

Rollins College

## Rollins Scholarship Online

---

The Flamingo

---

4-1-1931

### Flamingo, April, 1931, Vol. 5, No. 3

Rollins College Students

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.rollins.edu/flamingo>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

---

## LAWRENCE STUDIO

Quality  
Photographs

Portrait and Commercial  
Developing and Printing

104 E. Park Avenue

Winter Park

## GREEN GABLES

Gift Shop and  
Tea Room

We specialize in Teas, Bridge Parties and  
other Social Affairs

351 E. North Blvd.

Winter Park

Vol. V, No. 3

APRIL, 1931

Price, 25 Cents

# THE FLAMINGO

## THE CONTENTS

POSSUM-GRAPES . . . . .	PERCY MACKAYE
THE SCHOLAR . . . . .	BETTY CHILDS
SPIDUH STRINGS . . . . .	CHARLIE MILLS
BEFORE DUNIA'S WEDDING, NATALIA PILENKO	
THE LAUNDRY MAID . . . . .	ANNE BISCOE
HOBOKEN . . . . .	VIVIEN SKINNER
POETRY SECTION . . . . .	YULA POWERS
THE ROAD ENDS	
FIRST DEATH	
LONELY WAYFARING	
HOOR OF SIESTA	
MADMAN	
LINEE FOR PHILOSOPHERS	
DECOY	
"ROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS," LOGAN JENKINS	
REFUGE . . . . .	DONNA FURNISS
FORMULA . . . . .	ROBERT CURRIE

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation



**BOOKS BY WINTER PARK AUTHORS**

**Are Our Specialty**

The New Books of Fiction and Non-Fiction  
College Text Books and Supplies

**CHRISTMAS CARDS AND GREETING CARDS**

**THE BOOKERY**

T-h-e H-a-u-n-t-e-d B-o-o-k-s-h-o-p  
Telephone 350 105 New England Avenue  
Winter Park, Florida

**ORLANDO'S AMUSEMENT  
CENTERS**

Beacham, Ritz, Rialto Theatres  
in Orlando

and

Baby Grand in Winter Park

All Operated by the  
**ORLANDO ENTERPRISES, INC.**

**THE WINTER PARK LAND  
COMPANY**

**REALTORS**



**REAL ESTATE SALES and RENTALS**

Since 1904

**Winter Park — Orange County — Florida**

**THE WINTER PARK  
PHARMACY**

**"The Store of Greater Service"**

Phone 16

Free Delivery



## POSSUM—GRAPES

**O**, HOW SWEET is the possum-grapes, the possum-grapes,

Honey, my honey!

A-ridin' of the spicewood trails:

O, how high up is yan sunny south-ridges,

Lovey, my love!

Now summer's end eve is over!"

"Yea, hit's sweet is the possum-grapes, the possum-grapes,

Honey, my honey!

But hit's dark winds the spicewood trail:

O, I's loamin' high-upper than the ridges,

Lovey, my love!

With an ole moon at summer's end."

PERCY MACKAYE

From "The Gobbler of God"  
Contributed to the Flamingo

# THE FLAMINGO

VOL. V, No. 3

APRIL, 1931

Price, 25 Cents

## THE SCHOLAR

BETTY CHILDS

**H**E HAS plumbed the depths of science  
And found no bottom there,  
He has conquered mathematics  
To find it end in air.  
He has read and read and studied  
And followed out each fact  
Till he lost it in the cosmos,  
And then he turned him back.  
For, you see, he could not follow;  
No books were there to guide;  
And a scholar only knows at best  
That which, alas, has died.

## SPIDUH STRINGS

CHARLIE MILLS

**T**HE PLAY takes place in the living room of Aunt Lucy's home, which is not greatly unlike the homes of the majority of the rural negroes in North Carolina. The living room receives very little light from the two small windows, which have pillows and papers stuffed against closed shutters for panes, and it is dark even in spite of the great brass lamp that dominates the slender-legged table in the center of the room. The news-papered walls, yellow and torn, have several great oak-framed pictures hanging from them and are cut short by rafters that extend lengthwise



across the top of the room. From these rafters and across them hang the many spider webs which are the ribbons and strings to which the superstitious old Aunt Lucy is always referring. On the mantle-piece there is an old steeple clock that has never run down and two soft lustre pitchers that glow pink when stray sparks fly from the flames.

When the play opens, Aunt Lucy is sitting near the fire; she seems to be tired, for she is resting her head in her hands. Mame, her daughter, is by the center table sewing, and opposite her, packing an old straw suit case, is Easter, Aunt Lucy's dead son's wife.

A great green moth skids by the lamp several times; Mame slaps at it, and it falls on the edge of the table. Aunt Lucy sees it and rises quickly; she slips up to the table and quietly closes her fingers on its wings. She laughs, greatly pleased with her prize, and chants happily, "De Moon Mof, De Moon Mof, t' Tremble on de Ribbons en de Strings." She takes it over to the great spider web that stretches from the rafters to the organ below and imprisons it there. She watches eagerly while the moth flutters violently, and she stands there until its wings flick feebly and finally grow still. Then disappointedly she goes to sit by the fire.

Mame: (*Disgustedly*). Dat ole spiduh is gwine t' bus' hissef t'rectly. Yu bin a throwin' him stuff de whole day long.

Aunt Lucy: (*Resentfully*). He ain't et a bite. It ain't once dat he has stuhed on de strings. De gnats is dere en de blue hopper wings, en he jest sets dere sor'ful like—a-back on his 'hone.

Mame: (*Sarcastically*). I reckon hit 's Wess Reid's a comin' whuts makin' him moan. Hits de cause ob ever'thing else dat gits gwine wrong.

Aunt Lucy: (*As if quoting from the Bible*). De strings ob de spiduh web stretch t' th' grave. De brea'f ob de daid man blows on de strings.

Mame: Whut's dat yu sayin'? (*Impatiently*). I swear t' God I nevu' seen yo' beat fo' a mumblin en you th'oat.

Aunt Lucy: (*Meaningly*). Dey kin heah as whut wants t' de deaf; en de daid.

Mame: (*Angrily*). Ain't no harm in ma'yin' ag'in! Whut en de name o' God Ander want no way? Eas t' shet hessef up en moan all de time?

Aunt Lucy: (*Seriously*). He don't want hu' t' ma'y dat nigger, dats whut he don't. (*Warningly*). Dey was ribbons on de rafters de whole night long, en dey wuh a blowin' en a blowin' while de corpse wuh tuhned. (*Easter has stopped packing; she listens nervously but says nothing*).

Mame: (*Contemptuously*). Yu can't skeah de young folks wid yo spiduh's en strings. De wind wuh a blow-in'; dats what hit wuh.

Aunt Lucy: (*Very slowly*). Yes, de wind wuh a blowin', a blow in fum de grave. (*More quickly*). De corpse tuhned over en blowed on de strings.

Mame: (*Insolent because she sees Easter is becoming nervous and worried*). Well, he kin puff en blow till he blow down de strings, for Wess Reid be a ridin' fo de bride dis same evenin'. Dey is gwine t' be jined Holy, en it ain't livin' nor daid dat kin lay on a hand.

Aunt Lucy: (*Sullenly, with prophetic stubbornness*). Yu kin deal with th' livin' but yu can't wid de daid. De corpse be a tuhnin' en a stuhirin' en de grave.

(*The green moth flutters just enough to set the whole silvery web swinging slowly back and forth. Mame ignores it; Easter looks on fascinated while the old*



woman chants softly): De moon mof, De moon mof t' tremble on de ribbons en de strings." Then half tauntingly she adds: "—de corpse tuhns over en blows on de strings."

(Mame reaches over and strikes the half entranced Easter on the arm.) Git some life in yu, chile. Don't set no heart en th' like o' sech notions. Yu air like t' set a right smart spell ef ye do.

Easter: You can't he'p feelin' quair, Mame, with Auntie a takin' on so. (Mame does not answer; there is a slight pause.)

Easter: (Half apologetically to Mame but for Aunt Lucy's benefit.) It ain't like I was doin' Ander some disrespect. It's bin well nigh a year sence he was sermoned en laid.

Aunt Lucy: (Strangely). Hit ain't only time what kin wakin' de daid.

Mame: (Trying to make Aunt Lucy say what she means). What does yu mean den? Say whats yu mean.

