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ECHO IN MOUNTAIN, MIRROR IN LAKE

THE First of Men was lonely; every hill
Whereon he made his trail was hushed and still;
Dark was the lake that bore his white canoe
And gave no image back; and lonelier grew
Man's soul and prayed for what it knew not yet.
Then He that heeds the lonely stooped and set
Reverberant tongues in mountains that rejoice
In giving lonely Man to hear Man's voice—
The mirror in the tranquil lake's embrace
Where even lonely Man may know Man's face.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Contributed to the Flamingo

THE FLAMINGO

VOL. V, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1931

Price, 25 Cents

QUATRAIN

CAROLYN HEINE

HATE has blinded me to you
Who burnish bright the sham
Of what you are to mirror
The image of what I am.

“VIEUX LIVRES . . . VIEUX BIJOUX”

NATALIE PILENKO

IT is cold and dark tonight. I am coming back from school. The street lamps shine dimly in the yellowish fog. Six o'clock. The buses are crowded already, coming from the Opera. Taxis hurry by without idling around the cafes; many people are late out of the offices and want to drive quickly homeward. I am happy. I have twenty francs. I am going to buy books. But there are so many I want, so many I must really have. To get them new is far too expensive. I will go to my friend, the old Jew, who has a second hand store . . . That's the idea! Let's cross and call in his tiny shop. What's the difference? Only someone else has read them before. There is no harm in that.

No use stopping in this “boulangerie.” That will be two or three francs gone. But hmm! . . . Those hot “croissants,” how good they smell. They are just baked. Steam crowns them and tarnishes the glass

of the front window. Butter melts on their rosy cheeks. . . . No use stopping. With three francs I can get another book.

How piercing is this wind. I have on a heavy skiingsweater and gloves, but I can't help shuddering. At the corners hasty breaths of air shoot under my coat, whirling on the pavement dead leaves and scraps of paper. No stars. But the sky glows with a deep, shadowy red that seems the brightest above me and fades gradually to the end of the streets, as far as I can see.

"Vente-Achat-Echange-
Livres-Bijoux-Habits."

The door rings, as I shut it, with a curiously fine, silvery tune. The master of the place has in his idle moments a passion for constructing and re-constructing wrecked things. He has without doubt fixed some ancient bell to the top of the door to be aware of the presence of an eventful customer.

From the floor to the ceiling the walls are masqued with books. Dusty, torn, paper covered, or once richly bound in leather, they pile there for ages, forgotten.

There is a vague lamp with a green "abat-jour" standing on shapeless mountains of printed stuff. The cold, white light shows a round spot, where one can see; but everything else is more imaginary than real, except the dust, that floats there without moving, in a thin and heavy veil.

Another spot of light, more human and warm, dances and dies: a little coal stove, topped by a kettle with purring water and something frying in a pan. A soft, fat cat is gazing at the coals. He has shut his eyes, and his tail is wound around his paws. He doesn't move. I take off my gloves. It is easier to wash hands

than kid gloves. There are indescribable objects all around, in my way: an Indian shawl, embroidered with gold (it was once pink; it is gray now, with holes eaten out by moths); a Chinese straw-hat, hugely brimmed; a Tyrolian sandal whose straps have lost their buckles; an empty cage where grains still remain in the porcelain cup.

School books. Books with old-fashioned engravings. Unknown poetry. Unread stories. A dry rose falls from an Italian novel. Bits of chocolate cling to the leaves of a fairy-tale; a child has known by heart that story of Blue-Beard, has read it even during his meals.

I choose an old "*Divine Comedy*" and two volumes of Maupassant. The first one has an English name written in faded ink on its first page and a date, 1860. All three are worn out but clean.

"What will do your happiness this time?"

I haven't heard him come. I never hear him approach, and he always startles me by the same phrase. He has on a round little black cap with a string that has lost its tassle, hanging invariably on his left ear.

His pale, skinny fingers are always tightly clutched on his stomach. He always smiles at me.

"These three. Please tie them together. How much?"

"Eighteen francs, little mademoiselle. Don't you want to see a beautiful old ring I have just bought? I was keeping it on purpose for you. I knew you appreciate lovely things. This is a beauty. Wait just a minute."

