

"At the side of the house," he said and the words were the complete answer . . .

Her feet followed the white-worn safeness of the path through black grass entanglement to the well. She leaned her knees against the low rock wall that encircled the wide, round opening in the earth, and released the hanging bucket, allowing it to drag noisily downward, and whirl the windlass uncontrolled.

The bucket broke into the black. For a moment the even surface of the water was cracked into a multitude of surfaces, with quick starlight running in trembling outlines. Then—quiet black—and a long chain entering in—undisturbing stars.

Myra grasped the smooth wooden handle. Supposing she *had* pinched her finger . . . Herb hadn't known that it *wasn't* pinched . . . he would have let her come to draw water with a pinched finger. It would have hurt too, turning the handle around and around while the bucket lifted. That mattered more than to have a house painted.

She leaned toward the stars in the well. They were like lamps to hate because they interrupted the dark; and the dark was the only place that he wanted her any more. Well, it was dark down there underneath the bright blotches of stars, where the bucket was heavy with blackness.

The muscles of her face drew downward in sullen lines. She wondered if he would want her in that kind of darkness, and him alone with a lamp and a whitely painted house. Suddenly she saw Herb alone in the darkness of their bedroom . . . alone in the big bed, with the coverlet that her mother had given them, drawn over his strong tired body. His face turned toward a smooth round pillow, his eyes open toward that side of the bed . . . no lamp, darkness and alone.

She began to wind the long handle . . . the chain creaked, the black broke from over the bucket that lifted, and spilled water downward starting a mad flash of star light. It took both her hands and all her strength to bring the bucket swinging toward her, to lower it to the ground. The vitality seemed to have gone from her.

Weakly, she stooped to pour the water from one bucket to the other . . . there, she'd splashed half of it on her right foot. She was as nervous as a witch.

The remaining water spilled softly over the edge of the well-bucket into the one that she had brought from the house, half-filling it. She started down the path, her wet shoe making a squashing, sucking sound as her foot moved up and down for a step, her other shoe clicking dryly against the hard clay ground. She held the bucket safely out from her body, guarding against further spilling.

Into the kitchen she went through the first half of the dark . . . where the light struck from the doorway splitting the room in two . . . into the dark by the kitchen sink. She swung the bucket up to the draining-board and dried her hands upon her apron.

Reaching for a dipper, she glimpsed Herb stooping close to his papers.

"Want a drink?" she called.

"Yes, I might have one," he answered.

She put the cold brim to her lips and drank, watching him rise from the chair, blue-shirted with sunburnt hair and face. Then he came into the doorway, a huge black silhouette. He stepped from the stream of light into the dark beside her. "If you have time you oughta read that story about Greymonger. It ends peachy."

He reached for the dipper that was empty in her loose grasp. He plunged it into the water, scraping it harshly across the bottom of the bucket and held it dripping to his mouth, drinking in loud gulps.

"How's the finger?" he asked throwing the dipper carelessly into the sink and taking her hands. "Which one was it?"

"Oh, it's all right now. It wasn't anything," she pulled away and started into the dining room, her heart in slight panic lest Herb insist on looking at her finger.

She gathered the piecing she had done, into a basket. Herb was yawning beside the table.

"Time to go to bed, little lady." His stretched mouth closed with a click of his teeth. Picking the lamp up, he started toward the stairs in the narrow hall. The whole room seemed to shrink at the corners and slowly cave in toward the center.

"Wait a minute, Herb, I can't see."

"I'm setting it on the hall table," he answered and the shadows ceased to gain in gigantic growth.

She walked past him in the narrow hall.

"Don't turn the lamp out until I get upstairs." She hoped he wouldn't think she was crazy. She'd gone up a million times in the dark . . . and then she didn't

care what he thought; she'd as lief tell him that she didn't want to be alone in the dark with him ever, ever again.

Her foot was on the first stair-step.

The lamp was turned out.

Her arms went out wildly from her sides, the fingers of her right hand struck painfully against the close wall. Her other hand, waving frantically in the air, fell to clutch the bannister.

"What's the matter, getting childish in your old age?" His voice was not rough or tender. Herb was beside her, his arm around her shoulders.

"Just lost my balance . . . almost fell . . . into the dark." For a brief moment an instinct of fear and repulsion almost suffocated her, and then she shrank closer to his body.

They climbed the stairway together, toward the dark bedroom.

RAIN ON THE ROOF

KENNETH CURRY

THE call of the rain insistent
On the roof
In early April when the springtime
Holds aloof,
Will stir a quiet heart
With a pain
That longs for a road not travelled
Since the rain—
A place still unprofaned
By human foot,
Where only deer have bruised
The wild grass root.

PARIAH

BENJAMIN KENDRICK

I WAS seated on one of the wooden benches in the old gymnasium. Slowly and awkwardly the unusually large crowd was filing in, not so much to see a Kelford wrestling match, but rather to see the Great Brennan, the despicable Brennan, in action. I too had abandoned custom and come to an athletic match to see the Great Man, but I also wanted to see the reaction of the crowd.

