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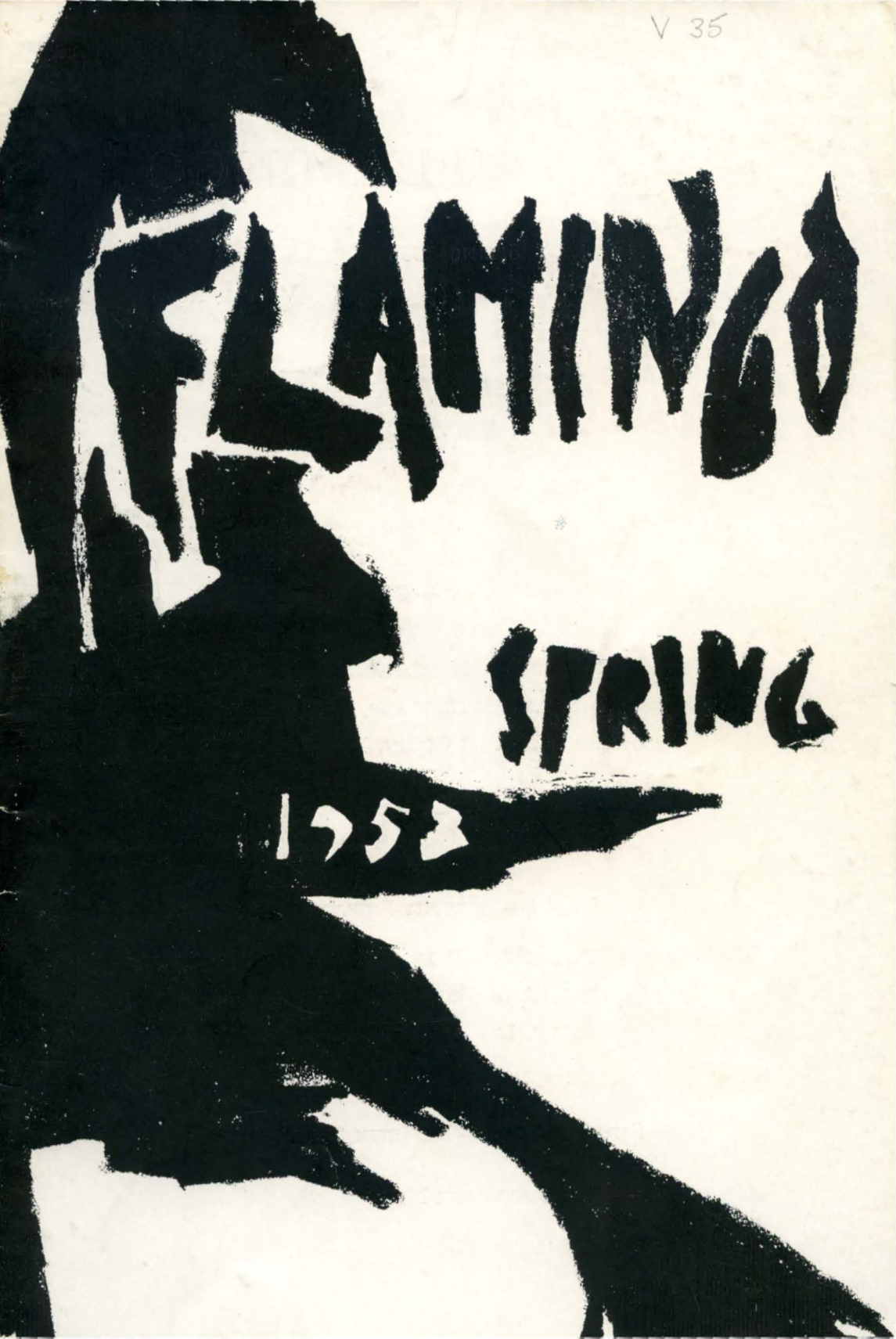
Flamingo, Spring, 1958, Vol. 35

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FLAMINGO

SPRING

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FLAMINGO

SPRING 1958

VOLUME No. 35

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Cover by Sue Bristol

The Flamingo is published at the end of the fall, winter, and spring terms by the students of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. This issue was printed by Robinsons — Printers & Lithographers — 2808 N. Orange Avenue, Orlando, Florida.

FAIR ENOUGH

JAMES STINGLEY

Jim, a senior English major, lives in Orlando, Fla. He has attended Stetson University and Alma College, Alma, Michigan. "Fair Enough" was inspired by Dr. Stone's Philosophy 308 course.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Wendell Cornell Stone

Alfred North Whitehead

John Dewey

Francis Bacon

Rene Descartes

Morris Cohen

(The stage is in darkness. Light reveals ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD and WENDELL CORNELL STONE seated opposite each other. There is another chair arranged semi-circularly with theirs, but at the moment it is unoccupied.)

Whitehead

I trust you realize, Wendell, that you have caused me immeasurable inconvenience.

Stone

But I didn't think you would mind coming back to earth for an hour or so, Al.

Whitehead

Surely I mind. You interrupted what I was becoming.

Stone

What were you becoming?

Whitehead

Who knows? I hadn't become it yet.

Stone

I see. Are you past being able to enjoy yourself, Al?

Whitehead

Of course not. I enjoy myself more and more.

Stone

I'm glad to hear that. I wouldn't have called you back except that I was suddenly struck with an idea how we can have ourselves some fun.

Whitehead

Fun! You never did take your philosophy seriously, Wendell.

Stone

On the contrary, Al. I take my philosophy philosophically. Is there any other way to take it?

Whitehead

Philosophically indeed. (Pauses) You have a point there, Wendell. I suppose I agree with you more or less, probably less, but we might as well let it go at that. Did you say you have some fun in mind?

Stone

I certainly do. (Leans forward) I have always wanted to see if philosophers were any different out of this world than they were in it. (Scrutinizes Whitehead) You look about as usual, Al.

Whitehead

Is that a compliment or an insult?

Stone

That depends on how you usually look. No, I mean if philosophers change their ideas, or their ways of thinking any? I doubt if they do. We philosophers are an ornery lot. Anyway, it will be like a trial only we'll be the prosecution, judge and jury. We'll take them one at a time. We'll have them outnumbered two to one. Are you interested?

Whitehead

I am definitely interested, but do you think it's very fair?

Stone

Fair enough. Besides, all's fair in philosophy and war.

Whitehead

Which will this be?

Stone

Ha, ha! A little bit of both.

Whitehead

Which philosophers do you have in mind? Where are you going to get them?

Stone

I've been wanting to get at four in particular. They left the world quite a while ago, but I've asked them to be with us for a few minutes. The first is Francis Bacon.

Whitehead

Good heavens! Do you do this sort of thing frequently, Wendell?

Stone

Only when the spirit moves me.

Whitehead

What spirit is that?

Stone

As long as the resulting movement is apparent, Al, let's not question the causal spirit.

Whitehead

And the Witch of Endor was considered shocking because she called up the ghost of poor old Samuel! Apparently you think nothing of doing this regularly.

Stone

Not regularly, Al, only —

Whitehead

I know, only when the spirit moves you.

Stone

Are you ready?

Whitehead

Whose philosophy are we going to represent, Wendell?

Stone

Why, yours, of course, Al. Is there any other worth representing?

Whitehead

Oh, aren't you the devoted disciple!

Stone

(Giving the suggestion of a bow)

I try to be, sir. Are you ready?

(Whitehead nods)

Stone

(Calling)

Enter, Mr. Bacon.

(FRANCIS BACON appears and comes toward vacant chair)

Whitehead

I don't remember him at all, Wendell. I don't believe I ever met him.

Stone

He was a little before your time, Al.

Whitehead

Oh.

Stone

(Motioning toward empty chair)

Have a seat, Mr. Bacon.

Bacon

Thank you.

Stone

What sort of place are you in now, Mr. Bacon?

Bacon

I really don't know much about it yet. I haven't been there very long, you know.

Stone

Something over three hundred years, hasn't it been?

Bacon

Yes, but it takes so very long to accumulate enough facts to form an opinion, you know.

Whitehead

You are unable to speak of your present surroundings in any manner?

Bacon

Why, sir, until I have gathered all the facts, how can I?

Whitehead

Do you mean that you have no ideas, no notions whatsoever about the place?

Bacon

I haven't accumulated enough examples to arrive at any conclusions yet.

Stone

And when do you feel you will have adequate facts?

Bacon

I really couldn't say, sir.

Stone

Would another three hundred years be a sufficient length of time?

Bacon

I have no idea how long —

Whitehead

Mr. Bacon, do you honestly consider your methods satisfactory?

Bacon

Satisfactory? Completely satisfactory, sir. They serve my purpose perfectly.

Stone

Just what is your purpose, Mr. Bacon?

Bacon

Why, my purpose is —

Whitehead

To squander not only your while lifetime but all eternity as well puttering about in smatterings of this and that?

Bacon

No, sir. I —

Stone

Have you anything else you wish to ask Mr. Bacon, Al?

Whitehead

Nothing, Wendell.

Stone

That will be all, Mr. Bacon.

Bacon

But you haven't been fair, not fair at all.

Whitehead

Fair enough.

Bacon

But I —

Stone

Exit, Mr. Bacon.

Bacon

But —

Stone

Exit!

(BACON looks as if he were about to shed tears, then silently rises and disappears)

Whitehead

You don't think we were too brusque with him, Wendell?