"I don't have the time. I couldn't buy it anyway. Please give me my books."

"Just have a peep at it. It is a wonder."

I hate to discuss with him. And perhaps without

even realizing, I dread to go out in the biting frost. The coals have softened me. I lean back patiently while the master of the den shuffles around in remote drawers and secret boxes.

The tinkling bell sings again. A rush of cold lifts a white leaf which alights on the cat near the coals. He only wags his whiskers and opens two languid eyes, then continues his mysterious dreams about a paradise perhaps more marvellous than any we can hope of.

An old man creeps in and closes carefully the creaking door. His nose is blue from the frost. His hands tremble as he unwraps a knitted scarf around his shoulders.

"I saw, monsieur, that you buy jewelry?"

"Yes, I do. *Good jewelry.*"

The man approaches the lamp and begins to reach in his right pocket. His back is bent, and his knees are trembling. The Jew doesn't move. He doesn't smile either. He is staring coldly at the crouched figure before him. At last the man pulls out a little package wrapped in newspaper. He undoes it slowly, and I see the jewelry he means to sell; two earrings; some pink stone set in gold; a wedding ring, thin and scratched; a silver watch chain. He holds a long time the earrings and the ring, caressing them, looking at them. He weighs them at last in his outstretched palm and hands them bravely over.

The Jew has set a little balance near the lamp and puts several ounces on one side. In the other he drops the jewels.

"How much do you give me for them?" The anxious voice is trying to be firm.

"Two francs, my dear man. And you are lucky to sell now. Yesterday gold lowered twice on the world market . . ."

"But, monsieur, two francs. It is so little. Give me a little more. It is all I have left. This is my poor wife's. Please give me some more . . ."

"All right, here is three . . . and be happy with that."

The man takes the money greedily. He ties the coins in his handkerchief and without saying a word, pensively, strides out.

"Mademoiselle, here are your books. Come in again."

I am miserable. The money I have so foolishly spent is crying out to me. I hate the books I have chosen. I loath myself and all the universe.

But why not run after the old man and give him the two francs I still have? It would mean much to him.

I rush out. He is slowly walking near the wall. I come up to him. He is going to cross the street.

"Monsieur?"

He looks at me. The dignity of his tired eyes, of his humiliated head strike me. I have no right.

"Mademoiselle?"

"Can I help you to cross the street?"

THE DAUGHTERS

CAROLYN HEINE

ELLEN WHEELER had just seen her children off for school and was starting to sweep the porch when she saw her sister Lizzie coming up the walk.

"Law, Liz, you're out early," she called; "you musta left your breakfast things still on th' table."

"I mighty near did," her sister returned, mounting the steps, "but I wanted to see you straight off. Let's go in th' house."

"I've got to get at th' dishes anyway," Ellen agreed, holding open the door.

"I come to talk to you about Pa," Lizzie announced when they were settled in the kitchen.

"What's th' matter? He ain't sick, is he?"

"No, but he's been actin' funny lately."

"How, funny?"

"Well, day before yesterday I happened to be sittin' on th' porch when he come from work. He come swingin' along chipper as you please till he got in sight of th' house; then he sort of slowed up and begun to look glum. I asked 'im how he felt, and he said he felt pretty good, but just th' same he seemed fidgety and nervous-like. Walked up and down th' porch an' wouldn't eat much supper. Got up and left right afterwards, too. Said he was goin' for a walk. I never guessed what was th' matter till last night."

"What happened last night?"

"Well, he come in just like th' night before, not wantin' no supper much. But, when I went in to do th' dishes, he got up an' followed me into th' kitchen an' walked around, starin' at th' walls. Finally he says, 'Lizzie, you know your Ma will a been dead a year day after tomorrow . . .' Then he stopped like he wanted to say more an' couldn't."

"Then I knowed what was ailin' him; he was missin' Ma. Well, I hadn't realized before that th' year was so near out, an', when I thought how sick she was before she died, th' tears come in my eyes, an' I had to sit down an' cry it out then an' there."

