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# FLAMINGO

ROLLINS COLLEGE

1934



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## THE FLAMINGO

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# THE FLAMINGO

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YOURS RECEIVED

MARLEN ELDREDGE

THE SHEEN of sunlight on red grass,  
Blue mistiness of far off trees,  
A butterfly's shadow  
Passing over tall green reeds  
At the water's edge . . .  
Etch themselves in beauty on my heart. . .  
Yesterday I hated them,  
Because there was no word  
From you.

# THE FLAMINGO

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FOOTNOTES

DICK LEE

AMY was playing Debussy's "Clair de Lune", going over each part, reading the notes written by Leckborg in the margin, and listening carefully to her playing to see if she had created the desired effect. When Leckborg had written the notes he had said, "This is merely the way I feel it. You must feel it otherwise." But Amy didn't feel it at all, so she followed his notes carefully, and lamented their briefness.

"The first part seems cool to me," he had said, "The moonlight is young and cool." He had written—Cool—alongside of the simple beginning, and Amy worked hard to make it that way. She remembered his saying that it might have all the warmth of a warm moon's rising, but that he just didn't feel it that way, and he had written it—Cool—, and cool it must be.

She went over the whole piece at last, thinking that when she had heard Percy Grainger play it, he had rolled chords that had been written differently, and she shuddered. Debussy, she thought,—knew enough to write as he wished, and then, to take liberties with a dead masters work was criminal, but it did have a striking effect, even with the liberties,—still, she would play it correctly.—Her fingers hit each note in perfect harmony. They were like faultless machinery,—always the same, always the way Leckborg played it, yet somehow different.



When she finished, she felt suddenly tired. Her fingers were sore, and her back stiff. As she started again to play the coolness into the opening bars, her aunt entered the room, and she stopped.

"Aren't you tired, dear?" her aunt asked, leaning over her, "The concert's still a month off, and you've had at least four hours today. Why don't you take a walk? It's lovely out." And so Amy took a walk.

She went along the dirt road that she and her aunt had traveled so often. They had taken the same path only the day before, and Aunt Mary had spoken of the leaves, and their bright colors, and of the blue of the sky, and of a thousand other things along the way, and Amy had seen them. They had gone over to the island and looked out on the blue waves that sparkled in the late fall sun.

But today the sky was grey. It made the leaves seem even brighter, and turned the grass that had been brown in sunlight to a deep violet, almost purple. The ground was hard under her feet, and the dry leaves rustled as she walked. It was as though the voice of the autumn were following her. It was in the black branches overhead that strained faintly in the clean wind, and in the wind itself. It spoke in every twig that cracked under her feet. A leaf spun in the breeze, threw out its brilliance for a moment, and then fell at her feet. She stepped on it.

At last she came to the wooden bridge that led across the marsh to the island. Crossing it carefully she avoided the dark boards. "They are rotten." Aunt Mary had said. On the other side there were two roads. One led along the shore where the trees were low, and the other went up the hill to lose itself in curves and shrubbery. Amy chose the water's edge, and followed it until she came to the other side of the island. The wind was strong there. It blew through

her, clean and cold, and made the trees behind her moan. She stopped, and looked out over the water.—How different it was! It was like slate, ruffled by the wind, and grayer than the blue sky. She was tired from the walk, and lay down on the cold stone, drawing her coat around her closely. Her head fell back, and she looked up in to the limitless grey above.

High over her two seagulls wheeled, moving in slow spirals that fascinated her. They twisted and dropped, then leveled off soaring for long distances, only to rise again, and spin down. First climbing into the wind, they would then turn, and flow with it. Sometimes they almost drifted out of sight, only to return closer than before.—The waves slapped the foot of the rocks, making a steady roar that filled her ears and the whole world around her, and threw thin spray into the wind that chilled her face.—She tried to think of Leckborg and of Debussy, of the footnotes on her music, but it was no use. One thought beat through her head as steadily as the lazy movements of the gulls. . . . If I stay here long enough, I shall never be able to leave. I shall become a part of all this, as much as the stones are, or the wind. . . . If I stay I . . . If I stay . . . IF . . . She suddenly became afraid. The place was lonely. She was alone. She shivered, drew her coat tighter, and tried to rise. But the wind and the waves grew stronger, the gulls dropped low, and circled her head. . . . At last, with a supreme effort, she dragged herself to her feet, and ran blindly up the nearest road.

The water was well behind her before she realized that it was the wrong road, that it led over the hill, that she had never been over it before, and she stopped . . . But to return, meant going back to the stone, and the wind. . . . She stood still a moment, then walked fast up the hill, followed each curve carefully, and looked behind her often. The trees were strange, and



their boughs rattled as the wind beat them together. The high weeds on either side of the road waved in silence.

Once the bridge was reached she breathed a sigh, and then, cast a long glance upwards for a last sight of the gulls, but they were gone. Wonderingly, she turned home, trying to concentrate on the fingering of "Feu d'Artifice".

When the front door was safely shut, and the cry of the wind stilled, she rushed to the piano. . . .Cool . . . Leckborg's handwriting was the same as before. She began to play. Her fingers struck the keys with the same precision as before, and she peddled cool, trying to make her hands have a cool touch. They did, but there was something there that she had not noticed before. It was not —cool—, but cold, and she knew that she could never play it as she should.

### DISQUIETED

**D**ISQUIETED—now that our day is done;  
Our lips new parted and our short song sung.  
I sit and wonder that so brief a moon,  
So quickly risen and that set so soon,  
Should leave so sharp a pain within my heart.

B. T.

### THE PIRATE

JOHN BILLS

**T**HIS pirate's life is sure hell," grumbled the great Gasparilla, as he wrinkled his great shaggy brows over his latest parchment. "But if I'm going to be famous, I must work fast; the end of my career draws nigh".

Thereupon he quaffed another half pint of rum at one gulp, spat out a tooth and threw a dirk at his secretary. The secretary picked up the tooth and handed it back to the pirate who stuck it on the peg in his jaw.

"But why so many maps, oh great freebooter?" queried the secretary. "There's the one for the Devils Creek and . . ."

"Silence, scrivener!" commanded Gasparilla. "I will have more maps than Captain Kidd, if I ruin the sight of my lone eye."

The walls of the pirate's den were covered with a choice collection of nick-nacks and what-nots from all corners of the globe. There were Oriental shawls which had been worn by fair daughters of Spain, that had been spotted with their warm blood—now dried and blackened. There were rings and bracelets set with rare stones that had once adorned the shapely fingers and arms of brown daughters of Mexico—and they had not been separated from the fingers and arms of the owners. Especially prominent was an array of swords, each appropriately marked. These were the instruments with which Gasparilla had beheaded his more famous captives. Like United States Presidents of the modern day, Gasparilla always used a new instrument in affixing his approval to each new decree. But, keenly as he realized the value of these swords to future



collectors and museums, he never was guilty of using more than one implement in signing the same death warrant.

The whale oil lamp was of hammered gold but its flicker bothered Gasparilla's one eye.

"Fetch me a candle, you imp of Satan," he ordered the faithful secretary. "Bring one that was blessed by the Bishop of Tampico; this map shows where the cathedral's altar jewels are hidden—hold light for a holy task."

"Curses on that prolific Kidd", he muttered to himself, while his secretary was absent. "My hot tip is that he left over four hundred original and separate maps and all on parchment. Why, every creek along the Florida East Coast will be dredged in search of his loot and scores of islands through the Carribean will bear his name. It's an outrage."

