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Vol. V, No. 5

JUNE, 1931

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THE FLAMINGO

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TIMOTHY WAKENS EARLY

SOMEHOW I dreamed that you came back
Just as you came before,
There was your hand upon the latch,
There was the open door.
There was the smile upon your face;
There was your ready cheer;
Then I turned in the night to your empty place,
Oh, my dear, my dear!

WILLARD WATTLES

Contributed to the Flamingo

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SILVE FINS

ALICE SWAN

THERE is something fortunate about fish
That, slippery, silver-finned,
May swish
Nonchalant through flapping waves,
Shining and supple-skinned.
Turbulent waves batter my hot forehead.
Trying to understand
New flips of another's mind,
One should remain bland.
One should not leap into the air
When words rush up and down
Without a set of fins
And a little, scaly gown.

THE TIGER ON THE HEARTH

YULA POWERS

LAURA ARDEN, who might, one imagines, have been
in the right setting at Lido or some such
cosmopolitan watering resort, was a strange
figure in our summer colony, where all our girls
were fresh, charming youngsters, suitably called
Betty or Jane; where our young men were pleasant,
ordinary chaps, fond of noise and laughter, each at-
tached to his particular Betty or Jane. For us women
like Laura Arden existed only in novels or the motion
pictures. She was a flamingo among ducks—pretty

little ducks, to be sure, but common fowl, none the less. Her name did not fit her; it implied the tender green of spring woods; wide, flower-sprinkled meadows—innocent, Arcadian images—while the woman herself was more suggestive of hot, moist nights oppressed by the odor of heavy, white bloom, of the dread atmosphere of the jungle with its stealthy life. Conventional enough, these images we used to explain Laura Arden's influence—such as any novelist striving for effect would shun—yet sufficiently expressive of the vague sense of something subtly immoral and dangerous which she inspired in us. That she was beautiful goes without saying. Her hair was tawny, thick, and straight. Her eyes—neither before nor since have I seen such eyes in a woman's face. Inordinately long and narrow, truly golden in color, they frequently deepened, especially at night, into an unfathomable black. I suppose her pupils dilated more than is usual. The lashes, slanting away from the corners of her eyes, lent a peculiar fascination to her gaze. Although she spent most of the day on the beach, appearing to take a sensuous delight in the sun, her skin, white and opaque as a magnolia petal, never darkened.

It afforded a certain amusement to watch her at our small social affairs, where she was tolerated because she could not be safely ignored. The other women, who hated and distrusted her, perhaps thought it best to keep her under surveillance. No one knew anything concerning her family or her past. She had suddenly appeared, attended by a companion, a wavering individual who seemed to live under the shadow of an indefinable apprehension. She constantly glanced nervously over her shoulder as though some apparition dogged her steps. No doubt she was merely tim-

id. As for the amusement, it was derived from viewing the defensive alliance which our women formed whenever Laura Walked into the room. They had good reason for their instinctive dislike of her. Beside her all of them were awkward. She had a grace that is best described by that trite word, feline. She never made an abrupt gesture; yet on occasion she could move with a fluid swiftness. Ordinarily, she was slow and languid. Nevertheless, we were disturbingly aware of vast latent force lurking within her indolent body. Inaudible tom-toms beat in her blood. Of course, the men flew to her as bits of steel to a magnet. Most of them did not stay long, however.

They were afraid of her. She was too uncivilized. The air about her was surcharged with an overpowering—I should say femininity if the term did not connote a dainty, appealing softness. Better to say the quality was that of primitive woman; or rather, of female animal, of sheer sex, splendid and terrible in the midst of our commonplace refinements. Our men were not male enough to meet this strength. Those feral, yellow eyes made them uneasy; they returned to their own kind who could give them what they wished—milder emotions, secure homes, placid wives. Only two remained constant—Mitchell Forester and Herbert Grahame. The first was very nearly a mate for Laura. A magnificent brute, both successful and unscrupulous with women, he was almost as dangerous in his way as Laura was in hers. When mothers warned their daughters against the perils of life, they meant Forester. The meeting of Forester and Laura was like the fusing of two chemicals; neither could dominate the other. On the other hand, Herbert Grahame, a decent fellow and passably good looking, was

no more able to cope with Laura than the rest of us. Clearly destined for the stolid existence of a peaceful citizen and defender of the faith, he was a victim who struggled but could not free himself. Unfortunately Forester had no wealth and no inclination to marry, while Laura, herself poor, desired luxury as a cat loves cream. Certainly she must have married Herbert for his money; she could not have wanted him. Her weird eyes with the long lashes sweeping obliquely away from the corners used to watch him steadfastly, as though she was pondering whether to pounce, until he squirmed in his distress. She decided, and their engagement was announced.