Stone

Certainly not!

Whitehead

(Gleefully)

You know, I'm beginning to enjoy this, Wendell. May I call in the next one?

Stone

Go right ahead. Descartes is his name.

Whitehead

Enter, Mr. Descartes.

(RENE DESCARTES appears and comes toward the vacant chair)

Whitehead

(Motioning toward it)

Please be seated.



Descartes
(Looking around blankly)

Where?

Whitehead
In that chair right beside you.

Descartes
Is there a chair beside me?

Whitehead
Of course there is a chair beside you.

Descartes
I doubt that.

Stone
Surely you cannot doubt there is a chair beside you, Mr.
Descartes.

Descartes
Sir, there is nothing that I cannot doubt.

Whitehead
Then you refuse to sit down?

Descartes
I am not sure there is a chair. I prefer to remain standing.

Whitehead
Well, stand, already! See if I care!

Stone
Don't become perturbed, Al.

Whitehead
I don't know what I'm becoming.

Stone
Now, Mr. Descartes. So glad you could join us.

Descartes
I doubt that.

Stone
I beg your pardon? Oh, yes. I suppose you do. Well, what
activities have you been engaged in lately?

Descartes
I doubt if I have been doing anything.

Stone
Couldn't you even make a wild guess at your present pursuits?

Descartes
I doubt if I could.

Stone
I see.

Descartes
I doubt that.

Stone
Really, Mr. Descartes. If you cannot be civil you may leave.
Descartes

I just arrived.

Whitehead

I doubt that.

Descartes

(Glowering at Whitehead)

Are you deliberately trying to be disagreeable, sir?

Whitehead

I, sir? I? (To Stone) Are you finished with him, Wendell?

Stone

Completely, Al.

Whitehead

That will be all, Mr. Descartes.

Descartes

You haven't been fair with me.

Stone

Fair enough.

Descartes

I doubt that.

Whitehead

Exit, Mr. Descartes.

Descartes

I doubt —

Whitehead

Exit!

(DESCARTES opens his mouth to express another doubt, but stifles the urge and turns and disappears. WHITEHEAD sinks back in his chair)

Stone

I'm sorry he got your goat, Al.

Whitehead

He did not get my goat. I have no goat to get. You know I despise nubians of any kind, Wendell. Please call in the next one.

Stone

Enter, Mr. Cohen.

(MORRIS COHEN appears and comes toward vacant chair)

Stone

Have a chair, please.

Cohen

Thank you.

Stone
What kind of work are you doing now, Mr. Cohen?

Cohen
I'm very glad you asked me. Some time ago I had an idea about what makes everything the way it is where I am. So far, from the tests I've put it to, it seems pretty true.

Stone
You haven't spent all your time collecting facts?

Cohen
Why, no.

Whitehead
You don't doubt everything there is?

Cohen
Of course not.

Stone
Quite an improvement.

Cohen
Improvement? Over what?

Whitehead
Over some of the other procedures we've encountered recently. It's a decided improvement.

Stone
Do you have anything more to say, Al?

Whitehead
Not a word.

Stone
Thank you for coming, Mr. Cohen. Have a pleasant journey back.

Cohen
But I'm not through telling you about what I'm doing yet.

Stone
Yes you are.

Cohen
You had me start and now you won't let me finish.

Stone
We have enjoyed talking with you, Mr. Cohen.

Cohen
But that isn't fair.

Whitehead
Fair enough.

Cohen
But —

Stone

Exit, Mr. Cohen.

Cohen

Very well then.

(COHEN rises and disappears)

Whitehead

That man has some sense in his head, Wendell.

Stone

He's a relief after the others. Do you wish to call in Dewey?
He's the last one.

Whitehead

Splendid. (Calling) Enter, Mr. Dewey.

(JOHN DEWEY appears and
comes toward vacant chair)

Whitehead

Won't you sit down?

Dewey

Thank you, I will. (Sits)

Whitehead

Mr. Dewey, what philosophical problems have you confronted
since you left this world?

Dewey

The problems are even bigger where I am now than here.
Believe it or not, that's true. I ran into a monster of one right
away. I looked around, found some facts relating to it, got
some ideas, put them all together, shook them up and out came
an answer. When I tested it, it turned out to be wrong, so I
went back and shook the whole concoction all over again and
tried another answer and the problem was ended. At least I
thought it was, but really —

Whitehead

Thank you, Mr. Dewey. You sound as if you are doing very
well indeed.

Stone

You haven't spent all your time collecting facts?

Dewey

Why, no.

Whitehead

You don't doubt everything there is?

Dewey

Of course not.

Whitehead

Are you finished, Wendell?

Stone

Absolutely.

Whitehead

It has been a pleasure talking with you, Mr. Dewey.

Dewey

Are we through already?

Whitehead

We are.

Oh. Well, in that case, I guess I'd better say "So long." So long.

(DEWEY rises and disappears)

Whitehead

Thank you for coming, Mr. Dewey.

Stone

Come again.

Whitehead

A fine fellow. A fine fellow.

Stone

They never change.

Whitehead

Who never changes?

Stone

Philosophers. They're always the same.

Whitehead

They're constantly changing. We all are, Wendell. We're all becoming.

Stone

I suppose we don't notice any changes because we all change together. Could that be possible, Al?

Whitehead

Entirely possible, Wendell. Entirely possible. (Pauses and then rises) I'd better be running along myself. Got to get back to the process, you know.

Stone

You're going off too, Al? It isn't fair to leave me all alone.

Whitehead

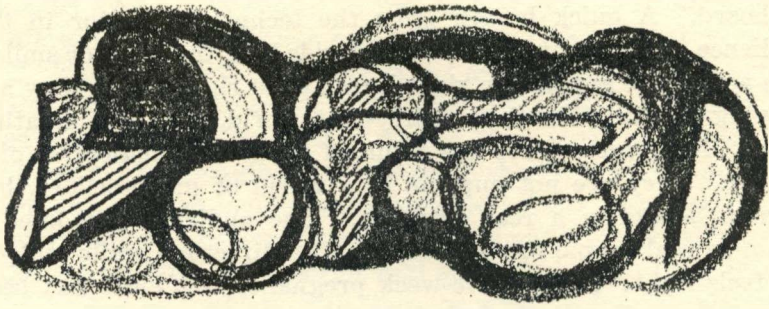
Fair enough, Wendell. That's part of philosophy, and we always take our philosophy philosophically, remember. (Smiles) Fair enough?

Stone

(Smiling)

Fair enough.

(WHITEHEAD disappears and STONE sits looking after him as the stage returns to darkness)



THE BIRTH OF A PLAY

SALLY REED

A Theatre Arts major, Sally is from Charlottesville, Virginia. This is her first contribution to the Flamingo. She is a sophomore.

The lights dim; the audience is quieting; a woman in the fourth row makes a final comment to her neighbor; it is twilight in the theatre. Outside, the ushers store away their leftover programs and light their cigarettes; the girl in the box office stifles a yawn and collects her receipts. The lobby is empty, no sound may be heard but the prolonged rustle of the curtain as it rises on a new world. The first words are spoken, and the play has begun.

On the other side of the stage is quiet too, but a different kind of quiet. It is the quiet of a child the instant after it has been spanked, the instant before it screams out. But backstage during a performance, this instant must last some two hours. Crises must be met, problems solved: the misplaced prop, the lost actor, the light that doesn't work, the ripped costume, the curtain that won't go down — all this without the human release of a verbal outburst. The backstage crew during a performance are deaf mutes; they have worked out a sign language that only they understand. All eyes are on the stage manager who has one eye on the players and one on the script. His arm is the baton which leads his orchestra: one motion, the lights go up; another, the special spotlight flashes on; still another, and music

is heard. A quick breath from the technical director in the audience — the *right* music; And beside him, the director smiles. His actors are saying the right lines at the right times, they are moving naturally in their thirty-foot world, they are creating lives. Their actions are the result of a past and indicative of a future. They are not puppets in a world of make-believe, but human beings in a real situation. The audience responds to them as real people to real people. The director's smile widens, he feels light: after a five-week pregnancy, his child has been born. Regarding it, he finds it justifies the labor; it is not still-born, but a creation having heart and soul as well as two arms and ten fingers.

Behind the actual birth, what of the pregnancy? How did the finished product happen to be so perfect? This was no accident; from the moment of conception all efforts are concentrated, every waking thought is given to the creation and perfection of the new life.

While the human mother must take the genes assigned her, the director may choose his determining genes. This is done by a process known as casting. Those genes interested in becoming part of the "baby" are assembled and the "mother" director makes his choice. A hard decision to make: Should the baby have blue eyes or brown, must his hair be red or black, his skin dark or light? The mother must think of the complete picture of the child and choose those elements which will be most effective and beneficial. Once this is done, with many misgivings, the baby's circulatory system is chosen. These are the people who will make it run efficiently: stage manager, light technicians, make-up men, prop girls, curtain-pullers, specialists for every phase of theatre. So the embryo is formed, and now it must be developed.

