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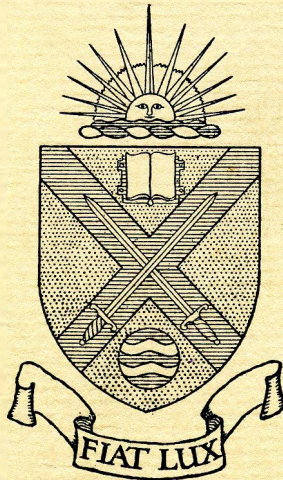
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THE FLAMINGO

MAY, 1941



ROLLINS COLLEGE

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

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Vol. 15

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

No. 3

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CARICATURE OF MARY ANN WILSON
BOB BURNS

JEREMIAH ENCOUNTERS AN ANGEL

MARY ANN WILSON

JEREMIAH PYE SWUNG his axe back and forth, breaking clean into the bright bark with rhythmical stroke. But it was warm in the sunlight, and Jeremiah left the shining blade in the wood and sat himself down in the shade on the other side of the tree. It was beautiful day, so Jeremiah stretched out upon the cool grass and looked down into the valley. The farms were squares of bright green where they had been cut from the darker green of forests, and the undulating earth made its own neat shadows. The lake shone in the sunlight, and his house beside it was clean and small like his children, but somehow rambling, in much the manner of Jeremiah himself. Beyond rose the mountains on the other side, wooded and large, no longer sharp or forbidding, but rounded and placid in old age.

The day was warm, but there was a fresh breeze, and he could smell the grass in the sunlight, and hear the mountain stream as it made its leisurely way to the lake in the valley. Jeremiah was very comfortable, and he had half-closed his eyes when a voice behind and above him said:

"I — I say, could you help me down from here?"

Jeremiah turned slowly and reluctantly and looked up into the tree, from when the voice had come. An elderly and uncomfortable-looking angel sat perched precariously on a limb, one wing caught in the branches above.

Jeremiah rose from the grass, stretched out his arms and stood quite still with his eyes closed for a minute. Then, remembering the plight of the poor angel, he swung his long body up into the tree and helped the divine messenger down to earth.

"Won't you sit down?"

"Oh, no, thank you — I prefer to stand."

"Well — I hope you don't mind."

When Jeremiah was more comfortable, he looked up at the angel, who squinted uncomfortably at a large knot on the tree. The poor fellow was dreadfully embarrassed, so Jeremiah said politely:

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Oh — lovely."

There was another silence, which the angel broke rather abruptly by saying:

"Look here, Mr. Pye —"

"Look here, Jeremiah, if you like."

"Look here, Jeremiah, you're almost fifty years old —"

"Forty-seven . . . You see —"

"Almost fifty years old, and what have you accomplished? Less than twelve kilda of wood a day —"

"Less than nine, really."

"While the other woodcutters rise before dawn, you have been known to sleep until noon."

"But only on very cold days. During spring and summer I always watch the sun rise."

"Yes, when you've walked all night. A good woodchopper, Mr. Pye, just doesn't — well, it's abnormal."

"But —"

"Never mind. While I was a — rather gay blade myself in my extreme youth, Mr. Pye, fifty —"

"Forty-seven."

"—at fifty, Mr. Pye, a man should have settled down."

"I have a wife and eight children, you know."

"Nine, Mr. Pye."

"Oh, well — nine."

Neither of them said anything for a moment. The angel looked again at the knot on the tree trunk, and Jeremiah chewed a piece of grass reflectively.

"There are other considerations, too, Mr. Pye."

"Other considerations?"

"Yes . . . You see, we feel you have a real talent for wood-cutting. Why, there have been days when you could match axes with the best of them. And it isn't as though you disliked your work."

"Oh, I never really *work* at it," Jeremiah reassured the angel. "When it's a good day for woodchopping — a cold, clear day, that is, with a nice crackle in the air — I only have to lift the axe; it swings itself back and forth with a beautiful rhythm of its own. You know, I always thought you people up there" (and Jeremiah tilted his head back a little to look at the bright blue), "had something to do with it; but if *you* don't —" And he half shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders very slightly,

as though the problem were too much for him, and the only possible solution completely fantastic.

"Mr. Pye," the angel admonished, his chin quivering indignantly, "I think you forget yourself."

Jeremiah lowered his eyes contritely, but when the angel looked down to smooth his ruffled wing-feathers, one corner of Jeremiah's wide mouth jumped upward, and it was all he could do to keep his full lower lip from going further in the same direction.

When each feather was once again lying flat and docile in its own position, the angel continued:

"It all comes to this, Jeremiah — The way things stand, you have twenty more years to live. Now, here's our proposition."

"Our?"

"Well, I've been with them quite a while."

The angel looked out the corner of his eye at his wingtip and smiled deprecatingly.

"Well, here it is: now, the number of kilda an average woodcutter cuts a day is fifteen; if you began when you were about sixteen years old, and you're fifty now —"

"Forty-seven," said Jeremiah mildly.

"Fifty now, thirty-four years back woodcutting would be — Let's see — excluding Sundays and Christmases, of course — 1,872 kilda a year, or 65,520 kilda for the next twenty years; that's — ummm" — he looked at the sky for a moment — "approximately 48 kilda a day; and, Mr. Pye, we're prepared to let you off at — only think of it! — just half of that, or 24,3125 kilda of wood a day for the next twenty years. For chopping that, Mr. Pye, I am in the position to offer you ten more years of life."

"How many kilda a day will I have to average then?" said Jeremiah, turning away to hide a smile.

"That, Mr. Pye, is the beauty of the thing! The last ten years you can do anything — well, within reason, of course — absolutely anything you want to do."

When the angel had finished, there was another silence, after which he approached Jeremiah hesitantly:

"I — I say."

"Oh — I'm sorry. I really heard everything you said."

"Well —" The angel was a little uncertain, but, having

presented his plan, he did not lose confidence:

"Well, you've heard our offer. I really must be going."

"Thank you," said Jeremiah cheerfully. "It was nice of you to come."

