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For Instance—

Did You Know?

That when you have a dance or tea
Fraternity, Sorority,
And want some cakes and cookies too
With frosted sign or curly-que,
The WINTER PARK BAKERY SHOP has
them all
Stop in and see, or else just call.

The south is famed for warmth and cheer
The sort that lasts throughout the year;
And you will find it that, if you
Will take my hint when passing through
And stay at THE HAMILTON HOTEL, for
they
Will make a pleasure of your stay.

When it is hot it's hard to keep
Your hair in trim or even neat,
But MARIAM will see you thru
She knows exactly what to do;
For deft little curls and a beautiful face
Her BEAUTY SHOP is just the place.

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

THE FLAMINGO

THE CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE	ROBERT HIGHLEYMAN
TRIOLET	CAROL REEVES
SUNSHINE AND RAIN	THEOPHILUS RINGSMUTH
FALL	JAY WILLIAMS
FLORIDA SKETCHES	GEORGE EDWARDS
NORTHERN SPRING	PHYRNE SQUIER
RAINY DAY	PEGGY OUGHTON
PRAIRIE BORN	VIRGINIA McKEE
SQUARE DANCE	CAROL REEVES
POETRY SECTION	MARY LOUISE PAUL
APRIL HERITAGE	
LEAF, BLADE, AND STAR	
THREE INTERPRETATIONS	
PROPHECY	
LINES BY A LADY IN QUANDARY	
FREEDOM	HENRY BROKMEYER

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THE FLAMINGO

VOL. VI, No. 4

MAY, 1932

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TRIOLET

CAROL REEVES

THE moon was a carven thing of gold,
The night you left me there;
And the scraping wind was cold.
The moon was a carven thing of gold
A bangle wrought in a space-fired mold
And caught in the brittle air.
The moon was a carven thing of gold,
The night you left me there.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN

THEOPHILUS RINGSMUTH

His black slouch hat, bristling face, and broad rag covered shoulders rose above the tall scanty corn. As he followed the narrow path across the rows, a small cloud of dust swirled up behind him. The dry hot wind blew it hissing against the drying corn leaves which hung lifelessly. He stopped—pulled off his shoe and stared at he queer shadow it made. He struck the shoe against his hand and poured the sand out in a neat pile. His toes clutched at the leg of the faded overalls vainly attempting to remove some of the irritating sand. He almost lost his balance trying to pull a tiny sandspur from an enormous toe. He swore as his naked foot sank deep into the burning sand. On regaining his balance he pulled on his shoe, then straightened his giant form and looked up with

squinted eyes at the heat and light which was unmercifully blazing down. His eyes lowered to the acres of corn before him—withering. He spat to the ground and watched the sand wrap it up.

“Ji-im Ji-im”, called his wife from the small house in the trees.

He turned up the road to the house where he saw his wife in the doorway.

“Hurry Jim”, she cried, “I just brought the buttermilk from the well, and if you don’t hurry hit won’t be fit to drink.”

His pace quickened as he thought of the cold lumps of buttermilk flowing over his parched tongue.

When he reached the house, he bent to the old tin tub and cupped out several splashes of water with which he rinsed his hands. Beneath a large live-oak tree, just a few yards away stood a dreamy-eyed cow, rather skinny fore and aft, but the middle was one huge expanding and contracting belly moving to the sound of the air which purred through her large, dark, leathery nostrils. Her tail, matted with cockleburrs switched unceasingly at the pestering flies. The man looked at her, those hip bones were covered with nothing but skin. He turned and walked up the steps and unconsciously bent his head as he entered the door. The air was filled with the sound and aroma of frying bacon.

“Nellie,” he said as she entered the room, “this ‘enin’ when you go to milk give Daisy a can and a half of that feed; first thing you know we won’t have no milk; her hip bones is, is stickin’ out sompthin’ terrible; If it don’t rain—

“Come on and set down,” broke in his wife, “The cornbread’s ready to take out and your buttermilk is poured.”

He dragged a chair from one corner of the room and sat down. The table was covered with a strip of oil-cloth, and the dishes were chipped and cracked, they were brown from having been heated in the oven.

Eagerly his fingers curled around the tall, cool glass of buttermilk, greedily he drained it, refilled it from the tin molasses pail and with three swallows set it down half emptied. His wife brought in hot cornbread, sweet potatoes and bacon.

“Would you like some of those beans we had last night for supper, they’re cold but—

“Never mind,” he mumbled, his mouth filled with food, “There’s enough here.”

He gulped down his food using his fingers more than his fork. His wife filled a chair across from him.

“Jim,” she said, as she looked out the window, the same time raising a piece of cornbread to her mouth, “you know unless we get some rain I don’t know what we’re gonna do, it’s so darn hot—why yesterday I only got three eggs, and we’ve got over forty hens that should be layin’.

He kept his eyes glued to the food before him, and said nothing. After the meal was over he picked up his old black hat, dented the crown to suit himself and returned to the field. He stalked through the corn down to the vegetable patch below, and began working where he had left off. With a broken handled hoe he loosened the earth, and then his fingers probed in it, pulling out long white roots of bermuda grass. The peas were scanty—seed probably bad, and what had come up looked stunted and sickly. He wondered whether or not it was worth while. It would take two or three days to hoe and weed those five rows of peas, and then they would probably die for lack of water. One of the

plants had been cut off, he dug beneath it and found a large cut worm, which he cursed and then smashed.

The heat was becoming oppressive, almost suffocating. He looked up toward the western horizon, dark clouds were forming. A gleam of hope filled his heart. If it would only rain! He continued his work with renewed enthusiasm, every moment watching the clouds as they grew more and more promising. A faint breeze stirred, tiny whirlwinds swirled across the field and through the corn making a dry rattling noise as it swept through the hanging leaves.