Aunt Lucy: (Evasively). Hit don't need no nam-in' as whut's on my min'.

Easter: (Resentfully; she knows the old woman's implications). Wess wa'n't none o' de witch men co'se he laugh at de conjure. He aimed t' git de doctuh; dats whut he did.

Aunt Lucy: (Slowly and resentfully). He laugh off de conjure.

Easter: Ander was sick t' th' stomach; hit took holt ob his breafe; he die no way, not countin' de conjure.

Aunt Lucy: Wess laugh off de conjure, de curin' conjure.

Easter: (Firmly). He was sick t' th' stomach, I tell yu, sick fum th' pizen.

(The old woman stubbornly remains silent. Her silence seems more pointed than her words. Easter earnestly asks:) Whut fo' no way he do hurt Ander? Him en Ander wuh friends. Whut fo' no way he do hurt t' Ander? (The old woman still refuses to answer. Mame to provoke an answer, sarcastically replies:)

Mame: Why hit do be clar; he was arter his dog. (She hits so near that the old woman, almost violently, replies:)

Aunt Lucy: Hit wa'n't non' o' his dog.

Easter: (Renewing her question). Den whut fo' no way? You answer me dat.

Aunt Lucy (Stands up and answers contemptuously). Fo de great Holy God, yu pertends t' don't know! (vehemently). He was arter his low down on'nay white—colored wife, en dats God's sure truf. (She walks out of the room and on into the kitchen.)

Easter: (Greatly aroused and frightened by her words, rises, calls half wildly:) Dat's a lie, en yu knows it. Jesus strike me down daid if it ain't blacker'n sin.

Mame: (Firmly). Set yo'se'f down, chile, en let her fetch her far wood. Don't trouble yo'se'f 'bout her, she's that set 'n th' haid.

Easter: But hits a lie, Mame, en she knows it, en it's blacker'n sin.

Mame: (Kindly). Look a heah, Eas, yu done yo duty by Ander while he wuh livin', en yu has done yo duty by him sense he's daid. Don't set en sadden yo'se'f no longer. (Laughing, resentful of the old woman.) Tag up yo weddin' skirts, chile, en trip out'n de house ob de ribbons en strings.

Easter: (Hopefully). If Wess would only content hissef t' wait fo' a spell, Auntie might take a tuh'n t' change huh—



*Mame: (Interrupting).* Now dere yu go a holdin' off tell God knows whin. Yu done put him off twice, en Wess ain't no mo'n a man. He's done tol' yu whut he's aimen' t' do, countin' y' don't go when he come. En God knows it aint nothin' t' hol'd him fum a doin' it.

*Easter: (A little proudly).* Yeah, dats his talk. Aint he done sayed de same thing bof times befo? Wess Reid ain' hankerin' t' leave me alone.

*Mame: (Severely).* Listen heah, chile, cert'n as I is gwine out dat do' t' meet'n t'rectly, dat man means business. He aint driv forty mile outn his way jest t' be trucked wid en disputed. Dey's too many women a shinin' up t' a good man fo him t' keep a holler'n arter one a fiddl'n en a foolin'. If yu wants dat man, yu had bettuh do as he done sayed fo yu t' do, en I'm sho' serious.

*Easter: (Fighting for excuse).* He hadn't ought t' have writ so sudden-like. A body can't pack at sich a short notice.

*Mame: (Impatiently).* How come yu t' set there so stubborn-like en lie, gal? Dat bag-case has done ben pack sence th' las' time yu crep' out'n yo' word. Whut's de mattuh, chile, aint yu got a min' fo' de man? Is dat whut's de trouble?

*Easter: (Frightened and on verge of tears).* I wants Wess, Mame, God, I do wants him, but—

*Mame: (Firmly).* Den dey aint no "but," chile, when yu heahs he horn blow, grab up yo bag-case en sta'k outn de do'.

*Easter: (Sobbing and clutching Mame's arm).* I wants to, Mame, I wants to, but fo' God, how come dem strings t' quiver en blow? *(She points wildly to the great web swinging slowly back and forth. The old*

*woman with her arms full of wood enters, singing a mournful tune. She seems to answer the question.)*

*Aunt Lucy:* De corpe is a tuhnin' en a tuhnin' in de grave. De breaf ob de daid man blows on de strings. De daid man's heart is rightf'ly showed 'cause de corpse tuhns over en de strings is blowed.

*(Easter cringes as if she is being struck. Mame, infuriated, jumps up angrily and looks about the room.)*

*Mame:* 'Fo' God, gi'me de broom! I'll swish dem dam' spiduh strings clar outn de room *(She grabs broom from the corner).*

*Aunt Lucy: (throws the wood wildly on the floor and rushes forward, screaming).* Don't yu tech it! Don't yu tech it! De breaf ob de daid man 'll po' on yo' haid!

*Easter: (Swept off her feet).* Don't yu tech it, Mame, don't yu tech it. De breaf ob de daid man 'ull po' on yo' haid.

*Mame: (Dropping the broom in surprise and disgust at Easter's seriousness and turning on her furiously).* Yu po' dam fool, yu po' dam fool. Let dat ign'ant ole woman tangle yu up wid hu' ribbons en' strings? Look a heah, Eas, straight far in de face. I'se gwine now, I'se gwine t' meet'n. Wess Reid be a comin' afore yu kin scarce tuhn aroun'. I'se tel'n yu, Eas, now, once en fo all, if yu wants dat man, yu sho' God bettuh take him, en dems my las' words.

*(Mame takes her hat and coat and without taking time to put them on, walks indignantly out of the door. Easter and the old woman stand and look at each other for a moment, then take their old places, Lucy by the fire and Easter by the table. Their silence is interrupted shortly by voices calling from outside.)*

First Voice: Mame—Oh! Miss Mame.



Second Voice. Open up de do', Miss Lucy, en let us in. (*Lucy goes to the door. Miss Esse and Miss Ola, her neighbors, stand there.*)

Lucy: Mame's done gone.

Ola: (*Calling loudly*). Oh Ma'yee! Mame's gone. (*Voice from down the road answers: Mame's done gone!*)

Esse: Thought we'd come en set fur a spell, wait till the gals come back fum th' meet'n.

Ola: How come Mame t' start out so sudden like? Thought she knowed Mayee was aimin' t' walk with her?

Aunt Lucy: I don't know how come hu' to. I reckon she's jest plain stubborn, contrarien'n old mule! But do draw up to the far, Eas, git that air chair a settin' inside de do'. (*She points toward kitchen. Easter looks up.*)

Ola: Never yu min', Eas, I'll save yu th' trouble. (*She starts toward the door but stops when she sees the open suit case. In surprise.*) Lord God, chile, packin' a ready! En the 'scursion mo'n a week off fum this comin' Tuesday.

Esse: (*Coming over and laughing in good-natured way*). Why do po' chil's 'fraid she mought miss de icscursion! Ma'yee's done sayed as how Wess was a gwine.

Ola: Well, what do you know! Dat clean skip' my min' (*Seriously, as if stating a great truth*). Chile yu better make safe yu be all set fo' gwine, fo' dat no count gal, Willy, 'ull be dere, en I heahs she sho' bin makin' free wid yo' man.

Easter: (*Sullenly*). Hits a lie! Wess aint want'n none o' dat yaller-skinned Willy.

Esse: Lord chile! Yu can't trus' a man.

Ola: (*Finally*). Dat's God's sure truf. (*Maliciously*). Like as not it's mo'n once dat she has already took him on in.

Easter: (*Breathlessly*). Yu be both crazzer'n fools. Yu don't know nothin'; jest meddlin' 'bout en draggin' up trouble.

Aunt Lucy: (*Sharply*). Shet yo mouf, nigger, talk-in' disrespect! How yu bin brung up t' talk back so? Go on en git out'n de room efn yu can't min' yo tongue. (*Impatiently*). Go on lock up de hen house. En yu aint never brung up de ile t' fill de lamp dere wid; (*looks toward lamp as Easter rises*) it 'ull be goin' out fust thing yu know. (*Turning toward neighbors in disgust*). She aint done nuthin' but set dere a sulkin' en a packin' dat air bag-case th' live long day! (*Easter goes slowly out*).

Ola: (*Pretending concern*). Whut's come over de chile no way! Mo' oneasy like dan when de chap or Ander was laid t' th' grave.