The secretary entered with a lighted candle, followed by the pirate's second mate. A big draft of wind sneaked in the open door, scattered the maps and blew out candle and whale oil illuminations.

"Hell's bells!" cursed Gasparilla. "May the devil boil your feet in oil. If these maps are damaged, you both walk the plank."

Thereupon, he threw the ink bottle at the place where his secretary had last appeared. The secretary had changed his status quo. The bottle flew into fragments and the ink bespotted a great pile of parchments. Another lighted candle slunk through the drafty door.

"Hells bells!"—this time with a shout, "the parchments are ruined."

And the wicked pirate again spat out his tooth and the dirk pinned the secretary's sleeve to the wall.

The second mate was a diplomat, as well as a Lothario, his walrus mustaches were always waxed to a point.

"Oh, most supreme essence of courage", he purred, "this most unfortunate occurrence may be of good consequences. Behold the parchments now have an appearance of age. If our most valorous captain will but have them trod upon, blackened and crumpled, each will be approved as an original by the most hypercritical experts of the next century."

Gasparilla's ire subsided. The mate extracted the dirk from the oak and freed the secretary. The secretary picked up the tooth and handed it to the great pirate. Gasparilla stuck the tooth on its proper peg. The secretary gathered up the maps; the mate completed the blotting of the parchments. The great pirate quaffed another half pint of raw rum.

It was approaching midnight and the pirate's den was a scene of feverish activity. Seven expert scribes were frantically drawing lines, skulls and trees on torn pieces of parchment and then writing in numbers and signs to indicate distances and directions.

"Map of Satan's Hole is done", murmured a beardless youth, wiping his ink stained fingers on his doublet.

"Say, mate, just where is Satan's Hole?" he whispered.

"That's exactly what 327 treasure seekers will be asking for the next three hundred years," replied he of the waxed mustachios.

Gasparilla grabbed a quill and affixed his mark in the lower right hand corner. He would certainly leave his mark in the world; in truth several hundred marks. That's where he was putting one over on old Captain Kidd. The Kidd maps were not autographed. No question as to the genuineness of Gasparilla's fumbly cross.

"Map of Dead Man's Point is finished", gloated another of the faithful secretary's assistants. Then he



turned to the mate. "How many suckers will be looking for that treasure? Must be two million in it."

"Just about that many", the mate replied.

A bewhiskered, bedraggled and besmeared son-of-a-sea-cook came rushing. He was winded—although without the wind raged. One bare foot had lost its big toe.

"The damned soldiers are coming!" he shouted. "They will arrive at 7:35 A. M. tomorrow. It is rumored among the men that they will hang you by the neck, oh quintessence of chivalry."

Of course the last, rather startling statement was made to no less a personage than Gasparilla.

"More speed, you pup of mongrels; accelerate your labors," growled the pirate chief, punctuating his order by a deft hurl of the dirk at the mild eyed secretary.

The rapier point imbedded itself in the secretary's wooden leg and split it. After vociferous pulling and grunting it was finally extracted. The secretary handed it back to Gasparilla and started to search for the tooth.

But the great pirate had forgotten to spit it out. In fact he had forgotten to take the customary half pint. The kindly secretary knew that something momentous was about to happen.

"You cheater", bellowed Gasparilla while the candle flickered. He was pointing the stub of a forefinger at one of the young assistants.

The scratch of quills on parchment stopped. A roar of thunder shook the very ground and the swords on the wall rattled. The most valiant pirate was right; the young scrivener was cheating.

He was blotting one parchment on another. And Gasparilla had perceived that they would not both be originals.

So the first mimeograph was discovered. But the young inventor did not wait to perfect or patent his invention. He jumped for the door and disappeared in the storm.

"Por Dios", growled Gasparilla, "May he be soured by the rain and stricken by lightning and double pneumonia."

It was nearing sunrise and the great work was about completed. Four hundred and seventy-seven parchment maps had been prepared, marked with the fumbly cross and sealed in old rum bottles.

(By way of explanation the writer, who herein pushes back the curtain of history for these few hours of the life of Gasparilla, wishes to remark that it took Capt. Kidd's rival exactly twenty-three and seventeen twentieths days to empty these bottles of their original contents. If the reader will kindly figure it out for himself—Gaspary drank twenty bottles a day—he will find that the writer's statement is correct. Further proof of the entire story would be superfluous).

At 7:35 A. M. the soldiers appeared at the entrance to the den. The storm had passed; the balmy breezes and glorious sunshine of July melded with the songs of the birds. The last of the sealed bottles had been dispatched to places near and far, North and South and East and West, to appear again at opportune times during the ensuing centuries. Treasure trovers would pick the sand from under the entwined roots of trees, explore river bottoms and neglect their jobs day dreaming about how they would spend the Gasparilla millions.

Gasparilla's fame was assured. Failure would not dampen the ardor of his followers—and they would be legion.

But to return to our exciting story. A deferential captain saluted and spoke.



"Is the great Gasparilla ready for the hanging?"

"Sure, you boob", grumbled Gasparilla, "the dummy has been prepared these many days. Hang it high where all the suckers can see me 'paying with my life' for my villanies."

The soldiers gathered up the dummy. The captain saluted. As they left, Gasparilla pursed his lips and the caddy-secretary turned his eyes floorward. Just then Gasparilla's annual hay fever hit him and the great pirate . . .

Swallowed his tooth.

---

### THEY SAY

DOROTHY PARMLEY

A TREE can never make a noise  
If no one near can hear it fall,  
Thus, does it mean, since no one knows,  
I do not love you, dear, at all?

### THE RATIONALE OF POE

BETTY CHILDS

EDGAR ALLEN POE was essentially a critic; not a critic in the sense commonly spoken of, one who tears down, but a creative critic. Specifically, Poe was a conscious critical artist. He worked from a precept. His stories are cleverly and painstakingly wrought problems; and his poems are consistently expressions, to the best of his ability as a poet, of his Poetic Principle. He was dogged in his desire to write within the limits of the ideas for writing set out by his own brain. His soul and his heart, at least in his writings, were handmaidens to his intellect. This is one of the reasons, and perhaps the most fundamental, why Poe wrote on such a narrow range. The intellect, especially the critical intellect of any one man, is narrow. It is a thin piercing light that in reaching to the bottom fails to perceive the widening infinity on both sides.

Poe, in his critical essay on "The American Drama" builds the whole theory of why the drama in America has stagnated on the fact that instead of applying reasons to emotion and creating something new, the dramatists have been aping the old established drama and doing it very badly. Architecture, one of the allied arts, he holds has advanced in direct ratio as imitation has been abandoned. He ends by saying and reiterating "where reason predominated we advance; where mere feeling or taste was the guide, we remained as we were." Reason then is the heart of the skeleton on which Poe consciously tried to build his work.

Poe has given us an astounding look into his con-  
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scious method of writing in "The Philosophy of Composition." In it he describes in detail the conscious mental process he went through in creating "The Raven"; apparently a purely cold-blooded affair. Where is Shakespeare's "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling?" Here is a new light on composition; a jolting one. A true light in its content, but like all human light only one ray; one single part. Anyone who is under the illusion the "The Philosophy of Composition" contains all there was to the writing of "The Raven" is contenting himself with calling the part the whole. Just let him sit down with the data contained in that essay and try to create another "Raven". The obvious answer is "well—I'm not Poe" and that in itself is key to the incompleteness of "The Philosophy"; only a shade of Poe, writing, is there. But certainly no one is still living under that other fantastic illusion current in the popular conception of the Romantic Movement, that the poet rolled his eye to heaven wildly and from the blue came "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark." Shakespeare, the dramatist and producer, would turn over in his grave at that one. If there ever lived a practical man it was Shakespeare. Were he living now I have a feeling he would make use of all the latest mechanical devices of the stage and be a Broadway success. And he would be just as great a creative genius as he was in his own day. The necessity is to see the relativity between these two apparently contradictory interputations of creation. Each is true only as the other is added to it. Poe could never have written "The Raven" had he not had the genius to make ten out of what was apparently two and two.

