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VOL. X

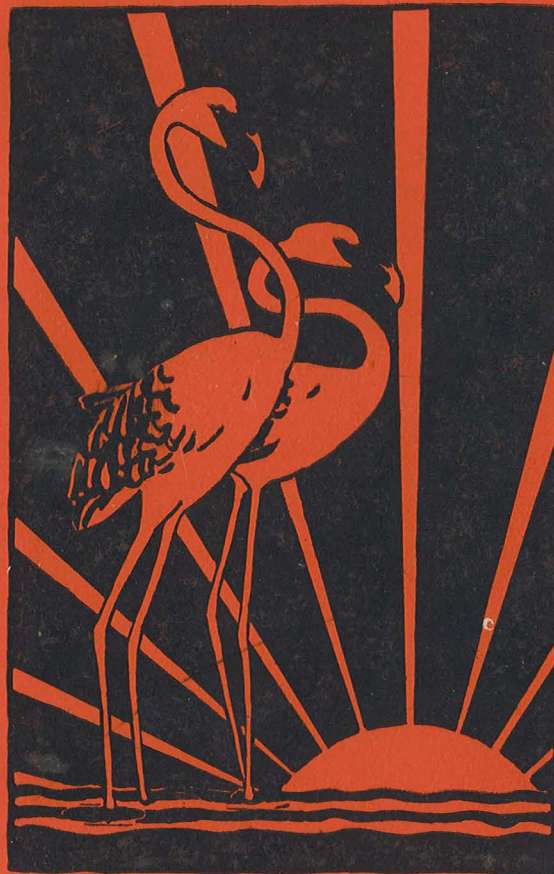
NOVEMBER, 1935

*Jean Parker*

No. I

# THE FLAMINGO

A Magazine of the Younger Generation



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### CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Any Senior student in any high school or preparatory school in the United States is eligible to enter the contest.
2. All manuscripts must be submitted to the principal or headmaster of the local school who with a committee of three appointed by himself will select the best stories to represent the school. The stories must reach John Bills, editor of *The Flamingo*, Winter Park, Florida, not later than April 1, 1936. Announcement of schools and students winning prizes will be made in the May issue of *The Flamingo*. A return self-addressed envelope with postage attached should be sent with each manuscript.
3. All manuscripts must be typewritten, double spaced, on one side of the paper only and mailed flat.
4. The stories should be not less than 1,500 words, nor more than 3,000 words in length. All manuscripts must be submitted under a "pen name" and the writer's real name and address enclosed in a sealed, attached envelope.

### JUDGES

A committee of distinguished writers, critics, and editors, to be announced later, will act as judges.

There is no "further information", as all conditions are stated above. Copies of this announcement may be had upon request to:

JOHN BILLS, Editor  
The Flamingo  
Winter Park, Florida

# THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Younger Generation

VOL. X. No. 1

NOVEMBER, 1935

PRICE 25c

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### PROTEST AGAINST POETRY

FRANCES PERPENTE

I SCORN a poet—one articulate  
In love and pain and sorrow—loud in  
hate.  
For him all must be said. When dead  
the man  
Lies naked for an alien eye to scan.  
His life blood dries in ink. His shaken  
heart  
Feeds on itself in agony called art.  
By impudent aggression he is spurred  
To spear the universe upon a word.  
Dying, he does not go intact and whole,  
But hiding in his grave he leaves his soul  
For knaves and fools to score and medi-  
tate.  
I pity poets too articulate.

## Ecoutez a Madame

PATRICIA WIGHT GUPPY

AH—MY DEAR—Do not believe what he tells you, eh!" From addressing herself in particular to her laughing, dark-haired great-niece, Madame de Bequiere turned to speak in general to us girls. We were lounging about her on the gallery in the glow of the tropical sunset that flamed over half the sky outside, waiting for her words with affectionate, petting attention. Madame was about to make one of her philosophical generalizations on life which we so adored. Her huge brown eyes were pathetic; her eyebrows, still black in spite of her grey masses of hair, were raised in worldly-wise appreciation of the frailties of life. Her dainty thumb and forefinger, touching exquisitely, picked out on the air the important accents in her little speech, the while she seemed to taste and relish each word with its delicious French-West Indian inflexion.

"My dear. If a man tells you that he does not like makeup, and he does not want you to put the rouge, and he does not want you to put the lipstick—it does not matter—still put eet; for if you do not put eet, he will leave you, and he will go and talk to somebody else who has put eet!"

Girls' laughter, like the gurgling of water over pebbles, appreciatively followed Madame's *bon mot*. Her admonition suited our Creole taste to perfection, for all of us—Madame and her brown-eyed vivacious granddaughters and great-nieces; the darkly beautiful young descendant of the Spaniards who pillaged the Indies for gold; and the blonde lass whose Saxon ancestors conquered



them for trade—not to mention my nondescript self, who am a mixture of all three—all of us are Creoles,—West Indians, blood and bone.

"That's right, Margot, came Betty's English-Creole drawl. "Send Pierre to the devil.—Men are a set of messes anyway, aren't they, Madame?"

"Ah, my dear!" With one wrinkled hand Madame cast the whole sex into outer darkness and turned her beautiful eyes to the Port of Spain hills rising tranquilly beyond the level savannah around which the automobiles of fashionable Trinidadians were passing, the occupants busily engaged in exchanging bows with the promenaders on the Pitch Walk. "Yet what," queried Madame, returning to her little court, "what would we do without them, eh, mes enfants?"

"Do what monkeys do when guavas are out of season," said Carmencita, stretching luxuriously with another silver shake of lazy laughter. "You're going to be at the coming Government House dance, Madame?"

"Yes, my dear!" Madame was deliciously pathetic. "Those Government House dances! *Why* they always invite some three girls to each dancing man ees more than I can make out; there are always dozens of the poor children holding up the wall and looking miserable. Of course eet ees all right for attractive pretty girls like you children—" (Madame has the lovable French Creole habit of thinking her own relations, friends, and proteges lovelier, nicer, and better in every way than anybody else)—"but when you have flat-footed, washed-out creatures like some of them!" Madame's lifted hands appealed to high heaven to witness the difficulty she had in procuring partners for these wallflowers. In spite of her pretended annoyance, Madame relished nothing better than this job of finding men for the girls to dance with, in her capacity as a member of one of the old Trinidad families, and one of the best unofficial hostesses of the Government House set.

"The truth of the thing is," said Carmencita, "that Madame always has such a flock of young men around her paying her compliments that she takes them away from all the girls! Eh, Madame? I saw you flirting away with Dick Taylor and the rest of them last Saturday night!"

"By the way," chimed in Margot, "have you heard that old Taylor is going to marry again? Some unfortunate Scotch girl, half his age, I believe—"

"Mon dieu!" energetically said Julie, Madame's youngest granddaughter. "Who would marry that old bandy-legged *macque*?"

"No doubt he has money," drawled her sister Yvonne.

"Money, what!" I retorted. "He has a few cocoa trees rotten with witch-broom in Matura—and cocoa isn't worth anything now-a-days, anyhow."

"Believe me, women must be naturally born foolish," ruminated Carmencita. "How else would some men ever get married,—eh, Madame?"

"Ah, my dear!" Madame's hands flashed out in protest against the absurdities of this world. "Let me tell you something, eh!—a man can always get married, no matter what he is like. It does not matter if he has bandy legs or *'syeux coquies*—he will still find *some woman* who will marry him!"

A gale of laughter rippled out into the tropical twilight, instantly silenced as the tramp of feet on the tiled walk outside announced that the enemy was approaching in the persons of some Creole young gentlemen, come to pay their respects to Madame, and incidentally to the charming entourage with which she was to be found nearly every evening.

Well, children, that is how I came to think with especial interest of the affair of Paolita Sorelejo and Godfrey Browne. It was, so to speak, like a tale pointed to adorn a moral; and since I happened to be in the thick of it, I am as well fitted to tell the tale

as anybody, hoping that there will be as much amusement in the hearing as in the telling.

Paolita was not exactly in my "set" in Port of Spain, but of course, our families knew each other intimately—there is some relation or connection, I believe. We used to play together when she was about eight and I was six; but I don't remember much about her except that she always avoided going under coconut trees lest a coconut should fall on her head; to which early influence I ascribe the fact that to this day I am never completely happy while standing under a coconut tree.

After that early interlude, however, we lost sight of each other until I saw her again at my second dance 'at the Queen's Park Hotel—the first dance after my debut; and I remember thanking my stars that she had not been present at that memorable occasion. I am sure no man in the room would have had eyes for me, debutante or no debutante. I remember reading, in my early youth, Victorian stories in which the heroines were described as girls so beautiful that when they entered the room women took one look and fainted in coils, and men staggered, shaken to the very core. Not quite as bad as that, but you get the idea. Well, I always thought that such "raving beauty" was a fond delusion of the fevered novelists until I saw Paolita Sorelejo. That is, I've never seen a whole roomful of people faint at sight of her, but I've been with people who, on looking up and seeing her for the first time, have said "My God!" as if they had been struck between the eyes.

It wasn't only perfection of features either. I've seen girls with features as exquisite as Paolita's who yet hadn't her appearance. For one thing, she was no frilly little bit of fluff; she stood five feet seven if she was an inch—and she carried herself as if she was proud of every inch, too. Her figure was perfect, with that graceful length of limb which only tall people achieve. As to her face, once you managed to get past a pair of huge, flashing

brilliant black eyes, you were brought to bay by a perfect mouth with dazzling white teeth, skin like magnolia petals, and waves of burnished blue-black hair. In short, Paolita was the sort to make strong men forget Home and Mother; she rocked them like so many ninepins.

Definitely the kind of girl who would make her female contemporaries gnash their teeth and think black thoughts, you might say. However, strange as it may seem, Paolita was quite a favourite among the girls; it was rather imposisble not to like her in fact, she was such a happy-go-lucky creature, guileless as the babe unborn. She hadn't too much brains to spoil her good temper; such a person is always pleasant company for everybody; one has the comforting feeling of mental superiority.

All things considered, therefore, a more striking opposite to Paolita could hardly have been found than Godfrey Browne. For a man, he was small—attaining, it is true, something like five feet eight by thrusting his head back like a turkey cock, because of his neat shoulders and the general refinement of his skeleton, he seemed smaller than he was, especially next to Paolita, who inclined to the Amazonian rather than the willowy type.

His hair was carrot red; and, in spite of the fact that I have never seen a fish with red hair, the general appearance of his face always struck me as remarkably fish-like. His eyes were a sort of greenish colour, like gooseberries, with red rims. If he had eyelashes, I never saw them, but then I never made as close inspection of his face as Paolita did. His nose was unusually long, and of peculiar shape; but he made up for this by his lack of chin. They say that freckles often lend the face a certain coquettish piquancy of appearance that is most becoming; in his case they did not; but perhaps he had too many of them.

In fact, a casual observer might have said that there was a man who would have distinct



difficulty in getting any woman to marry him, even though his eyes did not cross and his legs were not conspicuously bandy. It just goes to show that you never can tell.

As I have already made plain (or have I), Paolita had dozens of men waltzing around her all the time, all sorts and varieties— young, old, fair, dark, stupid, clever. There were, of course, about half-a-dozen local boys—Trinidadians—who were driving their families crazy by groaning "Paolita" in their sleep every night. But as it happens, that was about as far as they got, for Paolita's mother, Mrs. Sorelejo—like all good mothers with Latin blood in their veins, had her eyes wide open for the best chance of marriage for her daughter—and would have none of them. No Creole boy was to have Paolita. Like many Spanish and French Creole women in Trinidad, she worshipped the word "Englishman". To her, Anglo-Saxon blood in a man was a passport to her favor in the competition for the hand and heart of her daughter. And not an English Creole, either. As if acting instinctively on the wise promptings of Mother Nature, she was as much attracted to fresh blood from the healthy, cold North as a mosquito is. In her own mind, then, it was entirely decided that Paolita should be the prize of an Englishman. An American would do in a pinch, or if very hard pressed, even a Scotchman, but best of all an Englishman. Aha! Yes.

Mrs. Sorelejo (and Paolita) knew that Godfrey was coming out to Trinidad even before he arrived; the news of the advent of a new and eligible bachelor *does* get around in a community where the number of women in society is rather greater than that of men, and where many of the young women in this said class are strikingly lovely. (Trinidad is noted for its pretty girls). Godfrey was being sent out to fill a position in a bank, an unusually high position, considering his youth. So the three first facts Mrs. Sorelejo knew about Godfrey Browne were in his father's hand.