Lucy: (*Glad of a chance to unburden her mind*). She's jest plain down ord'na'y, dat's whut's de trouble. Don't know what Ander was about when he took her t' wed.

Esse: (*Who really is not hard-hearted*). Yu is hard on de chile, Miss Lucy. She scarce aint had a moment but trouble. (*She adds as an after thought:*) 'Cose trouble aint no blanket t' kiver up sin.

Lucy: Trouble! She aint got de heart t' feel trouble wid. (*As proof*). It wa'n't once dat she moan fo' de babe, en it aint yet dat she's named hu' daid husband's deeds.

Ola: (*All ready to pick bones*). Folks took t' talk-in' whin she commenced with Wess Reid.

Lucy: De corpse wa'n't scarce cold 'fo' dey wuh thicker'n weeds.



*Esse: (Coming to the rescue).* Wess wuh right sor'ful. He had no want but t' stifle hu' grief.

*Ola: (Completely disgusted with Esse's innocence.)* Come out'n de corn, Esse; come out'n de corn.

*Lucy:* Wess Reid knowed when he fotched dat hospital man. He knowed what de truf wuh when he laugh at de cure de conjure done weave.

*Esse: (Righteously).* Yu don't do right t' say dat ob Wes Reid. The death took him hard, en he done whut he could.

*Lucy: (Bitterly).* He was a spreadin'-headed sarpent whut called hissef frien'. He borned his desire, en sent her man t' th' grave. En he pesters him now till he can't sleep in de grave.

*Ola: (Very respectfully).* Has yu had signs?

*Lucy: (Solemnly).* I has had signs.

*Ola: (Almost in whisper).* Whut has dey bin, Miss Lucy? Whut yu reckon dey means?

*Lucy: (Tensely)* He don't want hu' t' ma'y dat nigger; dats whut he don't. Dey's bin ribbons on de rafters mo'n one night long, en *(she pauses)* ever' once in a while I heahs de little chap a callin' en a cryin' way off in de pines.

*Ola: (Greatly impressed).* Gawd! Miss Lucy, why does yu keep hu' about th' house? I'd be that nervous she'd bring on some ruin.

*Lucy:* I got t' keep hu' close till Wess Reid tuhn he haid down some other road, but him get tied up, I sho God gwine show hu' de do!

*(Easter comes in quietly and takes her old place by the table. There is a moment of awkwardness. She feels the old women have been talking about her, and they feel that she knows it).*

*Ola: (Starting conversation).* Is yu gwine out t' th'

Sanctua'y t'morra t' see Sis Morgan laid low t' peace?

*Lucy: (Sympathetically).* Truly, I is, po' Sis Morgan, she wuh a worker fo' de church en an upholder ob de Good Book fo' sho'.

*Esse:* I heahs dat dey is lookin' arter hu' chillun t' th' meet'n t'night.

*Lucy:* I heahed dat is whut dey is aimin' t' do, Sis Morgan will res' mo' easy fo' dat, po' soul. She lef' so sudden-like she scarce had time to look t' em hu'-self.

*Ola:* No, she didn't have no time scarce t' do nuthin' a tall, but she knowed de Shadder wuh a hoverin'. *(solemnly)* De signs fum across had bin, a stuhrin' fo' long.

*Lucy: (Very much interested but almost afraid to ask anything).* Deed is dat so? I aint heahed dem say. *(Easter for the first time is perceptibly interested in the conversation.)*

*Ola: (Mysteriously).* Lord, yes, Miss Lucy, sence th' las' full moon, she has been noticin' things whut was mo' oncommon dan usual, but stubborn like she didn't pay dem no 'tention.

*Esse: (Distressed).* It wa'n't tell on tow'd de las' she took em right ser'us.

*Ola:* En den yu could all but see en heah sperits.

*Lucy: (In voice of exaggerated regret).* How come hu't, ac so ignont-like yu reckon? Whut come over hu' t' make hu' so blin'?

*Esse:* I can't tell a' tall. I ain't got a notion whar at t' begin.

*Ola: (Who must express her opinion).* Hit was larnin whut done it, if yu is wantin' de truf. She wuh so full o' new notions she clean skip' de truf.



*Esse: (Reproachfully).* Don't speak out so certain; it's disrespect t' th' daid.

*Ola: (Frightened).* I aint layin' no blame on de daid, God knows I aint, *(To help matters out).* Sis Morgan lived a white life; she was clar fum all sin.

*Lucy:* En efn hu' eyes wa'n't open t' de signs fum de daid, it wa'n't no fault ob hu' own. It rests wid de age.

*Ola: (Relieved; she feels exhonored from blame.)* It do indeed.

*Esse: (Innocent, for she really has said nothing of harm).* But de scales drap' fum hu' eyes on close t' th' en'. *(Easter gives almost a perceptible start as the subject is reintroduced.)*

*Lucy:* It must a'bin awful on de po' suff'rin' soul.

*Esse:* Oh, it wuh awful, Miss Lucy, let me tell yo 'whut's true.

*Ola: (Frightened, but unable to resist dramatic details).* Chairs took t' rockin, en not a soul in sight, en hu' ole blue hen took t' drappin' eggs in de hen house at night.

*Esse:* En de wa'n't a string in de house but what stood in a gale.

*Ola:* En all th'u it all she lay up under the kivers as quiet-like as ever a saint.

*Esse: (Softly).* She passed on wid no weepin, en' I wuh one o' de few as whut seed.

*Ola:* Se wuh blin' t' th' calls fum across en now she's laid out fo' de grave.

*(All the last conversation of the three old women has been almost a chant. Now they sit silently before the low burning fire which accentuates, rather than decreases the gloom. The door is blown slowly open by a slight gust of wind, and the already sputtering lamp*

*flickers and burns with a soft, blue flame. An automobile horn begins blowing in a weird minor key; it is surprisingly near and so soft that it is only in the slight pauses that seem audible at all. The web, sensitive to the wind, swings slowly back and forth; it seems to have a rhythm in common with the blowing of the horn. Easter has risen and walks slowly toward the door with bag-case in hand. The great green moth flutters slowly several times and then violently begins a new effort for freedom. The moans of the two old women bcome more intensified, and Aunt Lucy chants several notes above.)* De moon mof—De moon mof—t' tremble on de ribbons en de strings.

*Easter: (Fascinated, yet almost hysterical, pleads helplessly).* Take away dem strings; take away dem strings; I can't breave; God, I can't git my breafe. *(She beats the air wildly about her face and sinks to the floor, calling).* Mame, Mame, where is yu? Mame, come home! Mame, come home! *Suddenly the horn stops blowing, and the wind dies down; the moth, exhausted, drops its wings into the web. Easter jumps up and with case in hand runs to the door. Wess, she calls fearfully, Wess. Then hopelessly:* Come back, Wess. *She drops the bag-case and seems to be about to crumple beside it when she straightens up and looks wildly about the room. In a strange voice she calls out:* Whar is dat dam' broom? I'll swish dem dam' spiduh strings clar outn de room. *She beats at webs as curtain comes down.*



## BEFORE DUNIA'S WEDDING

NATALIA PILENKO

**D**UNIA! What a lucky kid she was! Fancy her marrying into that house, a house with a tin roof! Sure, she had long ribbons in her plaits on Sunday Mass and creaking boots with embroidered heels, but still who would have thought she would be chosen by Lukashka? The girls chattered, winding busily the silver paper around every little bough of a baby-birch tree, newly cut. The sun was setting, and the golden air trickled through the window, sparkling in the only corner where some order was left. The poor hut was preparing for the big feast; there was only one night left, and the buns were not baked, and the straw was not washed, and Dunia was still hemming her red bridal-skirt.

"Where did you see him first?" "How long did you know him?" "Will he take you away to-morrow night?" At the last question only loud and healthy laughter answered the anxious, quivering voice. Dunia's best friend couldn't imagine how she would go on living without her playmate. The heroine lifted her head, throwing back the heavy, hazel plait, which had fallen over her shoulder.

"Finished is her pride in that hair," whispered a red-cheeked girl to her neighbor. "The kerchief is hers from to-morrow to the end of her days."

"Sh.sh.sh . . . Let Dunia tell us how she met him."

