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### Flamingo, February, 1932, Vol. 6, No. 2

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FLORIDA

Vol. VI, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1932

Price, 25 Cents

# THE FLAMINGO

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# THE FLAMINGO

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## SUMMER-IN-WINTER NIGHT

CAROL REEVES

**S**TRANGE—  
That from a depth of whispering bleakness,  
Winter should loose this brief, impassioned thing;  
Mocking the air with wine-flower breath,  
Lacing the sky with moon-shot wing.  
And strange—  
That I should see a glen  
Soft with the mist-traced moss of spring  
And feel your kiss again.

## THE RUNAWAY PRINCE

CAROL HEMINGWAY

**I**T WAS an indignity and an outrage that he should have to marry the Princess Agnes, a leader in the Girl Guides, with fat legs and a hair lip. Yet only desperate means would prevent the marriage from taking place. An hypothetical case of the seven year itch! Or at least a bad case of eczema. Surely no one would allow him to go through the ceremony while he was twisting, turning, and itching from calf to back of ear and around to the small of his back. The doctor was called.

"Just let up on your smoking, keep regular hours, and I'll venture to say you'll be OK for the big event." He winked at the prince.



"Such impudence!" bellowed the prince, and made his own diagnosis.

When the queen was informed of the itch situation, she sighed, "As though I didn't have enough to attend to. The boy is getting past my control, and I shall soon have to send him to military school." But nothing could baffle the queen: "Send for the Royal Forger. I shall have him write a letter in Eric's own handwriting to the princess, putting off the wedding and making some plausible excuse."

But the prince was forty miles outside the castle limits singing,

"Oh, I'm Eric Nobody,  
Don't belong to anybody,  
Tra la-la-la la-la-loo.  
I got out of a squeeze  
By a nasty disease,  
And now I've become a nonentity,  
Tum piddle dum piddle doo."

He heard a cackling noise above him. "Hey, what's the matter with you?" came from the tree.

"My mother says I'm high-strung—"

"And you've always been a delicate child," finished the gnome.

"Well, Mr. Smarty-pants, come on down if you know all about me. I suppose you're my dried-up old nurse that my mother drove from the house because you scared me with stories of hobgoblins, instead of telling me wholesome tales about Peter Rabbit."

"No, I'm not your old nurse. The fact is I wasn't aware that the castle was in the habit of employing male nurses, and I'm not a fairy, either. I'm a human being. A man, to be exact. I look like a gnome, but

that's just from sitting in trees so much. It hunches one up so to sit in trees."

"Do you belong to some tree-sitting cult?"

"I'm of a philosophical turn of mind," he quietly answered, and fell to contemplating an ant trying to crawl over his foot. "We are as ants," he said, "each with his obstacle to overcome."

"I'll be asleep in a minute," rudely remarked the prince. "Tell me, Mr. Man-who-looks-like-a-gnome, have you any daughters?"

"The industry of an ant is not to be envied. It's mere obstinacy. A drunk is obstinate; so is an idiot. Should one envy a drunk or an idiot? Yes, I have several daughters."

"How old are they? What do they look like?" eagerly asked Eric.

"The youngest is in boarding school. She declares she wants to be someone's mistress; to be kissed, hugged, and taken up, but *not* married! Those are her words. She wants someone to make her 'give up everything'. She's fifteen."

"Then there's Clair. She has moods and tells me about the queer way the first robin in spring turns her stomach and how the sunset pains her like a silver knife in an amber wound. 'I'm just that way,' she explains."

"Now Hannah might do you. A real good scout, a bit inclined toward knotted calves, a husky voice, and warts, but a good wholesome girl. She'd make you a good wife."

"You sound like my mother," said the prince.

"Eloise, Emmy Lou, the rest aren't worth mentioning."

"How many daughters have you?"



"Twelve. Ah, my dear wife," he sighed and shed a tear. The prince looked away. "Well," brightened up the old man, "I've an important game of leap frog to play before night." He hurried away, muttering, "Fifteen minutes of leap frog, fifteen minutes of reading the classics, then fifteen minutes for contemplation—my, I have a heavy day ahead of me!"

It was almost dark, and Eric began to feel a princely hunger. Just then he saw a girl with red hair walking backward down the road, pointing her thumb over her left shoulder. He looked behind him, but saw nothing to point at.

"I beg your pardon," he shouted, "but are you pointing at me?"

She didn't look around. "Perhaps she's a sleep-walker," he thought, "I better not make sudden noises." He crept around in front of her.

"Why are you creeping about so shamefully?" she said, looking him in the eyes.

"I thought maybe—"

"Well, you needn't."

But you can't down a prince. "Why are you walking backwards with your thumb cocked so?"

"I'm hitching a ride. Must you know everything?"

"Only such as you've a mind to tell me. Are you agoin' by your grandma's?" asked the prince, lapsing into the colloquial, just in case she were a wood-cutter's beautiful daughter.

"You curious country boy, I'm running away from my cruel husband, because he divorced me."

"That makes two of us who are running away today. Are you putting it all behind you?"

"Yes. He was my awful wedded husband. I had good grounds. He had hay fever, and you know what that means."

"Yes, indeed," said the prince.

"—and he used to read over my shoulder, and he was always very cheerful before breakfast, and he made terrible sucking noises when he ate apples. And besides, he divorced me first, so I'm running away. What do you think about it?"

"I was just thinking how my mother would disapprove of my marrying a divorced woman. A penny for *your* thoughts."

"I was thinking I was pretty hungry."

"Do you like artichokes?" he asked.

"I adore them."