Poe's stories hold the reader in an almost hypnotic state. In "The Fall of the House of Usher," Poe begins by throwing up a superstructure of intense mood

removed far from the ordinary world, which clouds over the critical perception of his readers and leaves them easily enmeshed in his cleverly spun web. He spins his web backwards so that everything depends from the final climax. He works constantly on a theory of reciprocity so that events occur in apparently natural relation to each other. He knows human nature and plays upon the reactions common to all men as a violinist draws cords from his violin. He seldom makes his points obviously; he suggests; he creates a mood; he spreads a rumor where the bold fact would be recognized as an obvious impossibility. And by it all he gets away with murder. Once break his carefully woven spell by stopping and picking a particular incident apart, and his tales are full of holes. He was always, in one way or another, writing "Balloon Hoaxes." The "Murders in the Rue Morgue" is far from a perfect case; but it carries the illusion of being a perfect case.

Having come to the above conclusions concerning the manner in which Poe's tales were written—my skepticism reached further. In "The Fall of the House of Usher" there is a whole paragraph consisting of the recital of a list of obscure works on metaphysics, a forgotten religious cult, African Satyrs and like fantastic titles, which does much to create substance for a shadow. Here, I thought, we will find if the man is only playing or if there are such books. As far as I can trace, there are. I had the librarian look them up. Some of them are in the library; some of them are by known authors; some of them I could get no trace of as they are classical works in Latin. But Poe was a Latin student. They were all little read works of a hell-fire variety and Poe must have spent a good bit of time finding them and reading them, for he refers to them correctly as to content. In that list there is



real biographical data. It is practically certain Poe did not come to a spot in his story where he thought—"now a list of books with suggestive titles would be good here" and then went and looked them up; those books were already part of his acquired background and fitted into the picture he was drawing. He was interested personally in that sort of reading matter. He did not write his stories on abnormal and weird subjects simply because that type of story appeals to people. First, he was himself interested in the grotesque. Again, I began to doubt Poe's vocabulary. I struck an unfamiliar medical term in the descriptions of the Lady Madeline in the "Fall of the House of Usher"—"Catalepsis." It sounded like something that I ought to know, but was it a pseudo-medical term? It was not. Defined it was "a sudden suspension of sensation and volition, attended with a peculiar muscular rigidity; associated with hysteria, hypnosis and epilepsy;" the perfect word to describe the Lady Madeline's disease. Another light on Poe's background. Another light on Poe. But not an indication that Poe suffered from catalepsis.

Nevertheless, with all that can be said by, for or about Poe there is no word that can make him a great universal poet or a great story teller. His people are shadows; not characters. He writes of a land in which we are not and which does not call forth an answer from ourselves. He fascinates for a time; he hypnotizes but he cannot hold his readers for long. He has written too truly according to his own mental principles. He drew his definitions and stayed within them; or perhaps his definitions drew him and beyond them he could not go. Whichever way it is, or part of both, Poe held himself in check with his mind and like Swift

wished to conceive everything in his mind. Poe taunted his own nature in the lines—

"My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,  
As it is last, so be deep;  
Soft may the worms about her creep!  
Far in the forest dim and old."

from "The Sleeper." "Soft may the worms about her creep!" What man can stand that sort of poison in his brain for long? And what man can stand that grim tragedy "The Conqueror Worm" without relief? And countless other ghastly allusions. Man pays for harboring such unnatural and unrelieved thoughts; Poe was no exception.

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## ROMANCE

BRUNA BERGONZI

THE LITTLE GIRL trudged on, heavy book clasped tightly in her arms. To passers-by she was merely a little girl with a book, probably on her way to the public library which was not far away. She was really a great dame of France, on her way to the Queen. They did not know that, for her, the three Musketeers and d'Artagnan would gladly lay down their lives. Not that she would ever ask them to. She loved them far too dearly to ask such a sacrifice.

With grave dignity she approached the water hydrant and dropped it a deep curtsy. She did not rise until the Queen said: "Rise, Esmeralda, do you wish to speak with us, my dear?"

"Aye, dear Queen, this would I like to say. Lord Henri pursues me with unwelcome attentions. He



tries to hold my hand, but I will not have it! Aye, he would go so far as to kiss me—but an he does, I shall call upon d'Artagnan and his three Musketeers to vindicate me. I swear by all that is holy that my lips are to be kept pure for my future husband." She again made a deep curtsy to the water hydrant, and walked on, kicking dead leaves into the gutter.

She would not be like the other ladies of the French Court. She must remain pure and noble—so that she could say to him, when he came: "See, I have led a blameless existence. I am spotless as yon lily."

Happily she hugged the book to her. She must be sure to get the sequel. It was so exciting! To think, that only a few days before she had not even known that a French Court existed, and now she was one of the great dames. She did not, however, entirely approve of the way the court ladies behaved. They had too many intrigues. That was what had caused her to take such a firm stand before the Queen.

She did not notice a boy, somewhat older than herself, who had been following her. He had been miserably wondering what girl to kiss. He didn't want to kiss any girl, but he had to go through with his initiation. He wanted to join that club! Here was his chance—a girl and no one else in sight. No one to see him and make fun of him. Clumsily he caught her by the shoulders, turned her face to his and kissed her with a resounding smack.

Her face turned white with anger and agony. Her lips had been defiled! What could she do! The beast was running away! He'd better be scared! With beautiful precision she let fly the Three Musketeers. They landed on his neck and downed him.

"I guess that'll show you! My goodness, don't you know that you shouldn't kiss girls? Guess you're sorry now!"

Jabbering, she approached the prone figure. It didn't move! My goodness, she'd killed him! She'd have to go to the electric chair. All right, but she'd do it right. She'd go sit down on the ground and put his head in her lap. When a policeman came along she'd say: "Yes, I did it. Take me away."

Slowly she went towards the boy. He came to with a start and met her solicitous gaze. "Jesus Christ," he said as he scrambled up and hurried weakly away.

Silently she watched him go. Then she stooped and picked up the Three Musketeers and hugged them. She had been insulted, but they had avenged her.

She pushed upon the library door, and noted with relief that no one was ahead of her. Quickly she checked the book in. The librarian merely placed the Three Musketeers on the shelf with the other books. But the little girl did not notice. "Have you Twenty Years Later?" she asked breathlessly.





## ROADHOUSE BLUES

MARIAN TEMPLETON

O H GEE," sighed Sadie in silent disgust, "isn't there anything else in life for me but jazz and traveling salesmen?"

"C'mon, Babe, let's trot this one!" said Mike, pulling her from off the cane-bottomed chair and leading her toward the open square in the middle of the smoke-hung, dimly lighted roadhouse. En route they knocked their hips against tables cluttered with soiled dishes, sprawling beer bottles, and half-eaten bits of food. Plates, saucers and damp wrinkled tablecloths were specked with cigarette ashes and pretzel crumbs. Couples lounged around the tables, frankly bored, affectedly indifferent and aloof, or raucous in raising whoopee with the aid of spiked beer. They dodged waiters darting in and out of booths bordering the room—curtained-off compartments for tete-a-tetes between married men and resort hotel waitresses. The white collars of the waiters' shirts were rumpled from perspiration as their aprons were damp from the slop of foaming beer mugs.