"How I met him? How long have I known him? What is he like?" murmured Dunia pensively. "I was embroidering a shirt for Batioushka, when he and Little Mother were weeping on the bench. Batiouška looked at me sternly and in a deep voice pronounced the words I shall never forget. 'Daughter, you are

seventeen, and of the age to be married. Here is the husband I have chosen for you, Ivan's son. You will have a cow and two horses to start with, and I will give you twenty silver roubles and a new dress. Look at him, Daughter; he is from now on your master and your lord.' I could not lift my head. I felt as if I had been bearing my two pails full of water for five verstes in the mud, as if something cold had choked me and made my heart beat like a dove in a basket. 'My master and my lord!' But I had never seen him! I know the customs and that old folks are wiser, but something roused in me, something like anger. Blessed Virgin, pardon these thoughts that soiled my mind in that minute; but just think of what would have been my suffering if Lukashka had proved some nasty bad-looking boy, someone I would loathe to belong to? All my girlhood flew through my mind. I remembered those evenings by the well, when the tired horses came to drink silently, one by one, their lips tightly closed, making bubbles with their nostrils in the calm, deep pool. Beautiful, unreal dreams kept me bending hours over the water, watching for the first stars. I imagined a fairy-land where girls married whom they wanted, where they could speak to a boy without being stared at. But there is no such land, and I used to frighten the mares as I would suddenly realize how foolish I was and laugh at myself. They would lift their kind, soft, dripping noses and look at me sideways, as you know they do when they are puzzled.

I have never found any willow-buds tied to my window by a red piece of silk; I have never thrown my crown of poppies in the river. Nobody was interested in me, and I wasn't in anybody. And suddenly there I was, standing before my master and my lord.



'Put your hand in his, Daughter, and say that you will marry him.' Batioushka's voice came to me like the creaking of frozen wood in a silent winter night. It shook me, and I felt my bare feet burning in the dusty straw where I was standing. I looked at Lukashka. A bunch of yellow hair, half-hiding two little grey eyes, that peered at me curiously. I am still ashamed of the only idea that came to me then. Those eyes reminded me of a field-rat I once found creeping out from under a stock of hay.

But, Sisters, can you tell me what made me suddenly look at Lukashka as I had never looked at any man before? Why I then saw that he was tall and strong, that his lips were red? why I thought I wouldn't be frightened to go with him?

I put my hand in his, and we knelt before Batioushka, who blessed us with the Holy Icone. Little Mother brought a loaf of bread she had just baked, with salt in a cup on it, and Lukashka kissed it, and I kissed it, too, in the very place where his lips had touched. We rose, and Batioushka told us to talk together, so we sat on the bench and tried to speak. But I didn't know what people are supposed to say to their husbands when they first meet them, and I couldn't think of anything because I heard the pigs digging the earth with their noses under the door, asking for their potatoes. Lukashka didn't help me. He stared at his boots all the time; I wanted to please him, so I told him how much I liked them, but he said they weren't his, that a friend had loaned them to him for that day. And then Ivan got up, and Lukashka went off with his father. To-morrow I will be his wife. I am not sad. I am not frightened. So you see, in spite of your laughing, I am at last in love, and I am certainly very happy."

## THE LAUNDRY MAID

ANNE BISCOE

I'VE SCRUBBED the clothes this morning, and I've brought them out to dry.

Oh, the new snow has fallen, and it whirls as I step by.

The icicles, all dripping, are a-twinkling at the sun. I want to stand and sing and sing although my work's not done.

Wet clothes weigh down the basket, but I lift it with a jerk

Because I like to feel my bare arms straining at their work.

I grab the clothes and shake them hard and quickly while I sing.

I throw them on the frozen line to see the rascals swing;

Then the wind, as it passes, sets them dancing such a pace

That a shirt, flying by me, slaps its tail against my face.

I could scrub and wash and iron—the work would still be light,—

Because I'm going out with him to see the show to-night.

We'll ride in on the subway, and they're stuffy when it's cold

With air from musty tunnels and with dirt that feels weeks old.

And people, cross with all the gang, will shove us to get through.

We'll be laughing at each other and shoving at them, too.

Oh, dear, I'm standing singing, and my wash has all been hung,



And there's plenty in the kitchen just waiting to  
be done,  
But I feel so gay and cheery with the sky and snow  
so bright  
Because it's he that's taking me to see the show  
to-night.

## HOBOKEN

VIVIEN SKINNER

THE mention of Hoboken nowadays will provoke superior smiles and thoughts of Dagos and Jews and Germans, of poverty and antiquity and dirt and oddity of existence. My picture of Hoboken is different. It is a personal and deeply interesting antique, a city of many memories, city of my mother's childhood and adolescence. I have not seen it for nine years now, except from the New York side of the river, but my earliest memories are saturated with the place. How well I remember Hudson Street! and grandmother's imposing three-story houses of dark pinkish-brown stone among all the other three-story houses which lined each side of the wide, asphalt street—one of the few asphalt streets. The houses were, to my mind, novelly but stupidly built; one in direct contact with the next, making a solid wall on each side of the street. Whereas in my Florida we had hundreds of square feet of grass between every home, grass in Hoboken was a rarity and a subject not to be stepped on. The "front yards" of the houses consisted, to my great amusement, of a rectangular space, between the house and the street, of the same pinkish-brown stone that the house, the steps, the sidewalks, and the rail-

ing were made of. Every house had a stone railing separating it from the sidewalk and the yard of the house next door. I learned from experience that one never touched this railing nor sat on those steps, for no matter how much like clean stone they looked they were always covered with a layer of imperceptible soot.

About ten stone steps led up to a ten-by-four stone platform well-known as "the stoop." There was no such thing as a "porch" or "piazzza," but on warm evenings my aunts, my mother, and my grandmother would bring chairs out on the stoop and talk and knit and call over to Mrs. Puscoogan to inquire after her husband's health; and I would sit down on the steps, my chin in my hands, and let my gaze wander across the street, across the park, across the Hudson River to the skyline of New York, black against a faintly illumined sky. The city was a grotesque black shape, dotted with blinking white lights; a glow lay over it from its millions of lights, making a sort of halo of awe, for I held this fascinating city, with its skyscrapers and constant rumbling of traffic, in wonder and respect. I would close my eyes, but the long drawn "who-o-o-o's" of the ships and the chug-chug of the tugboats up and down the river would re-create the night picture of black harbor and lighted city in my mind. Above the cries of the children playing in the park it even seemed as if I could hear the muffled shriek of the elevators and grind of brakes and wheels.

But soon I would be roused from the absorption of the panorama before my eyes and led inside the two pairs of massive doors and up two long, carpeted flights of stairs to the bedrooms on the third floor. At the top, opposite the staircase, was a yawning, open closet in which brooms and almost anything were kept. Oh,



but it was dark in there! The blackness and the silence were suffocatingly frightening; the darkness crouched and watched, watched me as I went by.

Once in bed in my tiny little room, with the gas lamp turned off, I did not stir but lay watching the light-and-shadow pattern on the wall, made by the street light shining thru the shutters. I fell asleep to the sounds of the ships in the harbor, and I awoke to the sounds of many twittering sparrows and an occasional rattling milk wagon in the streets below me. The sun poured thru the shutters, and behold! the ghosts that a few hours before had lurked within that closet had vanished with the day.

One thing I remember well was my mother's reading the weather prophecy before she dressed me. She *always* went by what the paper said, and, as it often happened to turn out erroneously, I often went thru a day very uncomfortably dressed, not knowing exactly what was wrong.

I roller-skated gayly around the park and rested myself against the iron spikes that guarded the sidewalk and kept the children from falling down the steep embankment into the river; and I lay on the grass when the policeman wasn't looking, thoughtfully regarding the trite signs "KEEP OFF" and making wreaths and ropes of maple leaves. The gang of children I played with had terrible feuds with some "rowdy-mickey" gang from the other side of the city, who infused holy horror into us with threats and stones. Edna Carter, the child whose peculiar mother made her drink coffee because "milk was for the coffee," held these boys in such terror and respect that she finally persuaded me to go with her one day to tell the teacher on them; she herself dared not tell. (I felt like a heroine,) It was

a typically old-fashioned school, with "teacher's pet," "the tattler," "the sissy," "the bully," and all of those traditional youngsters represented. As visitor, I was allowed to erase all the blackboards and was jealously regarded as teacher's pet for the rest of the day.