(Continued on Page 28)

## CONVERSATION WITH A GRASSHOPPER

ALICE HOWEY BOOTH

*Where leaf-shadows sleep,  
I creep  
From one smother of weed  
To another.  
Slowly, slowly,  
The lowly  
Ever must creep.  
(As soft as a dying breeze,  
Safe hid from the eyes in the trees.)  
On tender green I feed,  
Green of grass and weed . . .  
Crawl out into a world of sun, and then  
Steal under the leaf again.  
Poor little grasshopper, smileless  
I watch you crouch,  
Silent and guileless  
Upon your leafy couch . . .  
Through jewel-veiled eyes you stare  
(Your claws tight-curved  
About a stem) into the sunlit air,  
Upon a dim and half-suggested world.  
No! I am not such a bad fellow!  
My wings are a brave yellow.  
And see! I can leap  
Across a thundering deep  
To that beckoning leaf a dozen leaves away;  
And in the dark of night  
(When bright eyes are shut dream-tight)  
I can fiddle a rakish song  
That's as loud as it is long,  
And there's none in all the night to stop my  
play.  
Bravado! Bravado! Your song is hollow!  
On the dim meandering path you follow,  
At every shadow, every rustle,  
Every falling leaf and feather,  
You tense each little insect muscle,  
Ready to leap, and wondering whether  
The imminent end has come. Poor thing!  
You can't fool me with a gaudy wing!  
Back where leaf-shadows sleep  
I shall creep,  
On the under side of a leaf to cling,  
And fool myself with a gaudy wing. . .*

## Illusion

LELA MARCH NEILL

TAKE EVERYTHING as a whole, it has been a very successful year. Of course the chicken farm had gone on the rocks. But every egg which had been hatched in the incubator had been bought from the nearest grocery store, so there was every reason in the world for things turning out as they did. One could hardly expect to make a fortune out of a heterogeneous bunch of chicks. Funny that people should pay so much attention to the ancestry of fowls.

Then too, Timothy Sebastian Jr. had never done anything to bring honor upon the family escutcheon. He had recently been expelled from college because of some technicality. Timothy had never been able to stay any place for long—due to his reckless nature and complete lack of discretion. But he had pledged the best fraternity on the campus and had been made house-manager for the ensuing year; of course that honor would have to be forfeited now. Just as well. No sense in further developing an egotism which was already a predominant characteristic in the boy.

Timothy Sebastian Sr. picked up the evening news from the floor where it lay near the news rack—not *in* the news rack, mind you, but near it. No one ever used the news rack any more. By putting magazines and papers on the floor near it one could eliminate the fatiguing ordeal of filing through countless jumbled masses of literature to find one small newspaper. But the news rack was pretty, even though it had been relegated to the position of heirloom. Timothy Sr. liked to read the news; or perhaps he just thought he did, because he nearly always dropped off to sleep. After all, his bodily arrangement while reading clearly suggested sleep.

Timothy Sr. was not a large man. Yet at the same time one could hardly describe him as being small. He had three clearly defined dimensions—length, breadth, and thickness, but then at fifty a man can be proud of having *only* three dimensions. Then too there was a certain amount of expansion and contraction about Timothy Sr. This was particularly noticeable when he slept. His chest rose and fell, keeping a rhythmic beat with the drip, drip of the faucet in the bathroom. Mrs. Sebastian had endeavored to have the faucet fixed. She was quite sure that nothing could be done about her husband.

But as I was saying, Mr. Sebastian picked the newspaper from the floor. Of course it strained him just a little; he was fifty. With a grunt of satisfaction he stretched his legs upon the desk, adjusted the reading lamp, buried his shiny pate in the soft plush of the back of his own "easy chair", and spread the *Trumpet Herald* before him. He scanned the first page briefly, noting the weather report and the latest policies of Roosevelt. He turned to the Sports column. He enjoyed reading sport news of the University of Alabama, since he himself had attended said University. He hadn't graduated, of course, but he had gone out for football, and had warmed the bench on the gridiron many a time. Alabama put out some good men in his day.

Turning to another page he scrutinized the Want Ads. His son, Timothy Jr., was looking for work. Of course he wasn't looking very hard, but it gave him something to do. He was going with that little Wilson girl now. She was a pretty little thing, though not very intelligent. Some people are truly beautiful but dumb. His own wife was beautiful when he married her,—or



when she married him, but of course she was not dumb. She had made a wise choice.

He took his glance from the paper just long enough to light another cigar. Timothy Sebastian Sr. liked cigars. He blew the smoke toward the ceiling and watched it as it circled through the lamp shade. The lamp shade was a pretty green. It cast a strange hue over his face, but naturally he was not aware of this and wouldn't have minded any way. He had an interesting face. His mouth was rather large and turned down at one corner. He had smoked cigars for many years. His nose was straight—at least it didn't have a positive hump, and his chin, he had been told, expressed determination. Perhaps his eyebrows were a trifle too bushy, but they gave him an air of intellectual superiority.

Again he turned to his newspaper. He read a murder headline. "SON KILLS FATHER". People always butchering each other. Positively uncivilized. Mr. Sebastian Sr. nodded.

\* \* \*

Timothy Jr. came in. He was a handsome boy, and he was aware of the fact. He really looked a great deal as his father had when he was a boy. He had auburn hair like his father's, although his father, of course was quite bald now. The boy was tall—just a little too tall, but very muscular and husky looking. Quite virile. Helen Wilson had said so. Right now he was rather collegiately dressed in golf knickers and a bright blue sweater. His shoes needed shining, his father noted, as they usually did.

Timothy Jr. draped himself in a chair across from his father and began to speak. He was cultivating a southern accent and the soft drone of his voice was soothing; it reminded one of a bee hive. Bees do drone. They carry honey in baskets. Kangaroos carry their offspring in sacks. Sacks and baskets.

Timothy Jr. wanted three hundred dollars. He didn't know that the chicken farm

had failed. His father looked at him askance. Timothy Jr. had just invented some kind of an electrical gadget—a long rod-like thing, one end of which shot burning rays of heat wherever directed. Explanations of this sort are technical. Let it suffice to say that this little machine really could be used for many purposes, and Timothy Jr. intended to make his fortune,—but he needed support in the form of three hundred dollars to get his invention patented. His father refused. He had never liked to make donations. This was a novelty. He didn't like novelties.

Timothy Jr. was patient. He had argued with his father before, and had usually won the argument. Now he explained the whole thing in detail. He took it apart, allowing his father to examine each and every screw, part, piece, *etcetera, etcetera*. He pleaded. He argued. But his father was quite firm in his determination not to give in. He refused to give the money, or to lend it. Such a loan would be nothing more than a gift.

Timothy Jr. flushed. He was angry, or mad. He came toward his father, bringing the little machine. The elder Sebastian became disturbed. Timothy Jr. had always been unusually temperamental. He would give him three hundred dollars; maybe he would give him five hundred. Just then he felt a horrible pain in his fingers. That machine! He recalled the headline "SON KILLS FATHER". Timothy Jr. was going to kill him. He hadn't thought of that. He was going to be cremated alive. "SON CREMATES FATHER". The pain was growing worse now. He couldn't remove his hand from the radius of the burning rays. He felt strange—lost in time and space. His son was glowering at him. The pain was becoming maddening. He screamed.

\* \* \*

Mr. Sebastian's entire body vibrated from the shock. He looked at his hand. His fingers clutched the red hot ashes of his cigar. Hastily he dropped the ashes. Seared flesh. Mind and matter; illusion—dream.

## Fourteenth Street

JEAN MERGENTINE

THE THREE GIRLS sat in the drug store drinking tomato soup. Every day, from twelve to one o'clock, when they were supposed to be taking recreation in the cold frozen park, they sneaked around the corner, away from the others, and established themselves in the warm, intimate corner of the Mayfair Pharmacy. Because it was Monday, Lillian was telling the others her experiences of the week-end. Erin and Jeanette spent their week-ends at matinees and dances and similar amusements, designated by Lillian as "smug, smelly, bourgeois pleasure," so they listened eagerly as she told them how she spent her time.

"Well," she began, "Friday night, Jinny, Betty-Ann and I were eating supper at a little dumpy restaurant, somewhere in East Thirteenth Street. It was a lousy meal, and none of us had any money, so when we were through eating, we just put the check down on the counter and beat it. The proprietor and a cop started running after us, but we were way ahead of them, and kept turning corners, and finally ducked in under the stairs of a house, and they went right past us. We waited there a while, but we started to get stiff, so we left, going down the street the other way. After we'd gone a few blocks, we met Roger and Bunkie and Sam. They weren't doing anything particular so we all went to a 'speak' and had a coupla drinks. While we were there, Jinny went into the ladies' lounge and came out all excited with two rolls of pink tissue and said: 'Come on, outside, we're going to have a demonstration.'

We left, and then went over to Fifth Avenue and formed a parade with the girls carrying long festoons of pink paper between them and all around their necks and tied on their heads in bows, and the boys

waving big pieces of it in the air. We went along for about five blocks, skipping and shouting and having a swell time, until a coupla cops came up and told us 'to get the hell out, or else they'd lock us up.' So we had to quit. We took all the paper, and just dumped it there in the corner of the street and started to go.

Just as we were leaving, a guy came up to Jinny, and asked her what were we going to do now. Well, you know how good looking and all Jinny is, so she puts on her 'motherless orphan face' and told him that we were just poor kids who'd been kicked out of home, and that she supposed we were going to sleep in the park. The man fell for it and said that his wife was away, and why didn't we all come and stay with him. We thought that was fine, and went with him. He lived in a big, private house, and when we were inside, he gave us all something to drink, and then said that he was going to bed, but he'd be glad to have us all stay there in the parlor. Betty-Ann took off her dress, put it on the piano, and went to sleep on the couch in her underwear, the pig and Roger and Bunkie got disgusted and left, so Sam and I finished the liquor and went to sleep in a chair."

Erin and Jeanette looked enviously at Lillian. She was their own age; all three were in the same class in school, and she could do exciting, courageous things like that, while they never did anything. Lillian, quite conscious of the impression she had made, asked deprecatingly:

"Now I suppose you think I'm an exhibitionist?"

"Why no," answered Erin timidly, for she was not sure what the word meant. "But I think we ought to be going back to school."

"School be damned," was Lillian's reply,



but they got up, and started to leave. As usual, the other girls had to pay Lillian's check, for she said that she had no money with her, and then she borrowed fifteen cents from one of them to buy some cigarettes. At the street corner, she haughtily said, "Good-bye," and told them to tell Miss Barber that "she knows what she can go and do," and she disappeared through the subway entrance.

The next morning at ten-thirty—school, for everyone else, of course, began at nine o'clock—the class was sitting in the library, when Lillian breezed in. She was wearing a new, blue dress, a squirrel jacket, and a new hat. They all stared, amazed.

"Where did you get that outfit?" someone asked.

"Oh, a man blew me to it," she responded airily.

"Let's have it, Lillian," said Jeanette.

"Well, if you must know, I just walked out of Klien's with it."

The class gasped. Shoplifting had always been one of her known and admired virtues, but previously she had confined her art to the Five and Ten. Erin and Jeanette held a discussion of this incident later.

"If she can do all these things, and get away with them," said Erin, "I don't see why I can't."

"Now, Erin, do be sensible. Lillian has a technique she's spent years in perfecting, but she'll have to be caught sometime, and most of what she does is against the law, anyway," admonished Jeanette.

"I don't care," responded Erin. "It's time we lived for ourselves too. We've always been so sheltered, and I intend to do something about it!"

Therefore, it was not long before Erin carried out her threat. One evening not long after, informing her family that she was going to the movies with Jeanette, Erin left home in search of adventure in Fourteenth Street. She had decided there could not be a worse street than that, and if anything was

going to happen to her, she wanted it to be bigger and better than any escapade of Lillian's.

She left the subway at Fourth Avenue and walked slowly and happily eastward. The street was well lighted and filled with hurrying, garrulous foreigners. It seemed quite respectable. Erin stopped by the window of the Russian Art Shoppe and dreamily admired the embroidered dresses, the carved wooden bowls, the bizarre lobster candies. Then she passed on and stood in front of the Victrola Emporium, where they sold records of all nations for nineteen cents. They were playing a cracked and rasping version of the "Peanut Vendor". Certainly no prelude for an adventure, thought Erin, and she hurried on. The odor creeping out of the Fourteenth Street Lunchroom was reminiscent of cabbage and stale meat; Erin did not find it disagreeable, but she kept walking on. A man was standing on the street selling parrots; Erin stopped to admire them, wondering if anyone ever bought them.

As she neared Third Avenue, she was excitedly waiting for something behind the corner to jump out at her, but there was nothing except the green and white International Newstand and the shrieking, hurrying "El." Undaunted, she picked her way through the pushcarts and the refuse on the street and kept going. She crossed Second Avenue, on to First, then to Avenue A. She passed the Italian neighborhood with its groups of fat women chatting on doorsteps, stores with incredibly long spaghetti in the windows, and entered the Russian Section, where were strange looking signs and many poolrooms. Then on to Avenue B, and C, and D; and now the street was getting lonelier, and the big, black, empty factory buildings were looming up in front of her; and from the dirty river behind them a damp breeze blew up to her, around her and blew her hat off. As she stooped to pick it up, a big, black dog, appearing from nowhere, came up beside her and growled loud and threateningly. She was

terrified. Forgetting her hat, she turned and ran back as fast as she could. The blocks slipped by and she was out of breath. But there were the dear, almost familiar Italians still gossiping peacefully by their front doors. She pulled herself up, walking sedately, dismayed because she had been such a coward. Lillian would have petted the dog, she thought, and brought it to school the next day with a story of how she had rescued it. So she, too, must make something happen to her that she could tell about.