"I can't say I worship them, but with melted butter they're very nice."

By this time they were walking in the wood. "It's quite a nice wood for a walk in the evening," she said self-consciously.

"Maybe we can find some berries," he said with determination. "You don't suppose someone will be following you, Red?" Wandering became rather tedious, and finally they found a sheltering cave. Eric sat outside and gave his coat to the lady to make a resting place inside. She came screaming out. "There's someone in there! I bumped into him."

"Well, you clumsy-jointed, dank-haired, splaw-footed simpleton, of course I'm in here," cackled the old man.

"Aha, Mr. Man-who-looks-like-a-gnome!"

"Just call me Charles—"

"What are you doing here?" demanded the prince.

"Charles was my father's name. I was just taking a turn through the forest, and then I remembered it



was my lodge night. Ah me, I have to have some outlet and diversion."

"We're very hungry and we wondered—" started Eric.

"Literature, art, liquor, or secret societies—I chose the latter. I learned always to choose the latter when, as a mere boy, my friends would ask me, 'Which would you rather do or go fishing?' I have held it as a principle and one worth passing on to you now. Please excuse an old man for giving advice, but just let me say this: Budget your time, my son. A time for everything and everything in its place. Time will heal all. There is no time like the present. And now my children, it's time to consider how you spend your leisure time. Or perhaps I had better call a committee."

"I think I'll go home," shivered the lady, "I'm quite sick of all this talk."

"Please, have you forgotten that we are running away together?"

"Oh, how pointless it all seems," she sighed wearily.

"Must everything have a point?" wailed a girlish voice from a tree.

"OF COURSE!" shouted the three people.

"How distressing. Life's too complicated," mourned the child. "I can't find anything to put my finger on. It's not that I have no intellectual curiosity. Only yesterday I spent hours trying to figure out how they got the holes in rubber sponges."

"Henrietta, come *down* from there," commanded Charles, "You're not old enough to be sitting about in trees alone, at night, at your age, and in your delicate condition."

"Charles is quite paternal, isn't he?" remarked the

prince to the shivery lady, whose lips were fast becoming blue.

"I just wanted to see life," whimpered the daughter as she slid down the trunk. She sat with her long legs wound around her neck, purple slippers, tickling her large red elfin ears. "I'm a child prodigy, and I have ring-worm, too."

"It's a tender family scene," laughed the prince.

"I'm cold and hungry and I've no sense of humor. That child has a liniment smell about her. Let's go on."

"I'm sorry I didn't make more elaborate preparations for our running away—"

"My dears," called the old man as he tried to coax his daughter to stand up, "you'll look back on these hardships some day and laugh. It's going through trials like these that brings one closer together. Fifteen minutes of trials a day—"

The lady walked so fast that she turned her ankle. The prince picked her up, remarked that she was light as cotton, and said, "We'll get out of this wood and be married at dawn."

"Do you think we ought to marry?"

"Of course, we have so much in common. We're both running away."

"—and we both like artichokes," she added.

"But when we're married you'll have to reduce," said the prince, shifting her to his other shoulder. "The wood borders on a sea. I can be a sailing fisherman. It will be a good life, sailing with lazy drooping sails or fighting against storms—"

"—and smelling of fish," she said as she dropped off to sleep.

"We could use the boat for our honeymoon," he



thought, "but after that, she'd better have a house on land with her lady friends to talk to while I'm out working and being quite free."

Next morning he sent a message to the queen: "Don't bother about the wedding. I'm married and am going to be a fisherman."

They rested at the inn while awaiting an answer. The prince ordered a breakfast of hot coffee with thick clotted cream, baked clams, corn bread with butter melting on it, and an artichoke for dessert. Laughing at the past night, they reminded each other of the child who looked like a snipe, and Charles.

"I thought him quite an interesting chap," said Eric.

"He seemed a perfectly impossible person," she said.

Nothing could baffle the queen. She sent the following nineteen word message: YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT ERIC AM SENDING THE ROYAL YACHT AS YOUR WEDDING PRESENT WHAT IS HER NAME

"What is your name? I heard the priest say it this morning, but I'm no good at names."

"Neither am I. We have a lot in common."

"Let's go sit on the wharf and wait for our boat." And as they strolled away the prince made up a new song:

"I can't remember the name of my wife, tum tee,  
I'll probably live with her all my life, tum tee,  
And happily ever after, te tum, te tum, toot-er-oo."

## EPISODE

CAROL REEVES

HE SLOUCHED down the blurred street, splashing through sullen puddle and swirling gutter. Reaching the sagging canopy of a theater he paused, staring wide-eyed at the rain-glossed advertisement. The word "TODAY" leered whitely from its crimson page. He thrust his hands deep in the bottomless pockets of his great-coat and hurried on into the needle-pointed night.

The next shelter guarded the entrance of a smug restaurant. He stopped and after watching the endless, golden flip of pancakes through the mist-clouded windows, abruptly thrust open the door and strode to the nearest table. There he sprawled into a chair, coat shabbily bunched about his legs. The waitress had to ask him twice for his order, and then he glanced at her queerly before mumbling a sullen "cup-coffee".

The steaming drink before him, he stared, as if fascinated, into its amber-brownness. Without moving his eyes he fumbled in his coat pocket, withdrew his hand and poised it for an instant over the cup. The liquid gurgled softly. His long fingers dropped to the handle, curved, and swept the coffee to his quivering lips. Later, he hazedly realized that a gentleman with a frowsy-topped stalk of celery clutched in one red paw was staring at him, and that the air was drugged with the sweetness of frying onions. His head drooped to the table and rested in the spreading stain from the overturned cup.