Strangely enough, I found plenty to amuse myself in a city like this; I used to play in the backyard, swinging on the clothesline or skipping rope for hours, or making miniature garden layouts in the sticky, rich soil. The back-yard had, besides real grass, a circular path, much stiff shrubbery, and families upon families of caterpillars, beautifully-colored, long-haired ones. I built grand layouts for fairy dances in secret places behind the shrubbery and transported caterpillars thither for the fairies to ride on at night. I peered thru cracks in the high board fences to see if the neighbors' yards were just like ours, and tossed over clothespins that hit their Swedish or German washwomen on the head.

From the back-yard one went down a few steps into the spaciousness of a very large, low, old-fashioned kitchen. It had cheerful linoleum on the floor and the hugest gas range I have ever seen. Stairs from the kitchen led up into the hall, so there were really four stories to the house.

The second floor had nothing on it besides a hall and a bathroom, but the "parlor," a huge room stretching from the front to the back of the house, with a polished, lightwood floor for dancing, glass chandeliers, a few unfathomable paintings, a piano, plush back chairs, a few small statues on pedestals around the walls, and a beautiful, twelve-foot mirror at each end of the room. I spent a good deal of time skidding between these two mirrors, watching myself grow larger as I approached one.



From the dimmer regions of memory I can recall a Christmas Eve when the silence and austerity of this grand old parlor were broken up by buzzes of voices, soft lights, the sound of a piano, beautiful ladies in long, shiny taffeta dresses, with elaborate coiffeures, a cheerful, lighted Christmas tree, warmth, contentment—and outside the snow was falling.

What else was fascinating about this house besides kitchen and parlor? The living room, high-ceilinged, heavily carpeted, and heavily furnished. In the daytime its Victorian dignity and its very richness seemed gloomy and oppressive, but at night firelight and gaslight made it cozy, especially if one heard the patter of rain on the window sills. I would curl up in an armchair before an open window and smell and feel the delicious, cool, wet breeze on my face and see the steps and sidewalk and street all glistening with rain and the lights of New York, blurry thru the drops, and hear the Metropolitan Tower Clock strike eight. Then I would be aroused from the delight of the wind and told to shut the window quickly before I caught pneumonia. Pneumonia lurked in cool winds; it was synonymous with sure and painful death.

The living room and dining room were hardly separated; in the side of the house and just inside the dining room was the delight of my heart, the dumb-waiter. It was the most fascinating and interesting playtoy. It was so much fun raising and lowering food to and from the kitchen, and I waited on the table with the greatest of pleasure. Between meals my brother and I took turns hoisting each other up and down.

The dumb-waiter is a thing of the past now, like the rag man and the old-iron man, with their rickety wag-

ons and bony horses, but I can still hear the tinkle of the rag man's bells, and the sing-song cries of the old-iron man: "Any ol' bottles—any ol' iron—today?" There are many other vivid little scenes which stay with me like bits of a song: my calling into the house one snowy day to say that I did not want my doll-carriage as I would rather wheel my baby brother around, (I was then about four); my aunt's pulling me around the snow-covered park on my blue sled with the pink roses while I sat and gazed at my first sight of snow; my inexperienced attempt at making snowballs with my bare hands and thawing my hands out over an oil-stove; morning marketing with my aunt (crowded streets, busy fruit stores, bargaining with dealers, stealing grapes or buying them, seeing a baby with an ice cream cone in one hand and a pickle in the other, crossing streets in a perfect stream of traffic. these were the exciting incidents of morning marketing); the greatly-enjoyed ferry trips across to New York, neighing of horses and blowing of horns, din of traffic as we emerged from the crowd of cars into New York's cobblestoned streets and whirl and excitement; the steep street near Stevens Tech where Mother and I used to climb to watch the red of the sun as it sank behind Hoboken's homes and smokestacks; my grandmother's teaching me the alphabet in German before I learned it in English; my grandmother's worrying all the time, about everybody; eating soft-boiled eggs in the dining room for breakfast and eating hated petti-john in the kitchen for supper; but clearest of all I remember the cobblestone streets, the horses and wagons, the deep, dirty river, and the eternal chug-chug of boats, the wharves across the Hudson, and New York's skyline.



## POETRY SECTION

YULA POWERS

## THE ROAD ENDS

**S**TREW your flowers and rear your stone;  
 We must go on alone,  
 For his path ends here where the crossroads meet.  
 How sad, you murmur, that the way  
 Was shadowed by darkness and defeat  
 And closes thus, with somber rain  
 Beating the fresh-piled clay.

Still there were days, let us recall,  
 When clouds broke and the sun shone through;  
 The road was pleasant beneath his feet.  
 There were often days when cool winds blew,  
 When he forgot the dust and heat.  
 We shall remember his laughter and song,  
 Mornings of hope and nights of peace,  
 More than defeat.

## FIRST DEATH

**T**HE LION spoke,  
 Crouched on its kill,  
 "Great Lord, I saw  
 The fawn leap gayly in the sun;  
 I struck it with my paw—  
 I smote in play,  
 But the fawn lies still."  
 And the Lord answered, "Eat.  
 Such is the law."

## LONELY WAYFARING

**W**HAT WAY I came I cannot tell;  
 I only know that it was dark,  
 Save for a pale, thin wisp of moon,  
 Drifting in clouds  
 That promised rain, although none fell.  
 Some wandering thing—doubtless a loon  
 Or other night bird—wailed alone;  
 Then I heard nothing but the sound  
 Of wind moving the withered leaves.  
 I stumbled once upon a stone.

I cannot now recall what place I left  
 Nor how to go there any more.  
 I think there was a house of warmth and  
 mirth

And that I tarried long beside the door,  
 For I was loath to leave the light.  
 And why I went at last—  
 A message from a distant town?  
 It is so strange, this writhen wood  
 And this road winding ever down  
 To valley mist and deeper night.

## HOUR OF SIESTA

**O**NE LEAF, two golden leaves  
 Drift down the slanting light,  
 Rest on the flagging of the court.  
 One day, two golden days,  
 Shadowed by night,



Slip smoothly through my fingers  
 As the beads I tell;  
 One bead, two carven beads  
 Unto the end,  
 To prayers and funeral bell.

Hour after quiet hour  
 Unquickened buds  
 That will not flower,  
 Slip through my hands  
 While, lacking sleep, I sit alone,  
 Hearing water  
 Falling on stone.

Does the fountain,  
 Playing forever,  
 Long for streams flowing  
 Down to the river  
 And the river going  
 On to the sea?  
 Is it content  
 With this pool that mirrors  
 A single tree?

Has a wind troubled  
 The shallow and cool  
 Circle of water?  
 A wind has blown  
 Over the garden,  
 Stirring the pool  
 In its sculptured basin  
 To fret against stone.

Shallow and cool  
 In its sculptured basin

Stirs the pool.  
 Be still and cold  
 O restless water;  
 Winter will come  
 And the frost,  
 And the fountain be silent.  
 Wind and sky will be lost.

Ice does not stir;  
 Ice does not remember  
 The passing of clouds  
 Or leaves falling  
 More than the ember  
 Dreams of the flame  
 Or the ash  
 Recalls the ember.

#### MADMAN

PITY HIM not that he is mad:  
 Angels and cherubim attend his mirth;  
 His rages sway the pointed hills.  
 The kings and princes of the earth,  
 To kiss his garment's hem,  
 Trail in the dust their jewelled silks.  
 He sets the moon  
 Within his diadem.  
 He towers tall  
 That he may gather stars.  
 The sweeping winds turn at his call,  
 Nuzzle his hands like cringing dogs.  
 Rather pity us, the sane,  
 Who know ourselves as small.



## LINES FOR PHILOSOPHERS

**M**UST YOU again assail the silent stars  
 With Man's eternal, ancient cry,  
 To learn that we are maggots creeping  
 Beneath a blank immensity of sky?

Bitterly wise, you bid us to remember  
 Scepters fallen from nerveless hands;  
 The names of kings and all their glory  
 Hidden now by drifting sands.

It is nothing to us, buying and selling  
 Amid the clamor of the square,  
 How, after centuries have vanished,  
 Dull Troy and Carthage fare.

We shall not listen to your old laments  
 Of withering grass, of life as fleet;  
 Though the fruit is flavored with death,  
 Shall we forbear to eat?

