

Rollins College

Rollins Scholarship Online

The Flamingo

1-1-1929

Flamingo, January, 1929, Vol. 3, No. 1

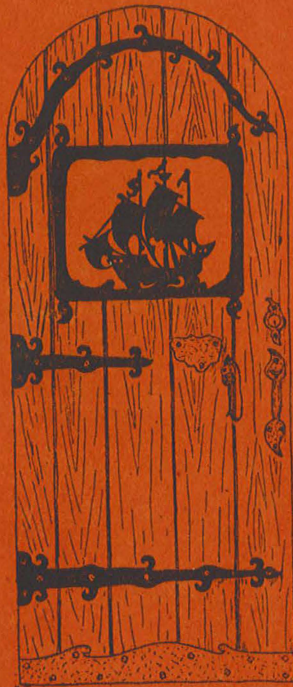
Rollins College Students

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.rollins.edu/flamingo>



Part of the Arts and Humanities Commons

"Artistry in Wrought Iron"



Whether your home is old or new, a pair of gates, drape poles, lighting fixtures, grille, or some other hand wrought piece will give that added touch so much desired.

May we send photos or sketches of suggestions on articles you desire?

*Visitors welcome
at our studio*

YE OLD FORGE

PHONE 9646

64 West Pine Street : : Orlando, Florida

Vol. III, No. 1.

JANUARY, 1929

Price, 20 cents

THE FLAMINGO

THE CONTENTS

EVERY WIGHT (<i>poem</i>) . . .	WILLARD WATTLES
YOU WOUNDED ME (<i>poem</i>)	DOROTHY EMERSON
ALSO RANS (<i>play</i>)	JOHN CUMMINS
AWAKENING (<i>poem</i>)	STELLA WESTON
NOSTALGIA (<i>essay</i>)	PHYRNE SQUIER
FANTASY (<i>poem</i>)	NANCY BROWN
WITHOUT THE VISION (<i>story</i>) .	HUGH McKEAN
NEGRO'S SATURDAY NIGHT (<i>poem</i>)	PHILIP CUMMINGS
AS THE SANDS CHANGE (<i>story</i>)	D. POWERS WHITE
A SCARLET WAY (<i>poem</i>) .	DOROTHY EMERSON
POETRY SECTION	WALLACE GOLDSMITH
SEA REFRAIN TO A MOCKING BIRD CAREER	
PETITE PHILOSOPHIES (<i>poem</i>)	STELLA WESTON
CRUMB (<i>poem</i>)	DOROTHY EMERSON
MOTHER (<i>translation from the Chinese</i>)	LING NYI VEE
THE NUN (<i>poem</i>)	STELLA WESTON
GIOVANNI FLORIO (<i>a book review</i>)	NANCY BROWN
MIDSUMMER DUSK (<i>poem</i>) . . .	PHYRNE SQUIER
TIA JUANITA (<i>sketch</i>)	JAMES JOHNSTON
PAGAN DEATH (<i>poem</i>)	JOHN CUMMINS

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

The Whistling Kettle Tea House

"The Home of Hospitality"



LYMAN AVENUE

::

::

WINTER PARK

The LATCH STRING IN THE SUNKEN GARDENS

We cater to Luncheons....Afternoon Teas
....Banquets....Bridge Parties....Dinners

Beautifully Located in the Sunken Gardens

The Winter Park Land Co.

Capital and Surplus over \$750,000.00

Established
1904



Incorporated
1917

REAL ESTATE and RENTALS

Winter Park, Orange County, Florida

REALTORS

WINSLOW & WESTON

115 EAST MORSE BOULEVARD
WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

WINTER PARK

is Florida's chosen spot for those who love
beauty and culture.

The "CITY OF HOMES" offers splendid op-
portunities for home seekers and
new business enterprises.

Chamber of Commerce

Winter Park, Florida

EVERY WIGHT

WILLARD WATTLES

FOR *hearth-warmth and fire bright,*
Easy chair by candle light,
Roof to guard from black night,
Oaken board and linen white,
Bread and meat for men's might,
Strength to hew the line right,
Clear eye for keen sight,
Heart strong for stout fight,
We, your sons, every wight,
Return thanks . . . and well might.

Contributed to The Flamingo

THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

VOL. III, No. 1 JANUARY, 1929 Price, 20 Cents

YOU WOUNDED ME

DOROTHY EMERSON

YOU wounded me long, long ago . . .
Reproach is not for old abuse.
I have no anger here concealed.
All that I harbor is revealed . . .
Sad memory of the bleeding bruise,
The bright confusion in the snow.
You ask forgiveness—pleading so
I know not how I can refuse.
New snow lies white upon the field,
And my white flesh is softly healed.
Do you still know the way to bruise?
How can I know? How can I know?

