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The Flamingo

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Fall 1954

### Flamingo, Fall, 1954, Vol. 31, No. 1

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f l a m i n g o



V. 31, no. 1  
*Fall Issue*  
'54

# A Groat's Worth Of Wit

A shortage at a London bank has so absorbed T. S. Eliot that he was unable to meet the *Flamingo* deadline with his column of literary criticism and book reviews that was to have been printed here. However, rather than disappoint his many fans, we have undertaken to produce our own small wasteland in these columns with the aid of a few classical literary allusions—allusions quickly explained so that non-English scholars may readily join in the fun. To begin then, let us refer to the byline above. *A Groat's Worth of Wit* is one title for a small book of literary criticism and personal vendettas by Robert Green, an older contemporary of Mr. Shakespeare. Mr. Green was a playwright of sorts and a University Wit who felt rather strongly about Will; who saw Will as a comer, a lad with exceptional taste, but who wished to hell Will wouldn't keep plagiarizing his material. In this book Mr. Green said in part that Shakespeare was "an upstart crow arrayed in our feathers," a line for which he is famed long after most of his other works have rotted off the library shelf. Now we feel akin to Mr. Green, because our own literary judgements often turn out to be as valid as his and chiefly noted for their incongruity in relation to the true facts. Moreover, an editor of a literary magazine is truly a crow arrayed in someone else's feathers—the point this whole paragraph has been leading up to rather slowly, you might say, though we wish you wouldn't. This particular editor likes to wear his feathers in his cap; the same hat, incidentally that he often talks through.

One such feather is our Theatre Column by alumnus Tony Perkins '53, who is now starring in *Tea and Sympathy* on the Broadway stage. Such an article is a wonderful way to begin our regular feature columns on Theatre, Music, and Art, all of which are initiated in this issue. We offer a study of the more serious Christmas music available on records, and in Art you will find a study of Andre Smith and his Maitland Art Center.

Another quill in our bonnet is the poem *Transformation* by Miss Delcy Schram, for the poem won an award in an *Atlantic Monthly* poetry contest last year and has been published twice before. The quill of the cartoonist has

made a new place for itself in the *Flamingo's* plumage, and quite rightly too; for we feel as did that artist chap Raphael that cartooning is a genuine art form. We suggest that if you, the reader, have a cartoon idea but like most of us can't draw except on the pages of a six-dollar textbook, you might send the idea along to us and we will pass it on to our cartoonists. We want to mention, too, the splendid cuts of pen and ink drawings furnished by Mr. Tascker's charges to enliven our page layout.

Continuing to preen our borrowed feathers, we admit we are pleasantly stunned with the quality of the prose as well as poetry that we are presenting, and look forward to even better contributions as the creative writing and composition courses gain momentum. We feel that Rollins has an amazing amount of writing talent for the number of students enrolled; and to see how our work at Rollins compares with other colleges of roughly comparable size and interests, we have begun an Exchange Department which we will present in later issues.

Nevertheless, we are not entirely unruffled. Our circulation in past years has been abysmal. True circulation depends on content to a great extent. We admit this should be our first concern. But low circulation robs the student, who pays for his copy through Student Association fees, of the economies of large printings and the income of national advertising accounts who favor college magazines with a circulation of a thousand or more. Therefore, we have a subscription blank in the back of this issue in the hope that, if you are pleased with your magazine, you might arrange to have it sent home to folks or friends to show them Rollins' talent at work. We shall try to provide the best magazine possible to warrant you giving us the best circulation possible. There is no reason that we cannot have both the nationally recognized quality and stable circulation of our fellow campus publication, *The Sandspur*.

You have been tricked into reading the editorial. As for Eliot we hasten to say that as far as can be ascertained, Mr. Eliot is not personally involved in the shortage at the bank. He just works there.

## THE FLAMINGO

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*The Flamingo* is published at the end of the fall, winter, and spring terms by the students of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. Copies may be ordered from this address at \$.35 the copy or a mailed yearly subscription at \$1.00. *The Flamingo* is printed at the Rollins Press, Park Avenue, Winter Park, Florida.

# MUSIC

## Classical music for the Christmas Season

Christmas is surely the most musical season of the year. Churches present their pageants, glee clubs their oratorios, children join together for caroling, and radio stations spend their hours playing the seasonal songs. But when December 25th is torn from the nation's calendars, the Christmas favorites are packed away with the Christmas ornaments til the holiday season comes again. Yes, these lovely but strictly seasonal songs have passed into hibernation for eleven months. Few if any statistics have been gathered on this matter, and no one has yet offered an explanation. Why do thousands of Americans spend thousands of dollars buying recorded Christmas carols when these melodies become useless for most the year?

It would seem a better solution to buy music which contains the literal implications of Christmas but depends on its intrinsic musical values to make it valid at any time. And indeed, even though most of it occurs in the field of more serious and longer works, there is a great wealth of such material.

George Frederick Handel's "Messiah" is certainly one of the world's most popular Christmas works, although only about one third of it is devoted to that period (the other sections detailing Lent and Easter—so that it is remarkably in season for much of the year). A particularly fine recording has been issued by Westminster with Hermann Scherchen conducting the London Philharmonic Choir and the London Symphony Orchestra. Not only is it outstanding musically and tonally, but it is albumed in white leatherette with red lettering that would in itself make it quite appropriate underneath a Christmas Tree.

Another large scale choral work more particularly apropos to this season alone is J. S. Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," a set of six cantatas for the various days of Christmas. While it is not, perhaps, on the same level as Bach's Mass and Passions, it is an important work well worth its purchase. Kurt Thomas conducts the two hundred and twenty voice choir and orchestra of the Detmold Academy of Music in a recommended performance recorded by L'Oiseau-Lyre and issued by London.

Two contemporary works of great popularity are Gian Carlo Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors" and Benjamin Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols." The former is an opera com-



COIS  
KRAVCHUK

missioned for television and recorded by Victor with its original N.B.C. cast featuring Chet Allen as the lame boy. Britten's "Ceremony" is a series of carols for soprano and alto voices with harp accompaniment. Robert Shaw conducts the women of his chorale in a fine record for Victor coupled with Poulenc's "Te Deum." For the purists who feel that any composer would give the definitive interpretation of his work and for Sunday School teachers who dote on boy sopranos, London Records issues a performance by Copenhagen Boys Choir, conducted by Benjamin Britten with Enid Simon as harpist.

The Virtuosi di Roma Play Christmas Music on a twelve inch Decca disc. Included is the famous "Concerto Grosso Op. 6, No. 8 in G minor" or "Christmas Concerto" of Arcangelo Corelli, as well as Pastorales of Vivaldi, Boccherini, D. Scarlatti and Torelli.

Many other less known works are available that vary in degree of seasonal application. Some, like Ralph Vaughn-Williams' "Fantasia on Greensleeves," are only based on subjects associated with the birth of Christ and are not actually Christmas music. "Greensleeves," known in the winter as the carol "What Child Is This?" is the basis for variation and development in this work recorded for Westminster by Sir Adrian Hault conducting the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra and for London Records by the New Symphony Orchestra, Collins conducting.

Urania Records offers an Orchestral Suite from Rimsky-Korsakoff's seldom-if-ever performed opera "Christmas Eve" with the Symphony Orchestra of Radio Berlin. Liszt's "Weihnachtsbaum" (Christmas Tree) is available by pianist Alfred Brendel on SPA Records.

Again in the field of large choral works, Camille Saint-Saens and Hector Berlioz have dedicated oratorios to the Yule season. Saint-Saens' "Christmas Oratorio" is offered by the Music Library Co. with the San Jose State Symphony and Choir, while the Berlioz' "L'Enfance du Christ Op. 25" has been recorded by Cluytens and the Paris Orchestra for Vox and by Scherman with soloists, the Choral Art Society and the Little Orchestra Society for Columbia.

