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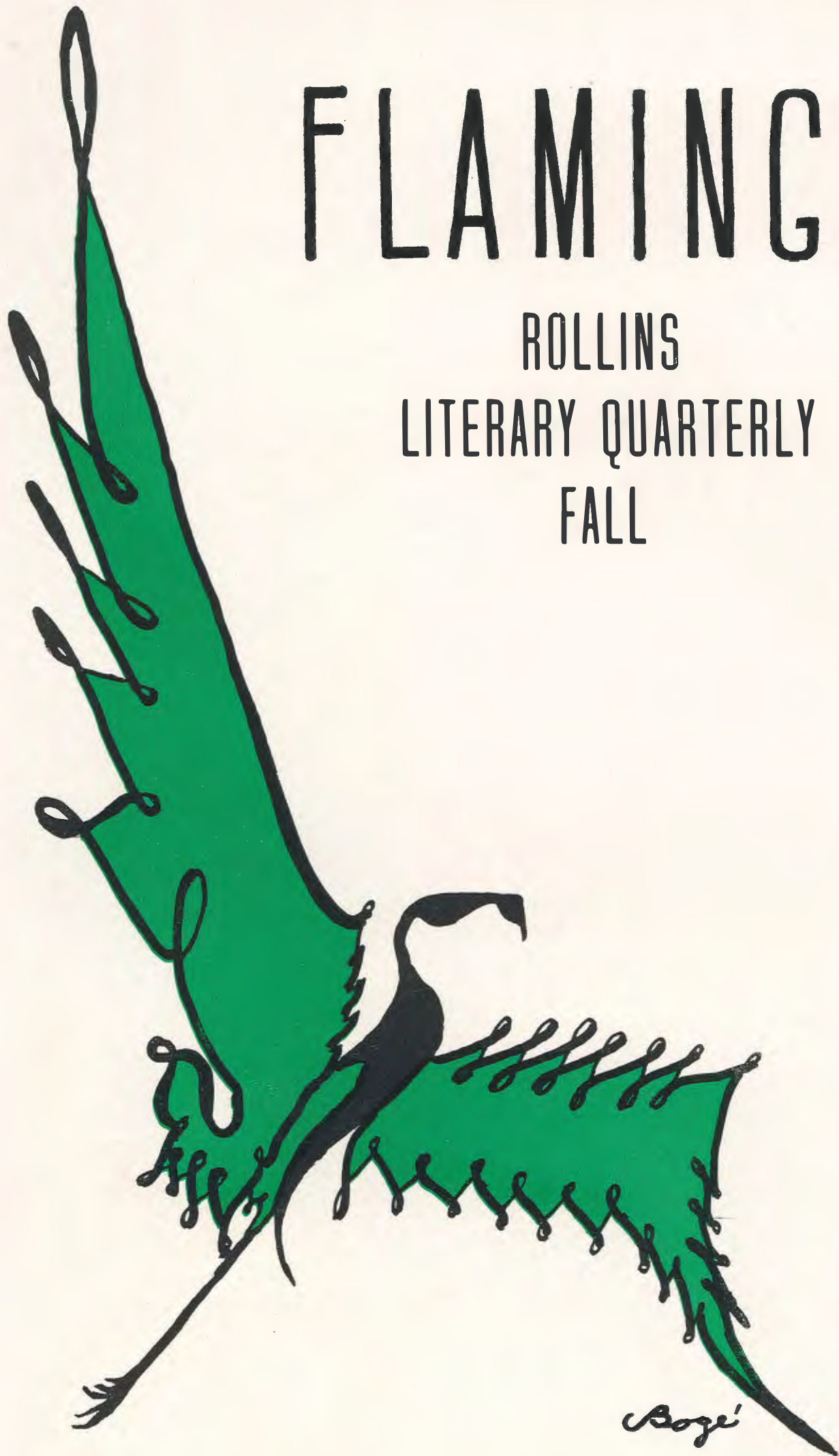
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FLAMINGO

ROLLINS
LITERARY QUARTERLY
FALL



VOL. 30, NO. 1, 1953

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FALL

THE FLAMINGO

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ALMS FOR THE LOVE OF ALLAH

ETHEL DEIKMAN

This editor wishes that it were possible for her readers to see what has NOT gone into the FLAMINGO as well as what has. She has been accused of thinking too much of her editorial ability. Let her begin a new year in all humility by saying that she, and her staff, but especially her staff, tried very hard to give FLAMINGO readers a magazine they could read without wincing. We hope we succeeded.

