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Vol. V, No. 4

MAY, 1931

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THE FLAMINGO

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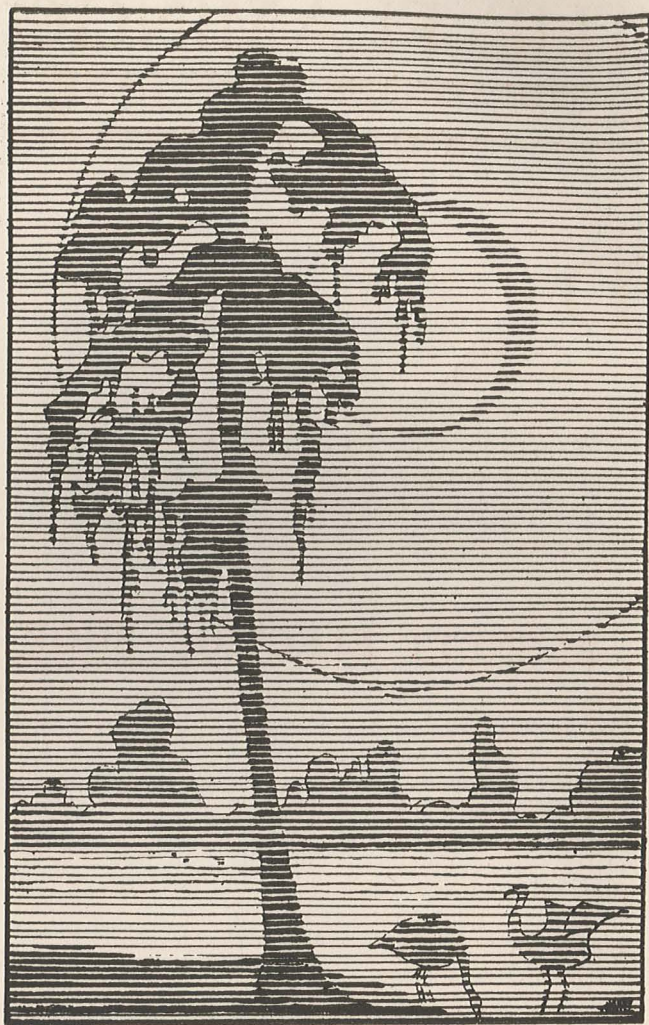
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SAPPHIC FOR MARCH

KENNETH CURRY

DUST and wind and March and a bird a-soaring,
Warmth of earth that comes with this favored
season,
Sky and tree and mountain are full of motion
Earth has remembered.

Now shall seed be breaking apart their covers,
Skies be dark, still troubled with tales of winter.
Now, O Heart, no longer this dusky murmur;
Break into laughter!

R A I N

ALICE SWAN

SHE sat on a swing in the Sorenson's casual living-room and wondered when he would come back from fishing. The south end of the house, facing Lake Michigan, was entirely composed of glass, through which one could watch the little grey fish-boats trotting across the harbor. White mother-gulls followed them out to sea, avidly waiting for a chance at the catch. Peter's disreputable craft was out there, filled with summer visitors. Peter was always in demand as a pilot, and yet no one could be persuaded to buy the boat. So he called it the *Albatross*.

He was coming in. The *Albatross* rode the waves well. They were docking. She could see him, standing

on the fore-deck, throwing a rope to an indistinct figure on the pier. His wet, red hair contrasted sharply with the dark, turned-up collar of his slicker. She began to feel wobbly.

It had been maddening. And she had thought, with surprise, "He doesn't care whether I like him or not."

She didn't want to like him; it was getting to be too common. All her friends thought him "simply fascinating, my dear." She remembered, too well, yesterday, when she had met Peter for the first time. She should have been warned by the strange feeling of shyness that took possession of her when she found herself alone for the first time with Angle-Child's red-headed brother; for she, who had been wont to reduce boys of her own age to the helplessness of stuffed-teddy bears, found herself unable to open her mouth. She had waited for him to speak, and he had lighted a cigarette and said nothing. After a few painful moments, during which she had remarked in silence his appalling lack of any sort of hair-cut, she had awkwardly begun forming vague sentences. The result had been baffling; no co-operation at all. In desperation she had dragged forth her favorite topic, boats, having been told it was a subject he also adored. Politely enough, he had listened, smiled, run his fingers through his long hair—and said nothing.

As he came, the phone howled. He tore off his dripping coat before quieting it.

"I don't know," she heard him say, "I'm afraid I'll be in Green Bay next Saturday."

After ostentatiously polite regrets he rang off, turning to Margaret with a grin. Heavens, he was actually going to say something! "That Ruth-Mary female again," he explained, as though she knew all about the

young lady. "She won't leave me alone for a minute."

Margaret rose and walked the length of the room. "Well, the poor girl certainly must be hard up," she remarked, vanishing into the kitchen. What could anyone see in him? Conceited puppy! She filled a dipper with water from the big aluminum bucket standing beside the sink. The dipper's mouth tasted pleasantly of Jamaica Rum. The screen behind her began flapping; it was going to blow. Perhaps that was why the boats had come in so early. She latched the screen and went slowly up to her room.

And then it came. Rain in hurried pop-plops like mildly intoxicated rabbits tap-dancing on stilts. It was the tin roof, putting metal tips on all the stilts, that made the rain worth-while. The roof was just out-side the broad window of the room she shared with Angle-Child. In order to have a clear view of it, she stood on a chair and took down the gay, yellow curtains and the chintz shade. She thought, how swell to be a rabbit, with long, white whiskers to punctuate each smile. She knew the little ones on the roof were smiling; the tapping sounded so blithe. Hop, hoppity-hop-hop; probably they're all full of Bacardi. I wish I were. I wish I were a rabbit. It would be so grand to be able to hop away from people, instead of running; there's something so final about a leap. She often thought about animals in that way and wanted to exchange places with them. There were seals. She admired their black suppleness, their slithery muscles and especially their fins. To have something to *flip*, with a wet clapping noise. Cats were rather wonderful, too, although, if you lived with one long enough, you became aware that it was chiefly concerned with what was best for the cat. Still, it would be nice to

be able to purr when terribly happy and not be looked at askance for doing so. It seemed strange to her that civilized people allowed each other no adequate means of expressing their emotions, expecting, instead, a genteel reserve on all public occasions.

