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Mary Marchman

THE FLAMINGO

JANUARY, 1940



ROLLINS COLLEGE

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

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Vol. 14

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

No. 1

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THE FLAMINGO Editors are pleased to present to you this new edition of our College magazine.

We feel that under this new plan of magazine technique we have been able to raise the standard and quality of our Flamingo. From you, the readers, we heartily welcome any suggestions.

It has been a great experience to build this new type of Flamingo. Let's go on to enlarge and perfect it by showing real interest.

THE STAFF

COME SEVEN

SALLY McCASLIN*

NEWMAN TUCKER lay on the bed, his feet in their heavy shoes propped on the foot-board. His brother Sidney was shaving in front of the mirror. Newman's eyes were on his brother's back and they did not register the restless misery of his soul. It had been one of his bad days and his back hurt from bending over the cotton stalks. He blew on his sore, chapped hands. They were getting stiff.

Sidney was shaving. Sidney was going to the 4H Club meeting at the school house. His back didn't hurt. He'd go to the 4H Club meeting and he'd have a girl and Sidney would be goodlooking and everybody would laugh at Sidney and everybody would say Sidney was the best looking one in the family. And Sidney would laugh and he'd have a good time and the girls would play with his hair, and he, Newman, would be at home with Mamma. He'd be at home in this little old shack stuck back in the woods. The dogs would play on the porch and that would be all. He'd be at home with Mamma, and Mamma would be tired from picking peas. Even his sister Sally Mai would be at the 4H Club meeting but he'd have to stay at home. He always had to stay at home. He always would have to stay at home. He always had to stay at home, in the damn little four room house, so blamed hot in summer and freezing in winter. And he'd always have to pick cotton and plow even when his back hurt and Sidney would boss him because he was the oldest. Sidney would go to the 4H Club meeting and he'd laugh and have a good time and be good looking. Sidney was good looking. He had dark wavy hair and his teeth were white against his brown face. Sidney was always brown, he didn't burn a rusty red like he did. And his eyes were gay and his body was sort of like a race horse and he'd laugh and have a good time. But *he'd* have to stay at home with Mamma. He'd have to pick cotton and cut hay and sucker tomatoes, and sometimes it would be too dry and sometimes it

*IT IS WITH special pleasure that we offer in this issue a story by Sally McCaslin, a newcomer to the Writing Workshop. Miss McCaslin is being watched by one of America's most distinguished editors, who deliberated seriously before rejecting "Come Seven." All of her stories have their setting in the foothills of Tennessee, which is Sally McCaslin's home.

would be too wet but he'd go on picking cotton and plowing even when his back hurt. That was how it happened. He was plowing. He just bent over the plow to fasten the trace chain when the mule had kicked him. He had heard the mule moving and he had looked up and the mule had kicked him right in the face. He couldn't help it because the trace chain came unfastened. He couldn't help it just because he looked up. The mule just kicked him right in the face. He couldn't help it. It wasn't his fault.

The mule hadn't kicked Sidney. Sidney was standing up there in front of the mirror grinning at himself now. He was putting brilliantine on his hair. Sidney would have a good time. *He* couldn't look in the mirror. He didn't want to. He knew how he looked. He knew he looked like hell. He didn't have to look in the mirror. He knew you couldn't see his eyes because his cheeks were puffed up. He knew his right eye didn't do right. It would slide up in the corner and just hang there. Damn silly eye. It was his right one and it would just slide up in the corner and hang there. He didn't have to look in the mirror. If he wanted to he could just turn over and look in the window and see that he didn't have any eyelashes and his eyebrows were rough and stiff. His nose was mashed flat too and his lips were twisted with scars until he could hardly close them. He could just feel with his tongue and know that all his front teeth were missing. Anyhow his teeth had been prettier than Sidney's before the mule kicked him. Everybody had told him he had prettier teeth than Sidney but the mule had kicked them out. That's why he hated to talk. That's why he never laughed. That's when they called him Frankenstein . . . when he forgot and laughed. He hadn't laughed any more. He had had strong white teeth but the mule had kicked them out. But tomorrow he could laugh. Tomorrow was the day he would get his new teeth. The dentist in Trenton was making them and he'd go in tomorrow and get them, and he could laugh if he wanted to. It took a lot of money to buy teeth. He saved all his cotton and tomato money for two years to get his. But they'd help a lot. Then he could laugh at Sidney. Sidney would laugh too, but he would have some teeth.

Sidney was leaving. Sidney was telling him to tell Mamma he had gone, that he didn't want any supper. Sidney had on a white shirt and he was goodlooking. Sidney left the door

open. You had to push the doors to make them close. Damn doors. None of them would close. The drawers wouldn't open either. You had to prop the windows up with sticks. It was getting dark and Mamma would come home with the peas. And he'd stay at home with Mamma and tomorrow he'd work and then he'd go get his new teeth. His teeth would help a lot. But he'd still have to pick cotton and it would still be hot and then cold and the house would be full of flies and mosquitoes and they'd nearly freeze in winter. Damn little old shack. Had holes all in the floor. Right now he could see a hen scratching under the house. He'd have to get up and shut the door. Mamma was coming in with the peas.

It was a black night. The light from the window made no showing against the soft enveloping darkness. The dusty smell of the dew on the road was tempered with the odor of a rotten watermelon. The air was alive with the chirping of crickets. In the woods an owl hooted once and was silent. The corn stalks rustled with the passing breeze, then drooped again listlessly. Under the porch a dog scraped against the floor.

Cora Tucker closed the true-detective magazine and rubbed her eyes. She had been reading to Newman and the kerosene lamp did not make a very good light. Newman could not read very well. When George Tucker had died it had been necessary for one of the boys to stay at home and finish the crop. Newman had not liked school. Somehow, even when he tried, it was Sidney who brought home the best grades, Sidney whom the teacher petted and praised. He did not like being stupid, so it was Newman who had taken his father's place. And later the accident had happened.

Newman roused from his reverie. "Where's that book Sally Mai brought home from school? Let's read in that 'un."

"Newman, I'm tired. I better go to bed. I've got to git up in the mornin' and git Sidney off with that load of cotton." Cora yawned eloquently.

"Aw heck, it's just eight o'clock. Come on, let's read a little. She'll take it back."

Cora consented. She was tired from slaving since four in the morning, but she dimly understood that it was a fineness in Newman that created his appetite for books, and night after night with her pitiful means she tried to satisfy it. The book was Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans" and reveling in his

mother's slow halting reading, Newman forgot the low-ceilinged house, the bare sordid furniture, his ragged grey shirt, the hay that had to be cut. He even forgot the fact that one day a mule had kicked him squarely in the face.

She read two chapters, then laid the book on the dresser. They sat in silence. Finally Newman spoke, "That load oughta weigh 'bout fifteen hundred."

"I told Sidney he oughta take it to the cotton mill gin. They paid more yesterday," Cora answered.

"Why don't he wait till tomorrow evening? It don't take more'n an hour to git it ginned. We could cut them peas. Just cause it's Saturday Sidney's got to go to town." It was a long speech for Newman.

Cora looked at her son in surprise. "Ain't you goin to town? I thought tomorrow was the day you was gonna git your teeth."

"He said I could git 'em tomorrow but Hell, it don't take all day."

"That's a lot of money just to pay for teeth, ain't it? You could almost buy a car for that." To Cora fifty dollars was an enormous sum and how her son had saved it she could not guess.

"Or another damn mule. That's what Sidney'll about do with that he gits tomorrow." Tonight Newman's bitterness toward his brother's good looks and popularity could not help revealing itself.

"Naw, he's not either. He's going to pay that man for that seed. He's wrote us two or three times." Cora sprang to the defense of her eldest.

Newman made no answer.

After another silence, Cora spoke again thoughtfully, "You know, Newman, I b'lieve your nose is straightnin' up."

Instinctively, his hand flew to his nose. Could it be possible! Maybe it was. It did seem a little better. After all, Doctor Armstrong had said it might improve with time. He had said glasses might correct his eyes too. And tomorrow he would get his new teeth. With one sentence Cora had swept her son's heart clear of bitterness and had left him bewildered and thrilled with the first sweetness of hope. It was the first time he had heard anything but laughter or pessimistic prophecies, and he came to life simply and completely.

He spoke timidly to his mother, "Do you think I'll . . . how do you think I'll look with my teeth?"

"They'll help you a lot." Cora did not realize the import of her answer.

Newman, basking in even a hint of encouragement shyly revealed a little of himself. "Anyhow, when I want to laugh I can without lookin' like hell and everybody starin' at me. And maybe if cotton goes up I can git me some glasses."

"Maybe, son, — it don't look like we'll ever git nothin' though." And Cora pushed herself up from her chair and prepared to go to bed. Newman rose also but he did not feel sleepy. He looked into the mirror. It seemed to him his nose was better and tomorrow he would get his new teeth. He went out to his cot on the back porch. His nose was looking better and tomorrow he would get his new teeth. On an impulse he jumped lightly, caught the rafter on the back porch and chinned himself three times. Tomorrow he would get his new teeth. His nose was better. Cora called from the bedroom, "Newman, did you lock the crib?"

