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For Instance—

Did You Know?

Upon the steps before the door
You'll find real treasures by the score,
Inside the smell of cookies crisp
Will greet your nose; you can't resist
The things that the WOMAN'S EXCHANGE
has to show
The summer frocks are in you know.

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.

When you are puzzled what to send
To Mother, Cousin, Aunt or Friend
Not cost too much and yet be nice
As if you'd paid the king's own price
Be wise and buy flowers, fresh ones that
won't flop.
At LUCY LITTLE'S FLOWER SHOP.

And at the end of this last page
The bird FLAMINGO turns a sage
And dons his spectacle to say
That when you want something someday
Look through his ads and you'll find to be
true
The best is that they have for you.

THE FLAMINGO

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Old Church

THE FLAMINGO

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MARCH, 1932

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MOUNTAIN WOMAN

CAROL REEVES

STOLIDLY she squatted there,
With blue-patched skirts outspread;
And mouthed her wrinkled pipe until
Its puffing wreathed her head;
And clumped about her feet there was
A can-grown flower bed.

SILHOUETTES

KITTY DAVIS

AHANDFUL of brass-edged leaves lay on the black pond, their green centers smudged like old pennies. Clown sat down in the dust. He broke the glossy water with his withered hand. It shattered into thick wrinkles, and the leaves shimmered upon ebony crests. The wrinkles circled the edges, then lay shivering on the red rocks. A pair of strained eyes glared up at Clown between the leaves. He drew back with repulsion. Half a face, pinched back by large ears, and clamped by a larger nose, bumped into the red stones—entirely disappeared. Clown whistled a bit, shaking the stillness with his funny trills. Then he sat very still and watched the maple bob her copper head at the low sun. Later he picked up his speller and ran down the road. He was late again to feed the pigs. In the dark shed, he clamoured about for the feed bag. His aunt was talking in the kitchen. She was using

her frilled voice. The parson must be paying his weekly visit. Clown jammed a rough hand into his ear. He knew what she was saying. He knew what she always said to the parson:

"My poor sister had enough to bear, parson, without a child like—" he jammed his ear until his hurt. Now her words broke into ripples like pond water on the rock, and through his ragged hands, they sounded beautiful.

* * *

A brisk little wind was chasing an old newspaper. Clown watched it scurry along the gutter, until it tottered into the corner of eighth street. There, it snuggled down by some orange peel. The wind hurled back through the lane and began to torment a huddle of torn leaves.

Clown turned east. The sidewalk was filled with clean patches of sunlight. He hadn't looked at the buildings in daylight yet, but he was conscious of their power. Later he would notice their squat brown figures and bright windows, but there was a woman in fat black shoes coming toward him, and he never risked looking at people. He didn't like to see their faces when they looked at him. At the next corner, Clown paused. He was in front of Mr. Gear's grocery store. A row of delicate strawberry boxes lined the curb, and some wispy spring flies buzzed above the fruit. Mr. Gear had been waiting all winter for him to finish the seventh grade. The parson had got the job for him last fall.

Clown rocked in his large boots. Inside that door, he must talk to people he had never seen before. For a moment he wished he was back on the farm, feeding pigs. Pigs didn't stare at you and wrinkle their noses.

Pigs just kept on oozing about in the mud. Then he remembered his aunt crying over him, calling him a poor cursed child, and he remembered the parson's long prayer. He opened the door.

"Landsakes, Mr. Clown, they didn't say you looked like that. Well, bless my soul."

Clown rocked in his boots again. There were corn husks on the floor. They were crushed between two large barrels. It was from behind these barrels that the voice came.

"Landsakes—wait till old Jeff sees you—"

Clown turned. He had no intentions of waiting.

"Oh, don't go! There ain't no highbrow customers. Here, you can begin by moving these barrels. Take them outside."

Clown caught at the barrels jerkily. He stumbled over the crumpled husks and bumped against the door.

"Heaven bless my soul—what hands!" Clown began to whistle. Anyway the voice didn't crack like his aunt's. He plumped his cargo down by the strawberries and the flies.

* * *

She was the most beautiful person Clown had ever seen. Her yellow hair crinkled in little ditches around her head. Her eyes were narrow and the color of a windy sky. She was the daughter of Mrs. Jones, the boarding housekeeper, and her name was Clara. She sat at Clown's table in the dining room. She smiled at him when he passed her the sugar. They even talked a bit about the spring. Clara had noticed the wind, too. Clown thought she was very nice.

He had known her for three months now. She still smiled when he passed her the sugar, and now they discussed the heat. Clown knew a lot about heat. It

clung to him and caressed his head. Heat was more intimate than wind. Clara widened her eyes at this, but she smiled. Clown never minded looking at her, for she always smiled.

* * *

Ten years passed, blissful years for Clown. In summer he replaced the strawberry baskets with slim, cool melons, then he put out the apples. When he handled their smooth faces with gentleness, Old Jeff would laugh loudly.

"Ought to get married, kid, and quit you mooning about the apples."