Mike cranked Sadie's right arm to his shoulder as she mechanically put her left arm, sparkling with its bargain diamond-bracelets, around his neck. Her carmined thumb alternately tucked around Mike's pale lavender shirt collar or brushed the fuzz on the back of his neck in time with the music. The tune was an old fox-trot, and she and Mike jerked up and down in accord with its chopped rhythm.

"Come on, Babe," insisted Mike, "get some pep in ya. Think I want to drag a corpse around the floor?"

Sadie closed her eyes as she had seen Greta Garbo

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MARIAN TEMPLETON

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do once in a swell agony scene: "Sorry," she moaned, "I was just thinkin'."

Mike fell out of step at Sadie's unusual answer. "Thinkin'? And what're you thinkin' about? If it's somethin' to eat again—"

"No," sighed Sadie in between leaps and turns, "I was just thinkin' how tired I was of livin' the life I'm livin'."

"Say, what is this?" cut in Mike, "a new gag? You've been takin' in some tragic movies, I bet."

Sadie would have drooped her head in graceful despair if Mike hadn't kept it jerking with his bunny-hug hop. "You just don't understand," she continued, "how boring it is to have the blare of night life in your ears all the time." Mike's coat collar was sufficiently near to catch the residue of her sniffles.

"Don't get emotional, Sadie, it ain't suitable to ya," advised Mike, with a violent turn around an imaginary corner.

"But it'd be much more nice to be lyin' in the golden sand takin' a sunbath," she dreamed on in a thin voice.

"Swell idea if you'd let me in on the sunbath," kidded Mike, squeezing Sadie's ribs to emphasize his remark. At the final blare of the strident cornets, he gave her another quick squeeze and whistled in her ear: "Pep up, kid, y'look like an anti-saloonist. Come on!" He emphasized the last demand with a flat slap on Sadie's left rear bulge.

As the orchestra lamely started a tango-waltz, a few more of the incredibly small number of lights in the place were switched off, and a spot light focused on a revolving mirrored ball. The brilliant specks of lights swaying around the ceiling and walls only added to the confusing, drunken rhythm of the place. As Mike alternately dipped her down on a knee or swung her



forward over his stomach in his version of an Argentine tango, Sadie felt sort of sick-up in her middle region. She regretted the mixture of a malted milk and sardine with mustard sandwich.

As the music became more lurching in its rhythm, a purple-red flood light was turned over the dancers. In the hard glare Sadie caught sight of stiff blackened eyelashes, painted lips, shellacked hair sets showing wavy lines of scalp, and large ears weighted with shoulder length earrings. But it seemed to her that the girls looked no worse in their bargain-sale tight Hollywood-copied dresses than the men with their oiled pompadours, tight coats and wrinkled trousers. She much preferred the girls' sparkling bracelets to the bulging wrist watches with chromium straps or silver links some of the men wore above insignia rings and bejeweled secret brotherhood bands. Mike had evidently invested part of his gold in covering his front teeth. Couples plastered against each other moved as a body in the oneness of a dance hall tango. Others bobbed up and down out of time with the music. Paunchy salesmen with ten cent store girls hanging from their necks stomped dumbly around the floor, more taken up with the muttered preambles of their nightly romantic bouts than the surrounding excitement. As the crooner crooned about the moon in June, thin-haired waspish soda jerkers emitting strong aromas of lilac vegetale or medicinal soap moaned in falsetto voice to their switchboard girl friends. The contortions of the dancers vied with the dissonant harmonies of the orchestra. Without allowance for a conclusion to the slow hesitation waltz, the leader drew a Tiger Rag from his musicians. Couples started tearing around the floor, stimulated by the hot music and sudden glare of lights. Round and round Mike whirled Sadie until

she saw nothing but a revolving blur of lights, faces and table covers. As the music stopped suddenly, she staggered against Mike, and the two of them ploughed their way over other couples to their table.

"Park yourself, Babe, while I go see a man about a dog," said Mike as he shoved Sadie back into her chair. Dazed, she watched him make his way through the confusion of tables and gesticulating figures, wave violently with both hands clasped above his head in answer to some bawling friends and disappear behind a door marked "Adam." At the door marked "Eve," girls were pushing in and out in such a steady stream that she caught sight of some one adding more lipstick to a coated mouth, another pinning together the waist ends of black lace underthings. Her gaze moved forward to include the men in the orchestra sprawled Bacchus-like in their straight back chairs—gathering wind for the thirty minute, six act, super-floor show. Clouds of smoke wafted back and forth over their perspiring heads and were sucked into the ventilator. The crooner sprayed his throat from a green syringe and after profuse gargling, spat into his handkerchief. Sadie was grateful that he spared the dance floor.

"What 'n the heck am I doin' here?" soliloquized Sadie. "My feet hurt, my head aches, and that lousy beer gives me the burps. Why ain't I got sense enough to stay home and get a good night's sleep? But no, I gotta have a date; I gotta have some mug feed me; I gotta be popular. And to top it all, I gotta be at work at 9 A. M. selling bargain tinware in the sub-basement."

A large fellow on wavering legs lurched against the table, his glass-filled hand landing with a thud against Sadie's shoulder. Some of the iced liquid splashed against her neck.

"Hey, watch what'cher doin', why don't cha?" she



spat at him—jumping from her chair to avoid receiving the remainder of his highball in her lap. The man wrinkled up his nose and mumbled: "Shorry." With a high side-step and farewell twiddling of his fingers, he moved off.

"Aw, you stiffs make me sick," Sadie called after him. But before she could seat herself, a scurrying waiter rammed her across the back with the edge of his loaded tray. Without apologizing he reversed and took a other path among the cluster of tables. Sadie was too spent to swear after him. She plopped down into the chair, and sank her head between her hands. Tears started to fill her eyes.

"If I ever get home," she promised herself, "I'll never go out with another glassware salesman as long as I live. I'll spend my evenings improvin' myself, like they lecture to us down at the store." With a sniff she reassured herself: "I'm through with such lousy dates. I'm goin' to find somethin' to do that'll fit me for a future."

Mike returned at this point accompanied by a languid blonde whose arms were affectionately shared by Mike and a fat, red-headed man. "Remember Monica, Sadie? She and Hal were having a rotten time with some stiffs from the store, so I brought 'em over to keep us company."

"Sure I remember," drawled Sadie in her weary tone. "H'lo, Monica. How's everything goin' with you?"

"I'm sittin' on top of the world, Sadie," she answered, leaning toward the fat man, "all account of this red-headed darlin'. He's the sweetest sugar bun I ever met up with. Oh, Hal," she addressed him, "meet Sadie. We used to work together in the pots and pans before I got promoted to the silk underwear." She turned back to Sadie: "That's where I met this scrump-

tious thing. He sells All-Silk panties and socks." With that Monica leaned over and gave the panty-salesman an affectionate pat on his cheek. He pinched her chin in return and giggled. "Isn't he the cutest thing?" she added.

"Aw, quit makin' over me," refunded the "cutest thing." "That line's all right in private—but not in public."

"Oh," pouted Monica, "is my ickle man mad at his baby-doll? Just cause she wants everyone to see how much she loves him?" With pretended hurt she continued: "If you gets mad at little Monica, she'll grab big, strong Mikey and dance with him right in front of your very nose!"