The elements are present, what is lacking in life. The genes must supply it. The actor has only himself to work with; he has no canvas and paint, no paper and pencil, only his own mind, heart, soul, and body with which to create an existence at once his own and apart from him. Unlike the popular conception of acting, the actor does *not* become the person he is portraying. No, Hamlet must always be aware that he is Sir Laurence Olivier, but Sir Laurence Olivier in a very particular situation. The feelings he has are always his, but through a process of justification his own feelings become those Shakespeare meant Hamlet to feel. This is a very difficult and delicate process which requires an intense concentration on the part of the actor. It is

achieved by what is known as the "magic IF". The actor says to himself, "If my mother had killed my father, what would I do?" Then he has the problem of his own mother, who is not at all like Hamlet's. So he must go deeper with his "magic if." He must suppose that his mother was of the nature of the Queen. He must put his imagination to hard work with only the author's script and his own mental and emotional apparatus to assist. He must vividly and concretely create for himself a past which will make the present of the script real and believable. Once this is done, he has no problem with lines, or what to do with his arms and legs. He is so familiar with the situation and has done his preparation of an imagined past so well that his words are natural and the result of something that has gone before, not a recitation learned for the occasion.

An actor always has something active to do. If the playwright has not indicated his action in the script, the actor must supply his own. This is not physical activity necessarily; the actor's action may be merely to decide "something," but not something "in general" — something *specific*. He concentrates his entire being on that action and once it is accomplished, moves to the next. Thus the whole script may be viewed as a continuous stream of actions, each with a purpose behind it; the objective. If the actions and objectives are well-chosen, they should all work toward the accomplishment of the character's super-objective, the reason why he is in the play, the purpose he must accomplish in relation to the over-all meaning.

This beginning work is all relative — if the actor's conception of his actions doesn't agree with the director's, the actor must change. This involves a re-evaluation of the whole part and imagined past to make the new interpretation wholly believable.

The director, if he is a good one, will rarely do this. His job is to coordinate the actors' differences into a cohesive whole, to make suggestions that will give the actor a new slant on the part, to bring him unconsciously to *his* interpretation of the play.

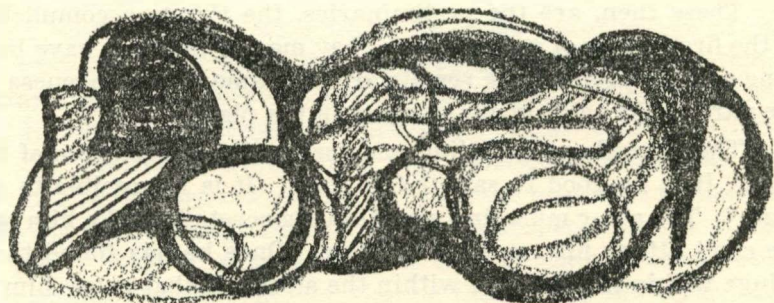
These then, are the preliminaries, the things accomplished in the first weeks of rehearsals. They may or may not have been done consciously, but the results are the same: an awareness on the part of the actor of his purpose in the play.

The next phase is finding and *feeling* the experiences of the part. It is no good to say "I feel sad." It is impossible to act "sad." The actor must find something concrete to make him sad. He can't attack his emotions directly. Once he has found those things within himself and within the situation that cause him to

experience the emotion, his job is to keep the emotion fresh, to be able to experience it again and again in the same degree. This is far from easy, but not impossible. It involves the complete submersion of the actor in the past he has created and the present of the script. Once the audience has seen an actor experiencing a genuine emotion, it can tell the imitation, no matter how cleverly it is done. It is this rarity: the presence of a human emotion, which makes the theatre continue as an art form. For no matter how many colored elephants Hollywood assembles, no matter how many hairy-chested Bible characters sit on them, the whole picture bears the same relationship to art as comic books to Picasso, because there is no *feeling* there; no emotion with which an audience can empathize.

However, to get back to the main subject, the creation of a work of art; it is now the final week of rehearsals. The production is taking form, it is beginning to become something. The technical side now develops. Lighting is worked out, costumes decided on, prop people supply the right things at the right times, programs are designed and written, the stage manager checks a thousand details a hundred times and once more just to make sure. The big night is approaching all too fast. There is last minute despair, the certainty that nothing will go right. The last dress rehearsal seems to prove it. Everyone concerned with the show wishes he was back in his old job — this is a crazy business. Tempers flare, all control seems gone - - - then . . .

The lights dim; the audience is quieting; a woman in the fourth row makes a final comment to her neighbor; it is twilight in the theatre. Outside, the ushers store away their leftover programs and light their cigarettes; the girl in the box office stifles a yawn and collects her receipts. The lobby is empty. No sound may be heard but the prolonged rustle of the curtain as it rises on a new world. The first words are spoken, and the play has begun.



'LIFE' GOES TO A HOLLYWOOD FUNERAL

Adhering to its policy of having complete news coverage, both factual and human, of all the happenings in the world, LIFE went to the funeral of Thurman Twitchedee, the famous movie star of silent pictures. Although known in the 20's as the idol of millions of Flappers, Twitchedee has lived out his remaining years in privacy, except for an occasional T.V. appearance and a recent comeback attempt.

So complete had been his retreat from the limelight that LIFE could be present at Twitchedee's funeral only after extensive arrangements and agreements with the deceased's relatives. Some of the clauses in the contract included: simplicity in presentation; number of pictures of Twitchedee in article not to exceed four per page, or two if in color; a limited number of reporters to be allowed at the cemetery, unless from a syndicated newspaper, and only *one* (and this the bereaved family made imperative) only *one* television company to be allowed at the grave and definitely no kinescope rights.

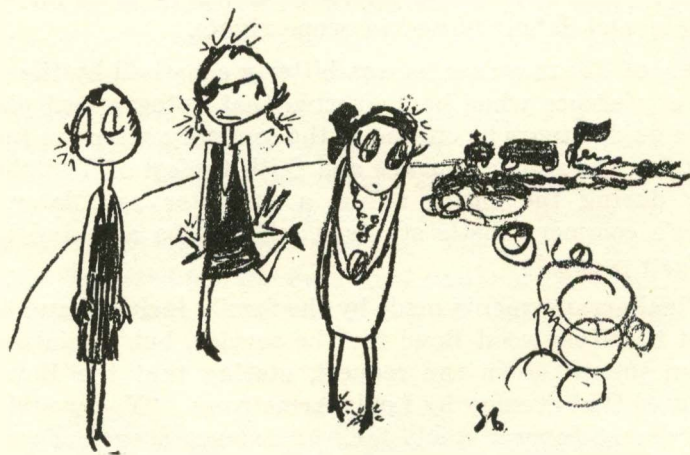
One of Thurman's sons was bitterly chastised by the others at the conference when he suggested that autographed pictures and the guided tours be offered at the cemetery after the funeral. Displaying the simple courage and faith typical of Twitchedee's family during the entire affair, a daughter said later, "My brother's commercialistic stunts would not be accepted by the American people."

Final arrangements made by the family included an attempt to rent the Hollywood Bowl for the service, but officials of the stadium turned down the request, stating that the Bowl was being used that evening by Louis Armstrong. "You would think that a decent funeral would take precedence over that immoral trash," uttered Twitchedee's twelfth cousin, who had flown in from Mississippi for the funeral and for the reading of the will.

The actual funeral was in charge of a funeral home in Beverly Hills that said it had buried Valentino, and would do the same fine job for Thurman. Within an hour after the statement of the undertaker was in the papers, another firm in Glenives called to say that it was a lie and that it had buried Valentino and wished a retraction immediately. A similar argu-

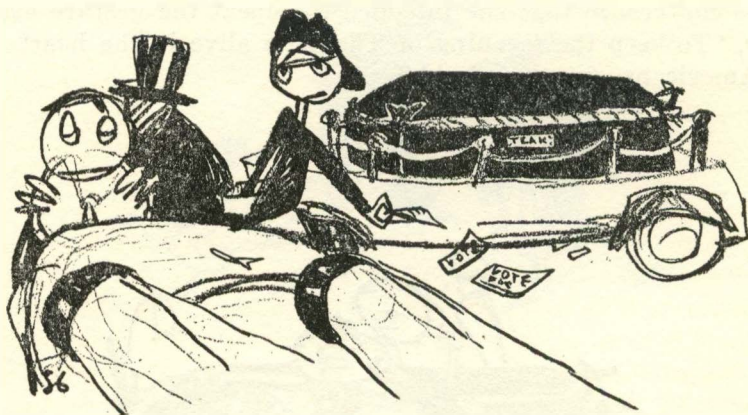
ment arose over the type of casket to be used. After the press announced that it would be cypress, several of Twitchedee's fans of the "Northwest Washington Teakwood Lovers' Association" wired that Thurman must be buried in Teak. After some bitter words with the "Everglade Cypress Fanciers," a compromise was proposed, half and half. Said a step-aunt-in-law of Twitchedee's as she stepped off a boat from Nova Scotia for the funeral, and for the reading of the will, "All this casket business just makes one realize how much Herman was loved."

LIFE had its camera and reporters on hand the morning of the third when Thurman was taken from the city morgue (after the Valentino hassel neither mortician would take him,) to the viewing at the cemetery. In the words of one of LIFE's on-the-spot commentators, "It's an unbelievable sight, folks. People are lined up, as far as we can see, from the morgue to Fairhaven Memorial Park, and the most amazing thing, the most inspiring tribute to Twitchedee, is his fans of yesteryear. Hundreds of women in their fifties and sixties are standing in their old flappers, gazing with tears in their eyes up the street where Thurman's hearse is slowly, very slowly, moving down this way."