We also hope that those whose offerings were not accepted know how much we thank them for remembering that we exist and that our bite is very seldom fatal. We hope that they will try again, for it sometimes seems to us that this magazine should be renamed THE DODO. Perhaps the editor speaks only for herself when she ventures the opinion that talented men and women, and there are many on this campus, should begin their literary careers by publishing in their college magazine, or, chances are, they will never publish anywhere. We do, after all, offer a \$25 prize for the best prose in each issue and \$5 for the best poetry. Everyone has an equal chance and, since the winners are chosen by three faculty members, the editor's personal prejudices and dictatorial tendencies are neatly thwarted. In other words, if you think you can do better, PLEASE DO!

FORGOTTEN SUMMER

By MARY GRACE HOWE

Child-like, answering to no guiding call,
Alone and desolate, but not afraid;
Without a friend, unless the restless gulls,
I wandered to the edge of life and back.
Thinking of time and many needless things,
And all forgotten, and all yet unknown
Without a reason, or any ordered thought,
I roamed amid a world of sand and doubt.
I dreamed great dreams, and in them greater
things
Than I could know, but I remember not,
Nor can recall what precious things are lost.
I have lost it, all the power I had,
Which lead me through my fascinating world.
I cannot go back, it is already late,
The secrets then half-hid are obscured now
Forever. Why did I not take them while I could?
I was a child, and knew not what I sought.
I had the power but not the deep-souled longing
I have now. Imagination is for children
Who need it least, and when at last
One aches to find the comfort in the world
Of dreams, it is gone and lost to us forever.

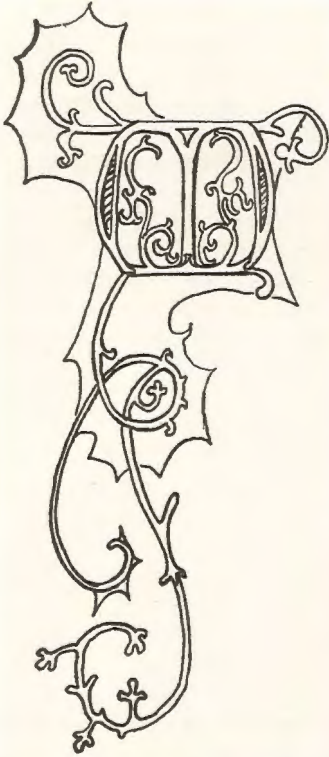
POEM

CHARLOTTE C. DANLY

September comes
On the dry, golden wings
Of the moth
And flits about the earth
Like spotted sunlight on
Tired green leaves.
The humming warmth
Of the skies
Sheds its golden promise
Of returning.
Then winter creeps o'er the land
And the moth is stilled in its flight.

AMANDA AND THE OLD LADY

Connie Shields



anda! Amanda, don't slam that door!"

And the child caught the screen, guiding it softly closed. She walked slowly down the brick path; but as soon as the box hedge screened her from view of the porch, she sat down, carefully unbuckled her patent leather, little-girl shoes tucked her white anklets in their toes, and pushed them deep beneath the box bush at her side.

Savoring the moist coolness of the shaded brick, Amanda dragged her barefeet over the walk, pausing now and then to curl her toes

around a piece of soft moss poking up between the bricks. The walk, on both sides grown high with English box, wound around the kitchen wing. Past the kitchen at the back of the house it came to an abrupt end where the road to the fields cut the back lawn. The rocks of the road were hot and sharp in contrast to the furry bricks, and Amanda hopped unevenly across the open strip of road, favoring her bare feet. Then in the tall grass at the other side she stopped and called,

"Andrew? Andrew, can I come now?"