"Suits me, Kiddo," broke in Mike. "Let's shake this one together and let the old fogies have a breathing spell." Monica let him hand her out of her chair in the movie manner, and the two of them snaked their way through the confusion of tables to the dance floor.

"Now ain't that swell?" stated Sadie. "I ask you," she addressed pink-faced Hal, "did'ja ever see such nerve? That dizzy blonde walks off with my man, and I gotta sit here and take it."

"Don't let that get under your skin," soothed Hal, taking Sadie's stiletto-nailed fingers into his own moist hand, "if Monica wants him, let 'er have 'im. You're too good for that bloke anyway."

Sadie decided to let Hal retain her fingers.

He continued: "I'm glad for the change. There's such a thing as a guy gettin' sick of a half-baked baby-talker. You'd be swell, kid, if you'd drop that pout and let me see your pearly teeth."

Sadie came out of her mad state at this unexpected flattery and flashed him a tooth-and-gum smile. "Aw g'wan, I know your kind. Think y'can make any girl for the price of a few pants."



Hal lost hold of Sadie's hand—but retrieved it. "Y' got me wrong, Babe, I'm not thinkin' any such thing about you. I noticed several times this evenin' that you weren't havin' such a hot time with that pug, an' I says to myself:: 'Harold Harper, there's a lovely little girl who needs you. Someone ought to show her a good time—and that someone's goin' to be you.'" Then Monica pointed you out, an' I talked up Mike to her so she'd call him over."

"So she called him over, did she?"

"Sure."

Sadie thawed out a little toward Hal. "Well, I'm glad some one appreciates me. And pug is right! That weazel of a Mike thinks he can date me up and then dunk me for some other dame. You wait—I'll tell him a thing or two after he gets me home!" Then she smiled at the red-headed salesman and continued in a low alluring voice: "Funny thing, I noticed you tonight with Monica drapin' herself all over you—and I couldn't figure out how 'n intelligent man like you stood her line. Y'know, her real name's Maggie. She saw the name Monica in True Heart Throbs Magazine and has used it ever since."

"Can you tie that?" asked Hal. "And here she told me it was an old family name 'n that she was named for a great-aunt in France."

"France, my eye," spat Sadie, "Monica comes from lower 8th avenue along with all the rest of the dirty Irish. She's no more French than I'm Swedish."

Hal moved his chair around the corner of the table and settled nearer Sadie. "Say—with your black hair and dark eyes, I bet you got Spanish or Russian blood in you."

"Nope, you're wrong there," corrected Sadie, insinuating her shoulder under Jim's arm draped uncon-

sciously over the back of her chair, "I'm just the outcome of several generations of 8th avenue neighboring."

"Well—I still think you got royal blood in you somewhere down the line. No girl could be naturally classy-lookin' as you without havin' a countess or duke in her background."

"Come to think of it, my mother's mother worked for an English lord once," explained Sadie.

"That explains everything," assured Hal. "Gee, wouldn't I like to see you all decked out in a tiara dancing at the Ritz with me in a swallow-tail. Boy, howdy, wouldn't we make the VanSnobs bat an eyelash!"

Hal patted Sadie's hand in silence for a few moments while studying the intricate beaded pattern bordering the exaggerated V neck of her American-beauty gown. "I could take a girl out like you 'n show her a swell time," he informed her, his words slopping from his mouth. "You're different from the rest of the tripe a man has to pick up if he wants a little fun. Why don't you have supper with me tomorrow night, and we can come out here for a dance after the show?"

"Say—you got nerve," said Sadie, a shade less defiantly, "what kind of a person d'you think I am—to go out with one man and then swap over to some one else? If you didn't like Maggie in the first place, why'd you bother to drag her along? I ain't buttin' in on anyone else's meal ticket—but I don't want interference in my territory either!"

Now Harold was mad. "Meal ticket? Who's a meal ticket?" he demanded. "You needn't think that dizzy-headed blonde is makin' a sucker outa me. She's givin' more than she's gettin', don't you worry."

Sadie brushed his arm from her neck: "Aw—you're just like all the rest—a salesman—stringin' innocent



girls a line—. Besides, I'm sick of all this tripe—dancin' in a dirty roadhouse, gettin' my feet stepped on 'n my dresses spotted, let alone havin' blokes like you paw me all over. This is the last time I'm goin' out with any of you. From now on, I'm stayin' home nights t'improve myself."

"Oh yeah?" smirked Hal, "And who's goin' to keep you company, sweetheart?"

"I'm keepin' myself company," retorted Sadie, "then I know I won't be wastin' my time."

"Well, who ever said you were such a movie-queen to take out?"

"Huh! I'm a darn sight better than most of the girls hangin' around this dump tonight—at least I've got sense enough to look't my future 'n try to better myself. I've got a plan on now that'll carry me way ahead of you bums."

"Sure, agreed Hal, "I suppose you'll be promoted from pots and pans to chinaware."

"At least I won't be givin' my all for the wholesale price of a pair of silk pants," rejoined Sadie. "It won't be long until I'll be above all this cheap stuff."

"What're you goin' to do that'll put you away ahead of us," he asked sarcastically.

"Oh—I got a new deal comin' off in a few days," said Sadie vaguely.

"Well, what is it?"

"Oh—I'm not tellin' people my private affairs. But just wait—you'll see," she added in a mysterious, significant tone.

The argument was concluded then by the return of Mike and Monica.

"Gee, Sadie," gasped the blonde, "does that man ever burn up the floor? Wotta dancer!"

"You're not so hard to toss around, kiddo," rejoined Mike. "How're you and Hal gettin' along, Sadie!"

"Swell!" she assured him with stretched eagerness. "Me 'n Hal get along like two love-birds." Hal maintained a slumped silence.

"Let's have a drink," suggested Monica. "I feel dry."

"Sure thing," kicked in Mike, "anything the baby desires. Hey, waiter!" he bellowed, "bring us a menu."

"What d'you want a menu for?" snapped Sadie. "You can't read anything but beer 'n ham sandwiches."

"Hah!" laughed Mike, pretending indifference, "listen to brilliant over here tellin' on me. She doesn't even know the difference between caviar and fish eggs." He pounded the table with gusto at his own clever retort.

"Well, do you know the difference?" asked Monica in dripping tone.

"Sure, Babie," he answered, "I know all that fancy stuff."

"What is the difference between caviar and fish eggs?" insisted Sadie.

"Aw, dry up, will ya?" Mike's effort to squelch her with a glare was interrupted by the arrival of the waiter. Mike ordered four beers—with an insistence for plenty of pretzels.

"That's so he won't have to order sandwiches," stuck in Sadie—now reconciled to Hal since Mike and Monica were cooing together. "It won't be long till I can order chicken sandwiches with white meat, if I feel like it."

Just then, a deafening outburst of noise from the orchestra made further conversation impossible and drew the attention of everyone in the roadhouse—including the touseled heads enjoying life behind the compartments.

"Ladeez and gen'lemen!" bawled a pasty-faced



youth with long hair, "We will naow present our six act floor show, all talent right from Nooo Yawk!"

"And Hicksville," cut in Mike, nudging Monica.

"First we have a little lady all dolled up in red velvet—"

"With nothin' on underneath," added Monica.

"—who will sing "Why did you drop me when I gave you my all."

A smirking, bowing chubby Jewess pattered to the center of the floor and spread her arms to include everyone in her salutation. As the music lurched ahead, she drew a chiffon handkerchief from her dress and pulled it through one hand to the other as she screeched in torch-tones: "I ga-have yoo-hoo my all, why did yoo drop me, deear?" At the end of the song she waved the hanky and wriggled her hips in like movement. Couples stopped guzzling beer long enough to applaud racuously or to pound on the tables with bottles and knives.