You will find that there are many more such interesting bits of the musical literature worth more for their own values than for the literal or programmatic idea attached to them. If these works are given the opportunity, they will assert themselves more and more in your collection, and you will have developed an important addition to your year-round listening library.

DEWEY ANDERSON

# HERO'S SON

Sackets Harbor is a small town. It is not an ordinary small town; it is a ghost town lying on Lake Ontario in the uppermost corner of New York state. Most people would say that Sackets Harbor was a casualty of the Second World War, but those of us who lived there ten years ago know that the Sackets Harbor we knew then was a result and a part of that war.

In the center of Sackets Harbor today, behind a high rusted barbed wire fence, are several acres of government property. Behind this fence, where once stood the temporary wooden barracks which housed thousands of young fighting men, now remains only weed-overgrown rubble. This was Madison Barracks. And this was Sackets Harbor ten years ago.

Madison Barracks was more than an army camp to the town; it was her backbone and symbol. It had trained soldiers during the First World War and even before and started the rise of General Mark Clark. But Sackets Harbor prided itself on its heritage even before the erection of Madison Barracks, for it was the landmark of one of the famous battles of the war of 1812 and in Sackets Harbor's large military cemetery are buried the heroes of many wars.

It was here in 1942, to a Sackets Harbor swelling with the force of a new war that we moved, my family and I, to observe a war and watch a town in its last fling at glory.

Every small town has its heroes. Captain Keith James was the composite of what every Sackets Harbor boy wanted to be. He was a good leader, an excellent athlete, and a man who demanded respect. When I arrived in Sackets Harbor, Captain James was also a legend. He was the man who had hit the longest home run, had run the fastest, drilled the most efficient troops. Whenever some Herculean feat was mentioned, someone would interrupt, "But don't you remember when Captain James was here?"

Captain James was also a war hero, they told me, killed in action in Germany a few months earlier.

Sonny James was Captain James' son, a lanky, dark-haired eight-year-old that summer of 1942, whose bushy eyebrows already began to portray the handsome features of his father. Sonny and I met in school that spring and it was soon afterward, when he invited me home

for his birthday, that I really got to know him.

I had dressed quickly that May morning. It was going to be an experience to eat dinner with the family of the famous Captain James. I wore my new suit which I had received Christmas but not had a chance to wear before. Although it was May in this cold northern place, the light coat was still comfortable for outdoor wear. My hair was slicked back and my face was shining clean; only my feet betrayed me. The first permission to go barefooted had been given me just a few days before and for the next several months bare feet were to be part of every costume.

Sonny walked to my house to get me about 12 o'clock. As we walked to his house, I found that he lived towards a row of old yellow double-apartment houses normally filled only by the scum of the army people and camp followers.

And it was in front of one of these dwellings that we stopped. This was Sonny's home.

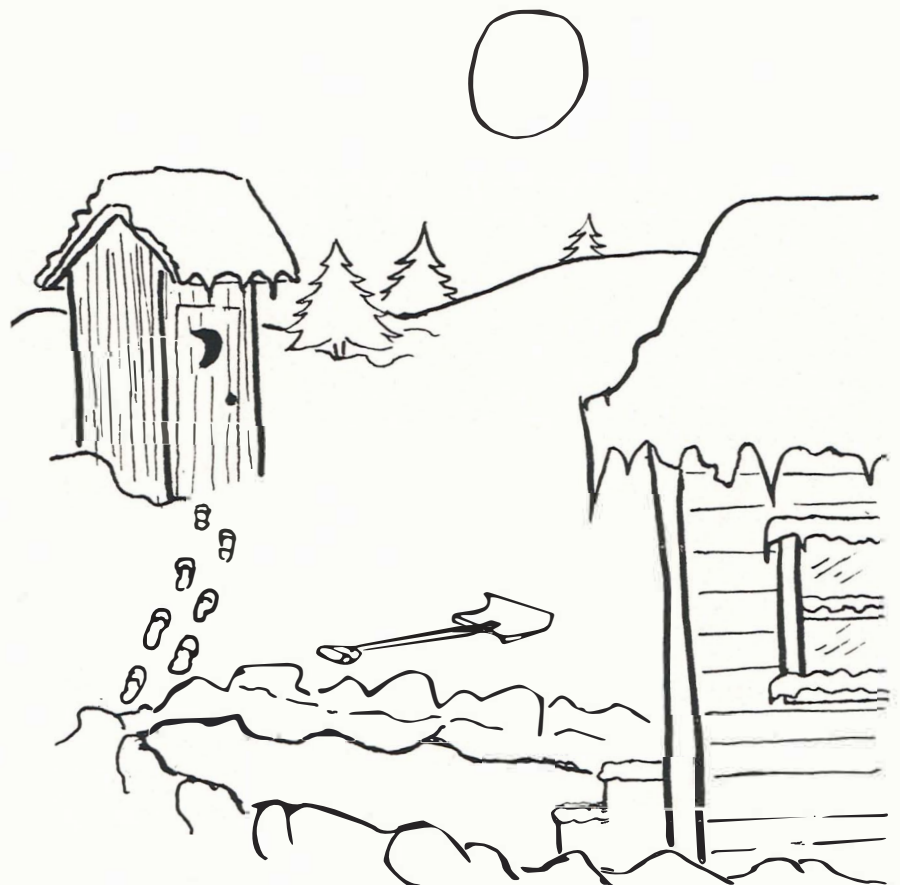
I felt suddenly very dirty as we walked up the front steps onto a filthy porch covered with old clothes and comic books. The mingled smell of bodies, food, and filth which met me at the door stilted my appetite and raised an irritated, uneasy feeling in my throat. I stopped a moment at the door before going inside. There was in front of me in semi-darkness a completely naked and dirty baby and two or three other children playing on the floor. The scene was much like that that had greeted me outside. Comic books, magazines and clothes were littered about the rooms and I could see two unmade beds in the corner of the living room.

An extremely fat woman, noticeably pregnant, came to the door. Her face and arms were both rough and rawly red; her eyes were tired but the folds of fat hid any emotion upon her face.

"Ma, this is Dick," said Sonny.

"Come on in, Dick," the woman replied, "I hope you like macaroni salad. That's Sonny's favorite."

We walked to a table in the next room. Long strips of wax paper were



— HUMPERDINCK —

hung over the table to serve as a table cloth. Six paper plates were set around the table with a fork and a pepsi cola by each. A bowl of macaroni salad was placed in the center of the table. Sonny, his mother and I sat down, along with the three younger children. I noticed now that there were two boys, each just younger than Sonny, and a little girl about three. All were skinny and pale.

We ate almost silently. I continued to survey the scene while Ma James asked me questions about myself and my family. About half way through the meal, a short hairy man in his underwear came to the base of the steps to ask Ma something. His name was Martin. In a moment she returned to finish the meal and then Sonny and I scampered out the door back to my house so that I could change clothes.

For the next four years Sonny and I were inseparable. At the sand pit, in the park and on the army post we built ourselves a world of football, baseball and war. Most nights we slept together in my yard or on his front porch. We built fires in the open field behind his home and cooked our meals. When Ma gave him chores, we did them together. When I got a paper route, he started delivering papers too. In the winter we shoveled snow and invented games of indoor football and basketball. Through it all, Sonny was the peerless leader, the brash, cocksure dealer of authority.

We fought together too. When Sonny was hurt by an older boy, I took up the battle until we both subdued him. We had the inevitable batties among ourselves, each knowing that he did not dislike the other, but that to hold his respect he must try to hurt him. And after each battle we liked each other more.