Previously I had seen this captain of Kelford's wrestling team from a distance on the campus. He looked anything but the athlete. Until one noticed the bulging chest under the coat, he appeared slim and short of stature. He was ugly as a satyr, wore ill-cut clothes and glasses so magnifying as to betoken semi-blindness. A passer-by would have judged him to be one of those student-slaves who would sell his soul to the devil for an A.

But the lighter weight matches were starting. The crowd idly watched the two pigmies on the mat who with their heads bent forward like fighting cocks were feinting for an opening. The crowd yawned, it turned away its head.

Suddenly a shrill shout, which quite disregarded the match going on, sounded, "*Beat that big bum Brennan.*" The idea was instantly seized by the mob. Cries of "*kill him,*" "*murder him,*" "*assassinate him*" filled the air.

Brennan on the bench looked up at the gallery. Then he grinned sardonically in a manner calculated to be most exasperating. It was. The efforts were redoubled.

Cosmopolitan as Kelford is, such a display of complete disloyalty to a man on a team was unprecedented. I turned to a neighbor.

"What's everybody got against Brennan?"

The boy looked astounded at such ignorance.

"Why he's crazy, he's stupid, he hasn't got good sense."

Not enough epithets could come to his mind, but as the boy reflected he added, "I guess it's because he hates everybody else. If you speak to him on the street, he like as not answers, 'Go to hell.' So naturally nobody speaks to him, but he still answers. I'm in one of his classes, and he talks all the time about how punk the school is and how good he is. Still it's not so much what he says as how he acts—aw, he's crazy." The boy gave up in disgust.

The first match was over. Kelford had lost on a decision, but this meant nothing to the crowd. It had settled on a steady, monotonous chant of "*Beat Brennan, beat Brennan, beat Brennan, beat Brennan . . . !*" until the very rafters reverberated to the rhythm.

Two slightly larger dwarfs came out. No one gave them more than a passing glance. All eyes were centered, glaring, on that muscular runt of an Irishman. From time to time he turned his head and laughed at his tormentors hoarsely. A malignant, baleful glow seemed to ooze from his body. Even his very postures seemed to irritate the spectators, to goad them on to a higher pitch of frenzy.

Behind me two young instructors in psychology were talking to each other. Catching a stray phrase, I became interested, and listened intently to the conversation for a few moments.

"Do you know this boy Brennan?" asked the one.

"Yes," replied the other. "When I was a senior he entered as a freshman and roomed next to me in the dormitory. I became rather interested in him. In fact, I guess I am the only person who might be termed a friend of his. You would not have recognized him then. He was about the same height, perhaps, but thin, sickly, puny. He wore knee-pants, and looked even more shoddy than he does now; he seemed bewildered, dazed."

"Well, what do you think of him psychologically? His mental processes must be quite abnormal."

"*Beat Brennan, beat Brennan, beat Brennan,*" continued the refrain.

The man thus questioned smiled.

"You know, it's a rather interesting story. I guess his only ailment is a very exaggerated case of the inferiority attitude. To quite an extent he was ignored, even snubbed, by the other students at first. Searching, I suppose, for some means of self-expression—he is really highly intelligent—he went out for wrestling. It seemed a ludicrous thing to do as he was as fragile as a piece of china. Anyhow, the first day Gus Peterson, the coach—you know him—broke the boy's shoulder blade.

"Well, he lay in bed for six weeks. During that time Brennan apparently reflected to himself insanely. He had two revenges to secure, on his classmates, and on the coach. The boy has courage; he must be granted that. From then until now he has practiced six and eight hours a day, driven unceasingly onward by this burning desire."

The speaker stopped to light a cigar. The chant, "*Beat Brennan, beat Brennan,*" resumed as Kelford lost another decision on time.

"He has realized one of his revenges," continued the young instructor. "This year, although outweighed thirty pounds, he has been beating Peterson with regularity. In fact, Peterson had never been beaten before, but Brennan has been doing it with such ardor, enthusiasm, and with the bitter cruelty that belated revenge brings, that the coach refuses to wrestle him any more.

"As to the other revenge, it is beyond his achievement, yet the boy never misses an opportunity to infuriate or disappoint his schoolmates.

"Of course this is largely hypothesis, but look at him there; it is with almost sadistic glee that he has this mob howling like wolves deprived of their prey."

Amid the ever-present refrain of staccato hoots and catcalls with the bass undertone of "*Beat Brennan, beat Brennan, beat Brennan,*" my eyes followed the suggestion. Honestly, it seemed true. His every motion appeared fiendishly calculated to heighten the rage of the mob. I could picture in my mind years of such cold calculation, always with the object of creating in his fellows this irrational and completely futile hatred.