"If my plans come through, I'll be goin' to New York to hear Rudy Vallee—if I feel like it," Sadie reminded Hal.

"Quit your day dreamin' and watch the show," he rejoined.

After the master of ceremonies had squeezed the last applause from the audience, he continued: "And naow we have those two soo-purb dawncers from the Moormarte in Par-iss, Ray and Rena, who will ex-e-cute their famous Apache Tango. Watch this boys—you'll learn to handle the girl friend when she gets—a—rambunctious." More guffawing on the part of the men and modest smirking from the girls preceded the dramatic entry of Rena. She slunk across the floor smoking a cigarette with exaggerated indifference to the snake-like, sex-laden approach of Ray. With a

sudden leap he jumped around and swung her over his shoulder and let her land in no dignified pose some few yards away. With the broken rythm of the music, he alternately threw, choked, slapped, swung and bent double his partner. Her net stockings responded to the calisthenics by popping runs here and there. The gash in her ten inch skirt lengthened another inch. After mopping up the entire dance floor for the future enjoyment of the dancing clientele who had had some difficulty with gum blobs, cigarette stubs, and bits of bread, Ray catapulted Rena to his back and dragged her off head down. Sadie was sitting near enough to the dressing-room door ot see Rena give Ray a resounding smack and hear her screech at him above the flat applause: "The next time you try to split my spine, you lousy—" The door slammed.

The next number was a xylophone solo of "Roses of Picardy" with variations. An appropriate effect was attempted by dimming the lights and turning the purple spot light on the player. But it only served to cast deep shadows on his face and give him the appearance of the phantom of the opera house. Few paid attention to his frantic finish—he looked like a poker player calling in his scattered chips.

"Here's a treat for the men," continued the barker—

"Just like the men to get all the breaks," stuck in Sadie. "But I'll be gettin' the breaks soon enough," she added on the side to Hal.

"—those cute, capering comics, the Dunn sisters, Chippy and Chappy, will do their Specialty Clog Num-bah!"

A blonde and brunette scantily covered with black jet and looking like an advertisement for before and after taking yeast, skipped onto the floor and plunged into a round of robot gyrations. They looked like an-



mated tooth picks being consistently stung in the rear by invisible wasps. At the conclusion of their dance, Hal got up: "Boy, I'm askin' one of those babies for a date right now."

"No, you don't," put in Monica, settling him back in his chair, "He must be tight," she explained to Sadie.

"Or lookin' for new panty sales territory," suggested Sadie.

"Now comes the treat of the evening," announced the master of ceremonies, "I will sing—for the ladies—my own songs: 'How you smiled as you sang in the village choir!'"

Sadie gave Mike a vicious kick under the table. "Can't you stop your blabbing so I can hear some decent music once 'n awhile?"

Mike acquiesced rather than suffer another indention in his ankle bone. The lights that had been turned on in all their glaring whiteness for the sister act were again dimmed and a blue spot turned on the crooner. He moaned and groaned and had difficulty dispensing with an excess of saliva. Sadie put her chin between her hands and looked soulfully at his mooing mouth. She visioned herself in a fluffy organdie dress, her blonde curls softly held back from her face by a blue—no, a white—ribbon, holding a hymn book between her slim, lace-mittened fingers—singing a heartfelt song of joy to this crooning lover who would be presiding at the gas-organ. It would be spring, and as she sang, a butterfly would come down a sunbeam and light on her shoulder—thus signifying the Almighty's recognition of her efforts. Life then would be pure and serene (like in the movie "Country Love"). There would be no pots and pans, no crude salesman, no furtive nights of frustrated love-making,—just sunshine—and she and her lover walking down a sunny lane, picking

daisies and planning on the stork's visit. As the crooner died off in a falsetto whine, Sadie came back from her dreaming to see Monica and Mike exchanging knee-knocks beside the table. She tried to remedy that with another swift kick in Mike's direction, but only succeeded in banging her bunion against a chair leg.

The finale was a noisy repetition of minute flashes of the preceding five acts with a fade-out of leaping figures resembling dancing horses in a circus.

Mike was all for dancing the night through with Monica, but Sadie differed.

"Come on, Mike, I gotta get home. It's past two, and I gotta be on my feet nine hours tomorrow for the Saturday sale."

"Just as I was beginning to enjoy myself," he complained to Monica, "she crabs the act and wants to go home."

Monica revived for the moment from her dull slump during the floor shows: "Better take some one peppy like me next time you wanta have fun," she advised.

"I'll say," affirmed Mike. "I won't forget that little thing. You'll be hearin' from me soon." With brilliant after-thought, he added: "I'll be comin' up to see ya some time."

Hal was oblivious to all this. He had passed out during the last act. Monica exerted all her appeal on Mike's farewell so she could count on at least one good catch for the evening's work.

Sadie stamped out ahead of Mike and clambered into the car. She slammed the door after her and squeezed as far away from Mike's seat as possible.

"Fine way you treat a girl," she rasped at him.

"There y'go naggin' again—always naggin' if a man tries to have a little extra fun. If you weren't such a wet sop, I'd show you a better time." He shoved the



gears into reverse and shot the car out of the free parking lot. With leaps and bounds the car rattled forward and down the highway. Both Sadie and Mike were too angry to notice the full moon traversing a cloudless sky.

"This is the last time I'll ever go out with you," said Sadie.

"Don't kid yourself, Babie," retorted Mike, "this is the last date you ever get outa me. The next time you call up in that whining voice of yours and tell me how lonesome y'are and won't I come over—I'm not home see?"

"Yah, I see—but don't think I'll waste another nickel callin' you up."

"Aw, shut up!"

"Shut up yourself!"

Dead silence would have reigned had it not been for the rattling of the tin car. After ten minutes of speeding and stopping short at red lights, of swinging around corners with the engine screeching in second, and a final jambing on of brakes, Mike brought Sadie to the front of her three story wooden rooming house. A dull yellow globe burned in the main floor window over a sign: "Rooms to let—day or night". The two sat in stubborn silence until Sadie jerked down the car handle. Despite the fact that it came off in her hand, she got out of the car and started for her stairs with violent tread.

"Hey—come back here with that door handle," bawled Mike, extricating himself from under the driver's wheel.

"I'm keepin' it for a souvenir," flared Sadie. "Every time I look at it I'll have sense enough to stay home and get some sleep instead of being stepped on by a pug like you. Good night!"

She clattered up her stairs and slammed the door in Mike's face—shutting out the volatile streak of profanity of Mike's goodnight to her.

Once in her room, with tears of self-sympathy blinding her eyes, Sadie pulled off a few pieces of clothing.

"Darn men, anyway," she said, pitching a scuffed shoe into the corner, "they're all a bunch of bums." Incoherent remarks about what they do to a girl followed through the neck of the beaded gown as she peeled it off her back.

"This is the last time I'll ever go out with a man—if all he wants to do is guzzle beer and drag me around that cheap roadhouse." She stood before her dresser and smeared blobs of cold cream over her smudged make-up. "Sadie"—she lectured herself, "you've just got to get down to brass tacks on this men business. It's high time you quit wastin' your time and get started on that improvin' stuff. No wonder swell guys don't lamp you. How could any girl look innocent in a red gown without no front and mascared lashes." With vigorous slaps, she patted in some nourishing cream: "You'll stop pilin' on the paint, and remember how to talk like the floorwalker does, and wear nice simple dresses. Then you'll start readin' fifteen minutes a day—and get somewhere." Further self-lecturing was prevented by Sadie falling into a heavy sleep in which she dreamed that Mike took her to a dance and walked on her feet until dawn.