"Yeah, mam," he called back gaily. Tomorrow he would get his new teeth.

Saturday morning, Sidney, charmingly sleepy, drove the load of cotton out of the yard. Newman, unable to cut the hay without a team, went over in the pasture to fix the fence. He had not lost his elation. All morning as he dug post holes or drove staples, the same tune beat in his ears. Today he would get his new teeth. Partly because of his new hope and partly because he had somewhat revealed the hurt he had sheltered so long, his accident lost some of its significance. He noticed the field larks, he thought of Hawkeye in "The Last of the Mohicans", and once he tried to whistle and laughed when he could make no sound. He worked until twelve o'clock, then went to the house to dress. As he was leaving, Sally Mai called after him, "Newman, will you mail my letter?"

"Okay", was the immediate answer, and he almost laughed when he heard Sally Mai ask wonderingly as he went out the door, "Mamma, what's the matter with Newman?" Silly fools, they wouldn't know. They couldn't know. A mule hadn't kicked them in the face. And today he would get his new teeth.

Newman approached the cashier rather jauntily. It was fun drawing money out of the bank. He scrawled his name painstakingly, making large round letters like they had told him in the first grade. It was his name. That was his money in the bank. It was a lot of money too. He had sold his little spotted calf and saved his share of the crops too. It was a lot of money but it would get him some new teeth. He noticed the girl who counted out the money for him. She was a pretty girl. She had the whitest hands. He would like to say something to her, but someone was waiting behind him. He took the money. She was a pretty girl. He would like to touch her hands. He walked out of the bank slowly. It was fun taking your time. It was fun going after new teeth. That's why he walked slowly. It was just a block to the dentist's. It was fun making it last a long time. He looked in all the store windows. It was fun looking at clothes. He could go in and buy those things if he wanted to. He had the money. But he was going to get some new teeth. He was standing with his back to the street, his face against the glass, his money rolled up in his hand. They were funny purses. Somebody clutched him by the shoulder. He turned around. The white scared face of Sidney was almost against his. Sidney was shaking. Sidney was going to cry. But this wasn't like Sidney. Sidney was always gay and handsome and sure. But it was Sidney. Sidney was struggling to gain his composure. Sidney was whispering and gasping.

"Newman, boy, you still got your money?" He saw the roll of bills in his brother's hand and clutched his wrist. He began to cry. "Oh God, boy, help me, help me, Newman. Listen, Newman, Oh God, you've got to help me."

It was Sidney and he was shaking and crying. But Sidney didn't want to cry. It was Newman who always wanted to cry.

Sidney was speaking more clearly now. Something about a crap game, a seed man, who had to be paid. Sidney had lost some money. Then in a flash, it was all clear. Sidney had staked the cotton money in a crap game and had lost. Sidney had lost the family money. Sidney had not paid the seed man. Sidney wanted his money, the money for his new teeth. Sidney wanted his money for his new teeth to pay the seed man. The Sidney who had been the pet of the family had lost the family's money in a crap game. Goodlooking, insolent Sidney was cry-

ing and shaking and clutching his wrist and he wanted his money for his new teeth to pay the seed man.

After the first shock, a wild thrill ran over Newman. Good-looking Sidney was begging him for money. Ah, the pet of the family wouldn't be much of a pet when Mamma heard how Sidney lost the money in a crap game, when Mamma heard Sidney had not paid the seed man. And he'd get his teeth and he guessed *he'd* bring the next load of cotton to town when Mamma heard how Sidney lost the family money in a crap game.

Sidney was shaking him. Sidney was begging, "Listen, boy, I know I oughta be shot. I'm not worth killing. I don't know how I did it. I got in it and I kept trying to win it back. It'll kill Mamma though. We don't have much more cotton. She'll worry herself to death. Oh God, I can't go home and tell her. She'll just stand there and not say nothin'. Oh God, Newman, oh God."

In a flash Newman saw his mother, her round drooping shoulders. Yeah, she'd just stand there and not say nothin'. But I don't guess she'd call Sidney her sweetheart anymore. I don't guess she'd run from him and wrestle with him like she used to. I don't guess the girls would think he was so smart. But Mamma wouldn't say anything. She'd just stand there and not say nothin'. She wouldn't say anything because they had already sold most of the cotton. She'd just stand there and not say nothin'. Through a mist he saw his brother's white face. He opened his hand.

"Did you git more than this for the cotton?"

Sidney began to count it. "It's two dollars more."

"Here," Newman held out his hand. "And don't ever tell. By God if you do, don't ever tell."

Sidney grabbed it. He looked once straight into his brother's eyes and his brown eyes were almost black and the muscles in his cheek quivered. He did not speak but it was a new Sidney who looked. He turned and almost ran down the street.

Newman leaned weakly against the store window. He looked down at his hand and saw two one dollar bills. He closed his hand tightly. He had given Sidney his money. Sidney had lost the family money in a crap game. He had given Sidney his money. But that was the money to buy his new teeth. And he had given it to Sidney. And Sidney had run down the street.

And he hadn't gotten his new teeth. Instinctively he closed his mouth tightly. Slowly the full realization of the deed crept in. Sidney had lost the family's money in a crap game. Sidney had not paid the seed man. They had already sold most of the cotton. He had given Sidney his money to pay the seed man. He hadn't gotten his new teeth after all. He wouldn't get any new teeth. He had given Sidney his money. He had two dollars but two dollars wouldn't buy any new teeth. He wouldn't get any new teeth. He shut his lips tighter. He was standing on the street and he didn't have any teeth. He wouldn't get any teeth. A mule had kicked his teeth out a long time ago. Dazedly he began to walk. He wandered through the crowd until he came to the bank. He sat down on the door step. They were closing the bank. They always closed the bank at four o'clock. He had gone in that bank and written his name and drawn some money out. But Sidney had that money now and he wouldn't get any new teeth. That girl had had white hands. He would like to talk to her, but he couldn't talk to her because he didn't have any teeth. He wouldn't get any new teeth. Sidney had his money all but two dollars. Sidney had lost the money in a crap game. Maybe they cheated him. Sidney would play down there on Depot Street. And maybe they cheated him. He, Newman, wouldn't let them cheat him down on Depot Street. He had two dollars. They couldn't cheat him.

Suddenly from his dazed and swimming mind the idea sprang. No, they wouldn't cheat him. They might win from him, but they wouldn't cheat him. He might even win from them. He might win enough to get some new teeth. Quickly his mind cleared. He wiped his perspiring face and stood up. No, they wouldn't cheat him and they couldn't win but two dollars.

They were glad to have him in the game. They were shooting on the kitchen floor. There were about eight of them and the man who ran the house looked up and called him "Popeye" and invited him to "git in". Newman got down on his knees in the ring. Fifty cents was the limit and he put up a fifty cent piece. He watched the other players as they swore and laughed and talked to the dice. He did not speak. It was his time. He tossed the dice lightly into the ring . . . an eight. He rolled again . . . a ten. Again . . . a six . . . again a seven. He had lost. Somebody reached a short thick hairy hand over and took his

money. He put up another fifty cent piece. It was his time again. Again he lost. The owner of the house laughed good humoredly as he took his money. He put up his last dollar. His hands shook. The dice almost fell from his sweating fingers. A seven was up. He had won. And again he won. And then he lost and then he won and won and won and won and then he lost and then he won. Each time he increased the stakes and when he won again he had twenty-five dollars in front of him. He was shaking all over. He tried to swallow and almost choked. If only his fool hand would stop shaking. He rubbed them on his pants legs. Lurching forward, he pushed his twenty-five dollars into the center of the ring. Twenty-five dollars was the stake. Most of the other players had already dropped out and now the others did so. Just the man who had called him "Popeye" remained. He was chewing on a cigar.

It was Newman's time to roll. He dropped the dice quickly. A four was up . . . he rolled again . . . an eight . . . again, a six . . . then a three . . . a ten . . . a six . . . and then a four.

It was another black night. He came up the path whistling gaily. Once he laughed loudly when he reached a shrill note. It was fun whistling. It was fun having new teeth.

FATAL INTERVIEW

This was our meeting: your unperturbed eyes
 Mirrored no meaning of Fate's wry dispatch,
 But deepened, rather, with a look, heart-wise
 That warned me of a soul's impregnable latch.
 So you branded an incident as such;
 And recommended I bury the hour:
 But from old heartbreak not having learned much
 I preserved the essence of its brief flower,
 Taking too much note of your childish face
 Small and burning like a delicate dusk,
 And painting the portrait of dryad-grace
 On the easel of mind's shattered husk.
 So once we met. Now with impersonal eyes
 We meet. You do not hear my tortured cries.

JANE MILLER

WINTER SONG

It is incredible
That summer ever was,
That there was ever grass
Greening on slope of hill.

By what miracle
Will earth ever lift
Her from these snows that sift
In pallid burial?

Or see again the tall
Brave living banners rally
In hollow of weary valley
Or thrust through the dry-picked skull?

Mind cannot even call
Up image to the brain
Of any fruit save pain
Or flower save this pall.

Shall the beautiful
Warm life, subdued and stricken,
Leap ahigh and quicken? . . .
It is incredible!