"Did Pa cry?"

"No, I ain't seen him cry since her last night. Men don't show their feelin's much."

"But that ain't no sign they ain't got 'em same as women."

"Pa felt th' same way I did, I know, 'cause he turned right around an' went out, an' he never come back till I was in bed. But who wouldn't miss a woman after livin' with her for forty years, Poor Ma."

"And poor Pa, grievin' himself sick over her." Ellen dabbed at her eyes with the corner of her apron. "I wonder if there ain't somethin' we could do to get his mind off it, tomorrow 'specially?"

"If we could get him not to work, we could go out and spend th' day with Aunt Tab."

"He'd never do it. Besides Aunt Tab's got one foot in th' grave. She'd make us bluer 'n ever."

"Maybe we could give him somethin' he'd like an' wants."

"I'm sure I don't know what it would be," Ellen mused; "he's got shirts an' a pipe, an' Susan's sure to send socks Christmas."

"Well," said Lizzie finally, "I know somethin' that he's always wanted."

"What?"

"A watch, a gold watch."

"But a watch would cost so much. I don't believe we'd have enough money to buy one."

"No, I reckon not." Lizzie rose and began to carry dishes to the cupboard. "Still, he always wanted somethin' besides that cheap thing he carries. How much would one cost?"

"I dunno, twenty-five or thirty dollars, maybe, for good gold; we wouldn't want no thin-plated one."

"No, we wouldn't, but twenty-five dollars is an awful lot. But, say, maybe Mr. Young would sell us one on credit if we paid some down an' promised th' rest in a month or two. My cow's comin' in pretty soon, an' then I'll have the butter money. Then there's th' little I've saved toward Ma's tombstone. I know she'd

rather Pa had it in a watch."

"Well, I dunno," Ellen debated, "all I've got is the check Tom give me on my birthday. He said use it for anything I wanted. If he asks, I'll tell him I bought a dress. He'll never notice."

"Then I believe we can do it." Lizzie was excited. "What do you say we go down now and talk to Mr. Young. It won't hurt none to figger on it."

"I don't believe I'd better. I've got the greens to pick and some wash to get out. You go by yourself. But get a pretty one; we might as well get a good one while we're about it. And hurry back."

"Yes, I will. Is my hat on straight?"

She hurried out, and Ellen, taking a basket, went to the turnip patch. It had rained the night before, and the greens were so gritty that she scarcely had them washed before Lizzie was back.

"It's all settled," she announced triumphantly. "He had a lovely one for thirty-five dollars."

"Thirty-five! That's pretty steep."

"I know, but we are to pay fifteen down and five a month till the rest is paid. And it's such a lovely watch. Eight jewels, Mr. Young said."

"Where is it? Didn't you bring it?"

"No, he's goin' to put Pa's initials on th' back for nothin'. He showed me th' pattern for th' letters an' it'll be awful pretty. Pa'll be tickled to death."

"Yes, he will, but I did want to see it. When'll it be done?"

"Late this afternoon. When do you think will be th' best time to give it to him?"

"Well, let's see, he ought to have it before he goes to work, but I do want to see him when he gets it. You might make him come by here on his way to work, an' you could come too . . . No, Tom would be

here then, and I don't want him to know about the money . . ."

"I know," said Lizzie, "what we might do. I'll make breakfast late in th' mornin' an' keep him around th' house. He won't go off without eatin'. An' you can get up sooner an' get Tom an' th' kids off an' then run over home, an' we'll both surprise him."

"I guess we can do that all right, if I can just hurry Tom. You get it from the jeweller's an' keep it hid till mornin'."

"Late this afternoon before he comes home. An' now I've got to hurry, or Pa'll be home for dinner, and none cooked. Remember, you're to come over as soon as you can, an' I'll keep Pa there till you do."

"I'll be there by seven-thirty at the latest," Ellen promised.

But it was nearer eight when she reached her father's house next morning. Jimmy, her youngest, had fallen down the steps on his way to school, and the staunching of tears and blood had taken time.

"Anybody home?" she sang out from the hall.

"Lizzie put her head out the dining room door and beckoned her in.