"Seen from procession coming down Broadhurst Avenue from the morgue. Twitchedee's coffin is in background. Four girls in foreground in flapper costumes are 'Miss Bring Back the Speakeasy' of 1958 and her court."

“Wait a minute, folks, here it comes, here comes the procession. In the first car, the Cadillac convertible approximately in midnight black, is the minister and several city officials.”

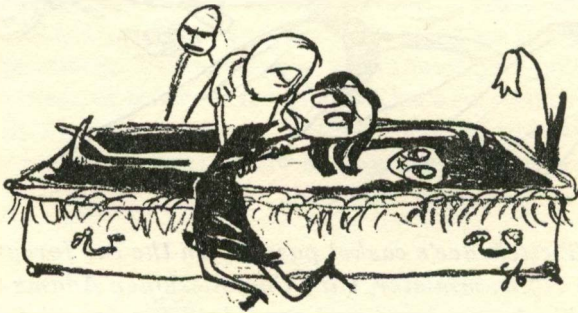


“Twitchedee’s casket passes. In the car foreground left to right, minister, City Commissioner Adams wearing a black arm band and candidate for firechief McIntyre, man with firehat banded in black crepe.”

LIFE learned that the Twitchedee estate went to much expense and trouble before it could find a minister which it felt could deliver an appropriate sermon at the grave. As fate would have it, many of the Hollywood ministers happened to be previously committed to out-of-town services that day and so Thurman’s relatives chose the Reverend Griswald of Wilderness Bluff, Utah. Reverend Griswald, upon accepting the invitation said, “The fact that I have been chosen to speak at the funeral of such a great and beloved radio personality leaves me with little more to say than . . . (for a copy of this speech and “Griswald’s Graveside Orations” send 25c to Reverend Griswald and Company, Wilderness Bluff, Utah).

LIFE was also at the viewing and its reporter and photographers reported that the sorrow and grief on the faces of

those present were indeed a moving sight. At 11:30 a.m. a woman pushed her way through the crowd and fell across the open coffin. She was dressed in what our fashion editor calls a stunning black sheath, with three-quarter sleeves and a high-necked collar. Her face was covered with a veil, and even after police dragged her away from the coffin, she remained somewhat a mystery. "The Lady in Black" did say however in the press conference that she intended to repeat the gesture every year, "To keep the meaning of Thurman alive in the hearts of all Americans, young and old."

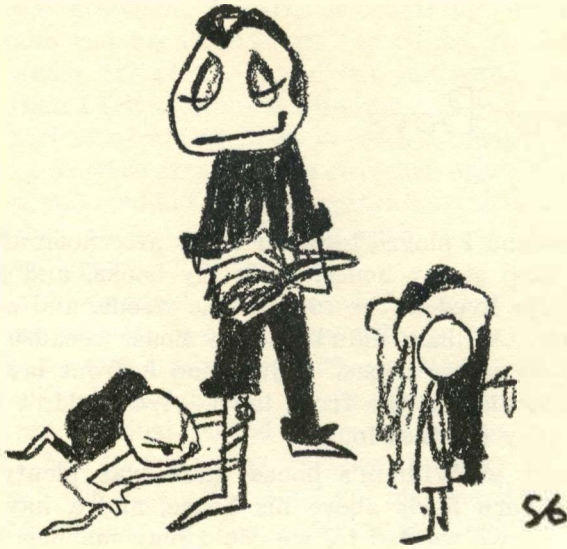


"Lady in black on casket, officers O'Malley, Smith to the right with arms around waist, smiling, pulling her off."

The service was beautiful and Reverend Griswald's oratory was magnificent. He hardly used the crep-draped cue cards and always looked solemnly into the camera.

Only once did proceedings go amiss. This brief occurred when one of Twitchedee's pall bearers (six of his leading ladies) stumbled and almost fell over a grave marker. Being a real trouper she righted herself and the procession continued.

The highlight of the service which ended the whole afternoon occurred as Twitchedee was being lowered into the grave. One of Thurman's cousins, a young aspiring actor named Rock Steele, in uncontrollable grief, lept into the open grave.



“Steele pictured smiling grimly as he is treated for a sprained ankle after his dramatic gesture. ‘I felt I had to do it.’”

LIFE has covered many events from Grace Kelly’s marriage to Grace Kelly’s baby, but Thurman Twitchedee’s funeral was its most meaningful work. Surely the memory of Twitchedee’s modest nature will never die, and the man himself can be summed up in his epitaph, which Thurman wrote himself before his death:

“If I have been able to help anyone in my lifetime, then I have not lived in vain.”

TODD PERSONS

Todd, a senior English major, is from Hightstown, New Jersey. This is his first contribution to the Flamingo.

Two Boys

William and I played together every afternoon after school. We would stop at my house, leave my books, and go over to his house. He lived in the edge of the woods, and a creek ran by his house. William didn't like my house because there was nothing to do at my house. I just had a front lawn, and we didn't like to play in the front lawn. We couldn't even draw a circle to play marbles in.

But over at William's house there was plenty of room. There were corn fields above his house, and a hay field, and the creek. If we wanted to, we could play marbles in the dirt road that went up to his house. William's mother would let us do anything. She would even let us go into the woods and play all afternoon, or wade down the creek.

Sometimes William and I put on old leather shoes and waded down the creek. In some places bushes grew over the water and we had to stoop to get under them. Farther down the creek there was a bridge. William and I sloshed underneath, and sometimes yelled "boo" at the dark. We could hear cars pass over the bridge too. But we didn't go much farther from home than the bridge. We knew that there were houses along the creek below the bridge, and we were afraid to go down that far. William said the people kept dogs that would bite you.

But the creek fascinated us, and especially the minnows, lizards, and frogs that we caught in the creek. I have never understood why William and I were so cruel to these creatures. But we were. We would spend the whole afternoon catching them. And then we would kill them.

We caught them by building a dam across the creek. We pulled grasses from the banks, soil clung to the roots, and this we laid in the water. We had to work fast in order to get the dam started. Sometimes we used a shovel to scoop up sand and grass sod. But usually we pulled up the grasses, roots and all, with our hands.

After the dam was built, and water began to pond up, we took an old syrup bucket and waded down the creek. Below the dam the water was gone and we could see the rocks and sand that the creek flowed over. In the still puddles we felt

for minnows, crawfish, lizards, or anything we could find. William would run his hand along the banks, feeling for minnows, and under the rocks. I did too, but sometimes I would jerk back when I felt a minnow wiggling. It might be a lizard, and I was sort of afraid of them because I thought they would bite. Both of us were afraid of the crawfish, especially in muddy water where you couldn't see their pinchers. William said that if they latched on to your fingers with their pinchers, they wouldn't turn loose until it thundered.

Sometimes we could see minnows fluttering in the shallow water, trying to swim to the deeper holes so they wouldn't die. Occasionally we found minnows with red stripes on their sides, and these I liked best of all. If they were fluttering in the shallow water, we just picked them up and put them in the bucket. We had to work fast because the dam wouldn't hold the creek back for long. The pond got big and the dam always broke in the middle, and the water rushed out. I remember one day I almost had my hands on a big minnow when the muddy water came. I wasn't looking and it wet my pant legs. Usually I rolled my pant legs up above my knees because mother didn't like for me to come home with my clothes wet.

William and I figured out different ways to kill the things we caught. Sometimes we would take the minnows out of the water and watch them squirm and gasp for air. But the lizards and crawfish could live out of the water for a long time. We pulled the pinchers off the crawfish so they couldn't get us, but that didn't kill them. One day I got an idea. I suggested that we boil them. We could play like we were cooking supper.

I got three large rocks while William was gathering dry sticks. I placed the rocks so there was a place to lay the sticks. Then we set the bucket of lizards and crawfish on the rocks, the burning sticks underneath.

I stuck my finger in the water and it wasn't even warm yet. But the lizards were trying to climb out. The crawfish couldn't climb, so they just stayed on the bottom. But as the water got warmer, they would swim to the top of the water, and wiggle their tails.

William suggested that if any lizard could climb out we should let it live. One lizard, a large black spring-lizard, did just that. He found a rusty place on the bucket and managed to climb out. I watch his head peeking over the rim, and didn't know if he could make it out or not. But he did, and fell on the rock. I started to pick him up and put him back in the creek. But when I touched him, he opened his mouth like he wanted to bite me. "This one wants to play," I said. I took a

blade of grass and ran it over the lizard's mouth and eyes. But the lizard wouldn't open its mouth any more. This made me angry and I flipped him off the rock and into the fire. I would have put him back in the creek if he hadn't tried to bite me.

The sticks of wood had burned up now, so we took the bucket off the fire. The lizards were floating on top of the water. We had planned to cut them up with our pocket-knives like they were for supper, but we decided to pour them back into the creek. The lizards floated away on top of the water, but the crawfish sank. They looked yellowish like potato peelings. The biggest one, though, wasn't quite dead, and it crawled under a rock. "We'll catch him some other time," said William.

One afternoon William and I caught just frogs — no minnows or lizards. We didn't have to build a dam to do this. We just walked along the banks. When the frogs heard us coming, they jumped into the water. We knew that they always hid under the banks. So we felt along the banks with our hands and caught them. Besides, they stirred up the mud and sand when they jumped, and we could tell by the muddy water where they had gone.