"Not at all."

"Good-bye. Pleasant journey."

When the last flappings of the angel's wings had died away in the distance, Jeremiah yawned and closed his eyes. It was very warm.

DEATH AND THE LOVE

The sunlight bruised the flesh.
Hurt bruised the heart.
The brush that tided through the summer hair
Languidly knew the motion.
Sunshine was there.
Death is a bitter brown taste to the mouth.
And warm lips close on a cold mishapen thing.
Poison does not kiss.
How can a time-less loving one
Know this?

The finger, listless, idle
Gestures to trace,
Down to a heart's understanding,
A tremulous,
Far-away face.
One must learn sorrow, memorize, review;
Bury charred remembrance in the hair's warm pity.
One of the blood-tied day, the dream-swept night:
Watch quietly how simple blue
Takes on eternity.

JANE BALCH

"THEY SHALL NOT BE MOVED"

SALLY McCASLIN

ON THE outskirts of the small town the road curved to the west and stretched and narrowed itself for a leisurely journey. For almost a half mile, the frame houses followed it, straggling unevenly between the red gullies. The last two faced each other almost defiantly — the one clinging like a grey leech to its vantage point on the hillside, the other squatting solidly across the black asphalt, the bright red of its gasoline tanks protecting the dwelling itself from too close scrutiny. A bold sign declared it to be "The Yellow Dog" and its business, "Eating, Drinking, and Dancing." Cheaply garish in the colors of its cigarette ads, it stared across at its somber companion with infinite scorn. Even its customers were painted a pale green and red as they passed under the Christmas tree lights strung over the door. Day and night, the juke organ blared its vulgarly rhythmical music, cars swept in and out the oil besprinkled drive, and the neon light that spelled "beer" blinked with unnoticed monotony. "The Yellow Dog" was notorious and busy. Its beer was cold, the dance floor smooth, and the rusty brown cloth that curtained the booths, ample and impenetrable.

The other structure strangely enough was a church. The neat white sign above the door proclaimed it to be "The Holiness Church of God." The town people laughed about the situation. Their staid joke was that the "Holy Rollers" had worn a path between the two. They explained to strangers that the road house had so lowered the price of land that the members themselves had bought the plot of uneven ground; and with a government loan and second hand lumber, in due time they had built themselves a church and the old tent had been folded and stored in the preacher's garage. The new church was not as convenient for the mill people, but the farmers liked it better. They drove their teams up the rough slant and tied them to the row of Sassafras trees in the back; and ever since, on Saturday night, one heard in the drum soliloquies of Cab Calloway, the high and ethereal singing of "I Shall Not Be Moved."

For two years they had been peaceful neighbors. Indeed,

the small church had been the source of many a laugh and toast in the other's walls, and in turn "The Yellow Dog" had inspired the years' outstanding sermons.

Except for the weather and the epochal drouth, the present summer had been no different. July found the two weather beaten and grey but unmoved. For days, the sun had gummed the black asphalt between them into shiny bubbles. The box like church was parched with the heat, and at "The Yellow Dog," oil came through the paint on the boards and shone on the gravel drive. Bottles of coca cola swam languidly in luke warm water. A new spring was put on the screen door to keep out the flies. At noon, the shimmering glare united the two with utter indifference to the breach.

Though worse than usual, the drouth was consistent with its nature. Farmers let their cattle roam loose, when their ponds were so low that the dragon flies lighted on the mud. The corn, halfway in its growth, turned yellow and sent out premature tassels above a stunted, spindly stalk.

By the last Saturday in July, the promised rains had not yet come. For the most part, the night was heavy and sultry. Only fleeting breaths of air moved the black branches against the dark sky, stirring the imagination with the subtlety of the motion. If there had not been frequent such symptoms without results, even the old timers would have prophecied rain.

The lights of "The Yellow Dog" were limpid under the suffocating stillness. The jook organ played loudly but with the spirit of an unheard jester. From the road, one could smell the hamburgers frying in grease, could hear the cool sound of the beer bottles slipping along the hard surfaced counter, could dimly see on the dance floor, shadowy figures in close embrace.

Both elements of its clientele were at the "Yellow Dog" that night. The farmers had stopped by on their way home from town. They drank their beer and talked about the drouth and crops and the war situation. The men from town wore shiny suits of green or brown and bright ties tucked inside their shirts. Some of them had girls and they sat with them in the curtained booths and occasionally came out to dance.

At the bar in the farmer group sat a young man, heavier than most and less wrinkled. His neat pin checked trousers and his collar thrown open at the throat was a contrast to the

blue stuffed effect of his companions. He was a strong animal like man with full lips and thick thighs. His smooth red face and throat showed him to be perhaps in his middle thirties. He stared into his glass of beer with seething ill temper. The farmers talked of the rain, speculating as to what the consequences would be if the gathering storm were another false alarm.

The younger man broke in with a sneer, "The Holy Rollers are prayin' for rain tonight. Havin' a special meetin'. Why don't you go over and help 'em?"

"We don't want to give God a shock," a round faced man answered and laughed uproariously at himself.

The younger man glared at him.

A farmer with a sunken mouth explained to his companion, motioning to the younger man, "Wayne, there's done lost his corn and some of his cattle too."

A tall dark man in a green suit with his initials on his tie pin shouldered his way to the bar. As Wayne raised his glass, he bumped it slightly and the beer spilled over on the bar. Wayne swore, his face ugly, and stood up. The other man paid no attention and ordered two drinks. When he turned, Wayne was still standing. He spoke to the dark man in a smoldering voice.

"Watch out who you're bumping, Buddy!"

The dark man answered, "Don't make trouble. You better shut up and go across and help your wife pray for yourself."

Another man stepped between them, expecting trouble. In his recent frame of mind, no one who knew him dared kid Wayne about his and his wife's divergent loyalties. They wondered if his wife were again across at the small church with the children, but they kept silent on the subject.