These were things she had never confided to another person. Yet she wondered if there were not others like her, who went about with their ideas tightly corked and if the world would not be a happier place if everyone suddenly let their last five thoughts fizz openly.

She had almost forgotten Peter. After all, he *did* need a hair-cut, badly. She began to feel better.

THE WEATHER-SHOP

NICK ORSZAGH

TWILIGHT was creeping up the hill on the top of which the Wizard stood. He looked down on the hidden little village, which he had never seen before. Soft bluish haze wrapped the little thatched houses, which gathered around the old church like chickens under the wings of a setting hen. Hilltop winds danced the coat-sleeves of the Wizard; against the topaz finement his lean figure was like some unknown and fatal demon-bird. He looked at the horizon where clouds played their color-game. He muttered something about coming weather, then started slowly to walk down the hill into the cool village-evening.

A couple of days after the old man had arrived in the hamlet, everybody began to talk about him. Men in the evening, sitting in the front of the houses and smoking their pipes, women in stolen gossip, considered

the event. They could not quite figure out what it was all about. But the only thing that happened was that the old man rented a shabby cot at the end of the village. Then he had it announced with the usual beat of the drum that on the next day he would open a weather-shop. Because, he said, everybody must have been annoyed if his most promising crops were destroyed by hail or roasted on dog-days or swept away by deluge. Now he would sell to everybody the kind of weather the customer wished. "You have not to be afraid of the caprices of weather; we have not to toll any more our bells if a thunderstorm is approaching, because from tomorrow on everybody may have just the sort of weather for his estate, that he pays for. Whoever does not believe this shall trust to luck and depend on the usual weather conditions." And he also put a big signboard above his door:

WEATHER SHOP

But people laughed at him. "What an idea! Old fool!"

But some were curious and made detours in order to pass the new shop. The old man stood in the door of the shop, basking in the sun. As people passed by, one just stopped and asked: "Say, you are selling the weather here?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, and do you sell any sort?"

"I suppose so."

"And how much do you charge for a short and slow rain?"

"How much do you want to have?"

"Ha, ha! You think we'll trust you?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders, took a draw

on his pipe. He smiled. "I don't care whether you trust or not!"

And people continued to whisper and brood about him. But nobody dared to enter his shop. Well, you never can tell, maybe the devil . . . But a couple of days later a bold and curious woman made up her mind to find out the truth of the matter. She hurried to the shop about noon when nobody could be seen on the street because of the sweltering heat. She stopped at the door of the shop and crossed herself. But the house did not crumble down, so she entered.

"What do you wish?" asked the friendly old man.

"Oh, well, give me a little rain. But not a very expensive one!"

"How much do you want? And of what sort? A half-hour rain? A lukewarm one? Softly falling?"

"Oh you know the kind I want to have in such a terrible heat for my vegetable garden!"

The man pulled out one of the many drawers and weighed into a little paper bag a greenish powder. He gave it to the woman.

"Now you will strew it on this piece of land where you want to have the rain. That's all!"

The woman paid and left. In the afternoon the miracle happened. Behind her house there fell a fine warm rain on the vegetable garden. Exactly on this particular piece; nowhere else a drop of rain. On the rest the sun shone fiercely as before.

The village at once became like a disturbed bee-hive. That evening everybody talked of the miracle. But the village people found themselves at once divided in two parties. Some folks insisted on expelling the Wizard from the village. "Just wait and you see what disaster he will bring to us! Don't make use of his

tricks! The best is to let everything go on as it did before. You will see at the end who is going to have better crops and fruits, the one who trusts Providence or he who sells himself to the devil!"

But the objecting ones were small in number. The majority at once recognized the importance of the situation. And they began to dream how they would control the unexplorable weather and how they would become rich with little investment, harvesting twice a year. Everybody was feverishly working on plans.

And from this day on the proper natural order seemed to be entirely upset in the little village. One after the other entered the weather shop where the old man weighed out carefully and industriously the many colored powders. When occasionally foreign travelers stopped in the village, they were very amazed to notice how weather changed on almost every small piece of land. On one the sun was shining warmly because the owner wanted to hasten the ripening of his rye. The next potato-patch was soaked in slow rain. At the same time wind blew on wheatfields to strengthen the seed. In one place they reaped in the cool shade of a cloud; a few steps away freshly fallen snow covered the sprouts. Vineyards did not have sunshine for a long time after rain because it would harm. The brook overflowed some pieces of fallow land next to its banks and settled down, forming mud. Fogs and hoar frost helped the ripening fruits in the orchards, but in the neighborhood the blossom-time of May veiled the enchanted trees. Some fields, just softened by rain, were plowed and harrowed; in the meantime hay was being made in melting-hot sunshine. Sometimes the course of day and night was changed if they wanted to continue their urgent work in night time by daylight.

Some rich people could afford even a rainbow on Sunday afternoons.

And everything grew and blossomed and ripened with wonderful speed. The landowners were over-busy; they had scarcely arranged their produce in the barnyards or sold it, when they began with the new seed and new season. And those who objected and were suspicious in the beginning lessened in number. The miracle ceased to be a miracle; it became a necessity.

But before the summer was theoretically over, a startling thing had happened. On one huge wheat-field harvesters were just beginning their work, when a sudden hailstorm came over this single piece and devastated all the promises, thrashed the corn into mud, and crumbled the emptied stalk. Shortly afterward in a well-cultivated orchard an unexpected storm tore down trees and shook off the green fruits.

And the owner of the destroyed estates was shocked. Why just on his properties? Why and how? And at once he found the answer; he became suspicious of old enemies; he and others in the village became afraid of the envy and hidden malignity of their neighbors and relatives and enemies. And first the damaged owner, then many others hurried to the Weather Shop and bought up secretly all the mischief they could get hold of. And on those very days blizzards destroyed the cherished hope of others; heavy rains soaked to mud the ripening rye or wheat of the neighbor and the corn or hay of the suspected enemy. Sleet and frost raged in the orchards; hurricanes blew away the scarcely harvested corn and new-mown hay. The deluge of the small brook swept away patches of potatoes; hails whipped stout vineyards. And half of the village was

covered with darkness of night in which lightning struck beloved old trees and burned rich barns.