My friendship with Sonny raised quite a bit of concern among the adults of the town. Olive James had long been the town scandal. Now that the memory of her revered husband was growing dim, the scandal grew worse. If anything, she was now thought of as a woman who had been unfaithful to their hero.

The children, and there was a new one each year, were at the same time pitied and shunned. New moves to have them taken away from their mother started almost every day. The biggest clamor arose when one of her babies, weighing less than two pounds, was handled too much by her children and died.

But Olive James was a born fighter, and she roared and held the whole town at bay. Sonny, another born fighter, loved his mother more than any boy I have known.

One summer when Sonny worked and lived on a farm just outside town,

everyone remarked how strong and healthy he looked. And they looked at the little girl and said she was the most mistreated of all. They claimed Olive hated girls, because she saw what she herself, once a beautiful girl, had become.

Once when there were German prisoners of war at Madison Barracks, Olive took it upon herself to write a letter to the editor of the Watertown paper. "They are lazy and shiftless," she wrote of the Germans. "My son Keith is only nine, but he can do more work than all of them put together." She signed the letter, Mrs. Olive, but everyone knew who had written it.

When at Christmas all the paper boys sold calendars to make extra Christmas money, Sonny made far more profit than I did, so I asked my mother why. "The people feel sorry for him," she replied. "He doesn't have the same advantages as the other children." But I still wondered because I knew that Sonny did not want to be pitied, that he had the most independent and strongest character of any of my friends.

When a Sunday school was started on the barracks, Olive James was the first to insist that all of her children go to it although she herself never stepped outside her front door.

When we left Sackets Harbor in 1946, the town was already dissipating. The government had deactivated Madison Barracks and none of the proposed "new" industries had chosen Sackets Harbor as a site. The town tried valiantly to bring a college onto the Madison Barracks location, but to no avail.

It was 1948 before we had another chance to visit Sackets Harbor. Actually it was to be a short vacation trip on which we would visit most of the east coast and spend a couple of days on the St. Lawrence and a couple in Sackets Harbor, but for me the only part of the trip was to be that to Sackets Harbor.

It was the summer before I was to enter high school and I had thought considerably about Sonny and his mother. I had decided that Sonny had been done a great injustice and wondered why he should continue to love and stand by his mother and the man with whom she lived.

My friend Brooksy was the first to meet me when I arrived in Sackets Harbor, so I posed him the question as we headed to Sonny's house to get him to play ball. "How can Sonny respect that bum Martin?" I asked.

Brooksy was mad. "Why shouldn't he?" he asked. "He rents the house for them to live in and pays for their meals."

"But they're not married," I replied

quite righteously, "It's wrong."

"Who are you to decide what's wrong? Shut up," snapped Brooksy. Then he added, "Besides, they're going to get married."

Armed with this bit of information but still quite righteous, I continued with Brooksy to Sonny's house. Friendship does not need words to reaffirm itself. Sonny and I spoke very little to each other at first but just playing ball together, it was as though the past two years had not passed at all.

Afterwards Sonny and I sat for a long time in his front yard and talked. Finally he said, "Dick, there's something I've been wanting to tell someone for a long time. My father's not dead."

"Not dead," I gasped.

"Oh, he might be dead for all we know. We haven't heard from him for almost eight years. He and Ma broke up, they were supposed to get a divorce. Then he shipped out and Ma stopped getting allotment checks. She tried to check up but no one could find him. That's when we presumed him dead and made up the hero story. But we don't really know." He paused. "And Ma had no place to turn for help. She was too stubborn to ask anyone for help or go on relief. And she couldn't get married again. Now they're going to take her kids away from her tomorrow, the only thing she has."

There was a call from the porch. Ma James had seen me and wanted me to come inside for a while. As I walked to the door, I noticed how closely the scene resembled that of six years before; the same dirty, naked babies, strewn magazines and vile smelling clothing. And yet I knew that tomorrow all this would be gone.

Ma James came to meet me, older, fatter, more subdued, and pregnant. She was dressed in a large loosely knit red sweater and an enormous red skirt. With her ugly red skin and red eyes she was almost ghastly.

"Where've ya been, Dick?" she asked.

"South Carolina," I replied.

"Lotta niggers down there," she stated. "When ya going back?"

"Tomorrow," I said.

"These kids are going to hell tomorrow," she said, turning to hide the tears that came to her lobster-like eyes. "Straight to hell." And she wheeled and left the room.

That was the last time I saw the Jameses or Sackets Harbor. I heard last year that Sonny was in the Marines and thought how much it was like Sonny to be in the Marines. And if I know Sonny there will probably be some kid soon who will say, "But don't you remember Sergeant James?"

—DICK HALDEMAN

# ART

## The genius of Andre Smith creates an experimental art colony in Maitland

Andre Smith will be seventy-four on the last day of this month. He was born in China; spent his childhood in Germany, and the past sixty-three years in America. He is director of the Research Studio Art Center in Maitland and is considered by his close associates to be a genius.

It is difficult for the layman to expound on the genius of a man and his work. But when the men who surround Andre Smith—men who are familiar with his skill and art—sincerely classify him as a genius, then the layman may refute this classification only at the risk of sounding obtuse. Mr. Smith's assistant, Attilio Banca, exclaims that, "To work with Andre Smith is like working with a god . . . The Research Center is my heaven."

Andre Smith's first twenty-two years in this country are considered his unproductive years for they were years of education, culminating in 1902 with a degree in architecture from Cornell University.

After 1902 Mr. Smith's life became a phantasmagoria of activity. He abandoned an established architectural business when his fickle eye discovered a new love—etching. When he consumed a background in etching that would some day aid him in gaining a place as one of America's foremost etchers he turned to painting.

By 1912 Andre Smith was participating in modern art. In that same year he did a series of monotypes which he called a *Record of Emotions* and which attracted considerable attention and was highly praised at a time when American art was still recording factual experiences.

Andre Smith explains his changing from one field of art to another as not vacillation but as the artist's prerogative. He sums up this idea by stating

that, "The artist's job is to explore; to announce new visions and open new doors."

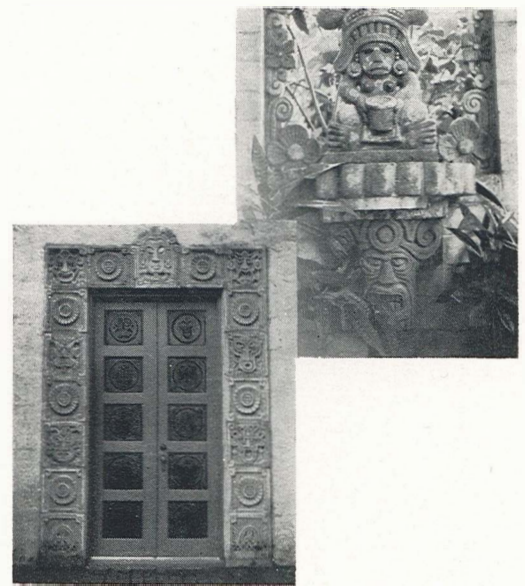
During the First World War Mr. Smith was commissioned as a Captain in the Engineer Reserve Corps and was head of a group of eight official artists who were sent to France to record our war activities. The interlude before sailing for France found him designing the Distinguished Service Cross.

Captain Smith returned to the States in 1918 with the medal he designed pinned to his Medical Corps robe; a trunk filled with front line drawings.

On his release from the Army, Mr. Smith put into print the first of his many books. His first effort, *In France With The American Expeditionary Forces*, has now become a book of historical importance. It contained a hundred of his drawings from the Government collection, with explanatory notes.