“ALSO RANS”

JOHN CUMMINS

LIKE a wounded bird the Silver Girl floated silently out of the skies and drifts aimlessly on a calm sea. The sun has just gone under and it is dark now. Two forms may be discerned thru the darkness seated in the plane waiting.

Dave: There—it's gone. God, it was beautiful.

Ted: Yeh. It's night now. It got dark quick. It seems we were just watching the sunset and then we couldn't see anything.

Dave: Our last sunset, too. For a while the sea was all gold. The wings were on fire.

(He pauses and laughs softly).

Ted: What's funny, Dave?

Dave: I was just thinking I must have been nuts to think they could have heard us awhile ago.

Ted: You must have been, all right. You were still shouting and waving like a madman long after it went by. Why, all we saw was one smudge against the sky. Just one tiny wisp of smoke and now that's gone.

Dave: I guess it was some tramp going to the islands. Gee, but that trail of smoke looked awful friendly, though. I was just thinking! Suppose it had rescued us and brought us back into the world again. Wouldn't that have been wonderful, Ted?

Ted: Things like that don't happen, Dave.

Dave: Yeh! That's asking too much of Lady Luck—and yet I never figured on us not making it. Running out of gas. By the chart we've landed five hundred miles off the big liners' course. So I guess we go down on the books this time as "also rans."

Ted: Yeh, I guess so.

Dave: Say, Ted, I got something I want to tell you. I don't mind telling it now, since it's gotten dark—but back there awhile ago when it was sunset, I looked at your hair. Gee, Ted, you got beautiful hair, just like a Princess—all soft and gold.

Ted: I understand, Dave; I know what you mean.

Dave: I don't know, but everything is queer and strange to me like a dream. Perhaps this is a dream, Ted. Maybe I'm dreaming that we've landed—that we've landed in the sea and it's dark. Maybe pretty soon I'll wake up and find it morning and go out to the field and take Silver Girl up for a spin.

Ted (gently): Not this time, old boy. This is a real dream.

(They are silent for awhile).

Dave (suddenly): Boy! How I wanted to make that run. I thought sure we were coming down the home stretch with the motor purring soft and husky like she always did. Why, Silver Girl could have taken us to the moon if we could have kept feeding her the gas. It wasn't Silver Girl's fault.

Ted: Good old Silver Girl. She could have taken us clear to the moon.

(A silence comes between them for awhile).

Ted goes on again: Never thought we'd go this way, did you, Dave?

Dave: No, I reckon not. This is a hell of a way to go. I wanted to go fast when I got it.

Ted: I had a feeling we were going to—that something was going to happen just after we hopped off. I kept looking down at the trees and they seemed to be trying to say something. When we got out on the sea, I knew something was wrong. I looked back once just before the land faded from sight, and honest, I thought the trees were calling to us to come back when the wind moved them. So I guessed something was wrong.

Dave: You did, Ted?

Ted: We've had some wonderful breaks since we hooked up together, old fellow. No two guys our age have crammed more experience into their lives. But I knew it couldn't last forever. I kind of expected a show-down. Remember the night we skipped from the home town to join the war? Just two high school kids and you a year under age? Then landing in the Air Force on top of that.

I never felt so glorious, so happy, as when I was fly-

ing the French front. Oh, those war days! How I loved 'em. Up on patrol duty twice a day. Remember flying that little Spad when we bagged our first plane, Dave? With all the staff watching us fighting right above the lines. I was half disappointed when the war was called off.

Dave: Yes, sir! There were some game guys in that legion of ours. It was hell we had to break up. Remember after the war how proud we were coming home flying that old Junker and landing in the ball park? We certainly were living in clover in those days.

Ted: We've had it soft, Dave. And then those barnstorming days at the county fairs up and down the country. Showing off, doing stunts for rube people. Always pulling down big money. Dave, remember the old guy I took up for a ride at Nestor Falls?

Dave: You mean the old gent who was deaf?

Ted: Some doctor told him flying would cure him of his deafness. So I looped him three times and dropped him back on the field and he was so hopping mad I hadn't cured him that he wasn't going to pay me. "Say, Gramp," I shouted at him. "What do you think I'm running—a clinic on the side line?" (*Both men laugh faintly*).

Dave: Wonder what they're playing at the Casino tonight, Ted? It's about seven now, I guess. Maybe the folks are just starting to stroll in with the orchestra just getting under way. Gee, Ted, the way they played those moonlight waltzes just about broke your heart. It's so still out here I can almost hear the music throbbing out to us from the pavilion—and look! O Ted, here comes the moon.

(*The moon comes up out of the sea*).

Ted: Full moon tonight.

Dave: Ted, it looks like Bennie's bass drum all lit up inside. In those moonlit waltzes Bennie's drum would be full of soft light just like the moon is now. Gee, I loved that last waltz they played. I asked a guy what was the name of it. He said "Dawn of Tomorrow." How does it go, Ted? You're good at tunes.