Clown dropped the apple. It ploshed the others. Jeff laughed again.

"You ought to ask Miss Clara, up to the boarding house. She's still hanging on, and wears spit curls. She'd take you, Clown."

All fall, Clown thought about this. In December, while he put the empty barrels away and arranged the oranges, he decided to ask her. It was January before he could say the words without choking. He practiced them every night in his room.

The stove grumbled away in the corner and breathed a foul smoke about the dining room. Clown didn't eat his meat and pushed away his milk. Clara looked worried. She asked him if he felt well. And then he said the words—quick and gaspy, but he got them out. The stove grumbled loudly. Clara didn't answer. Clown looked at his plate. He looked at the thick red meat and careless piles of spinach. A fly sprawled on his butter. The stove still grumbled. In the kitchen, heavy silver clashed heavy plates. Clown felt again like the little boy in the shed, clamping his ragged hands over his ears. He was conscious of his big nose

and withered skin. At last he rose and started upstairs. He stumbled over the landing and opened his door. Then something caught his sleeve. He looked around and saw Clara. There were tears in her eyes, and she wasn't smiling. This frightened Clown, and he would have closed the door, but she held him.

"Yes, dear Clown, I love you, but, but—" Her voice cracked like his aunt's, and the tears spilled, making dark spots on her apron.

Clown closed the door. His room was gray, and a wind shook the windows. He sat down on his bed. He hid his hands and looked at the grayness. Then he saw the mirror, and through the grayness his dark eyes. They looked large in the dusk, larger than his nose. They looked wistful—and—they looked beautiful. Then he saw sudden tears in them. Bright tears against his dark lashes, like white dawn through a forest. He sat there, and looked at his eyes and smiled. After a while it got dark. Someone turned on the hall light. The yellow mirror glared at the wicked yellow transom. And in the yellow, he saw his nose again—a great greenish thing spreading toward his floppy ears. He closed his lashes, upsetting the tears, but he didn't notice where they fell.

In the morning, Clown set out the potatoes. He rubbed their dusky faces, and when no one looked he brushed their rough skin against his nose.

FUTILITY

MARY LOUISE PAUL

THIS is my love;
Futile as moths
Brushing their frail wings
Too close to the stars.

TWO SKETCHES

INCIDENT

CAROL REEVES

HE STOOD in the door—stolid against the yellowish light of the room behind. A heavy rattling of dishes, the spitting of water on a hot stove, the harsh voice of a woman, the whine of a slapped child—all these pushed past him into the black stillness beyond.

The noise ceased with a fading shuffle of feet. He stayed hunched, motionless, then slowly turned his head and peered into the quiet room. With an expanding, sucking in of breath he straightened his stooped body and leaning there, outspread hands gripping the door frame, stared into the night.

The moon, shooting over the sudden horizon, had poised itself on the tip of his tallest cedar—balancing, a silver balloon. From the gilded wire fence a row of hollyhocks nodded whitely—ruffled cups brimming with the night dew. And the clover-streaked fields swept toward him, hurrying with fireflies.

Suddenly he moved, bending his body as if to step down from the high stoop.

"Charlie!"—a woman's harsh voice, the heavy rattle of dishes.

He paused, one foot clumsily thrust in mid-air.

"Git in here an' quit yer star gazin'. The good Lord knows they's a plenty to be done. An' shet that door—a person gits nigh chilly these nights."

The man's hands slid from the frame, and he turned, shrunken, into the dull lamplight. The door creaked shut.

CRIMINAL

THE BOY sat very straight and still. He had felt quite important when the thin man called his name, and had even swaggered defiantly when he climbed up on the queer box and into the big chair. But now he was afraid. The fat man at the desk kept rubbing his nose and staring at him. Then he banged with a hammer he held and the boy jumped.

The thin man asked him a question, standing until he answered, peering at him through shiny glasses that wobbled on the very top of his nose. The boy held his breath for fear they would suddenly swoop from their narrow perch and sail into the air, rigid wings outspread.

But the question bothered him. He glanced toward his mother and saw that she was crying. He wrinkled his forehead, looked at his feet and said, "Yes sir." He couldn't tell these staring people about the time his father had shouted at his mother with his face all purple and ugly, and finally lurched out of the house and never came back. Or the days his mother had sewed and sewed until her fingers shook so she jabbed her hand with the needle and sat staring at the tiny red spot with brimming eyes. Or the nights he slept alone in the little room, wondering and wondering, yet never daring to question her when she came in haggard and big-eyed and sipped the watery coffee he had made her. And he would never tell of that awful day when one of his school mates had screamed things at him about her, and he had run home, fists red with drying blood, and pantingly demanded that she deny the accusation, only to have her turn away murmuring something about "money."