Post World War I America proved too dull for the ex-combat artist and Mr. Smith sailed for Italy, France and Spain where he resumed his work as an etcher. The work from this period of his life established him as one of the world's principal etchers. He was also the first American etcher to depart from the traditional subject matter and techniques. He produced a series of etchings in 1925 which anticipated the

THE RESEARCH STUDIO ART CENTER IS LOCATED IN MAITLAND, FLORIDA, FIVE MILES NORTH OF ORLANDO. IT IS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC FROM NOV. 1ST THROUGH MAY 1ST, WITHOUT AN ADMISSION CHARGE. THE GALLERY IS OPEN EVERY AFTERNOON, EXCEPT MONDAYS, FROM TWO TO FIVE. THE GARDEN-CHAPEL AND ADJOINING COURT-YARD IS OPEN DAILY FROM 8 A.M. TO 6 P.M.



present abstract and non-objective form of expression.

In the meantime, as a by-product of his art and craftsmanship he became interested in designing stage sets and was the author of a book on scene construction entitled *The Scenewright*, which soon became a popular text book for schools, colleges, and drama groups.

In 1935 Andre Smith experimented in what can best be called "automatic transcriptions" and this led to the publication of his book *Art and the Subconscious* which contained reproductions of watercolors that he did at that time and an explanation of the experiment as a whole. Mr. Ben Wolf, art critic for the Philadelphia Art News wrote that, ". . . this book we venture to predict will take its place among the important creations of our time."

A year after the publication of *Art and the Subconscious* the Research Studio Art Center came into existence through the generosity of Mrs. Efram Zimbalist (the former Mrs. Edward Bok) who shared with Andre Smith his desire to establish in Central Florida an art center which would encourage the explorative point of view in American art. A gallery was built for the exhibition of work that would illustrate the ever changing trends in art expression and a few studios were added for the use of artists who may want to work along experimental lines. The entire layout of buildings and courtyards and their ornamentation in sculptured cement, as well as the landscaping was executed by Andre Smith or under his direct supervision.

Aztec, Oriental, Greek, and Smith are the types of design used to cloak the center in an air of pleasing turmoil. This agglomeration of design forms a religious motif in the Studio Chapel but falls away into an untamed mix-

ture on the adjoining buildings and walls. This curious minglement of design illustrates the emphasis placed on experiment at the center.

Today Andre Smith spends most of his time giving criticism and instruction to the artists who live at the center.

He demands nothing of his artists but merely encourages the students to experiment with art in spite of the usual criticism that follows any departure from traditional lines.

Assistant Director of the center, Mr. Attilio Banca, expresses the studio's

aim by relating, "That there can be no progress in art without the evolution that moves along with our times and is therefore a vital part of the ever changing world in which we live."

—JAMES E. BROWNE

## THE BIRTH

The Bright Sunless Sea  
Deep as a cup of Ceylon Tea.  
Petulantly white, waves  
The gory green seaweed into caves.  
Then we, on the beach for a day  
Look away,  
To another or maybe the same,  
Without flame,  
God Bright blue blended with midnite dark  
Or Fire of any kind that would leave a mark.  
I asked the red faced comber,  
If in the beginning, no mind  
Was paid to overall design.  
He said,  
It was just the Law of Chance  
Spun into ludicrous dance.  
The footprints which remained  
Was the Bright Sunless Sea.

—ROBERT EGINTON

## A QUIRE OF BARE RUNES

A SCHOLAR AFTER SCANNING SEVENTY-SEVEN SONNETS SENDS THE SWEET BIRDS SINGING, WINGING FURTHER, FURTHER SOUTH.

What Puckish pow'r perverts my pen to pun  
And leaves my sweet complexioned child, this sonnet,  
Pied with measle-ly spots? Fain would Clio shun  
These lines, but stoops to cry "A pox a'pun it!"  
Alack! A childish rash. Much more I know  
I lack; no dusky damsel to vituperate,  
No Laura leaves laurel leaves 'pon my brow;  
Nor noble love for noble alliterate  
Can I, in quires numbered of love-full verse.  
And e'en had I such a bonny friend, I guess  
My lines would make me suspect of the worst.  
Let other bards board in the surf-it of success;  
Behind this wave I wallow in a trough,  
Unmarked, 'cept for my minor poet's cough.

—JAG



# THE UNAPPRECIATED



LOIS KRAVCHUK

Al stroked his Adam's Apple.  
"Where in the living hell is that guy! Ten after eleven. Goddamn!"

He moved across the room, stopped in front of the dresser and stuffed a miniature cake of soap provided by the hotel into his trouser pocket. Years ago, when traveling with Mom, Pop, and Anna, his sister, he'd save the soap wrappers from the hotels and tourist courts they'd patronize. He did that now, remembering. 'Long time since those family excursions . . . been married eight years . . . long time since any excursion.' For some reason Ellie and he never had taken a long trip together. Never talked about one, matter of fact.

Spreading the slats of the window blind, he watched a cab pull away—then a dirty street at night.

A knock at the door. Al spun, straightened his tie before the dresser mirror and walked to the door. It was the bellhop.

"Where the hell is she?" Al demanded.

"Just came—a minute ago."

"Ten beans, huh?"

"Ten beans. I'll take it now. Ahhh, at the end of the hall. Room 307."

"We had one heck of a poker game, hon. Damn, I didn't mean to wake you."

"Poker? To this hour? What about supper? I fixed up some veal cutlets, and potatoes, and squash, and all for six o'clock, and waited and waited and waited. Why didn't you call, Al? Or something, at least?"

"I know, I should have, dammit. I'm sorry, El. You know how it goes—a few beers and all the boys get in the

poker mood, and before you know it—boom—there you are, midnight. Actually, I don't think any of the boys called home, none of us."

"Where'd you play, Al?"

"The time flew, Ellie. It's late now, let's go see the slumber-man, O.K., hon?"

"Where? Where'd we play? Harvey's house—the whole gang of us."

"What do you mean, the whole gang?"

"My, my, all these questions! The boys from the advertising department. Most of them, anyway. Good game."

"Fred?"

"Yeah, Fred . . . all the boys. What do you say, some shuteye?"

"I saw Fred pass by out front about five-thirty and he turned left—to go home. He wasn't there."

"Listen, how the hell was I supposed to play a good hand and socialize at the same time? Let's drop it, O.K.?"

Al pulled his pajamas from beneath his pillow and headed for the bathroom. For Chrissake, yap, yap, yap, yap."

Ellie lay in the bed covered to her neck. Her eyes were cold, dark sharp.

Returning with shoes, trousers, shirt, and shorts in hand, Al said nothing, threw his clothes across a chair, and slid between the sheets. Upping himself on an elbow, he mechanically leaned toward his wife—a goodnight kiss. She had her back to him.

"El?"

"Shut-up."

Al turned and dropped from his elbow to lay on his stomach. Squirming, kicking, grunting, he slowly, finally settled into a snoring state of immobility.

An hour passed. Ellie sat upright. Her pajama top was tan. About the wrists and high neck were cheap lace ruffles. She looked down to her side—'Al, her husband. Al. Poker.' A weak stripe of yellow low on the wall to her left caught her eye—the bathroom shaving light. She swung her feet to the floor, felt for her slippers, and crept into the bathroom. Standing before the mirror, she pouted, laughed, and begged of the mirror's pardon. Her full upper lip had strength. Her eyes were huge and dark, like her hair was femininity personified—beautiful. She opened the top button of her pajama-top, spreading the lace apart, glancing, posing . . . and then the second button, and the third, . . . and threw it open, tossing her head back. Shocked, she buttoned it up, nervously tucking it into her full length bottom. She stood there, vibrant, new, daring. Snatching up Al's coat, she plunged her hands policeman-like into the pockets. She felt the nervous energy of a child awakened from a noon day nap. A cake of soap lay in her outstretched palm. A cake of soap.