## D E C O Y

**I**F you would know another spring,  
 Brother with unclipped wing,  
 Come not near.

The water is calm,  
 The water is clear,  
 I am comrade floating here;  
 But death is watching behind the reeds,  
 I am the lure of the fowler's snare—  
 Brother, beware.

## "ROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS"

LOGAN JENKINS

*This essay won the second prize in the Vacation Essay Contest.*

**I**N THE past men devoted a lifetime to the journey that I completed in three short months. Young seaman at the helm of spanking new clipper ships sailed into the sunset; and old men, their faces deep plowed and weatherbeaten after years at sea, returned out of the sunrise in salt encrusted, barnacled ships. But since that time the many miles remain as long as ever, the old sphere the same size, and the strange countries of the East still shrouded with the romantic aura of distance. The world no longer stands aghast at the feat of a newspaper representative who not so long ago circled the globe in eighty days. Fast steamers and aeroplanes have revolutionized our conception of speed. Even so, when I look back over the countless miles that I have covered during these past ninety days, by innumerable trains of all descriptions; by nine different steamers ranging in size from the mighty Bremen to tiny Yangste river boats, by riksha, by motorcar and probably many leagues afoot; the whole undertaking passes my comprehension, and I cannot bring myself to fully realize that I have actually completed a circuit of the earth.

The long trek commenced when I embarked from Seattle on a tiny Japanese steamer in company with Upton Close and the party which he takes to the Orient every year. Probably no other man knows and understands the Orient quite so well as Upton Close, a



professor of Oriental history and literature at Washington University and an authority on Eastern affairs, who has spent years in China first as a newspaper man and later as attache to the General Woo Pei-foo. Fortunately I was able to be close to him during nearly two months while we visited China and Japan. Under his guidance I saw the Orient as no common tourist can see it. For example, due to the fact that I represented the Denver Post, he gained interviews for me—which proved invaluable not only for personal information but as good material for news stories—with many of the biggest men in government circles. During the fourteen days which we required in crossing the Pacific I sat for four hours daily in the comfortable little forward cabin, and in spite of a floor that rose or fell at strange moments and portholes that suddenly became green with sea water I listened spell bound while Mr. Close briefly and colorfully unravelled the twisted and confused histories of China and Japan.

The two weeks which my schedule allotted to Japan started with a bang. After landing beneath the shadow of stately Fujiyama in the harbor of Yokahama, whose fleets of gunboats contrast harshly with the native crafts, I went hurriedly to the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo to hear Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, social worker and preacher and undoubtedly the most famous Japanese. During the few days in Tokyo I met and talked with many government officials foremost among whom was the eminent statesman and member of the House of Peers, Dr. Nitobe, whose many years as under secretary to the League of Nations made him a prominent figure in international politics.

A short trip to the summer resort of Nikko relieved the tension of daily interviews and gave me my first

real glimpse of that fragile, delicate side of Japan that we read about. I found it difficult to leave the peace and quiet of the exquisite little gardens with bubbling fountains, dwarfed trees, and dainty shrubbery that surrounded the comfortable native inn where I spent the night sleeping on a mat floor. I left Nikko hurriedly and rushed on to Komokura, Nagoya, Gefu, Kyoto, and Kobe. The name of every city recalls pleasant hours spent wandering among ancient temples and shrines or experiencing such unusual adventures as the Cormorant fishing at Gefu, which I witnessed one night on the river.

I had already met and talked with two of the greatest men in Japan, exclusive of the Emperor, and I recall the occasion on which I met the third with great pleasure, for I believe that experience was the most enjoyable of the entire summer. By chance, Dr. Burris Jenkins of the Kansas City Star and I happened to be in the seaside resort of Komakura at the same time as Baron Shidehara, Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Minister had retired there to his week-end villa for a few hours of rest from the nerve-racking job of crushing opposition to the recent Naval Pact then under consideration by the Japanese Government. Burris Jenkins and I drove to the delightful little Japanese-style home perched high above the sea on a niche in the face of the cliff, accessible only by means of a long tunnel built through solid rock, and were met by an aged manservant, the Baron's only visible protector. Stretched out in comfortable wicker chairs on the pocket handkerchief lawn, a glorious vista of sea and sky before us, we sipped tea and talked on all subjects. Our fifteen minutes' interview stretched to an hour and a half under the spell of the Baron's personality, and dusk



had settled over the curving white beach of Komakura Bay before we reluctantly said goodbye to the stocky diplomat with the iron-grey hair and moustache and the Rooseveltian grin.

From Kobe I sailed through the famous Japanese Inland Sea. No words can justly describe that body of water; no colorless photograph can catch the dancing, sparkling blue of the sea or the deep purple of the hills. Except for the little villages that dot the shores of the Italian lakes I can remember no such picturesque little harbor towns as those that nestle close to the deep water of the Inland Sea. I stayed all night in one of them, roaming alone through the narrow streets, enjoying the atmosphere of an oriental throng in kimonos and clicking sandals.

From Shimonoseki I crossed to the peninsula of Korea and proceeded to Soul, said to be the hottest place in the world. I quite agree. My pith helmet, an absolute necessity in the Orient, almost melted beneath the piercing, white-hot rays of the sun. Anxious to acquire a little inside information on Japan's policy toward Korea, I requested an interview with the Consul General, but that executive had gone to other and probably much cooler places. The Vice-Consul General consented to a brief talk, but afterwards I found that my store of actual information remained exactly the same, and I can only say that I talked with him. I'm quite convinced that he spoke English as well as I do, in spite of the fact that he used an interpreter. They say that officials often do this in order that they may retract unguarded statements as misunderstood, placing the blame upon the interpreter.

A long train journey through country well worth describing brought me to Mukden, capitol of the large

northern Province of Manchuria. In this city I hoped to see the warlord, Chang Sheuh-liang, son of the famous old Chang Tso-lin, but again the main character eluded me, and I had to be content with lesser officials, who incidentally fed me my first Chinese dinner. The memory of that meal can never be forgotten for its taste still lingers. I will vouch for the truth of all the tales ever told about the strange concoctions that pass for food in China. During thirty odd courses I sampled, in spite of quaking stomach, snakes and eels, shark fins and hundred year old eggs, birds' nests, and many things that I could only guess at. After that meal I refused to do as the Romans for the rest of the time in China.

The train trip south to Peking provided me with the most graphic picture of China that I found anywhere. Manchuria, as a supposedly neutral province, appeared rather quiet, but as the ancient and dilapidated train crept farther south the atmosphere took on a different tone. Electricity filled the air, and fear lurked behind the impassive faces. I began to see more soldiers at the stations or along the tracks. Many were armed with bayoneted rifles. At one station a fanfare of bugles met us, and train men added a private car to the already long string of coaches. Learning that the car belonged to young Chang Sheuh-ming, brother to Chang Sheuh-liang, I wormed my way back, and the never-failing magic password, American Press, gained me an entrance. Short and chubby, clad in khaki shorts, the young officer greeted me cordially in English. I sat until far into the night with his secretary, sipping beer and discussing China's future. I shall never forget the ominous air that filled that dining car. Men and women of all descriptions crowded



the coach. White Russians whispered together at one table; lean, weather beaten Englishmen stared at each other over another. The German language made itself heard in the hum of conversation, and British Tommies, noisy over their beer, pounded the tables while Chinese soldiers and civilians eyed them darkly. Several hard-bitten American officers stamped down the aisle, brushing Chinese soldiers aside while every man held his breath and waited tensely. Surely, I thought, China is a powder keg waiting for the match!

Under a warm morning sun I joggled by ricksha through "all the many colored ways of Peking," the time-honored capital of China, whose sanctum of sanctums, the Imperial City, for centuries housed the Emperors. The city has an appeal all its own, for I recall talking in a hotel lobby with the so-called Baron of Ma Ching Poo, a German who for forty years has stirred from Peking only once. That one time he returned to the Fatherland, stopped a day in Berlin, and came home to China in a hurry. The Baron cut rather a pathetic figure, for, as I afterwards learned, he at one time stood high in the Emperor's confidence and transacted all foreign business, but now his power has dwindled to poverty, and all that remains of a vast fortune is the brick yard of Ma Ching Poo, for which they dub him Baron.