Brennan was seated on the bench. Outwardly he appeared coldly aloof and inanely confident of defeating his opponent with ease. But, inwardly, his excitement must have been intense.

The persons in the stands not only felt, but rationally demonstrated to each other that Brennan would be beaten. The Cornell man was rated the best in his weight in the East, and Brennan was wrestling a class above his own weight, conceding his opponent fifteen pounds. He could not win, and wagers were constantly being placed against him.

"*Beat Brennan, beat Brennan, beat Brennan,*" con-

tinued the chant. Then, suddenly, came a great roar which gathered volume, rose to a deafening crescendo, echoed over the wooden structure, and lulled into diverse undertones of hatred and excitement.

Quickly I looked at the mat. Brennan had strode on to it jauntily, cockily, while his opponent, a giant in comparison, was leaving his bench to meet him. The referee gave a few words of instruction.

The event of the evening was starting. Then Brennan apparently lost all reason, appeared in a coma, forgot his opponent was there ready to attack. Brennan had turned his back on his opponent and was looking unconcernedly up at the ceiling.

The crowd laughed and jeered. Cries of "quitter," and "put up a fight you big bum," echoed during the few brief seconds that passed after the crowd recovered from the momentary shock of such cowardly action. He was afraid, and they had made him fail. The mob was well satisfied.

The Cornell man hesitated, then like a flash dived for Brennan's legs. But Brennan was faster. The second an outstretched finger touched his body, he recoiled like a spring, grasped a flying mare on his opponent who was still off the ground, and tossed him in a graceful parabola over his head. Quicker than a wildcat Brennan was on the man's shoulders. Before the stunned opponent could recover his senses, the referee had counted three and tapped Brennan on the shoulder.

He arose, dusted his hands with affectation against each other, and strode toward the dressing room.

There was a complete and oppressive stillness in the gymnasium. It was fully half a minute before the dazed crowd realized that the half-blind Brennan

wrestled wholly by touch and did not need to see his antagonist. That time passed before it was realized that this was one of the fastest falls on record. Then the audience began to understand how completely it had been deprived of its kill, its victim.

The cry, the composite yell, that then arose is almost indescribable. It was like the shrieks of pure terror from women and children on a sinking ship at sea—but it was more than that. It was like the roar of lions trapped in the jungle.

Brennan, leaving, paused to listen. He laughed, and departed.

I thought to myself that for the time at least, his second revenge was complete.

INVENTORY

CAROLYN HEINE

A STRAND of beads
Coral dipped,
A square of linen
Sky blue,
A draught of Love's wine
Deeply sipped,
Is all I took from you.

The coral is worn away
By my fingers;
The handkerchief too,
Is threadbare,
But the tang of the wine
Still lingers—
And I still care.

THE STORMING OF JERICHO

CAROLYN HEINE

IN a sunny autumn morning of 1861 two small figures trudged along a serpentine strip of rock and rut serving in that section of the borderland for a road.

The little girl, with flaxen pig-tails bobbing behind, had difficulty in making her chubby legs keep pace with the longer ones of her brother.

Presently they came to a stile over a fence and a path leading across a stubbly field to a farmhouse. The little girl dropped down on the bottom step as though exhausted and began to cry bitterly. The boy added the tin lunch-pail she had been carrying to his own burden of books and went on to the house.

After an interval he reappeared. "Julie," he said, "ma sez fer you ter come in. You'll be sick if you set here in the sun a crying."

Julie dabbed at her eyes with the hem of her checkered pinafore. "What did she say about the *other*?"

"She's madder 'n a hornet, but she sez if Mr. McKenzie won't open his school to us 'cause pa's a fightin' in th' Confederate army, we can't hep it. She sez she'll teach us as best she kin till th' war's over."

"But ain't there nuthin' atall ter do?"

"Nuthin' but—but fer our soljers ter lick hell out o' them damn Yanks."

"Jed!"

"Well, that's what we're gonna do. Pa said so."

"But Jed," persisted Julie, "can't we do somethin' before then? We might pray ter God ter burn down th' schoolhouse."

"Taint no use ter pray. Ma's been a prayin' fer more'n a year fer th' war ter stop an' they're still a fightin'."

"Then I know what let's do! Let's git th' Bible an' let it open itself an' see what it sez do."

"Taint no use," Jed protested again.

But Julie half coaxed, half dragged him into the house, and together they lifted the family Bible from its customary shelf to a table.

"Now you hold up one side an' I'll hold th' other'n, an' when I count three you leggo." The Bible plumped open.

"Th' sixth chapter of Joshua. Help me read it, Jed."

Laboriously Jed read: "Now Jericho was straitly shut up because of the children of Israel: none went out, and none came in.

And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thy hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor.

And ye shall compass the city, all ye men of war, and go round about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days.

And seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns: and the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow with the trumpets.

And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout; and the wall of the city shall fall down flat, and the people shall ascend up, every man straight before him."