The church too was as emotionally tense in the climax of the July drouth. It panted under the weight of the congregation in the sultry Saturday night. Flies crawled heavily over the dim walls and sudden gusts of wind sent the flames of the kerosene lamps smoking against the chimneys. The young dank haired preacher mopped his brow as he paused to look over his battered group of listeners.

"Sing 'I Shall Not Be Moved,' " he said in an inspired voice, then sank into a chair and gulped water from a pitcher at the foot of the pulpit. He had just finished pronouncing eternal

damnation on the revelers at "The Yellow Dog," and had ended his prophecy with a plea for rain. The concerted prayer for relief from the drouth was still before them.

In her usual seat on the third row, Estelle sat, moving her shoulders when the bench pressed the buttons into her back. She was thin, sallow, and haggard. Wayne's heavy well fed look bespoke more difference than there actually was in their ages. Even in the church, she was alone, somehow cut off from the religious rapport that swept the others. The story of her sinful husband was a familiar one on their lips. Wayne wasn't a Holiness, and they knew where he spent his time when Estelle was at church. The other members prayed for him in long prayers and they pitied his wife in feminine conversations, but they were scarcely bold enough to talk to her about other things.

She studied the thin line of heat rash on the fair skin of her baby's neck. On a folded quilt on the floor of the church her other two children lay sprawled on their backs, their feet wide apart, mouths open, damp hair, damp clothes in a lethargy of warmth. Staring at them with unseeing eyes, she felt the dumb insensibility of approaching sleep, but she found herself listening to the rising wind above the preacher's frantic shouts of "Glory Hallejuah!" At intervals there were bars of the "Beer Barrel Polka" from the jook organ over the way. It brought with it a dull apprehensive feeling about Wayne. She looked around her and the congregation seemed to sharpen itself for hostilities with the rapid motion of its fans.

They were new fans, the handles still securely fastened. The picture of Jesus on the cross still retained its bright colors. On the other side printed in black letters, read "These fans are due to the courtesy of Holmes Brothers' Undertakers," and under this were the first few lines of Kipling's "If." Estelle read it, pondering over the lines.

After the song, quite suddenly, the young preacher jumped to the top of the pulpit and began to beat on the ceiling with his fists. With tears running down his cheeks, he pleaded in a broken voice for those who were appreciative of the Son's sacrifice and for all of God's blessings to come forward to the mourners' Bench and join in the prayer for rain.

Estelle lay the baby on the quilt and went forward almost timidly. She knelt and placed her forehead against the rough

wooden bench. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she began to pray silently "Oh Lord, we thank thee for all our blessings." Others came and crowded around her. Old women got down slowly and covered their faces with their hands. "Lord," Estelle prayed, "Lord, Lord, Lord, help us in our troubles. Help us to be Christians. Help us to be humble. And if it be thy will, bless us with the rain."

The preacher raised his hand for a minute of silent prayer. Breaking rudely on her numbed senses, Estelle heard the sound of a guttural curse in "The Yellow Dog." The guttural voice reached a higher pitch. There was the sound of a chair crashing against the wall, more voices, a scream, and then an ominous quiet.

With arms outstretched and his eyes turned up until only the whites showed, the preacher began his prayer. The rest of the congregation took up the chant of "Glory, Glory, Glory." Beside her a woman lay down perfectly rigid and babbled through closed lips in an unknown tongue.

Estelle prayed until the perspiration broke out in her hands. She prayed for the corn standing spindly and yellow on the hill sides. She prayed for the prisoners in the county jail. She prayed that her children would not be sick in "dog days." She prayed for the "heathen Germans." She prayed desperately packing her thoughts to keep out the fear that something had happened to Wayne.

"The Yellow Dog" was completely silent after the fight. As the silence lasted, she became stupefied with fear, and huddled on the floor, her lips mechanically speaking, "Please send us rain. Rain."

There was a fumbling step outside the church. She heard the trace chain rattle on a wagon. Intuitively she tried to rise, to go to him. They held her down with their groveling bodies, with the spell of the prayer. She dared not cry out. The rains depended on her. The preacher came and laid a moist hand on her shoulder.

"God bless you, Sister, he said. "Some of these days he's going to see the error of his ways and come on the other side of the road. "God!" he suddenly shouted. "Help us to keep on our side of the road — the Christian side."

Estelle trembled and sank down and sobbed with bitter aban-

don. Others followed her example, weeping because they had felt the glory of God's presence.

It was a good meeting. It lasted an hour longer than usual.

When it was over, they shook hands with teary eyes and limp muscles. A quiet restfulness claimed the church. Estelle waked her children with difficulty. They whimpered as she folded the quilt and she pushed them along half asleep to the door.

Still holding the baby in one arm, she lifted the other two into the wagon. Wayne lay sprawled unconscious on the floor of the bed. The flashes of lightning showed a deep knife cut in the fleshy part of his shoulder. He had fainted from loss of blood. Quickly she untied the wagon and whipped the mules down the gully on to the asphalt. Beneath the whip the mules humped themselves into great strides and the wheels of the wagon pushed on their heels.

The lightning showed Wayne's body young and relaxed. He was hurt but not mortally. She gloried in his helplessness and cracked the whip proudly over the mules' backs. Gathering the baby more closely into her arms, she studied the low lying clouds ahead in the west. It was a mile home. They had gone the first half before the drops came, large and insistent.

THERE IS NO HOPE

There is no hope within my brain
To Torture me to sleep.
There is no chance, — I feel no pain
No gnawing memories creep
To tantalize and goad me on
To live a losing game.
I've made love's sacrifice upon
Its unrequiting flame.

DOUGLAS BILLS

PHILLIP'S HILL

THOMAS CASEY

"Well, here we are, John. Here is where
I come each fall to sit and stare;
But more than that, not only scan,
But pay my homage to a man."

"What sort of homage, and how weird
Upon this hill a glacier reared?
What idea have you in your mind
To walk me so? I am inclined
To think this woods-vacation takes
More mettle than a body makes."

"There is a story to it, John.
Will you stay and hear me on?
The wind may chill you just a bit;
However, you'll get used to it,
And when I'm finished, maybe like
To come here on another hike."