A rumble of thunder caused the earth to tremble. He dropped his hoe and rose to his feet. The wind was increasing. A cloud had covered the sun—heavy dark clouds were piling up in the west and rolling forward beneath white crests of foam. From the end of one of the clouds the rain had begun to fall, sweeping forward like a great white veil brushing across the thirsty earth. Flashes of lightning played between the clouds and the rumble of thunder was almost unbroken. The swift clouds had covered half the sky; it was beginning to get dark. Big draps of rain began to fall, several of them struck his upturned face—they were cold and wet. He let out a wild whoop of joy and threw his hat into the air, grabbed it up and with long jumps headed for the house. The rain caught him before he was half way, and by the time he reached the house he was drenched to the skin. He stopped on the porch and looked back—the white sand was turning brown, the air was cool and filled with the smell of rain. His wife came to the door and breathed deeply of the scented air.

"Why Jim," she said, "come in here and put on some dry clothes before you catch cold."

FALL

JAY WILLIAMS

THEY went to his house and started to play croquet in the back yard, but it got dark and the wickets were so hard to see it wasn't any fun. So they went into the house, walking through the living room and out onto the sun-porch, the heels of her high slippers clicking on the tile floor. He saw it was going to be hard from the way she threw herself down on the settee, her head in a pillow and one arm dangling to the floor. He felt like asking her how near dying she was. He turned on the radio and stood with his arm on the top while the tubes got warm. Then he twisted the dial; there were momentary clicks of voices from the loud speaker. Finally, he discovered an orchestra; it was playing dance music.

"What about dancing?" he asked.

She lay still, with her face turned away from him.

"Well?" he repeated.

"I wanta sleep," came from the pillow.

"Should I leave the music on?"

She raised up on her elbows and looked at him and shook her tousled head in disgust.

"Bob, won't you ever have any taste? That stuff would drive anyone with a sense of music crazy."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Do you have to have something going all the time? Are you a moron that can't live unless there's a lot of rotten music pounding in his ears?"

He switched off the radio and slumped into a chair, flinging his lanky legs out in front of him. He looked at the toes of his shoes for a second; then he sat up and reached in his coat pocket.

"Cigarette?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, screwing herself around on her back and taking one.

He lit her cigarette and placed an ash-tray on the floor below her elbow and sat down again. They puffed on their cigarettes in silence. She flicked her cigarette from the level of the settee, and most of the ashes missed the ash-tray and landed on the floor.

"Like to see the September number of *Yachting*?" He went over to a table across the room and brought the magazine to her. He turned on the reading lamp above her head and knelt down on the rug beside the settee. She was looking at a picture of a white sailed yacht on the front cover, "The Mary Lee off Nan-tucket."

"That's some boat, isn't it? It's even flying a balloon jib. See?" He pointed out the sail.

"Um-m." She turned the cover and started to flip through the pages of the magazine.

"There's a pretty good article on Thomas Lipton. He was some fellow; he did a lot for yachting."

She flipped on through the magazine, past the article on Thomas Lipton. She read the cigarette add on the back cover and tossed the magazine to her feet.

"Like to see *Judge*?" he asked.

"No, I don't feel like reading. I'm tired; I'm even too tired to laugh." She turned over on her side, her face toward him, and huddled her head and shoulders further into the pillow. She closed her eyes. Her face was less than two feet from his. He could see her eye-lashes lying against the olive of her skin; they were black and short and even.

He touched the end of her nose with his finger. She frowned and stuck out her lower lip and blew upward

as if to scare a fly from her nose. He looked at her face for awhile, then at his finger rubbing up and down the carpet. It made a dark line when going in one direction and erased it coming back. The end of his finger felt numb from the friction of the weave. He looked at his watch; they had been together less than an hour.

She opened her eyes and looked at him.

"What time does the train go tomorrow?" she asked.

"Twelve thirty."

"P. M.?"

"Sure, I'm going to say good-by to you in the afternoon."

"Yes, that's right."

"I wish I wasn't going," he said.

"Now don't be that way," she said.

"What way?"

"Little boy-ish." She put her forefinger in her mouth and made a face at him.

"That's not little boy-ish; that's the truth. I'd give anything in the world to get to stay here."

"You're crazy if you would."

"Yes, I'm crazy over you."

He was looking at her, but she stared at the ceiling.

"Marge," he said, "why are we like this?"

"Like what?"

"Oh you know, like we are . . . toward each other, instead of how we used to be."

"You talk like a riddle."

"You know what I mean."

"Oh, do I? Well, if it's the same old line of analysing every thing I do and trying to figure out just where we stand, you'd better stop. I'm not going to waste my time."

"Oh, hell," he said and got to his feet.

"Registering masculine anger now," she said.

He walked over to the window. A wind was blowing leaves across the driveway and into the hedge that ran along the further side. The street lamp swung in the wind and made the shadows of the trees reach forward and recede, and reach forward and recede. It looked like fall.

He heard her yawn and say, "Oh, but I'm tired."

He turned and looked at her. She was lying on her back, her arms folded above her head; she seemed to be thinking.

"I wonder if Aunt's at home," she said.

"Probably out playing bridge with a lot of her old cronies."

"You leave Aunt alone. Just because you don't play bridge is no sign that those who do are dumbbells."

"I didn't say it was."

"You might as well have."

He turned and looked out of the window again.

"Do you want to go to your Aunt's?"

"No, not now."

He kept looking out of the window. There was a thin strip of sky visible beneath the eaves and a few stars. Those stars are really far away, he thought. It would be great to be as far.

He looked around at her. He noticed her legs. She hadn't begun to wear stockings yet and the skin was still tan from the summer.

"Say, I just remembered we have some ginger-ale in the refrigerator. Would like some . . . with cakes?"

"Do you want to freeze me? The idea even makes me cold—." And she shivered in pretense.

"You don't have to be giving me something to eat all the time."

"I know it."

"I'll admit I'm a gourmande, but I don't have to be fed every minute."

He sat down on the carpet beside the settee.

"I'm afraid I've made an awful mess of things," he said.

"Oh, Bob," she said. She swung her legs down from the settee and sat up.

"Don't be that way. It's nothing to get riled up over. It's just that we aren't feeling right this evening. The wrong side of the bed or something."

She put her hand in his hair and rubbed it back and forth.

"Nice of you to say so," he said.

"Silly boy." She gave his head a push.

He caught her hand and held it.

"You'll come home at Christmas, won't you?" she said in a low voice.

"I don't know."

"You must. We could have such a jolly time."