It was in early spring and all the frogs were small. We caught some tadpoles, but we threw them back. William caught a big mother frog, and he put her in the bucket with the rest of them. We had started as soon as school was out that afternoon, and in an hour or two he had caught a bucketfull of frogs.

They had been hard to catch, and we had to get some fun out of them. "Let's shoot them with our sling-shots," suggested William. Both of us carried sling-shots, and we had our pockets full of small round pebbles. So we poured the frogs, except the mother, out in the grass above the creek. Immediately they started hopping back toward the creek. A few were turned around, and started jumping in the wrong direction.

We let these go, and shot at the ones jumping toward the creek. A few got back into the water, but most of them didn't. Some got back because we were shooting too fast, and didn't take good aim. But the ones we hit really splashed over the ground.

"What are we going to do with the mother frog?" I asked. William said he was going to show me something real funny. He could catch frogs, shoot his slingshot, and do almost everything a little better than I could. So I watched William as he took the mother frog in his hands and walked toward the creek.

William turned the frog over on its back and showed me a hole between its hind legs. "That's where the baby frogs come from," he said. "Watch." Then he cut a small, hollow reed

from the creek bank and smoothed off one end. This end he inserted into the frog and blowed on the other end with his mouth. The frog began to swell up before me. William blowed for a little while and then stopped. Now the frog was so fat that when he thumped it on the stomach it sounded like a drum. I laughed, and William put the mother frog into the water like a boat. She floated on top for a little while, but gradually she got smaller, and sank, and swam back under the creek bank. I had never seen a frog done like this before.



When summer came, and school was out, I spent the whole day at William's house. There was always something to do where William lived. We picked wild strawberries in the woods above his house, and ate them. Sometimes we climbed the smaller hickory nut trees and rode them to the ground. They always straightened up again unless you rode them down too many times. But we had to be careful doing this. We usually went back into the woods because if William's father caught him riding down trees he would give him a whipping. I saw William get a whipping one day, and his father used a belt. Both of us

were afraid of William's father when it came to riding down trees.

I liked to play with William so much that I wouldn't even go home for dinner. Sometimes we ate a sandwich at William's house, but usually we didn't eat anything. Or maybe we would eat some wild strawberries or blackberries. But when I went home for supper I really was hungry. Mother always wanted me to eat dinner, but usually William and I were up in the woods and couldn't hear her when she called for me to come and eat dinner.

Practically every day William and I took our slingshots into the woods to kill birds. We always tried to see who could shoot the most. Some birds, like the mockingbird or brown thrasher, were easy to kill. Brown thrashers stayed in thorn bushes and in blackberry patches most of the time, and I could creep up real close to them. If the thrash were a big one, sometimes the first pebble would only knock the breath out of him, or break a wing, and I would have to shoot him again after he fell out of the thorn bush. But William showed me how to make iron slugs, and these cut into the bird so that it couldn't get away after you hit it and hide in the bushes somewhere. I despised to carry iron slugs in my pockets though because they rubbed against my leg. Made by breaking cast iron into little pieces with a hammer, these slugs were jagged, but heavy and shot very straight. I usually carried only four or five of these, and shot them only on special occasions.

A blue jay or yellow hammer was such an occasion. William and I had rather kill one of these birds than any, except maybe, a red headed woodpecker. But these were the hardest to kill. It was difficult to even get a decent shot at them. They usually perched high in the treetops, and flew whenever a twig snapped. I remember getting under a big oak tree one day. A yellow hammer was about halfway up the trunk of the tree, clinging on the trunk. He moved round and round the tree, searching for worms. Soon he came to a place where there were no limbs in my way. I could see him plain as day, and, my iron slug already loaded in the leather pouch, I pulled back the rubbers of my slingshot. But one of the rubbers broke. Still, the yellow hammer did not fly away. I was in misery, having lost such a chance. Maybe I could sneak away to where William was waiting, watching me, get his slingshot, and come back. I did, but when I returned the bird was gone.

But before the summer was gone I killed a yellow hammer, a blue jay, a woodpecker, a blue bird, a cardinal, and every kind

of bird that I knew, even a hummingbird. It was fun killing the birds, but William and I had more fun collecting their wings. At William's house, in his father's hay loft, we had several pieces of pine wood. We smoothed these up real good with sandpaper and nailed a pair of wing on each one. There was a little meat on each wing, and we drove a flat-headed paper tack through this part. We had to lay ears of corn on the wings for a day or two so that they would stay spread out on the wood like we wanted them.

I remember the day that I killed a red headed woodpecker. The top limbs of a sourwood tree were dead, and it was perched way up there. I was a little anxious, but I took good aim, and hit it. The woodpecker fell to the ground, and I ran to where it was so it couldn't get away. I had been lucky. The iron slug had just barely hit the bill, but enough to cause blood to come out. I hadn't broken the wing or anything.

I felt in my pocket for my knife, but I couldn't find it. I never could stand to cut a bird's wings off after it got cold, so I looked around for something sharp. I found an old milk bottle and broke the neck off. With the jagged edges I managed to saw and tear the wings off. The bone was the toughest part, but I could fix this better when I started to mount the wings.

Lying on the ground without wings, the body of the woodpecker was pretty. Even more than the wings because the wings were dullish black. I wondered why the wings didn't have pretty red feathers like the head. But I was proud to have gotten the woodpecker. William's eyes would really light up when he saw it.

William had not gone into the woods that day because his father made him work in the corn field. The corn was shoulder high now, and roast'neers were ripe enough to sell. William's father wanted to gather the corn before it started to get hard.

The next day William didn't have to work. When I came over to his house, he was real excited. He told me that yesterday he had seen a skung go through his father's cornfield and into a gully. Weeds grew in the gully, and no corn was planted there because you couldn't drive a tractor across the gully. "I'll bet she has got some little skunks in that gully," William said. "Let's go find out."

Sure enough we found a little skunk in the woods. William and I hoped we could get it out before the mother skunk returned. We didn't want to catch it. It smelled too bad anyway. We wanted to get it out in the cornfield so we could watch it walk. It was shiny black, with a white stripe down its back.

We got behind it, and it went into the cornfield. It was so little that it couldn't walk very fast. William got in a row of corn, I was in a row of corn, and the skunk was between us. We rode herd on the skunk like it was a cow, yelling and shouting at it if it tried to get out of the row of corn it was walking in. The wind was blowing toward me and I got an occasional whiff of skunk-scent. I watched it raise its tail. But the skunk was too young to do any good, and besides, it had used up all the odors in its body, we had walked it so far. But it kept going. I guess the sound of our feet behind it just about scared it to death.

"What are we going to do with it?" I asked. William said that skunks sucked chicken eggs, and he was going to kill it. We were close to William's house, so he called his hound dog named "Blue." "Blue" came running through the corn, but he stopped when he saw the little skunk. He started to smell of it, but backed away and growled. The skunk crouched against the ground, its tail raised, its eyes flashing. "Sick him!" said William. And fast as lightning "Blue" grabbed the skunk. He shook it viciously by the neck, and dropped it to the ground. "Good boy, Blue," said William. Blue was a good dog, and William's father had promised to get me one like him, but I couldn't keep him where I lived.

It wouldn't be long now until William and I had to go back to school. Fox grapes were getting greener and bigger, and this meant it would frost before long. One sourwood tree in the woods was covered over with these grapevines. It was a cool, shady place, and William and I were lying under the tree one afternoon.

"Wonder what's up in this tree, under them grapevines," William said.

"I don't know," I answered. "Let's climb it and find out."

So William and I climbed up into the tree, him first. I could hear William pushing the vines aside so he could grab hold of the limbs and lift himself up. I was just behind him when he said, "Ssssh. I see something on this next limb." I waited, and William crept a little higher.

Then he reached his hand down to give me something. It was a baby night owl. I took it in my hand, and he gave me another. "Jump down," he said. "There are two more. I'll bring them." So we had four baby owls. William described to me how they were sitting in the dark asleep. In our hands they were soft and grey and would wrap their feet around our fingers. They couldn't fly. "Let's take them over to my house," I suggested.

We carried the owls over to my house to show them to my mother. I called her when we got in the front lawn, but she wasn't at home. Then I remembered that it was Friday, and she had gone to town to shop for groceries.

William sat his two owls in a pear tree which grew in my front lawn. And I sat mine on the limb beside his. The four owls stared at us with big brown eyes. They blinked every now and then and we could see the film that came down over their eyes when they blinked. "Wake up," I said, and I shook the tree limb. But they didn't fall off. They could hang on real good with their feet.

William started to pick one of his up, but it didn't want to turn loose of the tree limb. William stood looking at the owls for a minute, and then he started backing away. I knew what he was going to do. The owls did look sassy sitting on the limb, four in a row.

William drew back the rubber of his slingshot to shoot one of the owls. "Wait a minute," I said. "Let's use marbles." And I ran into my house and got a handful of marbles. I gave William half of them, and we got ready to shoot the owls.

William had started to shoot before, so he had the first shot. He hit the first owl smack in the breast, and it pitched forward—but its feet didn't turn loose of the limb. The owl was hanging upside down with its feet still clutched around the limb. I killed the second one the same way, and it didn't fall to the ground either, but clung to the limb. I don't know why.