"Where's Pa?" demanded Ellen.

"He's gone!" Lizzie's voice came out queerly.

"Gone! An' you gave him th' watch without my bein' here. I came as . . ."

"Oh, Ellen I never got a chance to give it to him. He's gone off to get married." Lizzie sank weakly into a chair.

"Married! Lizzie, he couldn't an' Ma just dead a year!"

"He thinks a year's long enough to wait. That's what he tried to tell me th' other night, but his nerve failed him when I cried; he told me so this mornin'."

"Who's he marryin'?" Ellen demanded through tight lips.

"That Saunders woman."

"Not Mae Saunders in th' cafe!"

Lizzie nodded.

"Well, he'll never get me to speak to her."

"Nor me either. I told him I'd get out an' let them have th' place."

"You'll do nothin' of the sort. I won't have him bringin' that woman to th' same house where Ma slaved for him for forty years."

"He don't intend to. They're goin' to live with her folks. He said I could take boarders or somethin' to keep from bein' lonesome."

The sisters sat silent and brooding till the clock on the mantel piece struck eight-thirty. Then Ellen said, "Where's that watch?"

Lizzie rose and, taking a little imitation plush box from behind the clock, handed it to her sister. Ellen opened it and took out the watch. "It's mighty pretty."

"It ought to be," said Lizzie; "it's fourteen carat gold with eight jewels."

"I like th' stem. It's fluted like pie crust. What'll we do with it, Liz?"

"Maybe Mr. Young would take it back."

"Not now; it's got them letters on the case."

"So it has, but Pa'd never take it, not if he knew it was part bought with Ma's tombstone money."

"It ain't that so much. But I won't have that waitress hussy askin' for th' time off of no watch I helped pay for."

"But what'll we do with it?"

"I dunno." Lizzie took it from her sister and snapped it shut in its little box.

BOMBAST

YULA POWERS

I SHALL stand on the highest mountain top.
 I am not too feeble for the steep ascent;
 Unbodied spirit could not race more freely
 Along the broken ridges;
 This strength burning in my blood would drive me on
 To scale the very summits of the skies.
 The little paper toys of men strewing the plain
 Will shrink; I might crush them,
 Scatter them to the four corners of the winds.
 You, who held for that moment
 When my breath ceased and my heart faltered
 The frail crystal of my life in careless hands,
 To throw its fragments at my feet,
 Will dwindle with the rest
 Into a dot laboring over some infinitesimal task,
 Scratching vague hieroglyphics in the dust.
 I shall laugh.
 The ground will shake
 With reverberations of my laughter.
 Then—all that remains to be done—
 The wild flight to the canyon floor.
 My last shrill cry will rend
 The heavens into tatters, cleave the rocks—
 Even so, its echoes will not disturb your sleep.

ONE PLEASANT WAY OF SPENDING A
VACATION

CHARLIE MILLS

This essay was the winner of the \$200.00 prize in the Vacation Essay Contest. The essays which won the second and third prizes will appear in later issues of the Flamingo.

LAST June, with almost four free months before them, it is probable that a great many Rollins students had a strong inclination for travel. However, travel is expensive, and, although it doubtless appealed to the majority, most of us probably thought it more wise to forgo the pleasures of the open road and to hunt for some profitable job whereby we could shelve the silver shekels for old mother Rollins and her two hungry children, tuition and board. Few of us went so far as to wish for the luxury of travel and to expect old Lustre Pocket, the job, to come along and pass out the checks; such wishes would have incapacitated even the most hearty of imaginations. Nevertheless, these two ideas of travel and making money were the two predominating thoughts that occupied my mind at that time; my first job was to evolve a plan by which I could combine these two fairly inconsistent ambitions or ideas.

Although there are probably many opportunities offered by the business world for traveling and at the same time making money, I found only two practical possibilities: those of salesmanship and the buying of some article, as leaf tobacco or cotton, at different markets for some big concern. Salesmanship, after consideration, was dismissed, both because of lack of experience and of the great difficulty in selling anything in a time of almost universal financial depression.