MARY ELIZABETH MILLER

THE WRITING WORKSHOP introduces five new poets with this issue of "The Flamingo". All of them are Lower Division students. Mary Elizabeth Miller, from Illinois, is being encouraged by the editors of "Poetry", the most celebrated magazine of its kind in America. Of the four remaining poets, all from Florida, Peggy Hudgings and Jane Balch have published in "Scholastic".

DO NOT LET ANY WOMAN

Do not let any woman read this warning
And answer smugly: This is not for me!
Moonlight is subtly different from morning,
And eyes are blinded, and they cannot see.

For there will be thin whips of biting laughter
And exquisitely mocking memories,
And greyness of despair to follow after—
Be not deluded, woman, there will be these.

There will be voices of the spirit crying,
And always through the night unending pain,
And something beautiful forever dying:
Woman, beware! And read these lines again.

MARY ELIZABETH MILLER

LEPERS KNOW SUNLIGHT TOO

Lepers know sunlight too; perhaps they can even bear
The passing of slow seasons warm upon their hair;
Perhaps they have murdered time—have drawn and quartered
him
(Audacious and dismembered, hanging near the dim
Entrance of cave) to warn away from their piteous treasure
All Ali-Babas. Lepers grow somewhat stoic in leisure.

Lepers have seasons too of shade and surely have known
Other hills than these in summer, transfigured into stone
By streaks of jagged moonlight; have been travelers in the pale
Lands beyond mind's geography, which we too know so well.
Scarred by these journeys (heart!) and after so great a pain
Lepers *have* been known sometimes to return again.

MARY ELIZABETH MILLER

THIS GIRL JEANNE D'ARC

This girl Jeanne d'Arc, later become Saint Joan,
Plucking grave thoughts out of the exquisite dark,
Suddenly knew that she was not alone,
And heard the voices calling, "Jeanne d'Arc! Jeanne d'Arc!"

It was the dead, the beautiful tragic dead,
Who, haloed by the mists of the long gone years,
Had come to pour strange thoughts into Joan's strange head,
And to whisper messages in Joan's two ears.

(Nor was the lovely child Jeanne d'Arc the first
To hear the voices, to be by visions led,
Nor the last on whom the trailing glory burst
Of the luminous past and of the shining dead.)

By these companioned, in cottage field and meadow
Joan moved, in knowledge of ideal grace
Until the other life became a shadow
And private glory shone upon her face.

Joan, slim childsoldier, wistful in the flame,
Encompassed by this cloud of witnesses,
Knew now that she was of as bright a fame
And even as shining-beautiful as these!

MARY ELIZABETH MILLER

SONNET

And always will my sad, reluctant ghost
Wander in this place. Comrade not
To laughter or to gaiety, nor host
To happiness or revelry that's got
By easy joy and easy loveliness,
But only friend to sorrow and to pain,
My ghost will find a lover in distress
Whose reminiscences won't hurt again.

This place will hardly be surprised to see
Some dusk when mist hangs glistening and wet,
The shadow it identifies with me,
And know that my cold ghost is restless yet.
Always part of me will haunt this place,
Seeking, seeking . . . ever for your face.

PEGGY HUDGINGS

SONNET XII

You are but a masquerading child,
Nurtured in the dusk of many nights,
And so condemned to be forever wild,
Forever lost between the changing flights
Of love, of hate, of beauty, burning dark,
Dark behind the swelling intimacy
So swiftly lost and found again. This spark
Whose glancing point I find and see
Is gone before my mind can form a name
To christen its sweet, aching beauty. You,
Being young and so akin to flame,
Sing the eager edge of all you do.
A masquerading child, wide-eyed . . . although
There're things behind your eyes I'll never know.

PEGGY HUDGINGS

SONNET OF WISDOM

And here I find myself in love again . . .
 But I am wise this time. I know
 That, being far to transient to remain,
 Love, like all that's beautiful, will go,
 And once again, my young illusions lost,
 I will weep my pillow damp, and swear
 That none will ever know the bitter cost,
 Not a soul shall guess that pain I bear,
 And I'll grow quiet in my brief heartbreak,
 For soon my tired thoughts will dim and lose
 Their potency, and once more I will make
 A poem for mercenary muse.

Yes, in love again, but, wise this time,
 I know that heartbreak means another rhyme!

PEGGY HUDGINGS

FEBRUARY EVENING

That was the night just after the rain—
 when we walked.
 And the air was as still,
 just as chill
 till we talked
 and our words were like blossoms. "Explain
 why we started
 away from our warm fire.
 I desire
 to know if we shouldn't have lain
 there much longer."
 I spoke
 and it echoed
 till gutters repeated the joke.

Your arm then was stronger
 about me again
 as it had been when rain
 was as much from your mind
 as the love
 in your eye,
 but the sky
 was all stars up above,
 and the kind
 of the evening induced us to walk
 while the town was asleep
 with a dew much more deep
 than a drug —
 rhythmic rain.

Very soon, at the end of our talk
 as we passed the four pines
 coming home,
 there was smoke
 bubbling up from our chimney
 like foam
 and designs
 formed all over the sky
 till they broke
 into mist.
 And we kissed
 as we stepped in the door,
 you and I.

JANE BALCH

TO BE PAINTED IN BLACK AND PURPLE

And all the lovers were dancers,
 And the dancers, lovers
 Moving to the music of the high winds
 With restlessness of willow leaves,
 Whipping themselves like scarves in the wind,
 Bathed in the obscure magic of the moon.

And dance they would,
 And dream on softer nights . . . until they fell.

The dancing, dreaming, loving — all were lost,
 And the night wind sang on without them.
 Smooth, rolling earth of star-stained hills covered them.
 So still they lay . . . forgetful of the past.

Except on dark nights was a strong high wind
 When . . . suddenly . . . emerging from the ground
 Comes a —
 Listen . . . did you hear it?
 There it is again . . . a broken sob.

JANE BALCH

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

Lawrence Brown at the age of ten
 Dreamed of buildings reaching high,
 Dreamed of ruling lesser men
 Who would answer, "Yes, sir, I
 Will do that." Visioned when
 He would be the one big guy.

He would be the one big guy, —
 But when he was twenty-four
 Charming women passing by
 Seemed to matter so much more
 Than big business, that is why
 He thought other things a bore.

He thought other things a bore
 Until old age had found again
 The musing, pondering boy of yore,
 Dreaming old dreams in his den,
 Vaguely longing, searching for
 Lawrence Brown at the age of ten.

JANE BALCH

WITH AUTUMN

The dead brown leaves are down again,
The harbingers of Fall,
But there is else they usher in.
The Autumn is not all.

The grain shocks sear the fields again.
The biding moon content
Sees every semblance grow the same,
Where wanton once we met.

The south-bound geese are by again.
The plundering snow pursues.
And wedging from my love they've come
To fashion me the news.

The crisp cool days are here again
With geese and gathered sheaves.
But soon will cold clouds blight the moon
And bleach the brown dead leaves.

And when these months retire again
Before in years they merge,
I know she'll come and help me stem
Their solitary surge.

M. MITCHELL

LAST ACT, FIFTH SCENE

JESS GREGG*

PERHAPS it was her plainness amidst the baroque magnificence of the ballroom that drew me to her. Perhaps because she, too, looked unutterably bored with the whole affair. At any rate, I found myself pushing through the dancers toward her, without the faintest idea of what to say or how to say it.

Then, as I found myself before the black-clad figure so incongruous on a pink satin couch, the full force of my language problem struck me. Immediately, my French grammar fled and the dim recesses of my mind could only recall *Parlez-vous francais?* which to my horror, I promptly blurted out.

"If you're planning to ask me to dance," she said in the most ear-blessing English, "don't bother. I haven't set foot on a dance floor for twenty-five years and was no sensation even then."

"You're English!" I cried, excitedly clutching at the obvious.

"I was once. They call me International now," she replied, rolling the "international" with sardonic mirth.

"You know," I gushed out, "I've been here for a week and until now, haven't heard one word I really understand. I don't know a soul in Paris—I'll be damned, if you'll excuse me, if I even know who invited me to this wake-like frolic."

"I invited you," she said, her hard little eyes mocking.

"Oh—I—I beg your pardon. I didn't mean—"

"Don't apologize," she returned, not unkindly. "I am not the hostess of this 'wake-like frolic'. I merely suggested to her the people to invite—including those I wanted to meet myself. I suggested you because I've heard your music."

"Thank you," I stammered. "But how do you know of me? I'm not yet what you called 'International'. Tell me who you are."

*THE FLAMINGO offers the sophisticated comedy of Jess Gregg to balance the somber realism of Sally McCaslin. Long a member of the Writing Workshop, Mr. Gregg has published nine stories in "The Flamingo" and was the recipient last year of the Allied Arts' Award for his one-act play, "The Kind Saints Weep."

Her long-fingered hand searched the nape of her neck for a stray hair.

"I'm Cambria Mott, virgin saint of promising young artists, as well as Paris' indispensable guide for her *nouveaux riches*."

"And you are a musician too?"

She laughed a series of choked little chortles, rather on the order of inverted hiccups.

"Not exactly, but I was once secretary and confidante of Michael Landreau."

"Landreau, the composer? You knew him?" I cried, a bit incredulously.