Ted: I liked that, too. (*He throws his head back and whistles a few bars softly*).

Dave: Boy, that got me hard when I first heard it. I was dancing with Claire and she was so afraid about our flight, and I kept telling her it was a cinch, and that we'd pull down first prize.

(*Both boys keep silent for a time, thinking*.)

Ted: How do you feel, old fellow?

Dave (laughing easily): Oh, all right, I guess. I was just thinking about what General Mitchell said at the field just before the planes hopped off. God, he said some nice things about us airmen. Listening to him there, little shivers went up and down my spine. He called us guys "Pioneers of Flight," "Men of Viking blood who hold communion with the stars." He called us "Star men" and "Brothers of the Wind." That's the way I felt, though. I never had the education those business men have, but I always felt a little bigger than they. Of doing something they never would dare to do. What do they know of banking a plane, of bending her wing around a sky gale, or running down a storm sky? What do they know of seeing those long rays of the search lights groping about in dark like white arms reaching for them, then dropping out of the night into a lighted field, rushing the airmail through? These are things they'll never know.

Ted: You are right, Dave. We've done our bit and

we're going out with clean hands. I liked that about "Men of Viking blood," too.

Dave: Just think, Ted, we were leading the parade into Hawaii, until we went off our course. There wasn't a plane on the field that started could catch Silver Girl. Remember how fast we shot over the Conductor's wings and he tried for a time to catch us?

Ted: She sure had speed in her.

Dave: What a thrill it would have been to come winging out of the sky, dropping on the field and telling folks we were from the U. S. A., and just dropped in for a visit. What a hand we would have got.

Ted: I hope the other planes got through.

Dave: Ted—I told Claire I'd telegraph her soon as we made it . . . she's waiting now.

Ted (tenderly): That makes it tough for you, boy.

Dave: I don't mind waiting for it, but that damned slop-slop noise the water makes underneath this carriage is getting on my nerves. Say, Ted, how long do you think we got?

Ted: She's leaning on her side and her nose is dipping. About an hour now.

Dave: And then, Ted?

Ted (laughing softly): And then, Dave?

Dave: It's getting awfully dark now. The moon didn't stay out long.

Ted: That sun went under quick.

Dave: Some sunset, eh, Ted?

Ted: Gee, it was nice, Dave.

Dave: I always liked sunsets. I remember at Camp Borden, I used to take my little Moth plane up and push her nose into the sunset and bathe her in gold and crimson. God, it used to be nice up there all alone with the gold all about you.

Ted: Yeh, it's nice to have a sunset before we leave.

Dave: It's awfully dark now, and getting cold.

Ted: Want my coat, boy? I'm plenty warm. (*Begins to pull off coat*).

Dave: The hell you do. Keep that on. Think I'm cold?

Ted: The Silver Girl's listing. She'll be going pretty soon. Laddy, are you afraid?

Dave: No; it's queer, but I feel glad. Honest, I do, exalted like.

Ted: Anyway, we're going with Silver Girl.

Dave: Good old Silver Girl. Could have taken us to the moon if we could have kept feeding her. Shall I hoist a lamp, Ted?

Ted: What's the use, Dave? Anyway, I'd rather wait in the dark.

Dave: Wait?

Ted: Yeh, wait.

Dave: Oh!

(*Neither speak for a space*).

Dave: Lord, I hope the others got through.

Ted: So do I, Dave.

Dave: Funny, but sitting here, Ted, I see the pavilion of the Casino with all the lights turned on, shining out over the water. Honest! Honest, I can! Listen there!—Hear 'em? Oh, I hear 'em playing. I can hear those saxophones moaning. Oh, God, back there I met Claire one night. Now she's waiting. I told her we'd get married when I got back. Now she's waiting. She knows what's happened. That I won't come to her.

(*Suddenly he becomes hysterical and calls madly: "Claire . . . Claire . . . Claire!"*)

Ted: Easy, Dave, easy. Please. It's tough for you, I know.

Dave (after a long silence): I can hardly see you now . . . Whistle that piece "Dawn of Tomorrow" soft again, Ted, will you? (*Ted whistles the air softly*).

Dave: Gee, I love that, Ted.

Ted: Yeh, that's nice. It's getting colder now.

Dave: Sea's getting rough.

Ted: Yeh, the wind's rising.

Dave: I hope the others got through.

Ted: Smoke, Dave?

Dave: Got any left?

Ted: Two.

Dave: I thought you said they were all gone.

Ted: Been saving two.

Dave: What for?

Ted: For now.

(Both men light up. The tips of their cigarettes glow through the darkness like rubies).

CURTAIN SLOWLY.

AWAKENING

STELLA WESTON

GOD . . . I never knew
 Until today
 That I am not only winter
 But May.
 God . . . I never realized
 Before
 That Life is an increasing flame
 Through a soft-closing door.