However, if times were hard, it seemed most likely that it would be a particularly opportune time for buying, and, following this line of thought, I applied for a position as collector of antique furniture, books, and china at one of the biggest concerns in the two Carolinas.

Mr. Severs, the head of the concern, when approached, took me out to the store room where almost every conceivable type of furniture from slender-legged highboys to squat victorian sofas were piled high on the floors and lined against walls. After almost the whole morning of informal quizzing Mr. Severs told me to come by early the following Monday. He promised nothing definite; yet I felt reasonably assured that he had a trip half planned.

During the week-end I spent my time studying road maps of North and South Carolina and studying general types of period furniture.

Monday morning, almost at daybreak, I got up, put on some clothes that I thought appropriate for antiquing, slipped quietly down to the kitchen, and after taking the cream off two bottles of milk and frying three eggs for breakfast I started on my summer's vacation.

Mr. Severs was up when I got there, and, while he ate his breakfast, I loaded enough ropes and quilts in the back of the sturdy Ford truck to bring home all the period furniture from Currituc to Pasquatanc.

After I had packed, measured the gas, and checked the oil, I gave the spare a satisfied thump and went in to talk to Mr. Severs while he finished eating.

Mr. Severs is one of those self made men who has received enough hard knocks to believe that someone is always making an effort to learn his plans for the express purpose of either beating him out or preventing

his reaching the goal; consequently he kept his plans consistently to himself, and the summer for me proved to be a series of unusual and startling surprises. I was not impatient, however, that first morning and rather enjoyed the uncertainty of not knowing where we were going.

It was a damp morning, and the starter dragged slowly several times before the motor finally caught fire, sputtered, and started. Mr. Severs mentioned one of the highways, and I, with the confidence, if not the finesse, of a trained chauffeur, shifted the gears and followed instructions.

After having driven for more than an hour and at a fair speed, too (for Mr. Severs, having once announced his destination, was always impatient to get there) we came to the somewhat ramshackled home of two well-to-do but notoriously close old bachelors. We walked up to the door, and, after Mr. Severs had knocked stiltedly several times with the butt of his knife, the oldest of the brothers stuck his head inquisitively from the door; the younger, like some old woman or timid child, observed us from the living-room window. Mr. Severs, despite the roughness of his manner and the somewhat brutal expression about his face, always gave the impression of being a prophet of prosperity or an ambassador of good will. Consequently, it wasn't long before both of the old bachelors came out and asked us in, and soon we were climbing a long narrow stairway to see something that, from their description, promised to be a tambour desk. It was. Mr. Severs paid three hundred dollars for it and sold it for seven hundred the next day.

With such magnificent returns on an investment made right before my eyes, I confidently expected to drive the old dream roadster back to school the following fall.

I found, however, during the summer that such pieces are found few and far between. However, the encouraging possibility was always before me, for every section, locality, or town may have an unusual period piece to be found and bought if one has the patience and perseverance.

For the first month I used the Ford truck as a means of collecting, but, because gas, oil, and storage bills amounted to so much, I resorted to what was officially called "Bus travel," but what resulted in bumming, for the rest of the time.

With all boarding and hotel expenses being paid and a good commission on the profits made I was able to go almost where I pleased and to make money all the while.

I think one of the outstanding advantages derived from spending one's time in so informal a way is the opportunity of not only observing, but living with people who constitute the personality of a particular section or state.

With almost no restrictions as to division of time or territory I was free to investigate any situation that promised interesting material in an intellectual, financial, or literary way. For three months I lived intimately with the people of a comparatively small area; I became aware of their personality and became interested in the activities in which they were engaged. I followed a haphazard trail from the crab-lines and seines of the Albermarle sound to the blistering white spar-mines of the Blue Ridge mountains. I felt the pride and justifiable self-satisfaction of the sand hill farmer as carload after carload of his Pine-Hurst peaches slowly pulled out to be distributed over the nation, and often I spent whole nights helping plantation negroes shove logs into the crude clay furnaces

of the squat, leaf-packed tobacco barns; folk lore and legends, smoke of hart pine and the spasmodic spic-spice of fat green worms falling on flat, hot tin as the leaves slowly crinkle and curl mean more than artistic or dramatic enjoyment; such situations help to develop an understanding of human nature and an appreciation of life.