"Yes, sitting around griping at each other." He rested his head on her knee.

"You know that wouldn't be so, we could have a good time. You must come home."

She bent over and laid her cheek on his hair. There was a slight pressure from the hand he held. They were silent this way for a few seconds. Then she asked, "Take me to Aunt's now, will you?"

FLORIDA SKETCHES

GEORGE EDWARDS

FAR out over the oily surface of the lake a trout flashes a dim silver and disappears. Three ever growing rings remain to tell of his presence. The thin tufts of mist, as if disturbed by his activity, sway and part, disclosing the far shore in startling proximity. Its tall gaunt cypresses, until now half obscured by a lace-like fabric of mist, stand knee deep in the liquid stillness, bending crooked, moss-laden limbs above their image, perfectly reflected in the mirror of the lake. A small white heron, with clumsy legs trailing, rises suddenly and floats half down the line of naked giants before turning and vanishing in their midst.

Swiftly the mist closes in. Silence—and the lake dominates all. A faint orange glow in the east slowly turns to a deep rose. Even the trout cease to splash. There is a moment of intense stillness, and the sun rises majestically from behind the cypress.

A bullfrog breaks the stillness with his farewell croak and immediately a chorus of sound is set loose. A mockingbird, high in a nearby tree, sings to its neighbor across the lake; fish splash with renewed vigor, as if making up for the few minutes lost; a canoe thrusts its nose from behind a clump of flags and sawgrass, and the lake, half reluctantly, gives itself up to a day of gentle splashing and sparkling.

II

A BLUE JAY, defying the blazing sun, stirred a small twig high in a nearby oak. A moment later he broke the stillness with a harsh scream and then cocked his head to listen. Not a sound. Even

the pines towering on all sides were silent without the soft caressing breeze which makes them murmur. The leaves of the oak, gray green from the long hot summer, drooped from dryness, and emphasized the heavy gray streamers of Spanish moss. Below, a small squirrel nosed busily in the yellow grass for a few stray acorns of last year's crop. Dead leaves crackled and his flicking tail raised a small dust storm.

Slowly a shadow spread over the ground, engulfing squirrel, pines, oak and Jay. A faint whisp of vapor, barely shifting across the sky, radiated brilliance, and showed where the fiery sun had gone.

Higher yet, made tiny by distance, a buzzard drowsed as motionless as if painted on the blue. Then he was moving, slowly at first but soon faster and faster, in a straight steep dive, his half closed wings vibrating with a wierd low moan. Down, down, till in a last minute effort he swooped above the moss hung oak on whining wings and again soared aloft. The Jay changed his position on the twig and screamed. The gray moss, still and dry, appeared to have lost its coolness, and the squirrel nosed about for acorns that he had long ago eaten.

III

HIGH in the western sky a silver speck winks, expands, deepens, and becomes the evening star. Ruddy sunshine, tattering through low clouds, splashes dully on tossing moss. A squirrel, leaving the shelter of an oak hastily draws back, startled by a flying branch which crashes to earth near him. Two towering pines, their tousled tops bobbing, stiffen to resist the pounding wind, then swing away from it. Farther, farther, as if trying to break away and follow. Again they stiffen, and again they bend,

and suddenly one of the two straightens, trembles, and roars downward, smashing a sapling and throwing up puffs of dust which race away on the wind.

Slowly the going of the sun draws the wind and clouds after it. The leaves and grass settle, and a bit of silver moon shines coldly above a screech owl in the top of a mangled oak.

NORTHERN SPRING

PHYRNE SQUIER

BEAUTY is in my northern woods
When spring remembers them.
Beautiful are the new green tips of the hemlock
With snowy stars of the dogwood
Lighting the gloom of their shadow.

Beauty attends desolation;
Over old graves
Where sparse and tawny sand-grass
Welcomes the blue of wild lupine,
Beautiful is the silver slant of the rain.

There in the mist of a soft spring night
All things of earth grow more lovely;
New growth and old intermingle,
Blending as peace blends with sorrow,—
As agony blends with love.

RAINY DAY

PEGGY OUGHTON

TO get away from that feeling of rainy-day depression, I took a walk. I was careful to dodge my mother so I wouldn't have to wear a raincoat or rubbers. I didn't care how wet I got in an old sweater and knickers and sneaks.

Streams of water came from the woods down over the red-shale and spread all over the back yard. I closed the back door quietly and ran from stone to stone to grass clump. When I passed the corner of the icehouse I stood under the roof of the shed attached to it. That shed and I had been good friends for a number of years. It couldn't be seen from the house, and it was always good weather under there. I watched a big puddle in a hollow just above the red-shale. It wasn't muddy, because the water oozed gently into it from the grass and dead leaves and black soil and underbrush, which, in turn, had absorbed it like sponges as the rain seeped through the high trees above. The puddle was clear, and little revolving holes of water pushed brown twigs, mere splinters, and pieces of leaves through it. Some of them caught around the edges, some of them started down the river over the red-shale. Always more kept coming. There were other rivers besides the one from the puddle—one came down each side of the driveway, and one came down each of the two tire tracks in the driveway. Grass stuck up between them. There was no red-shale on that part of the driveway because the ground there wasn't soft black earth like the rest, it was hard-pan; it was such an old, old driveway—it had been there years and years before, when there had been a hunting cabin

called Gumble's Camp at the place. There was still a stone, slippery with slime, down on the edge of the lake, with Gumble carved deep in it. Nine years before, as soon as you drove past the puddle, you got off the hard-pan and your wheels sank in the soft black mud any time during the spring thaw, and all summer long during rains. Between times there were deep ruts that never dried completely. That was before the cottage was built, and Lewy Miller dumped two or three wagonloads of red-shale from a place in his woods on the shallow, muddy hollow and spread it around. Lewy lived down the hill beyond the cross-roads in a very clean, well-kept, and very old house. He called eggs "ex" and said a "duck" well was one that you "dick"; he usually knew when the fish were biting and whether it would rain or not. He put in a few docks in the spring and sold golden bantam corn in August. So of course he knew just how much red-shale to put on, how much it would level off by sinking in and scattering around.