He clenched his hands at the mere remembrance and realized that the man was waiting for another "yes

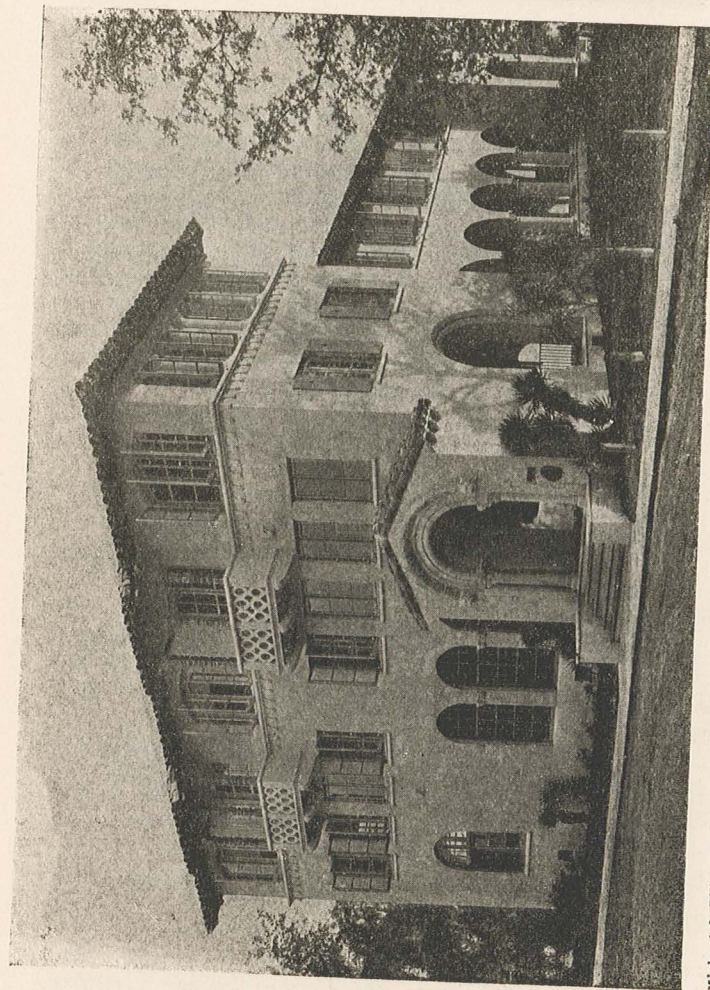
sir." He answered and was startled to see the poised glasses leap into the air and snap decisively on a tiny diminishing chain into a button-like thing on the man's coat. Their owner was waving his arms about and shouting something about its being a "deliberately criminal affair."

The boy wondered if he were a criminal. He guessed maybe he was a kind of bad person. He proudly recalled all the days he had planned; the three letters he had scrawled—to important people—ones with heaps of money of course; how he had tried to sound desperate and grown up. Well, he was desperate, and most grown up. And then, on the big night, he had kissed his mother, told her not to worry, and slipped out of the front door. He remembered his excitement over finding the envelope full of crisp bills under the stone in the church lot, and the funny tumble bug that had crawled under the flap and rolled itself up there. One of the bills had fluttered out and gone dancing over the dry grass with him scampering after it. He had just pounced on it when something gripped his shoulder and he was surrounded by sudden dark shapes. One of them flashed a light in his face and he caught a glint of silver on its chest.

But the thin man was shouting things about his mother now—horrid things—blaming her—calling her indecent—unfit—

He glanced strickenly toward her, saw her white-knuckled hands and tight shut eyes, the scrawny feather in her hat—and leaped sobbing, to his feet, kicking at the astonished grey legs of the thin man, striking blindly with knotted fists.

The judge leaned solemnly on his desk, made a long speech on wayward youth, and sentenced the boy to five years in the reformatory.



Rollins Hall, Boys' Dormitory

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BROKEN GLASS

BARBARA REED

JOHN was mad. Inside and outside and all the way through. And he didn't care who knew it. He lay on his stomach on the sofa, digging his fingernails into the cushions, and pretty soon tears began to come to his eyes and that made him madder still because he didn't want to cry. But he couldn't help himself. He heard footsteps and he knew it was mother or grandmother coming to see what was the matter. So he began to cry louder. The tears came in torrents now, and he was gasping and sobbing. But it wasn't mother or grandmother. It was his sister. He stopped crying at once when he saw her.

"Whaddya want," he growled in his most ferocious manner.

"John,—I'm sorry."

"Oh yeah? I bet. A lotta good it does to be sorry. You clumsy ox." John couldn't keep the tears back any more. He began to howl.

"John! Mrs. Woley will hear you!"

"What if she does! She's a pain in the neck anyway. 'N you too. Whaddya wanta go and bust my flowerpot for. And break off my cactus plant that it took me a whole year to grow like that. I worked n' took care of it a year, and now you—you—you—*busted* it. Right in two." He buried his face in the pillows shaking with anger and grief.

"John, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I declare I didn't. But it was right on the very edge of the railing and—it just fell off when I barely touched it."

"Well, why'd you touch it? You should have had more sense. You're always spoiling my things. And I was gonna give it to grandmother for her birthday.

She wanted a cactus for her birthday. I heard her say so."