NOSTALGIA

PHYRNE SQUIER

ONCE when occasion separated Thoreau from his beloved Concord, he gave with appealing sincerity, expression to his sense of nostalgia.

"I feel no desire to go to California or Pike's Peak, but I often think at night with inexpressible satisfaction and yearning of the Arrowheadiferous sands of Concord."

* * *

Back home these will be days of mellow autumn sunshine, ripening the grain and painting the smooth cheek of the orchard fruit. Light frosts in the low-lying sections will be coloring gorgeously the deciduous trees: red for the maples, pepperidge, and dog-woods, ranging from intense scarlet to crimson and varied by the deeper tones of the oak. There are maples dyed, as is the ash, elm, and walnut, to a dull gold. Along the dividing wall between pasture and mowing-land are flung vivid scarves of woodbine fringed with blueberries. Amber leaves of the witch-hazel half conceal the curly wisps of bloom that scent the air with a seductive fragrance. Blood-red berries of the thorn-tree tempt the partridges to feed, and festooned from wall and bush and tree are purpling globes of the wild grape. Through the fading grasses life-everlasting trails a net of silver white; golden-rod and farewell-summer crowd the fields and deck the highways. The meadows are delicately misted over with amethystine haze of wild aster.

There is little music offered by the birds at this season, it is true, but they are much in evidence. Where the black cherry grows and the elder dangles purple

clusters, there will gather the quietly-moving cedar wax-wing, the pert cat-bird, and the bold robin. Among the ripening weed stalks dozens of tiny sparrows will chirp and flutter and feast.

So will pass my New England Autumn, and I not there to mark the wonders of its going. I may not watch the great multitude of wood folk closing their summer affairs: migrating, storing food for hibernation, moving into new homes deeper in the sheltering woodland, making ready for the great white cold. Nor may I note the gradual diminishing of the thousand sounds of insect life whispering and moving among the grasses. Nor hear or see the black duck rising from the mist-hung marshes of early morning, the thundering rush of wings as the grouse bursts from cover before the invasion of the hunter, nor in twilight wanderings flush the woodcock that rises, a startled ball of feathers, almost from under one's very feet. More deeply than all shall I miss the long wedges of those birds whose music is the most thrilling sound on earth: the great gray goose of the Northland, beating high overhead in the quiet night, passing, calling.

All these dear things I will not be privileged to hear or see, but, thanks to God, I can remember!

FANTASY

NANCY BROWN

LAST night the red moon poised
 On the peak of the tallest pine—
 Like a bowl of iridescent glass
 Filled with cherry wine.

WITHOUT THE VISION

HUGH MCKEAN

THE Emperor was on the verge of desperation. Mobs had sprung up in every city, threatening the lives of citizens and the existence of the government. The crops were failing; famine was rampant. The entire land was drained of its fighting men and still the enemies were beating the Imperial armies into surrender or retreat.

Was he to let the great Empire which his illustrious forbear had founded go to pieces? Was he not capable of keeping the throne until it should please the gods to send an even greater leader than Aladdin? The tiles of lapis lazuli, porphyry, agate and the finest marble upon which he trod taunted him. They were evidences of a past glory which he had not been able to sustain.

If these walls were built of alternating gold and silver bricks, where had that wealth come from? His steps quickened and retarded in unison with his thoughts. It was said that all the mines in China had not produced enough gold to line the walls of the palace. And there was gold in his treasure house! Where had that gold come from? Perhaps his old nurse was right about Aladdin's being a magician! The Emperor stopped his aimless pacing, drove his clenched fist into his open hand, and started directly for the royal nursery.

A few hours later the palace was turned upside down. Every servant and every member of the Court available was searching for a lamp which dated from Aladdin's time. Not a single nook nor corner escaped inspection. When they had searched until all were at the point of giving up for very weariness, a secret

chamber which had not been opened since Aladdin's seal had been placed upon the door, was found. In a corner of it, on the floor, was a very ancient lamp, so old that no one could more than conjecture its period. All agreed, however, that it antedated Aladdin's period.

The Emperor caused it to be removed with the greatest care so that nothing should rub its surface. Then with all haste he summoned the oldest and wisest nobles of his court to hear and advise him. The young ruler sensed an expression of doubt in the eyes and faces of these venerable men, but their robes fascinated and pleased him. He told them of his plans for calling the people together at a place outside the city gates and summoning the genii publicly so that all might know that the invisible ones were at the command of their Emperor. The wise old men heard him and withdrew in solemn procession to consult among themselves.

When they returned, their spokesman, a kind and understanding old man, addressed the young man in his softest and most persuasive manner, counseling him to abandon his scheme, reminding him that the day of miracles was past. He implored him to take a trip into the mountains to relieve his mind of the worries of state.

Three days later the Lord of the Land declared a holiday and commanded all who were able, to attend him at a place outside the city gates.