She was nearing the elevated again, when she noticed a group of men standing idly on the corner. There was one in particular; he was young, dark and attractive, and was staring at her. She drew in her breath happily, conscious of the little shivers chasing each other up and down her back. "Well, here goes," she whispered to herself, and as she passed the boy, looked right at him and then turned her head over her shoulder to look back at him again. Instantly, he was at her side. She looked up at him; he was smiling down at her; she smiled back.

"Where you goin', baby?" he asked.

The accent was slightly Italian. Maybe he'll give me some of that long spaghetti, she thought, as she answered:

"Nowhere in particular."

"Can I come along?" he asked.

"Sure," she answered happily. Why this was easy.

"Have you seen that movie down there at the Cameo?" he asked, pointing to it.

"No."

"Don't, it's terrible. I seen it this afternoon."

They had reached the Russian Art Shoppe again. She stopped at the window and asked him if he didn't think the peasant dresses were lovely.

"Yeh," he replied indifferently. "But I hop you ain't one of them dirty Reds baby?" "Oh, no," she said quickly. What would Lillian have said to that?

"Yes, you lousy bourgeois, I believe in the dictatorship of the proletariat." Well, no matter what she, Erin, said, it was sure to be out of place. But the boy looked relieved and asked her name.

"Erin."

"You a mick?" he inquired.

"I'm not a Catholic, if that's what you mean?"

"Sure, sister."

"What's yours?" she asked.

"Well, the boys call me Jo, but my old lady usta call me Guiseppe."

That meant he was Italian, and certainly Catholic. Now she had made a blunder. What was it Lillian had told her to remember about Catholics? Oh, yes, that they didn't believe in Birth Control; that's right, Italians always had hundreds of children.

"Say, little girl, do you like to dance?"

"Yes, I do. I love it."

"Well, say listen, I got an apartment with two other fellers, and we got a radio there. Would you like to come up and listen to the music, and maybe dance?"

"Where is it?"

"Right near here, on Nineteenth Street."

Lillian would go, she thought, but then Lillian—well, New York was such a big place, what could possibly happen to her . . . and there were always plenty of policemen.

"Alright, let's go," she assented.

"Swell."

The walk to Nineteenth Street seemed short, and they talked but little. The apartment was a walk up, third floor rear, and the stairs were steep and dark. Erin stood timidly on the landing while Jo was unlocking the door. She thought:

"This must be the door to hell, and I hope the perdition won't be too terrible."

"Here's the joint, baby," he said, opening the door. "It ain't so elegant, but we like it."

They entered the room which he called the "parler." Erin noticed a dark green, ugly sofa, a few nondescript chairs, a dirty



worn rug, and in the corner the promised radio.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," he said, pointing to the sofa. Erin sat down stiffly. She looked into the adjoining room and saw a big, double bed, rumped and unmade. The boy was looking for cigarettes. He found them and gave her one. She accepted it silently.

"Say, whattsa matter," he asked, "lost your tongue?"

"It's a very nice place you have here," she quavered, stumbling over the words. Jo smiled at her approvingly and went to turn on the radio. After the room was filled with soft jazz, he came and sat down next to her on the sofa.

"Say," he said suddenly, "you ain't seen what I got." He thrust his right arm in front of her.

It looked stiff; it was stiff. Why, it was wooden!

"Yeh, it's a fake. A guy in a car bumped into me," he explained. "Knocked me down and ran right over my arm. It had to be cut off, but I wuz lucky, and outta the insurance I got, I gotta whole new one. Look," he showed her, "it works as good as any."

He was flexing his elbow and moving his wrist up and down. "Just like it got real joints," he explained proudly.

"What a shame," murmured Erin. "I'll show it to you," he said. He took off his coat. Underneath it, his shirt sleeves were rolled up. Erin looked from one arm to the other with a horrible fascination, and saw that one of them was a tannish color, smooth, hairless, and decidedly wooden.

"It gets awful heavy sometimes," he went on, "and awful hot too. Say, baby, do you mind if I take it off, now that we're at home?"

"Not at all," Erin replied, not looking at him, listening to the music. The radio was playing "Masquerade." She had never liked that song.

Jo came over to the sofa again and this

time sat down on the other side of her, and put his real arm about her shoulders.

"How's about a little kiss, baby?"

She turned to move away and, looking at him for the first time since he had removed his arm, she saw extending from his loose, rolled up shirt sleeve, a white, withered, hideous stump of an arm, and on the end of it, where it had been sewn together, was a zigzagging livid red scar.

"Oh, my God!" she shrieked, terrified. She sprang up, tore out the door, and ran breathlessly down the steep steps, somehow reaching the door.

Jo was at the top of the stairs calling, "Say, baby," but she was out of the house by then. She was running westward for a second time that night. Her eyes were shut tight, but that awful sight kept getting in front of her. At last she reached the corner and found a taxi. She huddled in the corner of the seat, shaken and softly crying.

"Where to, Miss?" asked the driver.

"One thousand Park Avenue—as quickly as you can."

"Be there before you know it, Miss."

He meant it, and in a few minutes there  
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## THINGS

WALTER ROYAL

THINGS are so lovely!  
Stillness on the lake.  
Clouds drifting slowly—  
Woods that dip and take  
A draught of water  
From the dreaming lake.

Things are so touching!  
A bird that sings alone,  
A pond without a lily,  
A flower plucked and thrown  
Into the road,  
Or crushed upon a stone.

# Flood

FRANCES PERPENTE

THERE WEREN'T many men in a small town like Luxor who would have married Rosa Salters even for her money. She had a face like a skull. There was some peculiar quality in the contours and texture of her face which made people think of death. It may have been the actual bony structure of her head, or the blazing eyes so deeply set above her cheekbones that you didn't see their aliveness until you came close to her. It may have been the grotesquely wide, colorless mouth or the dull pallid skin. Her face made her afraid of people because she needed to have them like her and knew it wasn't easy. She was like a sensitive loving child, shut up and stifled and cold.

She married Pete Jarvis because she needed someone to love, being unable to use up the reserves of her feeling on a cat or a dog or a parrot, and he let her do it because he knew she had enough money to make him comfortable.

He needed money. In Rosa's white house on the main street of Luxor, Pete lived a pleasant life, going out three or four times a week to inspect the land which his wife owned east of the valley. The land was rich and dark and fertile, divided into small farms. If Pete on his frequent visits sensed the scorn of the tenant farmers, he effectively stifled his resentment, since he was a small man of nervous habits, who liked his food and his sleep and avoided a quarrel as long as possible, content to think his own thoughts, whatever they may have been, and to live easily from day to day. Rosa and Pete had been married two years when the flood came.

The flood was not like the spring freshets common to the countryside about Luxor, and it wasn't like the autumn rains. The freshets were roaring white cataracts down the hills

and through the valleys. They were green and yellow and chill with spring. The rains were mistily grey, hiding the hills in low clouds, and filling Luxor's main street with mud and wide, ankle deep puddles, so that people walking from one end of the town to the other were splashed and mired thigh high, and could see their own broken reflections below them almost the whole way. The flood was different.

For five days rain had been falling from a sullen September sky. On Sunday morning the gutters were full almost to the middle of the street, and the creek which ran south of Luxor parallel with Indian Mountain had overflowed its banks, so that the orchards which bordered it were four inches deep in brown, creeping water. The dry brittle grass which grew under the trees pierced the surface of the water then, but by noon it was out of sight—a foot under.

Rosa, wrapped in long yellow oilskins which swished about her ankles, came out of the house at three in the afternoon and strode across the road and through half of one intervening field to look at the creek. She left Pete reading a newspaper before the open fire.

The world out of doors had an unnatural look as of gloomy twilight, and the air was thick with a raw piercing dampness. Overhead was the weight of rain and low nimbus clouds the color of dirty lead. It was as though all color had been blotted from the earth and sky. Indian Mountain and the low hills to the north were invisible behind a smother of formless mist. Only the creek itself had definite color, for it was a deep rusty orange with stirred up clay and carried a crest of yellow and silver foam.

It leaped and trembled and shook, roaring and thundering like a great beast. The



creek had no life but it was strong. Rosa saw a dead chicken whirl by on the raised lip of a wave. Standing there with water trickling down under her collar, with the hiss of the rain and the roar of the rising creek in her ears, she watched it curiously. She was not afraid, and even felt at home and easy in the wild mournful landscape.

There was a scattering of townspeople in the sodden field. They stood like huddled half drowned birds watching the swallowing water. Mr. Miller, the postmaster, came up to Rosa and said:

"I've never seen it this bad. We'll be lucky if it doesn't jam, and if the dam at Minturn holds. The bridge is about to go."

Some heavy timbers whirled by, caught on a few broken planks and barrels, locked for a moment, then heaved and separated again. The water looked concentrated and insane, as though it knew where it were going. Mr. Miller said:

"See that! If enough stuff piles up together it'll hold and the water will spread up into the street. I'm going home and get everything that's worth carrying up out of the cellar."

His voice sounded small in the immense greyneess.

Rosa nodded in agreement. She watched

Mr. Miller shiver, turn up his coat collar and walk away, his feet sounding soggly, for his shoes were full of water. Some of the others had heard him and turned to go also, anxious for their property. Rosa knew that kitchens and halls would be full of sacks of potatoes and grain, carefully split shining wood, winter clothing and bright colored jars of preserves.

She stood for a while watching the foam leap upon the broken, roaring surface of the water which no longer resembled the placid shallow creek with which she was familiar. Presently she turned and walked back across the field which already seemed deeper in wetness, and across the street. The air which she breathed was heavy and grey. The greyneess entered into her mouth and nose and became a part of her.

Her house was on the side of the street where the water seldom reached. When the cellars of her neighbors on the opposite side were half full of water, hers was dry and safe. The house was white and square and clean, set back in a deep square plot of grass. There was a delicate fanlight over the front door, and a tall elm tree rose in the side yard, spreading its baring branches over the roof. Rosa stood looking at the house for a moment as she always did before entering the front door. It was a gracious house and had been planned and loved by her beautiful mother who had been unable to understand the strange and terrible face of her only child. So it was that Rosa in her mother's presence had always been filled with shame. Now the house was hers.

She went into the hall, closing the door firmly behind her, and the deep roar of the rising creek followed her within the walls. It was as though the sound lay in her head, so loud it was and so steady. Heard so, in a closed place, and from a distance, it had a menacing tone.

In the long room which ran all along one side of the house, Pete still sat before the fire, but now his head nodded drowsily. He

was like a wax candle softened by too much heat and sat with his eyes half closed and his long mouth sagging loosely. He was short and meagre and pale, with sparse grey-blond hair. About his chair was an untidy mound of newspapers. The room was rosed and shadowed by the low, whimpering fire.

Rosa took off her oilskins and hung them in the deep closet which opened from the room. Then she sat down across from Pete, but he did not glance up, or take other notice of her. Presently she said, "Pete."

He raised his head slowly. "I was almost asleep," he said,

She said, "Pete, the water's rising."

His eyes flickered furtively. It made him uneasy to hear of serious things. "Worse than last year?"

"Yes, much worse."

"It won't come up to the street. It never does." He needed the security of precedent dreading the unexpected.

Rosa's face in the firelight was gaunt as stone. He did not look at her, but her strength filled the room. It was hard not to look at her. It was hard to believe her possible without looking directly at her. She said, "I expect it will be in the street by morning. This time it may get over on this side. We'd better get the things up from the cellar."

He said, "All right." It was easy to agree.

From the cellar they carried everything which was movable and which might be damaged by water. The water, if it came, would fill the yard and seep down deep through the foundations. It would come from above and from below. When they had finished their task, the back hall and part of the large kitchen were untidy with things to be saved.

Rosa prepared dinner and they ate, saying little. She did all of her own work, for the women of Luxor did not work for each other.

The house was very still and for Rosa, the loudening roar of the creek lost itself in ac-

customedness. If it had ceased suddenly, the silence would have gloved itself into a terrifying vacuum. Now and then Pete heard it anew and shivered lightly. The sound was persistent and inhuman. It was a natural unthinking voice, mightily let loose.

After the dishes had been washed and put away, Rosa and Pete sat in the long room together, and again they said little. Pete dozed in his chair, but Rosa took a big-bellied bag down from the closet and began to knit, holding soft, honey-colored wool strongly between her fingers and flashing slender steel needles regularly through a lengthening web. She was aware of the rain upon the dark squares of the windows, and when she heard approaching footsteps splashing rapidly through the lonely stillness, she went quickly to the door.

A damp rush of air crept into the house while she stood at the open door looking into the street. A man had just come opposite the house and she called to him, "Who is it?" Then she saw by the set of his shoulders he was Robert Sorrel, her neighbor. He paused and told his name.

Here, outside the house, Rosa could sense a rising activity in the town. About the houses on the street the glimmer of moving lights came mistily through the darkness. The flowing street gleamed sullenly under the street lights. Within the radius of these lights, where in summer multitudes of moths and night insects whirled blindly, now the rain showed in long silver lines, jewelling the ragged spider webs which still hung from the poles and the wires.

"I wanted to ask you how high the water is," Rosa said. She spoke awkwardly, for all people, even those she had known all of her life, were strangers to her.