The old lady at the next table sniffed and said—"My dear, one just can't escape 'em. Disgusting, I says.



Now if they'd handle the Prohibition question as I see it—"

And the coy, young thing at the next table but one, giggled and said—"Feature it, darling, sound asleep on the table. How perfectly ghastly! Gee—I hope he doesn't snore!"

They were both thrilled when the young man refused to wake up.

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## POEMS

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### YOUNG GIRLS

ALICE SWAN

THEY WALK with wonder on their lips,  
 Seeing but darkly, groping high  
 With hands too small for more than this:  
 A slender leaf, a flower, a bird . . .  
 What is this music they have heard  
 That makes them sway unconsciously?  
 Why, for no reason, do they smile?  
 Why, for no reason, do they sigh?

### OLD MEN

OLD MEN know, but are afraid  
 To tell how youth has been betrayed.  
 They know, and turn their eyes aside  
 From young men cherishing their pride.

## DISCOVERY

ANN BISCOE

STEPHEN ran up the driveway, dragging his sled. It was good he had remembered to run this time. Now he could rush through the warm lights in the house blowing for breath, his cheeks cold.

Dark blotches of gravel had pushed through the whiteness of the snow, but the bareness would scrape his runners to shining. Maybe they didn't like being pulled over the gravel, they screeched so. Oh, they were flashing blue sparks. He stopped. Street cars sent up sparks at night when their trolleys crackled along the icy wires. He sat down on his sled. And the people in the windows of the street car always looked bored, with their heads resting on their arms and their eyes staring at nothing. It was good he knew no one like that. He jumped up. He would tell his mother about those people.

The rope of his sled had frozen to his mitten, and when he pulled away, the red fuzz stuck to the rope. He laughed. Hadn't Billy looked funny when he was caught in the rope of the sled. He couldn't get untangled, and then he had fallen and had almost rolled down the hill.

Stephen was laughing all alone in the middle of the driveway. He ran and threw his sled up right against the house. He'd tell his mother about Billy, too.

He slammed the front door behind him, "Mother," he shouted. His father was standing in the hall, reading letters under the lamp.

"Hello Dad," Stephen said, stamping the snow from his shoes. "Where's Mother? Golly, it's hot in here. Oh, Dad, I coasted down the big hill standing up, but I—"



His father put a letter back in its envelope. "Hello," he looked up. "You'd better get those wet things off. We've been looking for you. I think you're a little late."

Stephen squirmed. "They're not wet," he muttered. He threw his coat in the closet. Oh dear, he was feeling twitchy again tonight. He grabbed the bannister and squeezed it hard as he started upstairs. His legs felt too tired to climb, and he sat down with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands.

"Stephen," his mother called. She was standing at the head of the stairs with her hand resting on the bannister. His hands would prickle if he rubbed them on her shiny black dress. The buckles on her shoes twinkled.

"Hello Mother," he cried, running up. "Feel how cold my face is, and my fingers feel just like my toes, all kind of tingly."

She took off his hat and dropped it into his hands. "Where have you been?" she asked, "Supper is nearly ready, and Mr. Bradford is here." She passed him. "Hurry up," she called back.

He threw his hat down. "It isn't late—it's early." He kicked his foot against the step. "Anyway," he growled, "how'd I know what time it was?"

Stephen gazed at the candles on the dining room table with half-closed eyes. It was comfortable to sit with his feet on the rungs of the chair and listen to forks clicking and people talking. Now, if he blinked very fast at that one candle, the whole of the black window pane beyond turned into yellow, swimming dazzles. He turned towards his mother. "Oh, Mother—"

She faced him with her eyes still shining from Mr. Bradford's joke. When she saw Stephen, she straight-

ened her shoulders and as she smiled at him, her hand motioned to him to sit up.

He slumped further in his chair and thrust his fork hard into his meat. It tasted good. Stephen smiled. When Billy had fallen that time, the sled was riding on Bill instead of the other way round. Stephen giggled. Billy was always doing funny things.

He looked up. They were all smiling at him. His father had laid down the carving knife and was resting his elbows on the arms of the chair.

"What's the joke?" he asked. His mother leaned towards him, and Mr. Bradford put down his glass.

Stephen laughed again. "It was Billy. He got all tangled in his rope, and he fell down, and he couldn't get up. And he looked so funny!" Stephen clutched his knee and bent over. Bill had kicked so hard and flung his arms about, and then his face had become red. Stephen sat up. Even Mr. Bradford was smiling. He stretched his hand towards his mother. "Oh Mother," he cried, "and there was something else I noticed. I was going to tell you. It was the street cars, after it's dark—"

His mother held up the silver water pitcher. "Won't you have some more?" she was asking Mr. Bradford.

Stephen frowned. His father had begun to carve the meat. Stephen squirmed and snatched at a stray piece of wool on his sweater. His mother, after nodding and smiling at something Mr. Bradford had said, turned towards him. "Go on," she said. "And it was dark when you saw it?"

Stephen sank low so that his chin touched the table. "It was only about the blue flashes," he mumbled. He kicked at the table leg. "And the people below, they looked funny." His face felt hot, and he pushed back



his hair with his hand. "Anyway they didn't seem to care about the flashes above them."

Stephen followed with his eyes the gold rim on his plate. When he looked up, they had already started chattering again.