William's next shot grazed the wing of the third owl and it didn't fall. It just sat there looking at William. This made him real mad, and he aimed for the head of the owl instead of the breast. I watched William. "Don't get any closer," I complained. "That's not fair." So William stepped back to where he was supposed to shoot from. He took careful aim, the owl



watching, but the marble whizzed by the owl's head and didn't hit it. I didn't laugh at William because we never laughed at each other when we missed a shot. I knew he would get the owl next time anyway. He did, right between the eyes. I was glad because my mother would be back from town soon, and I didn't want her to see us.

I didn't want to miss and cause the owl any pain so I shot the last one straight in the breast. The marble hit high on the breast bone, and the owl fell backwards instead of forwards. I was proud of this, but it still clung to the tree limb like the rest of them. I don't believe you can knock an owl off a limb with a slingshot.

The owls didn't look dead the way they hung on to the limb. But we had to take our fingers and pry their feet loose from the limb, one at a time. I don't guess they knew they were holding on to the limb like that. William had wanted me to cut the pear limb off since it was a small one. "Then they can all stay together on their limb," he had said. But I told him my dad would see the tree when he came home from work, and I would get a whipping. So we took the owls off one at a time. Since we didn't have any place at my house to put them, we carried them back over to William's house and threw them in the creek. William carried two, and I carried two.

The next day, William and I went back to the sourwood tree covered with grapevines, but we never saw the mother owl. We tried to eat a bunch of foxgrapes, but they were too sour. It hadn't frosted on them yet, and when it did we would have to go back to school. School to me was a frosty morning when I had to put on my mackinaw coat and say "goodbye" to mother. I always stuffed my spelling book under my belt so I could walk with my hands in my coat pockets.

BILL PACE

Bill, a senior English major, is from Canton, North Carolina. The technique of speaking through a young boy, as used in this story, was suggested by Huckleberry Finn.

*The snow swirled
silently,
the gray stones
stood
in the maze —
rows, endless rows
of ended dreams.*

*White marble,
a tribute
to the past.
The guard marches
solemnly,
the onlookers are quiet,
a salute,
the ceremony is ended.*

*The amphitheatre,
empty,
footprints cross
the snow-filled state;
the columns
are frosted,
pure,
like the snow.*

*In the background
sounds crowd
the silence.
Airplanes roar,
the highway is busy;
but all faintly fade
into the whirling
whiteness.*

*Military heels click
sharply,
the rifle cracks
in the stillness;
the snow softly steals
through the air,
falling steadily
on the living —
and the dead.*

ARLINGTON IN SHADES

*Ron, a junior, is an English major. He
is currently studying at the American
University, Washington, D. C.*

RON ATWOOD

A Saga of the Old West

ROBERT FLEMING

Bob is a freshman from Canton, North Carolina. This manuscript was written for Prof. Mendell's class in freshman composition.

It's Saturday morning. You walk over to your television set, twist the little knob, and sit in the most comfortable chair in the room. You're ready to watch another western movie starring Harry Handsome and Penelope Prudence, the eternal pair who lead you through chills, spills, and thrills each and every week through the courtesy of Soggy Toasties, the most wonderful cereal made for growing boys and girls. Yes, the western movie has become an institution in our land. It has saved the movie industry from financial ruin; it has provided many horses with a good bag of oats; it has taught thousands of children that justice is always served. But what makes a true western movie? What must a film editor put on a reel that will uphold the name of the western and show the spirit of The Great West?

First, there must be a hero. This hero must be at least six feet tall, have broad shoulders, a slender waistline, and slim, muscular legs, must have either a black or a white hat with the brim turned up, must have two guns neatly holstered around his waist or one gun hanging low on his hip, and must have his long wavy hair precisely combed. He is accompanied by a sidekick, a hapless sort of individual who is constantly getting our hero into embarrassing situations. Our hero rides a golden palomino he has raised from a pony which is the fastest horse in the country. But these are only the minor physical aspects of our ideal. The important things about him are his undaunted courage in the face of any danger, his unflinching knowledge of right and wrong which never lets him make a mistake, his unerring instinct which tells him who the real bad man is three minutes after the picture opens, his undying faithfulness to his

friends and his horse, his ever present sympathy for the underdog, and his endurance in fighting to preserve law and order in the land. Thus, we have him, the great Hero.

Once there is a Hero, he must be shown off. What better way could there be to show the sterling qualities he possesses than to contrast him with the bad men? Now there must be two bad men in a picture. There is the obvious one, the unshaven, fat, scowling character who stands at the bar with his thumbs hooked over his gun belt, who wears a black, greasy hat pulled down low over his forehead, and who downs whiskey a glass at a gulp. But this chap is just the stooge for the Real Brain behind the operations, and is the apparent leader of The Mean Gang who plunder, murder, rustle, and rob. The Real Brain of the Gang is a respected citizen of the town who may be president of the cattlemen's association, the local banker, or the head of the vigilante committee. He wears a grey suit, vest, broad-brimmed hat, keeps a determined look on his face, and makes little nervous movements such as looking at his watch or flicking away his cigar ashes. He is double-crossing everyone, including his own gang, but no one knows this except the Hero.

Now that there is a Hero and some villains, there must be some action between them. One place where action is guaranteed is the saloon. Action in saloons falls into three different categories of fights. The first is the two man fight between Hero and the apparent leader, Stupid Stooge. Hero nonchalantly walks up to the bar and orders a glass of milk. The guy on his left, Stupid, says, "Whatsamatter, won't your mommy let you drink yet?" Hero says, "Are you trying to start something?" Stupid replies, "Yeah" and takes a swing at Hero. Hero dodges the first swing but catches the second in the stomach and grimaces with pain. He quickly recovers, however, grabs Stupid around the waist, wrestles him to the floor, and fights with him until the director of the picture says to stop when he then knocks Stupid cold with a right to the jaw, gets up, brushes himself off and walks back to the bar. The second type is the general free-for-all. It usually occurs between the cattlemen and the shearers, the latter of whom Hero is helping. It starts between two nondescript characters who are drunk, and then their friends pitch in and the war is on. Chairs, tables, cards, and fists fly in all directions. The bartender crawls for safety under the bar. One by one the participants drop out until the only people left standing are Hero, his sidekick, and one of the sheriff's deputies who restores order. The third type of fight is the gun battle. Here Hero or Stupid stands at the

bar and the other comes through the swinging doors. The room grows quiet and tense. The two go for their guns, fire, kick over a table, and proceed to fill the air with lead. Since accuracy is not of prime importance, the two manage to destroy all the fancy mirrors in the place, put bullets in all the liquor bottles on the shelf behind the bar, and wound three stand-in's left over from a previous picture. After each of them has fired twenty or thirty shots from his six-shooters without reloading, Stupid runs out of bullets, gives up, and Hero turns him over to the sheriff. So go saloon fights.

A movie cannot be a western unless it has plenty of action involving horses. Any western worth the price of a box of stale popcorn should have two if not three major horse rides for Hero. So there must be a scene where Hero on his golden palomino, Fastest, saves a damsel in distress. Hero may do this in one of three ways; he can overtake her runaway horse, lift her from her horse, and put her on his horse for the ride back to town; he can pull along side a runaway horse and buggy, jump into the buggy, grab the reins from hysterical damsel, and stop the horse; and the third and most difficult way, he can chase a stagecoach which is out of control, pull his horse parallel with the stagecoach team, jump from his horse to the double harness of the rear horses, hang precariously on it while trying to grab the elusive reins bouncing along the ground, and at last crawl back to the driver's seat to rein in the team. The second main type of horse action is the Hero chases villain type. The anticlimax of a quality western is of this type and proceeds in the following fashion. The villain, the Real Brain, has been revealed to one and all. He grabs the loot, runs and jumps on his horse, and rides furiously away; then Hero spots him, runs and jumps on his horse, and rides furiously after him. They ride for miles and miles with Hero slowly but surely catching up with the villain. (If you watch closely, you will see that they ride in circles because they ride past the same clump of bushes, the same cliffs, the same trees, and the same hairpin turn five or six times at intervals of thirty to forty seconds.) Hero always catches the villain at a spot in the road where there is a ten feet high sloping bank below the road. Hero jumps from his horse to the villain, and they fall down the bank and have a life-and-death struggle at its foot. Hero wins, of course, and law and order comes out on top once again.

Once the film editor has these four phases taken care of, he can breathe easily. The movie will be a success. But to keep himself busy until it is time to knock off for lunch, he looks over

his strips of celluloid to see if he has any other little masterpieces of westernery he would like to include in this reel. He may include a scene showing a pale, emaciated person trying to save the town from evil, or he may include a scene showing the town drunk expounding his hard lucky story. He may have a scene where Hero's sidekick falls off his horse or where he walks in his sleep. He may find a scene with Delicate Damsel pleading with Hero to give up fighting or a scene with Hero resisting the charms of a wicked woman. He may run upon a scene with a country square dance, a scene with lonesome Hero singing to the stars, a scene where Hero's horse is wounded, or a scene where the cattle stampede.

The editor may include any or all of these, but he is an unrecognized artist, I think. For he settles only for the finest and best in western life to put in his reels. He may someday achieve his rightful fame however; for as long as there are children and cheap television time, his works, *The Sagas of the Old West*, will live on.

A Kitten for Christmas

ED GRAY

Ed is a senior from Belleville, New Jersey. He is a General Human Relations major. This is his first contribution to the Flamingo.

"Harry, please stop banging the coal shovel, you'll wake Jimmy."

I just know he's going to find them. I never should have hid her in the cellar.

"Come on up, honey. You can fix the fire later."