Sorrel's voice was thin through the rain, but buoyed by the importance of his message. "It's up through the field and in the cellars, Mrs. Jarvis," he said. "Look." He moved his feet about, and she heard a brisk splashing and saw the light break up in threads

### Winners of the Golden Book College Short Story Contest

#### *Five Hundred Colleges Competing*

FIRST PRIZE ..... Frances Perpente,  
Rollins College  
For "The Key" (Published in the February, 1935, issue of *The Flamingo*)

SECOND PRIZE ..... Peggy Carol Elsea,  
University of Missouri  
For "The Basement"

THIRD PRIZE ..... Dee Brown,  
George Washington University  
For "I Always Was the Darndest Fool"



about his legs. "Water. It's up almost to my knees. All over the street like that. Your yard is under." Some of them are leaving town. Afraid. I'm staying. It won't be much higher."

He finished speaking and at his last word, as at a given signal, darkness fell over Luxor. From the obscurity before her, Rosa heard Sorrel say, "There go the lights!" His voice carried excitement and apprehension. "Probably won't come on again all night. Look, Mrs. Jarvis, can you let me have a lantern?"

"Yes, of course."

Rosa turned and groped into the house. There was a lantern in the hall closet and she soon found it. Matches were there too. By the dim light which shone through the door from the dying fire, she kindled a match and lighted the lantern. She heard Sorrel come splashing up to the steps, breathing quickly and audibly, and she gave him the lantern. He held it down against his thigh so that his legs and feet and the water about him were illuminated, but his face was left in shadow. "Thanks, Mrs. Jarvis," he said, "Got to hurry along. Can I do anything for you? You'd better lock up tight."

"No thank you." She waited there till the sound of his going had faded into distance. She had not thought to ask him about the dam, but thought that he would have told her if there had been trouble there. Dim lights began to blossom behind the windows up and down the street. Oil lamps. She went in and found one and lighted it, taking it in to Pete.

He was standing at the window peering out, and his voice when he spoke, was startled.

"God! The street is full of water!"

"Yes."

"Let's get out of here."

"Where could you go? No car would get through that now. You couldn't walk it. You'll be safer here. The house is strong." She trusted the house. She needed it, just

as she needed Pete, because they were all she had.

"I don't like it. We ought to do something." He teetered back and forth upon his toes and his heels. She looked at his face and saw that he was chewing his lips. She looked quickly away, hurt to see him afraid.

"It can't come much higher," she said, but remembered the dam at Minturn. She did not mention it, not wanting to trouble him.

Pete walked to the fireplace and looked at the red embers in the grate. He said irrelevantly, as though speaking from some line of thought, "I can't swim."

"No," said Rosa.

He sat down and began to read the newspaper again by the dim light. She knitted. Every now and then Pete rose and went to the window, but he could see nothing, now that the street lights were out. Neither of them spoke. The sound of rain and the roar from the fields was as steady as the regular tick of the clock which stood upon the mantle-piece but the house was a margin of safety, dry and warm, lost in wild wetness and dark.

At ten o'clock Rosa folded her knitting and she and Pete went upstairs. The lamp in Rosa's hand cast a light upon her face and Pete's, and colored a brief section of air and light about them as they passed. She left the bedroom door open and the lamp still lighted upon the floor in the hall so that a subdued glow remained, for she did not want complete darkness.

In the wide bed Rosa could feel Pete moving about restlessly, and knew he was sleepless, thinking of the water outside. She herself was tired and slept after a time. To her nature, sleep was a refuge from any fear or hurt, something easily achieved.

She awoke again, coming slowly to awareness to find Pete shaking her shoulder and crying her name in a high, thin voice.

"Rosa, Rosa," he said, "Rosa, Rosa," repeating the word in breathless panic, clinging to it for security. Instantly then, she remembered the water, and he, as soon

as he saw that her eyes were open, ran to the window, and standing half turned away from her, cried out:

"Come here, quick!"

Almost as soon as the words had become sound she was there beside him looking out into the gloom.

Now with her beside him, Pete struggled back to self-possession. He had been terrified by the singleness of his consciousness in the dark. Now he was no longer alone with his fear.

Pressing her face close to the blackness of the window, Rosa could at first distinguish nothing. Then her mind recoiled, refusing the impossibility presented to it. The water was less than three feet below the bedroom window, mouthing with a liquid murmur against the boards of the house. She wrenched the window open and leaned out, feeling the sharp dampness and the rain upon her skin. Her face, turned to the dark water, was aghast and empty with astonishment. She saw then, that the surface of the water was smooth and although the whole was moving rapidly, the water released from the broken dam at Minturn had had time to spread out in the narrow valley and its first turbulence was stilled. She thought that the townspeople had not had time to sound the alarm. Ordinarily the fire siren would have shrieked its dismal, inhuman warning. Shivering, she drew back into the room. She said, tautly:

"It must still be rising. We'll have to get out."

She felt betrayed, as though the house had turned against her, withdrawing its protection. The lower floor must be full of water nearly to the ceiling.

Pete looked at her dumbly. His face in the dimness looked ready to crumble. "How?" he said, "How?" Then the whole fabric of his face began to work violently with terror. Mistrusting his legs he went suddenly to sit down upon the edge of the bed, but the tension of his fear would not let him

stay still, and dragged him up again to wander about the room as though blind.

Rosa did not look at him, but stood immobile staring at the floor. She thought that if the water came up against the windows the glass would give way so that the flood might enter. She did not want to drown helplessly, stupidly, like an animal entrapped, and she knew that they must somehow go into the wider darkness outside. There was no refuge in Luxor itself—no tall buildings—not even a rowboat in the town. Her only safety lay within her—hers and Pete's. Her voice when it came through the gloom, was steady and controlled, something to cling to. She said:

"Pete, help me take the bed apart. I think I know how to get out of here."

He helped her, moved by her will like a puppet on strings. The headboard of the bed was very high and very wide. Clusters of stiff fruit, grapes and apples wreathed in leaves, were carved along the top of it. Rosa said:

"This will make a raft."

Pete looked at her with dazed eyes. Left to himself he would have died there in the room, whimpering against the walls. He said:

"It's too light. We'd be dashed to pieces."

"We'll have to try. Hurry."

The sound of the water was loud in the ears of both. It no longer roared, it murmured, but it was loud as the voice of doom; like a million liquid voices crying.

Rosa made Pete go with her to the attic. She found three empty barrels and an axe. Together they brought these things down into the bedroom and with the oil lamp set upon the floor beside her, Rosa fastened the barrels to the headboards with nails and lashings of clothesline. She worked quickly with desperate strength, bruising and cutting her hands and not noticing. The perspiration ran down into her eyes and mouth and she did not stop to wipe it away. As she worked,



she gasped instructions to Pete, telling him how to chop away the window frame so that the aperture would be large enough to let the raft through. She had to close her ears and her mind to the sound of the axe upon the shining woodwork, the plaster, and the clean boards of the house. If she had let herself listen, she would have been unable to work. As he hacked away Pete kept looking at the water.

"Still rising," he mumbled hoarsely.

Presently he began to pray incoherently. Rosa had never known him to pray before. She did not like to hear it. It was as though he were running hard and stumbling. She closed her attention, working fiercely. At last she said:

"I think this is finished".

And the water lapped over what was left of the window sill, trickling darkly to the floor where it spread in a shallow puddle.

"God!" Pete said, "God Almighty!"

She said, "Get some coats and things from the other room. We're ready".

She knew they should have some food, but it was impossible to get to the kitchen. She had fixed ropes to the raft so that they could hold it steady near the house, and while she waited for Pete to come with the coats, there was nothing for her to do. Only she did not want to leave the house which was the only thing in the world which seemed safe and beautiful to her, and suddenly she buried her face in her hands, overcome by grief and loneliness. The water spread slowly upon the floor. Pete came with the coats and she took down her hands. They both put on all they could comfortably wear as a partial shield against the dampness and cold.

Awkwardly then, they lifted the raft and thrust it through the window, holding fast to the ropes. It balanced lightly upon the water's surface, bobbing like a cork and tugging at the ropes. Carefully Rosa crept out, crouching and holding her weight in her hips and thighs. The raft felt incredibly unstable beneath her. It quivered like an

animal, only it was more dangerous than an animal and less manageable. It sank very little under her weight, and its surface stayed above water. The carved fruit and leaves were under her hand, and the feel of them gave her a sharp sensation of grotesqueness and dream so that she hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry, but did neither.

From the rainy obscurity she looked up at Pete and she could see only the bare outline of his face, like a paler part of the night. She wondered what time it was and whether

(Continued on Page 25)

## THE INEVITABLE

STERLING OLMSTEAD

THROUGH unrecorded time two dim paths wind,  
Now half converging, moving now apart.  
In vain they strive to touch. (Fate was not kind  
To your path and my path, my own dear heart.)  
Once you were queen in Ancient Babylon  
And I a humble slave who drew your ear;  
And once you watched me when my rival won  
And I gave up my life in mimic war.  
And once—but why recall the fruitless past?  
Through Rome, old Britain, Medieval France,  
Our paths have wandered, strayed, and met at last;  
And being met, I say I knew that Chance  
And Fate did strive in vain with you and me,  
For this is that which always had to be.

# Those Utopian Thirties

REGINALD J. CLOUGH

I AWOKE ON the morning of April 17, 1967, and thanked Heaven that I was living in the Soviet Republic of America.

No worries for me. Here it was my twenty-first birthday, and I had to go to work for the first time in my life. I was sure of a job though. Government bosses had looked up my college record. They found out that I was interested in Journalism at the Soviet state institution. So they had instructed me to report for work today on the *Chronicle*. It shouldn't be uninteresting. Of course, I would have to leave home, but so had my four brothers and sisters, and at least I was going to a city. Not too many restrictions either. Work for everyone; no overwork for anyone. That was the byword of the S. R. A.

Things hadn't been half this easy when Dad had started. He began at the bottom, worked his head off, coined money for a while, and then they took it all away from him. I could remember how he used to talk about it.

"Those were the days," he would say. "Why a short time before you were born, we could still remember the rugged individualists."

I'd give anything to see one of those!

"Only thing we had to worry about were the Brain Trusters. They would start something, we would wonder for a while, and then it would all blow over. What if we could have looked ahead then? The New Deal bothered us a little, but it just made money closer for a few years. A lot of good propaganda, but it never worked. If all those symbols had been anything but a bunch of letters, we would never have had the mess we're in now. Does a person good to have to work. Makes you appreciate what you've

got. Let the fit survive, and let the rest make themselves fit. That's the only way to have prosperity."

"But," I would argue, "what are you going to do with so many out of work. If it weren't for the S. R. A., half the people in America wouldn't know where the next dollar is coming from. They've eliminated the dollar, and now there's nothing to worry about."

"Listen, son" he would say, "you've seen only one side of it. Sometime if you want to see something of the old days, I'll tell you what to do. A bunch of the big boys got out before the fight started. They settled on an island. I think they called it Bumin. Don't know exactly where it is. Find out about it, and before you die get out there and just see what it's like—the way we used to live back in the thirties. You may have some trouble getting there because the head office won't allow anybody to come or go, and they can't send mail back and forth. But there are a few ships running every now and then with food. Never mind how hard it is to find it, get out there and it'll be worth it."

Just as I had expected, when I arrived at the office of the *Chronicle*, the editor called me in. He told me that he'd watched what I'd done in the Institute. We talked for a while and then he sent me away.

"Go somewhere," he said. "If you get any good ideas send them back; if you don't, never mind. Travel and look around for six months. When you come back, bring back some ideas. We'll give you travelling expenses."

The first thing I thought about was a trip to Bumin. It seemed impossible, but there ought to be some way. If I could ever get there, there must be some new sights. Dad told me on account of the climate, the in-



habitants could live for years. There might even be some of his old friends still alive!

After about a week I hit on a plan. Those capitalist fellows—maybe they still play golf. It used to be pretty popular back in those days. But how do they get caddies? If they're so old, they must have to have them. If I could only disguise myself as a caddie. It would take a lot of disguising, though.

I stayed at home for a few days studying caddies in pictures I found in some old magazines Dad had saved. You could always tell the caddies by their pants. They wore flannels, usually baggy, brown, or among the younger boys, grey and checkered. Caddies must have worked at night because their clothes all looked that way. They looked like pictures of the kind college students used to wear in the pre-S. R. A. era. The pants weren't worn; they just dragged, sort of anchoring one to a slow saunter, I imagine. Anyway I got a pair. After that I had to get sort of a professional look like all caddies had when you asked them what club to use. I guess that my look was alright too, because I got passage on a boat to Bumin. The ship captain said a tournament was coming off in the summer, and he thought they could use me.

After I had boarded the ship I took notice of my surroundings even more carefully than ever. I wanted to remember just where Bumin was located. Of course, I couldn't write any news articles on my trip, but I should get some ideas and experience. I have the whole voyage and stay on the island carefully recorded in my diary from which I will quote to best describe what happened on my excursion:

*June 3rd*—Had a talk with the Captain tonight. He says he's never been ashore at Bumin but a transport agent told him about the golf. Taking over a boat load of oranges and grapefruit. He doesn't know much about the Bumins but thinks they are big eaters. Mostly old men but some women, he seems to think. Says they play golf, do some

drinking, but never seem to work. Doesn't think the island produces anything. Says he always gets paid in gold for everything he sells. Thinks they have more gold on the little island than in the whole S. R. A. Disagree with him but hope to find out soon.