After the marriage the pair went abroad, and we lost sight of them until the next summer. Then Laura seldom appeared in company with her husband. She refused so many invitations that the poor man was quite cut off from his old associates. When she did attend a dinner, she sat in bored and contemptuous silence, furtively eyeing Herbert with that same speculative stare. I think she loved to torment him. It was plain she thought us all silly fools and our talk irrelevant chatter. To the great joy of the gossips, who were glad to see their dire prophecies fulfilled, she went about openly with Forester. They were forever on the beach together. As for Herbert his former complacency was changed to an anxious melancholy. For no particular reason, he took to pestering me. Classmates and neighbors, we had never been companions. Really, he was somewhat stupid. Now he became effusively friendly, urgently inviting me to call often. He seemed to crave sympathy without knowing exactly why. Out of pity I began dropping in for tea quite frequently. Personally I should not

have wanted to be left alone with those golden eyes, although there is no denying that their fascination may have had something to do with my repeated visits. Eventually I grew to be Herbert's champion; I dislike seeing weak things tortured.

At the Grahame's I always found Laura lying at full length, her body supported on her forearms, in front of the fire that she kept burning in spite of the warm weather. She preferred the hearth-rug to any chair or couch. She wore loose silk robes, and her tawny hair would be spread over her shoulders. She was gorgeous, wickedly beautiful; a barbarous, savage element in that muted room. One might have admired by her more unreserved life she had been caged behind secure iron bars. As she lay there, she had a trick that in later reflection seems uncanny, of flexing and straightening her fingers, much as a cat will alternately thrust out and sheathe its claws. She was almost invariably silent. Herbert was left to preside over the tea-table and to make strained conversation concerning trifles. But her gaze rarely swerved from him. Always those narrowed eyes, watching him. Once, I remember, he tried to face them and was forced to avert his head.

"Laura," he wailed peevishly, "why must you look at me like that?"

She smiled enigmatically, cruelly; yawned until one could see the sharp white teeth, the curled tongue; and stretched her lithe body, plainly enjoying her movements. Then she said, in her rich, smooth voice, "Never keep a tiger on your hearth unless your eyes are stronger than its stare."

"What do you mean?"

She replied indifferently, looking into the flames,

"Nothing. It's an old saying I heard once—perhaps in India."

As the end of the season neared, Laura Grahame became more and more restless. She would pace up and down the room or stare out of the windows as though she were in reality caged. Herbert's fear increased with his wife's growing irritation. He adopted the apprehensive mannerisms of the discarded companion. Laura felt herself thwarted, was ready to destroy whatever restrained her—that much was daily more evident. Even her relations with Forester did not satisfy her. If they ceased, Herbert might well tremble.

Cease they did, however. One morning, on a walk down a lonely stretch of beach I discovered Forester and Laura. Laura was lying in her habitual position, while Forester sat beside her and stroked her hair. They were not in the least embarrassed. He let his hand drop to her shoulder when I stopped before them. Laura threw back her head to look at me. The sun shone directly upon her face. A sudden thrill of sick horror ran through me; her contracted pupils were perpendicular slits.

She said, "Mitchell is going away."

"Yes," added the man, "I've accepted a position in South America. No," he answered my unspoken conjecture, "Laura is not going with me. I'm afraid she'd go native over there."

With exasperated quickness she turned toward him, her expression fairly murderous. He merely smiled and began to stroke her hair again. She relaxed immediately. I positively expected to hear her purr. I was utterly disgusted.

The same afternoon, I called at the Grahame's. The

half hour I spent there was worse than I had anticipated. A storm was imminent and the air was sticky, sultry. Laura was short-tempered and nervous. A muscle twitched constantly in her cheek, drawing her lips into an ugly grimace. When Herbert offered her tea, she almost spat at him. "No. I don't want it. I am sick of tea." Our conversation, more trivial than usual, descended to mere drivel. I was unwise enough to inquire whether I should see them at Mrs. Burney's dinner.

"We are going, aren't we, my dear?" Herbert appealed to his wife.

She stared at him until he shrank from her. "No," she answered curtly. His mild question had provoked her to unreasoning rage. For an instant I saw not an angry woman but a cat-head, snarling mouth twisted over white fangs, ears flattened against the tawny skull. Only for an instant; then my sanity was restored.

She sprang up, to pace back and forth across the room. The tension was frightful. Herbert seemed about to grow hysterical. I caught myself glancing over my shoulder. I was actually afraid to let the woman pass unregarded behind my chair. At last Herbert said meekly, "I'm not asking you to go, my dear." She was at a window, her back toward us. Clouds had brought on an early twilight, and where she stood the room was in deep shadow. She whirled, facing the light, and her eyes were sudden balls of blazing green fire. "I hate this place," she said slowly, the words falling like stones into the stillness; "I hate these people—and you."