"I knew him better than anyone else, despite certain claims of others, which I may tell you about. Sit down and stop fidgeting."

She crushed back her jet-sprayed skirts and indicated my place with her fan.

"You are much like Landreau, you know," she confided.

"How can you tell?" I scoffed. "You've just met me."

"I've no cobwebs in my ears, dear boy," she said. "It's my business to know all the gossip of Paris and London. I already know of your success with music—as well as your success with women. Now, don't blush like an idiot! Perhaps, I above all others, understand. Remember, for eleven years I was near to Landreau, whose overtures to operas were equalled only by his overtures to women."

Significantly rapping my knuckles with her fan, she turned to speak to a passing acquaintance. She was not physically attractive, this Cambria Mott, nor could she have been so when young. Her pale skin stretched over the bony structure of her face as if fitted by a too zealous tailor. Her smile was starched and while you talked, her hard, lashless eyes pinned a constant chain of questions to you. To dislike her might be feasible, but to ignore her, impossible.

Dismissing her friend with an amused wave, she slyly turned back to me.

"Our hostess does not yet realize it, but she has committed the incredible *faux pas* of having at her ball the five women all society has slaved to keep apart these last ten years."

"Why did she do it?"

"Again I am to blame," Miss Mott replied. "I thought it would create an amusing situation. For, though these women

hate each other like brandy and gin, they are forced to endure this evening in each other's company. Dolt that our hostess is, she is politically powerful at the moment and they don't dare risk her disfavor by leaving."

"You talk as if you knew them well."

"We have a sneering acquaintance. Ten years ago they were five of the most sought-after women in Paris, and they were all fighting for the same man—Landreau!"

"Is that why they hate each other?"

"Partly," she replied, "although it shouldn't have mattered. Landreau had an enormous facility for affection. He loved all of them—and trusted none of them."

Suddenly she straightened up, clattering open her fan.

"Look quickly and you can see one of the women now. That one in gold. The Countess de Lohen. She's simply ages older than she looks. And, personally, I think she looks it."

Her fan pointed out a magnificent creature at whom I should frankly have stared had not my friend dragged my attention to another even more pleasing.

"Over there, in purple satin and that ghastly tiara," she went on, "is the actress, Michelle. The title 'actress' is quite by courtesy of the French language. There's another of them over there. Don't look now for she's watching us. Now turn slowly to the left and you can see the Marquise de la Foliatte. That one by the rococo mirror which, I might add, is no less brittle than she."

The rust-haired Marquise and her reflection coldly touched eyes with me, passing on to wipe off a glance on Miss Mott. It was wasted on that lady, who was already busy searching out another of her victims.

"Do you see that one with the theatrical coiffure? That, as you probably know, is the singer, Nicola Terri. Drinks like mad. Now where is the fifth? She was the most beautiful though she's getting plump now. Oh, there she is! In the silver paillettes. Madame de Valare, who according to common talk—very common talk—wears her virtue like a pair of old slippers."

"And he carried on with all five of these magnificent creatures at once?" I cried.

"Monogamy was never one of Landreau's ideals," she replied, "yet one never blamed him for his escapades. He adored

the game of love and was as adept at playing women as he was the piano."

"But, with so many beautiful women, wasn't he constantly in trouble?" I demanded.

"Constantly. His worst troubles were cloying females who had become a habit instead of an adventure. Then he became heartless with them, but charmingly so. To close an affair, he sent the woman white roses and a black-edged card which read: 'Deepest sympathies extended to me at losing you'."

"Am I wrong," I said, "or do I detect something less than affection for 'cloying females'?"

"I loathed them!" scathingly. "Sometimes, I think he did, too. They could be so ridiculous. Often we would laugh at them, he and I. Yes, he always confided in me. I guess a homely woman—oh, be quiet! I know what I look like—a homely woman was the only one who could really know Landreau, for he never made much attempt to act for them. Poor man! The belles overwhelmed him like silly insects on a butter ball."

"Was he as handsome as that?"

"Handsome? I don't think so, but he had the knack of catching people's imaginations so that they remembered him as being radiant. He could be wonderfully charming—could talk about the fine weather and make it sound as if you were responsible for it."

Her eyes darted after the Junoesque Michelle as she danced by, her bright hair piled high with feathers, her long eyes reflecting the mood of her partner's conversation. Cambria Mott nodded at the actress, a sardonic smile prying apart her lips.

"Two months after his death, this cow of an actress, Michelle, published her autobiography, coyly admitting Landreau died in her arms. Immediately after, the life story of the Countess de Lohen appeared. It was a book obviously concocted in a hurry, hopelessly dull except for the startling fact that she claimed Landreau had died in *her* arms. This was followed by an article in a journal by Nicola Terri, who pronounced both women liars and declared that she alone was present when Landreau passed. Before the week was out, both Madame de Valare and the Marquise de la Foliatte appeared in print, each denouncing the other four, each furiously certain that it had been her arms which gave the dying composer solace. It caused," Miss Mott added, "somewhat of a controversy."

"But which one told the truth?" I cried.

"All of them—and none of them!" was her startling answer.

"I don't understand."

"Landreau—he was only forty-three—had been working unusually hard on a symphony, as if he had a premonition of what was to come. Even when he became seriously ill, he kept at it, working furiously, refusing medical attention which he knew was useless. At last he was forced to go to bed, but being away from his beloved piano did not stop him. He scrawled down the music as it came to his head.

"Of course, each of his five present loves was certain he needed her and their attentions were so constant, their sympathies so elaborate, that his work was hindered by a continual state of emotional upheaval.

"Things came to a head one night when the actress, Michelle, and the Countess de Lohen, both of whom were waiting to see him, had a frightful fight, screaming and clawing at each other. Landreau, goaded beyond endurance, threw down his pen and turned to me.

"'I must be undisturbed if I am to finish this,' he cried. 'Put them in separate rooms and then bring one in here. I think I know how to bring about some peace.'

"Michelle I chose first. She'd been waiting all day without even so much as a glass of wine. I showed her into the dimly lit room where Landreau lay gracefully stretched on his chaise lounge, looking magnificent in a maroon smoking robe. Landguidly he opened his eyes and feebly stretched forth a pale hand. 'Dear Michelle—'. I gasped at his sudden transformation. His eyes glistened and his voice was strong. It was as if the thrill of this new game had restored his energy. Of course Michelle immediately burst into tears and threw herself beside him. Softly entangling his long fingers in her hair, the dying man comforted her.

"'I'm going, it's true,' he said softly, dreamily, 'but I'll be ever with you. I'll be the wind that touches your face and pulls the tendrils of your hair. I'll be the moonbeams that wash you in the darkness. I'll be the hushed silence of the theater as the curtain rises. You'll see! I'll always be near.'

"Then I remember his eyes suddenly grew large and gasping 'Michelle', he lay back and was still. Hurriedly I covered

him, as he had directed, and ushered the weeping Michelle down the back stairs.

"As soon as she was gone," said Miss Mott, "Landreau weakly resurrected and, after demanding a mirror placed where he could watch himself emote, was ready for the Countess de Lohen. Following the precedent, she sobbingly pulled him to her breast.

"'Little Louise,' he said gently, with that half-shy, half-knowing smile he could so well use. 'Had I been able to stay here longer, you alone should have been the words to my melody—'. He coughed slightly, cried only 'Louise' and for the second time, joined the ages.

"Once more I covered the motionless figure and after dissuading the weeping woman from keeping vigil by his bed, I pushed her out the back entrance. To my horror, I saw Nicola Terri's carriage draw up and knew we'd have no peace until he died in her arms too. I ushered her in. Nicola, ever dramatic, had for the duration of Landreau's illness swathed herself in black crepe, so only her oblique eyes could be seen. For a moment she posed at the doorway, then, half fainting, dragged herself to his bedside where she deluged him with incoherent adoration.

"'Come, Nicola,' he admonished gently, 'it is not that bad. I shall not pass into nothingness. Perhaps I shall change into a ray of inspiration to strike some musician and live again by his genius—'. He glanced into the mirror and the touching picture they made gave him such strength, he continued even more eloquently. Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, he heard the familiar carriage bells of the Marquise de la Foliatte. Without further ado, he murmured, 'I love only you, Nicola' and fell back, beautifully dead.

"After I rushed her out and was preparing to let in the Marquise, he hissed, 'Tiring as this is, you'd better send for Madame de Valare. She mustn't be cheated out of her share of this wholesale swan song'."

"I brought in the titian-haired Marquise and although her electric blue eyes were in blood-shot settings, her brittle manner was unthawed. She did not fall on her knees, nor did she wail hysterically. This was puzzling to the Master, who had come to expect it. Feebly he blew her a kiss and though he was weak, he wasn't as weak as all that. Still she stood there, trag-

ically immobile, and for a moment I almost liked her. I saw Landreau's jaw tighten as he resolved to smash her reserve.

"'My Arabelle,' he whispered, 'soon this candle will be gutted and the flame that burned so brightly for you will be no more.' He kissed her hands softly. 'Don't forget me—too soon—' he said with plaintive sadness.

"Her poise suddenly disintegrated.

"'Let me go with you,' she said huskily.