"I promise you it best be good —
Say, Phillip, have you understood?
Don't you hear me? Come, stop your dreaming.
This wind would have a bear blaspheming.
Get on and spin your yarn before
I'm frozen to the very core."

"I couldn't tell you to the year,
But once there was a shelter here.
It wasn't much but board and nail,
Yet it was far from being frail.
It broke this wind, and that's enough
For any man of any stuff."

"Is that your way of chiding me
Because I chill so easily?
And if it's me you're thinking of,
Your insult fits me like a glove."

I'm always willing to acquiesce
Man likes his peace-times, more or less."

"Where the fellow used to dwell
I remember very well.
It was yonder to that boulder
That his shelter put its shoulder,
By that mossy-headed stone
That he broke his bread alone.
He was young and keen of face
When he built that pine-board place.
The chimney worked on in the sun
Was beautiful when it was done.
It was of lava rocks composed
That held the heat when day was closed.
He neighbored owls and turkey-cocks,
The woodchuck and the wily fox.
He let the grizzly be the king,
And kept to his side of the spring;
But the man and bear partook
Of the water of one brook."

"But what in mischief could a man
Get out of playing Indian?
I'll bet that many times he hurled
His own misgivings at his world.
I'll wager that he didn't stay
Beyond a year, a single day.
How could a man, remembering
A city life's abandoning?
If he's a goof for all-out-doors
There are parks and recreation floors.
And when one goes from here to there,
Who minds the El or taxi fare?
Of all the gods, which one admits
We are not master of our wits?
We ply our trade from state to state,
Though never duck a better rate
When offered from across the sea.
But that's how merchants have to be,
And that's how business puts the best

Of human relations to the test.
 It's the city, not the hearth
 Is bargain counter of the earth.
 I'll take the city. You'll hear more
 News of nations gone to war;
 And you'll never go out scowling;
 From your morning shower and toweling;
 While eating is no trouble at
 A place they call the Automat.
 No, Phillip, the city is a show
 Where the whole world has to go."

"I didn't come to argue. John.
 Are you ready, now, to hear me on?
 What purpose this young fellow filled
 In all the time his dreaming killed,
 I cannot say. He may have turned
 To making poems. But they were burned,
 If ever ink drew what he dreamed,
 Because, to him, it never seemed
 That he could adequately say
 He feared the night or loved the day.
 He wandered over every hill
 You see from here. It was a thrill,
 On winter days, for him to walk
 To Miller's for his bread and talk.
 And in the early summertime
 There wasn't a place he didn't climb.
 He'd find and mount the highest rise,
 Earth at his feet, God in his eyes,
 And sit all day and scan the ridges
 And count haywagons crossing bridges;
 Then, when he saw the night-tide nearing,
 Come down with the stream to the clearing.
 He was a solitary chap
 Gone to sleep in Nature's lap."

"I'd like to meet that hermit king.
 Believe me, I'd tell him a thing.
 He must have had the idea man
 In general was barbarian.

Well, some are. There's no antidote.
But why become a mountain goat?
Or why decide the best way out
Is going on being Boy Scout?
It sounds okay, but no man should
Waste his life at whittling wood.
The early priests and pioneers
Who lived to blaze our far frontiers
Left little else beyond the Platte,
And Lewis and Clark took care of that.
I tell you, Phillip, your old pal
Was too damned aboriginal."

"You have misjudgments in your mind
That even I could not unbind.
But if you're certain in your thought
You've found exactly what you sought,
Then let no one, not even I,
Light up your brain in passing by.
It would be burning up the barn
To kill the rats. You'd never learn."

"Those words from you are pretty strong.
But don't you think you might be wrong?
Consider, now, there are two sides,
And neither of us overrides
The other when he's passed his guard
With a ridicule that swallows hard."

"All's forgiven, let's forget.
This wind is growing colder yet.
We're not up here to settle scores,
In fact, I'd rather be indoors.
I wish that shack was standing still,
I'd light the fire against the chill.
Then we could stay; keep watch all night,
And — maybe see a meteorite."

"Oh, hell, let's hurry. Let's pack!
They'll worry why we don't get back.
I think my legs are safe enough

To ride me from this blindman's bluff.
You know the way, lead on Old Man.
I'll follow after if I can."

"I'm glad, John, that you came along.
This is the place where I belong.
I wanted you to see the spot
Before it snowed, and you could not.
Next summer I'll be back, I hope,
And if I'm well, I'll climb this slope,
And on the hill I'll sit and stare
Across the country — everywhere.
But more than that, not only scan,
But pay my homage to a man;
Yes, pay my homage to the chap
Gone to sleep in Nature's lap."

"Watch your footing, Phillip! Look here,
I want to see you back next year."

REMONSTRANCE

All too soon a lad will seek you,
Swearing dedications,
So, Virgins, whisper while you can,
Maiden conversations!

SHIRLEY BOWSTEAD

TWO POEMS

ELIZABETH MILLER

PRENATAL

Only this I remember
that there was night
(and the night was dark)

through which walked a man
(and the man was God)

with a woman
(the woman was my soul)

and the fruits thereof a child
(and the child was I)

TO THE MOON

Whether she sees (or wanders in a daze
Of vague precision down an unlit aisle,
Her face disfigured in a final smile)
The oblong twenty-four eternities;
Whether she stumbles, seeking him who cries
My dear, my dear! to her along the vile
Nave of the night in darkness clouded while
He blinds one of her staring almond eyes

We shall not ever know or soon. And yet
Her eye it was that touched and changed our motion.
We varied like the winds that clouds beget,
We were ashamed before that running eye,
Touched by its silver half-blind constancy,
And troubled by its idiot devotion.

SONG FROM THE FOREST

JESS GREGG

I AIN'T natcherly a log-roller. I ain't natcherly anything by trade, tho my mom usta tell me I oughta write down the songs I sing while I work, like

Trees upon the mountain

Branches way up high

Lookin jest like fingers

Pointin at the sky

Hear the giants fallin

Hear em near an far

Hear the jacks a callin

Whoah — Timbar.