I left as unobtrusively as possible. No matter how sorry I was for Herbert, there was nothing I could do to help him.

The next morning, one of the servants discovered Herbert's body. His throat was terribly bitten and there were claw-marks on his arms and chest. A torn window screen, the print of large paws on the damp earth showed where some wild beast had made its escape. Mrs. Grahame could not be found. Although there were no signs to indicate that she had been killed and dragged away, the only possible conclusion was that she had died with her husband and that her body was hidden in some thicket. There was no disordered in her room nor any traces of blood. None of her clothes were missing; evidently she had not gone before the disaster. The whole region was alarmed. For generations nothing more ferocious than a chipmunk had inhabited our tame woods. Various hunting parties were sent out to return empty-handed. About a week later a farmer shot a tiger that was attacking his cattle. It was generally supposed the animal had escaped from a circus.

SOMETHING ON HAZLITT

MARION MORROW

ONE WHO has never read Hazlitt and casually opens a book of his essays receives a distinct shock, a splash of water in the face; immediately the reader draws up to mental attention, then marches through to the last word, hearing no order of "At ease!" At the first he is thrown on the defensive. In the face of this scathing iconoclast with his blast of uncompromising dogmas the reader moves distrustfully, warily, all but outraged at the breathtaking—shall we say insolence?—of this fellow Hazlitt. Our

moth-eaten niceties draw aside their skirts at such presumptuous brutalities as some of these:

"Pure good soon grows insipid. Pain is a bitter-sweet which never surfeits. Love turns with a little indulgence to hatred and disgust. Hatred alone is immortal; We revenge injuries; we repay benefits with ingratitude, love and friendship melt in their own fires, we hate old books, we hate old opinions, and at last will come to hate ourselves."

Our love of country and professed love of virtue "cover a multitude of sins," and we are resentful and suspicious of one who would profane the gentle name of righteousness, the noble name of patriotism with so much truth; we are horrified by words designed to reveal in a whiter light those two ethical institutions, as these few of Hazlitt's do.

"Does anyone suppose that love of country in an Englishman implies any friendly feeling or disposition to serve another bearing the same name? No it means only hatred of the French or any other nation we happen to be at war with for the time. Does the love of virtue denote any wish to discover or amend our own faults? No, but it atones for an obstinate adherence to our own vices by the most virulent intolerance to human frailties."

And because we believe what we like to believe and because we like to believe we are very important, our pride cries "fool!" and thus we are saved from the sting of such an assertion as this:

"There is usually one pang added voluntarily and unnecessarily to the fear of death, by our effecting to compassionate the loss which others will have in us. If that were all, we might easily set our mind at rest. The pathetic exhortation on country tombstones

"Grieve not for me, my wife and children dear", etc. is for the most part speedily followed to the letter. Even in the same family the gap is not so great. Nay, our *room* is not unfrequently thought better than our company. It is not that our names have not been heard in China . . . they have hardly been heard of in the next street."

Yes, we are outraged, but as the man talks on, transparently clear, leading up again and again with unerring logical precision to the point he is making, and at the exact second, without ane superfluous word, bringing that point to a climax with a startlingly definite effect, the reader finds himself falling in step and if he is not extremely careful, agreeing to the letter with Hazlitt's smooth-flowing arguments, his unperforated, too perfect arguments. But it would be ridiculous to say that there is no truth in them, that they are simply radical, far-fetched explosions. Perhaps their greatest truth lies in their radicalism—in the newness of their observations, and perhaps, too, the greatest fallacy of the essays is merely the flat generalizations that allow no exceptions.

Often it appears as though the man had deliberately sat about to be perverse, to champion the opposite of any standardized, accepted belief, simply for the sake of being contrary. Sometimes we feel as though it would be impossible for any man to believe some of the things he so definitely maintained—as the Hazlitt must have dearly loved an argument and declaimed that most cherished, most widely accepted—whatever he thought would incite the greatest protestation, the greatest opposition, simply that he might have something to fight for, for the mere joy of it.

Then we wonder . . . could anyone be so bitter

"just for fun"? So completely cynical, consistently negative solely for the sake of argument? Hardly. It has too much the tang of sincerity to be ingenuine, and we get the impression that Hazlitt thought *any* extremity would be nearer truth than the hyjocrisies, the illusions, the mockeries that are flaunted under the name of civilization. There is little he says that is not true to some degree; much that is very largely true. If only he did not insist on those imperious generalizations, we might say, "At least there is a man who cannot be fooled—even though his offensive is mostly defensive and his positive assertions mostly negative conclusions."