"And Josh—"

"That's enough, Jed. There's our answer."

"Where?" demanded Jed.

"Don't you see? We're th' children of Israel, an'

th' school is Jericho an' all we have ter do is ter compass it about fer six days and th' seventh we kin shout an' th' Lord will make Mr. McKenzie let us in—or somethin'."

"Shucks, I don't believe it'll work," scoffed Jed, sauntering off.

"But, Jed, th' Bible sez so," she called after him.

Nothing daunted, she broached the subject again next morning. "It won't hurt nuthin' ter try it, Jed."

"Oh, alright," he conceded, "only we'd better not let ole man McKenzie ketch us too near. He's shore down on us."

So for six days the two little Confederates walked the two miles to the clearing where Hezichiah McKenzie, fanatical Unionist, held a small private school, the only one in the county.

Six times they compassed it about, bearing in lieu of an ark of the covenant a lunch pail topped with a ragged primer.

Six times did the schoolmaster shake his fist at them from a window when Jed interrupted the droning of his pupils' voices with a long blast on his father's cattle horn.

Six times did they steadfastly ignore him.

As they neared the school on the seventh day, Julie, frisking along excitedly by the stolid Jed, issued final directions, "Remember, this time we're ter compass it about seven times an' shout while we're a doing it."

"You'll have ter do th' shoutin'," rejoined Jed, "I'll be a blowin' th' long blast."

"Alright, I'm ready, Jed, let's compass."

And compass they did, once, twice, three times, with Julie shouting a creditable accompaniment to Jed's long blast. Not so much as a tremor from Jericho!

Four times, five times, six times, Julie's breath was giving out, and the walls still seemed impregnable.

Half way around on the seventh circuit, the Israelites noted a slight trembling. The door was wrenched open from the inside and the schoolmaster emerged brandishing a stout hickory switch.

The hosts of Israel fled as though on winged feet.

Next morning an errand carried them in the direction of the school once more. Julie had not wanted to go. She wished never to set eyes on the school again. If the storming of Jericho had not shaken it, as much cannot said of Julie's faith.

But Jed did not mind. Indeed, he welcomed the diversion of a trip to the store; and, for Julie's sake, whistled blithely as they approached their Jericho.

He felt a sudden pressure on his arm, and looked up to see Julie pointing a shaky finger at a curl of bluish wood smoke.

"Look, Jed, there through the trees, there aint any Jericho!"

Jericho was in truth reduced to a smouldering heap of ashes.

"The Lord hath fin'ly sent his holy angels to burn th' wicked city," chanted Julie exultantly.

"Holy angels nuthin', it wuz Confederate soljers, by jingo!"

FORUM

DOROTHY EMERSON

Though he speak the truth,
Laugh at his word.
His clothes are uncouth,
His ways are absurd.

FOUR CASH

MARY LEE KORNS

LING HUAI struggled against the wind. She clung to her baby and grasped her son's shoulder as she ran along the Ta Chieh after a rickshaw.

"I have had nothing to eat for two days," cried Ling Huai to the passenger in the carriage. "My children have had almost nothing. Ke wo i-ke chien! Take pity on us! Do you not see that I am blind? Wo ch'ing ni, ku nai-nai!"

The lady had placed a large silk handkerchief over her face as a protection against the dust. She did not turn her head.

"Run faster, son! Run faster!" cried Ling Huai.

They were soon ahead of the rickshaw prostrating themselves in the dust before the lady high above them. Ling Huai rocked back and forth and held up her child. Her son ran on for awhile, but before long came back to his mother.

Ling Huai, half covered with rags, felt weighted down by the sand-laden air and could not rise. How hard it was! The dust swirled about her and filled her nostrils causing her to cough; she felt the grit in her mouth and spat upon the ground. Even her closed eyes stung and watered. The smell of salty chang yu sizzling on a stove prepared to receive thin-layered lao pin aggravated the pain in her stomach. She felt her son's hand on her matted hair.

"Mother, why do you not get up?" he queried. "You cannot sit there all day."

Ling Huai pressed her hand into the dust and helped herself to a standing position. She felt nauseated, and almost fell.

"Oh, mother!" cried her son. "You are so pale. What is the matter?"

"Stop talking," replied Ling Huai compressing her lips. "Take me over to the nearest hutung."

They waited by the side of the road while a caravan of camels passed. Ling Huai listened to the thud of their feet, to the clanging of the bells around their necks, and to the crack of the driver's whip. She smelled dusty fur. The little boy led Ling Huai into the hutung and squatted at her side by the wall. The baby was quiet, and Ling Huai ran her fingers over its face to be sure it was asleep. She listened to the irregular booming of the cannon.

"If the southern army takes Peking I wonder what will become of us. Some say they will kill everyone on the streets. Perhaps that would be best. I cannot live much longer anyway. My baby ought to be put into safe hands. I have prayed to the gods to help me, but my prayer has not been answered."