He's going to really blow up when he sees them on his old coat. I've got to get him out of the cellar.

"Come on up, Harry. I just spilled all the coffee on my new slip and all over the floor."

That should bring him up. He can't even watch the TV without having a cup of coffee.

"Helen, how many times I gotta tell you not to run around with just your slip on, what with you pregnant again. What if the landlady should come in?"

If he looks behind the carriage he'll find them for sure.

"Stop shouting, Harry, and come on up and help me clean up the coffee. You know it hurts to bend down when I'm this far gone."

If he finds them I'll just die. They're the softest things I ever felt, so warm and cuddly. And I know they liked me, too, the way they climbed up my arms. And one even fell asleep in my hands. I wish Harry would do that sometime. I wish he'd come on the couch with me and lay his head in my lap so I could touch his hair and look at his face, and even talk real nice to him. But he doesn't like things like that. He says he doesn't want no moaning over him like he was a kid. And besides, he says he can't sit still in this apartment unless he's real tired or we're eating. Says he doesn't like to cause it's always smells of food and the people make so much noise walking around upstairs. Things were so different when we first got married. He used to be so nice, real warm and affectionate, always trying to kiss me and teasing me about who loved who the most. Just before Jimmy was born he would bring flowers every Saturday night, and then take me to the movies. He was so considerate of everybody then, but that was before he lost his job with the Electric Company and then he had the fight with my father and we had to get out and find this apartment. Harry has changed so much since then. Oh, he's moving the carriage! "Wait a minute."

"Helen, look at this, will ya? That Goddam cat had her kittens on my coat. Bring me a bucket of water."

"No, Harry! Wait a minute."

"For Christ's sake, do what I'm tellin' ya. I told you to leave that alleycat outside."

"But, HARRY, I wanted them for Jimmy."

"You wanted them for Jimmy! Are you crazy? Those things are lousy with bugs."

"Stop shouting, Harry. You know how noise goes up the ventilator in this apartment house."

I knew he'd act like this. He's been terrible ever since I told him I was pregnant again. He shouted at me like it was all my fault.

"Wait for me to come down, Harry. Please don't touch them yet."

I hate to go up and down these cellar stairs, but I've got to stop him.

"Harry, please take these boxes off the cellar stairs so I can get by."

"Kick 'em off yourself, they're empty. Did you bring the bucket?"

He's going to drown them, I knew he'd act like this.

"The hell with ya. I'll use the coal bucket. Christ, Helen, I told you not to let that cat in the cellar. Didn't I tell ya she was knocked up?"

"But, Harry, they just couldn't be born in the alley, how would they live? What would they eat?"

"What would they eat! What the hell do I care what they'd eat. I got enough trouble feedin' you and Jimmy without a lot of scroungy cats."

"But you just can't kill them like that."

"I can't, huh. You just stick around and witch. Why'd she have to have them on my coat, all that hair and all them bugs."



He'd be really mad if he knew I put his coat down for them.

"Bring 'em over here, Helen."

"Please wait until Jimmy sees them."

"No, it's bad enough with you on my back all the time without having him crying all over the place. Look out, dammit! This bucket's heavy!"

"Please let me hold them once more, Harry."

"Awright, but hurry up. Ed Sullivan's coming on soon."

"Look, Harry, see how they try to bite my fingers, real easy like, so they don't hurt me. They're growing so fast, they can even purr now. Listen."

"They ain't gonna be purrin' much longer."

"But, Harry, they're so soft. Look how the mother cleans them. Doesn't she look proud of them? And look at their little pink noses. I wonder if they can smell yet? Harry, do you think they can smell yet?"

"What do I care? C'mon, get out of the way."

"Don't shove, Harry."

"You'll get more than a shove if you don't get outa my way."

"Please don't drown them. Just put them outside."

"No, you'd figure some way of foolin' around with 'em all day instead of cleanin' up."

"Don't squeeze them so tight, Harry. They're crying."

"That's tough. Ouch! Goddammit! They're scratchin' the hell outa me."

"Not in the cold water, please don't put them in the cold water."

"Shut up. Look, my hand's bleedin'."

"Stop, Harry. They're making bubbles."

"So what? Look what they did to my hand. Put that big cat outside."

"Listen to their claws on the side of the bucket, Harry."

"Will you do what I say?"

"All right, but you still didn't have to put them in the cold water."

"I knew he'd do this. What am I going to tell Jimmy now, after I promised him some kittens?"

"Go on, kitty, shoo. Next time I'll hide you where nobody but Jimmy and I will ever find you."

"Get in here, Helen."

"Mommy."

"Oh, Harry, I told you not to shout. Now Jimmie's awake. What are we going to do?"

"Get upstairs. I'll throw 'em in the river tomorrow. C'mon. Hurry up, you want Jimmy to see 'em under the water?"

"You know I can't go fast upstairs, Harry."

"Mommy, did you ask him yet?"

"Ask him what, Jimmy?"

"You know, about the kitten."

"No, Jimmy. I didn't."

"Daddy . . . Can I have a kitten for Christmas?"

Where the Wind Blows

*Why, Oh Why does the wind blow dry
As it crosses the desert with an erie sigh?
Or in a rain-forest during a storm
Why is it so wet and warm?
Over the sea, it's a lashing gale
Pelting the water with nuggets of hail.
From the frozen tundra to the Arctic Sea
It's a screaming monster of misery.
On a tropic isle with white beach sand
It caresses two lovers walking hand-in-hand.
It blows on the good, it blows on the bad,
It sees the happy, it sees the sad.
No mater where it is you go
The wind is almost sure to know.
And when your time comes, as its sure to do,
And your friends forget the you they knew
You'll have one mourner remaining still
To lull your plot on the lonely hill.*

BILL BENTLEY

Bill is a sophomore from New Hope, Pennsylvania. In the last issue of Flamingo appeared his poem "The Freak Show."

Turn and Walk Away

JOHN HICKEY

John is an English major from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. "Break Your Mother's Back," his story in the last Flamingo, was published in the Evergreen Review. John wrote this story for Dr. Granberry's creative writing class.

White snowflakes, virgin, pure, forced by the wind into a crazy, wild dance, had filled the grey sky since early morning. Now it was thick and black in the dirty gutters of the city.

Ted came out of the lab building, his hands clenched tight on the collar of his shabby coat. The snow gathered on his hair, white and clean; it covered his battered shoes black from the filth of the city.

The streetlights flashed on and he could trace the fall of the snow through their light. As he walked, his eyes caught a single flake, and he watched it fall white and delicate through the icy, greying air, until it was lost in the dirt of the street.

— like Marge, so like Marge — delicate, pure once — dirtied, filthy with the ugliness of the city now . . . color now, she'll be cold standing there waiting . . . didn't want to be late tonight . . . damn professor, shouldn't have kept us late —

Two students passed him — thick overcoats, scarves, leather gloves. He clenched his collar tighter. A car sped past close to the curb and splattered slush on his trousers. He looked down at it.

— pants were clean . . . covered with muck now . . . can't wipe it off . . . soaks through, leaves a stain . . . can't wipe off a stain . . . I'm dirtied, soiled, and can't wipe it off —

He stopped at a corner till the light changed. Then he stepped into the slush of the gutter. It soaked through the worn leather of his shoes and stung as it touched his toes.

— my fault really, my own fault . . . shouldn't have gone with her . . . clothes were too old . . . not enough money to find

a nice girl . . . I had to go to a whore . . . my own fault, but she should have taken the money . . . tried to pay her, pay her and forget her . . . forget her —

Turning a corner, he slowed his steps. There at the other end of the block he could see her standing in front of a store window. Smart, fashionable clothes, she had the look of a debutante. Her pretty face, her silky hair, carefully tended, her young appealing body — all had the look of respectability.

— never know she's a goddam whore . . . such a beautiful face, delicate hands . . . nice clothes, expensive clothes . . . must charge those rich bastards high prices . . . yeah, fat, rich, ugly, sweaty, bastards . . . she must get paid good . . . she can have them, and they can have her too . . . going to tell her tonight . . . no supper, no apartment . . . going to tell her —

She saw him coming and smiled. Catching his eye she looked at a clock in a window across the street and pouted. As he came up beside her, she said, "You're late, Ted."

He looked at her red mouth. "Class didn't get out till late."

"Let's hurry up and get something to eat. I'm starved and you must be too."

— tell her, dammit, tell her and turn around, walk away . . . beautiful eyes . . . not here, too cold here . . . hungry . . . after supper . . . right after supper —

Slipping her arm through his, she squeezed it tight, and they crossed the busy street. A block more and they were in a small restaurant. Warm sounds of quiet conversation. The head waiter looked first at him then at her. Ted said, "Side table."

The waiter led them to a dark table off by itself, away from the rest of the people, away from the eyes that probed at his clothes, the eyes that watched, curious eyes.

— how many times have I eaten with her . . . leech, lecherous sponge . . . tell her, dammit, tell her —

The waiter brought menus. Marge picked hers up, but Ted's lay unopened before him.

"Ted, aren't you hungry?"

"Not very."

"You're so thin. You've got to eat."

"I said I'm not hungry."

Margaret's eyes pleaded for a moment, and then she went back to reading her menu.

"Marge . . . I . . ."

Marge looked up from her menu again, a furrow forming between her eyebrows.

"Marge . . ."

"What is it, Ted?"