The Green Hotel  
42 W. McIntyle St.

Charlotte, N. C.

Only six blocks away—the Green Hotel. Absently, Ellie eased herself to to edge of the tub, toying with the soap. Her eyes were fast, from floor to sink, to commode, to sink, to floor, to her feet . . . and there her eyes closed, her motion ceased. Minutes passed. She held her head in her hands, clutching the hair above her temples. Her fingers tightened into a fist and she shook herself. Her hands, her head shook, her hair dark and soft, shook. Tears dropped free, tears pushed tears, wetting her cheeks and mouth, her quivering upper-lip, her dimpled, jerking chin.

## TRANSFORMATION

The last dark leaves are blown from boughs of trees  
That stretch in pleading to the leaden sky;  
The just few flakes of snow float dimly by  
The jading light casts shadows bleak through trees.  
The mournful, howling wind which wails and sees  
The autumn break its weary tie,  
From towering heights there echoes a new cry—  
For of all there are only dimming memories.  
To the tired world winter has made her warning,  
She will soon be rushing in with all her force.  
The flowering beauty of early Spring she is scorning  
The great dark sky is her almighty source.  
With snow and ice the earth shall be adorning  
The transformation has followed its course.

—DELCEY SCHRAM

—TED DITTMER —

# FACULTY FORUM

## Why is there a lack of interest in contemporary poetry?

*This question was submitted to Dr. Francis J. Thompson and Mr. Stuart James, Professors of English here at Rollins. Their answers, printed here in their entirety, are presented in hopes that our readers will give THE FLAMINGO's more modern poetry contributions their thoughtful consideration.*

The lack of interest in poetry is a perennial complaint, and one hears much tut-tutting over it in all the old ladies' clubs and most of the academic circles in the country, the most insistent (and perhaps the shrillest) tut coming from that harassed worry-wart, the English teacher. By profession we are on the side of the tut-tutters and the worry-warts, but we harbor deep within ourself the conviction that one cannot be tutted into an interest in poetry. We are sure the reading public is not to be jostled out of its plush-lined rut by the clack of an English teacher's tongue, so we offer these scant remarks as merely descriptive of the poetic situation, with no intention whatever of once touching our academic axe to stone.

Now this issue of the lack of interest in poetry has been complicated, of course, by a set of stock responses invented by the clever and used with abandon by the unthinking. Why don't you like poetry? we will ask, and know the answer before it is given. It's esoteric. Poetry is gibberish. " 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe . . ." Why can't these fellows come out and say what they mean, someone will cry, jumping up with his mouth full of pretzels and cheese and rushing out of the room. Indeed, he will say in a quieter mood, in an easy world it is deucedly un-sporting of poets to insist upon being so difficult. They don't deserve to be read, he will add, and purse his lips and reach for another cheese. Now the other stock response to our perennial query is, Poetry is only make-believe. Its world is a fairy world, rose-strewn and gay, and not a little bit silly. All right, perhaps, for a moment's escape from rugged reality and this jolting business of getting on, but as for giving any practical advice, or doing any-

body any good . . . Balderdash! And besides, where will it get you? someone will cry from behind his pile of pots and pans.

Without descending to the tut, we would like to suggest that such ideas about poetry are abysmally wrong. Put simply, these stock responses are the easy refuge of the intellectual loafer. Rather than engage in the quite difficult task of discovering the meaning of a poem, how much simpler it is to dole out the limp, pilfered response, much as one would offer up a used calling-card (and indeed, such a response is a kind of personal identification). But poetry, modern poetry, is so difficult, someone will say. Of course it is difficult, and we wonder if it is necessary to add that so is the achievement of most worthwhile things . . . a good game of golf, for instance, or a tiny corner of the Kingdom of Heaven.

In answer to the second stock response to our query, we would like to suggest that the world of poetry, and especially of modern poetry, is the very antithesis of the world of make-believe. Today's poetry is not made up of verses of the garden variety. Here is no literature to tell us that life is a round of lilting laughter with "roses, roses all the way." Here is a writing that refuses the fiction of the Garden dream. Its world is the post-lapsarian world, ugly, ragged-edged, strewn with paradox, but-tressed by bitter half-hopes. There is nothing of the old pristine Eden in Eliot's view of the world as a moral waste land; there is nothing of gay make-believe in Randall's account of the ball-turret gunner who was killed and washed out of his turret with a hose; there is nothing of the sentimentalist's concoction in Yeats' cry of "What rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches toward Bethlehem to be born?" Contemporary poetry

is a kind of mirror for man, a mirror that will not reflect the wishful, child-like hope, but shows a humanity downed and awash in what Conrad called the destructive element. Yet the poet's iron realism is not another counsel for despair. Modern poetry is a recall to the primeval fact that, ultimately, it is the tragic nature of man's position that makes his salvation possible. Here pain is somehow an ingredient of happiness, and man not only risks, but feels, the agonies of Hell in his discovery of the Kingdom of Heaven. And if redemption comes, it comes not through the un-embodied vision or the passive dream, but finally through grim enactment against the battering of experience, against the wash of "the destructive element." The modern poet, then, sees and accepts the tragic net in which humanity is irrevocably entangled; from such an acceptance he moves forward, aware of the bitter ingredients of his world, knowing that he must learn to "wash his hands in blood" as best he can if he would be saved.

So we find that contemporary poetry is doubly difficult: First, it is difficult to read, and second, the world it presents is difficult to face. In this view of the matter, it is no great wonder that a public, schooled in the Hollywood tradition and made intellectually flabby by T.V. training, should dislike, should even distrust, modern poetry. Yet despite the scoffer and the Philistine, the reading of poetry remains, for the intellectually courageous, a morally toughening, and therefore, a most salutary, exercise.

STUART JAMES

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The English-reading public has lacked interest in contemporary poetry ever since William Caxton became a publisher in 1476. During the sixteenth century the London book trade made money reprinting Chaucer; Spen-

ser's *Faery Queen* was not a commercial success. Shakespeare himself didn't earn enough from his *Sonnets* to have bought a season ticket (student's rate) to the Annie Russell Theatre; and Milton, making a virtue of necessity, sadly admitted he wrote for a fit audience though few. In the nineteenth century Matthew Arnold, who kept alive somehow as an inspector of schools, heard Wordsworth "declare that, for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe strings." The twentieth century is no different. Our American poets teach, sell insurance, practice medicine, and so on. If they are lucky they win "awards," but never the Nobel prize and their "thin volumes" never are best sellers.

Dramatic poetry is not an exception. Since Aristotle's time it has been heard rather than read. To be specific, very few of the thousands who attended "The Cocktail Party" on Broadway bought a copy of the book, and of these perhaps a handful could identify the author and title of:

April is the cruelest month, breeding  
Lilacs out of the dead land . . .

So perhaps *The Flamingo's* question should be, "Why hasn't the public become interested in contemporary poetry after having been exposed to it in books for five hundred years?" There are some who would answer with Plato, although they may be unaware of the company they are in, that poets, far from being the unacknowledged legislators of the world, are subversives. Politicians of this opinion exiled Dante from Florence as a traitor; and they justify keeping Ezra Pound in a mad house.

Others, a larger number, reject poetry because of its "wilful" obscurity. Since the days of Aeschylus these termites have been at work. They had a field day with St. John's *Book of Revelation*, and another with the *Commedia*; their offspring today belittle e. e. cummings. In a textbook used by my uneasy Freshmen, poor cummings is dismissed as a mere "puzzle-maker," much as the *Saturday Review of Literature* dismissed T. S. Eliot as a copycat.