The old negro in the field by the road straightened his stooping shoulders and beamed a welcome to the girl.

"Yah, Mandy-chile. Yo' come on right down."

"Has she gone, Andrew? Has the old lady gone?"

"Oh, yas chile. She ben gone a long time now. She warn' late this mawning. Yo' come on down."

Amanda slipped through the rails of the fence and ran down the plowed furrows across the field to the weathered shacks near the base of the hill.

She pushed open the warped gate, looked carefully around, and stepped into the yard over the lean hound which lay just inside the gate thumping his whip tail lazily against the dusty ground. He got up, stretched each leg and then followed the girl down the path to the door of the old stable.

Pausing at the door, Amanda balanced on the narrow board forming the threshold. The inside of the building was dark and cool, the cobwebs and grime almost obscuring the light which was forcing its way through the windows set high in the walls. As Amanda stood there, a rat scurried across the earthen floor and the hound with a yelp was after it, his excitement growing muffled as he burrowed his head and paws under the old straw.

Amanda smiled at the dog, then looked carefully through the gloom and stepped softly down into the spiky straw. Disturbed, the straw gave off a musty smell, damp and faintly like manure. The girl went cautiously to the second stall and peeped around the corner ready to run if the manger were not empty. But there was no sign of life, and she crept softly to the edge of the manger and pulled herself up level to the top.

She reached a cautious hand down into the manger, feeling hesitantly in the nest-like straw. Then her fingers found the lone egg, still warm from the hen's body, and she lifted it out, cradling it in both palms. The egg was small, a brown egg from a Rhode Island Red — the "old lady" — Amanda looked about her suddenly, fearful that the hen might still be there, but the barn was quiet. The hound had renewed his chase on the outside of the barn where the neck of the rat hole emerged.

Amanda brushed the small pieces of clinging straw from the egg and blew softly at the downy burnished underfeather which tufted one side. The feather clung to the egg, and the child pulled it off gently, brushed it across her cheek and mouth, smiling at its softness. Then she blew it from her open palm and watched it drift down to settle in the dark straw. A sparrow in a sudden rush swooped chittering from the eaves, past the little girl's head through the square of light at the open door.

Amanda shivered as the bird's flight broke the stillness. Cupping the egg in her hands, she step-

ped down to the floor and walked quickly to the door. Again she looked carefully around the yard for the "old lady" and, assuring herself that the hen was not in sight, started toward the gate. The hound abandoned his snuffling at the edge of the barn and followed her, leaping up to nuzzle at her cupped hands as she walked.

At the gate she paused, lifted her skirt at the hem and placed the egg in the make-shift basket. Holding the skirt edges with one hand, she opened the gate, patted the hound and started off across the field toward the big house. The hound stayed just inside the open gate as if restrained by a heavy hand. He followed her progress up the hill and then settled himself in his dust bowl by the gate.

Andrew saw Amanda coming and leaned back against the fence to watch the little figure trudging through the dry field. She called to him in a husky excited voice,

"Andrew, look! There was one — another one! And I wasn't scared at all. She wasn't any where around." She took the egg from the basket of her skirt and held it out for the old Negro to see.

"Andrew, please remember don't tell Mama I was down in the barn."

The Negro nodded his head, smiling as he lifted the child — the egg still clutched in her hands — over the rail fence. He kept on smiling and nodding as she picked her way over the rocky road and started up the box-lined brick walk.

"I won't tell, Miz Mandy," he mused. "I won't tell yo' mammy lo' done wrong. Nothin' much wrong 'bout walkin' 'thout shoes an' mussin' a fancy dress. Better yo' fin' somethin' . . . somethin' all yo' own. Yo' come on back down, Mandy - chile, come on down."