Ling Huai felt a silken garment brush against her hand. She knew that a hsiensheng was out airing his bird, for she heard a slight chirping and a flutter of wings. The odor of garlic lay on the air. Ling Huai was impelled to pinch her baby to make it cry. She moaned. "Wo ch'ing ni, ta lao yeh! Some money—" and then her small boy was saying:

"Mother, feel what I have!"

He poured a handful of dust and four cash into her hand.

"Well done!" Ling Huai exclaimed. "You are a good son."

She heard the sound of brass cups clapped together and judged that a man selling chiu hsui and cool, sweet prune juice would soon pass by. Her throat

was so dry she was tempted to slake her thirst. But she thought of the thin-layered lao pin, which were probably browned and seasoned through with the change yu sauce. She must get one of those cakes with her four cash. If she gave half of it to the children and ate her half slowly she might live another two days with nothing to eat. Before two days the gods might lead her to some way of providing for her baby daughter. It was true that the children would grow hungry again, and what would she do if no one took pity on them? The smells of spiced tang hulers, roasted peanuts, meat dumplings flavored with onion, and steamed rice came to her nostrils. And then she smelled flour balls that had been boiled in sweetened water. Her desire for all these foods was feverish. She did not know which to buy with her four cash. She felt the child's wasted body through the rags which covered it, and tried to adjust her position so that she would feel her hunger less keenly.

"Every night we crouch in corners to sleep. She cannot live long in this fashion and it may be days before we get any more money. Yes it may be a long time—I must think of her—"

She turned as if in sudden resolve.

"Son, if you think you can find the fortune-teller lead me to him."

The chink of coins in a money exchange store, and the ringing strokes of an anvil in a blacksmith's shop beat time to Ling Huai's footsteps. The air she breathed made her thirst almost unbearable.

"Mother, we are at the fortune-teller's," said her son. "The wise man is looking at you."

"What will you charge for writing not more than five characters on a slip of paper?" asked Ling Huai.

"Eight cash," a smooth voice answered.

"I will pay only four," Ling Huai declared.

"Four cash!" the scribe ejaculated. "I might do it for five, but not for less than that. The paper and ink would cost me five cash at least."

Ling Huai turned to go. She heard the man rise from his bench and lay his brush on the table. She felt his hand on her arm.

"Come! Tell me what it is you want me to write," he persuaded. "I shall do it for what you will pay."

"Write: Lan Huar; age, twelve months," Ling Huai dictated.

She listened to the brush strokes and to the whisper of the paper.

"And then?" the scribe inquired.

"That is all," she replied.

"Do you not want your fortune told?" asked the man with some astonishment.

"No," the mother answered and laid her cash on the table covered with coarse cloth. "Son, go south. Turn east when you come to Mei Chiao hutung and tell me when we reach the open space where you can see the tower on the Wall."

The wind had died down somewhat, and there was a chill in the air. Ling Huai heard the sound of sliding boards as shops were closed for the night. She heard the laughter and joking of some men. Presently they wheeled to the left and began to pass the doorsteps of homes. Children shrieked with glee and neighbors chatted together. They spoke of the dust storm. One said that it was the worst storm she had seen in ten years. Another declared that the sinister, reddish yellow of the sky made her believe that the dragon

was coming to destroy all the people of the earth. Ling Huai prayed silently to the gods.

"Mother, I can see the tower on the Wall," said the little boy.

"Go straight toward the Wall," she ordered. "Do not be afraid," Ling Huai added, for she felt his shoulder quiver under her hand.

The ground soon became uneven and before long Ling Huai stopped.

"Hold the child while I fasten on the paper. It will be even better if I put it near this strip of red cloth which keeps the devils away."

She knelt and made a small heap of ashes with her hand.

"Lay the child on the ground with its head on this pile of ashes." Then she murmured to the sleeping girl. "Calamities and happiness are decided by heaven. I am destined to die, but heaven may bring you happiness. Tomorrow when the women and children come to gather coals in the discarded ashes by the Wall they will find you, and take care of you."

Ling Huai put the baby's soft fist against her own cheek.

"We look for spirits," she whispered, "but do not see them; we listen but do not hear them: yet they enter into all things. There is nothing without them. I have prayed to the spirits again. The heavenly powers will take care of you, hsiao haitzu, my loved one."

Ling Huai rose unsteadily to her feet.

"Come, my son," she called, "we must go back into the world."