He rose early on the appointed day and before the morning was half gone made his way through the streets of the capital to address the milling, sweating throng, which waited anxiously outside the city. So weighted down was he, his court, and his guard, by their state robes and arms, that they could proceed

only at a turtle's pace. It was long after cries went out that the Emperor was approaching, that he mounted the imperial dais.

The heat of the day was merciless and in spite of the fact that his tongue was crisp and dry he did not wait for a drink. The adventures of Aladdin and his lamp, he recounted to the people with much color and enthusiasm. As a climax he produced the very lamp from his sleeve and dramatically raised it high over his head in view of all.

Instead of wild, fanatical shouts of joy and exultation, which he had expected, profound silence settled over the multitude. Then from some unknown part, came a laugh, high and shrill. Another followed and in an instant all the people were roaring with laughter. The corners of the Emperor's mouth dropped into an expression of amazement. The lamp which had grown too heavy for his trembling arm, fell to the ground. The guard scattered among the crowd to suppress the laughing. The Emperor hastened away.

In the late afternoon of that day a solitary traveler trudged along the highway. Under his arm he carried a lamp. Palaces, temples, shrines, he passed by without once taking his eyes from the ground. He walked far into the country until, as the sun was setting, he came into a narrow valley that separated two great mountains of equal height. There he sat down alone.

"They have destroyed my faith in you, too," he wailed to a dusty lamp. Then he laughed long into the night. And the old mountains caught up his mirth in mocking echoes.

THE NEGRO'S SATURDAY NIGHT

PHILIP CUMMINGS

SATURDAY evening at dusk
 slow lagging figures slouch wearily
 into the country store and slump down
 tired.

Fine young form
 of great black fellow tired from
 hard work leans on the counter and
 orders.

Bright dusky eyes
 look questioningly from a sad silent
 face where shadows are deep imprisoned
 always.

Turbaned gray head
 leans haltingly over an old stick
 gnarled as her venerable spine and
 bent.

Filled gunney sacks
 carry meagre sustenance to primitive
 hearth fires where life and death but
 pass.

Broad back
 goes slowly into the night, sack on
 shoulders as he whistles up the
 pine road.

AS THE SANDS CHANGE

D. POWERS WHITE

WHEN the train jerked to a standstill at the Queen Zebans, Biskra, a dark, handsome woman alighted. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and a poorly lighted station in a pitiful state of dilapidation would have been extremely uninteresting had it not been for the figures of the Arabs about; their faces toward Mecca; each ejaculating in his own peculiar fashion.

At the sight of the lady in English clothes, the natives swarmed around the newcomer. Visitors were rarely seen there, during the summer months. Each Arab implored to be the favored one to carry her baggage to its destination.

After a glance at the means of conveyance and the squabbling drivers, she decided to walk the short distance to the hotel. The brilliant sky illumined the way and the night was refreshing after the sultry air of the train. She strolled along quite unconscious of herself, as she gazed at the passers-by. The women with their gaudy skirts, half veils, adorned from their unsaddled feet to their heads with bangles and trinkets of many descriptions, and the men with their flowing robes and deftly turbaned heads made interesting silhouettes against the tropical trees and the bizarre architecture.

Never before had she been able to ignore all formalities and please her own taste. Never before had her face appeared so white, nor circles under her eyes so dark. Now and then the moan of a camel whose girths had been cinched too tightly broke the stillness. Further on music of a fantastic sort caught her ears. It

reached its fullness when she stopped before a mosaic archway. The coffee shop displayed old tapestries, unique frescoes, alabaster vases and ewers. The floor was of dull ebony, a huge Persian rug lay on one end of the room, while on both sides Arabs draped themselves over inlaid chairs and tables, intrigued by the act of the cunning dancing girl. The atmosphere was in complete harmony with the room.

When she reached her hotel, a horse with side saddle was ordered. She appeared, wearing a vermillion habit, a black bowler hat and black boots half hidden by a divided skirt. She mounted the pure white Arabian horse, whose pink eyes gleamed like fire opals, and whose beauty could be compared only with the steed of Eolus.

The woman's skin was white, whiter than the whitest of satsuma ware, her lips were the color of her habit, her eyes and lashes as black as the spots of the leopard. In her left hand she held a riding crop with a heavy silver top.

The horse reared, she leaned slightly forward, then the two were gone.

It was necessary, in order to reach the dunes, to go through the village where the natives contented themselves in their most extraordinary mud homes. When she had proceeded but a little way, the mothers having seen her coming, awakened their children and sent them out to beg.

Soon she had a following excelled in number only by that of Queen Dido, when the aristocracy of Carthage and the retinue of Aeneas awaited her for the chase. She threw many coins, but the ring of the phrase, "Donnez moi un sou" sang on long after the voices had ceased.