It all makes us wonder about the man himself: how he arrived at those conclusions, what exactly were his experiences and contacts with his fellow men. He must have been a very unhappy person; he could have been nothing else, living inescapably in the midst of a world that, through his eyes, was everything it should not be and nothing that it should. Hazlitt may have derived a certain perverse pleasure in railing and denouncing (so thoroughly and so cleverly) that world, but at best that would be only a second-rate happiness. Then, too, we rather feel that his writings were not written for their own sake but that they are the by-product in the manufacturing of this man's philosophy and opinions; a safety valve for the escape of steam forced up from that not of protest seething and boiling in his mind. Disillusion is a weak word for one who could say, "I was taught to think, and I was willing to believe that genius was not a bawd, that virtue was not a mask, that liberty was not a name, that love had its seat in the human heart. Now I care little if these words were struck from the dictionary, or if I had

never heard them." And this. . . "Have I not reason to hate and despise myself? Indeed I do; and chiefly for not having hated and despised the world enough."

At times, when his irony and sarcasm are most cutting, his satire most pointed, we wonder if Hazlitt isn't aiming at some particular person, group, or party. Of course, in the essay on "The Character of John Bull" the subjects of his attack, politics, government etc., as when he says, "He boasts of the excellence of his laws . . . yet there are more people hanged in England than in all Europe beside. . . he goes all lengths with one party out of spite to another; his zeal is as furious as his antipithies are unfounded. John Bull mistakes the spirit of contradiction for the love of independence, and proves himself right by obstinacy with which he stickles for the wrong." But in the essay on "The Pleasure of Hating" we wonder who was the one and what were the circumstances leading to . . . "I care little what anyone says of me, particularly behind my back . . . it is looks of dislike and scorn that I answer with the worst venom of my pen. I am too old to have misunderstood it!"

Another sarcastic shaft tipped with wit and found in these words, (aimed undoubtedly at the influential . . . or a particular group of theologians of the day) "The cannibals burn their enemies and eat them in good fellowship with one another. The meek Christian divines cast those who differ with but a hair's breadth, body and soul, into hell-fire, for the Glory of God and the good of his creatures."

Regardless, though, of for whomever or whatever complex purposes Hazlitt may have written his essays, the result is rather more than satisfactory—both in entertainment, through wit, irony, and clarity and in

the stimulating mental slap through unique, logical radicalism, newness of idea, and audacity of expression.

Yet according to Hazlitt himself it took Samuel Coleridge, through his contact with the former to establish order out of chaos in the mind of the younger man. Coleridge blew a cool breath through that brain, driving aside the fog of confusion, the disjointed ideas, the milling contradictions, replacing them by dynamic, chain lightning flashes of conciseness hurtling from a power of thinking, which, awake for the first time, was systematic, chrystal-clear. Knowing only this Hazlitt, it is hard to believe he was ever asleep.

THE ILLUSION OF EGO

BETTY CHILDS

I AM alive;
Life is my fundamental fact, and so I do not question.

I eat, sleep, read, write, love, and dance,
Feeling that I am the first to do these things;
That they are new and I am new;
That the world began with me and I am life
This I feel.

In front of me, taking up the entire end of the library table,

Is an old book.

It is a ponderous thing, having its dimensions in feet rather than inches

And bound with rope thicker than my thumb.

It is the silent proof that what I feel is false,

For I did not letter those yellowed parchment
pages;
It was not my arm that strained to tie those knots
now sticking through the worm-eaten cow-
hide cover like skinned knuckles.

He who did these things is dead.
He belongs to the past, and even his name is for-
gotten;
Yet he too lived and felt that he was life
And the world began with him.
High in the tower room of a monastery
A woman is turning the pages of the book idly
For a small fair-haired boy
Whose chubby fingers trace the bright colored let-
ters
From page to page.

Their clothes are remote—
But the expressions on their faces are strangely fa-
miliar.
I have seen my mother look at me
The way that woman is looking now at the fair-
haired child
As he pauses very intently over the book.
I tell them they are dead,
That the past is three centuries old over them,
But they do not hear me.
The woman goes on turning the pages of the book,
And suddenly I a massailed by all the people who
have ever lived
And all the people who will live hereafter,
Crying that they are life.
I am crushed between them

And know that I am only a link in an endless chain,
A link now called the present—
Soon to be the past, and then oblivion.
There is no present—only an unbroken line of
eternity.

Breathless, I brace one arm against the past
And the other against the future
And push them from me
Until I see the sun again, blinding in its reality,
And hear the shrill cries of the boys playing dia-
mond ball.

I can breathe!
This is the present all around me,
Sharp and clear.
The past and the future are shadows,
And I am life.