*June 4th*—Had a rough day at sea which slowed the trip up some. Came in sight of Bumin late at night. Captain says we have to wait till morning to go ashore. Pants are getting baggier. Beginning to feel official and confident. Ought to make a good caddie. Tonight before dinner while looking around the boat found a shipment of golf clubs addressed to F. D. R., Sleepy Dale Country Club, Bumin. It rather puzzles me. Can't understand the Bumin postal service. If they can get mail by their initials on the packages, they must have a good system.

*June 5th*—Arrived Isle of Bumin at 9:53 A. M. First impression was that it was the world's strangest spot. The natives walk along the streets, gazing at the sky, apparently thinking all the time. Most of them are old. Sometimes they will stop, stroke their beards, look into space, smile wistfully, and walk on. Can't understand this place. They all seemed interested in me, gathered about me, asked questions. They wanted to know if I had come over from the "United States." I said that I had and they all got excited and began to talk hurriedly, brokenly, occasionally mumbling. One old man on crutches kept asking me weird questions.

"What is Otis prior preferred at? Has the government stopped the short selling yet? What's the daily turn-over? Who's leading the bulls?" and many others equally incomprehensible.

Not knowing who Otis is, being ignorant of the genealogy of "turn-over," and remembering that bull-fighting was prohibited in '47, I couldn't seem to help him out much. He wiped his eyes and hobbled away, saying sobbingly "times have changed, times have changed."

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## According to Custom

PATRICIA WIGHT GUPPY

*A Play in One Act*

### CHARACTERS

*Ted Starr*—Age 27; intelligent; high strung.

*Hugh MacKenzie*—Friend of Starr's.

*Grey*—A doctor. Age 40.

*Stuart*—Intense, bitter. Age about 25.

*Five or six German soldiers.*

**SCENE:** Torn ruin of the basement of farmhouse in No Man's Land. At the beginning of the play, firing is heard in the distance; flashes from explosions, etc. These die off, except for a distant rumble of guns, during the action of the play. It is night. As the curtain rises, Grey and Stuart appear to have just tumbled into the ruin, battle-stained and exhausted. There has just been a night attack and everything is in confusion.

*Stuart:* (panting): That you, Grey?

*Grey:* (breathing hard) Yes—Stuart, isn't it? Where are we now?

*Stuart:* God knows. What I'd like to know is what's happened—what is happening? The confusion—God, it's like a nightmare. You go on and on and reach nowhere.

*Grey:* Firing seems to be dying off—what time is it?

*Stuart:* Smashed my watch on a stone—part of my wrist along with it, too.

*Grey:* I wonder how long we were out there.

*Stuart:* Don't know—half an hour—quarter of an hour maybe. Seemed like twenty years to me.

*Grey:* Should be around one—or two . . . anyway, in a few hours it'll be light enough to see what we can do.

(*Mackenzie appears and scrambles half over the mound; sees the others*)

*Mackenzie:* Who's that?

*Grey:* Stuart and Grey, Mac.

*Mackenzie:* (In great relief): Come help me

will you? Starr's lying here, half covered with earth from a shell explosion. I can't make out what's the matter with him. Seems pretty badly hurt.

*Grey:* Of course.

*Stuart:* Over the bank?

(*They climb up where Mackenzie is; Grey goes half over and helps MacKenzie pull Starr up; Stuart dashes back to where he and Grey were before and pushes earth off a ledge of ruined wall large enough to put the wounded man on.*)

*Mackenzie:* Wait—let me get his legs clear. (Starr groans in agony, half conscious.) God, look at that;

*Grey:* (Quickly and quietly) I know. Don't jerk him more than you can help, Mac, I've got his shoulders.

*Mackenzie:* Wait—his right arm is caught.

*Grey:* It's not caught, Mac.

*Mackenzie:* What? Bending over to look. Gracious God! Poor kid—

*Stuart:* (Who has taken off his tunic) Here—perhaps this will help.

(*They wrap Stuart's tunic around the upper part of Starr's body, and get him down and over the ledge, Starr groaning pitifully.*)

*Mackenzie:* (Tense with anguish) Grey—you're a doctor, aren't you? Perhaps you'd better see—

*Grey:* I'm going to. I think we can strike a light without much danger.

(*They strike a light, Stuart coming around to hide Starr's torso from the audience.*)

*Stuart:* Heavenly Father! Look at his right arm!

*Grey:* All right, Stuart.

*Stuart:* (As if fascinated) Just to the elbow—couldn't be neater—

*Mackenzie:* His left arm—



Grey: Bone's broken, I think—Can't tell.

Mackenzie: A shell, I suppose—

Grey: Obviously, yes.

Mackenzie: But that's not all, is it? The way he groans—

Stuart: Good God!

Grey: I know—it's the stomach region, I think; everything's so covered with blood—here, help me cut this cloth away, will you? *(Stuart passes his hand across his forehead; match goes out)*

Mackenzie: *(Voice sharp with anxiety)* Keep that light burning, damn it!

*(Stuart has another match lit)*

Grey: *(To Mackenzie)* You see?

Mackenzie: *(After stricken pause)* Well,—what about it. Can't you do something?

Grey: Sorry, Mac. The greatest surgeon in the world couldn't do anything for him.

*(Mac drops his head. Match goes out)*

Mackenzie: How long—Will he die soon?

Grey: Afraid not—he'll last for a good many hours yet.

Mackenzie: Like that?—in that pain?

Grey: Yes. If I only had anything here—with a deadening effect—but I haven't. It wouldn't have effect long, but even so—

Stuart: So he'll just have to lie here and suffer Hell till the end comes?

Grey: That's it, I'm afraid.

Mackenzie: Poor old Ted—*(Grey covers Starr as much as possible with Stuart's tunic.)*

Grey: You know him pretty well, don't you, Mac?

Mackenzie: *(In a muffled voice)* I—yes—he's my . . . best friend.

Grey: Has he any people?—relatives?

Mackenzie: A brother, I think—I don't know—

Grey: *(Taking out flask and uncorking it)* I'll give him some brandy—

Stuart: What in God's name for? Bring him to consciousness to have him know he's in agony? *(Grey hesitates.)*

Mackenzie: He may have some messages—instructions—

*(Grey gives Starr some brandy, Mac helping*

*him. Starr groans more deeply and rocks his head from side to side.)*

Starr: *(Deeply, with anguish)* Oh—God!

Mackenzie: *(Supporting his head and shoulders)* Ted, old man—

Starr: *(Opening tortured eyes and looking up at Mac)* Hugh? . . . Oh, Christ—Oh God, *(panting)* what is it? What's the matter with me—

Mackenzie: *(Trying to soothe him)* It's all right, Ted, old chap, you've just been hurt a bit, that's all.

Starr: What is it—it's like a red-hot knife—every time—I breathe—*(Makes movement as though to move his right arm; tries to look at it, in horror)* God in Heaven! My—arm!

Grey: Take it easy, Starr.

Starr: My God, it's—*(Tries to raise himself, pain makes him fall back with half-gasp, half scream of anguish)* Oh, Christ! Put an end to it all; for God's sake, put a bullet through my head and stop this pain!

Grey: Here, Starr, drink a little of this—*(Gives him sip of water from water-bottle Stuart has handed him.)*

Mackenzie: Ted—just hold on a bit—it'll be light in a little while and then we'll try to get you in—they'll fix you up—

*(Grey wipes off Starr's face with wet handkerchief.)*

Starr: *(Laboriously)* Don't bother to pretend, Hugh; I know—what's the matter with me;—there's—nothing to be done, is there, Grey?

Grey: *(Meets his eyes, then after a minute, gently and quietly)* I can't treat you like a child, Starr;—No.

Mackenzie: *(In an agonized voice)* But isn't there the slightest hope—Good 'God, you doctors don't tell everything for certain—if, we could get him in they might—

Starr: Jesus Christ! do you think I'd want to go on—for years—without any arms? even if—*(More slowly, hoarsely)* it's no good, Hugh, shoot me, and end it all!

Mackenzie: *(Trying to support him, hardly knowing what he's saying)* Don't say that, Ted—take it easy, old man—how about your people—relatives—your brother?

Starr: *(In anguished bitterness)* My brother—? I haven't seen him for six years—there's no one I'd want to live for—besides, I can't live—I know it! I know it! Oh, God—one of you—put a bullet through my head, and stop—the pain! *(None of them make a move.)* Christ—you cowards!—I'd do it myself—but how can I, with both arms smashed to Hell!—

Grey: *(With tensed quietness, offering water)* Here, old chap, drink some of this—

Stuart: *(With sudden hysteria)* Jesus! why keep on making him more conscious—what for? to suffer more?

Starr: Hugh—

Mackenzie: *(His arm over Starr's body)* Here I am, old man.

Starr: Hugh—we've been pals—you used to say you'd do anything for me *(Mac's chest is heaving)* do this for me, now!

Mackenzie: *(Hardly able to speak)* God—Ted—anything—anything but that!

Starr: *(Desperately)* You've said you never could repay me—for that time outside Paris—you can repay me now! Christ—I didn't mean—to say that—but—for God's sake, do it for me, Hugh!

Mackenzie: Ted, I can't—Don't ask me to—don't you see I can't! *(Mac chokes, almost breaks down; there is a few second's stricken silence, the only sounds being the muffled sobs of Mackenzie as he fights for breath, and Starr's groaning breathing.)*

Starr: Grey—*(Grey leans toward him)* You do it, Grey. *(Pause for a moment, while Grey realizes what it is he is being asked to do)* and for God's sake—be quick—

Grey: *(With difficulty)* Starr, old fellow—it's—it's a hard thing that you're asking me to do—kill another human being in cold blood—

Starr: Why? You're a doctor—your work

in life is to fight against pain—to end suffering—

Grey: Starr, you don't know what you're asking—the doctor's ideal is to save life—not end it—

Starr: *(In rising fury)* That's not true! your ideal is to help suffering humanity—to be humane! You—you call yourself humane—yet you'll be willing to leave me here—for hours! *(In agony)* God—if I could only do it for myself! *(To Grey)* Grey—for the sake of Heaven—not one of the patients you have had in your life will bless you more than I will! *(Grey is showing the conflict within him; Starr, in his anguish, is trying to pull himself up to speak to Grey, so that Mackenzie has to support him)* Grey—you won't be killing me—Death has to come to me anyway—it'll be only bringing it a little nearer—*(Still Grey is silent. Starr falls back, exhausted, his voice weaker, but with almost delirious wildness)* You're thinking of the world—what the world will say! You're afraid! Not afraid of contagious disease—or of war—death like that for you would be called Glory! But to be called a murderer—you're afraid of that—afraid to face your fellow-men having offended their senseless conventions! . . . You needn't be afraid though—no one need ever know—Stuart and Mac would never tell—there's no one near here who cares—and no one in the world who cares whether I die sooner or later!

Grey: *(Stung)* Good Heaven! I'm not afraid of what anyone will say or do—it isn't that—Starr: Then do it—and thank God—!

*(He falls back. Grey looks at Mac and Stuart. They look at him. Grey looks at the moaning Starr and slowly takes hold of his revolver. He looks at Mac—as Starr's friend.)*

Mackenzie: *(In a whisper)* Go on—if you can—Grey. You're the one—who—should be able to do it—

Starr: *(Looks feebly at Grey, sees him holding his revolver—speaks with pitiful thank-*



fulness, almost in a whisper) You—will, Grey? God—bless you! Go on—shoot! (He closes his eyes. Grey looks at him without raising his revolver. Starr lies with his head on Mac's arm. Grey makes no move towards him. There is a pause, and just as Starr raises his head to see what is the matter, Grey drops his revolver.)

Grey: I can't do it,—God, help me, I can't do it! I know I should—by every reason of common sense—by the sanest ideas of humanity—But I cannot kill him—I can't do it!

Starr: (Wildly, exhaustedly raising himself) You—won't do it? and, Christ! you call yourself humane! Humane! You'd do the same thing, without a damn thought for a mangy cur—but you won't do it for a human being! (He falls back, racked with exhaustion and pain. As he does so, Stuart bursts out hysterically.)

Stuart: It's true! What he says is true! We call ourselves civilized, and yet because of our little silly personal distastes for killing another human being in cold blood—we'll watch him lie there and suffer like the damned—so our delicate consciences won't be troubled! God!—all the little yellow conventions that people hide behind to escape from the big jobs of life! Behind them all the centuries of "Thou shalt not kill!"—"Thou shalt not kill—" no, not unless the killing is authorized and legal—but if it is prompted by the highest motives—to do good and ease pain, we can't do it—because it's not according to custom! (To Mac) You won't kill him because you're thinking more of yourself than of him! (To Grey) You can't pull that trigger, because you value your reputation too much to defy the world's blind conventions. . . !"

Grey: (Quietly, but through his teeth) And you, Stuart?

(There is an electrified pause, during which Stuart, cut short suddenly, stares at Grey; Grey looks steadily at him. Starr groans, rocks his head from side to side.)