Almost all travel is interesting because it nearly always introduces new situations and unique experiences. My more or less aimless stumbling about resulted in many vivid and out-of-the-way surprises that would have been lost had I adhered to a more definite schedule.

On one of the first trips out I banged on the brakes at a small side road upon noticing the traditional cock fight signal, a tow-sack slung loosely across the limb of a small tree. After driving a short way and walking the rest I came to a small clearing by the side of a spring where eight or ten men, gathered around in small groups, were laughing and drinking while they fondled or prepared big-boned eager cocks for the fight. A didactic little man was vigorously hopping about, from one leg to another, illustrating to an appreciative audience the decided advantages of the short gaff over the long, and a big fellow with a deep voice, slick blue suit, and the air of a judge was betting fabulous sums on a hypothetical fowl that would result from his crossing Brown Reds or War Horses with Kenney Red Quills. He delivered himself impressively and climaxed the effect by spitting a half pound wad of weed for fully six feet. A little to his right two men were instigating a little argument between a cock with a warty head and one with deep throaty chuckle, and off in the woods several men were trying to dislodge an escaped cock with a high nervous cackle from the

top-most branches of a gum tree by beating the trunk with young logs; and a boy with legs as slender as elongated earth-worms was rapidly climbing the tree in an attempt to grab the exile before he sought other boughs of bending green.

Aside from the picturesque characters, the pittings themselves were intensely interesting. To see two cocks rise three or four feet in a mad whirlwind of feathers, fall to the floor, faint, pass, and shuffle until one or the other is killed or hopelessly rattled is an example of physical perfection and courage that should be impressive to everyone.

Probably one of the most outstanding advantages offered by my job for the summer was that it kept me continually out in the open and made possible the having of an ideal vacation. It was seldom that I was uncomfortable, for during the hot season I was either at the beach or at the mountains buying, selling, and enjoying tennis, swimming, riding, and canoeing.

Aside from these definite periods of physical activities I hiked a great deal throughout the summer. This idling along, stopping as I cared, pleased me greatly. I remember jotting down several day's impressions and activities: an almost endless line of great powerful-armed negroes singing rhythmically and digging deep down in parallel ditches; a white-haired old man carving angels on a child's tombstone with a chisel and hammer; a small boy with three white rats, a guinea pig, and a brown speckled hen, trudging behind the overloaded farm wagon of his moving family; visiting a court room for the first time and witnessing a divorce, (all of the indiscreet acts of the father told in detail by a coarse, blunt, cheap-boarding-house lady; the mother; a sweet-faced child; and two narrow-eyed old grandmothers waiting on the stand); the killing of

a weasel and the sewing up of a German police dog's leg which had been hurt in an accident; making of a vain attempt to buy the silver service or Communion set of Bishop Rownsbone, first Bishop of North Carolina; the helping out of at least a half dozen young fellows who were bumming without money and who were in a slow process of starving; surf board up mountain in the back of an open peach truck; attending of a dedication and belated funeral service for people buried during winter months in mountains.

Although the majority of the people I came in contact with were interesting from a dramatic or analytical standpoint, I was constantly thrown with people of great refinement and culture. I was interested in the study of period furniture, as well as the buying and selling; consequently I made it a point to visit many historical old homes that contained unusual collections. The owners always took the greatest pleasure in showing their treasures. I remember one particularly interesting lady whose home in Mocksville, North Carolina, was a museum in itself. In the dining room alone there was a magnificent Chippendale highboy, a Sheraton banquet table with knee-front sideboard to match, eight Chippendale chairs, and innumerable pieces of old China and silver. Hepplewhite chairs, Sheraton mirrors, and gateleg tables were to be seen in other parts of the house. Culture is at its best in such a home, and it was most interesting to contrast these people with the ones of the general road.