SONG FOR A DULL HOUR

YULA POWERS

I HAVE forgotten
 The fire that is spent;
 Forgotten the fable
 Of one who came
 And of one who went;
 I have discarded
 The robe that is rent.
 For still burn the blossoms
 Of wine-red and flame,
 Many have died,
 But the days still bring
 Blossoms of wine-red
 And blossoms of flame.
 I shall clothe myself
 In a fairer gown;;
 I shall walk in the light
 Where the path turns down
 To the level beach;
 Forgetting that fable
 Of one who came
 And of one who went,
 I shall gather the blossoms
 Of wine-red and flame,
 And weave me a garland
 While I shall sing:
 "Grief is an autumn leaf;
 Now it is spring."
 "Joy grows old,
 Delight will fade,
 Love will grow cold,
 And a lover's kiss—

But never this,
Surely not this:

Warm honey of sun,
Blue bowl of sky;
Or waves that run
And whiten and break
Upon the sand,
Glittering waves
Of a southern land.

Still there is this,
Always this."

MEDIEVAL HISTORY

YULA POWERS

OLD books that moulder in the dark,
Old highways hidden by the grass,
Where armored knights and begging friars
And troubadours have ceased to pass.
A broken halberd stained by rust,
A ruined tomb, a tattered robe,
And over all the blown dust.

REMINISCENCE

YULA POWERS

I was weaving garlands when he passed—
It was a golden day; the ripening grain
Flowed like a yellow sea—
I heard the jingle of his harness chain—
He paused beside the spring.
His hair was golden like the wheat,
And when he smiled
I could have cast my flowers at his feet.

BESIEGED

YULA POWERS

You walk upright, like men, but in the night
Your small souls slink on padded paws,
To crouch beneath our castle walls and stare,
Stare with glazed eyes and greedy, slaving jaws.

Lean shadows in the dusk, you snuff and prowl,
Eager for death, afraid to leap and kill,
And sometimes when the moon is bright, you
howl,
Yelling derisively—but we are still.

Although we feast on water and dry bread,
You see our flags and the tall, unconquered stone,
Never our bleak despair or the sorrowing for our
dead—
Our pride endures longer than withering flesh
and bone.

Yet the last sentinel must leave the gate,
And you crawl forward, inch by inch, to find
us gone,
And only lizards slithering on the walks. Too late
You'll whine and glut yourselves on carrion.

THE CHAPEL WITH THE MOST CANDLES

HUGH MCKEAN

THE rumble of the traffic on the street above, the hot glaring sun, the calls of the boatmen on the great barges slipping silently by, the buzzing of the bees on a nearby, rotten banana were all so familiar, so restful to Andre! He was home again and he was happy. He dozed, but carelessly left his eyes half open. It made no difference to him whether he slept or waked for if he was sleepy he would sleep, and he was often sleepy. Cares rested lightly on his threadbare shoulders.

The river front and the quais were about the same as they were when he had left them except for a few strange faces and a few missing ones. The gendarmes had probably made one of their clean-up raids on these leisure-loving people of the water front.

Andre pulled a small snuff box from the depths of his coat pocket, removed the lid with extreme care and laid it on the ground beside him. Then with his thumb and fore-finger he measured out the exact amount of the precious stuff and was in the act of raising it to his waiting nose when something dropped in the dust beside him, something that glittered.

Andre had learned from many bitter experiences that "all is not gold that glitters" but this had a convincing glow to it so he picked the shiny thing out of its bed of dust. When he had brushed it off and raised it within range of his vision he scarcely prevented himself from becoming excited for it appeared to be a very large and extravagantly be-jeweled ring. It was so imposing that it made him realize that his grimy hand was a rather bad setting for such a treasure.

However, he eyed his find with a suppressed sense of distrust for he had a deep-seated foreboding that all was not well with his world. After much deliberation he emptied out the snuff and put the ring into the box. It was then in no danger of dropping through one of the many holes in his pocket. After the box had been shoved deep into its usual place he settled back to dream of the happy possibilities of his future. Perhaps he would soon be sitting in the back of one of those taxis scurrying across the bridge and around the base of the great Notre Dame which rose from the Island of the city directly opposite him.

His eyes wandered over the lacy stoneworks and flying buttresses of the upper part of the Cathedral and dipped into the fathomless blue of the sky. The birds chirped and sang. It was not long before he was asleep.

Andre's dreams were not happy. As a pirate he defended a treasure chest with bloody thrusts of his sword. Then by miraculous metamorphosis he became a swimmer harrassed by scaly sea-monsters one of which stuck his head above the waters and grumbled out; "How long has he been here?"

Andre opened his eyes. It was dusk. A pair of legs and the familiar cape of a gendarm confronted him. He was confused.

Another voice from behind answered the question of the impertinent dream-monster. "He has been lying here all afternoon, Sir."

"Was he here at the time of the arrest?"

"Yes, Sir. The old woman said he was."

"Get up," the officer in the cape commanded.

Andre realized at last that he was the center of interest. As he raised himself on his knees a lump

in his pocket which he had almost forgotten reminded him that this one might be more important than his usual encounters with the gendarms. Slowly, thoughtfully, he shoved himself up to his stooped height. Former experience had taught him that in instances like this silence was good policy.