With each sale of pots and pans the next day, Sadie mused on her exhausted state—both of mind and body. With every vicious poke at the cash register she repeated: "Stay home nights. Improve yourself. Stop being a man's plaything." That evening—to start the reformation with a clean foundation, she washed through an accumulation of soiled clothing, pressed



some dresses, removed the cardinal nail polish, and took a hot bath. With outward pride and gradual inward weakening, she answered the queries of the various other girls living on her floor who were objecting in no indefinite terms to Sadie's holding up the bathroom so long. They were all in a rush to doll up for a sundry assortment of males who were calling to take them out somewhere.

With firm resolution Sadie chose two nickel booklets from the moldy library downstairs in the parlor and went back to her room to read, first in "How to develop a personality in ten trials" and then in "What men want in their women". Through her attempted concentration she heard the jangle of the telephone. With ceased breathing she waited in suspense until someone called: "Mabel, it's for you." Sadie relaxed regretfully and turned back to her reading with less relish. But every few moments she stopped in her quest for knowledge to listen to the telephone. In the space of twenty minutes, the hall was cleared of all signs of life. She walked to her door and called over to Genevieve.

"Hey—Jenny, are ya sure I didn't get any calls?"

"Didn't hear your name called, didja?" answered the invisible one.

"No," sighed Sadie and returned dejectedly to her chair. It was all she could do to pick up the booklets and pretend to read some more. Just at the point when life seemed no longer worth living, if she didn't get a telephone call, Sadie was interrupted by a bellow from the end of the hall to answer the phone. Grabbing a printed kimona and slipping her feet into mules, split at the toes and spewing cotton from their padded heels, she bolted down.

"Helloooo," she said sweetly, "Yes, this is Sadie." After a short silence—"Of course I know who it is. You

don't think I forget that quick, do you?" Another silence was broken by her eager—"Supper—and a show? How marvelous! And dance afterwards at Heine's roadhouse? I'd love it. I'll be ready in ten minutes. Yes—I'll be downstairs so you won't have to get out of the car. So long!"

With a whoop she tore down the hall and into her room. A fat girl with pimply complexion stopped at her door. "Where ya goin' tonight, Sadie?"

"Oh, I gotta date with a swell man—he's takin' me to the Royal for dinner. I gotta wear my red dress and make an impression on that guy."

"Money?"

"Money? He's lousy with it," assured Sadie. "Say—it's a good thing it's the style to cover your entire nail with red polish, I'd never get mine fixed if I had to brush off the tips and half-moons."

"Sure wish I could have a date once an age," sighed the fat one.

"I'd die if I had to stay at home every night studyin' to be a hotel hostess."

"I'm takin' a correspondence course in writin' novels now," corrected the unpopular one.

"Well, I believe in gettin' your fun while you're young," advised Sadie. With a final dab at her make-up and a few more wriggles into her dress, she grabbed a wrap from the back of a chair and went out the door. As she turned out the lights, she noticed the two booklets on the floor.

"Oh well, I read my fifteen minutes," she excused herself. "Anyway I could do with an extra pair of pants."



## INCIDENT

JAMES A. GOWDY

A TWINGE  
Of conscience  
Struck me as a  
Breath of summer's dusty  
Wind will dip the corn  
Then die.  
I thought,  
"Woman,  
Faltering  
Upon your cane  
Why do you come  
Upon me with your plea  
For alms?"  
She stopped,  
"You see  
I hasten  
Home to nothing,  
But still I question,  
Woman."  
I looked.  
"You're bent.  
Your joints are  
Rusty from the  
Sweat of toil and tears  
Of pain.  
Can such as you have use of me?"  
Then I thought no, but conscience  
Creeping through my mind has  
Left smouldering bits  
Of regret that  
Still live  
On.

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## RENATUS IN ETERNUM

HARRISON ROBERTS

THE BELIEF of Immortality cannot be assumed to be a fundamental principle of the human mind which makes such a direct appeal as to need no proof. It is, rather, a conception which lies as a desire or hope in the heart of man, and can only be clearly realized by the process of pondering upon it. Thus the more intelligent a man becomes by thinking out this inevitable question of "Do we go on?" the more he trusts higher intelligence than his own. However, to stand upon some solid point in this somatic world and look into this intangible infinite of some astral cosmos, let us begin with death and from here assume that Immortality is a life worth preparing beyond a physical death; that there are values in the experience of the individuals so intrinsically excellent, that they demand a far wider existence than a few short years of the longest life here on earth. If so, then we may define Immortality in terms other than mere force and vitalism that may give continuity to physical experience. "Men are mortals; but ideas are immortal". There is no doubt that this is understood to mean that the individuals disappear, but that truthfulness, goodness, and love will continue so long as there are men on earth who live the truthful, good, and loving lives. However, we cannot divorce Immortality from its initial cosmopolitan step towards this Unknown Life . . . death. For if we do not survive death, then that is an end of matter. If we do, then we ought to know it!

It is hard to estimate how death does react upon the belief in personal Immortality. But for me, when I childly remember how the Great War, stalking

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through the earth, cut down our choicest youth in thousands of swaths; and today see European countries are red with that sanguinary stain of cannon fodder, I am like those who cried out in vain for their loved ones and found an answer only in the sincere belief in the Gospel of Jesus.

Even in our every day life science shows us that death is the inevitable consequence of all living matter. For death begins at the very instant of the mystic union of the egg of the mother and the sperm of the father. At that very moment the vital clock, that is to become the baby's body is wound up to its maximum charge of energy. Men seem to behave in respect to their duration of life not unlike a lot of eight-day clocks, cared for by an unsystematic person, who does not wind them all equally, and is not careful about guarding them against accidents. Ho! a rather nice description of a careless God! Nevertheless, some He may fully wind and they run their full eight days; others He may merely wind half way, and they stop after four days. Now what is at the bottom of this seeming unfairness of the negligent Great Winder of vital clocks? Upon pondering, I conclude that the primary agent concerned in winding up of these animated time pieces, and by the winding determining how long they shall run . . . is heredity. And *heredity is nothing more than epochal crystallization of religion.*

How vividly do I remember leaning interestedly over an operating table at the Cornell Medical Center watching a doctor's skillful hands delicately explore the abdominal cavity of an ailing man. How excited I became when this man, insensible of pain under an anesthetic, had most of his organs of that part of the anatomy draped chaotically from an eight inch incision from his naval to the sternal bone. For there be-

fore my eyes was his palpitating heart . . . Life. I realized that, when that beating stopped, no matter what his rank in life, his color, or even his race, he would die. Because in the first-size sack of rhythmic beating lay the soul of man . . . lay this intangible force that kept that valve pumping . . . lay Immortality? Yet this man had spent thousands for the best doctors, equipment, and care to protect him from merely turning over this spirited organ to the Unknown. Why? Yes, like so many others, undoubtedly he was afraid of death. I deduced from this that the fear of the Ultimate hindered and burdened the thought of Immortality. All this reminded me of a recent automobile accident I had. For how clearly I remember the resulting stupor of being hurled through the air and landing momentarily unconscious upon a hard pavement. How miraculously swift my brain functioned to decide if I were alive or dead. Then hours afterwards the morbid thought that crept into my mind of what death was like. However, ultimately I decided that it was not the fear of the Unknown but of pain that really frighten men so of death. Later that night, tortured sleeplessly by a dislocated shoulder and fever, my mind keenly stimulated, turned to many thoughts of death. First, I trembled with fear; later with laughter. Now I recall it was Howard's portrayal of death in his "Outward Bound" that seemed to steady my nerves. Perhaps this was all childish interpretation, but right then I needed some mental picture that would satisfy my fears. To imagine death as a pleasant but mysterious ocean voyage and arriving at some exotic port to await an old man, smiling yet stern, come aboard with a huge book. In this book were written all the deeds we had done good or bad and by balancing them he was to determine the continuation of our journey. This



gave me something tangible to hang on to. Soon up popped another hallucination! This time an illusion of the famous painting of "The Isle of the Dead" by Boecklin, I believe. Many times I have wondered what life existed beyond those high dark trees and if behind them, hemmed in by the vaulting rocks, spread rolling the Elysian Fields of the Greeks. Then came the thought of Heaven and Hell.