I might lump with these rationalizers, though it is unfair, the moderns who teach us to read faster. Their argument applied to poetry might be that the quicker we race to the end of a stanza, the sooner we will know whether it deserves close attention. But most poems appear obscure merely because they are puzzles to the hasty. It is axiomatic that the better contemporary poetry is, the slower it must be read, marked, and inwardly digested.

And we have a peculiar difficulty in

the United States. There is a persistent conservatism in our universities and high-brow magazines which has discouraged generations of poets. Today we are apt to mock the nineteenth century arbiters who preferred Whittier to Whitman, or Longfellow to Emily Dickinson. But when I was an undergraduate at Columbia a professor took the hide off me (he subsequently returned it) for suggesting E. A. Robin-

son was not the greatest living American-born poet. This was after "The Waste Land" had appeared; Robert Frost had already published six volumes; and Pound has brought out *A Draft of Cantos XVII to XXVII*. Alas, perhaps if someone reads this twenty-five years from now he will wonder who Karl Shapiro and Robert Lowell were, both of whom I now recommend to you with professional gravity.

—FRANCIS J. THOMPSON

## PEANUTS, ICE CREAM, SODA POP

"Getcha peanuts, ice cream, soda pop here."  
Tall rottenred, holishbrick buildings,  
High as the night; sunken as the sewer green river.  
Amid the plain of garbage smelling cans  
And steps protruding like sick coated  
Tongues, licking at the men and women  
Protected by their greasy virility.  
(Boodelrooda handful of vouties.  
Dig that chick jack. She always gets her shack.  
Just like them meloreeno mounties.)  
Senile smiling old men in easy rocking chairs  
(Jimmy ud known what tuh do wit them.  
An the fares ud be lower too.  
Yuh shoulda seen ol Jim  
Take care of alderman O'Flynn.  
By God how that grafter flew.)  
Danced around by soot rubbed children  
With the fresh cadence of virgin life.  
They too shall die.  
"Getcha peanuts, ice cream, soda pop here."  
The well cut dinner jackets and minds, with their  
Kin tails, fin tails and thin tails,  
A cocktail or two over a prejudice or two,  
A fashionable prayer or two:  
Lord give me the strength to doubt;  
To be afraid to shout my doubts.  
She said to the analyst: I hate  
My mother and on the other hand  
I love my father with an Oedipal passion.  
Oh the horror of the whole ambivalent mess.  
To which the analyst replied: My how  
Very insignificant.  
There was more but I can't remember.  
And the society column read: Mr. Hetacomb StyraX,  
A gentleman Jersey farmer, was asked to sing,  
While with a platinum blond doing the town in a fling,  
Of cabbages and kings.  
Of course the kings wore no rings.  
This was considered good poetry.  
They too shall die.  
"Getcha peanuts, ice cream, soda pop here."  
Night is on the bridge  
Throttled by busses, cars and walks.  
Clickaroar, clickaroar, clickaroar,  
Down the sliver ridges  
Through a tunnel and a bay.  
Clapashore, clapashore, clapashore;  
The river and the city, they never talk.  
No need to, says the Man as he collects His pay,  
They shall never die.  
"Getcha peanuts, ice cream, soda pop here."

—HARRY M. STEVENS

# THE MERRY WIDOW

"What will it be, Edna, toast or cakes?" Mrs. Beacon said to Miss St. James.

"Cakes, I believe, Auntie." Said the younger woman.

"Cakes, Miss, for Miss St. James. And I'll take toast with a bit of that strawberry jam."

"Yes'm." Said the girl and padded softly off.

"Cakes, my dear, won't help you keep your teeth long. Particularly cakes at four in the afternoon."

"Yes, Auntie."

"And at your age . . ."

"Then I shan't have any sweets for dinner, Auntie."

Miss St. James sighed and glanced in the mirror behind Mrs. Beacon's head.

"I do look fortyish." She thought. Her eyes looked fondly on the cherubs poised playfully on the frame. "I was never meant to be a spinster." She sighed again.

"Stop staring, Edna!" Mrs. Beacon sharply recalled Miss St. James.

"Goodness, whatever do you have in that paper bag?"

"A belt." Miss St. James answered.

"A what?"

"A blue belt. I met our waitress yesterday while I was taking my walk. She said she was going to buy a blue belt and I told her I had one I didn't use, and that she could have it . . . and here it is. See?"

She finished holding up the paper bag as if it were the convincing evidence needed to negate any doubt nurtured by the older woman.

"Edna, when will . . ." Her reply was severed there by the entrance of tea, toast, and cakes. Passion for strawberry jam overcame her and the reprimand was laid aside.

"Tomorrow," Mrs. Beacon said dipping her toast crusts in the remaining jam, "we'll just sit on the Veranda and watch the boats. Perhaps you could knit some on my stole."

Miss St. James could see their ocean side hotel from the tea shop window. It was nice there, maybe they would return next summer. The ocean fascinated her. Waves forever rushing towards the jutting rocks, crashing against them, then, their fury suddenly abated, the water would tumble obediently over smooth worn boulders into the bay. Miss St. James took another sip of tea.

"This belt incident, Edna, brings another thing to mind. I saw you talking to that vulgar Mrs. McDonald this morning. No more of that."

"Mrs. McAllister, Auntie."

"Well, whatever her name is. She's not our kind."

"She was telling me about a movie she saw."

"Common!" Snorted Mrs. Beacon. "And Edna, you mustn't smile at that piano player again."

Miss St. James returned her cup to the china saucer with a clatter.

"But Auntie, he smiles so nicely at me."

"Really Edna. Piano players are to be listened to during dinner . . . not smiled at. From now on we'll sit in the back of the dining room. I'll speak to the head waiter. Maybe even the alcove."

"We can't . . . I won't!" Edna St. James cried out.

"Edna, stop being silly, of course we will."

"But Auntie, I think he likes me. He must be very lonely . . . he drinks so much."

"That settles it . . . the alcove."

Mrs. Beacon's voice rasped on but the words no longer made sense to Miss St. James. It took all her effort to hold down the pain in her throat. Outside an organ grinder pumped forth his repititious tune.

"Ugh, what a screech that box makes." Said Mrs. Beacon, and Miss St. James fumbled in her purse for a dime to put in the monkey's tin cup.

\* \* \*

"How about pouring me another one long as you're there, honey."

"Don't you ever get enough?"

"Play better with a few in me." The man replied.

"Don't be funny, honey . . . you can put a little more water in than that."

"Whew . . . W.C.T.U. sending you literature?"

"Ha, ha!" His fingers picked out an aimless tune on the keys.

"That your repertoire?" she asked.

"What makes you so bitter? You've been bitchy all day."

"Just looking forward to another glorious week's engagement at this old people's home . . . on the rocks!"

"How does this sound?" The man played a few bars of the Merry Widow Waltz. "Think I'll play it for that cow eyed dame who ogles me every time she

walks in the dining room."

"Doesn't it ever drive you batty?" The girl said after a pause.

"What?" He was playing variations on the waltz now.

"Forget it. I'm getting drunk."

"You mean playing here? Listen honey, it wouldn't bother me if I played for the Hard of Hearing League or the Royal family once I get out there and start playing."

"Who are you kidding? —And introducing the magnificent Dardino . . . Boy Has-Been!"

"You better not get much drunker, sister . . . You can't even sing when you're sober."

"Oh, that was a real clever insult. Only it doesn't matter if I get drunk 'cause I don't claim to have anything worth being sober for."

"Keep talking." He clenched his glass.

"It's about time I got a chance to talk what with listening to your cute jokes and phony confidence speeches all week. Where'd you get off the track anyway? Still think you're the same cocky kid of 20 years ago. Flash that smile! Turn on that corny charm, like you do with that old babe who makes goo goo eyes at you. Good for the ego, huh? Bet you start exchanging pleasantries soon. You're not so hard to read."