A SCANDINAVIAN SINBAD

KINGSLEY KARNOPP

ANYONE who visits the tiny "down north" port
of Tops'l, Newfoundland, is likely to find old
Swen Jorgenson slumbering peacefully on the
wharf, in summer, or in a chair in Hammerly's Gen-
eral Store, if it is winter. A gnarled, storm-beaten old
derelict is Swen, almost always drunk and regarded
"a wee bit batty" by the honest fishermen of the vil-
lage. Nevertheless, he is the sole survivor (and nar-
rator) of one of the most startling tales of which New-
foundland has ever heard. If properly bribed with a
tumbler of rum, old Swen will pour forth this story:
On a bright May morning, a good many years ago,

the fishing schooner "Star of the North," John Ames, captain and owner, raised anchor in Tops'l Bay and slipped out of the harbor, bound for the Grand Banks. On board was Swen, acting in the capacity of bosun and, as usual, semi-drunk. This state of affairs, however, did not prevent him from carrying out his duties; he piped the crew into the rigging and overhauled the tackle in their usual routine fashion as the Star of the North neared the Grand Banks.

The little schooner was skirting the base of a giant iceberg, with old Cap'n Ames himself at the wheel. Many times the height of the Star of the North, the big 'berg towered above it like a mountain, giving forth a sweet, icy breath. It looked calm and immovable as Cap'n Ames glanced up at it, but suddenly his eyes bulged. The great iceberg was gradually tilting away from him. Its southern face melted by the sun, the gradual shift in weight had unbalanced it, and so, with the water boiling around it, it slowly, slowly revolved until suddenly the whole mass crashed over on its side.

Under ordinary circumstances the Star of the North would have been swamped by the tremendous waves thrown in the final plunge, but, as Cap'n Ames sprang to the rail, he heard something strike the keel of the vessel, and at the same time he was thrown violently to the deck. A moment later he rose to his feet and reached the rail. He looked over the side and recoiled. The Star of the North was hanging a hundred or more feet above the sea, perched on the new top of the iceberg! Like the 'berg that sent the Titanic to the bottom, this one had a long arm projecting out under the water which had caught the little schooner and hoisted it high in the air.

"All hands on deck!" bawled the cap'n, and those

who were not already on deck now came tumbling out of the companionway, anxiety in their faces and inquisitive curses pouring forth from each hearty pair of lungs.

"Silence!" roared Cap'n Ames. "Men, if you'll look around, you'll see just what's happened. This goddam berg has stuck us here for good, it seems, unless we do something. Man the lifeboats!"

The men scurried to the boat davits, looking dubiously at the long slope of ice stretching down the Atlantic, sixteen fathoms below. The first boatload of men was lowered cautiously down. It slithered perilously, catching here and there for a moment but finally rested safely on the broad swells of the sea. The captain and three others lowered the second boatload and then slid down the ropes to join them. Making haste, before the 'berg should shift again, they set their course for home and pulled lustily at the oars . . . They never reached port.

It was some three hours later when Swen Jorgenson turned sleepily in his bunk, woke up, and gazed around. Gradually he noticed two things. The fo'c's'l was empty, and the ship was not rolling. He scrambled out and wavered up the companionway. In the glare of the bright sunlight he looked around, shook his head vigorously, and said, "Swen, you bane dronk," then stumbled to his bunk to sleep it off.

Another three hours passed, and the sun was setting when he returned to the deck. This time he knew he was in his right senses. "Chumpin' Chiminy!" he ejaculated. "I bane stock op on a iceberg!"

He ran wildly around the ship, calling for the others. Finally he noticed that the boats were gone; he sat down against the deckhouse and filled his beloved old

corncob. With the stoicism of his race he thought the matter out, decided there was nothing to be done about it, and went to explore the captain's cabin, as he had often longed to do.

The second locker he opened brought from him a cry of joy. Staring him in the face were row upon row of the Dew of Loch Lomond, with a good backing of Three Star Hennessey. "Whoops!" yelled Swen, "I bane in lock!" Whereupon he sampled a bottle of the "Dew of Loch Lomond."

Three weeks later, when the sampling was finished, Swen came out of his spree long enough to see that he was still perched on the iceberg. He shrugged his broad shoulders and went to the task of seeing how good was the Three Star Hennessey. This process took several more weeks, after which Swen was able to notice that the iceberg, which had been drifting into the Gulf Stream, had melted to an alarming degree. Swen again shrugged his shoulders, put on a stray lifebelt, and rummaged the ship until he collected upwards of three dozen bottles of everything from rum to a bottle of wine, found under the mattress of "Frenchy" Racine's bunk.

The next time he aroused himself the ship was groaning in every timber, and he could hear it scraping on the ice beneath it. Scrambling out on the deck, he got there just before the schooner plunged into the depths of the ocean.