Timber in the rapids

Splashin in the spill

Goin down the river

To the big saw mill.

But I ain't got the time to write the words down, an besides it would look pretty silly if the boys in camp saw me scribblin on a piece a paper while I'm ridin the logs or workin in a wood jam.

Sure, I'd like to have the fellahs sing my songs, but they can't ever understand what I say when I sing. They jest laugh and then I shut up.

Now dont get mad, ole rabbit-lip, Fred says. Fred's our boss. We can't help it, he says, if the way you talk sounds like you got fir trees in your mouth.

Everyone laughs somemore, an me, I laugh too, like I done ever since I was a kid and people would laugh at my lip. But laughin dont take away the hurt you feel in your stummick like you was goin to throw up.

The fellahs in camp aint bad by nature. I guess they gotta have sumpin to amuse em when they get home an wanna laugh an ferget their tiredness. I dont mind havin em put cow buns in my bunk er funny drawins in my box er peper in my milk. My feelins have got a callous where stuff like thats concearned. But I sure do wish they'd be more friendly with me.

Every fellah in the camp has got a pal. I aint, but every other fellah has. It gets awful lonesome with no one to talk to earnest-like. No one to confide in. No one to laugh an joke with. Sure, I love the forest, and the rapids, and the cold

mornings, and all the country about here, but I'm lonesome. I'd jest about made up my mind to go when I found Steve.

Dont be confused. My name is Steve too, an this Steve was named after me. You see the camp dog, Ralph, had pups in the mess-hall kitchen. I dont know what happened. Some say the cook fer fun, put that cat in the puppy litter. The cook say the cat got in of her own accord cause the dogs was in her basket.

There was a hell of a scrap and Ralph killed the cat, but not before the cat had scratched the livin daylights out o that litter. One pup come outa it real bad. His pore lil soft mouth was torn and split bad.

Why it looks jest like Steve, says the camp doctor, when he found em next mornin.

So they named him Steve, an cause its mouth looked so ugly, nobody wanted him, so natcherly, I guess, we jest paired up together.

I dont know jest what nationality Steve was, cause his ma aint perticular about her friends. Sorta medium sized with brown spots, an except for his pore mouth, he's jest as purty a dog as you could hope to see.

I couldnt a had him long before I began coxin him out on the logs with me. At first he was a wee bit leary of the rushin current an the noise of the timber crashin into each other, but before he was half grown, he was makin his way accrost them logs jest as fleet as me, and enjoyin it too.

Sometimes we'd go down the rapids on the raft we make outa the logs, an cuz the day was good an we each had a friend you'd hear him a barkin, an me a singin

You hack all day.

You saw all nite

The resta time

You spend yer pay

In gettin tight.

When the boys would see us comin they'd holler, Here comes the Rip-Lip Brothers, but I didn't care anymore. At first the boys didn't like the idea of Steve sleepin in the bunk-house. Afraid of fleas an — well, you know puppies. But Steve had clean habits, an he was so friendly that purty soon every fellah in camp was crazy fer that dog. But I might tell you, Steve was a one man dog. I aint braggin, but I betcha he didn know another man existed in camp.

Fer the first time in my whole life I felt real happy an complete an I was singin away all the time. Steve an me would go hikin in the woods an listen to its quietness, an then he'd go chasin som lil animal in the brush an I'd watch the moon shin thru the branches or try to see if I could hear the rapids from where I stood without holdin my breath.

Then one night the boys began hazin me again. They'd been cut off from the town for nearly two months an the boat didn't come fer another two weeks an as a result days seemed to be gettin longer an tempers shorter. Lately they'd been leavin me lay, but this night fer fun they tried to make me mad cuz I guess I sound funny when I talk fast an mad.

Hey, Split-lip, come here, calls Fred. I walks over to him casual.

Ever been in love? he asks.

I aint sayin nothin. I jest shrug real casual.

If you aint ever been in love, then sometime you oughta *fall*, grins Fred, an he pushes me over Big Bill who's knee-lin down on the floor behind me.

Well when Steve sees Fred push me an sees me sprawl on the floor, he jest bunches himself up into a knot an flys at Fred.

When I pulls Steve off, he leaves Fred's forearm which Fred has been shieldin his throat with, a bloody an raw mess.

Before I gets a chance to explain, Fred starts talkin an his voice is low. The boys know from his tone that there is trouble a brewin, for Fred can be mighty mean when he sets his mind to it.

Get that dog outa this bunk house, he says, cuz if I ever see him aroun me again, you might never see him aroun again.

An with that, Fred goes out an hunts up the camp doc.

I make Steve a swell lil house outside, outa a packin box an some stary pieces a timber, alla time tryin to make it seem like everything is as it oughta be, an that he's jest as much my pal as ever.

But at night, specially since it was gettin colder, I could scarcely sleep for worryin an missin him. It jest wasnt a happy arrangement fer neither of us.

I'd try to make it up to him during the day, an it was purty hard, cuz I had to keep him out of Fred's sight.

Usually Steve is able to take care a himself. I'm busy with the logs, an I aint got time to see where he is alla time, so usually

he keeps near me, an I'm happy cuz I can sorta feel he's near me.

But one day, I sunnly realized Steve was gone. I looks over, an theres that dog, a makin his way acrost the logs as light as to make any roller's heart bust with envy. I calls to him, but the roar o the water drowns me out. An then I see what he's after. Fred is workin up the way with his pole, fixin some logs which was jammed. I called louder an start after that crazy dog.

Jest then Fred sees Steve, who is separated from him by jest a strip of water. Steve bars his teeth an snarls wicked. He crouches to leap at Fred. Fred sets his jaw, an cussin between his teeth, gives Steve's log a sudden twist with his pole. The log rolls over so quick that Steve dont get a chance to get aholdt of his footin, an I see him splash in the water.

Both Fred an me wait real tense to see his shaggy head come up. In a minute we see it, but the current has carried him down the river. I run acrost the logs an dive in to get him. I got aholdt a his lil ole wet body an was draggin him up to the top when sumpin crashed into me an it was jest like I forgot all I ever knew.