"Shut up!"

"You should of stuck to just piano playing. Mister Dardino, you stink!"

She emptied the contents of the bottle into his glass and walked out. The smell of the bourbon made him feel sick, and he flung the glass to the floor. The liquid made rivulets weaving their way around the shattered fragments. He could only see the woman with the goo goo eyes, and knew that tonight he would like to talk to her. Maybe she could help.

\* \* \*

Colonel Butterfield and his wife were always among the first to enter the dining room after it opened.

"Was the water cold today, Samuel?"

"Yes, it was quite cold." The colonel replied.

"I suppose it would be, it's getting so late in the season. Oh, here comes the girl with our soup."

"The Sachs are leaving Tuesday Gertrude. —Mrs. Butterfield will have the sweetbreads, Myra."

"I suppose that means a farewell bridge game. He's so nice but she's such a dreadfully poor loser. I think she cheats."

"Gertrude . . .!"

"Listen dear, isn't Mr. Dardino playing a medley from that musicale we saw last Spring? What was the name of it?"

"Why yes, I believe he is." The colonel said looking up from his soup.

"Well, let's avoid a game this evening, dear, since sweetbreads never set well with me, but they do taste so good."

"We'll take in a movie tonight then."

"No I wonder why . . . oops, you spilled some soup on your tie. Wipe it with your napkin. There, it won't show."

"What were you wondering, Gertrude?"

"Isn't that odd, Mrs. Beacon and her niece are sitting in the alcove. Poor thing. The way that woman drags her around. Why she didn't raise her eyes off the floor from the moment she entered the dining room till they sat down. And did you see that ugly belt Miss St. James was wearing. Such poor taste. Blue with that shade yellow. Oh, our sweetbreads. Did you order them too? Myra, will you send the relish tray over? . . . I do love those cucumber pickles."

"Now wasn't that strange?"

"What? The Sachs?"

"No. I'd swear Mr. Dardino slipped in a bit of the Merry Widow Waltz with the medley but didn't even finish it. There he goes headed towards the bar . . . these musicians! They're so . . . Oh, hello you two, how lovely of you to stop by our table. I was just telling the Colonel that we must get together for a bridge game sometime before you leave." Said Mrs. Butterfield as she popped a pickle in her mouth.

—JEAN MENSING

## POEM

Spring,  
 Summer,  
 Autumn,  
 Winter,  
 Our love revolving in changeless seasons.  
 Budding,  
 Blooming,  
 Wilting,  
 Dying,  
 The seed of an apple grasping for maturity  
 Soon, its blushing face turned skyward  
 Peaceful, Ripe.  
 Fresh, cool breath falls from heaven  
 The scarlet flesh covered with frozen dew.  
 Our arms clung desperately—  
 Now we lay helpless,  
 Decayed.



AS THE TOWNSPEOPLE SEE US!!



AS OUR PARENTS SEE US.

# THE ROLLING MAN

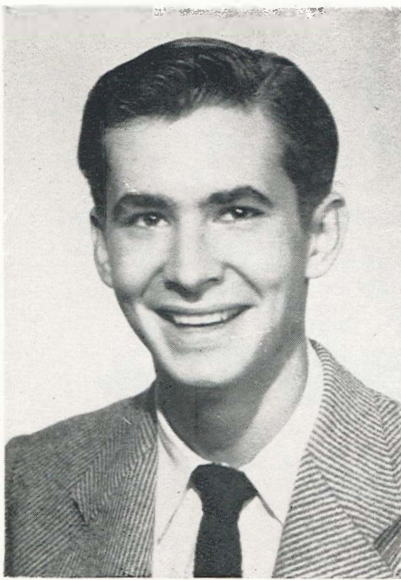


"THE FRESHMAN AS HE SEES HIMSELF AT THE AD BUILDING"



"AS OUR DATES SEE US"

BUB HUMPHREY



# THEATRE

## Tony Perkins, a Rollins Alumnus, writes from the Broadway Stage

Autumn came very quickly to New York last week. The thermometer dropped to an unseasonal mid-fifty and the theatre, which had struggled through a fairly difficult July and August, came alive again almost overnight. Cold, snappy weather coming at the end of the slack summer season suddenly made good audiences and exciting performances. We began to sell standing room every evening and matinee for the first time since June. The laughs in the play came quickly and generously and the silences in the dramatic moments became almost unbearable. No hot weather sluggishness and giggling, quite a change from some of our summer houses.

A play like *TEA AND SYMPATHY* almost demands to be performed for stimulated people, just seated in a warm theatre after walking around in the chill city. Our curtain rises on a scene representing a boys prep school in New England at the beginning of spring, the housemaster's study at stage right, and a boy's room on a platform upstairs at the left—late afternoon—orange lights coming in the windows, and a bell ringing in the boys from sports. Downstairs the wives of two masters are having tea, and in his room a boy is sitting on his bed, playing the guitar and singing softly. In other words, not a slam opening and the more prepared the audience is to listen the better off we are.

Another great advantage came with the cold weather, that of not having to fight the air-conditioning fans. They create a hum so slight as to go unnoticed except in its absence but there's

a sort of auditory gauze curtain which prohibits really intimate contact between us and our audiences with that slight whirr behind everything.

The season is off to a fairly slow start at this writing, with only five new shows opened. The first, by the author of *TEA AND SYMPATHY*, *ALL SUMMER LONG*, received a mixed press and does not seem to have caught on as well as expected. It concerns a disunited family in an unspecified part of the country whose home is threatened by a rising river and their different attitudes and reactions to this danger—casual concern, disinterest, disregard—and the efforts of the two sons in the family to build a retaining wall to save the house. The second play to open was the Theatre Guild's presentation of a new Irish drama, *HOME IS THE HERO*, written and starred in by one of Ireland's foremost playwrights and actors, Walter Macken. This too concerns a family in conflict—the family versus the errant, bullying father. The reviews were for the most

part pretty bad but it looks as if it will stay open through the month anyway. Tallulah Bankhead created a good deal of stir with her performance in *DEAR CHARLES* but the play itself is slight and probably would have no chance of survival with a lesser light starring in it. It's still too early to tell for sure about *RECLINING FIGURE*, a new comedy about forging paintings in California, but the new English musical, *THE BOY FRIEND*, seems to be a definite money-maker with lines around the block in front of the box-office every morning and rave reviews from all the papers.

*TEA AND SYMPATHY* is still going very strong. The road company is being prepared and I don't know yet whether I will go with it and Deborah Kerr or stay in New York with Joan Fontaine. At any rate it looks as if I am insured employment through June anyway and perhaps longer. I feel I could play it another year and perhaps I will have the opportunity.

## FORTUNITY

A name, never heard before  
A word, never spoken  
Fortunity.  
A modern piece of art  
Full of scrawls, lines,  
Empty spaces.  
Fortunity.  
A sound, never before  
Uttered by man  
A ripple in some forgotten stream  
Fortunity.  
A roar of water down a  
Mountain crevasse  
Fortunity.  
An organ whose rich tones  
Vibrate into the imagination  
Fortunity.  
An empty echo resounding  
From hill to hill  
The stillness of a slumbering  
Evening before a storm  
Fortunity.