While in Peking, Ambassador Johnson granted a lengthy interview to Dr. Burriss Jenkins and me, during which he discussed affairs of State in a straightforward manner seldom found among diplomats. The Ambassador gave me a note to Wang Ching-Wei, the Cantonese disciple of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who invited me to tea one afternoon, and, though our talk was hardly informative, his personality impressed me greatly. Mr.

Wang was at that time attempting formation of an opposition government to the Nationalist forces, and, as assassins constantly attempted to take his life, he carried around a body guard that would rival Al Capone's. I shall not forget how difficult it was to speak naturally while a dozen men with revolvers stood around.

From Tiensin a tiny Japanese steamer carried me south to Shanghai, stopping for a day and a night at Tsing Tao where I relaxed in the home of an American engineer and enjoyed the comforts of an American home abroad. Shanghai, located close to the mouth of the Yangste Kiang, lay before me as I stood on the forward deck and watched the many sampans, sailing craft, and steamers of all nationalities. The great harbor appeared just as I had pictured it, only more vivid, more alluring and repulsive in the same gesture than can ever be set down in print. Of all cities, however, Shanghai came closer to winning my heart, and had my father not demanded my company during the hard trip through Russia, I would probably have taken the newspaper job offered me there, and this wordy manuscript would never have been written—which might after all have been a good thing.

All the intrigues of oriental diplomacy revolve about Shanghai. The editor of the *China Weekly Review* told me—his fifteen years in China give him a right to speak—"From the standpoint of news, Shanghai ranks next to Washington, D. C." Representatives of all nations live in the most cosmopolitan of cities whose government is a miniature League of Nations. Their battle ships and cruisers lie at anchor all along the river front which parallels the Bund. The United States does not go unrepresented for the Stars and



Stripes flutters from the mast head of several imposing dreadnoughts which rise and fall to the tide not far from the Standard Oil Piers!

Of the many people I met and talked with in Shanghai three stand out in my memory as unforgettable. H. H. Kung, Minister of the Interior, entertained me in his home and T. V. Soong, Minister of Finance and the most powerful man in China with the exception of Chiang Kai-shek, kindly consented to guarded discussion of Government policy. Both gentlemen charmed me with their polished manners and brilliant conversation, but Madam Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the General and President, completely fascinated me and won my heart. My mother managed to secure the interview, for both she and the "First Lady of China" attended Wellesley, and Madam Chiang was anxious to hear about her college.

Several hours by train from Shanghai brought me to Soochow, the Venice of China, which Marco Polo believed the most beautiful of cities but which I am forced to remember not for beauty but for smells. Streets little wider than a ricksha were crammed with filthy and diseased humanity, and over all hung a stench which surpasseth all odors the world has to offer.

At Nanking I boarded a river boat for the several day trip up the Yangste to Hankow and back again. Steel plates completely closing in all the promenade decks puzzled me at first until closer inspection showed the nicks here and there made by bandit bullets fired from the shore. I hoped and prayed for excitement during the whole trip, but not even a bee-bee gun disturbed the peaceful serenity of the river. For several days I rested comfortably under the awnings,

watching the distant shore line creep by while the little steamer ploughed steadily against the powerful current. Sometimes, where the channel ran close to the shore, we passed squalid villages which resembled mud towns along the Congo. Occasionally we stopped at the larger places, and native boats came out, filled to the gunwales with passengers who joined the motley throng that jammed the lower decks. I found a golf enthusiast in the Japanese skipper—he told me he had named his son Walter Hagen Yamaguchi—and we spent long evenings together in wicker chairs on the top deck, smoking and talking, while a full-orbed moon made a path of silver across the yellow water of the Yangste Kiang.

In spite of conflicting reports Hanchow proved quiet enough and much like all other inland Oriental cities. I rode all through the city by ricksha, was not called a "foreign devil" once, that I knew of, and enjoyed myself thoroughly in the hustle and bustle of the crowded city. Though officials claimed that the "Reds," who are little more than the ordinary bush whackers and guerillas, roamed and terrorized the country side within twenty miles, I could see no sign of fear on the people's faces. Hanchow was well enough guarded, for several American, Japanese, and British gun boats lay anchored in the river, and their guns could have blown the city to bits. As usual, the Stars and Stripes lay not far from Standard Oil.

My steamer returned down the river in about half the time required going up, and soon I was back in Nanking, passing the time of day with Government officials there. As my allotted time for China drew to a close, I began to look forward eagerly toward visiting Russia, and during the trip from Shanghai to Kobe and



thence across Japan to Tsuruga where I expected to take a boat for Vladivostok I stayed pretty close to my typewriter.

A thin cold drizzle chilled me to the bone as we steamed past a few anchored ships, into the harbor of Vladivostok. The dilapidated wharves appeared deserted except for a few custom officials, whose great coats hid their features as they stood patiently in the mud awaiting us; and after an investigation of the town showed me only one long undulating street of cobble stones and sticky black mud, I found myself a trifle disappointed in this far eastern city whose name has always been for me a symbol of distance, and adventure.

After experiencing the customary vicissitudes of getting anything done in Russia I eventually completed arrangements for passage on the famous Transiberian Railway and late one evening from the vantage point of a car window watched the city of Vladivostok give way to ever-changing scenery of all descriptions. For ten days I stayed on that same train, and six thousand miles, twice the width of our country, swept beneath the thumping, clanking wheels before I reached Moscow! A country of unlimited resources, of undescribable beauty, of inconceivable vastness lay on either side of the single track which forms the only connecting link between European Russia and the far east. Endless, untouched forests stretch leagues farther than the eye can reach; crystal-clear lakes nestle beneath rugged mountains; range after range of perfectly symmetrical mountain peaks extend beyond the horizon; mighty rivers such as the Great Cold flow dead north for hundreds of miles straight to the Arctic ocean. This is Siberia, which school boys and possibly more

than one school teacher think of as a land of snow, ice, and utter waste!

Strangely enough that railway train presented the best possible collection of representative men, and, as the same atmosphere of companionship existed among us as prevails among the passengers on a transatlantic liner, I had little difficulty in filling my time talking, through an interpreter, with men of all types. The Russians love nothing better than a good discussion, so almost every morning and evening a group gathered in a compartment behind closed doors. We generally observed this precaution because of the ever vigilant Gay Pay Oo, the Russian secret police, but I have little doubt that the police knew everything that went on anyhow. Engineers, scientists, college professors, economists, agricultural experts, soldiers, G. P. U. officers, and the plumb of the bunch, Commander Primakov, Military Attache to Japan, at one time or another entered into discussion.

At last the travel-worn train pulled into the big station at Moscow, and frankly I hated to leave the warmth and companionship of the coach for the cold rain and mud of Russia's capital. Days passed quickly in Moscow where I wandered through museums or drifted with the crowds around the Red Square or the Kremlin, returning to my hotel for very unsatisfactory meals of cabbage soup and black bread. After a few half-hearted attempts to gain an audience with Stalin I gave up, for I felt my time was too valuable to be spent arguing with petty officials, and my purpose had already been achieved while on the Transiberian. The day came for me to leave Moscow and I heaved a happy sigh of relief when at the Polish border a luxurious Wagon Restaurant made up for days of meagre fare.



For almost a week I loafed and recuperated in Berlin, lounging in restaurants that look out over the Avenue Unter Den Linden—most beautiful of names—watching people pass and enjoying peace and quiet. I took the boat to Potsdam one day just for the pleasure of going over old ground, covered several years before on a college boy bumming expedition.

Aboard that speedboat of liners, The Bremen, I buried myself with a typewriter in a far corner of the grill and set down the many pages of experiences through which I passed while within the frontiers of Soviet Russia, stories which I would not have dared to write while still within that country. The five days passed quickly in this form of reminiscence, and soon the thunderous churning of the Bremen's propellers slowed down, paused, and ceased completely while tug boats swung the mighty ship past the Lady of Liberty, with her background of the most famous sky line in the world, into New York harbor at last.

The long trip was almost completed. I had sailed into the sunset and returned from the sunrise. Before going down the gang plank I strolled for a last time to the big after-deck and looked out over the harbor where the white foam of our wake still lay on the surface of the water. Germany, Poland, Soviet Russia, China, and Japan lay behind me, a jumble of vigil, unforgettable impressions. Their mark lies upon my heart, for someday I must return, retrace the trail I followed around the globe, visit once again those strange countries of the East, and go back to that one nation, Soviet Russia, whose electric enthusiasm still burns within me and whose future history will be the greatest thing since the winning of the West.