"'No,' he replied generously, 'Stay here and let me live through your memories.' Then, fix-eyed, he fell forward, crying, 'Arabelle!' and for the fourth time launched into eternity.

"If the Marquise had been poised before, she made up for it now and it took two more servants to pull her shrieking and sobbing from his bedside.

"The last one, the most beautiful and the most utterly worthless, Madame de Valare, was late. I remember she rushed in with the snow still flecking her sable cape and hood.

"'If I had missed you, I would have killed myself. Killed myself!' she cried. Knowing her madcap reputation, I took her wraps and sure enough, found a small revolver in her bag. On my return I heard him laugh softly.

"'Believe the words of a dying man who has nothing to gain,' he said. 'I have loved many, idolized a few. But you I should have married.' And as he turned from her to die again, he gave the mirror an outrageously broad wink.

"As I covered him, she hysterically ran for her bag. Finding the gun was not there, she fainted and it took such a time to revive and send her away, I was afraid the Master would become bored lying still. Fortunately, she was carried to her carriage first.

"Tired, but exhilarated, Landreau sat up, smiling like a satyr, over a glass of brandy.

"'You fool!' I said. 'You've used up enough energy in deceiving those silly things to have completed the symphony in fine style.'

"'Completing my life in fine style is important, too,' he whispered. 'Don't you see, my dear Cambria—I gave them so little of my life. Perhaps giving each of them my death will make up for it.'

"Then weakly he reached for his pen and continued writing

and re-writing in peace," said Miss Mott. "He barely had time to finish—".

For a moment we were both silent, watching the dancers pirouette with glacial gaiety.

"Tell me," I said at last, "How did the Master really meet death?"

Miss Mott closed her fan with a snap and for a moment her plain, unloved face glistened with triumph.

"In my arms," she said.

I TURN THE LEAF

I turn the leaf and see a clear new page.
 So much I could write, so much I'd like to say.
 Should I tell you that in the mist
 I climbed the hill alone last night
 And missed and wished for you?
 And could I put in words, that trembling, so absurd,
 When you touch my sleeve,
 And when you know I need you
 Just as much as food and drink,
 If I wrote it here in ink on paper?—
 No, to say here what is made of wind and laughter
 And thinking of it after—that I cannot do.
 With thoughts of you I turn the leaf
 And leave a clear new page.

ALMA VANDER VELDE

YOUTH IS THE FUTURE

RUDOLPH TOCH*

THE Fascistic movements make most of the belief that: Youth Is The Future. Russia, Italy, and Germany are all countries of youth and are proud of it. These countries know that they have to convince their youth and that to convince them they have to make advances. This was the problem of all the countries and they solved it effectively. Probably the most noticeable results have been in Germany; I shall try, therefore, to outline German politics, propaganda, and work done toward solving the above problem.

The basic principle is simple: Give boys and girls nearly everything they want and educate them so that their desires agree with those of the State. Now what are the first wishes of a youngster of six? Certainly, in most cases, he will want to play with soldiers and guns. In the past, this wish to play soldier was unorganized; every boy had only a limited group of playmates. Moreover, his attitude toward the game of soldiering soon changes and he perhaps wants something more. But playing war and soldier is rather valuable for educating boys to become real soldiers. Why not preserve this natural desire for weapons and heroism?

There was an easy way, in the form of "youth-movements." Instead of the more peaceful organizations, such as boy scouts, who are taught to sublimate this martial spirit by turning it into camping trips and into the study of the importance of peace and brotherhood for peace, the German youth were formed into militant organizations, groups which gave the boys all the opportunity they wanted to play war-like games with real weapons and real uniforms. Youth likes organized forms of play and these new groups were highly regulated. There are superiors, and the possibility of one's self becoming a superior; there

*RUDOLPH TOCH, a twenty year old Austrian boy, living in his home city of Vienna until the "Anschluss", has been in America since March of 1939. He is at present a pre-medical student at Rollins. American college students have heard a great deal about Nazi atrocities; the editors of "The Flamingo" thought it would be well to ask Rudolph Toch to set forth those elements in Fascist ideology which have seduced the youth of Germany. We believe "Youth Is The Future" is a remarkable article. We ask its readers not to jump too quickly to conclusions, but to read carefully between the lines.

are decorations and honors — real, official honors in the form of a special knife or a golden stripe on the uniform. Every passer-by knows what such a knife or stripe means, and it causes one to be admired and (this is the important psychological fact) one can be proud.

So it is with German boys from 6 to 10. What of the girls of this age? To find the right way with the girls, two facts had to be considered: First, what is the position of women in the new State? Second, what do little girls like? To the first question, the answer was: Real women—not sophisticated, intellectuals who like to play bridge and to dance rather than to stay at home and take care of the family; not women who intend to study or to go into business and who do not care for marriage and the bearing of children. To the second question — What do little girls like? — the answer was: Playing with dolls, or such interesting games as father-mother-child. It is easy to develop these natural instincts by means of organizations. It is clear that little girls, trained in such organizations, would not develop into useless intellectuals and society butterflies when taught that the family is the most important thing of all—important because it includes the bearing of children who are necessary to make the fatherland strong.

The methods of such an education are effective. The teachers, young girls themselves who easily win the friendship of their pupils, are well trained and like their job. They have the power of convincing because they believe what they teach, which is probably their greatest asset. In general, everybody in Germany who deals with the education of easily influenced youth is selected for his or her belief in the rightness of the things taught, and for the ability to win children and to persuade them through personality. These youth organizations are often more important to their members than are one's own family. Young people find in them understanding, friendship, and the opportunity to fulfill their wishes much more than in their homes. So it results that nearly all children belong to these groups and spend as much time in them as possible—that is, all their free time outside of school.

And here is another important point in Germany's captivation of its youth: The school used to be a place of forcing and of unwanted work. But now schools are much more like one of the youth groups. The teacher is not allowed to force pupils

so much as he used to do because everybody knows that it is more important to become a strong, honest man than to accumulate knowledge never usable. It is certainly enough to be able to read and write and to know some simple things about numbers, and it is equally certain that it is unnecessary to study mathematics or Latin or chemistry. Does a soldier need Latin?

And so school is no longer a kind of fear, because we, the youth, do what we want to do in school.

So it goes with boys and girls until they are about 10 years of age. They have had about four years of a specialized education, which prepares them for the next, important stage. Emphasis now shifts to the acquiring of more valuable habits—boys and girls have reached a point, at this age, where they want to do something real. They learn to collect money for different purposes; they are made to collect used materials, because their fatherland is poor in raw materials. The boys have to work on farms, the girls in the kitchen. They like this kind of work because they are physically strong and perfectly developed, — sport and military training having been substituted for much of their regular school-work.

The boys and girls grow older and slowly arises a new question: Sex. This is undoubtedly the great problem of youth between fourteen and twenty; its solving has a great influence on future development. Here, again, the clever methods of Germany's pedagogues win youth. Their simple method is to eliminate the whole problem by reconciling desire and attainment. Boys and girls are given every sexual freedom they want. Germany finds three advantages are the result of such a scheme: First, the great hunger of youth is satisfied; second, youth—grateful to its leaders for having allowed it such appeasement—will probably remain definitely convinced that the ideas and practices of its leaders are best. The third advantage to Germany of such a scheme is a welcomed and considerable rise in the birthrate. Germany puts no stigma on the illegitimate child; and, what is more, the children of young parents are usually healthy.

We can assume that the youth of a boy and girl ends with their first child. Furthermore, both boy and girl have now reached that state which the government wants for them. The boy is a healthy, strong, sporting man, ready to die for his fatherland and, if this is impossible, to work for it and to fight

against its inner enemies. These enemies are people who are less than Germans or who are unnatural Germans. In the first category belong the Jews and in the second are the pacifists, socialists, and catholics.

At the same time that the children were being educated to become good and obedient citizens, they learned also about the bad men among them. They learned to hate the Jews, who ruined their country, who murdered brave Germans, who robbed honest men and who are always traitors. Children in school often have the opportunity to see how bad these Jews are. Then there are papers which bring the news in the very exciting form of erotic stories. In addition to the Jews being bad men, they also afford reasons for lots of fun. Young people like to be sadists sometimes, like to cause a fire or to throw stones through windows and to beat other boys and girls. Why not hate Jews, when hating is such fun?

As for the other wicked classes — the pacifists, socialists, and pious Catholics—is it not true that the first two are weak and un-German and spoil the superior blood every German boy has in him? It is necessary to eliminate them to keep this strong and heroic blood clean. And what of the Catholics, — who force young people to go to church? And what of their strict, merciless priests? Furthermore, everybody knows that religion is nonsense, because it preaches peace. Germans do not need to pray for peace, because they will very soon dominate the whole world and then there will be a German peace, the only right peace.

The same is right for the mature girl. She bears her first child and learns that the easiest way to honors is the getting of as many children as possible. And getting children is not to be combined with a life outside the home; therefore, the girl becomes a real, good, German housewife, caring for her husband and children. But she knows well that the children she bears do not belong to her. These children are born to die for their fatherland in one of the glorious wars Germany will have to fight for its one purpose: domination of the world.