He closed the front door quietly and stepped carefully on the doormat, because he mustn't disturb the new fallen snow. He started walking slowly down the path, slapping at the branches of the snowy bushes. He stood still when he came to the gate and breathed hard. Why wouldn't they ever bother to listen to him? He clenched his fists. He would never try to tell them anything again. He started brushing the soft snow from the bushes into his hands and watched it drift through his fingers. He had done the same thing last summer. Maybe he could make his mother think this was sand. Oh, how silly. Stephen threw it out with a hard jerk.

He stood still, facing the house. Why, his house had gold windows at night! He ran to the dining-room window and pressed his face against the cold pane. Those doughnuts were still lying on the glass plate in front of his mother. He leaned his arms on the sill. Doughnuts tasted good on a cold night. His mother was drinking coffee. Faint shadows, flicked out by the wavering flames of the candles, were playing on her face.

Stephen snatched his hands back. His fingers had grown numb, and he hopped back on the path. Oh! He leaped back farther. There hung that twisty icicle just about to fall. It must have grown a foot since he last saw it. He ran towards the house. He would have to hurry before it fell. She must see it up there, glittering. Maybe they could both catch it together. He threw open the door and shouted, "Mother."

## ROAD GANG

ROBERT BLACK

**D**ROPS OF RAIN rustle among the cornstalks. At the head of the glistening, consistent ribbon of wet concrete the mixer sputters chokingly and dies. The mud spreaders toss their shovels under the wide hood of the machine and lumber out of the muck across the ditch to the tool shed. Stretching and grunting they sit down and roll cigarettes. The entire mixer crew seeks protection from the downpour while the men in the rear, covering the burlap strips with soft black gumbo, carry on, intent on finishing their stretch before the rain washes it into a jellied mass.

In silence these workers jam their shovels into the loam, lift and throw toward the center of the road. Water seeps through their scant, worn clothing, and a damp chill stiffens and swells muscles tired by the work of a long day. Brooding, ten men and one boy strike, lift and throw in unison, setting a dull thumping rhythm that finally seems to hypnotize each one into forgetting his discomforts.

Suddenly wind drives the large slow drops into a fine spray, lifting the edges of the burlap coverings and flapping them clear of the concrete. The men with one accord drop their tools and set about making the remaining strips fast, using rocks, idle shovels—anything that comes to hand.

From the mixer the boss blows his whistle and waves them off the road to the shelter of a dilapidated cow shed. Under its leaky roof the laborers silently collect, sucking at pipes and fumbling cigarette papers with stiff gnarled fingers.



The boy, a little more fastidious than the rest, adjusts a rolled coat to his satisfaction, leans back over it and draws a "tailor-made" from his shirt pocket. He lights it and looks about hopefully as though to start a conversation. The others remain silent, sitting in complete, uncomfortable self-absorption.

Finally a short, ape-like fellow, bull-necked and with chest and torso in proportion, breaks the silence. "How yu standin it, kid?"

"All right," the boy answers cheerfully. "Rain makes it damn uncomfortable, though".

"Get used to it", grunts the other. He rolls over on his side.

For half an hour the group remain in the shed in numbed, awkward taciturnity. An old man, grizzled and broken in body, stares fixedly into the rain. Two middle-aged Italians, shoes removed, minister clumsily to their blistered feet. A tubby, red nosed farmer, working out during the interval between planting and plowing, chews innumerable bits of straw, opening his round, blue eyes only to better protect his face from the flies buzzing about the dung heap in the center of the shelter.

In time the boss again blows his whistle, and the eleven crawl stolidly out into the roadway to resume their work.

The men of the mixer crew inspect the scarred track ahead, decide it to be too soggy for further work, and prepare to leave for town.

The shovelers watch the crew's departure in mute resignation, grasp their shovels more firmly, and strike on.

Two hours more. Two—hours—more. The shovels beat out the rhythm of the words as they swing over the dark, gummy soil.

## TURNBULL HAMMOCK

JOSEPH HOWELL

THERE ARE cypress swamps that defy intrusion—cypress whose knees are bare and whose beards are of cold grey moss. Out of the ooze and slime rise the barbed-wire tentacles of the sweet-briar vine. Stretching out from tree to tree, they form a barrier that none may pass. This barrier is flanked by rank reaches of coarse green fern and the tearing talons of the blackberry bush. Amid this hell of thorn and vine the sluggish moccasin waits in the sun for the bounty of nature. All these things form a garrison that guards the tender heart of the swamp.

Deep in the hammock is a haven for the bird and the beast. Here the man-abhorring puma dwells, his paralysing scream unchallenged. The dainty racoon weaves his way on tortuous paths that the hound will never follow. Inquisitive 'possums poke their noses in every log and hollow. Arrogant skunks have their paths to themselves. Ivorybills, parakeets, and wild turkeys find this a stronghold against extinction.

The tall, straight cypress has nothing to fear from the hardest woodsman's axe. It waxes hale and huge, till one fine spring the sap fails to fill its woody veins. Then some mighty wind blasts it. Its once solid trunk becomes a mere shell, the home of some buzzard or 'coon. With the passing of years it crumples to dust and adds to the slime.

Around some pool, where the water is deep and the cypress are tall, where bass gobble the minnows without fear, turtles and alligators are seated on logs, lessons in leisure and sub-tropical ease. Their only thoughts are of the warmth of the sun and the time between meals.



## POEMS

## RESURRECTION PROPHECY

CAROLINE HEINE

**H**E WHO has loved impartially  
 Trumpets in sun, soft harmony  
 In rain; the pungent, upturned sod;  
 The suckling root; the seeded pod;  
 Fruit sun left sweet, or frost found sour;  
 Vigor of weed and frailty of flower;  
 Vitality of budding trees . . .  
 He will not forfeit one of these.  
 He loved too well that trinity  
 Replete of earth and sky and sea,  
 And earth alone has no device  
 Sufficient for his paradise.  
 He will not lie in meek content  
 Within her narrow tenement,  
 But force his old, imperious way  
 Out of chambers lacking day.