## REFUGE

DONNA FURNISS

MARRIAGE, our oldest tradition, reigns supreme as our most excellent, adequate, and necessary institution. How a man of Mr. Stephen Austin's attractions, personal and pecuniary, could successfully evade the call of matrimony for some thirty-five years baffled several enterprising maidens and more than one anxious mamma.

Mr. Austin was propelling his coupe through a confusion of traffic one morning, endeavoring to find a parking-place. Three futile tours of Main Street had aroused no exasperation; nor could the dreary drizzle of an April morning dampen his good humor. A sound night's sleep had restored cheerful thoughts and calm nerves; coffee had stimulated inspiration. Today he would meet life as it came, seeking the good and beautiful. He would close his mind to worry, agitation, unwholesome thoughts. When difficulties confronted him, he would restrain his irritation, for it's a long lane that . . . Sure enough, a parking-place! Only eight blocks from the shop.

With blithe countenance and brisk gait Mr. Austin accomplished the jaunt from parking-place to The El-inor Duval Gown Shoppe, destination of madame with critical taste and ample purse. He lingered in front of the window, fascinated by his own handiwork. Folds of soft blue satin swathed a model; silver brocade trimmed in white fox draped a chair; blue jewelry, a rhinestone bag, perfume bottles, a blue compact, were scattered here and there with careless precision. It had taken a good while to plan and trim that window. Well, it was worth it.



"Oh, Stephen, Stephen—"

A slight, wiry woman of some forty odd years tripped energetically out of the shop, after the voice.

"Morning, Duval."

No response. Miss Duval was in a fog. She poised herself in tense rigidity in front of the window, studying its effect through a lorgnette. A pinched toe tapped nervously in menacing rhythm. Mr. Austin waited with apprehension.

"Stephen! This will have to be changed. Woodwards are showing summer styles already. I have it all pictured in my mind: the kasha ensemble and red scarf, some gold jewelry, that exquisite linen bag." Miss Duval closed her eyes to recall the picture more vividly.

Conscious of passers-by, Mr. Austin collected his faculties to attain a semblance of dignity and control befitting the manager of The Elinor Duval Gown Shoppe.

"Now, Duval, don't be absurd. Why this unnecessary rush?"

With eyes still closed Miss Duval continued in impressionistic ecstasy. "Go down to The Gift Shop and borrow a vase; order some gorgeous garden flowers." Opening her eyes, "Would you mind?—Oh, good morning, Mrs. Stuyvesant! How are you this morning? You've come for your fitting? Come right in; Sadie is here, I'm sure."

Chivalry dispelled the unwholesome thoughts still-born in Mr. Austin's mind. He opened the door and followed the two ladies into the shop. If turbulent within, he was calm without.

"Mr. Austin, would you see if Sadie is in the work-room? Mrs. Stuyvesant is ready for her fitting." Miss

Duval's staccato-like voice had acquired sudden music; her imperious gestures had become ingratiating caresses on the unsuspecting Mrs. Stuyvesant.

Sadie was in the work-room. Sadie was not ready to fit Mrs. Stuyvesant.

"Think I'll let that woman boss me around again? I guess not! You can git Emmy to fit her. Tell Duval I'm busy."

"Now, Sadie, don't begin that again. You know Mrs. Stuyvesant insists on you. Why be so confoundedly obstinate?"

Ten minutes of subdued threats and impassioned persuasion reduced Sadie to grumbling concession. With a mouthful of pins she plodded reluctantly into the fitting-room.

Mr. Austin seized the moment to make retreat into his office. It was necessary to pass the book-keeper's office.

"Morning, Steve, come on in."

"Morning, Marie, how's everything?"

"Oh, all right, I guess." Marie's woeful expression was calculated to disprove her response. Marie enjoyed ulcers of the stomach; a sack of crackers was her constant companion. Mr. Austin thrust unwholesome thoughts from his mind and bore her crunching unflinchingly. He decided to refrain from further inquiry as to her well-being, but his restraint was unappreciated.

"Guess I'll have to see the doctor today. I hate to go, though; I know what he'll tell me."

"An operation?"

"Yes, and I won't have it!"

"For God's sake, why not? Do you want to go on



ailing and suffering forever? It's as hard on us as it is on you!"

"I didn't know I was imposing pain on you. I feel miserable enough without your swearing. I don't expect sympathy, though."

"Oh, Mr. Austin! Can you come here a moment?" Mrs. Grey had certain talent for imbuing people of low sales-resistance with the necessity of doing justice to their beauty by way of expenditure. An apropos remark from Mr. Austin inserted at the proper moment of hesitation usually clinched the sale.

"Mr. Austin," began Mrs. Grey as Mr. Austin made his appearance, "I want you to see this green taffeta on Mrs. Smith. Divine, isn't it? Absolutely made for her."

The customer was posed in front of a three-panelled mirror, viewing her ample proportions from all angles.

"What do you think, Mr. Austin?" inquired Mrs. Smith dubiously.

Conscience probed him to say she looked like the devil; diplomacy prompted him otherwise.

"Stunning, Mrs. Smith! The lines are perfect. Elegant simplicity, the essence of chic! Brings out the gold in your hair."

Five minutes later Mrs. Smith left the shop, parcel in one hand, empty pocket-book in the other.

Mrs. Grey dragged herself to a corner and sank heavily upon a bench of none too substantial support. Mr. Austin made a supreme effort to temper his ire. That green taffeta, the pride of his last buying trip, so cruelly distorted. On the point of saying something to that effect he realized, with horror, that Mrs. Grey had removed her shoes.

"Not here, Grey. God!"

"My feet are killing me!" Mrs. Grey's feet were victims of years of abuse and over-burden. Of late they had begun to rebel.

The sudden entrance of Miss Duval made further oaths from Mr. Austin unnecessary. Mrs. Grey knew her cues. Pedal extremities were plunged back into unhappy confinement.

"Stephen!" Staccato voice again. "I'm sorry; you won't be able to take your buying trip next week. I've decided to have the sale then. Go to New York the following week or the next."

"I'm sorry, Duval. I've already made plans; I have my reservation. Of course, . . ."

"And would you mind taking your lunch an hour later today? I want you to . . ."

Mr. Stephen Austin locked the door of The Elinor Duval Gown Shoppe at five-thirty of the afternoon. A warm, penetrating sun had dried the morning dampness. But its warmth could not penetrate Mr. Austin's stone heart; its brilliance failed to brighten his black soul. He tramped doggedly in the direction of his coupe, reveling in unwholesome thoughts.

God took pity on those benighted individuals destined to live out of step with the order of things and created a haven secure from tumult and agitation. He called it celibacy.

## FORMULA

ROBERT CURRIE

THREE things I know: the softness sorrow brings, Youth's undaunted hope, and a lover's heart. These are the gamut of a flame-fired art, Grief, faith, and love. From these a poet springs.



---

## THE FLAMINGO

*A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation*

A magazine of letters sponsored by the English Department of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. Unless otherwise indicated all contributions are by undergraduates.

Subscription, per annual volume, \$1.00; 25 cents per copy. Advertising rates on application.

---

PHYRNE SQUIER, *Editor*

DOROTHY EMERSON,

KENNETH CURRY

MARY LEE KORNS

WILLIAM HINCKLEY

PENELOPE PATTISON, CAROLYN HEINE

HUGH SEIVERT, *Business Manager*

---

*In answer to inquiries we would say there are six complete sets of the Flamingo, Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, still available for binding. Price of each set of four volumes is \$5.00.*

*Of the Rollins Book of Verse, published last year and representative of the work of twenty-two undergraduate students, less than twenty of an edition of five hundred copies remain. Price \$2.00 each, post-paid.*

*Christy MacKaye, who was a junior at Rollins last year, had poems in the February and April issues of Harper's magazine, and in the March Scribner's. Her volume of poems, "Wind in the Grass," with a foreword by Edwin Arlington Robinson, has just been brought out by Harper & Brothers.*

FERRIS  
PRINTING  
COMPANY  
INCORPORATED

PUBLISHERS  
and  
COMMERCIAL PRINTERS

ORLANDO — APOPKA