—BABS MOORE



*(Editor's note: We frankly admit that this article violates our usual amateur status as regards contributions; for after a great deal of preliminary negotiation our agents came to an agreement concerning a considerable amount of folding stuff. However, considering the legal tender was reckoned in terms of a year's supply of SANDSPURS, we feel we made a shrewd bargain. Unfortunately, our photograph of Tony Perkins in his New York play was not clear enough for reproduction here and so we have used a picture of him taken in his last year on campus.)*

# THE LONG WALK

The deafening roar of the passing elevated train startled Wharton Eversole out of his reverie. He hadn't been aware that he'd been walking in the direction of Third Avenue and the sight of the massive steel pillars forming their endless pattern of perspective was strangely disconcerting. He stopped and lifted his gaze to the sign on the lamp-post. Ninth Street! Good Lord! The office was at Thirty-seventh and Madison . . . he must have walked over two miles. His glance found a clock in a tavern window . . . 10:15 . . . He'd left less than an hour ago, although it seemed longer than that . . . so much longer. It was too early to return. The meeting would still be in progress . . . Why did they always take so long to decide these things . . . ? He would wait for another hour. By then they should have come to a decision. He decided to continue with his walk.

The morning was clear and bright. The checkered pattern formed by the sunlight seeping through the trestle overhead had a soothing effect upon Wharton. He walked slowly now and became conscious of the scene about him.

The section looked familiar somehow, but he had no recollection of having been there before. Cheap bars lined the street on both sides. He counted them. There were six in the one block; they had Irish names—*Flaherty's*, *Roscommon House*, *Shannon's* . . . There was also a pawnshop, two dry-goods stores, and a strange looking building with a large, white cross hanging over its door. The words *Jesus Saves* were printed upon it. The other stores seemed unoccupied. The sidewalk, the metal cellar doors, the windows, everything was colored with the red-brown dust that filtered from the railway overhead, and the stain had worn itself into the bricks of the buildings. Everywhere there was grime and filth.

The sun was becoming warm. People were sitting in the doorways and on the steps, hoping to feel the touch of its rays before they became lost behind the towers to the west. They were shabby and wretched looking, these people—derelicts, whose bearded, drawn faces remained impassive to the streams of passers-by. The sight of them was disgusting to Wharton, but he was strangely stirred by the expressions of

utter, weary hopelessness that appeared in their unfocused eyes.

The faint, grinding squeal of an approaching train brought thoughts of the meeting to his mind. For twelve years now he'd been a member of the firm. Once before when there was a new partnership open he'd been by-passed for a junior man. He remembered the bitterness. And then, when Atley had told him that they were again talking of taking in another partner, his hopes had surged. He'd been warned, though, that an outsider was also being considered . . . Now they were in conference, deciding between himself and the outsider, whose name he did not even know. He hadn't been able to remain there, pretending to be busy, while the decision was being reached. He needed to walk, to force his mind towards other things.



LOIS KRAVCHUK

The roar of the elevated train overhead broke into Wharton's thoughts. Again he was startled by it. The latticework of light, formed by the sun streaming through the ties, was now disrupted and the shining, little spots danced crazily through the shadows beneath. These rapidly moving dots excited him, and by the time the train

had passed and the pattern been reformed, he was conscious of the fact that he'd been frightened by them too.

The awareness of this fright disturbed him and he stopped for a moment by a store window, letting his eyes roam over the articles on display, trying to erase the fear from his mind. The window was cluttered with a haphazard assortment of cutlery, watches, musical instruments, and cheap jewelry. His gaze centered upon an object directly behind the glass. It was a small, gold cigarette case, heavily tarnished. There was an inscription on the cover but it was indistinguishable, except for the letters . . . ER at the end of what appeared to be a name. The case was beautifully made and looked expensive. It bothered him to think of a man sinking to the level where he could pawn such a beautiful possession, and one which obviously had been a gift. He remembered the cigarette case Alma had given him one Christmas . . . Alma! She would be waiting for a phone call.

This partnership meant a great deal to Alma, in a different way of course. To her it was not a matter of a man achieving success in his field. It was prestige, recognition, position, the key to acceptance in a world which perhaps existed only in her ambitious imagination. She had never quite gotten over the previous failure, and he was sure that she would not tolerate a second one . . . Alma was the most completely selfish person whom he'd ever known, yet he lived for those rare occasions when he was able to feed her insatiable desire—

The strong reek of alcohol, which came from the shabby creature who was standing beside him, repulsed Wharton and he moved away. The neighborhood was filled with men like this. They appalled him. They didn't care anymore—and he did, desperately. His sense of loathing gave way to one of superiority; he was better than they. He knew this, and yet deep within himself he felt a shame that would not allow him to meet their eyes as he passed them—

Again the rumble of an approaching train brought with it the unexplainable fear. He could see the long string of cars undulating towards him like some ponderous, gigantic reptile, its beady, red eyes unblinking, and its huge maw gaping open as if to devour him. As the head of the monster passed, the spots of light once more began their weird, insane movement and his fear mounted almost to a frenzy. The little golden blobs flickered crazily about him, raced up and down the sidewalk, smashed headlong into the great steel

and concrete pillars, only to come dancing lightly out of the opposite side. He was bombarded by them . . . they struck his arms, his face, his legs, his chest. He could feel the coldness of their touch and he was terrified by it . . . Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the frantic dance was ended and the rigid, checkered pattern was re-formed as before.

Still trembling in his fright, Wharton did not see the figure lying in the doorway until he almost stumbled over the protruding feet. The man looked dead, his eyes drawn closed and his mouth hanging open to display a set of rotting, yellow stumps, that had once been teeth. Through the threadbare overcoat, however, Wharton could perceive the regular, rhythmic movement of the narrow chest. The creature was filthy; his clothes were torn and spotted. By his outstretched hand, there lay an empty dark-brown bottle and the overwhelming stench of the unwashed body, combined with the pungent sweetness of the whiskey, made Wharton nauseous. He turned away—My God! How could a man become reduced to such a state . . . ? But they were all like that, all of the miserable wretches who wandered these streets. They were lost, unwanted, hopeless men . . . The thought filled him with



sorrow but also with a loathing for their degradation.

A need to escape from this horror rose strongly within him . . . The office! He would return there, get away from these derelicts, these fears which pounded in his brain . . . By now the meeting would be over, a decision reached . . . They couldn't choose the other man . . . He must be the new partner! He would call Alma and make her happy with the news.

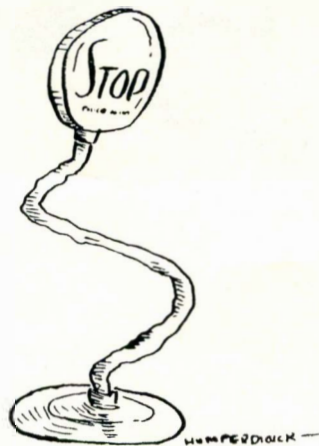
Wharton stumbled to the curb. There was a taxi; he would take it to the office . . . Perhaps if he weren't there to be notified they would select the other man . . . The cab driver ig-

nored his upstretched hand; didn't even slow down; swore at him as he stepped into the street . . . God! He would never make it in time . . . The office seemed so far away, so deep in the past somewhere . . . How would he ever get there?—He realized now that he had lost his sense of direction . . . There was another taxi! He shouted and . . . My God! Another train was coming . . . He darted into the street and heard the wild shriek of brakes before he felt the searing pain—

Wharton was dimly aware of voices before he could perceive the faces through the blackness. Then he could see a white-coated figure kneeling by his side and the words fell into a pattern.

"He's coming around now," the figure spoke. "You'll be okay, Pop; just take it easy . . . How're you feeling?"—He couldn't answer—The white-coat turned to someone standing beside him—"These 'winos,' these crummy, ragged bums! We haul 'em in all the time. Sometimes, like this, they get run down in traffic. Sometimes they just drink too much of the 'sneaky-pete' an' the shakes set in . . . This guy's a regular. I've seen him on the ward before . . . Crazy, old coot! Someday that cheap hooch'll kill him."

—PHILIP W. MURRAY





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