My vacation was, for the most part, one of informality, but the definite responsibilities connected with the actual buying, shipping, and crating of furniture required careful judgment and a great deal of attention to detail. Also the sizing-up of the different sections with a view of selecting the most appropriate to work

in called for a little consideration. Because eastern North Carolina was hit hardest by the financial depression and because some of the most beautiful of the old homes were found there, I spent a great deal of time buying there and selling in western North Carolina where the rich tourist trade had improved conditions.

Other small items under business experience aside from the handling of money consisted of buying eggs, chickens, fruit, and vegetables cheaply, while out on trips, for home consumption, learning to make a man cut his original price on any article in half and learning to know that almost anything can be bought or sold if handled correctly.

Another phase of great interest was the collecting of old books. At one time I specialized in old geographies and histories and became so interested in reading of the early development of the state that I neglected my regular work to trace out the beds of old railroads and trails and to visit historical homes and places. I put more time on the study of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and the battle of King's Mountain than I did during the year I studied North Carolina history in school. I also had beautiful opportunities for collecting old prints, arrowheads, stamps, and documents which were historical epics in themselves.

The spending of a vacation in such a way not only assures one of travel and making money, but it means, to one who is interested, an opportunity to come in contact with many interesting things that can be enjoyed and used to an advantage in some phase of living. I was primarily interested in people, and because of this the vacation for me was as pleasant as it is possible for a vacation to be.

POETRY SECTION

DOROTHY EMERSON

EPHRAIM AND EPHANIAH

EPHRAIM and Ephaniah, born as twins,
Smiled all their lives above naked chins,
And all that they ever learned to say
Was "Goodmorrow, goodmorrow, and goo'day."

Oh, Ephraim, your father lies behind a still plow,
Fallen to the furrow with a withered brow.
Call to the passing folk to carry him away.
"Goodmorrow, goodmorrow, and goo'day."

Oh, Ephaniah, who will churn the heavy milk
to gold?
Your mother is dead and her grave is grown old.
Who will gather grapes and toss the yellow hay?
Your brothers are lost in a town far away.
"Goodmorrow, goodmorrow, and goo'day."

Ephraim and Ephaniah shiver at night,
And no one shuts the windows down or makes
the door tight;
Only the light comes when it is day
"Goodmorrow, goodmorrow, and goo'day."

Oh, Ephraim, your father lies sprouting with
weeds.
Plow over him now and plant the small seeds.
The sun and the rain will find where they stay.
"Goodmorrow, goodmorrow and goo'day."

THREE SHALL WANDER IN THE SUN

WE SAW a witch-girl on a mare
Riding in the sun.
The wind was in her wild hair
And in her cloak of dun.

She rode down from a ragged hill
And looked toward the sea,
Her voice was crying loud and shrill.
Her voice was shrill and free:

"Three shall wander in the sun.
They shall search for rest,
And one shall turn against one
To make a fierce request.

"The tide shall rise, the sun depart,
They shall strike for death,
To sink death in the other's heart
And stop his gasping breath.

"The gentle one shall call to them
And beg that anger yield.
He shall become to both of them
A pierced and shuddering shield."

We saw the witch-girl ride her mare
Into the stormy tide.
The white spume blew upon her hair,
The wave leapt on her side.

We crept toward the ragged hill,
Knowing that we were three.
We heard the wind cry loud and shrill.
We heard the moaning sea.

PROVIDENCE

God was good to the little brown seed;
 He gave it not one eye
 To see the parent flower's need,
 To watch it age and die.

SONG

LISTEN to wind blow. Must I choose
 To go? I have no cloak to use.
 Travel is strange. I have no shoes.

Sing me a song and let me stay
 Over the night until the day.
 Sing me a song. Let me delay.

Later the wind may loiter low,
 And day reveal a road I know.
 You may refuse to let me go.

Sing me a song. Let me delay
 Over the night until the day.
 Sing me a song and let me stay.

INTENTION

THEY are too practical to see
 The joy of gentle gaiety
 Or sing the likeness of a tree
 Into a lilt of poetry
 Or love the purple lake below
 The purple evening sky, and so
 I'll take my violin and show
 Them with my singing, singing bow.