"John, I'll get you another cactus, and another flower-pot, a prettier one, and you can give it to grandmother just the same, if you'll *only* stop crying."

John cried louder still.

"Please, John. You're acting like a baby."

"I'm *not* a baby!!" The tears weren't so copious now, but the sobs were louder and more heartrending.

"Johnny, *dear*"—

John turned on her suddenly. "Will you kiss my foot?" he demanded.

"Kiss—your—foot—!"

"KISS MY FOOT!"

"What for?"

"To show you're sorry."

"What do you think I am?"

"If you're as sorry as you say, you'll kiss my foot." He thrust it toward her. With tremendous dignity, his sister turned and left the room.

When she had gone, John rose silently and walked over to the table. There was a crystal vase, filled with tall pink roses. Silly boys, giving his sister roses. He knocked the vase experimentally. It tipped over and the water ran out over the lace cover, trickling to the floor. John went and sat down on the sofa with his back to the table. Pretty soon he heard a crash. Gosh. He hadn't expected the vase to roll off the table so soon. He suddenly felt like going away somewhere, so he went out to the garage and got his bicycle and started toward Roger's house. But he didn't much want to see Roger. So he just rode around and around the block. He sort of wished he hadn't tipped the vase over. The roses had lain, half on the table and half in the vase, with their petals coming off. And if somebody didn't give them some more water, they

would wither. Darn it all. His sister was nice to him sometimes. The time he had been sent to bed without any supper she had brought him chocolate cake and milk and sat with him in the darkness while he ate it. He turned his wheel with sudden decision.

He stopped at the front steps, jumped off and ran inside the house. The fragments of the vase were still on the floor. There was a terrible silence in the room. She was probably either awful mad or crying. "Hey! Sis!" His voice sounded crackly in the silence. "I'm going down to the village, sis, a—d'ye want me to bring you some ice-cream?"

"Sure." The answer came from the back of the house, filling the silence with a very nice sound. John's world became lighter. He heaved a great sigh of relief and stooped to pick up the pieces of broken glass.

RAPTURE

MARY LOUISE PAUL

I HAVE found such joy
 In little things:
 The fragile flight of fire-flies
 On star-brushed wings;
 Sun-dappled shadows on a path;
 A plaintive, lilting tune
 I heard this morning just at dawn,
 A bird note full of June;
 The crystal tears the fairies weep
 And offer us as dew;
 In knowing love and with it
 The mystery of you.

POETRY SECTION

PHYRNE SQUIER

HARVEST

MY GRAPES are garnered, all my vines are clean,
 And storehouse bins are piled with purple fruit.
 Now only tangled stem and buried root
 Tell us that growth has been.
 Down the long sweep of hill
 The tarnished grass breathes in the wind
 A quiet rise and fall. The sun is kind
 And shines not over-fiercely on the still
 Forsaken reach of vineyard, waiting, blind
 To everything but winter. It should know
 That when the comfort of soft-pressing snow
 Shelters its roots new shoots
 Will, toward another harvest, stir below.
 Yes, spring will come again to this bare hill
 Though now the sunlight holds prophetic chill.

MYSTERY

SPRING's evanescent beauty
 Soon will be over and done;
 Delicate petal and sensitive leaf
 Withered by summer sun.

I have no logic for solving
 A problem so strange as this:
 Spring may be killed by sunshine,
 Love may be killed by a kiss.

A TREE HAS MANY APRILS

A TREE has many Aprils,
Am I less
Than a stark tree?

A tree may lose its leaves
And stand all winter-worn and cheerless
Till, of a sudden, on some April day
One finds its greyness gone;
A warm green flame
Bursts from the larches,
Or a crimson mist
Will flush the maple's barrenness to bloom.

I knew life once, and loved it,
But grief came
And closed the door on gladness.

A tree has many Aprils.
Am I less
Than a stark tree?

QUATRAIN

HOPE in me is a bud of gold:
A daffodil piercing black Spring mold.
But Fate is the frosty March wind's frown
Waiting to cut the flower down.

SEQUENCE

I WOULD be as the north wind
Rushing across bleaching meadows;
With a song of snow,
Hissing among the grasses.

I would be as the scarlet cup
On the tip of a lichen;
Vivid amid the grey
And the green of the mosses.

I would be as a hemlock branch
On an evening of winter;
Green fingers spreading
Against a gold sky to the westward.

But when color is faded, day spent,
And silence about me,
I would fall
As that twisted leaf is now falling
Over the edge of the world
And be lost in the sunset.

GIRL IN THE COUNTRY

CHRISTY MACKAYE

IN SPITE of precautions and her knowledge of the farmhouse stairs, the boards creaked as Celia groped her way down. She bundled the faded wrapper about her young body and her woolen socks slipped down at the heels as she tip-toed. Her muscles were braced rigidly—weary of shivering—and she felt that the skin of her swollen face was drawn like an old woman's. The iron latch clicked as she opened the door into the kitchen and held it from slamming before the rush of cold air.