There were two bright patches of orange—salamanders. I hopped over a river and walked around the puddle, and picked one up by his narrow pointed tail. His tiny lizard-shaped body wriggled and squirmed in the air, his neck stretched and held his head high and rigid, his four three-toed legs paddled the air. "What's the matter, Sally?" I put him on the palm of my hand. He had no weight, but was very cold. There was the usual even-spaced row of about four dots down each side of his back, even brighter orange than the rest of him. With his little short legs he wiggled across my hand as fast as he could go, and if he had been one of those big prehistoric monsters, he certainly would have caused some damage the way his tail thrashed back

and forth with each wiggle. Dumb little lizard—fell right off and might have broken his neck if I hadn't caught him with my other hand. I played with him for a while, watching him run away from me across my hands. I picked up the other one, which meanwhile had been putting all the space he could between himself and me, which wasn't very much. I put them both in my pocket, and wiped the back of my neck with my hand, where water had been dripping off the trees. I passed the corner of the shed which had kept me dry for a minute or two.

A very fine drizzle was humming above on the trees, and all around wet shiny leaves hung dripping. A bird or chipmunk shook a branch behind me, and I looked back; funny how it took at least two seconds from the time the water shook loose from the leaves till it hit the ground. I started on with my head still turned and when I looked forward, a branchful of wet leaves brushed my face. I stepped back and around them and wiped some of the water from my face with my hand. I passed the big pile of young dead trees and skinny branches which had been thrown there for kindling wood for the fireplace. They were very wet, dark brown, almost black. The grotesque root of a big pine stump stuck out from the midst of them. The dark mud beneath my feet was full of the imprints of horses' hoofs and people's shoes, filled with water. On either side of the narrow path brown leaves were dotted by dark green ones hiding little red wintergreen berries. The path curved around a gray rock and two clumps of young maples, and dipped into a deep muddy puddle where it merged with the woods road.

I turned to the right and wandered along, picking up salamanders as I went. Every few feet one wan-

dered its solitary way across the road. They varied from a brilliant, almost luminous orange to a dark, dull brown-coated vermillion. A few were over three inches long. They were darker than the others. They would stay very still when they saw me, but as my hand moved near to them they wiggled away. When I held them still on my hand by holding one finger on their funny tails, their bright throats pulsated with fright. But after they had been in my pocket for a while they forgot to be afraid and were very busy trying to climb out.

I went up a small hill comparatively void of salamanders and down the other side to a long, low level stretch, full of puddles. The woods here was full of ferns. There was one big puddle from a spring between the rocks; it was clear and deep and dark, and light green ferns hung over it and reflected in it. On a stone in the middle sat a beautiful frog; yellow underneath and rich brown on top, with yellow spots all over his back. It would be magnificent to have a big beautiful frog like that in the puddle at home—at least for a while, till the puddle dried up. I stood trying to figure out a way to catch that big frog. It was really raining now, and my wet hair was dripping water down my back. I ran my hand over my sweater, and the wool lay plastered down with moisture. The frog, frightened at my movement, disappeared into the depths of the puddle; so did two little frogs I hadn't noticed. I seemed still to see the tiny arcs they made in the air as they leaped. There were three rings in the water, and three bubbles came to the surface; then the puddle was quiet.

My right hand was playing with the cold salamanders in my pocket. Water was dripping on my head from

the trees, but I was only conscious of that lovely deep, dark puddle with the light green ferns curving over it, and of the salamanders up near the opening in my pocket. I pushed them down. I grabbed one snaky tail and pulled the little squirming, red salamander out, dangling head down in the air. I put him in the water and stooped on my heels to watch him. He swam very fast, with a violent squirming, twisting motion, to the edge of the puddle. He looked very nice in it—bright orange-red, in the dark brown puddle with the light green fern. As he started to crawl away over stones I put him in the puddle again. I put in two more. They all swam to the edge as fast as they could. They made ripples which spread all over the smooth surface of the water. I put them back in the puddle as fast as they swam out.

After a while they went slower and slower. They seemed to be getting tired. One of them hardly paddled his four little legs. He must be the first one I put in, I guessed. I had to stand up to put him back in my pocket. My knees felt stiff from stooping cramped so long. My ankles hurt. I stood on my left foot and moved my right foot up toward my knee, and then bent it back as far as it would go. I did that several times, till that ankle felt better. I noticed that my sneaks were very dark with water and mud. I stood on my right foot and bent my left ankle a while. My feet were cold. My hair was soaked and hung in wet strings against my neck, down which cold drops of water were running continually. I pulled the collar of my sweater up close to my ears, but it was cold and wet too. I bent my neck away from it, then against it, to see which was better. I decided it didn't matter.

I might as well go home. There were still two salamanders on the ground, but they could stay there for all I cared. I had enough in my pocket.

I started off with my hands in my pockets and my back to the rain. Nice that it couldn't rain in my face. I left the low place with the puddles and the ferns behind me; I climbed up the hill and down the home-ward side. I jumped over the puddle at the little short-cut path, and ran past the gray rock and the big wet pile of kindling wood. When I passed the shed and the big puddle by the red-shale, I forgot that I had no frog for the puddle. I ran carelessly over the rivers and forgot that I could keep my feet a little dryer by jumping from stone to stone in the back yard. It didn't matter; I was already thoroughly wet.

I dumped the salamanders on the floor. My little brother was immediately absorbed by them. I knew that before long he would have an elaborate arrangement of many tin cans for them. His enthusiasm would last overnight, perhaps. I didn't care about them any more.

My mother expressed proper surprise that I had found so many. Then she sent me to put dry clothes on. I was very glad to.

It was real bliss to sit on the edge of the bed, pulling dry socks on over my cold feet, to shove them into warm slippers and to go downstairs with the smell of supper coming up to meet me.

PRAIRIE BORN

VIRGINIA MCKEE

You have loved the cold silver prairie,
The barren gray horizon,
The black deep water where the muskrats swim.

You have loved the swarthy pine-woods,
The howl of open wind, tearing the grass and
herding dust,
The dreamless stretch of blank, untinted plain.

You have sold your soul for the first young
crocus,
Purple and shy and a child of the grasses.
You have loved the black earth and the strong
young smell of it,
The feel of it, and its rugged few children.