The two men glared at him. Andre looked at his feet, wiggled a toe to see if he could distinguish it through the darkness, brushed the sand and trash from the seat of his trousers, stuck one hand in his pocket, withdrew it quickly when it touched the box, turned on his bare heel and shuffled away from the two silent figures.

"Hey there!"

Andre stopped.

"Do you want to search him?"

"Perhaps we ought to."

Andre's heart action quickened. The two officers were again at his side, the one without the cape slid his hand gingerly into Andre's coat pocket discovering nothing more than cigarette butts. The one in the cape felt the pocket on one of his trouser legs.

"I hate to touch him," he observed.

"I don't relish it myself, Sir. He has nothing on him except vermine."

"Yes, he's all right. Let's go!"

Andre breathed easier. That was that. The stairs were near and he ascended to the sidewalk above. Before crossing the street he wanted to look over and see what the two gendarmes were doing. Fortunately, directly above the spot where he had been sleeping there was a break in the long line of book stalls which surmounted the wall. Here he leaned over, just in time to meet the gaze of one of the gendarmes who

for some reason happened to look up at the same moment. Andre hurried on looking back only once to see the two adversaries reach the top of the stairs, puffing and excited. He hurried on into the dark streets of the left bank, turned into a small cafe and ordered beer.

The general conversation of the place seemed to be about a relic which had been stolen from the Cardinal's palace and had turned up on the water front. One of the trinket merchants there had offered it to a priest but the price was too high, so the wise cleric had the man arrested and his stall seized, taken to the Palace of Justice, and searched, but it was not found. Some accomplice had made off with it, the proprietor suggested. What was the relic? It was a hair from the head of the Beloved Apostle enclosed in a ring. This last bit of news made Andre uneasy. He stepped out into the street again.

When he came to a lamp he reached for his ring to examine it. As he was turning it over in the meager light, footsteps warned him of an approaching passer-by. The ring was thrust roughly into the box while its anxious possessor drifted instinctively towards the river. There was no chance there to take it out, so he made for the bridge. Again he nearly had it in the light when he was interrupted. This time it was a weasle-eyed priest.

Out of the mist Notre Dame lifted her beckoning towers. They seemed to offer him silent consolation and sympathy. To their call he responded.

The small upholstered door swung noiselessly shut behind him and he proceeded toward the chapel with the most candles, then reconsidering, he walked around the corridor to a darker place and dropped into one

of the cane chairs. At last he was alone. Undisturbed he could examine his possession and see if it could be by any chance the one stolen from the Cardinal. The light was so dim behind that great pillar that he could not decide whether the center jewel was a stone or a glass case. Rising and sidling up to the candles in front of the Sacred Heart he held the ring up boldly to the light. There in the centre of the mass of jewel-encrusted gold he beheld a glass, and beneath it, humbly coiled, a hair from a human head.

Andre trembled. Here in his smudgy hand lay a medium between man and the omnipotent which had performed miracles in the past and would continue, no doubt, to do so in the future. In addition to that it was being sought relentlessly by all official Paris. The flames on the candles before him were as terrifying as that part of creation which he now feared would be the future abode of his soul.

A step on the stone floor warned him to shut his hand over the relic, and as he turned around he faced again the weasle-eyed priest who had passed him on the bridge. Andre crossed himself and dropped to his knees. He sensed an unfriendly eye on his back but he did not turn around. When he thought the priest had gone on into another part of the Cathedral he shuffled over to his seat behind the pillar. This was probably the crisis of his life. He had within his grasp wealth and luxury but an attempt to realize it would expose him to the wrath of saints and men. Perhaps the ring itself would strike him dead. It had healed the wounded, cured the sick, given sight to the blind.

Andre was in mental agony but the Cathedral offered some consolation. There at least, his troubles

were less depressing. The vaulting recesses above him might be the abode of the Comforter himself! It was very quiet. He watched the reflections of the candle flames in the black and white marble blocks in the floor. The black ones were worn into hollows while the white ones had offered more resistance to the tread of the faithful.

He was almost asleep when a breeze, cool and rather uncanny, fanned his hair and chilled his neck. Why were there breezes there?

The thought impulse startled Andre. A glance upward confirmed his fears. The wooden saints were stepping out of their places in the dusty choir-stall and marching around the walls about midway between the rose windows and the floor. Andre followed them with his eyes, and when they came directly over him his heart sank. At their head was the Beloved Apostle come, no doubt, for his hair. Andre reached it out to him but he stumbled and fell and when he had recovered himself the saints were all back in their niches staring out again with blank wooden eyes.

The great Cathedral had grown cold. It housed nothing but terror now. In each gloomy chapel he imagined he could divine some lurking shadowy spectre. When the upholstered door swung shut behind him he sighed with relief. After crossing the bridge he stood once more at the vacant place on the wall where there was no book-stall. Cautiously he stuck his head over the edge to see if the gendarms were by any chance still there. When he had assured himself that they were not he held out an unsteady hand and dropped the ring. The thud which it made embedding itself once again in the dust below was a signal for him to go his way in peace.