Last night's ashes in the stove were companionably desolate. Splinters of wood caught the fuzz of the wrapper as she laid the fire, and her arms were covered with black smirches of ashes and stove blacking. The fire smoked, exploded into flame when she took the lid off, and died down to a flicker. She built it up again, using excelsior and old match boxes for kindling, put the kettle on and then sat down, her hands on the silver edging of the range, falling half asleep, content in the smell of woodsmoke, the growing warmth and the thick sound of flame.

The first day of spring vacation from the village high school was a doubtful blessing. To be sure there would be none of the strain of trying to feel comfortable in the hubbub of recess and noon time, nor of finding a corner sufficiently secret to hide her aloneness from the others, except, of course, from the Johnson sisters, who lived way out across the river and often could not get into school because of the bad roads. But now home offered her nothing better. Escapes from the kitchen would be shorter, more unjustified, and not very complete, and there would be no one to see except her uncle.

Slowly the windows steamed up, closing out the snow. She grasped dreamily at some green, face-like image carried by her as though by a stream, felt for a moment the deep satisfaction of a heavy paralysis running from behind her eyes to the roof of her mouth, and settled into the comfort of unconsciousness. The kettle whined tentatively and then burst into sustained and impudent song. Celia woke grudgingly, started the coffee and went back upstairs to dress.

Breakfast was always rather trying. The rhythm of her uncle's goatee and the working of his forehead as he ate annoyed Celia to such a pitch that she had to make pretense of going to the stove behind him to gesture exasperatedly with her fists; and he, equally on edge because of her jumpings-up from the table, would focus his small, clear eyes with galling deliberation on a high shelf opposite and say in a voice, the restraint of which was surcharged with friction, "Wouldn't two or three journeys to the stove be sufficient, Celia?"

As she was washing the dishes he came in beaming, the cold authority of his face smoothed to a pleasant symmetry. "Celia, look here—a telegram from Dave. He's coming on the eleven-ten. Now isn't that good news for a vacation girl?" She shouted with joy and waved her hands, spattering him with soap suds, and he found a towel and began to wipe the dishes.

"We'll get these out of the way in a jiffy, then you can fix his room while I look 'round here and see to the mail. Think of that! Likes his father after all, Celia. I'll be curious to know what decided him so suddenly."

Meanwhile Dave was looking speculatively out of a pullman window at a revolving landscape. The college term had ended in a muddle. Stultified, he had

decided that he must get away, not visit Tony as he had promised, and so he had telegraphed his father and bolted for the train before he should have time to reconsider. This independence of his friends had seemed a magnificent gesture. Now in his ruminations it seemed little else.

Late on the afternoon of his arrival Dave took the upper road. Above it the hills lay like outspread wings swooping up from behind the world, ready to rise, dripping snow, and stroke the earth with shadow. Below him, the town lay in the lap of the valley, its dark elms pricked by a white steeple. He started off in a long scuffling run, the dust of the snow flung upward, his white breath streaming. He was like a living, noisesome thing desecrating the stillness of a world reflected in a mirror. When he stopped there was only the sound of the blood in his head. He was a huge pump, a gasping heart in the midst of softly curious fields. It grew dark. He turned toward home.

He walked into the lamp-lit room full of vibrant pity, knowing himself a kind of god because of his great health and the absorbed quiet of the night. His voice sounded like someone else's when he spoke to his father. He took the large chair by the fire.

He associated this room with summer evenings when the maple reflected the gloom of its heavy green light across his father's desk and the dark brown center table glinted coolly—the prim ticking of the clock. Then there would come the swish of the maple leaves. Night was coming upon them in storm. And in a moment he was out on the lawn—the grass fresh to his bare feet and damp, heavy air blowing about his head as he ran till he was pleasantly dizzy.

Now it was a different place, though none the less home. The copper flickering of firelight over the con-

tours of faces and the grooves of hands gave to people a significance of which they were themselves unconscious—a legendary character. The cold, like great eyes focused from without, surrounded tenderly and fiercely the sleepfulness of the room. The crackle of wood cooling in the death of fire, the small intimate voice from beyond humanity—that and the pervading breath of winter blowing its cold through the bloom of heat embedded the brain in languor.

He watched Celia moving about the room. She was lovely as are drab things that slowly grow upon you. Pale and slender with no very good idea of just what to do with her hands and feet. Light hair and a light grey dress—there were no contrasts about her, only the subtle shadings of a dry corn stalk against grey sky: a minor chord of colors so close as to make a stimulating dissonance. Beauty struggled through her awkward motion, glances of abject apology and quick, thin smile. Speaking to her, one had to remember the chaos of her thought and reckon with it as one would steer a boat through ice flows in spring, rewarded perhaps by a dazzle of compelling loveliness, perhaps by a mirage.

As she crossed the room, her narrow, fox-like face was silhouetted against the window, the skin sleek over the cheek bones, her eyes slitting back into long lines under the brows. She took a chair away from the fire. Her nose was unformed still and childlike, the lips pale and thin and exquisitely formed, her most perfect feature.