You have loved the iron rocks, the flaming
stunted maples,
The twinkling poplars, and the spare, stately ash.

The October drifts of snow, the pale and tardy
spring,
The wire of prairie grass, the weeds,
Driving up through the duck-marshes.

The lusty hush of a prairie sunset over golden
rippling wheat.

You have loved the coldness of blue-shadowed
snow,
The wine-like air of December nights,
The etched line of geese, when first, a-wild, they
come,
The booming of the ice upon the lake.

You have never hungered for the lacy cloud of
moss upon the oaks,
The flame of poinsettia, gold of vine upon the
palm,
The sheen of moon that gilds the molten ocean.
You have never wished to catch your breath for
these.

You have loved the cold silver prairie,
The barren gray horizon,
The rich dark earth and its rugged, few children.

S Q U A R E D A N C E

CAROL REEVES

THE music of the fiddle jiggled through the broad windows, past the black figures of the watchers, and mingled with the humming night sounds. Several late comers stumbled up the uneven steps and pushed into the group of perspiring men at the door.

The piece ended with a squeak and the four players called loudly for cider. After much mopping of brows and gulping from the brown-flowing mugs, they took up their instruments again.

"Pat- Pat-" tapped the old fiddler's foot.

"Click, click- click-" the red-faced fat man clutched his wooden clappers. The guitar and piano joined in twangily and the warm air throbbed to the beat of *Turkey In The Straw*.

The caller, a brown young man in a dripping blue shirt, flung the sweat from his face and bellowed: "Gen'l'men—get yoah ladies!"

Everyone joined the circle—the lank, shy mountain people, come down to "ketch some dancin'," the flannelled summer people, the spindle-legged hotel owner and the pretty school teacher, the town boys and their

girls, the young lady from the city, who had come to watch and be amused, but who couldn't resist the commanding grin of the caller.

"Clasp han's an' circle 'round!" he grasped her arm and started the circle moving with a shuffling, skipping step, bending at the hips. She followed, trying to imitate him and smiling foolishly.

"Gents follow me—ladies t'other way!" He whirled and wove through the girls, followed by the shining-faced line of men.

"Clasp yoah pahtner by the han' an' lemonade aroun'!"

The young lady found herself whirled laughing, from hand to hand, caught in one man's arms, then another, her body swaying to the sing-song of the fiddle.

The floor rustled, the air grew heavy with the shuffle of feet and the moisture of warm bodies, the room was a maze of contorted, circling figures.

Suddenly the music ceased. The caller paused, sopping the water from his eyes with a limp handkerchief.

"That's all for tonight, folks. Remembah—roun' dancin' Friday night an' square dancin' next Sataday. An'—don't forget—no drinkin' allowed heah. We've got plenty of cider—an' doughnuts every other week!"

The fiddler strapped his worn instrument in its sagging case, the caller gulped down the last glass of cider and strode out the door with the young city lady's arm tucked in his, the last carload of boys and girls sped shrilly toward the drugstore in high gear, and the last buckboard rattled down the backroad to the hushed mountains. A cricket chirped frantically, trying to lift the dark silence of the room with its sawing song.

POETRY SECTION

MARY LOUISE PAUL

APRIL HERITAGE

STRANGE, that I,
 Though knowing the strong, swift passage
 Of cliff winds, blowing westward
 Across the bare, flat bosom of the plains,
 Should even now feel at my heart the sharp,
 quick pain
 Of seeing once again gnarled orchard boughs,
 Star-showered with the blossom of a late New
 England spring
 And aching in my ears,
 The lamentations of a wild, storm-fettered coast,
 Sorrowing the ancient dirges of the sea.

LEAF, BLADE, AND STAR

(An interpretation of youth)

INVISIBLY I go,
 Like some wild creature
 Freed from light,
 Mounting stealthily and silently
 The proud wings of flight.

(Yet quietly, quietly,
 That only these may know,
 The leaf on the dry twig,
 The blade in the hollow,
 The star in the marsh pool,
 The passerine swallow.)

Gallantly I go,
 Exulting in escape,
 As untamed as the wind's child,
 Hovering in the night,
 —But I live, I am wild!

(Quietly, quietly,
 That only these may know,
 The leaf on the dry twig,
 The blade in the hollow,
 The star in the marsh pool,
 The passerine swallow.)

THREE INTERPRETATIONS

You are the sound of wheeling birds,
 The strange and lovely poesy
 Of untaught words.

You are the quiet frailty
 Of spent wind,
 Tired with unending weeping
 Upon the slumbering plains.

You are a wind song,
 Threading the tall, cool grasses
 Of the dawn,
 That having once passed
 Disappears,
 To bury its slow, sad notes
 Among the hills.

PROPHECY

If you should someday kneeling lay three fingers
 on my grave,
 Three living tapers like pale stars drawn down
 to flame,
 Thinking no doubt to lure me from this quiet,
 Mayhap too soundless place wherein I lie,
 And knowing me so swift become a part
 Of that which binds me now and has transformed
 The sharer of your earthly love into a changed
 And strangely loveless thing deprived of form;
 I think withal I shall not stir from sleep,
 But smiling draw more close the bloodless roots
 That seek to cleve the murk-encompassed sod,
 Steadfastly sure to reach in death
 What you of life may not achieve,
 The strange complete fulfillment
 Of desire.

LINES BY A LADY IN QUANDARY

If I should one day turn to you and liken
 Our April love to other brief, enchanted things,
 The frailty of lightly fallen stars,
 Or twisted leaves upon a wind-burned bough,
 The scent of lifted lilacs after rain,
 I wonder if you'd stay, deceiving me,
 Still vowing love with false and trivial words,
 Or would you go, the lie within your cheek,
 And lowered lids to tell the day on day,
 Wherein you've bartered faith for skilled untruths.

FREEDOM

HENRY BROKMEYER

YOUNG John sat with his legs crossed and, as he
 figured, rubbed the instep of one foot on the
 heel of his other foot. Six days—no, five, at
 six dollars—no, five—twenty-five a week would be
 plenty. The letter from Shorty, expected now for
 three days, would give him the dope he wanted: wheth-
 er or not the new models were clicking, whether things
 were opening up, there in Detroit.