CHAIN LOCKER

ROBINHOOD RAE*

(A Radio Play)

NARRATOR: On the waterfront at Wetchekan, Alaska, it is cold, dark, and still. Only one dimly lit freighter lies tied up to the docks and it is deserted except for the watch, who is dozing on a rope coil on the foredeck. The slight rise and fall of the boat with the ocean swells is the only movement along the shadowy, silent wharves. Suddenly a short, slight man slips from behind one of the dock buildings and steals up the gangplank onto the deck; where he pauses for an instant, glancing quickly in every direction. A patched, battered old suit, a scarf wound round his neck, and a checkered cap pulled down over his ears are his only protection against the cold. He sees the doorway in the fo'castle, dashes over to it and quickly enters, closing the door silently behind him. A dim lamp on the wall sheds a pale light on several tiers of bunks, a row of yellow oilskins on the bulkhead, an old table with two grimy checker boards on it, a number of liquor bottles and, at the far end, a small, square hatchway. He runs to this and scrambles down into the darkness below. Four or five feet down, the narrow hatch shaft stops and the man gropes in the blackness until he finds a cave-like opening leading toward the prow of the ship. He crawls into this cavernous place, slipping on the layers of heavy damp chain which are its floor and mumbling to himself

MAN: Blast these bloody chains; slimy they are. There wouldn't be enough room in this cursed 'ole for a man to walk on 'is feet. No. 'Es got to crawl on 'is poor old knees, 'e does. Oh, well, I aint payin' for the trip so who am I to complain about the accomodations. Still if I 'ad me choice I'd just as soon be back in dear ol' Lunden, snug an' warm in the Anchor and Key with a steamin' rummie.

*RADIO DRAMAS should, of course, be heard rather than read. Since the presentation of "Chain Locker", however, scheduled last year over WDBO had to be postponed, The Flamingo wishes to offer it to readers in this form. Robinhood Rae, an English-Dramatic major, spent last summer in North Carolina acting in "The Lost Colony".

This roamin' around like a bloomin' gypsy ain't . . . (*he gasps*) God in 'Eaven . . . (*pause*) Who is it? . . . who's there? . . . speak up, blast you. (*A low, frightened sob is heard*) What in 'ell . . .

SOUND: *striking of match. (pause)*

MAN: By all the saints in 'eaven . . . I'm . . . I'm sorry, Miss. It's all right, you needn't be afraid of me. Blast that match . . . 'ere, I'll light me stub of candle I brought, they won't be back here for a while yet. There we are. Well, if that aint a strange one, scuttlin' into a black 'ole, thinkin' you're gonna find nothin' but muck an' chains an' stink an' then findin' a . . . a girl. It beats the Dutch that does . . . but honest, Miss, you shouldn't oughta be down 'ere in this 'ole, a dainty girl like you. Where are you 'eaded for? Come on now, I won't eat you.

GIRL: (*In a frightened, barely audible voice*) Seattle.

MAN: Oh, that's wicked, that is; travelin' this way. Why do you do it, Miss? Why don't you get off this 'ere tug while you can? . . . (*There is no answer*) Well, it's up to you only I 'ope you don't mind me comin' in like this. Blimy, you might as well relax an' not look so bloomin' scared of me, an' you don't need to 'old that bundle to you so tight, I ain't gonna steal it. Where are you . . . What's that? . . . sounds like someone comin'. Oh, God Almighty, I 'ope it ain't, I just 'ope it ain't. (*pause*) I guess it's nothin' after all . . . blasted rat, maybe. (*pause*) Say, it's cold in this 'ere dungeon. These chains don't make things no more comfortable, either. All the same I 'ope they don't have no use for 'em. By the way, Miss, since we're both stuck in 'ere for a spell, we might as well get acquainted. My name's Petey.

GIRL: (*She speaks slowly and carefully, clipping her words*) My name is Tauna.

PETEY: Eskimo name, ain't it? Thought you looked like you 'ad a little north blood in you.

TAUNA: My mother was Eskimo; my father was American.

PETEY: Oh, I see . . . Look 'ere, you oughtn't to be doin' a thing like this. Why, there's all sorts of things as might 'appen to ya. Why don't you get off, eh? They ain't come back yet.

TAUNA: No.

PETEY: If I ain't too imposin', what do you want to get to Seattle so bad for, anyhow?

TAUNA: To meet my . . . my husband.

PETEY: Your 'usband? 'E must be some chap, 'e must. Lettin' ya come in style, ain't 'e?

TAUNA: He doesn't know.

PETEY: Well, if I do say so, you an' 'e don't seem in very close communication, so to speak.

TAUNA: He is a sailor.

PETEY: Oh, I'm beginnin' to see . . . 'ow do you know he'll be there when ya come? 'E might be shippin' out somewhere.

TAUNA: I will wait.

PETEY: That'll be sweet, that will, waitin' for 'im . . . 'onest, Miss, this ain't right. You oughta stay up 'ere where ya belong. I don't want to be too discouragin' but these sailors ain't all they might be, some of 'em. That 'usband of yours might not come back for months, or years, or maybe never at all. 'E's probably got . . . (*He checks himself*) You better not go, Miss, 'onest.

TAUNA: I must go.

PETEY: Well, 'ave it your own way. (*Changing the subject*) Just look at this suite of rooms they gave us, would you? Why it must be three and a half feet high and a dozen feet square and black as the inside of your 'at. With nice soft carpets of muddy chains and plenty of dampness and smell. An' we've got the place all to ourselves for two or three days . . . I 'ope you've got some food in that bundle?

TAUNA: I have some.

PETEY: That's good. (*pause*) If I ain't too bold, what is in the bundle? It don't look . . .

TAUNA: (*confused*) I . . . show you.

PETEY: (*hoarsely; after a pause*) Mother of God. Sleepin' like a top, too' ain't 'e? What a blockhead I am. But, good Lord, you . . . you can't do it with 'im along. You an' 'e don't stand a bloomin' beggar's chance, what with waitin' an' all. (*pause*) It's been 'ard, ain't it, totin' 'im around an' all. You look sorta fagged. Better try an' get a little sleep, eh? 'Ere, I'll put me coat back of your 'ead so it'll be a mite softer . . . there.

TAUNA: Thank you . . .

PETEY: Now, I'll just blow this 'ere candle out — they'll be

comin' back from shore any time now. (*He does so*) Blast it, it's dark in 'ere, ain't it? Well, I'll keep me weather eye open an' you get a little sleep. (*He starts to hum; gradually fades off*)

NARRATOR: It is three o'clock that same morning and the freighter is well out in the choppy waters of the Inside Passage. As a sailor on the bridge starts off on early morning inspection; Petey, down in the hole below decks, groans sleepily.

SOUND: *Muffled throbbing of ship under way.*

PETEY: I must 'ave dozed off for a spell. (*Groans*) Me bones are as stiff as ten pins: sleepin' in this 'ere bloody dungeon. Say, it's eery in this cave, it is, downright eery . . . Blooming sea outside knockin' to get in; deuced engines inside knockin' to get out; all kinds of things drip-pin' an' creakin' and groanin'. I'd give me shirt for someone to talk to, but she's sleepin', she is; like a log.

SOUND: *Baby whimpering in its sleep.*

PETEY: Shhh . . . (*softly*) poor little bloke. You're cold, ain't you? This ain't no place for . . . What's that? . . . Holy Saints, a light shinin' down the shaft. (*Baby whimpers again*) Blessed Mother of God, keep 'im quiet . . .

SAILOR: (*Off*) (*His voice is thick and belligerent, still showing the effects of a night on shore*) What's down there? Who is it? Come on, damn you . . . speak up. Who is it? (*Pause*) All right, by God, I'll come down an drag you out . . .

SOUND: *Feet on ladder and scrambling on chains*

PETEY: (*In a desperate undertone*) It's only me, mate, I'll come up, you don't need to come down no farther.

SAILOR: You little rat . . .

PETEY: I'm comin', Mate, I'm comin'.

SAILOR: You're damn right, you are . . . wait a minute, there's someone else down there.

PETEY: No, there ain't, there's no one else.

SAILOR: You're lyin'. Get out of my way.

PETEY: Please, Mate, don't shine the light in there, please.

SAILOR: Get the hell out of the way.

PETEY: Don't for God's sake!

SAILOR: Nobody else here, eh? I knew damn well you were . . . (*There is a long pause*) My God.

PETEY: Don't wake her up, please. Take the light off her face, she's un'appy enough already.

SAILOR: (*After a long pause and in a dazed voice*) How . . . how did she get here?

PETEY: I found her when I come. Take the light off her face, Mate.

SAILOR: That's a . . . a baby?

PETEY: That's what it is. Now in 'Eaven's name turn off the light before she wakes up and sees you.

SAILOR: Sees me? Yeah . . . all right.

PETEY: God bless you. You ain't goin' to give us up, are you, Mate? The poor girl's 'ad it 'ard enough as it is.

SAILOR: (*Unheeding*) Why, in God's name, did it have to be this ship?

PETEY: You ain't gonna give us up? You ain't goin' to make things worse for the girl, are you?

SAILOR: (*bitterly*) Make things worse? That's all guys like me can do. "Slopper" is what they call me on deck.