And, when the evening came, it found that the one hand destroyed what the other created. And, when the fury of devastation was over, there was almost nothing left untouched from the toil of industrious months.

The hamlet of despair seemed as if awakened to terrible reality after a beautiful dream. And at once friend and foe became reconciled in the thought of common revenge. Under the dark veil of night the multitude, armed with spades and scythes, rushed on the house of the old Wizard. But, when they rushed into his shop and house, they did not find him. Only his money. And in vain search after him they put fire to his rickety house.

But, as in the light of the rising moon somebody looked by chance at the Calvary-hill which overhung the village, he stopped with a sudden yell. And everybody looked at once up there. Dead silence fell down and made them shiver. And on the hill before the glowing disc of the silently rising moon they beheld the sharp contours of a well-known silhouette. His wide mantle fluttered in the wind like wings of a queer bat. And then the vision disappeared slowly behind the shoulder of the hills.

And in the cold silence crickets chirped monotonously.

BICYCLING THRU DEVON AND CORNWALL

MARGARET CUMMINGS

This story won third prize in the Vacation Essay Contest

IN THE days of ancient Rome, when the Emperors travelled about the country with a vast attendance of men-at-arms and courtiers, there was always a wine-boy who rode ahead to select the best inn. One of his most important duties was to taste the wine and determine whether the quality was up to par. Tradition tells us that the classification was thus: While the word "Este" symbolized very good wine, "Este, Este" connoted something really exceptional in store for the emperical palate. It so happened, one day, as the Emperor Tiberius and all his noble train were advancing towards the thriving little town of Frascati, that the forerunner was perceived emerging at a gallop from a cloud of dust. The calvacade halted for awhile and all the long line was silent that the verdict might be fittingly pronounced. A tremor ran thru the assembled men as a moment of suspense intensified the silence. Then the great Tiberius, connoisseur of wines and Epicure of the highest order, bade the man speak. The trees shading the avenue were still, and even the murmurs of the olive trees were hushed, as though they felt that a precedent was about to be broken. All attended, and three words rang out.

"Este, Este, Este!" the boy exclaimed—and three echoing peals broke forth from the trumpeter. History goes no further, but we can all imagine Tiberius gathering up his reins and digging in his spurs. We must leave them galloping through the dust to Frascati's waiting hostel to sip the very cap of all Italy's wines.

Only by breaking the bounds of superlatives could

the messenger describe the wine—and only in such a way could I express my enthusiasm for the two weeks' bicycle trip which I took this summer with two friends. As we pumped up "four-to-one" gradient hills in the noon heat and skidded down them in the rain, I often speculated upon the why and wherefore of the expedition, but again, pedaling gently over mist-wrapped Devon moors or coasting noiselessly into a Cornish sunset, the answer penetrated into my very being. If I can set down here even half of the pleasure which I experienced, I confess I must work my readers into a state of constant nervous pedaling as they pore over their books, while their minds are contemplating a roaring surf on an English coast, and their ears are echoing with a nightingale's call in the late summer twilight. If I can express the careless joy of vagabonding in unknown country, of exploring scenes made famous in English literature, of being lost in endless hills and finding the road once more by a spired, fifteenth-century church; or if I can share the satisfaction derived from an independent acquaintance with the varying people of town, village, and farm, of south-eastern England, then indeed shall I feel my debt of gratitude to be, in some slight degree, repaid. Whatever of discomfort may have attended our nights in primitive houses, whatever of fatigue accompanied our days, all was compensated for by a glowing thrill of knowing that the two weeks would afford a permanent, haunting memory of visual pictures unsurpassed, supplemented by an invaluable increased understanding of a foreign temperament—human nature in one of its kindest, sincerest, most straightforward forms.

It was upon the first day of August that we set forth over the steepest highway in all Devon, from Ilfra-

combe to Lynton. Clutching the double-wheel brakes that were so new to us and praying lest we be forced suddenly to employ the heathen complexities involved in gear-shifting, we sat straight, heads high, proud, in our first-day naivete, of the canvas packs which be-decked our carriers behind and of the wicker baskets which dangled perilously before. Advancing gaily up a slope, which we were admiring as part of the "gently-rolling country," we were rudely surprised to find ourselves panting hard, puffing harder, and ultimately pushing—a fate to which we became initiated in the first hour and accustomed the next. It was a hard day, and not unusually pretty—just fields and hedges enduring for miles; but towards evening, on top of what seemed the highest mountain in the world we reached our destination.

Lynton, as a town, is nothing but for its view over the sea, but this in itself is exceptional. Far out into the ocean extends the headland, the clay-pink color of which was intensified by the first soft sunset light. We took the cliff-railway down to Lynmouth, the sister village, and walking along the quay, we were lucky enough to reap the fruits of a rain which we had escaped. From the center of the bay, crowning the headland, stretched a double rainbow, mixing its soft colors with the rosy cliff and reaching obscurity in the hazy depths of the valley beyond. Later a fog arose, and only two or three stars could be seen shinging meagrely down on the quiet quay—while the tourists and "trippers" filed into the restaurants, dining with the gods on succulent raspberries and Devonshire cream.

Such was our first introduction to Devonshire. A few days later, by following the coast towards Biddeford, we reached Westward Ho! The broad circling stretch

of Pebble Beach, framing Lundy Island in the distance, is not to my knowledge mentioned by Kingsley in his descriptions of the surrounding country, although it is one of my most vivid pictorial memories. Lundy Island, incidentally, is not free from a tinge of old-time romance. Martin Harman, who leads the existing population of twenty souls, claims to be king of the Island, and restores some of the ancient piratical flavor to the place. Altho his issues of stamps and coinage are not recognized on the mainland, yet his temerity is causing a slight feeling of annoyance at Westminster, and on the coast it was expected that some action would be taken in the next year. We were surprised, however, at the tendency of the Devon men to regard Lundy in a somewhat tolerant light; but apparently the fact that the island in medieval days has often been held by pirates against the crown influenced their point of view. However trivial the matter may seem, there is something slightly sardonic in the thought of this Devon shore, since the days of Sir Richard Grenville one of the staunchest corners of England, now in this twentieth century harboring on its shore a rebel island. Enough, however, for Lundy. Let its political status be what it may, it is, somewhat intangibly, one of the most fascinating shore-marks of all England.