He marked slashes and traced geometrical figures
 on the paper. Why any whethers, any ifs about it?
 However things were going, whatever Shorty might
 write, he, John, had found a job there once, and could
 again. It might not be a production job right away;
 there was job-setting, painting apartment rooms—
 many things. His pencil made a decisive, slashing
 mark; yes, he could get along.

He had saved twenty dollars. The pencil jogged.
 Halted. Jogged again. Room, three a week; board,
 with someone else—without—well, twenty should last,
 then, three, no, better make it two, weeks, without
 work. But if things did break, and he got a production
 job, he'd be making thirty—no, twenty-five a week.

A hundred dollars a month. He smiled wryly as he
 thought of the ten dollars a week he was getting for
 being typesetter, pressman, proofreader, city editor,
 assistant editor and janitor of the *Allenvale Herald*.
 Why, the family couldn't kick; he'd make more money
 in Detroit. Of course, there was old grandpa John,
 with his, "Well, my boy, if you once get roving again!—
 A rolling stone, you know." But what should that old
 foggy have to say? What if he, young John, did want

to travel, instead of slaving? He was nineteen, wasn't he? Oh, why had he ever come back to this dump? His father had died, finally, but why should he have come back for that? And why was he staying?

The thought struck him with almost physical force. His pencil rolled listlessly onto the paper, and he stared out at the shadowy leaves of the tree before his window. In the leaves and darkness winked the great red neon globe atop the Penobscot tower; the gold and crimson crown of the Book Building glowed there, too, and the light-frosted galleries of the top stories of the Eaton. The night sky was swept with searchlights, ablaze with signs, afire with floodlights, stories and stories and hundreds and hundreds of feet above the canyon streets. In the night quiet of the darkness-hidden street below his window he heard again the click and clatter of street cars, the whine and rip and swoop of ventilators and lathes, the thousand noises of a hiving city buzzing with work, of men in tens of thousands "bucking the dog." In the scents and moist coolness of the April breeze that washed in upon his face, he could feel the sweaty breath of the spraying booths, the peculiarly pleasing banana-oil scent of the sprays themselves, the heavy odor of oil, the soapy smell of the mixtures curling over the biting edges of the drills and lathes, the soupy sting of motor gas.

"For scents are surer than sights or sounds . . ." Motor gas: Detroit. White flour dust and soft coal smoke, that tickled the nostrils: that was the Missouri bottoms and K. C. Sulphurous smoke, tangy, tasty gray cement dust: Gary. A cindery, brimstone smell, the breath of hell itself: that would be Lackawanna. His nose was full of memories, five years of them.

He heard his door click and looked around, a slight,

unconscious frown furrowing his forehead. It was his mother.

"Isn't it about time you were in bed, sonny?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought of it."

"Well, remember—the light bill, you know. And you have to work hard tomorrow."

"Oh, all right." There was a bored weariness, a resigned peevishness in his voice that surprised him. He looked quickly at his mother, to see if she noticed anything, but she only said, "Goodnight, sonny," and went away, curl-papers, nightgown and solicitous voice.

Well, he was tired, and tomorrow would be Saturday. He clicked out the light and threw himself on his bed. Good Lord. The light bill, and the water bill, and the grocery bill, sonny! And, "Well, you know, sonny, Peter will need his shoes half-soled," or, "You know, sonny, Mary will have to have a new hat." Sonny, sonny, sonny! He was still fourteen to his mother, he realized, and always would be. It was a terrible realization, and an even worse prospect.

Was he becoming peevish and touchy? Was it time for a change, or was he just tired? He lay and stared into the darkness; heard the ten-forty come chuffing and rumbling through. It whistled the crossing, two long wails and a short, with that eerily distant note that seemed to cry, "Rain! Rain!" He fell asleep with the deep, distant "Whoo! Whoo!" of the great St. Claire lake boats sounding in his memory.

Saturday started as one of Grandpa John's days. Young John speared a pancake, without offering the plate first to Grandpa, and that started the inevitable lecture on the superior manners of the children in the days of Grandpa's youth. After Grandpa's portentously slow voice had stopped, his mother's high, thin

note came in. "Oh, I'm sure you meant no discourtesy, did you, Johnny? I'm sure Grandpa comes first, with all of us."

This might have nollified Grandpa, but it had no such effect on Johnny. He took a hasty gulp of coffee to drown the retort that leaped to his lips. Of course, dear old Grandpa was first! Everyone was first, was before him. Grandpa was an impressive personage, with large eyes and large mustaches, who for years had been too much of an invalid to do anything but hunt or fish. So of course, Grandpa came first. And Peter was first, because he was still in school; he had to "have his chance, sonny." And mother was first, because, well, she was mother. And Mary—well, she really was first with him.

She would have her chance, he resolved, almost every time he thought of her. His resolutions he kept to himself; they were mental only, beautifully indefinite as to any consideration of methods of fulfillment. He only felt that he'd like to see her in college within the next couple of years.

Why? Why was she different from the rest, why set so aside in his mind? With knife and fork he slowly partitioned a syrup-soaked pancake into neat geometrical designs as he considered this why. Well, for no reason, he concluded. He just loved her, that was all; she was so bright, so sweet, so—well, sane, in this mess.

Then another aggravation drove all other thought from his mind. This time it was Peter. While Grandpa's voice was rolling sententiously on about nothing at all, Pete was drinking water, tipping the glass high and going slurp! gulp! gulp! gulp! But it wasn't even the irritating sound that made Johnny want to jump up and dash out of the room. It was the manner.

For Peter bugged his eyes, more and more protruding as the glass was raised higher and higher, and it made him look so horribly like Grandpa that John had a prevision of long mustaches. Grief! he thought.

Breakfast finally over, there came that interim of bustle and rush, the eternally repeated ceremony of the Start. Peter, you know where you put your hat. And can you find your slicker?

"Yeah."

"Mary, do you have your rubbers? Oh, I know it isn't raining, but it's going to rain. I think, now, you'd better take your rubbers. Now, sonny, be sure and see Peter across Oak Street."