In the later evening the conversation eddied into a backwater of silence. Trying to dramatize and deepen the wonder of his own moods, from the confusion of college to this buried placidity, Dave found that he

lost more than he gained. A more passive contemplation yielded more. It was better to make less of a thing than too much of it. Then you had, so to speak, the boiled-down sap of an experience to bring nourishment to quiet moments. The other brought only thirst and discontent and restlessness. Here by the fire the air was laden with the presence of evening. There was a like heavy peace in himself, made astringent by a little longing that had no object. Such were the good days of the earth.

His father lit the candles on either side of the piano and played a wandering melody that thinned and was lost like wind and like wind grew into a demanding longing, fell and died again. Dave almost felt the surface of each note with his hand as when one watches the contours of rolling water or looks at foot-worn stone. He felt that at any moment his joy must burst into vision. Celia listened to this a little bewilderedly, but when her uncle changed to the ordered power of Bach, she took the music in as a tired body takes a long breath. Sound found its way into depths she had not known before. It stirred thoughts into their lawful places and passed on to give to her body the relaxing peace which it had brought to her mind.

She went up to bed, and after the sound of the closing door the two men endured the silence of readjusting friendship. At last the older spoke.

"How does Celia strike you? Think she seems happy?"

"Why—er, yes—isn't she? I have been so glad to be back myself that I've selfishly supposed that every one was enjoying themselves, but I suppose she may get lonely sometimes. Has she many friends around?"

"Well, no—not here—but at school, of course. She's a great comfort to me. I should hate to have a stranger

in the house; and then she helps me with my work—did a lot of filing for this last paper of mine."

The day before he was to leave Dave chopped wood all afternoon until his body ached luxuriously.

How lucky to stay here always. The strength that rose from the land, in his eyes almost a visible mist, instilled a sure warmth along the length of every muscle. He stretched his arm upward and cool air rippled over it—a stream that whispered between distance and distance. He turned and saw Celia running towards him from the barn, her blue dress as faded a color as though it had been left under the snow all winter. The snow had melted away from the worn stones of the yard now and they glittered before her in the convalescent sunlight.

"Hello, Celia," he called gladly. "Oh, you're lucky." He was smiling down at her now. She stopped short and looked at him in blank amazement. He saw that her hands were clasped together. They were red and chapped, even bleeding across the knuckles and he cupped them in his for warmth. "Lucky or not—don't you know enough to wear gloves?" Looking for an answer he saw that his sudden sympathy had filled her eyes with tears, and a little appalled he dropped the hands and with a forced, "See you at supper," turned and started down the road.

No word could have hit so devastatingly the root of her aroused self pity. "Supper" was to him a time of fire and candle light. Well, it was that to her too, but first it meant the long ache of preparation.

Next morning Dave was off. He whistled as he strapped his valise onto the back of the car. The sky was dazzling blue—endless with no cloud. Snow scrunched as he moved. It was good to feel strong and stocky—firm against weather, to feel that your

legs were stubborn and your feet sure and impudent. It was too bad to leave in a way, but it was time for change—a new adventure, to turn the kaleidoscope.

His joy made Celia wince. She stood very still, shivering. At last he swung round on his heels, gave both her hands a hearty shake and kissed her laughingly, "Goodbye, Celia," and then to his father, "Goodbye," with a handclasp and glance direct and full of admiration. The car coughed on the hill of the drive, recovered and thundered on to the main road. At last it sounded only in their imaginations. They went into the house closing the door. "John will bring the car back about six. Can you have supper for us then, Celia? I must work until then." He patted her on the head and went up to his study.

She carried in some wood, though Dave had filled all the boxes before he left. She started dusting and found herself sighing laboriously—even aloud—(this was a groan, she supposed) to ease the veritable pain in the pit of her stomach. Time passed, she noticed by the clock. It became more and more necessary that she speak to other human beings or at least see them—yet she dared not disturb her uncle. As the sun slanted lower, she grew exhausted. She felt that she no longer had the strength to be so hurt. She went upstairs and lay down, deciding that she was no longer lonely or even unhappy. All that she asked was cessation of this gnawing pain. She never wanted more than that—peace, if only for a few moments—who could ever want more?

But she could not relax. Loneliness swooped down upon her again and took possession. Whimpering, she found her coat and hat, and the comfort of their familiarity unlocked a burst of uncontrollable and welcome tears.

Ten minutes of cold water interspersed with recurring outbreaks of crying and she judged her face might not appear to be red from anything more than a walk in the cold. She bundled herself and ran down the hill to the Moselys.

Through the glinting pane in the door she saw Mrs. Mosely, florid and shrewd, reading a magazine at the kitchen table. At the other side sat her husband perusing a seed catalogue. The two children tiptoed about, nudging and giggling. Their fair hair drooped over their pale open-mouthed faces as they peeled potatoes at the sink.