Starr: Jesus Christ! Can't any of you—(He struggles for breath; turns toward Stuart and sees him) Stuart! (Stuart turns toward him, tries to reply, but cannot.) Stuart! You're—the only—one—For God's sake—you were always talking about—Modern Thought—destroying useless humans (He essays a smile) sorry, old man—didn't mean that—but let's be sensible about this—You know it's right—You'll do it, won't you?—Be a man—I'll thank you—will—you?—

(There is a slight pause, then Stuart speaks, his voice a little high-pitched.)

Stuart: All right—I'll do it—it can be done! I'll do it! (He takes his revolver in his hand; the other two are looking at him—trying not to stare. Stuart looks at Mac.) You'd better get out of the way, Mac. (Mac lowers Starr's back, and gently disengages himself from his friend. Starr strains himself up to look at Stuart.)

Starr: (Seeing that Stuart is actually ready) You—will? Oh—Thank God! God—bless

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## RONDEAU

MARLEN ELDREDGE

LIKE SILVER aspen leaves up-tossed,  
Pale moonlight lay across the frost.  
Deep in the woods cold branches stirred  
And shadows of the trees were blurred  
In patterns on the ground I crossed.

By that rare scene I walked engrossed  
Beside a lake whose waters tossed  
Beneath the moonlight, wind perturbed,  
Like silver aspen leaves.

The chalice of my heart, embossed  
With beauty of that night long lost,  
Is richly wrought; deep chasings gird  
Its rim with patterns that occurred  
When moonlight lay across the frost  
Like silver aspen leaves.

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the morning was near, and she spoke to Pete calmly with a gentle insistence.

"Now." She put her hand upon the jagged wood of the window sill holding fast. "I'll hold it steady for you. Come."

He did not move, but standing motionless began to sob horribly. The sound was awful like a kind of obscene vomiting. Rosa turned her face away. Then, because it was necessary that he come quickly, she took as much water as she could in her hand and splashed it in his face again and again. At last he gasped and was still. She said:

"If you don't come you'll drown in there like a rat."

He came. His weight settled the raft a little lower in the water, and she could feel his violent trembling communicate itself to the wood upon which he sat. For a moment then, she held fast to the house, and when she released her hold, the raft whirled crazily out into the flood. The main drift of the stream was west and they went down the middle of the watery and flowing street, passing the roofs of houses. There was no sign of life. Rosa thought that most of the people of Luxor must have escaped somehow, or that now they were all huddling inside nursing their terror in the dark. Only as they passed the last house in the village, someone stood at the attic window crying out. To Rosa, the scene had the poignant anguish of a dream, and she could not make it come real. There was no way to get the raft to the window, and even so it would have been too small for another passenger. Pete would not look, but bowed his head moaning, more for himself than for the creature at the window. The cries followed them mournfully over the water, long and penetrating like the cries of an animal in pain. The raft, with Rosa and Pete crouched upon it, was lost and infinitesimal in a strange and unnatural immensity. The rain still fell, and the dampness was so impenetrable that they might almost have been under water

like the brainless fish, rather than upon it. Pete was silent now and utterly quenched, shut into his own shuddering terror. In order to keep him warm Rosa pressed her body close to his, thinking to make him less afraid with the vital heat of her. Presently he said bitterly through his chattering teeth:

"If you'd gotten out when I wanted to, we'd be safe now. God, but you're a fool, wanting to stick it out!"

She did not answer, for words seemed to mean little in the vastness, and she was able to accept his bitterness and to forget it.

The surface of the flooding water was scattered with debris, logs and shattered timbers and light sheds. Out beyond the town where the fields lay deeply covered, the raft nearly collided with a dead horse. The beast was large and greyish white, visible in the murky darkness. As it floated by, its head was not more than two feet from Rosa, and she saw clearly the great, dull, wide open eyes and the ragged, dark red hole just over its left eye. She thought that the hole must have been made by a rushing piece of timber. The large bony head of the horse looked infinitely peaceful and Rosa watched it until it was blotted out in darkness. After that they saw dead things at intervals; many chickens, some pigs, two or three cows and a dog. It seemed strange and indecent that death should come out in the open so.

The sky began to lighten into an unfamiliar diffusion of grey. Slowly the lonely waste of water took on a partial definition. Here and there trees could be seen breaking the surface. The raft came near a tree—a great elm, and Rosa awoke from a bleak lethargy to seize the branches, making Pete fasten the ropes, which were still on the raft, about the trunk. The tree seemed friendly and real in the alien landscape. There were five white chickens perched in its topmost branches. Their feathers hung dishevelled and sodden and each hid its head under its wing. Rosa envied them their ready oblivion. Perhaps to them this



dawn was like any other. Rosa thought that she recognized the tree, that it was one which stood upon the Holmes' farm, perhaps in the very field where the blackberries grew so thickly in late August. She remembered the summer in these fields, and the yellow butterflies circling in pairs through the blue air, round and round each other, like double stars immutably held to their concentric orbits.

Pete looked up at the heavy grey clouds which excluded the full sunlight. His face glistened with dampness and his eyes were red and strained. He shivered miserably and rubbed his hands together for warmth. With comparative safety his fear had somewhat abated. He said:

"If we only had something to eat. If we *do* get out of this we'll die of pneumonia."

"Here, come near me," Rosa answered, "and you'll be warmer."

He didn't move, but looked at her sullenly. He had never before now realized fully how deathlike she looked. Like a hal-lowe'en spook. But here in the endless grey-ness the thing showed up more. He looked away uneasily, out over the water and then up at the five dragged chickens.

"Wish we were out of this," he mumbled.

For a long time they remained moored to the tree, but a log, jarring into the raft, splintered a corner of it, letting water into one of the barrels and tearing the ropes loose. The branches and the chickens soon faded into dullness and for a time nothing was visible but water and its burden of destruction, the limiting mountains being still-shrouded in mist and rain. Now the raft was lower in the water and one end of it was wet and slopping with shallow waves. It was suddenly colder. Both Rosa and Pete were shivering, and their clothes were wet through. It seemed that nothing had ever existed but the miserable wetness; all comfort and warmth faded to a far unknow-

able mirage. Suddenly Pete moved about, tilting the raft perilously.

"There's a house!" he cried.

Rosa followed his pointing hand. From the smooth, dully gleaming surface of the water thrust the roof and upper story of a white house. It was the first they had seen all day, the valley being sparsely inhabited here to the westward. The slow, twisting flow of the flood carried them nearer. It was as if the combined force of their wills directed the light raft and the current. The house, even deep in water as it was, seemed a haven of safety, reassuring them of their humanity. A swirl in the water brought them against the boards of the house. Rosa clutched at a window sill and held fast to it. All of her strength concentrated in her hands and clung there to the wood. To her excited fancy it seemed that the house swayed with the motion of the water but she could not be sure. Pete was breathing in long, shuddering gasps. His face was a dull waxy yellow, like a mask, and he did not look at her but at the house.

Then like a part of the watery sounds which filled the world came a low whimpering sobbing. Rosa's head jerked up.

"It's a child," she said. "Alone in the house."

Pete did not answer. He was still looking at the house. The raft swayed up and down, butting gently against the boards of the house. Again Rosa thought the sill swayed, but she had had little sleep and no food and could not tell. She looked through the window at the room beyond. There was water upon the floor, and she saw no one. The sobbing continued. She said:

"Pete, we can't leave it in there. I'll hold the raft while you go in."

She thought of the child crying out its terror alone, and shook with sympathy, feeling its loneliness akin to her own.

Pete said, "All right, I'll go in."

He kept his eyes upon the window, and as she still held tightly to the sill, he scrambled

in eagerly. She had not told him of the unsteadiness she had experienced in the house. It was better for him not to be afraid. Now she was alone and the many-voiced stillness of the water came upon her. She fought it off, listening to Pete moving about in the house. He said nothing and did not appear, and in quick panic she called out to him:

"Pete, did you find it? Where are you?"

His answer came after a moment, "Yes."

She saw him then, coming with a child in his arms. It was a little girl, huddled in cold and terror, clinging to him. "There's a dead woman in here," he said. He made no move to come out.

She said, "Pete, come on, you're safer out here. This house is shaking. It's going to fall in."

His eyes were cunning, blazing in the pallor of his face.

"I'm staying here. I'm through listening to you. Here—" He thrust the child at her, and she caught it with one arm so that it would not roll into the water. "You can have the brat if you want her. Why should I do what you want me to?" His face contorted with rage. "Stop looking at me, do you hear? I can't stand it! You're not a woman, you're death! Get out. I can't stand it!" He was sobbing in hysterical anger. Leaning over, he tore her hands loose from the sill, pushing her away. "Get out. You can't have me!" He hid his face in his hands to escape her face. He feared her.

The raft drifted away from the house. Rosa cried out, "Pete, oh, Pete." He feared her. He hadn't ever gotten past her face. She trembled all over. The child lay beside her and she picked it up, holding the small white face against her shoulder.

The surface of the water shook into waves. There was a deep rumble in the grey air. Through her tears Rosa saw the house sway and settle in the water. Pete, still in the window, began to scream and gibber in a high, shrill voice, like that of a woman or a

demon. The sound was not human, belonging rightfully to the heavy sky and the heaving waters. His cries shaped into words, "Rosa, Rosa,——" The raft drifted away. The house settled lower; then with a rending of timbers it sank below the flood. Now it had never been. Only the water surged and sucked around an emptiness, and then leveled again. The raft had drifted too far to be pulled in with the house. Rosa and the child were safe.

Pete was gone. She had lost him and he was all she had. She had sent him to his death. She had killed him. Burying her terrible face in her hands, she cried in long difficult sobs which tore at her throat and chest. She sat weeping, lost and aloof in an endless grey universe. Caught like a gnat or a fly on the flat, steel surfaced waste, Rosa experienced the infirmity of the human sense of identity; knowing it as weak and transient, unsure; requiring familiarity for its sustenance. No one but the child saw her tears and they mattered to no one but herself. They, too, were frail and transient, part of the vast watery solitude. She was only a woman, crouched down and weeping, just as the mountains were merely masses of up-piled rock and earth hidden in mist and rain, her substance being no more nor less than theirs.

After a time her tears abated from sheer weariness. The child crept up against her, shivering with cold and Rosa held it close. In a whisper she questioned the woman:

"Will we drown? Will we die?"

"No," said Rosa. "You're with me. You're safe with me."

The child did not fear her, but clung to her and looked out at the water with wondering eyes. Rosa felt a little warmer, as though with the faster beating of her heart, and she laid her face against the little girl's cold cheek.

Darkness came. All the long night Rosa and the child clung together on the precarious raft. From time to time Rosa raised



her terrible face to the sky, and faced with an immensity which she sensed but could not see or understand, it was no longer terrible. Only under the embarrassed eyes of men and women did her face assume the look of death and caricature. Here where no one could see but the child who did not care, she was suddenly eased and at one with the insentient night and the feelingless, flowing water.

When the light came again, the clouds seemed higher and less grim. They were shredded out by a light wind. Rosa saw that the flood had ebbed greatly so that trees appeared almost naturally tall. To the left was a large red brick house. People were there. Over the flat water their voices sounded clearly. As she came closer she saw that they were gesticulating to her, waving their arms and calling. She rose to her knees and waved back, weakly, but she was almost sorry to see them.

As the raft came opposite the house, they pulled it in with long poles, looking at her wonderingly, and at the child. There were three men and two women. Rosa could barely talk, but after she had been warmed and dried and fed, when her own trembling and that of the child was stilled, she told them her story. They stared at her amazed, looking at the frail raft which they had saved. Concluding, she said with great dignity, "My husband died to save this child."

"He was a hero," said one of the women.

Rosa nodded. Already she had begun to think of Pete with tenderness, as a hero. It would give her something to cherish privately in her mind. Somehow he seemed more real to her than when he had lived. She thought that when the flood was past she would return to Luxor and help to rebuild the town. She could salvage her house and make it beautiful for herself and for the child who did not fear her.

(Continued from Page 6)

vor: he was an Englishman; of unusual intelligence; with a good salary—which was always a point to be considered, whether it be Englishman, American, Scotchman or Creole. Therefore Godfrey was down on the mental card index as a "possible", before even he made a personal appearance before Sorelejo & Daughter, Inc.

However, when Paolita first saw Godfrey at a Government House garden party, where he was being introduced by Mr. Feversham, the manager of his bank, it did not appear to be love at first sight. She was standing next to me, and she giggled (that is one extremely annoying thing about Paolita; girls like that should never giggle) and said with characteristically Trinidadian expression, "Cheese and rice! Who is that man with the red hair?"

I took a look at him (one look was enough; you never forgot him afterwards) and said, "I don't know," (neither did I, then,) and afterwards we were separated in the crowd and none of the three of us saw the others after that.

But it was only a few days afterwards that Mrs. Feversham called me up and said that she was taking a little party of young people up to the country club to give their "new boy" an introduction into the younger set, and would I be one of them. I rather gathered that I was supposed to sort of take the "new boy" under my wing (that's me—just a nice, motherly sort of person); however, as I am rather a pet of Mrs. Feversham's, (she always invites me to all her Christmas parties and carnival dances) I said I'd be dee-lighted.

Imagine my surprise, etc.,—well, anyhow, never mind about that. The important point is that, as I was dancing the first dance with Mr. Godfrey Browne and over his shoulder boldly outstaring all the excited glances of my various girl and boy friends in the ballroom, I suddenly felt my partner twitch all over as if he had received an electric shock.