THE LUMINANT

STELLA WESTON

Dedicated to the five radium workers who are penetrating the bright eternity.

"I've had a shining life," she said.
 "I pray my death may be
 A brilliance shattering the wall
 To bright eternity."

By day her skillful fingers drew
 A silvered brush astride
 The blank clock faces row on row
 At her side.

By dusk she proudly hovered near
 The clattering tick-tocks
 Sing-singing from the radiance
 Of her clocks.

And when she drooped her body down
 Luxuriously at night,
 Her hand upon the coverlet
 Gleamed bright.

"I've had a shining life," she said.
 "I pray my death may be
 A brilliance," and her whitened smile
 Glimmered with prophesy.

A LETTER

RUTH WEAVER

SHE had written "My dearest" and could get no further. It was such a bore, this writing every other day about a place where nothing happened and in which nothing changed. But if she didn't write that often Ham would start in again about her not loving him. She'd better write today—it would save explanations.

"My dearest,—". He *wasn't* her dearest. She doubted if he was even her "dear" any longer. He was hers, though, for as long as she'd trouble to keep him. She wished she could get excited about him but she could not. The only person who thrilled her now was Alan, but she quite obviously did not thrill *him*. That was like the rest of her life—a little town, when she wanted a city; a school-teacher's job, when she wanted designing; even her looks—sweet when she wanted desperately to look like a siren. That's the type Alan liked.

But this letter—"I hope you are over the cold. Do take care of yourself. I worry so about you." Might as well do it right—she'd just as soon he still had the cold, just as soon he'd always have a cold, but she must appear interested and faintly motherly.

What else could she tell him—about last night? She'd have to be careful what she said but that was all she had in the way of news. Let's see. "Last night the Bramletts had a dance. It was a pretty good dance for this town but I didn't enjoy it so very much." Of course she had not enjoyed it with Alan rushing the middle Bramlett girl—silly little snip. She thought

she looked like a Mona Lisa so she wore slinky clothes and danced like a snake. Almost all of the women thought she was pretty fast but the men liked her and they were the ones who counted, Alan anyway. No use saying that in the letter, though—"If you had been here that would have changed everything. I would have thought it was a wonderful dance if only you had been here to dance with me." Well, that was true, even if he wasn't going to know how it was true. Alan always liked girls somebody else was rushing. If Ham had been there to rush her Alan would have been dancing with *her* every other dance, breaking incessantly on *her* partners, taking *her* out for a ride during supper intermission and getting back late, instead of that Pat Bramlett, the brazen thing!

"Harvey Meadows brought me home and he said to tell you 'Hello'." She remembered passing Alan and Pat as they were leaving, Alan protesting, "But, Pat, you can't go there—the place has been raided." And Pat impatiently insisting, "Oh, don't be so *slow*!" Well, she didn't need to worry, Alan wasn't!

This *letter*! "I haven't time for any more now. I'm dashing to town for Mother." She *was* going to get mother that thread even if she had waited until now to go so that Alan could pick her up as he came home to lunch.

Anyhow, now she could stop, only the regular formula to be added now: "Remember—I love you." Lord, yes, remember. That's all he'd get—memory—and words. So she'd be generous with words. And besides, she supposed she *was* his—Alan didn't want her—

So—"Your own—Marcia"—

Perhaps she'd better put the stamp on upside down.

MY GARDEN

CAROLYN HEINE

FLAG-STONE walk,
With insertion of grass,
Myriads of blossoms,
Where honey-bees pass.

Hollyocks,
Vivid, stately, tall,
Dull ivy,
Sunning on an old wall,

Shrubbery,
Grouped for a screen,
Larkspur,
Banked against its green,

Calliopsis,
With wind-kissed faces,
Swaying on stems
Fine as laces,

Hardy phlox,
Guarding the beds
Where frailer plants
Lift shy their heads,

In one corner,
Lonely, apart,
There flowers
A bit of bleeding heart.

THE FLAMINGO

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Still, we wouldn't want to discourage that nest of singing birds which has found sanctuary at Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida . . . Jessie B. Rittenhouse sends us their first volume, "The Rollins Book of Verse," which is published most appropriately by the Angel Alley Press . . . She says that Hamilton Holt, president of Rollins, is "putting into practice some advanced ideas of education." . . . If he can by any means, fair or foul, turn out graduates who will not misuse the words flair, intrigue and due to—or better still, who will not use those words at all, since they are limp and frayed from manhandling—we shall be the first to concede that he is not only advanced but positively revolutionary . . . We hasten to add that none of these words occur in the Rollins Book of Verse. . . .

From the "Saturday Review of Literature"

GREEN GABLES TEA ROOM

LUNCHEONS — TEAS — DINNERS

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