Celia knocked and walked in, received a kindly unruffled greeting and sat down. Her basket explained her visit. Mrs. Mosely reprimanded the children for their shrill laughter, and they all, by ignoring Celia, accepted her. Finally, Mr. Mosely looked up at her and said in a kindly drawl, "Well, how are things up your way?" and a slow sort of conversation was established. His wife pounced upon it and appropriated it. She had a pushing, self assured voice, which combined with her righteous gossip, made Celia feel that she should in all decency apologize for what she was or for even living at all. Still this was a human voice and neutralized her loneliness. She hunched herself into her rocker and listened. The children filled her basket with eggs. She watched them cut up the carrots.

Night pressed in upon the windows. In five minutes more she must leave in order to have supper ready in time. The minutes accumulated like a wave that broke relentlessly on the half hour. Her legs took her out of the door but so utterly against her inclinations that it seemed incredible they did so. A few steps from the companionableness of the Mosely's house, and the lesser warmth of home drew her like a cat to the fire. The effort of walking up the steep slope and the fresh-

ness of cold kindled a bodily warmth that partially soothed her inflamed sense of loneliness. The panic of her unfocused thought grew slowly into the peace of the snowy countryside.

A choked feeling of protest rushed into her mind, augmenting fiercely like the sound of a train approaching and sweeping by a station in terrific speed. It took shape as Mrs. Mosely's twanging voice making veiled and disparaging hints as to her uncle's practicality. These stupid cruelties became a maiming heaviness and awakened a hate which she could not sustain from inability to maintain anything but a grim hold, steadying her desolateness.

At the top of the hill she sat down in the snow. The chalk-white woods poised along the hill and the sky, low and grey, held the wrapt contemplation of eyes closed in sleep.

At length new emotions shaped, tempered, and modeled by a repentant and striving stillness.

Time passed—those five minutes had inevitably paced away—so would the winter and bring change as her own motion had brought change, though she had not had strength to really will it so. It had rather happened as one watches an event occur to someone else. And then there was in all the miles of frozen land before her a separateness which infinitely surpassed her own, yet its gentleness had filled (even to the point of overflowing to herself) the gulfs of this very cleavage.

Loneliness must be faced—more than faced—plunged into as into a cave of whirling waters and blinding winds, and there was somehow within all this a goal which she could hardly understand except that she must grasp it blindly, unyieldingly, as a drowning person fastens upon the will to live.

CONTRAST

ANN BISCOE

BETTY QUICKLY picked up her raincoat from the floor and laid it over the back of the chair. She looked at Nancy, standing in the middle of the room. "I splashed through ten puddles just along this one street," she told her.

"Did you?" Nancy sat down on the couch with her feet placed neatly together. "Don't you want to sit down?" she asked timidly. Betty dropped on the floor. Probably Nancy had never even thought of walking through a puddle. She couldn't anyway, with stockings like those and a face so pale against that red sweater. Nancy went over to the mantelpiece and reached for some playing cards, then turned towards Betty. "What would you like to play? Mother went out but she left us these."

Nancy's legs looked like two thin sticks. She handed the cards to Betty who threw them on the floor.

"I'll get the table," Nancy said. Trying to pull the table from behind the door, she got red in the face. Her arms were too thin anyway. Betty stood up. "We don't want the table. Come on. I always play on the floor." She sprawled down again. How silly of Nancy to stand with her mouth half open and her sandy-colored hair pulling across one eye. She ought to pull her sweater down, too.

Betty flicked out the cards and tossed them over the rug while Nancy walked over slowly and knelt opposite.

Betty bent over. "Oh look, this card just fits over the square of the rug. I know," she threw some of the cards at Nancy. "I'll cover the red squares and you cover the black ones and we'll see who beats." Betty grabbed the cards. "Gosh, I'm going fast; I'm

just about—now I'm all done." She leaned back against the couch. Nancy was sitting on her knees with a few cards lying loosely in her hands. "Hey what's the matter? Why didn't you get any further?"

"I didn't know how to play." Betty stared at her. She couldn't ride a bicycle either. Betty jumped up and stood looking down at Nancy who was plucking at the red fuzz in the rug. Her fingers were skinny, too.

Betty looked about the room. "I know," she ran towards a picture on the wall. "I know what we'll do. We'll take the cards and cover up this man and all his whiskers." She giggled and ran toward the other side of the room. "And here's another picture of the same man." She stood with her arms stretched against the wall and her head tipped back. "We'll cover his face up, too." She ran to the desk. "Here he is again, how funny." She laughed, pushing her hair back from her forehead. "Who is he anyway?"

"He was my mother's father. He used to be a congressman. Mother likes to have lots of pictures of him." Nancy pointed. "That was his chair and that was his desk. Mother can tell lots of stories about him."

Betty squirmed. Last time she had been here, she had sat on the sofa with her arms and legs itching while Nancy's mother was telling stories about the congressman. When Nancy sat on the floor her back was always too straight. Betty hopped over and fell down beside her. "I bet you couldn't hop that far," she gasped, lying on her back. She jumped up and gathered the cards in her fist. "Come on. We'll cover every picture in the room."