PETEY: Don't be 'ard on 'er, Mate.

SAILOR: Hard on her? (*He gives a harsh laugh*)

PETEY: Don't give her up.

SAILOR: She can't stay here. I've got to, I've got to give her up . . .

PETEY: Why?

SAILOR: . . . and to the damndest captain afloat. I have to hand you both over to him. The worst . . . oh, my God.

PETEY: You don't 'ave to, Mate.

SAILOR: I tell you I do, you fool. You know where you are? You're in the chain locker . . . See that chain under you? There's two tons of anchor at the other end of it. Each one of these links weighs twenty pounds, and when the anchor drops, that chain whips out of here so fast you can't see it — and anything or anybody that's in here; — well, part of them go up through the hawse-pipe and the rest is splattered around the walls of the locker.

PETEY: (*Pause*) By all the Saints, it's a pleasant little contraption, ain't it?

SAILOR: Yeah.

PETEY: But it won't be droppin' till we 'it Seattle, will it? And when we get there you might give us a warnin'.

SAILOR: She's goin' to Seattle?

PETHEY: That's right; to meet someone. A nice bloke 'e must be—a bloomin' bla'guard I calls 'im.

SAILOR: Yeah.

PETHEY: You'll 'elp us, won't you?

SAILOR: I can't help you; I can't. No one can tell what that devil up on the bridge is goin' to do next, damn his soul. I couldn't warn you.

PETHEY: Please, Mate.

SAILOR: Damn it, I tell you I couldn't, it isn't safe. You can't let a dame and a kid . . .

PETHEY: You could warn us, I'd get 'em out. You ain't the kind to be 'ard on the girl, Mate, you're . . .

SAILOR: Shut up . . . guys like me can't be anything else.

PETHEY: That ain't the truth . . . you know it ain't

SAILOR: I'd have believed you a while back . . . thought I'd made the grade . . . then I slipped . . . what the hell, I always do; always would.

PETHEY: Well, 'ere's the chance to start back up again. Givin' 'er up to that captain would kill 'er; she's so bloomin' scared already she don't know where she's at.

SAILOR: (*desperately*) Oh, God, I don't know . . . it isn't safe here, but . . .

PETHEY: I knew you'd do it, Mate. 'Eaven bless you.

SAILOR: (*He laughs*) Bless me . . . you'll bless me all right when that chain starts crashin' out of here.

PETHEY: We'll be gone from the bloomin' place before then. Thanks to you.

SAILOR: Thanks to me . . . yeah, thanks to me. (*Pause*) Look—she gets to Seattle; you . . . see her through . . . will you? She'll be damn well off without that fella she's goin' to meet. Tell her that. Tell her he was a no good sailor, who'd only make a mess of things. Make her go back up to Juno with her people. Do that, will you? Help her . . . What the hell am I spillin' over about? Get back into your hole. I'm due on deck. So long.

SOUND: *Feet on ladder; fades out.*

PETHEY: Mother of God be praised. There's a strange one.

NARRATOR: The rest of that night and the next day, the freighter steams on toward Seattle through a calm sea. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, it quite suddenly turns cold and black clouds in the west hasten the darkness.

At eight o'clock the captain comes out of the chart room onto the bridge. He is a huge hulk of a man with a fat, black-stubbled face and little pig eyes. The mate is beside him.

SOUND: *Wind on the bridge.*

CAPTAIN: (*His voice is half a bark and half a growl.*) Mate.

MATE: Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN: Where do we lay? (*Pause*) Come on, come on, I ain't got all night.

MATE: Forty-eight by a hundred an' thirty-two.

CAPTAIN: Pull her over a couple of points.

MATE: (*To helmsman*) Over a couple.

CAPTAIN: Bogg Island ought to be right around here some place.

MATE: Looks black and choppy in the north, Sir.

CAPTAIN: I ain't blind, I can see without you tellin' me.

(*Shouting*) You there, on the wheel, I didn't tell you to turn the ship half way around. Bring her back a point.

(*To himself*) Damn pack a' mules I got for a crew; pack a' damn mules.

SOUND: *Wind increasing.*

CAPTAIN: Here she comes. Looks like a heller, too. Stand ready, mate. Soon as it blows up a gale we'll pull to the le'ward of one of these islands, anchor off and ride her out.

MATE: Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN: Slow her down a quarter.

MATE: Down a quarter.

CAPTAIN: Send a man up to the fo'castle head to stand by the anchor. There ain't much leeway behind some of these pint-sized island and if this storm hits us hard there won't be no time for stallin' around.

MATE: Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN: Get a move on; we may need that anchor in a hurry.

MATE: Yes, Sir.

SOUND: *Rain and higher winds on the bridge.*

CAPTAIN: Blast away and to hell with you.

NARRATOR: At the same time, down in the belly of the ship; in the chain locker . . .

PETHEY: Lor', I wished it would a stayed like it was a while ago—nice and balmy. It's gettin' too bloomin' cold for comfort now. Listen to 'er blow, will you?

TAUNA: How much longer will it take . . . to Seattle?

PETHEY: Well, *I* couldn't say exactly . . . in fact, I ain't got the faintest notion. Furthermore, I 'aven't got any idea as to 'ow long we've been out. So, as you might say, I'm all at sea. (*He chuckles*) Say, I'm 'ungry, I am. 'Ow about you? Want some raisins?

TAUNA: Thank you. I have mucktuck. You would like some?

PETHEY: Well, I ain't so bloomin' fond of it, Miss, but I'll tell you what; I'll trade you, some of yours for some of mine. There we are. (*Eating*) You know this 'ere place ain't so bad, once you get use to it, better than a lot of places you can get into if you're not careful, anyhow. Kinda reminds me of a coal bin I used to play in when I was a little bloke.

TAUNA: Where?

PETHEY: In London. Right down on the bloomin' river it was —damp, like this 'ere. Me an Tod an' Gravey used to play in that bin all day sometimes. Old Tod, 'e was a boy for you—always diggin' up mischief 'e was, most always got caught, too. 'E was built somewhat like a balloon. Poor bloke, got run over by an ale wagon; wheel stove in 'is 'ead like an apple. I can see it now, plain as when it 'appened.

TAUNA: Oh . . . I'm sorry.

PETHEY: So 'elp me, this ain't no time for bloody tales. What was I sayin'? Oh, the bin. Somethin' like this it was. By the way, Miss, who . . . 'ow did you find out about this locker 'ere to 'ide in? Wasn't that . . . 'usband a yours who told you, was it?

TAUNA: No. What do you mean?

PETHEY: Oh, nothin' . . . nothin'.

TAUNA: How did you find out?

PETHEY: I used to be a shippin' man back a ways; till I turned to prospectin'.

TAUNA: For gold?

PETHEY: That's right. I was workin' in the galley on the White Bear. When we struck Nome, I got the smell of gold. So I just chucked ship and packed off to buy me all them shovels an' picks an' pots an' pans you need for prospectin'. An' I got me a bloomin' bunch a stakes an' a pack of grub an' started out. Well I ain't never seen much gold in my life, but I never seen *less* than I did then. Why, blast it

all, I must 'ave dug up more ground than there is on the British Isles, and not a piece of gold did I find; — or a piece of anything else, for that matter, not even a deuced copper. What's more I forgot to take the only thing as is worth anything on gold prospectin' an' that is mosquito nettin'. The next time that's all I am gonna take. The only business in the gold line I did was to lose me one an' only gold tooth — see?

TAUNA: That is too bad.

PETHEY: It makes me terrible un'appy, that does. I used to take it out an' hold it up to the light, prettiest thing I ever see.

TAUNA: I am sorry. (*Then, after a silence*) Listen. Is that the noise of the wind?

PETHEY: So 'elp me, it is. Gettin' quite a blow, we are. Somethin' else, too, by 'Eaven. Where in 'ell is that water comin' from? Oh, I see: It's rainin' an' blowin', too; regular gale, an' the rain's comin' down the hawse-pipe.

TAUNA: Where?

PETHEY: Down there. See where the chain (*he sees his mistake*) Well, it ain't nothin'. Feel the old tub 'eave, will ya? Blast it all, Miss, we're in a jolly squall, we are. 'Old on to that little feller. You know 'e's lucky from one way you look at it. You an' me, too. At least we ain't somewhere that a wave or wind can take us overboard into the bloomin' ocean. We're as safe in 'ere as if we was in the Bank of England.

NARRATOR: At the moment the scene on the deck of the boat is one of great excitement. The captain stands at the prow, the rain and wind beating on his grimy oil-skins, his dripping sou' wester pulled down over his eyes. He turns occasionally, and, over the howling of the storm, roars out an order to the mate on the bridge or the leadsman amidships or the sailors, who are making things fast on the wind-swept deck. There is a sailor beside him.

SOUND: *Storm on deck: the roaring of the wind, the sharp spatter of rain, and the rumbling crash of high seas.*

CAPTAIN: (*Shouting over the storm*) Steady, there, steady. Hold your course, you lubber. (*To himself*) The devil damn this storm. Stud, throw out the latch on the anchor brake.

SAILOR: Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN: There ain't been such stinkin' weather around here for six years; it's as black as a nigger's heel. Bogg Island light won't shine two hundred yards through this muck. (*Shouting*) All right, you lubbers, get that lumber lashed down. Snap to it.