Grandpa, the lone stationary member of the family, had been leisurely working up the draft and banking the coals in his after-breakfast pipe, holding forth the while on one of his favorite topics, the great opportunities in Allenvale. His rolling voice moved on in stately round, like the notes of an organ, with the queries and the bustle of the Start as sort of choir.

"I heard, just the other day, from a very ree-liable man, that the Libby people are going to put a canning plant here in a very few days—weeks, at the most, this fellow told me. I suppose you realize what that will mean—" Damn! Johnny thought, the old fool sounds like an editorial in the Herald.

"That will mean a great growth for this town," Grandpa rolled on, grandly unmindful of the inattention of most of his audience and blissfully unaware of the effect of his words on the only one listening to them. "Lots of people, lots of money! And you, my lad! And you! You will be right in the midst of it! Just think! The Herald will become a daily! My,

I wish I'd had such an opportunity in my time!"

Grandpa heaved a gusty sigh.

But young John scowled, to the amazement of all. Pete goggled at him, and his mother's mouth went slack, even Mary gave him a grave glance from her clear gray eyes.

"Rats," snapped Johnny, and then Grandpa's mouth dropped open, too. "Rats! That canning factory was coming here before I left six years ago, and it hasn't got here yet. Rats!"

"Why," gasped his mother, "Why, Johnny!—"

But he had flung himself impulsively out the door, and heard only the confusion of his mother's squeaky, "Why, I don't see what's come over him lately—" and Grandpa's rolling voice getting under way. Then Pete yelled, "Hey, wait!" and came running after him. Mary followed, with all her usual air of self-possession. He turned to watch her; so sweetly grave for only fifteen, he thought.

When they came up to him, Pete said nothing, but stared up at him covertly in a way that annoyed him, whereas Mary looked directly at him. Her slow look made him feel small.

He assumed a jaunty step, a nonchalance he did not feel, and commenced to whistle.

"Why, what's that tune?" Mary inquired quickly.

He surprised himself, when the words rushed into his mind. Why had he whistled that?

"Oh, when I was single,

My money would jingle,

Oh, I wish I was single again, tra la!"

Mary rippled in laughter at this, and sang it after him in a clear, light soprano, in one of those flashes of merriment that so charmingly transfigured her gravity.

He smiled, too, but Pete spoiled it all by asking, "Why'd ya sing that? You ain't married."

That put his thoughts onto his troubles again, and after he had seen Pete safely across Oak Street, which sported the sole crossing light in town, he brooded deeply as he walked to the Herald. No, he wasn't married; worse than that. Oh, what he'd give to have thirty good dollars (thirty it was in sweet retrospect, not twenty-five) in his pocket, and all the great shows, and Belle Isle and the chop-suey joints, and all the wonderful ways to spend it; to see things and do things by himself, for himself, on his own money! That was freedom!

The day went all wrong; it was one of those one-thing-after-another days. The muggy weather brought itchy sweat in the dusty-inky stink of the print shop; blue-bottle flies buzzed and batted about annoyingly. The ink kept moist, so that there were offsets on the job work; a couple of numbering machines had to be taken apart and cleaned, and one had been used with multigraph ink, which stained. He pi-ed the head of a column of news, and had to reset it with old Alden, crabbier than usual, peering over his shoulder and making caustic remarks. "Be sure it's right now! Run another proof on it, and let me see it!" Then the make-up went wrong; Alden always left news and editorials to the last minute, instead of planning the work and getting things together in decent time. So Alden berated Johnny, and Johnny cursed type because it wasn't rubber, and the world in general because it was all wrong, and one Johnny in particular because he was dumb enough to stay where he had to take such stuff from such an old fool. Then, when the paper finally went on, the ancient Kelley press acted up, and

he toiled and sweated for hours, with revolt seething in him all the time.

All days end some time, and at last came the end of this Saturday. It was long after old Alden was comfortably in bed before he finished cleaning the press, his Saturday night horror. The rollers, the platen had to be scoured of stinking ink and wiped dry; even the oil pan had to be wiped off after being emptied of its slush of ink and oil. He was too weary and disgusted to make much of a job of washing his hands. He slammed the door after him with a vicious bang.

He found the elements right in step with his thoughts, and it struck him as strange that he should think, just now of all times, that this was "poor form" in literature. The weather was still sultry, with an unusual coppery light throwing trees and roofs in silhouette, and an oppressive boding over all. Flashes of heat lightning glowed heavily, illuminating puffy clouds in slow flares.

But he felt somewhat at ease, somewhat relieved, for his mind was made up. He would go. To hell with this! the town, the family, the job, the whole mess! Letter or no letter, he would see Detroit again, work there awhile, then go on. Canada and the west, that he had never seen, then Florida or the Dakotas, where he had been before. All the places he had read of, too. He was a natural wanderer, he told himself. Home was where your heart and your work were, friends were where you found them. You had one life to live, and the whole world to live it in; why wait then for tomorrow, or someday, nebulous days that never came? Why wait where the next day was always the same as the day before, "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day

to day," from day to day without ending! It was a romantic and surging idea this wanderlust, and he played with it as he strode along home—quite rapidly, for all his weariness.

On the porch, he forgot self-pity, romanticising and disgust as he searched the mail box. Ah, two letters. He tramped hastily into the kitchen, pulled the string on the switch of the bare light bulb, and ripped open the letters.

The first was from Shorty. ". . . are picking up slowly, but are picking up." His mind caressed familiar phrases. "Dodge took on some men, Chrysler is using more at the Jefferson body plant. With all these new models, Continental is busy making motors for those jobs that don't want to start in production on new motors right off. . ." Shorty went on for several pages of scrawly handwriting, all of the usual gossip about Ford, and technical gabble and tales of rights and wrongs in the factory world. Shorty was a good friend to have.

The second was from Florida. ". . . not much stirring, frankly. But wonderful weather . . . scent of magnolias just beginning to fill the streets . . ." That was from the Allisons. He had stayed with them; he held the sheets absently in his hand and wondered why some perfectly plain people, who would be frightened at the idea of deliberately writing for print, could write such charming style into letters. For everything was there in his hand, in a few words; low skies, moss swaying from trees, wide roads, brick roads, sand roads. But Florida would be a poor place to hit in the spring or summer. Detroit it was.