## RAIN

**W**<sup>AKE!</sup>  
 There is a running down of rain  
 On the roof; and a jumping down  
 To ground of the little gamin drops.

Hear  
 How it comes, the rain  
 With the same staccato steps of a clown,  
 Tap, tapping to the edge where it stops.

Mark  
 How it pauses at the eaves  
 To flex its knees before it jumps  
 Down to wide-waiting earth below.

Sleep,  
 The drops are hushed on leaves  
 And tiptoe into alderberry clumps,  
 Now only roots may know where they go.  
 Sleep.

## MEASUREMENTS

**F**ROM two tall pines in yonder wood  
 I made me measures  
 And found them good,

Good for reckoning slant of sun  
 And suchlike treasures  
 As upward run,

But when it came to breadth of moons  
 And oval things  
 Like silk cocoons,

I found it best to weave some strands  
 From spider strings  
 For counting spans.



## WINTER STREETS

HENRY BROKMEYER

SOME MEN get work! I don't see why you can't. Do you know that we'll be out in the streets if we don't get some rent, soon?"

The coldness of her gray eyes seemed to bear down upon him. He wanted to jump to his feet and face her, but he was half asleep and not angry enough for a fight. He watched her even nostrils flare with the forced breath of her anger, then dropped his gaze as her small fist rapped on the oilcloth of the table.

"We'll be out in the streets! Do you hear!" There was something in her voice he had never heard before.

He gave her none of his usual witty replies, not even an angry retort. He only lifted his eyes to hers again. He felt the corners of his mouth set. Then he lowered his eyes to the soup bowl and went on dipping until the spoon scraped. It was potato soup, watery stuff, with little hunks of meat in it. He dumped a heaping spoonful of sugar in his coffee and stirred well before he drank. Thank the Lord, he thought, sugar wasn't at war prices.

After he had gulped the coffee, he arose heavily and shrugged into his overcoat. He kept his eyes steadfastly lowered. But he knew she was still watching him angrily. Usually she ran to help him into his coat, to give him a playful pat on the back.

He kept his eyes on the knob of the front door as he fumbled with the buttons. This was no way to start a day, he knew, but he felt suddenly stubborn. He pulled up the collar, stuck his hands in his pockets, and looked at her again.

Her figure seemed suddenly to slacken. "Oh, Jerry,

do please find something today. I don't mean to be impatient, but Mr. Satzman was around again—and he's really been good to us."

Her ill-temper had abated, he knew, but he took a selfish delight in feeling his own grow. The sensation of indignation was strange to him, and it gave him a feeling almost of luxury to indulge in it.

"What do you think I've been doing?" He grated the words. "Playing golf?"

"Oh, Jerry—"

"If you think you could find a job so easily, why don't you get out and find one? I'll stay here, with a nice oil stove and nothing to do." He kept on looking at her steadily, until she looked away.

"Have you got money for lunch?" she finally asked, in her usual tone of voice.

His shoulders sagged, and his level gaze dropped. "Of course," he mumbled. He hesitated an instant, then kicked away the rag rug that stopped the draught under the front door. He opened the door quickly, so that a rush of outside air cooled his flushed face and eyes. He turned part-way round, looked at her just once, then slammed the door and strode away without looking back.

When he waded into the first unshovelled portion of sidewalk, he wondered if he had slammed the door too hard. He regretted his peevishness and hesitated an instant. Then he put his head down against the wind and strode on.

There was nothing doing at the assembly plant near his home. There was so obviously nothing doing at the body works that even the knots of men at the gate had grown smaller since the day before. The radiator fac-



tory with its big electric sign had NO HELP NEEDED posters on all the doors.

By noon he found himself almost halfway downtown. The few distant whistles he heard seemed only empty echoes of the hearty shrieks and blasts of some months ago. He saw a line of men standing along the front of a block of vacant stores and found that a soup station had been established there. The men were silent; crumpled, huddled and waiting. Most of them had seedy coats, some had no hats, only newspapers or old rags on their heads. They all kept their hands jammed in their pockets, and the steamy mists of their breath rose above their heads. He thought they looked much the same as they would hanging and swaying on street car straps after a day of grinding work. Two policemen strode up and down the line, slowly, saying nothing. They looked ruddy and well fed, and they had large blue overcoats. He watched the eyes of some of the men follow the cops with regular movements. But there was no special expression.

Though he was interested in this soup line, for he really had brought no lunch money, he did not feel hungry. He opened his overcoat to the sun and strode on. He had never eaten from a soup line in his life, not even in the hard times of '22.

The idea of lunch money brought his mind back to the morning. Perhaps he had spoken too sharply. She didn't do so badly—always kept the house clean and made what stuff they could buy for meals as edible as possible. It might be hard to keep things clean, too, with that smoky little oil stove going. There, that was it! That was what had made him so irritable. That stove ate up all the air in the little room; the

smoke stung his nostrils and gave him a headache. He felt relieved and buoyant because he had found a reason for his bad humor. He strode on.