A few hours later the tramp steamer "Henry Kent," of Liverpool, bound for New York, sighted something bobbing about in the water and lowered a boat to investigate. What it found was Swen Jorgenson held erect by a lifebelt, fast asleep on the bosom of Mother Atlantic and a bottle of the Dew of Loch Lomond clutched in his hand.

A BIT OF MAINE COAST

MARY SEYMOUR LUCAS

YOU HAVE to drive through flower-pied meadows for almost a mile before you reach the brown cabin nestling in the midst of green fields. A rocky path leads down to a rocky beach. On one side a cliff rears up out of the sea. On the other brown rocks jut out in a point.

One blue August day I was wandering over these rocks and peering, fascinated, into the tide pools scattered over them. Here I saw half a dozen brown, velvety sea-anemonies with their pale, slowly groping shoots. I touched one with my finger-tip and watched it slowly fold up. In another pool were sea-urchins waving their green spines to and fro. The barnacles were opening and closing their lips on minute particles, and starfish of red, purple, and brown were clinging to the rocks.

I walked and slid across the seaweed-clad rocks and clambered up on a slippery boulder to watch the waves roll in. A stiff breeze was whipping the sea into a mass of white caps. The foam-crested waves surged forward, a dark green mass of seething, tumbling water. Then, mounting up, they changed to a luminous light green, curled crookedly at the edges, crashed down, and slid forward, until, breaking on my rock, they flung themselves upward, drenching me with spray. Again and again the performance was repeated as I stood there, wind-blown and spray-drenched.

On the horizon sails were tacking back and forth or sailing serenely on a long reach. From behind a nearby point a racing sloop boiled into view. She was

heeled over with her lee rail well under and was logging a good ten or twelve knots. The sun lit up her creamy canvas and gleamed on her brass. I watched her as she went out past the rolling channel buoy and grew small in the distance. Then I reluctantly turned and retraced my steps, leaving the waves to crash on the solitary rocks.

TWO POEMS

BARBARA DONALDSON

CYNICAL SEVENTEEN

CLEVER men are liars,
 Simple men are dull,
 Handsome men are egotists,
 Homely men are null.
 Scholars are a sickly lot,
 Athletes, juvenile.
 Sons of wealth are lazy,
 Paupers cramp one's style.
 Wicked men are fatal,
 Goody men are fake.
 It's obvious one cannot
 Have and eat one's cake.

MIXING BOWL

PALE THOUGHTS, vivid thoughts,
 Quick or slow.
 Grey moods, happy moods,
 Through me go.
 Gay loves, painful loves
 Touch my soul;
 My mind is a curious
 Mixing bowl.

OHIO FARM

JACK FISCHER

IT WAS growing dusk in the vegetable barn. A woman rose, thumbed a switch, and immediately the warm light spattered the dusk into the corners. The woman sat down and began bunching beets again.

Outside the gravel walk groaned under a pair of clumping boots. A man entered the barn. The light groped his red wheel-barrow load of lima beans, weatherbeaten face, and blue overalls with its sudden fingers, fingers so sudden that the man blinked twice before speaking.

"Are you nearly finished with these beets, Em?"

The woman nodded.

"Thirty-four baskets of limas," he continued; "if they fetch a dollar and a half, we ought to make out pretty good."

"Are ya' here, Jim?" drowned the woman's answer. They both looked up. Hiram Edwards from across the road stood in the doorway. He spat a mouthful of tobacco juice and slouched in.

"Some nice limas you have here, Jim," he said, fingering them. "Ours didn't get nowheres near so big. Too dry. That water you had on them sure helped a lot."

Jim beamed, pleased, and stared. "You know that water. . . ."

"There. I'm finished with these beets. Will you help me get them down, Jim? I'll get them washed. Finished with your load, Hiram?"

"Yep, we ain't got much these days. The hot spell's adryin' everything up. My Mrs. says she's coming over and set with you after your market's made."

The woman reached for the hose, turned on the faucet, and squirted the beets with a fizzing stream of water which turned to mud brown as it rolled off the beets, leaving them like huge glistening rubies.

"Where's Chuck?" Hiram spat again.

"Chuck? I sent him to the blacksmith with Jumbo. That darn fool threw a shoe, and I need him for cultivating the corn first thing in the morning."

"Him and Rus must of had a good time at Mary Dale's party last night. Rus came in drunk as a fish. I sez to Annie, let him enjoy himself as long as it don't interfere with the work . . ."

"Yah. Chuck is one good worker. I never seen such a boy. Why. . ."

The woman threw down the hose, saying, "I guess you won't need me any more. I'm going in and do the dishes and set a place for Chuck. When he comes, send him in to his supper."