"Nothing, nothing important."

— *why, why can't you tell her, you stupid bastard . . . why can't you just say it . . . delicate, gentle hands . . . after supper, right after supper —*

They ate in silence, their heads bowed over their food. The food was hot and delicious. Ted felt the warmth of it filling his body, the strength of it filling his shrunken stomach.

She glanced at him often, then said, "What happened today?"

"Nothing."

"You act funny tonight, Ted. Did anything go wrong at school?"

"I said there was nothing wrong."

"Are they after money again?" I told you I'd give you the money. Take it, Ted, please take it. Then they won't bother you any more. I don't need it. There's plenty more."

— *yes, there's plenty more . . . you goddam whore, there's plenty more . . . I don't want it . . . tell her, tell her . . . I don't want your money, don't want to be put through school by a goddam whore —*

"No, Marge, I can't take it. I don't want to take it."

"It's always there in case you change your mind."

They finished the meal and the waiter brought the check.

Biting into his lower lip, Ted reached under the table and felt bills pressed into his hand. As she gave him the money, she squeezed his hand. He jerked his hand roughly. She looked at him, a hurt, questioning look, and he turned away.

They climbed the carpeted stairs to her apartment. He walked with his head down, his hands in the pockets of his overcoat. She walked beside him confused by his silence.

— *hate these stairs now . . . never come again, never see her again, never hear her laugh again . . . tell her as soon as we get inside . . . give her back her key, never use it again . . . don't need her, don't want her.*

Turning the key in the lock, she opened the door and he followed her into the apartment. The furniture was expensive and modern. On the walls hung the latest in modern art. A hi-fi set stood in one corner, records filling three shelves beneath it. A bar, small and well stocked, stood against one wall. The door to the bedroom was open.

He took off his overcoat and handed it to her. After she had disappeared with it into the bedroom, he went to the bar, and selected a bottle. Pouring himself a double dose, he gulped it down.

— wonder how many nights it took to pay for this . . . how many rich, fat bastards opened their fat checkbooks to pay for this —

She came back into the room, and went to the record player. Kneeling down, she selected an L.P. and placed it on the turntable. In a moment the soft strains of Debussy filled the room.

— full treatment, soft music, soft lights, good liquor, the works . . . she's on another busman's holiday, mixing business with pleasure —

He laughed out loud at his own thoughts. Marge looked at him questioningly.

"What's so funny?"

— tell her, dammit, tell her —

"I just thought of something. Here you are giving me the full treatment, and it struck me that you're on a busman's holiday."

She didn't laugh. "I thought we were never going to mention that."

— damn her eyes, so brown, so sad, so beautiful —

"What's the difference? Who are we kidding, ourselves? You know it and I know it. Why keep going around pretending. It was fun while it lasted but now let's find a new game."

He laughed again, cruelly this time.

"Ted, what's the matter with you? You've never talked like this before."

"I'm just tired of it, that's all. I'm tired of this plush apartment, of you're always picking up the check, of seeing you one night a week so I don't interfere with business."

— sad, yes, hurt . . . what's the difference . . . nothing but a whore . . . damn those eyes —

"Ted, it . . . it never made a difference before."

He walked back to the bar and poured himself another drink. She stared at his back while he gulped it down. Slowly he turned around.

"Maybe it did, and maybe it didn't. That doesn't matter, it makes a difference now."

"What difference, what difference could it make?"

"Oh God, Marge, don't be stupid. Face it. You know what you are, and I know. How could it help but make a difference?"

She ran a hand quickly through her hair.

— so hard, so hard to do . . . hate it, why can't it be over . . . why are her eyes so sad, so hurt . . . lips curl down at corners . . . only a whore, goddam whore —

"Ted, you know I hate it, you know I wish things were different. But what can I do?"



"I don't care what you do, Marge. It doesn't make that much difference to me."

Slowly she walked toward him and hesitantly put a hand on his arm. He shrugged away from her.

She stood with her hand stretched out. "What is it, Ted? What's happened to make you act like this?"

— stop it . . . don't speak, don't look at me . . . just let me say it and get out, get out, and forget —

"Maybe I'm just getting smart, Marge," his voice still held the cruel cutting tone, "maybe I'm suddenly fully realizing what you are — and what I am."

Stiffly she sat down on the edge of a chair, watching his eyes. He turned away. She said, "What are we? We're what we've always been. Nothing's changed, nothing has to change."

"That's just it, Marge, I've realized what we are and it makes me sick."

— *tell her, she's watching you . . . waiting . . . probably even knows what's coming . . . tell her* —

She was behind him now. Reaching up she placed her hands on his cheeks. He started to pull away again, but she moved her hands slightly and increased the pressure. He stopped.

"What are we, Ted? What are we that has to change?"

She pressed herself against him.

— *a leech and a goddamn whore, but it won't change.* —

*It quivers, all atremble,
It dances in the spotlight,
It twists in agony, writhing in horror.
At a maddening pace
It darts and wiggles,
Jumping, turning, rushing, leaping
Into the air in frenzied delight.
In a staccato of motion, it weaves
In and out, reflected with wierd
Phantom shapes.
Malformed, grotesque, an evil spirit
Dancing in the night? No.
Just a shadow. Shadow of
A cellist's hand, playing at his strings,
And made grotesque by the folds
Of a curtain behind it.*

JUSTINE LEVIN

Justine is a freshman from Queens, New York. This is her first contribution to the Flamingo.

RESTIVE

RON ATWOOD

*The shoreline stretches, crooked and long,
the shaggy rocks
are rusty, black,
sometimes smooth,
but mostly cragged and strong,
veterans of a pounding of centuries.*

*Man is restless,
Man can't stop;
forward, always forward;
Death awaits, quiet.*

*What of the sea that ceaselessly
rolls and sweeps the shore,
seething, crashing,
or serene and lapping,
swaying the listless seaweed slowly
in the crevices and pools.*

*Has it an end?
Is it an end —*

*Stand on that shore,
those rocks;
listen.
The far off gulls
circling in the air
the terns brushing the
white-caps;
the wind whistling
through the chasms and caves.*

*The waves push on
over one another
and disappear, sweeping the shore
then receding
and starting somewhere
beyond the eyes of man
and push their way forward
to oblivion again.*

*Forward, always forward,
to the end,
Or to the beginning —*

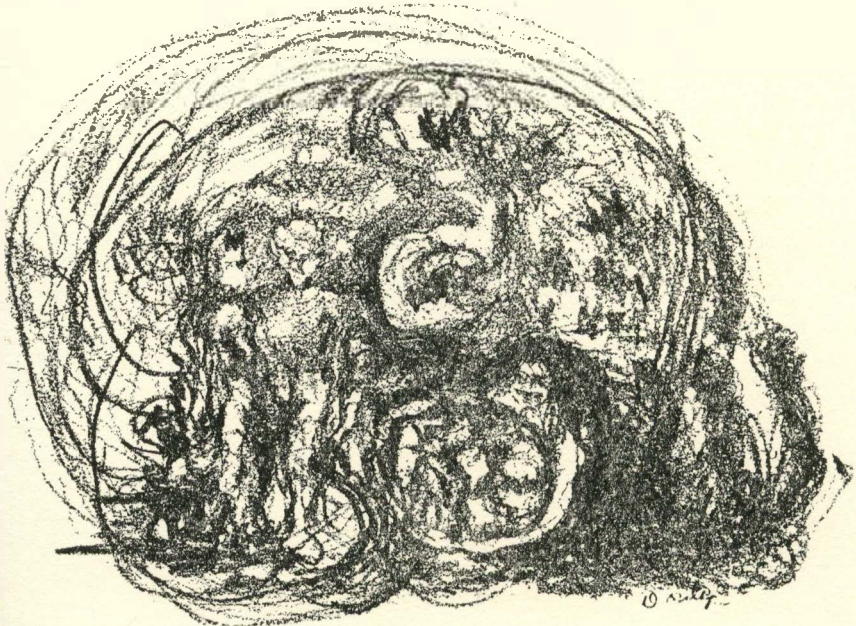
TERRE DES HOMMES

SHELBY HIATT

La nuit est douce, la mer tranquille; les sons des animaux
Se taisent au crépuscule qui rampe aux pieds des longs ruisseaux.
Les rayons d'astres glissent dans les arbres; la lune si silencieuse
Brille comme avant mais sait maintenant les faites ténébreuses.
Quand vient le jour, la nuit recule; le monde s'éveille maudit;
Pendant ces temps si curieux déroule la tragédie.

La terre est tachée, noire, et laide, parmi les marguerites;
Se trouvent des corceaux fracassés; vestiges d'une vie détruite.
Une fois la voix humaine ternit cet endroit vierge et pure;
Commenca faible et douce et puis devint percante et dure.
Le murmure tendre des petites villes se changea en une causerie
De grandes fabriques qui produisirent un timbre de sauvagerie.
Et quand ce cri s'étouffa un autre naquit de l'homme.
Une voix terrible; et peu apres l'éclat couvrit le monde.
La voix se tut — pourquoi se tut? La veille question infame.
La réponse est trop simple et aigre; l'homme s'ennuya de son ame.
La nuit est douce, la mer tranquille, l'homme ne vaut plus rien:
Le monde joua l'Apocalypse; la Genese revient.

A senior, Shelby is from Winchester, Indiana. She is a Political Science major. This is her first contribution to the Flamingo.





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