When he reached downtown and Grand Circus Park, the Park itself was already in shadow and the tall buildings stood in silhouette. The prismatic Cadillac-La Salle advertisement and the running-word sign above the Adams Theater were already aglow. There seemed to be quite a crowd of shoppers and show-goers. There were many policemen, too, and loafers slouched on the benches. They were dressed much the same as the soup-line men and had no more expression. He observed that the pigeons were gone. Nothing had much expression, except the theater lights. There was the Capitol across the square, and further down, on the Adams side, he could see the big tube light sign of the United Artists' and beyond that the name Michigan in great letters. But the lights of Washington Boulevard, the best lighted street in the world, were not yet turned on, and he lost interest in the Park. Also, the snow-fighting brigade, which had been mentioned in the morning paper he had fished out of a street trash can, was already overflowing with recruits. So he turned his back on the Park and its people, on its street cars and busses.

He was glad that he was not one of the loafers on the benches, who had no home. Of course, he really had no home, but Satzman could not evict him—they—for two months yet. And he was glad he was not one of the legion of panhandlers who slunk out at people from the shadows among the lighted store windows.

Walking rapidly up Woodward, he passed the green tubelight sign of the Fox, eight stories in height. If he had some money, now, he thought, he could bring her



down here. She liked Victor MacLaglen; he did too, for that matter. Perhaps it would make it up to her. But, of course, even if he could bring her downtown to a show, the panhandlers would jump on them. They always picked a man who had a woman with him, and walked alongside and whined embarrassingly and persistently.

His feet soaked up the chilling wetness and his legs ached, he had walked for hours. Finally he came again to his old works, near home. The little knots of men had built great bonfires in the street, and he stood by one to get warm. He did not want to go home; he felt ashamed. He had not found a job, and he had grown angry with his wife that morning for asking him to find one.

He did not want to think about that, so he searched around for irrelevant things, and wondered irrelevant wonderings. The stars were very clear, for there was no haze of smoke and motor gas; the wind that burned in his nostrils made him remember the bare hills of his birthplace in the winter time.

He wondered where the peddlers had gone: the sellers of pencils and pills and honey and toy balloons. Maybe they had gone south; maybe they had joined the panhandlers. He looked at the factory. There was a little light in the watchman's hut, but the blue blaze of the calciums was gone. It was just a skeleton of shadows, it seemed to him. Was he getting light-headed, thinking that way? But a factory that was really shut down seemed like a house that had been tenantless for weeks or months—as his house might seem after—hold on!

A street car rattled gauntly up the street; he could think about it for awhile. A street light which swung

gently on invisible wires, wires that whistled low in the wind, cast a pale circle of light on the slush. A big car passed through this circle, and the light gleamed softly on the finish, and the bright headlights glared among the fires. He watched the car and felt that others were watching, too. He felt, rather than saw, hundreds of eyes turning by the fires and from the darkness and shadows apart from the fires, turning slowly and watching silently, and he shivered.

Why had he shivered? He wasn't so bad off, he told himself. He had a coat. Some of the fellows who seemed to be trying to embrace the fire had no coats. He had shoes; some had only bundles of rags and papers on their feet. They had no expression, no life in their faces; they were like the men in the soup line and on the benches of Grand Circus Park. He wondered if he looked like that.

He shouldn't, because didn't he have a wife and home?—Hold on!

He tried to remember what the factory had looked like. There, he had it. He had imagined it one evening to be a great ship, with the smoke pouring from its stacks, and the lights gleaming from the tiers of its piled decks as it plowed through the choppy waves of the roofs all about it. Had he really imagined that, or was he just getting light headed? Wasn't it time to eat?

He felt a light touch on his arm; he looked around,

"Oh, Mary—"

"I thought I'd find you here, Jerry."

"You came—looking for me?"

"Yes. Jerry, I looked for a job today. I read a want ad in a paper I found that gave an address out by Grosse Isle, where we used to live. Dad worked for



the people, and I thought they might have something for me to do."

"You walked?"

"Yes."

He stood with her, gazing into the fire. "They had an awfully large place," she said. "That's a regular millionaire section now."

"Nothing to do?"

She shook her head. He watched her, while she watched the fire. Her face seemed pale to him, even in the heat. He didn't know whether her hat was out of style, but he thought he remembered it from last winter. Her fur, too, whatever it was, looked worn and seedy. She had her hands in the pockets of her coat. Last year's coat, too, he remembered. She had little rubbers on her feet that gleamed wetly in the fire-light, but the instep strap on the right one was broken.

She put her hand on his arm. He felt the fingers press his coat sleeve to his flesh, and he thought he felt her sway slightly. But then she gave his arm a tug.

"Let's go home. I've got a bit of supper ready."

With a sudden movement he drew his free hand from its pocket and laid it over the cold fingers that gripped his sleeve.

"Sure. We'll see what there is tomorrow, after a good supper and a good rest."

So they turned together down the street, so blankly dark after the blaze of the fire's light, so chill after the wind had stung the fire's heat from their faces.

## CRIMINAL PROCEEDINGS

GEORGE COX

THE POLICE court was well-filled. Promptly on the hour the judge of the court came in a side door and mounted to the bench, above and just behind the desks of the scribes. The buzzing of voices in the courtroom subsided. From the back several police officers filed to the front part of the room, which was divided off by a railing with gates, and took their places on a long seat to the judge's left.

The judge rapped with his gavel, and court proceeded. One of the policemen stood up and read off a name. A man in the courtroom rose and by instruction went to the front. The officer recited the offense:

"Speeding in traffic and disregarding traffic signals."

The judge asked the man if he had anything to say and quoted the fine.

"Ten dollars."

The officer ushered the offender outside to the cashier's office. Another name was read.

A man entered at the rear. As he took off his hat and advanced down the aisle, he appeared to be Spanish. He found a vacant seat in the front row. After watching the court for a moment, he looked at his watch, pulled a newspaper from his coat pocket, and settled himself to reading.