She left the village, passing under the date palms which fanned the breezes as it touched them, and then she came to the rim of the desert. A cool wind blew. The moon was the color of blood, of pale thin blood. The stars deepened and the sands scintillated like mica crystals on a mirror of onyx. The nostrils of the horse became a deep red, and his whole body quivered at the breath of the night air.

Now, everything seemed to her changed. Life had been a lease and a sacrifice for her from the beginning and only God and she knew her past as it was. The free open desert said "stay" and her old life called "come back."

The next morning at daybreak a passing caravan discovered the cold body of a woman clothed in vermillion. A riding crop whose top was open lay near her.

In the dim light the master of the caravan discerned faintly inscribed in the shifting dunes, "As the sands change, I too have changed."

A SCARLET WAY

DOROTHY EMERSON

You speak to me of being always gay.
 Is grief then less than grief,
 When crimson handkerchiefs are used to keep
 The strained and silent tears in that I weep?
 And is an autumn leaf
 Less dying, though it die a scarlet way?

SEA REFRAIN

WALLACE GOLDSMITH

HEAR the rakish, regular din
Of the rain-incumbent street
pound within,
pound within.

Feel the atoms of the fleet
Particles of ocean fall,
beating thin,
beating thin.

Listen to the incessant call!
It is the hallow-sounding pour
of the rain
in my brain,
in my brain.

Hark! the harsh tumultous roar
Of the sibilant rocking surge,
pouring in,
pouring in.

* * * * *

O, I will go down to the sounding shore,
To the sands of Dungaree;
And I will stand on the brazen beach
And shout to the brawling sea:
"A devilish dare and a devil-may-care
For your maddest threat, O Sea!
O, I shall be drowned and I shall be found
Off the coast of Dungaree."

* * * * *

Feel the tortuous, minute, thin
Particles of ocean beat
on my brain,
in disdain,
in disdain.

See the eccentric sandy feet
Wade into the undertow,
—fading in,
fading in.
Hear the exultant awful throe
Of the sibilant rocking surge
pounding
in refrain,
in refrain.

TO A MOCKING BIRD

WALLACE GOLDSMITH

LYING so low
who flung so high;
Piercing glow
of evening sky.

Crumpled feet—
torn throat—
Black ants eat
your swan-note . .

Black ants throng
your sodden gray,
Seeking the song
you threw away.

You clear your throat
with an eager trill,
And music's afloat:
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill."

Blithe as a thrush
in mating-time,
Your harmonies gush
in pulsing rime.

"Bobolink, bobolink!"
 he calls his mate.
 With never a wink,
 you imitate.
 "Pee-wit, Pee-wit!"
 You duck your head
 And slyly twit
 the newly-wed.
 Your cry of the loon
 like a waterfall's
 Liquid rune,
 charms, enthralls.
 Soft you whistle
 a ghostly tune,
 Like down-thistle
 across the moon.
 You tuck a guitar
 beneath your wing,
 And the Evening Star
 begins to sing,
 Spontaneous
 jovial bird;
 So marvellous
 is your word.
 Of rapture,
 that my throat
 Cannot capture
 your note
 Greatest satirist
 of any age,
 You are nearest
 to the sage.

CAREER

WALLACE GOLDSMITH

OH, you would be a painter, friend? Then take
 your brush and paint.
 You must draw the outline boldly, with a firm
 and steady hand—
 For no one but the tyrant gains the increase
 of the land.
 Be you masterful and ready with a pallet for
 your crown,
 And scepter-brush of camel's hair, if you would
 win renown.
 See that Evening in the ripples there re-
 flected by the sky:
 See that fire in the shadows there cremating
 yonder cloud:
 See that cypress in the waters there with green
 and mossy shroud;
 See that firefly in the grasses there, with sim-
 ple soul aflame;
 You see them? Why, then paint them, man, if
 you would marry Fame.
 Eh! you're afraid the Evening's brow can-
 not be water-colored,
 Nor fire framed in aureoles, nor veiled cypress
 painted?
 Fie! you but mock the finest art and put to
 shame the sainted.
 (Although no man nor artist can depict a
 cypress frond,
 For tree-moss is the fillet of the Dryads of the
 Pond).
 That's really not the trouble, friend; if you
 would know the reason,

Just look upon your gripping hand and learn
 that Power's treason!
 For while you mark indelible the contour of
 the night,—
 A dozen shooting continents fall breathless
 down the height!
 And as you blend the gloaming fire into the
 ruddy skies,
 Why, in that briefest interim the firefly dies!

PETITE PHILOSOPHIES

STELLA WESTON

I

SOME folk seek . . .
 Others find . . .
 Happiness lies neither in seeking nor finding.
 It is constant communion
 With what we have.

II

I dream . . . I try . . . I fail . . .
 I dream . . . I try . . . I succeed . . .
 Whether I succeed or whether I fail
 Does not matter
 So long as I dream dreams
 And have faith in myself.

CRUMB

DOROTHY EMERSON

I do not want his table's spread,
 Of cake and sweetened loaves of bread.
 I beg a crust from you instead.