It was in view of Lundy, somewhere near Biddeford, that we had our first consequential mishap. Coasting down a long smooth hill, I changed gears without free-wheeling. My surprise and dismay were unequalled when I discovered that my pedals refused to budge. Why, of all times in the year, I should have chosen Bank Holiday on which to strip my gears, was a problem which caused us no little annoyance. We had,

moreover, that day and the next to ponder over the subject, before we finally found someone who would consider the job feasible—and in the interim I enjoyed various modes of travel, from riding in a bus, with the unfortunate bike hanging out the end, to pushing it, rattling and quaking, between Westward Ho! and Biddeford. It was in this latter town that I came upon someone who recommended to me an excellent mechanic. This excellent gentleman assured us in the morning that it was a two-hour job and we would be leaving by eleven. The garage sponsored a form of conference plan, the discussions of which, however profitable, were not particularly conducive to speed and efficiency. The fact that the mechanic possessed a sunny, secluded garden, bursting with plums, peaches, and raspberries was the only feature of the delay which was at all soothing. At five in the afternoon, when the heat of the day had burned off, we finally began to mount the hills that separated us from Clovelly.

Approaching our destination, we finally passed an inviting group of cottages, their low gables shrouded in hanging masses of red ramblers, and were rewarded by finding the last three beds in the village. Dumping our packs in the cottage, we slipped and skidded over the glistening cobbled pavement, down the precipitous descent to the shore. Clovelly, which was once a thriving fishing village, has the reputation of being the most unique small town in England. Its one small street, negotiable only by donkeys and humans, is closely lined on either side with small white houses, many of which are utilized for the benefit of visitors as shops or dining rooms. On the shore is the *Red Lion*, dating only from the nineties, but managed by a descendant

of one of Kingsley's heroes. Further down the beach we discovered a willowy waterfall, at the top of which Amyas Leigh may or may not have fought his renowned duel. It is a locality rich in scenes from literature, and if one cares, he may find the scene of another duel from *Lorna Doone*. We were lucky enough to make friends with the local photographer, who knew every landmark of the country around, outstanding either for natural beauty or literary association, and he gave us valuable suggestions with reference to our further itinerary.

Thanks to this aid and to the force of accident which led us out of our route, our next day was one remarkable for its variety, for its distance covered, both horizontally and vertically, for its beauty and its fatigue. Starting from sea level we climbed six hundred feet before reaching rolling, wooded country in the district of Hartland. Our objective, Stoke Church, was pre-cursed by the ancient ivy-covered Abbey, which holds a wide view over the fields to the approaching road. A mile or so on we found the church itself, among a community of barely a dozen houses, crowding together at the meeting of two roads. Stoke Church, dating from the later fourteenth century, is chiefly memorable, I think, for its quaint rood screen of carved oak, more curious than beautiful—and for an upstairs room known as *The Pope's Chamber*. Here the visitor may find signed poems of Hawker, original documents from Charles II, and other curiosities.

Pushing on shorewards, we soon reached Hartland Quay, one of the most magnificent examples of cliff scenery imaginable. The foldings and contortions of the rocks, their outlines constantly softened to the eye by the mist of shivering breakers, are wonderful and

awe-inspiring. "There must have been strange work here," says Kingsley, "when all these strata were being pressed and squeezed together like a ream of wet paper between the granite pincers of Dartmoor and Lundy. The wave action of the sea is unusually strong, and has worn some strange phenomena from the rocks, causing rare caves, tunnels and waterfalls. And yet for Hartland these are not enough. This is a country boasting soft wooded cliffs on the north, wild rugged rocks on the west, wind-swept moorland heights, and calm secluded vales." Not a country adapted to bicycling—and yet as we wandered vaguely over the moors and three times crossed the deep ridges that render the country so uninviting to tourists, we won something, absorbed something from the soil, that is lost utterly to motorists.

May we leave Devon with the following poem, inspired by a visit in Hartland County?

POEM: HARTLAND QUAY

What, Echo, shall I find at Hartland Quay,
 Save walls abandoned long ago, and sea? *Go and see.*
 Nay, but describe it, Echo, for thy sighs
 My roving accents quaintly parody. *Paradise.*
 How shall I reach (for wind and wave are fickle)
 Those fields untouched by harrow or by sickle? *Bicycle.*
 What of the beds? What portion waits the roamer,
 Lulled by the murmur of the Atlantic comber? *Coma.*
 What of the food? What influence supreme,
 If baby seems in pain, will hush a scream?

Luscious cream.

What exploits, then shall occupy my time,
 Wearied with wandering in many a clime?

Many a climb.

Were it not best to lie on couch of clover?
 Great is the peril, lest I should fall over. *Faugh! loafer.*

If, yet untired, I'd cool the heated limb,
 Can any panacea this whim? *A healthy swim.*
 What, then, my week's expenditure, and how
 Reckoned the cost? My mind enlighten now.

Light enow.

What of mine host? For, if the host be rude,
 The fare, whate'er it be, is none so good.

None's so good.

Come, Echo, thou has visited this spot?

I have conjectured shrewdly, have I not? *Have I not!*

R. A. KNOX, *Juxta Salices.*

A day's bicycling from the Devon border brought us to Cornwall's proudest historic boast: Tintagel. Standing eerily on a high headland, it commands a splendid shore view, and as we sat on the cliff reading Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, it seemed to be almost haunted with the old romantic spirit. Later we met an Englishman who informed us that the most recent investigators scouted the idea of the Round Table Knights ever having been there; but for us that was too scholarly a theory. In a classroom or at a lecture one might take an interest in the historic research concerning Tintagel—but once there, with the crumbling walls silhouetted against a bright August sky scepticism fades, and realism succumbs to romance.