I was just trying to remember if I had any unsheathed pins on me anywhere, when he said in a voice trembling with suppressed emotion, "Who is that girl over there?"

I turned my head in surprise, then mentally registered, "Of course!" When men saw Paolita for the first time, they always said: "Who is that girl over there?" or sometimes they said: "Who is that girl over there?"

"That's Paolita Sorelejo," I replied; and then, to set his mind at rest, for the poor thing was really in a pitiable state of agitation, I added kindly: "Would you like me to introduce you?"

"Er—Yes, please," he stammered, very English; so I replied, "All right then, in the next interval," and filled in the rest of the dance with small talk and the exciting exercise of keeping my toes from under his feet.

So that was the first time that Dante saw er,—I beg your pardon, I'm sure—that Godfrey saw Paolita.

In that memorable interval, Paolita was as usual surrounded by a phalanx of males—and when I say males I'm talking about things like August Hoffman, twenty-one, six feet-three, blond hair and blue eyes, and a face and figure for gods and men to stare at; and Mr. Faulkner, a distinguished-looking thirty-odd with an easily divorcable wife and an income running into the six figures, so they say—he's in oil. So when I had shoved Godfrey well in among the throng, I just said, "Poor devil!" What exactly were Paolita's reactions when she knew that this was the Godfrey Browne of which she had heard so much, I can't say; I never asked her. However, she treated him just as nicely as she did all the others; that's one thing I always liked about her—no favoritisms anywhere. Or maybe it was just because she was the obedient daughter of a prudent mother. At all events, Godfrey became a regular visitor at the Sorelejo house. And all Trinidad laughed—politely, of course, behind its hand—as a small community gen-

erally does when it sees its own absurdities mirrored in other people's behavior.

But, as time wore on, and Mrs. Sorelejo began to count over her daughter's chances—being kindly accompanied in this important exercise, though she did not know it, by all the gossips in the Island—it really began to seem that poor young Godfrey Browne actually didn't have such a very bad chance after all. When you came to look seriously at Paolita's devoted admirers—that is, the ones who really took her with coffee, breakfast and dinner and so on—the results were rather feeble. Discount the half-dozen local boys—which knocks out August Hoffman. Diregard Faulkner—the Sorelejos, being devout Roman Catholics, would never consider marriage with a divorced man. Overlook such minor details as a few Englishmen, who, while drawing more or less respectable salaries, did not come up to Godfrey's income-procuring capacities, also Mr. Powers, a good-looking American, who was something fairly big on the asphalt works; but unfortunately shortly after he came out he had become too much attracted by our excellent Trinidad rum, which, of course, lowered his eligibility considerably. So really it seemed that Red Browne—as he had of course been nicknamed—stood pretty high after all. And laughter went round among various circles when Mrs. Sorelejo was known to turn her smile graciously upon his freckled and fish-like facade.

Well we will skip all the intermediate stages and come to the grand finale—since I have never been able to decide whether the recitation of the gradual steps leading up to a marriage is more embarrassing to tell, or more boring to listen to.

I have to depend for most of the facts for the rest of the story upon Paolita's own account of them—but surely no one would be more qualified to give them than she, so that's all right. As I say, the approach to the document was gradual, but the denouement itself was rapid and surprising—also some-



what premature, although at the time that it happened there was, definitely I think, an unofficial understanding between Sorelejo and Daughter that Godfrey was to be looked upon with favour.

It was at Macqueripe Bay that it happened, when the Fevershams, with Godfrey as their guest were spending their "summer" holidays in the top bungalow on the cliff, and the Sorelejos, with sundry cousins and friends of their bosom, had one of the two lower ones. Naturally Paolita and Godfrey got together—or perhaps were pushed together—and went for bathes at the water's edge, walks, etc., in a twosome—most decorous and proper. I should have liked to have heard their conversations on those occasions; Godfrey always did have a habit of stammering when excited, and Paolita generally seemed to get right in among his vocal cords; while she, of course, always was a past mistress in the art of beautiful silences. That's why she often gave men the impression of being very intelligent; she *listened* so well.

It appears that one day, everybody decided to hire some boats from the Macqueripe fishermen and go fishing far out in the bay and outside of it. They started early in the morning; and, after a while, the various boats drifted apart, and Paolita and Godfrey found themselves more or less alone, alone, ah, all alone, alone in a wide, wide sea. To be more exact, Godfrey, who did not seem to be awfully handy with the oars, preferred to let the boat just "go" after he had got it just outside the Bay, so it drifted over to one side a bit, and they fished.

Need I probe into Godfrey's tender heart with rough fingers and describe in what a state of various flutterings and other agitations it was, to find himself thus alone with the object of his affections? Need I say that, if he started like a frightened antelope on first beholding the glorious creature, his emotions had strengthened a hundredfold on becoming more and more acquainted with her? Poor Godfrey had always been used to com-

manding scant respect from even the least attractive of the fair sex; imagine his state of mind, therefore, when this ravishing beauty, from the first, agreed with every word he said, and gazed at him with soft and ardent attention whenever he spoke to her. Of course, this was merely one of the natural expressions of Paolita's beautiful eyes—she used to gaze at *me* that way; but he wasn't to know that.

So, rocking on the cradle of the deep this particular morning, it can be taken that his emotions *were* in a considerable state of agitation. He felt that above all things he wanted to express himself; men with red hair are generally inclined to be impulsive, and to see Paolita sitting at the other end of the boat, dressed with touches of scarlet and looking as desirable as a ripe cherry, made him pressingly want to unburden his soul as to the matter of his emotions. In short, Godfrey, after a couple of months of trying to work up courage to propose to her, felt at that moment that he must have it out or die.

Well, why didn't he up and do it at once, you no doubt inquire; wasn't that the time, if any? Now, Gentle Reader, if you say that, I can just see that you're the gwaite bid he-man type who, on getting into an old fishing-boat, never feels that he would rather just sit down in one place and stay there. Godfrey didn't know how he could get across to Paolita's end, or anywhere respectably near it, without causing a catastrophe; and the very thought of stating his inquiry in a loud, firm voice across the intervening space caused him to perspire even more profusely than the tropical sun was beginning to do. But even Godfrey might have thought out a way out of this difficulty, were it not that, by the malice of fate, he simply did not have the time to concentrate upon it.

Life is often perverse and unaccommodating. Had Godfrey gone out fishing with a group of men and been anxious to shine at this gentle pastime, he would probably not

even have caught a sardine. At this time, however, when his mind and heart were far from the sport in which he was nominally engaged, it seemed that he could not drop the line in without getting a bite. And when Paolita finally got her rod straightened out, it was the same with her. The two of them seemed to be floating above a submarine fish-market, or to have butted in on a meeting of the Daughters of the great Amphibian Age Convention, or something—a truly remarkable thing, for as a rule the fishing about Macqueripe is not very considerable.

So, the sad truth was, that instead of carrying on a tender dialogue, those two young things sat there and pulled up fish. Godfrey would say, "It's a lovely day, isn't it?" and pull up a redfish, and Paolita would answer in her pretty sing-song, "Ye-eas, it's beautiful!" and haul in another pargue. Godfrey would recommence, "This is jolly fun, don't you think?" and pull up a baby grouper; and Paolita would say, "But yes!" and land a stray cavalli.

This went on for some time, until the sun began to remind them that they were within his courts where he must be treated with the respect due to a tyrannical monarch. Godfrey was by this time feeling unhappy. There is always a certain point in a love-affair where one feels that one has reached the peak and if this is not taken prompt advantage of, disaster will result. Godfrey almost unconsciously realized that this point in his case had been that morning; and here they were after a couple of hours of it, with no word spoken, frying between the sun and the water, and surrounded by a vast effluvium of fish. A most discouragingly unromantic situation.

Godfrey, therefore, was getting absolutely nowhere on an occasion where he felt that he must definitely get somewhere or burst. And still the minutes wore on, and sun and fish seemed to be casting a great unbreakable shadow over his love-life.

If I have anywhere given the impression

that Godfrey was a calm, unemotional nature, I beg to apologize for it. It took very little to set all his nerves and emotions doing an Irish jig; and the present situation was having that effect to an extreme degree. He grew silent; a red came into his remarkable countenance which was not entirely sunburn.

And it was just as his agitation was reaching fever pitch—Paolita says it was after the fifth grouper, but maybe that's only a fish story—that she remarked sweetly, "Don't you think we had better go back in now?"

She noticed that he made no reply as he laid down his rod and reached for the oars.

For his next movements, I rely on Paolita's account, and decline to follow-up the workings of Godfrey's inner consciousness. Suffice it to say that, whether the cause was sun, the smell of fish, or the same impulse which makes a cork pop out of a champagne bottle, Godfrey suddenly changed from a jelly-spined Chinless Wonder to a rampant he-man. He arose suddenly, almost flung himself across the fish, scrambled into the place beside the brunette beauty, and said (I can imagine in a shaking squeak—Paolita called it a "voice trembling with emotion") "Miss—er—Paolita, darling—may I—that is,—will you marry me?"—and then—I suppose losing his head completely on seeing the unconsciously ardent gaze of her black eyes turned upon him—have I said that Godfrey was impulsive?—he kissed her on the cheek.

Paolita behaved precisely in the accepted manner of nice young girls on receiving such an impetuous proposal and caress. She jumped away from her ardent adorer and exclaimed: "Oh, Godfrey!"

The only slight hitch in this being that, though on terra firma one may bound about like a startled fawn and exclaim, "Oh Godfrey!" as one will, with complete impunity, yet on the ocean wave, in an unstable fishing-boat, the procedure is fraught with dangers.

In this case, the fishing boat lurched wild-



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ly, sending Paolita, Godfrey, and most of the fish back to their original Father Ocean. A truly sad state of affairs.

Godfrey was the first to come up, and his arm, with one wild thrash, caught hold of the fishing-boat, and gripped thereon; he held himself up in the water and gasped fishily. Paolita, having been thrown farther away from the small craft, came up like a cork, gave a piercing shriek, then struck out expertly for the boat, exclaiming in rapid Spanish all the way. Somehow, with a great deal of scrambling, Paolita was placed back in the boat, where she promptly began to weep.

Then it was, that, by some false move, or by the shaking of his handhold by a wild motion of Paolita's, that Godfrey let go his grip on the side of the boat. He now gave a wild yell; but unlike Paolita, instead of swimming, he sank—sank in the recognized manner of the drowning man, too, threshing around ineffectively, and bidding fair to go down for the third time.

I have mentioned that Paolita was not overburdened with brains, but this was a situation that even she could grasp. Instead, she should have been able to grasp it long before; there is some small excuse for her really. The fact that Godfrey was unable to swim, and was helpless in the water unless his feet were touching bottom, had just never occurred to Paolita, a West Indian born and bred. The average West Indian says: "You can't *swim*?" in much the same way that you would expect him to say: "You can't *breathe*?" And the fact that, in all their baths together, Godfrey had always kept conservatively near the beach, and swam parallel with the shore, had just never registered in the youthful beauty's mind. The water near the shore at Macqueripe is not clear in the rainy season, anyway, so she could not have seen what he was doing with his legs.

But now, seeing Red-Browne's carrotty head disappearing beneath the foam, Paolita realized all.

And even with the realization, she acted. She was overboard in a flash, doing a neat rescue act on the person of Mr. Godfrey Browne, Esquire.

Hauling him into the boat, laying him out among the fish—I suppose he was by that time pretty well hors de combat, what with mixed emotions, partial drowning, etc.—grasping the oars and rowing back to the beach much more efficiently than Godfrey had rowed out, was to Paolita the work of a few moments. She had kept that good figure of hers by athletics; and she was much better qualified to handle a rowing boat than Godfrey any day; but she had never offered to do so because it was her policy never to do anything that the man she was with could do for her.

Godfrey, to speak seriously, really must have been fairly knocked out during all this; for Paolita had to beach the boat, haul him out, lay him down under the almond-tree at the right end of the beach, and begin to apply what she could remember of the first-aid she had learnt in Girl Guides, before he opened his gooseberry coloured orbs.

And then of course there was all the exciting business of having him sit up, and being asked if he was all right, and *she* being asked if *she* was all right, and if they would both forgive each other,—most touching to behold. So that there is hardly any wonder that when Godfrey eventually gurgled out: "Oh, Paolita, darling, will you marry me?" Paolita said: "Oh, Godfrey, *darling*!"—and that was that.

I have this from Paolita's own words: "And then, my *dear*, he *asked* me if I would *marry* him, and I just said, 'Oh, Godfrey, *darling*!'"

And so Paolita married Mr. Godfrey Browne in St. Patrick's R. C. Church, and I was a bridesmaid, along with the de Bequiere girls.

After the wedding we were all gathered together at the feet of Madame as was our custom. And, at our encouragement, Ma-

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dame was holding forth upon the new pair.

"Ah, my dear!" she exclaimed, "That codfish-faced man! It is true what I say, eh, children—any man can get married—eet does not matter if he has *bandy legs* or *'syeux coquies*—he will still find some woman who will marry him!

There was all the pathos in the world in her huge eyes and her dainty hands appealing to heaven.