MOTHER

Translated from the Chinese

LING NYI VEE

Two lotus blossoms in a porcelain basin, one
 white, one red. My father's friend has sent
 them to us. They are both in the courtyard
 now to receive the morning dew.

It has been eight years since I looked at a lotus flower. But in the old garden, in the old ruined house, many still may be blooming.

Nine years ago, one moonlight night, my grandfather said to me smiling—"Once three lotus blossoms bloomed on one stem in our old garden. That year you and Ming and Miao were born. The three lotus blossoms were my three grandchildren. Heralds of happiness were the three flowers."

This morning the sky is one vast dull grey. From my window I see the white blossom already fading. Its white petals are floating on the water like little sail boats. Only a pale yellow stem remains. Last night the red one was a bud. Today it is in full bloom standing straight amid the green leaves, even though the thunder came tossing the red flower from left to right under the maddening rush of the rain. I stood helpless.

My mother called me, I ran across the corridor to her room. I talked and I laughed, but when I turned the big green leaf in the basin had come down spreading over the red flower and protecting it.

The rain has not stopped. But the flower has ceased tossing. Large drops are still falling. They fall now only on the leaf and like pearls they quickly roll away.

My heart is touched. "Mother, you are the lotus leaf, and I the red lotus. Rain drops beat against my heart. You are my shelter under the threatening, shelterless sky."

BOOK REVIEW

Translated by NANCY BROWN

GIOVANNI FLORIO, by Longworth Chambrun, An Apostle of the Renaissance in England in the Epoch of Shakespeare. Payot & Company, 106 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris.

OUT of the wealth of material resulting from research into Shakespeare's life and the sources of his works has appeared "Giovanni Florio" explaining clearly and logically the source of the Italian influence on the great poet and dramatist. The author, Alice Longworth Chambrun, is an American woman and sister of the well known Nicholas Longworth. She has lived for many years in France as the wife of the Count de Chambrun. Her book, written in French, is scholarly and discerning and offers a real solution to the problem of the Italian influence on Shakespeare, which has long been the vexing question to Shakespearean scholars. The Sorbonne conferred upon the Countess de Chambrun the degree of *Docteur des Lettres* for this book.

Giovanni Florio was an Italian grammarian, linguist, and translator who lived in London contemporarily with Shakespeare. He became the apostle of the Renaissance in England, his entire efforts being spent in the attempt to give to the English people an understanding and appreciation of the Italian language, literature,

and culture. Shakespeare was familiar with Florio's literary works which consisted of two large manuals of encyclopedic nature, two Italian-English dictionaries, and a translation of the *Essays of Montaigne*. From the *Essays* Shakespeare gained his knowledge of French philosophy. In the manuals and dictionaries are to be found the original translations of the many Italian phrases and proverbs which Shakespeare uses in his plays, and a number of passages which he has paraphrased in his dialogues.

For eleven years Florio taught at Oxford and then became tutor to Lord Southampton around whom centered a brilliant coterie of distinguished men. This young nobleman was at the same time the patron and friend of Shakespeare. The Italian author and the English dramatist benefited in common from others of the nobility who patronized *les belles lettres*. Shakespeare and Florio then, although never personal friends, were members of the same literary and social circles. From Florio's writings and translations and Florio himself, indirectly through Southampton who was impregnated with the Italian language and culture, Shakespeare absorbed and accumulated the knowledge which enabled him to portray Italian characters and to create in his plays the atmosphere of Italy with accuracy and perfection.

In Part I of her book the Countess de Chambrun has taken up at some length the life and works of Florio. In Part II in her discussion of Shakespeare and Florio she has given a quantity of convincing illustrations to prove this probable source of foreign influence. As a result of this original piece of research her book is a welcome and practical contribution to Shakespeare literature and legend.

THE NUN

STELLA WESTON

ALL day I go about my task
 Sedately satisfied,
 Yet at the twilight hour I know
 I, too, am crucified
 For then with hunger-stricken heart
 I kneel before your shrine
 To gaze on you with lonely eyes
 And wish the Christ-Child mine.
 Madonna Mia, blessed maid,
 Look down and pity me
 Who envy you your motherhood
 Your higher sanctity.

MIDSUMMER DUSK

PHYRNE SQUIER

SILENCE and softness now,
 And the great white stars,
 Brushed by the black pine hills
 Burn without flames
 At the edge of the sunset.
 Slowly the darkness fills
 Each little hollow to brimming.
 Roadway and lane
 Lead now to nowhere.
 All is alike
 Wrapped in the silence and softness—
 Wrapped in the night.