In medieval times Heaven was the sky above and Hell was underground. The volcanoes were the jaws of Hell. This belief was found in the influential exponents of Christianity. However, one must think of the Bible containing allegory and myths and therefore this belief of the Future State is merely some medieval fancy that has been handed down to us, as the Bible. Yet if we disbelieve these teachings as the Bible says "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rises from the dead". Also how can we find truth in "He that loseth his life shall find it". Here we find body and mind are united as death and Immortality. Thus to rightly interpret the whole spectacle of life we must possess some reasonable faith in Immortality in a sense that what is most creative and valuable in the human personality will endure and so on forever after death. For this is a living and creative universe. In it a death is merely a critical phase in the march of creative life. Creation implies energy, and the richer and more complex the creation the richer and more complex the creator. Life is creative. Mind is the highest potency of creative life. Therefore, the mind does not die, but rather creates itself in creating thoughts of truth, beauty, goodness, and love. And creating these forms it is not dying but living more fully, realizing its potency more completely. Thus we see that *what of man is*

*identified with God, is God*; and what is not, is of no more value than the snows of yester-years.

One cannot think of Immortality without being faced with thoughts of Spiritism; however, I am not a believer of this form of metaphysics though do find it most interesting, the little I do know about it. Nevertheless, there are those who link this belief very closely to their religion. I myself disbelieve it all and explain it as a physical phenomena of the reaction of the subconscious mind. For I know that no stimulus, no feeling, or thought or act, however unnoticed and unplaced and undated by consciousness, fails to leave its trace on that most marvelously sensitized and complex of records, the brain. And thus these billionfold impressions have a billionfold connections between them. But in dreaming and daydreaming, in delirium and intoxication, attention being in suspense, all manner of subconscious associations come into play. So it is with Spiritism.

So when I come to die I hope that I may say that life has greatly tempted me, and as I was brave, I turned aside neither from the risk, nor joy, nor the pain . . . but lived believing that *the souls of men, living righteous, are in the hands of God and be content to leave them there.*





## MEMBERSHIP

ROBERT CATEN

CONGRATULATIONS rained upon Earl. "Nice Going, kid." "Lucky boy." "You're one of us now, boy." He proudly displayed his pledge pin and smiled gratefully as the gang gathered around him. For years this had been his aim—his hope; to join his father's fraternity.

He lolled lazily in an arm chair and listened to the friendly banter of his future brothers. As he listened he wondered.

"Telephone, Earl!"

"Oh—Oh, Who is she?"

A warm glow passed through him as he listened to the friendly chatter concerning his phone call. This was what he had wanted and had needed ever since he had arrived. He wanted somebody to chum with, somebody to talk to and confide in. He had felt lonely and conspicuous. Now he was supremely happy. He appreciated the little favors they did for him that first evening. They lit his cigarette, got him water, gave him a comfortable chair, little things. He was grateful.

En route to class the following morning he dropped in at the house. With the exception of two over-sleepers, the place was empty and he therefore continued to school alone. During the day he saw several of his frat brothers, and received casual responses to his hearty greetings.

That evening, determined to make an impression, he set out, looking his very best, with his pledge pin prominently displayed. Frank and Al sat near the radio, half dressed. "Evenin' Pledge".

"How are ya', Frank—Al?" He dropped into a chair

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ROBERT CATEN

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beside them and listened quietly to their rather spirited conversation concerning intra-mural competition. He wanted to impress them, and yet he knew nothing about these intra-murals.

"I played football two years ago, —end!"

"Yea?"

"I play basketball a little, and tennis is my favorite."

"Good!"

Earl tapped his foot restlessly as they continued their discussion. He decided to go upstairs and see the rest of the bunch.

"Hi! Jim"

"Hi! Earl" He was working busily at the typewriter.

"Want to play some tennis tomorrow?" casually.

"Can't; goin' to be busy all day. Sorry."

Earl went slowly downstairs. They seemed to take a different attitude towards his advances today. They were friendly, yes, but they spoke to him indifferently, even coldly at times, he thought. Something was missing since last night. But then, he was only a pledge, and they didn't know him very well yet.

As days passed this feeling became more apparent to him. They spoke to him, walked with him, and even played tennis with him, but there was a reserved and bored atmosphere whenever he was around. He tried to be friendly and pleasant; maybe too much so. Always, however, he felt lonely and inferior.

Days—weeks—and finally a year passed. Four months ago he had gone through the initiation. For a moment, then, he had experienced the sense of pride, satisfaction and friendship. Once again he had been congratulated warmly, and encircled by his comrades. Vacation was over, and as the train squeaked into the



station, he wondered how to act when the bunch came up to greet him. Should he be——

"Winter Park, Next stop Orlando. All off for Winter Park!"

Donning his coat, and bidding the porter take his bags he stepped to the platform. The station was deserted. That was funny. He had written the time of his arrival to the frat. They could at least come to meet him. He began to laugh foolishly. Suddenly he stopped and chided himself. "Don't be an ass. Get yourself together." Calling a cab he directed the driver to an old rooming house.

"So it's your old self what's ringin' me bell, eh! Well, come in, and I'm mighty glad to see ye. I've been savin' ye the best room I got." The landlady wrung his hand warmly and escorted him to one of her best rooms. He threw the bags in the corner, and closed the door on the garrulous old woman.

It was the same old story. He was just a member of the frat, no more. He wondered, wondered why he couldn't be popular, why he couldn't make and keep friends, join in the good times, give and take—. Oh Hell! What was the use? He hadn't cared about college anyway, until that pledge night and now that was gone. He might as well go back right now and hunt up a job. Somehow he could—No, by God, he'd stick it out. He had to. He wouldn't associate with anybody. He'd quit the fraternity, and study and get somewhere.

The telephone rang early next morning. "Earl? Say, how are ya' boy? We missed your train 'cause your letter didn't come till yesterday afternoon. Come on over and see us right now, willya'?"

"Can't. Got lots to do. So long!"

That afternoon he went to register and on the way he met the gang. They showered him with greetings

and handshakes. He answered coldly and turned towards his destination with a final, "I'll be seeing you." He was determined to have nothing to do with anybody. He'd hand in his resignation tomorrow. He'd hand in his resignation now! The sooner they knew it the better. He walked back to the house and opened the door viciously.

"Hey! Gang! Here's Earl. Come on down."

They all rushed up to him and pummeled and shook him until he was hardly able to breathe. He found himself laughing. He stopped. "Fellows, I've got something to say to you. I—(he couldn't say it)—I'm mighty glad to be back."





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