He was so absorbed that he did not notice the door swing open, till he looked up to see Mary, in bright,

boyish pajamas, low cut. He had to smile gently at her young-womanish air.

"Did you find anything to eat? I got hungry and came down for some bread and jam."

He had forgotten all about eating, in spite of the long time since his lunch of a few dry sandwiches. Mary offered to warm up the canned beans, the lumps of potatoes and the hunk of beef they found in the frying pan in the oven, but he told her he would eat them just as they were. But she insisted on doing something, and started in cutting bread for some jam sandwiches.

"I was up late. I was working on that story," she announced with an offhand air as she sawed away at some rather thick slices.

He sensed quickly what she wanted. "Oh yes. Let me have it now. We'll go over it, and you can hand it in on Monday."

The story was quickly produced and he read it, pending the production of the sandwiches. It was Mary; clear and simple, with no "writey" affectation. They had a cozy time munching together while he commented briefly and marked the story with the official-looking proofreader's marks he knew always pleased her.

After he had finished he did not feel so tired. He arose and picked up the letters. "Come on up to my room—let's read awhile."

"Oh," Mary exclaimed, "Those letters! You're going away!"

Gee, she didn't miss anything; damn all postmarks! "Oh, don't worry," he evaded, "just some answers to some letters I wrote."

She gave him one of her calm looks that made him

feel as though he had shrunk, but said nothing more. They mounted to his room; he arranged the reading lamp on his bed, propped up two pillows and saw that she was comfortable. Then he scanned his books for a choice: some classics, Shakespeare, Milton; Kipling; but mostly travel. To the Peacock Throne, African Game Trails, River of Seven Stars, Rolling Stone, Tramping Through China, Red Rugs of Tarsus. But he chose one of the oldest and one of the best of travel books, translated in prose by Palmer. He had bought it a week ago, with a dollar that might have meant four movies at the Arcade—and one of them Greta, too—and he was reading it at nights, in self-denying sips of pleasure. He wanted Mary to share it. Funny, he thought, that it all should be about a man who had come home, after many wanderings and many trials. Just a story of a man who went to war, and then had a hard time getting home.

He could fairly feel Mary's quiet delight; she read and he read. Outside, the storm broke in a rush, unheeded by them, and then settled down to a steady swish of gentle rain, while their low voices communed under the cozy light. Rain pattered on the sill and a fresh breeze blew in the partly opened window, but they were miles and years away. There was feasting and dancing, and wood and bronze and gracious women and headlands and wind-blown trees, and sail-winged, black-hulled ships sped over "the wine-dark sea." He thought of the beach at Florida and the eternal wonder of his first sight of the ocean, of the sea.

A single stroke ringing from the old chime clock downstairs brought him back to reality. "Say, kid, more some other time. Little girls ought to be asleep!"

"Oh my," Mary sighed, "wasn't it wonderful? He

wanted to get home, I guess, but he had a good time traveling, didn't he?"

"Yes, he seemed to enjoy that, too. But he hit some bumps, sis."

They were silent for a moment.

"He seemed such a man," she went on dreamily, while he watched her red lips form words. "All 'round, you know; a good fighter and a wise man. But you know what I think?"

"No."

"I think the greatest thing was his—self-reliance. He never fooled himself, did he? He always faced things; I think Athene, his goddess, helped him so much because he was—well, he always helped himself. Do you see?"

"Surely."

"Little things didn't seem to matter too much, to him. The old Greeks seemed that way, didn't they? He never blamed things on others; he looked to himself, it seems to me. My, wouldn't it be wonderful if a person could be that way? You'd be so free—wouldn't you?"

She looked at him so intently, and there was such a light in her grey eyes, that he felt—well, he didn't know how he felt. So he smacked her playfully on her shoulder, and followed her with his eyes while she went out of his room, with her smile and a little lingering wave of her hand, just a flip of the fingers.

After she was gone he turned off his light and lay gazing into the blackness that rested so soothingly on his open eyes. Outside, there was only the whisper of the night breeze in the darkness and the scattered flurries of patters of sound on the roof, drops from the wind-stirred leaves of the trees. He heard whistles,

two long and a short; a train was rumbling through. Lordy, the one-ten! He lay inertly and listened, so he could hear even the click of wheels and the hollow rumble. Yes, if he once started, he'd keep going. The rumble, the clicking, the chuffing faded, died away.

Still he lay motionless, eyes winking occasionally into the blackness. Then he arose suddenly and clicked on his light again. Even while he blinked he groped for his fountain pen, paper and an envelope; then he wrote.

He wrote Shorty. When he had finished, he gave the letter one last look. "... think I'll stick right here . . . times uncertain . . . see some chances; not much dough, but it doesn't cost much to live here. . . Drop in on us some day, if you can find the town. By the way, there's a Maybach, a German car, in the U. S. now; no gear shift . . . and if you get any dope, let me know. Keep in touch. Your buddy, always. John."

He folded the letter, slipped it in the envelope, sealed it with a thump of his fist, slammed on a stamp, addressed it.

Then he sat for awhile, gazing at the stars and feeling the fresh breeze on his face. There was only the patter of drops from the trees; no train, no searchlights, no roar of vents, no bite of motor gas. The stars were small and sharply clear, not the low, intense flames of southern skies. He felt relieved and a bit happy and quite tired; he didn't have to get up early tomorrow, he remembered. He crawled into bed and stretched luxuriously.

THE FLAMINGO

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THE FLAMINGO has come of age. The full management of the magazine—collection of material, proof reading, make-up, advertising, and circulation—cannot be carried by the editor and business manager alone. The present honorary board, composed of the English faculty and eight students appointed by them, is not flexible. An active, well organized staff, appointed by the editor, is necessary to insure success in future years.

Faculty supervision is necessary to a certain extent, but the majority of the English faculty have neither the time nor the interest required. It is suggested that two advisors, one appointed by the English faculty and the other by the editorial staff, would provide a balance in which THE FLAMINGO as a medium for college advertising would not outweigh its true function—a means of literary expression for Rollins students.

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