If, however, the evidence of historic Tintagel is weak, the shore south as far as Land's End is rich in archeological and architectural testimony of forgotten days. The small parish churches are one of Cornwall's greatest glories, and scattered as they are along the high-ways and byways of the south-western shore, they make a pleasant contrast to the purely scenic attractions of Devon. We stopped at several of them and were greatly attracted by the simplicity and unusual

irregularity of the old Norman architecture. The main features are the granite pillars, the timber roofs in "wagon-head" style, and rescued treasures dating from the seventh and eighth centuries.

At St. Minver we found the old parish church of St. Menefreda, dating from 1600. The principle of irregularity is exemplified in one of its quaint forms here, where one finds the octagonal pillars, unusual in Cornwall, with five on the north aisle and seven on the south. St. Menefreda was built in the Norman Transitional Period, and altho, partly due to modern renovation, it is not a good example of the style, it embodies the spirit of the times more by its rarity than by its beauty. It is also, to me, memorable for its font, a relic of the third century; its one stone, inset in the wall, from remains of an earlier Norman church on the same site; its tablet, reproducing a letter from King Charles commanding the loyal Cornish citizens for their support during the Revolution; and most of all, for the very curious carved bench ends, of late medieval workmanship, notable for the fact that they are secular in both subject and design.

From St. Menefreda, with its roof of light wood beams on white plaster, we went to St. Endellion, where the entire roof was of timber. The plaster walls, with the deeply inset windows, reflect a cheery light thru the church and reveal the different samples of Cornish stone. St. Endellion points with great pride to her floors, her pillars, and especially to the Catacluse basin for holy water at the south entrance. The tower of the church, of Lundy Island granite, was built in the fifteenth century and because of its height is known as both land-mark and beacon for miles around. The parishioners of St. Endellion are duly grateful for the

lucky escape of their church from the nineteenth century restoration which was so prevalent and which detracts so much from the original beauty of several Cornish churches.

The next day we came to a third, and perhaps the most charming, of all these small churches: St. Merryn. It was built in the thirteenth century, from which time date also the present tower and the horse-shoe arch in the North side of the church. The foundation of Christianity in the Parish was the old Constantine Church, of which the ruins remain although parts of it have at times been removed; it dated back to the seventh century, but having been overwhelmed by the sands, the new one was built on the same site. In the sixteenth century part of the church was rebuilt, and the old wagon roof is of this period; altho it has at times been restored it still retains much of the old structure and is a very fine specimen of this type of architecture. In the church are a number of very interesting features; of all, the most valuable possession is the Font. This was recovered from the Constantine Church and is in a state of good preservation; the carving is exquisite, and an authority holds that it is the work of one hand dating back to the seventh or eighth century. The twelve apostles are represented used to the motions of bicycling and could now appraised cross, that of the Bishop who dedicated it.

It is one thing to set down the evidence concerning architectural features; but it is entirely different to convey the intangible attributes that compose atmosphere. There are certain qualities which render the Cornish churches distinctive, qualities relative to informality, cheerfulness, spirituality, untouched with passion. On the whole, I think serenity the prevailing

impression which I received. When we left St. Merryn, we went into the Tower. Beside the dangling bell ropes is a quaint rhyme, which runs as follows:

"We ring the quick to church the dead to grave,
 Good is our use such useage let us have.
 Who swears or curses in a cholrick mood
 Quarrells or strikes altho he draw no blood;
 Who wears a hatt or spurs or turns a bell
 Or by unskillfull handling spoils a peal
 He shall pay sixpence for each single crime
 Twill make him carefull gainst another time."

The last three or four days of our trip we ceased sight-seeing and devoted ourselves to swimming at different beaches and enjoying the gentler country of southern Cornwall. By this time we had become more used to the motions of bicycling, and could now appreciate more objectively the interminably stretching fields. The golden-rod and blue asters along the way became more than a blurred colored border to a potential death way; while the cows nibbling foolishly in the valleys were no longer idle witnesses to the terrified swerve in our line of march, as a lorry passed a heavy limousine on a sharp curve beside us—on the contrary, they seemed to have a soothing effect, as tho they chewed their cud to the tune of "All's well with the world."

So it was that, passing high over Carbis Bay, its red-sailed fishing boats glittering in morning sunlight, working thru the crowded, narrow streets of old St. Ives, and finally turning our backs on good night's lodging in Sennen, we found ourselves slipping and skidding thru the rain, coasting down the hills to Land's End. Bleak against the sky stood the one hotel; no other house was visible, except a garage, un-

der whose projecting roof we waited, trying to get some shelter from the downpour. While we wondered how we could escape most of the rain, the sun burst forth and revealed Land's End. We walked to the edge of the rocks and listened to the waves striking constantly against the icy cliffs. After dinner we sat on the rocks for nearly an hour, enjoying the soft pale shades in the rainbow and then the misty pink sunset that faded ever so gradually into purple and grey. The eye of the lighthouse caught the signal of sundown, and its intermittent flashes sent our messages straight out to America. With our backs to England, our legs dangling over the waves that were rolling away we imparted a rhythm to the light and let our message be flashed out to sea. One, two, three—we counted, and somewhere the message was caught—and held.

"Este, Este, Este," it read. "Este, Este, Este!"

S O N N E T

CAROLYN HEINE

I LEARN my share of ritual and creed,
 And can repeat it, parrot-like, at will,
 With plausible sincerity, yet still
 Unsatisfied, I ponder and re-read
 One sentence written by a scientist,
 "Matter is not made, nor is it destroyed."
 How then are snuffed-out candle lives employed,
 Where plays their flame when they no more exist?

Is darkness then recipient of light?
 What paradox would make a live spark one
 With shadow in the caverns of the night?
 Since science says utility is spun,
 Unraveled and respun, is not ours the right
 To re-embodiment within the sun?

POETRY SECTION

MARY KINSER

SUICIDE

THE PALE green grass was over the spot,
The trace of the wound effaced.
I had not come to that silent place
Before . . .

(You would have it so)

I did not clothe myself in black
(Princes are mourned in mauve.)
I constricted my tears in my empty heart
Because . . .