A tall man, a hard, officious-looking individual who guarded the gate of a high enclosure at the judge's right in which the prisoners sat and waited, came over to the railing in front of the young Spaniard,



made a gesture and said something in a low voice. The young man, not understanding, looked up with a smile. Then, returning to his paper, he went on reading. The tall man became belligerent and spoke in a loud voice.

"I said, put away your paper!"

The Spaniard, startled and momentarily cowed, folded up his paper. The official resumed his post by the pen. The Spaniard watched him with a dull stare. Finally, with a peculiar thrust of the jaw, he reopened his paper and started to read. As the official strode toward him, he stood up quickly to his full height. He was rather short; the official towered over him.

The Spaniard spoke quickly, with almost perfect English. "What is the matter, why can I not read the paper? You forget this is not a school-room!"

"You shut up and sit down and put away your paper or I'll show you what's the matter!"

The little Spaniard tilted back his head and yelled, "You may go to hell!"

Except for reverberations, the courtroom was silent. The court, the officers, scribes, judge, and prisoners nervously waited. The clock ticked. The tall man was apoplectically red. You wanted to prick him with a pin to see if he would burst.

Then the judge rapped with the judicial mallet and shouted what was at that time an absurdity, "Silence!"

The back of the room snickered, and the judge reddened. Rapping again, he ordered the young Spaniard to come and stand before the bench. The Spaniard, a little ashamed, came to the bench, newspaper in hand.

"I'm sorry, sir, I see I was mistaken, but I thought—"

"What is your name?"—harshly, impatiently.

"The Spaniard paused, looked a little sullen, and continued.

"—but I thought that the court was open to the public."

"What is your name?" A little louder, and a little more insultingly.

The young Spaniard, obstinate, sullenly clenched his fists and looked at the floor.

"TELL-ME-YOUR-NAME!"—each word emphasized with a bang of the gavel.

The Spaniard yielded, threw back his head, and answered slowly, "Mateo Luis Jose Cortina."

The Judge turned to the row of policemen. "Who has his name?"

As the policeman looked at their slips and shook their heads, the Spaniard smiled understandingly. "No, you are mistaken. I am not an offender."

The judge, still wrathful, leaned toward him. "Why are you here?"

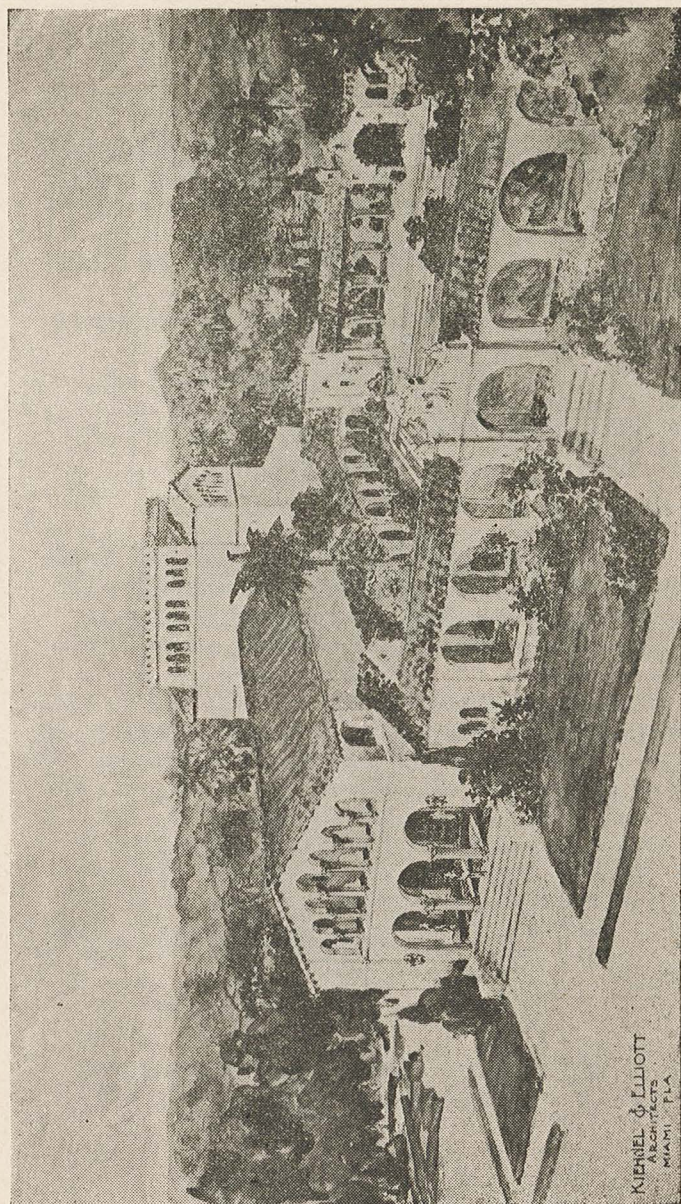
"I am a Spanish student in this city, and I came here to see the criminal proceedings. Because those had not commenced yet when I got here, I started to read the paper. I cannot understand why I was not allowed to read the paper."

The judge shook his finger at the culprit spitefully.

"Well, for disturbing the court, for wasting the court's time, for using foul language when addressing a court officer, and for resisting questions, you are fined twenty-five dollars. Next case!"

The young Spaniard, carrying his newspaper, was escorted to the cashier's room. He did not come back to get his hat. Court proceeded.