TIA JUANITA

JAMES JOHNSTON

A TENSE feeling pervaded the room. One saw silent groups of strained men bending over the green tables. They did not move. Only their hands seemed to move mechanically from the edge of the table to the center and back to the edge again. Green visored men, their faces half hidden in the shadow, swiftly dealt cards or rolled dice on the green felt. Their hands moved like shadows, their eyes surveyed the faces on the other side of the table, with quick analytical glances. One heard the clink of silver dollars, dropped one to the other. Occasionally a figure seemed to revive, and silently glide over to the cashier's window, extract some bills, and as silently steal back to his place again. These few movements were unattended as those of a lone sea gull, on the endless sea, so little were they noticed by that quiet mass of people. On a chair in the corner, a Mexican soldier drowsed. A few figures fringing the edge, slipped up to the bar, one by one. A glass is set down on the mahogany, with a sudden soft thud. These tiny movements were only ripples on the edge of a great, oily, direful sea. Silence and tension.

Suddenly a man screamed, staggered from the room, talking incoherently. He passed into the night and again silence reigned.

PAGAN DEATH

JOHN CUMMINS

WHEN Spring comes next and I shall bend my head,
 And all unknown to you will leave the room,
 Then will the Silence tell you "He is dead."
 "Best place him now within his cool dark tomb."

But you will lay me neath some cherry tree,
 Rememb'ring how I loved blue windswept skies,
 And while white branches shake in ecstasy,
 Let cherry blossoms slowly fill my eyes.

And let there be cool sweetness of spring rain
 Upon my sleeping face, my hands and hair,
 Until my heart is quite devoid of pain;
 And cleansed of all that bitterness now there.

Thus would I go to her who loved me best,
 All mute and humbled, cleansed by April's rain;
 Thus would she draw me to her throbbing breast
 Until I would be proud with life again.

For I would lie so silent through long hours,
 List'ning to strange sounds of growing things,
 The conversation of the grass and flowers,
 And all about the song the robin sings;

That when the silver horns of each new spring
 Shall blow soft cadences across the earth
 My heart will leap with each awakening
 Eager to share the earth's triumphant birth.

And some day hence as south winds softly blow
 And you will stand beneath this cherry tree,
 Glancing up startled, you will sudden know
 It was my voice that called so tenderly.

THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

A magazine of letters sponsored by the English Department of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. Unless otherwise indicated all contributions are by undergraduates.

Subscription, per annual volume, 75 cents; 20 cents per copy. Advertising rates on application.

JOHN CUMMINS, *Editor*

STELLA WESTON

WALLACE GOLDSMITH

DOROTHY EMERSON

DONALD MCINTOSH, *Business Manager*

EDITORIAL NOTES

With this issue "The Flamingo" enters upon the third year of its publication. The support by the student body and the approval by those interested in creative writing has been most gratifying. Several issues are already out of print.

Rollins College is fortunate in being able to offer again during the "Winter School" the courses in Fiction Writing and Poetry Writing which are in charge of Irving Bacheller, Clinton Scollard and Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Percy MacKaye, the distinguished dramatist, will also give a course during the "Winter School." Fred Lewis Pattee, the authority on American Literature, begins his regular work at Rollins on January second. His courses will continue throughout the year.

Dorothy Emerson of the editorial board of "The Flamingo" won honorable mention in the Witter Bynner Intercollegiate Poetry Contest for 1928.

"Vest Pocket Poets"

A Series of Tiny Volumes by Florida Poets

IDEAL FLORIDA GIFTS

1. LYRICS OF SUMMER, by Clinton Scollard.
A group of exquisite Nature Lyrics.
2. COMPASS FOR SAILORS, by Willard Wattles.
Lyric Poems that are vibrant with the meaning of life.
3. BALANCING THE SCALES, by Dorothy Emerson.
The title poem won the Witter Bynner National High School poetry contest for 1927. Miss Emerson is a student at Rollins College.
4. LYRICS OF LIFE, by Clinton Scollard.
A group of Mr. Scollard's choicest lyrics that have "the human touch".

Other Volumes in Preparation

These volumes are envelope size, in bright paper covers, beautifully printed in two colors, making delightful mementos of Florida. Price, each, 30c postpaid, or all four postpaid for \$1.00.

Publishers

THE ANGEL ALLEY PRESS

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

*"Where your dollars
have more cents"*

THE QUALITY SHOPPE

242 East Park Avenue

*Ladies' and Gents'
Ready-to-Wear*



Hotel Winter Park

American and European

Comfort and Courtesy

Excellent Cuisine

**Baby Grand
Theatre**

THE BEST OF GOOD
PICTURES

Books We have the Books as soon as published.
GREETING CARDS AND STATIONERY

Florida Books

THE BOOKERY

T-h-e H-a-u-n-t-e-d B-o-o-k-s-h-o-p

105 New England Avenue

::

WINTER PARK

The Place to Go to Get Good Cleaning

Universal Dry Cleaning Co.

"A Particular Place for Particular People"

Our Prices are Consistent With Good Work

121 W. Park Avenue

Phone 197

Winter Park