Nancy smiled and started picking up the cards one by one. Betty ran to a corner and pointed to the one opposite. "Be over there and start around that way."

"All right." Nancy ran over.

"And don't forget that lady with the puffy face."

"That's his wife," Nancy giggled. She was standing on her tip-toes. "Tell me when you're ready," she said excitedly.

Betty jumped on the floor. "That means we're ready—I'm starting." She ran to the first picture and slipped a card in the frame. She had never heard Nancy laugh so loud before. There, she had covered that congressman except for his nose. Oh, darn it, she hadn't meant to drop that. She could hear Nancy hopping about.

"I'm beating you, Betty. I'm going to beat." Nancy was laughing and squealing. Betty ran to the next picture. A cow was eating grass inside the black frame. There, she covered that one in two seconds.

"There's only one more, and I'll get there first!" Nancy ended in a squeak. Betty bumped against a chair as she ran over. "No, I'll get there first," she shouted. They grabbed the picture.

"I got here."

"I'm here too."

The picture slipped from them. What a crash! Betty leaped back and caught her breath. The glass was scattered into little bits over the rug.

"Golly, we must have pulled hard," Betty laughed. "Golly, I thought—" but her voice faded and she sat down on the couch. Nancy was standing on her tip-toes looking down at the picture, holding her hand against her mouth.

Betty leaned forward. "What's the matter?"

Nancy jumped and looked at Betty. Her eyes had grown big and little wrinkles were creeping across her forehead. "What will I do?" she whispered.

"Oh gosh." Betty bounced on the couch and then

ran to kneel on the floor. "Pick it up, I suppose." She looked up at Nancy and asked more softly, "Why, was it bad to break this?"

Nancy nodded. "I think so."

Betty drew her knees under her chin and pinched her forehead into a little scowl. "You've got lots of other pictures of him," she suggested doubtfully. "We'll sit down, anyway," she added. Nancy looked toward the clock before sitting on the edge of the huge arm-chair. Betty sat on the couch. "Will your mother be coming home soon?" Oh dear, if Nancy's mother should come. Betty jerked her head toward Nancy. Of course, now she understood. Nancy's mother had been out. That was what had made Nancy so gay today. And Nancy had a funny laugh. And it was Nancy's mother who never let her splash in puddles. Nancy's mother was too fat. She always wore black and brown dresses and she talked all the time. Betty rested her head on her arms and stared at Nancy. Nancy's mouth was twitching. Oh dear, poor Nancy; Betty sat up. She could go over and hug Nancy. She slid to the edge of the couch but hesitated, her feet supporting her against the floor. She stood up, pulling at a dirty piece of string in her hand. "Oh dear," she started slowly looking at the string. "I guess it's time I'd better be going home." She drew her fingernail along the string. "It's getting kind of late anyway." Then she added a little more brightly, "I'll get my raincoat."

The sleeves felt damp as she walked slowly towards Nancy, fastening the buttons. "Goodbye—I had an awfully good time."

They pulled open the heavy door. Betty stepped on the shining boards of the porch and stretched out her hand. "It's stopped raining," she said half smiling. "There may not be so many puddles, now."

Nancy's face was a little white oval just before she closed the door. Betty still pulled the piece of string as she dragged her feet across the wet grass of the lawn. Her raincoat was just long enough to tickle her ankles. Oh dear—she stood still. She shouldn't have left. Nancy would be sitting on the edge of that chair, staring. She had big eyes. Betty turned around. Standing still, she growled "Darn it." She yanked at the string. Nancy's mother shouldn't always be talking about that man. Betty tossed back her head. Nancy's hair had probably fallen in her eyes again. Anyway, the front door was too heavy to push open.

"Darn it," Betty shouted. She jumped and began running up the wet muddy street, swinging her arms high above her head.

SONNET

ANN BISCOE

FOR TIMELESS dawns tenderly the sun
Has dropped its colors shimmering to glow
Upon the grass, or like a gauzy shawl
Has laid them on the softness of the snow.
Still every morning capably we rise
And twist ourselves to scrape along the ground
Pursuing scraps of quarrels with greedy eyes
To fling at one another hurtfully.
When we will think instead to watch until
Each blade of grass has turned away from light
Or steely shadows stretch along the snow
To meet the easing darkness of the night
Then we in breathless peace will have begun
To live within the pattern of the sun.

PIPE DREAMS

"Great Scot—" said Jack as with feet on table
 He surveyed the lack of material able
 To make up the dummy of this FLAMINGO
 "Great Scot!" he said—or was it "by jingo?"
 (At any rate he observed moderation
 As an editor must for publication!)
 And then with a sigh he observed "Oh dear—
 If only 'twere Christmas with Santa Claus here
 I'd order some stories, an essay or two,
 And a *few* less small children—now wouldn't you?"
 But the business head with her eye on the clock
 Got out the paste and the pipe dream stopped.

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