"And you may depend upon eet," she continued resignedly, "that of the children, the boys, who don't need good looks, will all resemble their mother, and the daughters will surely take after their father." And Madame sighed impatiently, thinking of the row of plain, chinless, red-haired, gooseberry-eyed girls who would sit against the wall at dances and have to have partners found for them.

### EDITOR'S NOTES

With this issue, the editors of the Flamingo depart from the original format of the magazine. The departure is inaugurated with both regret and enthusiasm: regret for the loss of a certain distinction the magazine commanded in its likeness to the old Chap Book; enthusiasm because of the wider field the magazine hopes to influence in its more professional dress. Modeled after the Chap Book, an aristocrat typographically, the smaller Flamingo won the respect of a circle limited by the very exquisiteness of the taste of its members. Catering permanently to such an audience, however, has seemed to the editors to be losing sight of the welfare of the writers of the future, some of whom may be now on our campus. If the past is a standard by which we may prophesy the future, writers with great messages reach great audiences. It is the opinion of the editors that they will best serve the young creative writer at Rollins by offering him in the college periodical conditions which approximate as nearly as possible those conditions with which he will have to cope within the pro-

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fessional literary world. If we can be accused of sacrificing the esthetically perfect for the practical and real, we can only respond that, representing a body of college students, we are but a part of the times, a small instrument through which the temper of the age is endeavoring to express itself. We believe the modern young men and women in college will better safeguard themselves against disillusion in the years to come by meeting facts as they are, by idealizing the real.

And so it is with this thought in mind that we put away the old Flamingo, penalized by national advertisers for its size, and dress the issues this year in the fashion of those magazines which young writers have to please in passing from the amateur to the professional stage.

The editorial policies of the magazine are unchanged. We solicit fiction, poetry, essays, and general articles; and occasionally, throughout the year, we shall present the work of distinguished outside contributors.

*(Continued from Page 12)*

was her house. It looked like a wonderful, friendly castle. She hurried out of the cab, almost throwing a five dollar bill at the driver.

"Jeez," he whistled, but she did not return for any change, so he drove off, thinking of what he would get with the money. Erin had reached the door of her apartment; infinitely relieved, she leaned against it. It opened, and the butler looked at her with surprise.

"Why, Miss Erin!" he exclaimed.

She was hatless, with dishevelled hair, eyes staring. She paid no attention to him, but ran toward her room. He followed and, catching up with her, said:

"There were some 'phone messages."

"Yes?"

"Mr. Bronson called and said that he would call again in the morning. And a Miss Lillian somebody called, I couldn't catch the last name. She left a message say-



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ing that she was having a party tonight, and she wanted you to come."

"Jenkins," said Erin, looking squarely at him, "If that girl ever calls again, tell her I don't live here, tell her I hate her." Her voice was getting away from her. "Tell her I never want to see or hear of her again," and she ran into her room and slammed the door.

"Why, Miss Erin," Jenkins said to the closed door, and made a mental note to tell cook tomorrow all about Miss Erin's strange behavior.

(Continued from Page 24)

you, old chap—and for Christ's sake—hurry—(Mac turns away faintly) Au rev., Hugh!

Mackenzie: (Without turning) Au rev.—Ted. (Starr prepares himself to be shot; Stuart raises his revolver to take aim.)

Starr: Stuart!

Stuart: Yes—Starr?

Starr: (Faintly, gaspingly) Don't ever reproach yourself for this d'you hear?

Stuart: All right—(Awkwardly) Good-bye—(Starr does not answer. After a second, Stuart aims definitely—(There is a few second's pause; everyone is tensed waiting for the shot; Grey lowers his head slightly—Then, suddenly, Stuart throws down his revolver, and flings himself on the ground in a complete hysterical breakdown. Everyone moves—Mac jumps round, and siezes Starr who is wildly trying to raise himself; Grey shifts round to Stuart and grasps him passionately.)

Grey: Stuart—for Christ's sake! Stuart—! stop it! Have some little manhood—!

Starr: (His voice rising almost in delirium, above Stuart's agony of sobbing) Great God in heaven! Will no one shoot me! Jesus Christ, I can't stand it—I can't stand it!

Mackenzie: (Beside himself) Ted—Ted! for God's sake—! (Grey desperately drags Stuart up facing him, and to stop his hysteria, hits him across the face. This stops Stuart

short in the middle of a gasp. Grey lets him go, and he sinks down, his head bowed, panting, half stupefied. There is a lull; Starr's speech has died away to laboured sobs and groans; Mac holds him. Grey and he look at each other, their faces drawn and haggard.)

(At some distance on the stage from the group, a young German soldier appears around a corner of the ruin. He seems dazed, as if he had just come back to consciousness from being stunned. He does not for a few seconds see the Allies group, nor they him, until Stuart, who has been staring vacantly in front of him, raises his head, sees him, and gives a shout of warning. The German jumps round, and tugs at his revolver, but before he can fire, Grey, Mac and Stuart fire almost simultaneously, and the German drops dead.)

(Starr with a supreme effort, raises himself, sees what has happened, and breaks out into a last wild denunciation.)

Starr: Christ! You bloody swine!—Yes—all of you! You can't kill me in cold blood to save me agony—but you'll kill him—him, a young strong whole man, who never knew you or did you harm, who needs Life, not Death—And I—who would bless you to give me death—And why?—because of custom—the witless custom of dark ages—that you're afraid to rise above! (With sobs and groans) Oh—God! Will nothing do it? (Groans deeply, hopelessly) If—I were only in his place—(The stage has been darkening, and is now very dim.)

Grey: (Suddenly) What's that?

(There are sounds as of men from the part of the stage where the German is lying; a shot is fired. Grey and Mac fire back, even as a group of about five or six German soldiers leap and swarm down upon the group of four . . . There is indescribable confusion, firing and men falling, as

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(Continued from Page 20)

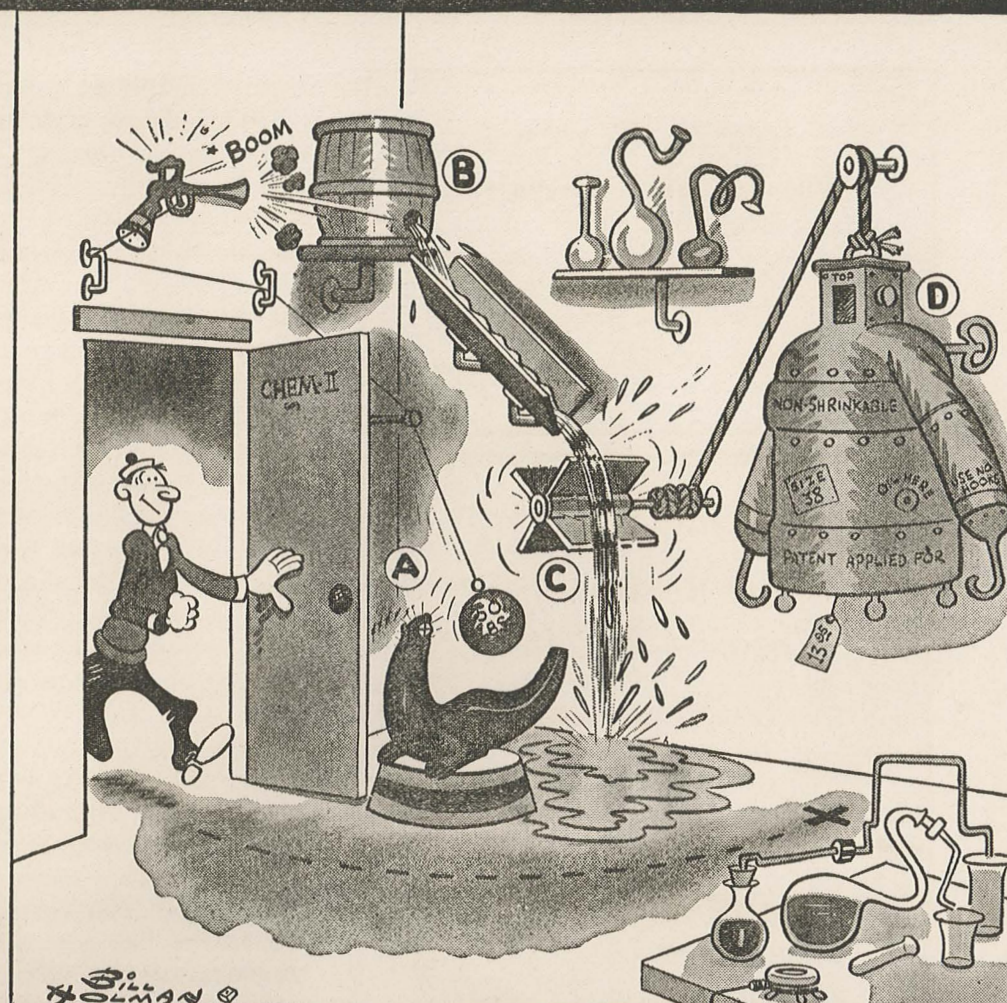
June 6th—Everybody here lives in the past. Got in what they called the "grafters" foursome. Must be the way they are drawn for the match. Nobody seems to have last names here. Overhead a lot of strange talk. One of the fellows was called "Sam, the utility man." He says he's lived in the "States," in Greece, and on the water for some time, but he's never seen a climate like Bumins. Another was "Andy" and another they called "J. P." They both talked about evading income taxes all the time. Couldn't make out what they were saying very well. The fourth member was the queerest of the lot. He travelled in a wheel chair but played pretty good golf. Wheeled over to where I was standing on the fifteenth green, and said he thought I was the best caddie he'd ever had. After that he reached in his pocket and handed me something. Don't know when it was made or what it is for. He said he wanted to give me a "brand new, shiny dime for a souvenir because I teed up his ball on the twelfth."

June 7th—Rained all day today. Stayed around the club house and talked to some of the members. One interesting old fellow came along. He said it hadn't rained like this since the hurricane way back in '26, the year the boom broke. Everybody called him "Henry," "H. L.," or "Colonel." Started calling him "Colonel," and he seemed to like it pretty well. He told me that '34 was his best year. Gave more than a thousand birthday parties for the President, he said.

June 8th—Got in with a bunch of younger fellows today, called "The New Dealers." All must have been about eighty years old. One was the best golfer I've ever seen. Lot of common sense too. The others called him "Hughie" or "General." Hard-boiled but seemed like he knew everything there was to know about golf. Told me when we went out that he'd win. Said the others might start out strong but that he'd make them crack down. Another good golfer in the

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foursome was called "Rex" or "Tug." "Hughie" claimed that "Rex," the brain truster, had killed off all the hogs. Sort of small fellow but must be pretty strong. A fat, bald golfer called "Jim" was the one I caddied for. Kept mumbling something about the Tammany Tiger and postoffice inspection.

*June 9th*—Spent the day caddying in a tournament. Got in an important foursome, I guess. Only know their first names, which I got by overhearing their conversation. A queer combination. A little fellow, who wears a brown derby hat and wisecracks all the time, has a grudge against Frank, claims that Frank cheated him at the convention. Frank, who is lame but plays the best golf of the outfit, dislikes Herbie and says he started the whole thing with prohibition. Herbie's got a good swing but always has an alibi for everything. If he makes a poor shot, he will say "Well, at least it was a noble experiment" Herbie seems to object to Haile. Think it's because Haile's colored, but don't know about

that. It might be on account of Haile's caddie. He always butts into everything. Talks when they're going to play. Tells me that people call him "Il Duce."

*June 10th*—Can't stand this place any longer. Decided to leave as quickly as possible. Don't know what I'd do if I got like the Bumins. Made arrangements with the transport agent this morning to take the afternoon boat back to the good old S. R. A. The Bumins all came down to the dock to see me off. Guess they hated to have me go. The old fellow whose feelings I hurt the day of my arrival grasped me by the arm.

He handed me a large, brown, paper envelope, wiped his eyes, and hobbled away. Nearly every one of the Bumins gave me a letter or note, all to be opened after I had gone. I bade them good-bye and took my leave.

*June 11th*—Good to be back on the boat again. Should have plenty of ideas, but they all seem rather mixed up now. A lump arose in my throat when I broke the seal of the old capitalist's present. Inside were several gold-edged certificates. On the outside of the first was written in gold letters: "LACK-AWANA RAILROAD 4 1/4's 1st & CONSOLIDATED GOLD REFUNDING BONDS OF 1968." The poor old fellow must have forgotten. They were all declared invalid by the gold decision of '35. Remember Dad telling me about that. Several of the other notes I couldn't understand at all. Most of them instructed me to,

"Tell Charlie Stone to sell for my account my whole block of Venadium common at the market" or something equally incomprehensible.

One was entirely senseless:-

"Get that boloney dollar idea out of the people's heads, and you'll be able to accomplish something."

"Give my regards to all the boys at the Empire State. Tell them if they haven't leased those top 70 floors yet, they'd better come down on the rent. Yours, Al."

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From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

13,084,037 lbs. to  
326,093,357 lbs.;  
an increase of 2392%

*There is no substitute  
for mild, ripe tobacco.*

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes

\$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were

\$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

*—a lot of money.*

*Cigarettes give a lot of  
pleasure to a lot of people.*



*More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.*

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

*Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos.  
Everything that science knows about is used in  
making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.*

*We believe you will enjoy them.*