When I come to, Fred tole me it was a log that hit me. Jest grazed me, but it was goin fast. It was Fred who dragged me out. I could see by his eyes that he was madder en hell at havin to jump in among them swift movin logs, but he was so quiet, I knew, I knew.

I buried Steve out in the forest, under one o them big trees he liked so well. All the boys who was so fonda him come out with me. The doc was real nice and read sumpin from the Bible jest like Steve was an important person.

The doc said I oughta sing one a my songs, but I was so choked up, an besides my words comin out funny like they do might make the fellahs laugh, so I said no, an the doc led the boys in "My Country Tis Of Thee" which is the only song most of em know.

Its real quiet back at the camp now. Some of the boys are playin checkers an the rest are sittin by the fire an bein restive or jest thinkin. I hadda coupla swallows from Big Bill's jug, but I still feel empty, like as if I was hungry. Oh God, its so quiet. So damn quiet.

When the boat comes in soon, I think I'll drift on to another part a the country.

DYLAN THOMAS

ELIZABETH MILLER AND JANE BALCH

The *World I Breathe*, published in 1939, gave America its first taste of a young Welshman's poems and stories. Until then the work of Dylan Thomas had appeared only in periodicals in this country. Compared with the beauty of the poems the stories seem to descend to the ultra-erotic and macabre in this young writer's "poetic-prose" form.

We are a little tired of Auden's peeping coyly from behind the mask of Lawrence and Hopkins; and of Spender's somewhat painful adolescence. Even Dean Eliot (our help in ages past) is little comfort, since he has chosen to mutter abracadabra in his literary attendance of High mass. In short, we are tired of apologetic poets of whatever persuasion.

The feeling of delight with which we greeted Dylan Thomas may therefore be no more than a reaction from the poet-quaeconomist and poet-quae-theologian sort of thing. That Thomas' subject matter is love and time and death is neither on the credit nor the debit side of the account. What is important however is that he does not choose to look at the world through the spectacles of past literature, or from the vantage point of the statistician. He looks at it as a poet: through images and symbols of what the poet portrays.

In Dylan Thomas the accepted patterns of linkage are broken. Although his artistic wordiness checks us occasionally, he gives us a feeling that he has uncovered a deep instinct of great dimensions. This placing of objects into a new feeling-context leads to fresh imagery; a reshuffling, it may be, of the same worn cards to form new combinations.

"I know her scrubbed and sour humble hands
Lie with religion in their cramp, her threadbare
Whisper in a damp word, her wits drilled hollow,
Her fist of a face died clenched on a round pain."

The purpose of a more traditional writing is to produce a picture, as T. S. Eliot has said, "to set in motion an expanding succession of concentric feelings." Using word combinations that tingle the imagination and lead to widespread associated ideas, Thomas is of another school.

"Where, punctual as death, we ring the stars

There, in his night, the black-tongued bells
The sleepy man of winter pulls."

Thomas' most impressive heresy is his rejection of the scientific category of cause and effect. Following Lawrence's extreme suggestion that trees moving make the wind blow, and other similar inversions, Dylan Thomas' swing on the chandelier creates a wind of reaction. The myth is restored to its proper place.

"Incarnate devil in a talking snake,
The central plains of Asia in his garden,
In shaping-time the circle stung awake,
In shapes of sin, forked out the bearded apple,
And God walked there, who was a fiddling warden.
And played down pardon from the heaven's hill."

We feel the romantic storminess in the veins of this poet who has tried to compress energy into a solid amber form:

"Daft with the drug that's smoking in a girl . . ."

"The world is half the devil's and my own.

"From poles of skull and toe the windy blood
Slides like a sea . . ."

Thomas writes as if he saw the world fitfully, as by lightning flashes: illumined glimpses. "Who blows death's feather?" might have been a line spoken by the dreamer, Heathcliff of Wuthering Heights as he stalked through a similar drama of atmosphere. And with all this ghostliness he has chosen to combine simple and strong words:

"I see the boys of summer in their ruin
Lay the gold tithings barren,
Setting no store by harvest, freeze the soils;
There in their heat the winter floods
Of frozen loves, they fetch their girls
And drown the cargoed apples in their tides."

With the force of a cold mountain stream, breaking its shackles, and driven over worn and mossy rocks, Dylan Thomas brings us to his vivid world where "the lips of time leech to the fountain head."

DOOMSDAY

DOUGLAS BILLS

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Characters

POOLE—Mechanic former friend of Howard

HARLEY—Labor agitator, radical

FINNEY—Small, dressed in frayed working clothes, mousey Swede

MR. HOWARD—Bald, sumptuously dressed, sallow stout businessman

MR. EARLE—Quiet, impressive and clean cut of speech

BARTENDER

RADIO VOICE

TIME—Late afternoon

PLACE—Mill town bar room in North

(Poole and Harvey are seated at small table in dingy bar room in heated discussion. Subdued noise of police whistles and mob outside.)

Poole: You guys are crazy. We can't get away with anything like this. They'll shoot us down just like they did in Chi. I gotta brother there. He was hit in the stomach an' they don't know if he'll live; but I told him he was a fool not to stay out of it.

Harley: (Vehemently) An' what if he don't? Ya gonna still talk about settlements an' labor courts when ya know it ain't gonna getcha nowhere? Only way we'll ever get a real settlement is to teach 'em a lesson once an' fer all.

Radio Voice: (Interrupting musical program. Harley turns it up.): Production is at a standstill in most of the principal manufacturing cities of the North. This is perhaps the most serious condition labor courts have faced in our American industrial history. Due to the present embarkment of American troops for Europe, there is a premium on men, and officials are in a quandary as how to distribute them most effectively. In New York, there was an ominous note of defiance on the part of labor this morning when police tried to clear the municipal Munitions Plant grounds. CIO and A. F. of L. leaders state they have nothing to do with the prevailing condition and seem as ignorant of its real cause as the general public. General

Clarke, Secretary of Labor, says that in this case, the cause is a third party — a new labor union which has sprung up over night. The number of members and their purpose is unknown. There seems to be a predominance of foreigners in its ranks.