*The Annie Russell Theatre*

## DOCKED

NATALIE PILENKO

SHE SAT DOWN on a pile of ropes. There was nothing else to do until her quarantor arrived. She stretched her feet. They still ached from the strange stillness of the docked ship. The City stayed the same Unknown, hidden behind the warehouses of the Company. She could only hear it breathe and work—humming in a low, dominating voice—as if she were still in the middle of the Ocean.

The Ocean! She remembered the last day she had spent near the white railing. The wind blew up her dress, a wet cold steel hand, pawing and tugging. The waves shouldered each other dumbly against the rocking iron walls. A hissing and splashing in the wet darkness. She fancied them only living for that instant of light, when a port-hole rayed, milky-yellow, over them. Not just the bent forms of sheep she had watched in the night of a dusty wide field, but a frightening abyss of blue-black water. Alive, glittering and polished, it swelled up, reaching for the light. The ship cut through, unnoticing.

Quick, painful shivers ran through her. The fur-collar had still a faint smell of camphor. She kissed the warm feather-silkeness deep at its roots. Her lips were salty. The wind burned in the corners of her eyes, ran deep through her lungs; it rocked the sky and decks. She leaned against the white railing and breathed again and again.

An expensive plaid-coat stopped, and she saw the man looking at her knees. The gates had been taken down for the last night, and first class passengers strode around. She hated their curious peering at the emi-



grants and the careless stride of chic young girls showing off Paris suits. "Too funny for words, dearest! High Russian boots. Think of it! And that dreadful language—the women just in white kerchiefs—did you hear, Miss Fenton? All taking out their apples and eating them on deck."

But those from the lower decks she despised still more, stealing up timidly, yet in front of the officers: "The last, they can't do anything." Amazed blank faces staring into the insolent dancing-halls, the sound of envious whispers. She stayed stubbornly at the white-railing all day. "Let's walk around", they said, "it's more fun. Why, only the carpets must cost . . . and a bath for every cabin . . . and the night club!"

The mist had now crept around, leaving only the nearest lamps wooly and soft. Yesterday John was there pressing her close because she was cold. What was his last name? The hour was so short. He lit her cigarette; the buttons on his coat hurt her left breast, but she didn't want to move. The darkness and a man bending over her, and she felt so near the warm wetness of his lips.

The mist was leaden on her skin and like a heavy cloak over her shoulders and head, but the uncoiled ropes were soft, and she remained. When she got back home—oh! home again—they would ask for her first impressions. She saw herself admired, envied, sophisticated with world knowledge:

"Anybody can boast of being on Broadway by night or remember the gorgeous captain's dinner, but how many have actually visited Ellis Island? Or spent the night on a deserted ship?"

"Deserted ship?" The eyes around her would be

wondering, asking for thrilling details. A nice time for the joking tone.

"Nothing like the Flying Dutchman. At least you had peace there. Much worse. Imagine all the swell gang you've been with during the trip, leaving gaily, waving to you from the crowd, lost. You watch the trunks and the mail go off, and the last visitors, 'till your eyes are blurred. You can hardly slip through the corridors to your cabin among mountains of sheets and dirty towels. The sailors have taken possession of the decks; they slide on the soap, dragging miles of water-hose, shout and laugh. I envy a nigger eating a chunk of bread and garlick sausage. He offers me half of it and, tempted by his kind grin, I nearly accept. You don't know what it is to be alone and hungry in the dining-hall where ten hours ago an obsequious waiter piled in front of you more food than you could reach for. Chairs on every table, the piano wrapped away against the dust, the victrola locked; and you wander around, everywhere. 'Four times around this deck, 1 mile'. How many miles? And you can't sleep and you can't read. The night tries to seize the City, fights with the red glow from the skyscrapers. You feel sick with chocolate, the only thing eatable you possess. Alone—Alone—You want my first impressions?"

She rose. Even the sailors had gone. The gang-plank firmly kept the earth at three steps reach. Just sleep. In a week all would be forgotten. Oh! but before going to sleep she could write a letter. A thing to do! She was eager now to go down. Along the dark stairs. To whom would be that first letter? Andre! Deauville's beau. He had only danced with her because of her trip abroad. Because she promised to write her impressions.



Thank goodness the library wasn't locked. She lit a desk lamp. It would be much nicer to use the Company's stationary. Gone, of course. She remembered the old Jewish woman at her table who had gathered all the toothpicks.

The stamp was really what counted. The alluring foreign stamp! "*Cher Andre*. At last arrived. The City all around us. Just a little hurried note before I land. I want you to be the first to get a letter. How many times have we wondered about Fifth Avenue? The giant buildings? The powerful beauty of their skyline? Well, here they are. Mine . . ."

## 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.

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## For Instance—

### *Did You Know?*

To bake a cake is quite an art,  
To bake a cookie too takes time,  
And when you say "Oh! for a tart"  
Why everyone in sight will chime  
"Go to the QUALITY BAKERY shop,  
Where hot cross buns are really hot."

Majestic takes this chance to say  
That their new set is on display  
Equipped with DUO-DIODE tubes,  
And latest lines; see it today  
Down at the BENNETT ELECTRIC SHOP  
It even has the cross-talk stopped.

For candies when you have a bridge  
Or mints when you would dine in state  
Or for a candy-filled red heart  
To take to Valentine's own date,  
Call at THE MARMALADE SHOP uptown  
And you will justly gain renown.

Tho wise this bird FLAMINGO is  
Like us he cannot live on love;  
But must gain sustenance as 'twere  
From ads, front, back and too, above,  
Read them with care and you'll find to be true  
The best is that they have for you.