Jim turned to Hiram, saying, "The old woman's sorta touchy on Chuck. She wanted him to keep on at school. But he didn't want to. And he's right. Learnin' never did nobody no good. . . ."

The woman hustled from the barn. On the steps of the house she paused to inhale the musky sweetness of early evening; soil mingled with fragrance of peonias, sweet peas, and marigolds. She sighed, entered the kitchen, filled a kettle full of water, and set it on the oil-stove to heat. She heard a rapid step on her front porch and knew by the sniffing and snuffling that accompanied it that it was Annie Jones, Hiram's wife. She hurried to let her in.

"Hello, Annie," she said, "come right on in."

"We finished makin' market early, so I thought I'd run over and talk to you for a few minutes." Annie

hunched forward in her chair and started to rock. "I've ben apickin' beans all this afternoon, and my back's kinda' tired."

"That's too bad," Em sympathized. "Don't you ever get sick of it all? Oh, Annie, did you ever hear a symphony concert. If I could only hear one tonight. . . ."

"Lands! no. I don't reckon I'd give much for that. That man down at the church gatherin' once sang some grand opery. Give me a good tune that's got some understanding—like 'Turkey in the Straw.' I got a new receipt for grape jelly. Don't take much sugar and sets quicker than. . . ."

"Ma, I'm starved. Got my supper?" Chuck called from the back steps.

"I'll be there in a minute," said Em.

"I'll be goin' back," said Annie. "I'm workin' on a quilt and want to finish it up tonight. Goodnight."

Em laid out Chuck's supper. He wolfed his food silently.

Em broke the silence. "Chuck, I wish you'd go back to school."

"Can't, Ma, Dad needs me here. Besides learnin' ain't gonna do a fellow no good."

Em turned to the sink. Chuck resumed his eating and finished in silence.

"Good-night, Ma. Gotta go to bed early so I can get up for market."

He went upstairs. Em started to clear the table. Jim came in, yawned, sat down, and started to read the paper. He threw the paper aside, saying, "Papers ain't what they used to be."

Em said, "Why don't you get a radio, Jim?"

Jim looked at her and laughed. "Get a radio? With what? The taxes going up and everything. A radio's

nothing but a nuisance anyway. All that music going on all the time. Well, think I'll go to bed."

He clumped upstairs. Em turned to the sink again. Suddenly she picked up a plate and threw it against the wall. Then she slumped against the sink and began to cry.

REFUGE

ANNE BISCOE

AROUND the table, through the front hall, into the living-room, and about the big black chair Jane skipped; then with a hop she landed in the chair and settled her legs over the arm with her hands clasped behind her head. She smiled at the portrait of her mother on the wall opposite her. How beautiful she was! Rays of reddish-gold shone in her hair, and her cheeks glowed. She was leaning forward with her lips parted as if to speak. Jane loved this picture. Her mother's hair had faded grey now, but her cheeks were still red. And it was because of her mother she was so happy. Jane jumped up and started skipping again. She skipped to the front window, and, leaning her elbows on the sill, she watched the snow hide the postman's footsteps.

She had felt like laughing and singing all the time lately, ever since they had decided to make a present for their mother and the baby. It made her want to dance, too, every time she thought of it. She had been playing tunes on the piano that morning when Johnny had ordered her up to her room. Why should Johnny want her? she wondered excitedly, and she had called back, "Yes, I'm coming. Just a minute. I'll be there in a second. I'm running. I'm coming."

There in his room sat Bill and Helen on the cot with the rickety legs. She had been called into conference with the "older children". Then as she had stood in the middle of the room, Johnny had told her his plans. He had dragged a box of light bulbs from under the bed and had unwrapped a can of red paint with which to paint them, wound up in one of his clean shirts; they would make a huge sign saying, "Welcome Home" and hang it in their mother's room.

Then from another secret place under the pillow Johnny had produced a big white candy box. "Come on, you can look," he told Jane magnanimously. Pennies were clinking inside. "See those" he had said. "We're going to make a necklace for Mother with them. You put them on the car-track and let the street-car run over them. Then I got to punch holes in them," Suddenly he asked "Do you think we can work it, Jane?" She could only pull in her breath hard. Johnny had asked for her advice! If only she could have thought of something. But Johnny went right on. "Got any pennies?" he demanded. "We need lots more." And Jane had raced after the red pocket book with the five pennies the milk-man had given her for returning the bottles. Johnny had grabbed them when he returned and dropped them officially into the box. She was certainly one of the older ones now.

She pressed her forehead on the cold window-pane and laughed.