Harley: (Turns radio off and turns enthusiastically on Poole.): See there — We're already scarin' 'em. Think what it'll be when we really start to workin'. You better come on down to the stadium where we're havin' a meetin'. It might not be safe to be on the wrong side when things start poppin' around here.

Poole: I don't want no trouble. If they was hurtin' me, I'd fight 'em as soon as anyone, but I don't believe in stickin' my neck out in trouble. I better wait an' see . . .

Finney: (Rushing in, interrupts Poole's speech. He is breathing hard.): Poole, they kill your brother Jim. They come to house and arrest him. He die in wagon on way to jail. Stomach open up an' guts fall out. Wat you gonna do?

Poole: (In a stunned voice): Do? — Yeah, what am I gonna do? They killed him, huh? Guess maybe you're right, Harley. I'll go along an' see what it's all about. Maybe I'll even kill a few myself.

Harley: Swell. Lets go. You comin', Finney?

Finney: Yeah. Jesta minute.

Harley: Ya ain't gonna back out on us are ya Finney?

Finney: Me? No. I come over here jes' before war. They say I get lotsa money and no hafta work hard. Now I here, they say I gotta work alla time so they got guns to kill Germans. Why we gotta kill Germans when they lick us any way? I drink beer and come right down.

(Poole and Harley exit, meet other laborers coming in and all walk out together. Finney takes beer over to small table at end of bar. Mr. Howard enters and rests elbows on bar.)

Howards Give me a scotch and soda . . . (bar-keep looks surprised.) Er . . . it's pretty chilly outside — need something to warm me up. (Takes drink and downs it. Shoves glass across table for refill, lights cigar and notices Finney seated at table.) Mind if I sit down?

Finneys (Starts and then nervously.) Sit please.

Howard: It's a Hell of a mess.

Finney: Yeah.

Howard: First administration. and then the damn war

stops up raw materials so we gotta buy 'em in the U. S., and our whole shipping department tied up for months, and now, another strike. (Finney is silent. Howard sips drink and listens to noise outside.) Where do you work? Plant 5?

Finney: Yeah.

Howard: I'm Howard, manager over plants 2, 5, and 6.

Finney: Yeah, I know.

Howard: You know? How?

Finney: I see pi'ture in little book.

Howard: Book? What little book.

Finney: Little book with pi'tures of all bosses in mills. It say you Capitalist.

Howard: You couldn't very well call me a capitalist. I started out with the same job you have. Hells Fire, I can't understand labor today. Back in '12 and 13, when I had your job, it paid about a third as much as it pays you. Hells Fire, you'd think that after all the concessions we gave you two years ago — you'd be satisfied for a while. Just because a war comes along, you think you're entitled to twice as much. If you were in this thing, you'd be workin' twice as hard and riskin' your neck to boot for a buck a day.

(Before Finney can answer, Mr. Earle walks in. He wears a worried expression and at the moment looks like an old man. Howard jumps up to greet him.) Hello Mr. Earle, have you gotten any word from the Governor yet?

Earle: (He seems detached and very tired. Hello Howard. No — not yet.

Howard: Hells Fire, aren't they gonna send us any help?

Earle: They say they have every available man tied up in Cleveland—that it'll be a couple days before they can get help down here.

Howard: What the devil are we supposed to do in the meantime? Up to our necks in government orders, and they can't spare a couple thousand men to get us started?

Earle: (Orders drink and lights cigarette. Takes drink to table at other end of room, meanwhile ignoring Howard, who follows him about puffing with indignation.) They can't send men everywhere at the same time. And maybe it's for the better. Perhaps we can settle this issue before the soldiers come in and start killing the workers as they did in Chicago last week. I tell you it's pretty bad when this war-fear becomes

so strong as to give a soldier in uniform a jumpy trigger-finger. Especially when he's handling one of those Super-Gatlings we're turning out. The government should confine its soldiers killing to the battle field. Every one of those deaths in Chicago were needless.

Howard: Well, we gotta step on 'em sometime — even if it means killin' off a few. It certainly quieted 'em down in Chicago.

Earle: Yes, I suppose you're right. (with irony) But I might ask you: which is more serious, a blustering riot with bricks and fist-fights, or a sinister scheming with guns and revolt in the hearts of the plotters?

Howard: They don't have no revolt in their hearts when they see a dozen men die before their very eyes.

Earle: We can kick people around — shoot them and treat them like dogs for so long. And then suddenly — frighteningly, or gloriously, they become as human as we and just as heartless. It's funny, but my father told me this thing would happen. But his father told him the same thing; so all these years I've thought nothing of it.

Howard: Never thought of what? We've had strikes before.

Earle: This is no strike. (Musing) Father said a poet, Edwin Markham, expressed the real danger back in 1899. He said:

“How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?”

— Funny people, these poets. He foresaw a crises in the industrial field which we ourselves couldn't.

Howards What do you mean this is no strike?

Earle: (Impatiently) I mean it's something infinitely more serious. Something that will endanger our very lives. This isn't an issue that's going to be settled in a labor court, mainly because there is no issue to be settled. It's not wages they're fighting for. The leader, Sloan, didn't even mention that this morning. I began to worry when I found I could get no reason from him. It isn't the Union that's behind this; It's a certain influential Nazi group in town. They have them all over the country. It's only here in the last week that it's begun

to be apparent as to the actual number of them. The F. B. I. had a list of several hundred in town. When they arrested them, they discovered several thousand sympathizers.

Howard: Can't they arrest them too?

Earle: They'd be arresting all of our strikers if that were done — we can't have that. The Mayor told me they'd collected several truck loads of propaganda material in the possession of factory workers and citizens.

Howard: (Becoming frightened for the first time.) My picture . . . Capitalist.

Earle: Our men decided to use this war excuse for a means of getting exorbitant wage increases. They agitated and found that a majority among them had actually another purpose in mind — A revolution. It's funny because it's so improbable, yet it's tragic, because of the speed with which it's spreading.