(You would have it so)

The pale green moth from the chrysalis
Has burst, and the rose from the tree,
And my hand has opened the gilded cage
Of a golden bird.
My couch is spread with the pallid blooms;
My dress is pale and long and green;
I have spread my hair on my bosom wan;
Orchid-frail am I.

The jasmine sends tongues of scent
Into the writhing air.
In a crystal glass with a tapered stem
I have emptied the heart of a ring.
I shall die with the thought of your love on my
brow,

The sorrow of love on my lips that smile
Because . . .

(You would have it so)

TWO MEN

A WORTHY man sat down to judge
A traitor and a liar.
He wore a robe, a velvet robe,
Picked out with golden wire.
A traitor man, a lying man,
Knelt down with head unbowed,
Wearing a smock, an old worn smock,
Perhaps to be his shroud.
The worthy man held high his head
Above his velvet gown,
His laces clean, his conscience clean,
Upon his brow a frown.
The traitor man, a fragile man,
Knelt low upon the stone,
His face upturned, his calm sweet face
Sad as a rose past blown.
"This man is doomed; his doom is just.
He helped a spy escape.
He has betrayed his motherland.
His corpse no flag shall drape!"
"Dear God, I pray he may escape.
Is this a crime I've done?
My country has ten thousand lives;
My friend has only one."

CHARLES LAMB

I LOVE you, for you were a little mad,
Not of the earth, just on it,
And so a little mad.
Quaint, reasonless, and cobwebby your ways;
Gentle, wide-eyed, and pensive as a child
With gaiety like little whirlwinds tipping
Over a melancholy soul.

SONNET

SOMEWHERE this fact a learned man described:
 That stars light mortals from a long dead hour
 And radiance, springing from a meteor's side
 While Caesar warred, just now confers its dower
 On my pale oval lids. Ah, wise old man,
 Well knowing, as you did, that I may lave
 My glossy hair in lustre that began
 A long time past; the wheeling stars that gave
 This glow have dropped and burned away
 A long time past, did you then also know,
 Old Man of Mathematics, gaunt and grey,
 That love's another thing which travels so.
 My eyelids droop, and languid droops my head;
 The feeling still descends, but love is dead.

LINES

WASTING the sun's light,
 Wasting the moon,
 Wasting the wind's song—
 Unheard is its tune—
 Lamenting the past—
 The future holds naught,
 Vigor departing,
 No case to be fought—
 High on a dark peak,
 Facing the sea,
 Wind-blown, my soul stands,
 Imploring "Use me."

GRANDFATHER'S FUNERAL

JOHN KELSEY

IT WAS a cold autumn day, and the gnarled, bare limbs of the trees frightened me. They seemed to be reaching and reaching. I snuggled up against my mother. She put her arm around me. I looked at my father, and his face was pale, but there was no expression in it. The horse jogged on, and the leaves swirled at his feet. We were going to my grandfather's funeral.

At last I saw my Uncle's house where my grandfather had died. It was grey and cold, and two great oak trees rubbed branches on either side of the driveway. The barn was closed. All the live animals had been shut up. What would it be like if my father were dead? I looked at him. He looked dead, but I knew he wasn't. He pulled up the horse.

My Uncle came out and told us to come in. He frightened me, too. His eyes were glassy, and his hand was cold when he took mine. The house was shadowy, and the wind seemed to moan outside. I wanted to go home and play with Tab. He was my little brother and too young to go to funerals. We were happy when I built houses in front of the big fireplace, and he knocked them down. Then we would both laugh. He was lucky to be young and always have fun. Just then my Aunt Liza came in. I went over and sat down on a hard chair in the far-away corner. Nobody noticed me, but I noticed Aunt Liza. She was old and grey and wrinkled and deaf. I thought God should make her die rather than my grandfather. He had white hair and a moustache and used to tell me stories before grandmother had died. Aunt Liza had called

me a brat once. It didn't sound nice, and I hated her. Besides my mother had said she was a terror.

I guessed it was time for the funeral to start because my mother took me by the hand and made me go into the room where my grandfather was. He was in a shiny coffin and looked very kind and happy. I didn't feel sad, but, when all my relations came in, I was scared. They all looked like my father when he was going to spank me. But they didn't notice me, and I looked at a picture of a silly woman who was holding a fat baby without any clothes on. While the skinny minister was talking, I kept winking at the baby, and pretty soon he winked at me. Just then my mother and father got up and went over and looked at my grandfather. I felt all alone and shivery. But they came back, and we all went out and got in an auto.

I was in front with the driver, and he looked just like my father's new calf. With long arms and big brown eyes. Soon they brought the coffin out and put it in a long black auto. Then we all drove to the old burying ground. I used to have fun jumping over the stones, but now it seemed like a different place. There was a big grave hole, and they lowered the coffin into it. Just when they were doing it, I looked at my father, and he was shivering. I felt like crying, but I was too old to do that. So I kicked little stones that were in the fresh-dug dirt. Soon we went back to my Uncle's.

It wasn't so bad now because there was a big table with lots of things to eat on it. My Aunt who was really my aunt and not a great-aunt, brought me a piece of cake and talked to me and my mother. She smiled and had nice teeth and I liked her. Nobody else seemed to notice my mother, and that made me mad. But I didn't dare to ask why. Soon we all went home, and

my father went for a walk, and my mother went up to see Tab, who had been sick, and I went out in the barn to swing on my rope.

MEXICAN DAY

PEGGY PRATT

THE spiked fingers of the cholla cactus scraped the sun as it shot from the mud hills of the Mexican village of Tehucan. The violet nothingness of before-dawn instantly changed to a turquoise bowl, sun-filled; night and then day.

Carlotta yawned, grunted, kicked off the dirty shawl, and stood swaying with sleep on the cool clay floor. She dug a fist into one eye and with the other hand straightened her striped dress that had twisted almost back to front in her sleep. She stared at her mother, asleep in the corner; squatty old chicken, always whining and wouldn't give her enough pestilas to buy the snake ear-rings at the market. The girl took the water jug and slowly poured drops on the old woman's nose, grinning at its twitching. Noisily chewing a hunk of black bread, she threw another hunk at her mother and a gnawed bone out the door at the hairless dog panting in the already baking heat.