As soon as Johnny and Bill and Helen came back from school, they were going to flatten more pennies. Yesterday it had been exciting. They had laid a straight row of pennies neatly on the shining blue track and had waited for the street-car to rumble down the hill. When it had come at last, Jane had jumped up

and down and waved to the conductor. The others had stood still and had pretended to be crossing the street.

Jane ran up stairs to look out. Perhaps she could see them. Yes, three little black tooth-picks moved at the top of the hill. They flattened now and separated on the white hill. The specks were changing into spots, and now the spots were turning into Johnny and Bill and Helen. Johnny's sled went the farthest. It always did. Bill's always stopped first because he let his runners get rusty.

Jane pressed three pennies assuredly in her hands. She had spent all morning coaxing them out of her bank with a hairpin of her mother's.

They were coming in the gate at last. Jane jumped up and down. Bill's nose and ears were so red in winter, she noticed. He was always running to keep up with Johnny. Johnny took such long steps.

"Jane, come get your face washed. Lunch is ready. You children let it get cold on the table every day." Sally's voice made her ears ache, it was no near.

"I've got to speak to Johnny first, I've got something for him," she said, as she skipped beside Sally, holding her hand. She heard Johnny booming up the stairs. He could make the most noise. He was singing, "I'm in love with you."

"Johnny, Johnny," Jane screamed excitedly. She knocked the washcloth from Sally's hand. "I've got something for you. Right here in my hand. Three more pennies to put on the street-car track. I got them out of my ba—" Jane looked at Sally. Sally had picked up the wash cloth."

But Johnny called back, "That's swell. We only need three more. We put the other two on the tracks this morning, and Bill nearly got his hand run over."

Sally stalked to the head of the stairs to meet Johnny. Jane followed a few steps and then stood still. She watched the little blue men on the wall-paper zig-zag up to the ceiling. Sally talked so fast and loud when she was angry. She couldn't hear Johnny saying anything. What was the matter with him? Then she heard Sally bang down the stairs and Johnny creep off somewhere. She'd never heard him creep off anywhere before.

Sally rang the bell for lunch. Jane heard the others go down. They weren't making as much noise on the steps as usual. They weren't talking much. Sally was calling, and she went slowly in, dragging her feet, and slid into her place. Sally was standing with one hand on her hip. In the other hand was the white candy box. Slowly Jane yet her eyes climb up from the bottom of Johnny's necktie to his face. If only Sally would stay in here! But already her back was turned and in a second the door slammed. Jane clutched the sides of her chair. Why didn't they hurry up and tell her what a mean person she was? Johnny spoke. "She's taken all our pennies, because it was too dangerous. You yelled out about the tracks just as if you were all alone. Now we can't give Mother the necklace. We'll have the "Welcome Home" sign just the same. We don't want you, though." Jane stirred her soup, making three little whirl-pools. Johnny and Bill and Helen started discussing the red lights. They would hang them above the baby's crib. Jane didn't want to see the baby. He would only be a little red thing. Everybody would say he was so pretty. She wasn't the youngest any more. Now no one would tell her how bright her eyes sparkled. And Johnny wouldn't let her be one of the older ones. She hated him. All he could do was order people.

She left the room. In the living room was the big black chair, and she knelt on it, throwing her arms on either side. The shiny leather felt cool on her cheek. Above the mantle was the picture of her beautiful, happy mother. Through her tears her mother was shining with clear, shimmering crystals, and, because she always did, she gave her mother a smile.

MORITURI

YULA POWERS

WITHIN this hour
Sword and sword meet;
While cymbals ring
And fierce drums beat,
Each victor's triumph
Closes with defeat,
And all who lust
After the struggle,
All who shrink
Fall at last
On the bloody dust.

We dare the challenge—
No matter what our fear,
Our eyes shall not waver
Before the driven spear.
Great watchers,
Who have set our dooms,
We shout defiance
Although the scavenger
Hovers about the field.
The crimson flower of battle blooms

In splendor;
We wear it on our shield.

Half our days are driven
From us by our lot,
Yet we go not as cattle driven
Into the slaughter-fold.
One boon is given:
This hour we hold

Becomes a feast,
And we depart unsated,
Not lingering
Like revelers belated
Over the fragments,
Nodding while shadows pass
Across a dreary wall.
We drink, then break the glass.

The inexorable gate
Opens before us,
And we may not wait
To watch a sunset fade;
Ours is the morning
Of brightness without shade.
Death walks at noon
To hurl a burning lance
Against our hearts;
We pray the weapon
Will not glance
Or swerve aside,
Leaving a wound that smarts.

Steel flashes on steel;
 The blade bites deep,
 And one must lose.
 Brother, we bring you sleep.
 Tomorrow we share
 Your narrow housing
 In the funeral ditch;
 Today our life flames upward
 In a mighty flare.

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