Howard: That's impossible. There's no more than a handful of Nazis left free in this country. We got more men in one plant than they got in the whole county.

Earle: It's not Nazis; they merely supply the means to an end . . . It's the Man With The Hoe.

Earle: The working class — the inheritance of hundreds of generations of stepped on, poverty stricken, stupid millions.

(A radio has been playing softly in the background. It suddenly stops and an announcer comes on. Earle motions barkeep to turn it up louder.) . . . been reported that government forces are being literally slaughtered by armed forces in Cleveland. Where they got their arms is not ascertained, but it is suspected that foreign agents captured the city arsenal. We have had similar reports from Chicago, Scranton, and Pittsburgh. However, our troops are holding out in New York and at Atlanta. (All gather tensely around Radio.)

"Obviously the seriousness of the situation has not been fully appreciated. In every instance, the revolt has started for no apparent reason. Economists and officials in Washington are meeting at present desperately trying to evolve some solution for the problem which confronts them — or us as a nation. The outside world tensely awaits the outcome. Defeated France and dying England are frantically asking; Is this thing called Democracy a farce — something which will crumble in the face of real danger? We now face the acid test; the next

few days will tell if this is the finish of the Democracies or a further step in the defeat of Hitler. Incidentally, all troop ships bound for the Balkans have been recalled to face the possible crises here in our own country.

(Music comes back on with a blare and bar-keep turns it down. Earle and Howard look at each other. Earle seems amused at the apparent fright in Howards mind. Poole comes in and leaning over bar, whispers to Bar-keep. Wiping hands on apron, Bar-keep leaves through door behind bar. Poole turns to leave.)

Howard: Wait a minute. Isn't your name Poole or something?

Poole: (Turns and regards Howard suspiciously. Starts to resume flight but hesitates.) Yeah — What of it?

Howard: I'm Jeff Howard. Used to work with you in old plant 3. Remember? We was on the night shift together.

Poole: (sullenly) Yeah, I remember.

Howards Er . . . How's your family?

Poole: I ain't got no family, and neither will you unless you take my advice and take 'em out of the city in the next hour. You used to be a right guy — although you don't look much like one now, but you'd be smart to finish your drink and leave town — Take that stuffed shirt with you (nodding to Earle). I gotta go now. (Exits on the run.)

(Howard turns swiftly to Earle and is about to speak when the music stops and an announcer comes on again. This time, his voice has lost its efficient crispness and there is a note of bewilderment there.) Announcer: I have just received a special bulletin that several thousand men are marching down Main Street towards the down-town district. They are armed with mounted machine-guns, gas-bombs and two armored trucks. Several fires have been started and the number of deaths are not yet totaled. All residences and buildings of the down-town districts must be evacuated immediately. We urgently warn all citizens to gather in the South Brooks residential section. All active men are asked to report to Harley Square South. If you are the possessor of any fire-arms, bring them along. All able-bodied men report to . . . (There is a shot over the radio and the announcer groans.) Harley . . . Square s . . . (There is a sound of wreckage and radio goes dead.)

(Outside, noise has been mounting during radio announce-

ment. Running feet and shouts pierce the partitions and crowd the silence of the room. Several shots are heard outside and then the chatter of a machine gun.)

Earle: My God, why this soon?

Howards—(Hysterically) We're at war. (Turns and sees Finney who has risen and is regarding them strangely from several feet away. He is crouched over like an animal, a fanatical expression on his face. Howard continues — his voice fading into a hoarse whisper.) . . . and if we're at war — which side is he on? (Pointing at Finney.) (Mob noise becomes a deafening roar.) (Finney draws a revolver from coat — Howard turns to run and Finney empties his revolver into Howard and Earle.)

PRUNE THIS LITTLE TREE

The late-indented sword has thrust again
Its zealous edge upon the dangling fruit,
Untasted yet. The dryness will refute
Insinuation of the April rain;
The pallid toughness of the pithy vein,
The rancid bitterness will constitute
A strong avowal of the blackened root.
There is no issue from corrupted strain.

Here is something drained of fretting blood,
That does not heed the muttered blasphemy,
And sighs but slightly as the leaf is torn.
Now see, he rakes the sword upon the wood!
He must insure destruction of this tree
Should he feel pressed to fall upon its thorn.

PEGGY HUDGINGS

FAMILY PORTRAIT



MARY ANN WILSON

SINCE Mary Ann Wilson is rather an unorthodox person she refuses to fit into an orthodox biography. Beginning her career in the Philippines in the midst of a typhoon, she still exhibits the native influence in her wildly flowered skirts and her nicely tanned bare feet. Or her childhood we only know that it was as colorful, as imaginative, and as upsetting to the neighbors and to the child psychologists as Mary Ann could make it.

Historically speaking, Mary Ann came to Rollins as an English-Art Major last year, after graduating from the Orlando High School, has distinguished herself in both fields, and has won prizes in the Allied Arts Contest for her paintings and her work in creative writing.

She speaks of her art as "Academic Doodling" and has confided confidentially that her next literary work will be a "Journal of her Plagued Years."

Interested in everything and everybody, she is considered eccentric by stuffy people simply because she is one of those rare persons who contain the remarkable qualities of genuine intellectual curiosity, and the courage to be completely honest.

Among other of Nature's endowments are her dark attractiveness, her ability to stand criticism, and her tireless sense of humor.

Because Mary Ann is observant, enthusiastic, and never dull, she has a long list of likes and dislikes. Among her likes are lettuce, rain, wet grass, Swift, late 19th Century French painting, and people with potential talent. She dislikes Yahoos, rats' tails, toads, Winston Churchill, Wilkie, Hitler, Sir Joshua Reynolds, amateur psychiatrists, and complacent, supercilious, and hypocritical people.

We might add that "Jeremiah Encounters an Angel" appearing in this issue, is her first story; and that her ambitions have covered the whole range from nursing to dramatics. Second addition, Mary Ann Wilson is the most interesting person we have ever interviewed, and why should she be practical anyway?