SAILOR: There's Bogg Island light, Sir.

CAPTAIN: Huh? . . . Yeah, I see it, I see it. (*Shouting*) Mate, bring her right a quarter. Dutch, on the lead. (*To man beside him*) Some day that sailor's gonna put this tub on the rocks. He ain't got the guts of a smoked salmon. (*Shouting*) Get that lead out.

VOICE: (*Off*) Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN: Mate!

MATE: (*Off*) Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN: Send someone down to the engine room and tell 'em to stand by for quick astern. These waters along here are bristlin' with reefs.

MATE: Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN: And send that bum Slopper up here; want him on the anchor.

MATE: Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN: On the lead there, what the hell are you waitin' for; what does it read?

VOICE: (*Off*) No bottom yet, Sir.

CAPTAIN: Keep throwin' it out . . . You, up on the bridge, cut her down a quarter. Speed it up sailors: get them sacks stacked against the bulkhead. (*To himself*) Blast-ed pack a' mules; act like they'd never been on board a ship before.

VOICE: (*Off*) Bottom. Half six.

CAPTAIN: All right; keep throwin'.

STUD: Gettin' near the island, Sir.

CAPTAIN: Yeah. Got that latch on the anchor brake thrown out?

STUD: Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN: (*Shouting*) Cut her down another quarter.

VOICE: (*Off*) Down another quarter.

STUD: (*Excited*) Somethin' dead ahead, Sir . . . looks like a reef.

CAPTAIN: What the devil . . . (*Shouts even louder than before*) Full astern! A reef. Pull her back full!

SOUND: *Clanging of bells and throbbing of engines.*

CAPTAIN: Give her everything she's got. Ease the wheel over. Damn the stinkin' luck. Ain't anyone on this blasted ship got eyes? You, Stud, why in . . . Back around with the wheel. She's workin' off.

STUD: She's free.

CAPTAIN: Cut her full to the right. Slow ahead. (*To himself*) Bunch a' lunkheads. Lucky we didn't get stove in.

SAILOR: (*It is the gruff, sullen voice of "Slopper"*) The Mate said you wanted me.

CAPTAIN: It's about time, Slopper. Don't you belong on deck? Where the hell have you been?

SLOPPER: Below.

CAPTAIN: Damn your hide, you call me Sir.

SLOPPER: Sir.

CAPTAIN: That's better . . . Below, huh? What's the matter, afraid of the wind? . . . You ought to be a perfume salesman. Next time be on deck when I want you.

SLOPPER: What do you want now . . . Sir?

CAPTAIN: I'll tell you what I want when I get ready. Stand by.

VOICE: (*Off*) On the lead; half five.

CAPTAIN: (*To himself*) About as good a place as we'll get along here. (*Shouts*) Off a quarter.

SLOPPER: (*He begins to realize what is happening*) You're not goin' to . . .

CAPTAIN: Stud, go down to the engine room and tell Snyder to get set; Slopper'll handle the anchor.

STUD: (*Fading out*) Yes, sir.

SLOPPER: You can't drop the anchor.

CAPTAIN: What the hell's wrong with you? (*Shouts*) Steady there on the bridge.

SLOPPER: You've got to wait. There's . . .

CAPTAIN: Shut up. Let the anchor go, Slopper.

SLOPPER: No . . . I tell you there's . . .

CAPTAIN: I said let go the anchor.

VOICE: (*Off*) Half four.

SLOPPER: (*Desperately*) But there's someone . . .

CAPTAIN: (*Beside himself with rage*) You blasted fool, get out of my way.

SLOPPER: No, don't. For God's sake, listen . . .

CAPTAIN: By all the devils in hell, I'll show you who's captain of this ship.

SOUND: *The two men crashing onto the deck; and the sounds of a terrific struggle.*

SLOPPER: (*Above the fight and the storm*) Dutch . . . Snyder . . . the chain locker . . .

CAPTAIN: Get away from the side, you dirty . . .

SLOPPER: The locker, Dutch . . . there's someone in it . . .

CAPTAIN: (*in terror*) In the name of Christ . . . we'll go over . . . stop . . .

SLOPPER: Get her out . . . get her out . . .

SOUND: As the two men plunge over the side, the terrified screams of the captain fade and are swallowed in the roar of the storm. The sound of the raging, wind swept sea increases greatly, then fades off.

THE END

NOTE

Note that this night
is heavy at the top
inverted pyramid.

Note that winds whirl
and press the perfect point
straight to the crying brain

Of a tired child
unable to bear even
the load of her light hair.

MARY ELIZABETH MILLER

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT?

P. R. KELLY*

LAST year, as National Affairs Editor of the Flamingo, we took life seriously for a change, and became editorially Worried About It All. For the past six years this writer has been following the course of the nations of the world fairly closely, along with the rest of the hapless American public who are subjected to the tyrannical clause in most columnist's contracts which stipulates that said columnist must turn in, to his syndicate lords, a daily quota of so many words.

There may be a sillier journalistic canon, but just at the minute it escapes us, along with the name of the man who thought Chamberlin was a mighty smart fellow in making that Munich agreement. It can be said, without undue charity, that most of us do have a worthy thought now and then, one that needs expression and clarification. And it may also be supposed that writers such as Walter Lippman, Dorothy Thompson, Heywood Broun, Westbrook Pegler, General Hugh S. Johnson and the rest, may have a little better batting average when it comes to pundit-ing. They keep well informed by reading each other's columns for typographical errors.

But it seems a definite fallacy to assume that the vociferous little group mentioned above, or any of the hundreds of other newspaper writers and editors can step up to the plate every day and bang out a home run. Why not let these fellows write only when they have something worth while to say? We realize that it's a mighty comforting thought to many a harassed editor to know that he's got a certain amount of copy that can be counted on to keep the machines busy in those early hours, but it seems like a waste of good space to print something just because you're paying ten dollars a week or so for it, whether or not it's worthwhile reading.

And while we're on the subject, we might ask softly about such intricate matters as "Russia's Aim Towards Iceland," or "Will Hitler Seize Belgium?" What we wouldn't give to get off in a corner with a few of them and hear them have

*DICK KELLY, experienced newspaper writer before entering Rollins, has frequently contributed political articles and reviews to both *The Flamingo* and the *Orlando Morning Sentinel*.

their say, without fear of blue-penciling editor or irate reader reaction! Chances are most of the boys are talking with their tongues in their cheeks. After all, aren't they accepted by the American public as Experts in Prognostication? Very well then, on with the dance! Who cares about what really goes on behind the scenes? Suppose they DO know that no one in this cock-eyed world, including the men who are running it, know what's going to happen next. Come on, get out those 700 words for Tuesday! Don't forget—the little woman needs a new coat, and that car sounds like a threshing machine.

Needless to say, the daily columnists aren't the only people in on the farce. Day and night the radio blares forth the stenorian voices of its own crop of analysts, led by the astute Mr. Kaltenborn, Raymond Cram Swing, and many others. Solemnly they read us off the Latest News from Paris—from Berlin—from London. Quietly but with authority, they speak their little pieces, the cool, detached mind searching out every bit of evidence or rumor, and building up imaginary sequences. And the American public, happy to lose its daily cares and worries in vicarious experience, turns away from the microphone and sighs. But the war continues . . . America continues to stride toward it, lines of noble worry etched into its forehead.

We have no difference of opinion with those who wish to be informed of what's happening in the world we live in. But we ARE taking up the cudgels against the thousand and one Experts on World Affairs, who—presto, chango—can gaze into the crystal bowl and tell us What's Going To Happen Next—or What's Behind It All. No one knows that yet . . . and that goes for Comrade Hitler, Pact-Signer Stalin, Chamberlin the Dupe, and our own President Roosevelt.

Of course, there is something to be said on the other side of the fence. Everyone of our national Soothsayers can point out at least one instance in which he predicted accurately a certain development. But that's the old law of averages coming to the fore.

We came through the first five years of our education in World Affairs practically unscathed. But when the boys missed out on the reoccupation of the Rhineland, the Anschluss, Czechoslovakia, etc., our faith in the powers of analysis began to wane. Still, we might have endured even Chamberlain's reasoning at Munich, if it hadn't been for Poland. And when, after

everyone including Daladier and The Man With the Umbrella thought Russia was definitely on the allies' side, and Von Ribbentrop played his ace . . . then and only then did we sink weakly to the floor. The only prediction we'll venture these days is that it may rain tomorrow . . . if the weather permits.

What's going to happen next? Get out the ouija board and we'll see!

ENTREATY

O Sleep,
great mute and hooded creature
moving in silent star steps,
huge bulk of frozen timelessness,
great ice-packed snow-bound state,
let my eyes find you upon the horizon,
follow you till your shadow
looms upon me.

Discriminate phantom,
being with only one mood,
descend upon me
till I gasp for breath
in your smothering dark robes.

Gentle healer,
elusive pattern,
creature of the great Escape,
is there one prouder than you,
one less proud?

Nomad of loneliness,
unconscious of tumult,
serene and deliberate,
settle upon me like the dust of centuries
until —— congealed
I lie immune and numbed.

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