As she was savagely mashing corn on the stone metate for the day's supply of tortillas, there came the shrieking of the solid-wheeled ox carts, market bound, heaped with mangoes and guava; burros followed in the dust, carrying ragged bundles of fire-wood and mesquite from the mesas; then peons with their baskets of water lilies for the flower stalls. Carlotta stuck out her tongue at the boys as they shouted at her; one threw a water lily full in her face; Carlotta grinned as

she caught the flower neatly in her mouth and chewed the succulent stem of it. She kicked through the alkali dust to the spring by the cotton-wood. On the way back she shouted and poked at an ancient rattlesnake squinting in the sun and pulled some purple and orange blossoms from the cactus clump by the gate to float in a shallow bowl. Then, dragging the shawl behind her, she set out for market, her feet sinking softly in the dust; the hairless dog ran side-ways behind her.

Carlotta passed the long row of pungent eucalyptus, the cottonwoods, their leaves shining through a coating of dust, the Joshua trees, and the silver olives: the mesquite brush scraped her legs. After a long time the soft-cornered adobe houses were replaced by pink and blue stucco; patios with pepper trees and overflowing gardens of verbenas; white teetering pigeons puffing their bellies; creamy spikes of yucca, "the candles of God." She passed the mission with its tumbling bells and crossed herself unenthusiastically.

The market seemed mirage-like in the heat. Noise of money and haggling, babies and complaining ox carts; stalls for selling turtles, straw baskets and hats, bananas and sugar cane; stalls of pottery jugs, smooth-lipped and ear-handled; stalls with crates of nervous white mice, pigeons and parrots and doves darting their small heads through the lattice of their cages; in one corner of the market over the adobe wall were thrown coarse shawls and rugs which seemed to give off brightly colored steam from their gaudy surfaces.

Carlotta knew well where the jewelry stall was but didn't look. She spread the shawl on the ground, dumped in it two turtles, some corn, a bunch of purple lupins, and a string of lacquer-red peppers, tied the four corners together, and after wheedling some figs

from the fruit vender she sidled toward the jewelry stall. Perhaps the earrings would be gone and then there would be no use to want them; but she was secretly hoping they *would* be there. The red glass bracelets almost covered the earrings. Each was a crude image of the Plumed Serpent; the little snakes writhed in the blistering afternoon heat, their turquoise eyes bulged. Carlotta saw that the vender didn't look very wheedly, old squinty pig; suddenly she decided. Fishing out the string of red peppers from the bundle, she swung them like a lariat and threw them straight in the old man's face, grabbed the two snakes by their tails, caught up the four ears of the shawl, stuffed the figs in her mouth, and ran. The hairless dog ran crookedly behind her, yipping hoarsely and kicking up the dust.

She was choked with running by the time she reached the mission and stopped, respectfully crossing herself. A whipping wind twisted her striped skirt about her legs; the sun fell behind old Popocatepetl, and the trees and houses suddenly lost their shadows; turquoise bowl to violet nothingness.

Stumbling over the door step of the adobe cottage, Carlotta dumped the contents of the shawl carelessly on the floor, then ate three tortillas one after the other, and pulled her mother's ears as she gave her her share of the meal. Carlotta touched the ceiling with the tips of her fingers, straightened her dress, reverently put on the sleepy snake-earrings, dragged the shawl across the floor to the wooden bench and lay down. Sleepily she felt of the curly tails and decided that she might wash her striped dress tomorrow in celebration for the earrings.

W I L D

NATALIA PILENKO

TRUE? Only a stranger in this country could ask such a question. Wait till you have stayed here a month or two, and you'll see plenty of them running around. They live like wolves in the forests, all over the country, and especially down here because we raise chickens and it's easier to steal. Listen! It reminds me of a story that happened about a month ago.

"You know the old white house, half burned down? It used to belong to the landlord before the Revolution. He was an angry man. He used to take a sack of wheat for every five we gathered. He bought our milk for a third of its price and then sold the butter with huge profits. He once ordered my wife to embroider twelve night-gowns; in three weeks she had finished but lost her eyes forever.

"The only thing he loved was his son, a boy of four. He took him out for endless rides on his grey horse and talked to him as to a grown up. The boy was delicate like a weak girl. He had soft yellow-white hair and large green eyes that never smiled. He always wore shining silk shirts and boots given to him by the Tzar. His skin was whiter than frozen roses. He once took off his boots. Even Masha's hands—you know, the priest's daughter, who once learned to be a teacher—weren't so delicate and pretty. My wife told me afterwards she thought the Baby Jesus must have had feet like that.

"Well, the Great Day came when we were free. They told the Batiushka Tzar had been imprisoned. We could take at last all the land we wanted. We thought

we'd tell the good news to our master. Maybe a too unusual number of bottles were emptied before we started; maybe some of us were singing a little too loud, as we approached; but we didn't mean harm, only to tell them the good news and ask for more wine.

"They got scared and shot through the windows, and Fedka was killed. I don't know very well what happened after, only the house was in flames before we could even get to the cellar. All killed in the nest they were, all except Mihail. They saw him run away. For ten years we thought he had died, so frail in the darkness.

We believed until a month ago. I was riding back one evening when I heard rustling in the bushes. You see, I had been cutting wood in a very lonely place about five verstes from here. I jumped down and hid. I sat silently under the thick sweeping branches of a fir tree which sheltered me like a bear skin.

Out of the bushes they came, two of them. Long, bony, starved bodies. I wondered where they'd got the rags they wore. The stuff of which we make potato-sacks looks decent and neat beside theirs. And dirty! You know when pigs bathe in the mud by the poultry-yard and then roll around in the ashes. You know when a child plays for hours in the gutter and then comes home hugging triumphantly against his breast an old dripping shoe he has fished out? Well, they were worse than that. As I think of it now, maybe it only seemed so terrible against the clear spots of sun on the grass, in those leaves of pure, dark green that you can only find in the heart of forests? But what I do know is that I had nowhere seen such bodies as theirs. They weren't lean as for instance greyhounds are but gaunt like the scarecrow of a person, pinched

and miserable with haggard eyes where flashed desperation. They drew near to my horse. I saw them better. They touched its fur, stroking it, passing inquisitively their fingers through the soft, wavy mane I like to plait in the evenings. The poor thing, frightened, shook his head, backing away from them. He was the human creature afraid of some unearthly beast.