TWO GIRLS

CAROL HEMINGWAY

THEY SAT on the third floor fire escape of the
 dormitory and let their legs hang over the edge.
 Lou, slim shouldered, hunched over her ci-
 garette, and Glen leaned on one elbow and swung first
 one leg and then the other with a slow rhythm. With
 large shallow eyes she watched Lou.

"The way you smoke is killing," she said. "You're
 pretending to inhale. Don't just hold the smoke in
 your mouth; draw some in and then let it out slowly."

Lou still stared at the lake, puffed with a violent in-
 take of breath, and started coughing. Glen didn't
 laugh.

"I don't care if I do look silly. Inhaling is bad for
 you, anyway."

"Listen. How do you ever expect to really enjoy
 smoking if you don't do it properly? You're always
 talking about enjoying life. You're a funny one. I'm
 not trying to kill you."

Lou obediently tried again.

"I do want to enjoy things," she said. "I want to
 enjoy everything in the whole world. I've been en-
 joying the lake." She looked out over the water. "This
 morning there was a faint mist on it like the delicate
 film left by a breath on a mirror. This afternoon I
 loved it. The steady sun made it look warm as a silent
 friendly companion. Last night it was—"

"Gosh, don't start raving about the lake last night. I
 was out canoeing with that beast. There was just too
 damn much of your lake last night. I didn't think I'd
 ever get home." Glen lay back, pulled her knees up,
 and braced her heels against the edge of the platform.

"But, Glen, didn't you notice last night how the lake
 seemed to leer. It was repulsive as a cess pool. The

stars were cool and disinterested, and there was a languid, insulting-sort-of breeze. I guess I just imagined a lot of things, sitting here by myself. I felt so very much alone."

"You sweet kid. But for hell sake don't get pensive. I'm not in the mood for pensiveness." Lighting another cigarette, she said, "I wish I had a horse down here. I'd like to take him out in a gallop down all the long straight roads I could find."

She stood up, looked down at Lou, and then far past her. There was a silence.

"Listen," she stated with decision, "I've heard people say there's something funny between us. It's not good to have stories like that going around." She looked down at Lou. "Because there isn't anything, is there?"

Lou looked up at her quickly and then continued to gaze at the water. She flicked her cigarette away.

"I wish you could see where falling stars land," she said, looking at the bright tip glowing on the ground. "I'm so tired. I don't think I'll be able to sleep. I'm going to stay here. You can go in if you want to." She was still watching the ground. She quivered slightly.

"It's funny the way you can't get away from yourself in the dark," she went on. "It's much easier to hide in the light. In the dark real fears take advantage."

"Look out; you'll be quoting in a minute."

There was a violent convulsion of Lou's body. Glen grabbed her around the waist.

"Say, you came near falling off," Glen said.

"I'm a little dizzy, I guess." She relaxed a little in Glen's strong circle of arms.

"Poor little kid," said Glen, "I'll carry you in to bed."

Lou's body was limp, but her eyes were alive and staring into Glen's. Glen looked down at the floor to make sure of her footing.

"Glen, there isn't anything, is there?"

"Any what?" said Glen.

FOREST FIRE

CAROLYN HEINE

BETWEEN the proud, high-breasted hills
The avid hunter came,
And mad from his devouring breath
All creatures fled the flame.
They sought the friendly harborage
Of forest-stream and lake,
Nor paused to argue company
The wood-mouse and the snake.
But two there were who could not flee
The dreaded breath and hot;
The antlered pine and lordly oak
Stood rooted to the spot,
Unflinching till their martyred forms,
Suspiring into smoke,
Went slowly drifting heavenward—
The wraith of pine and oak.

QUATRAIN

CAROLYN HEINE

LET NO word more be uttered;
It is futile for us to dine
From platters without meat
Or flagons without wine.

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On Sunday afternoon, February 22, the annual production of the Rollins Animated Magazine, "the only magazine that comes alive," will take place out of doors on the Rollins Campus. President Hamilton Holt will, as usual, "edit" the magazine, and Prof. E. O. Grover of the Department of Books of Rollins College, will act as publisher. Many of the foremost authors in the country will be among the contributors. This Magazine is part of the celebration of Founders' Week, and marks the forty-sixth year of Rollins College.

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