The smaller boy seemed younger and more daring. He, first, climbed into the telega, over the branches I had piled. He unwrapped curiously my sheepskin coat, smelled it, rubbed it against his cheek, and then saw the potatoes left from my lunch. He immediately called the other one, who climbed beside him.

The strangest, frightening thing about these creatures was that they did not speak. They had a mute way of understanding each other with quick movements of their fingers.

The older one took a potato, tasted it carefully, then with a low grunt of satisfaction swallowed it, and reached for another. The other boy had eaten his with the same rapidity, and their hands met in the jug.

What followed was quicker than a rat's escape through a hole. The tall boy seized the little one by the shoulder and knocked him in the face, and the little one fell on the ground; but he sprang up immediately although his nose was blue and bleeding. The other one was already stooping over the lunch. In two large jumps he had disappeared with the potatoes.

The little one didn't attempt to follow. He slowly climbed back and lifted again the sheepskin as if expecting to find more food. There was only my purse with tobacco; he sniffed it with a disgusted twist of the mouth and put it back without tasting.

He crouched among the green branches with the sun painting clean spots on his grey face and lighting the yellow pieces of hair hanging over his forehead. It struck me that I had seen him somewhere. I knew those high cheek-bones, that nose with quivering nostrils, those deep green eyes that never smiled.

Mihail! It was Mihail! I sprang up, rushed to him. He was gone. He didn't even look back to see what was chasing him. He fled like a frightened hare, like a wounded fox. He dived into the bushes and vanished.

When I came back, I told the neighbors what I had seen. Some laughed, but many were startled. It would have ended there, if, as days passed, complaints hadn't risen from everywhere. The priest lost a hen; Isaac the Jew his best shirt he had hung out to dry.

One night my boys were keeping the horses in the meadow. It was dark with thick, swift clouds. They were cooking blackberries. They say they didn't hear a sound, when out of the darkness flew on them hard, grey, frightening forms. They couldn't recognize anyone and first thought it a friend's tasteless joke. But immediately they knew that these were unknown to them. Wild, silent things. Animals with only the appearance of human beings.

After that I decided with two friends to try and capture one of those poor creatures.

For no reason at all, as if it was an obscure instinct, we decided to watch the white house.

We left pieces of bread and fish around the place where we were hidden. It was difficult to stay awake because we didn't dare to smoke. The minutes dropped away slowly. The leaves only whispered and shook, and the clouds, like dark, woolen birds, played around the moon, showing or hiding its ugly face. As I lay

on that heap of old straw, I couldn't realize very well where I was; I could hardly think. Sleep blew its drunken breath into my face and, having sipt my soul, left me there, weak, hollow, like a silent bell.

"What's that? Listen!"

We crawled to the hole in the wall. In a pool of blue and golden light a grey figure was moving carefully. It was quite near. We saw him pick up a fish and heard the crushing of bones under hungry teeth.

We ran at him. He tried to escape, throwing himself on the ground, into the bushes. I lifted him in my arms, and we brought him into the house where a fire was already lit. He lay on the ground like an old coat, shaking like a dog. We didn't know what to do, now that he was there. He had small feet all right, but even the thought of shoes on them seemed strange. They were brown and hard and coarse like the roots of an old oak tree. His hair was so tangled that it looked like rough felt. Through what had been a week ago Isaac's best shirt we could see his body, bruised, with deep, dark scars.

"Mihail! Mihail Alexandrovitch!"

It was awkward and humiliating, but I couldn't forget that, if he was there a wreck, more beast than human, it was our fault.

"Let's take him home. Whoever he is, he needs washing and food; look at his ribs, and his cheeks are holes instead of the red and white flesh they should be. Come on, take him on your horse; he can't walk. We'll follow."

I lifted him on the neck of my grey and jumped beside him. He sat still, clinging to it, and into his eyes crept a look I shall never forget. There was wonder in it, the wonder of a fool someone hurts, who suffers

and yet doesn't understand; there was the fright of a bird caught in a room and the anger of a dog who can't break his chain; and, most of all, something I'd never expected, a prayer for mercy, a prayer for freedom. As the horse walked home, a memory seemed to awaken in his dead soul. He looked back at me.

"Michenka, goloubchik, don't be frightened. I am your friend."

I tried to make my voice as soft as I could; I released my grip on his shoulder and passed my arm around his neck.

"Domo! We are going home."

As soon as he felt that I didn't hold him anymore, he tore himself away and fell down, and the horse, always so quiet, suddenly jumped aside, frightened. I heard a moan. The grey's hoof had kicked the poor thing in the chest. I thought he was killed. I knelt beside him. As I tried to wipe away the blood that flowed out of his mouth, he lifted his head with a last dying effort and bit my hand very hard.

OH, WHAT WILL MRS. COOGLE SAY?

DOROTHY EMERSON

OH, what will Mrs. Coogle say
 When she awakes to find
 The narrowness of every day,
 The meagerness of mind?
 For she allows each turning thought
 To pivot on a glance
 At Miss Virginia's violets bought
 In winter-circumstance,
 Or wheel about a pointed shoe
 Displayed on velvet shelf.
 Oh, what will Mrs. Coogle do
 When she rebukes herself?

THE FLAMINGO

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Rollins College has recently been admitted as a charter member to The College Poetry Society of America. This is a newly formed organization of which the president is Robert Hillyer, President of Harvard College, and the vice-president is William Ellery Leonard, of Wisconsin University. Among the eighteen colleges included in the charter list are Harvard, Grinnell, Northwestern, Columbia, and New York Universities. The sponsors of the society are Joseph Auslander, Witter Bynner, Arthur Davison Fickey, Robert Frost, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Carl Sandburg, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Lew Sarett, and Sarah Teasdale.

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