MY DOG, SPOT

Susan Dunn

It's mandatory that every neighborhood have a nasty little white dog, domestic or stray. This white dog is invariably dirty and in possession of beady pink eyes that run. His dominate personality characteristic is that of snitching. He takes children's mittens while they're concerned with tightening their roller skates and snaps cookies from fingers that can't be held high enough. He never gets run over, even though he lurks in the underbrush and jumps at every available vehicle whether it be red wagon or laundry truck. This type of dog ends his life poisoned by "Aunt Minnie" who couldn't stand him any longer. Everyone in the neighborhood knows what "Aunt Minnie" did, but they don't admit it. And everyone on the surface looks sorry and peeved that such things are allowed to happen but each is glad the dog has gone to—is it Heaven?

Once we owned such a dog, only Willi, his name was Willi, was different. Admittedly he was little and white, but he didn't have beady pink eyes that ran; Willi had beautiful brown eyes that showed the edges—the true mark of an insane animal. He was cute and cuddly and everyone tried to pet him. His teeth were cute too, very white, and straight, and needlepointed. Willi trained his teeth from four weeks on. He started by walking into paper sacks, becoming confused and fighting his way out the closed end. A week or two later, when he had more teeth, Willi mov-

ed on to the stomach of a giant red elephant. For a long time we thought he had bleeding gums, but it was the elephant fuzz caught between his teeth. His cleverest object was a root beer bottle. His gnawing on this almost shot our nerves until someone had the courage to remove it. And Willi wasn't any dummy when it came to knowing when to use his little fangs. By the laws of the Medes, Persians, and Willi it was forbidden to pick fleas off Willi. If a flea were removed, there would follow a short period of action commonly referred to as a temper tantrum until the flea was returned, no tricks tolerated. Nasty as Willi was, though, he was spoiled by all of us. For breakfast, he ate hard boiled eggs, three and one half teaspoons of dog food and a "doggy" buscuit, a pillow was his bed and at least three times a day Willi was taken for long beautiful walks to the bay where he would sit very still with his back to the water and watch ants. During the walks Willi fought with every child, other dogs, blowing pieces of paper, his leash when it accidentally hit him and old men with hats one. The only person he really liked outside our family was the equivalent to "Aunt Minnie". Now Willi is buried in the oak yard with a periwinkle growing from his stomach and each year on Mother's birthday we send her cards with little ghosts on them signed "Willi." We're positive she loved him more than she does us.

"THE CRIPPLED GRASSHOPPER"

Camma Ward



My most poignant memory of Bermuda is not of the firey waters, the quaint cobblestone streets or the brilliantly colored little houses which dot its hills, but of a little boy struggling down the rocky beach after a group of playing children, his small chest heaving violently from the exertion of dragging his unwieldy foot behind him. His eyes would glow with anticipation as he drew near the group, but he never caught up with them for, when almost upon them, one of the leaders would dart off with the rest of the group at his heels. The disappointment he felt was mirrored on his face for only an instant. With pathetic eagerness he would start after them once more.

Berty was a mulatto, a slender child, small for his age with a club foot. Before he learned to fear and to avoid children his own age, he loved nothing better than human companionship. It was this love of other people which caused him to be hurt so deeply by them. He could not understand why time after time his shy offer of friendship would be rejected, often derisively.

The children of whom he was so fond, would often play in the street near his house. They would call to their playmates to come and join them. Berty would sit on his front steps, waiting for the invitation that never came.

As the children grew older, however, they started to resent Berty's deformity as children will resent anyone who deviates from the normal. Their resentment manifested itself in cruel taunts and embarrassing tricks. When Berty found that the children to whose group he had wanted so fervently to belong had turned upon him and had the power to hurt him, he tried to avoid them. It was then they began to call him queer or crazy. The more they sensed his fear, the harder they tormented him. He became the butt of many of their jokes and the victim of most of their pranks. Every child on the island knew Berty, or of him, and they'd follow him, as he limped through the streets of Hamilton, dancing around him, imitating his clumsy movements, deriding his halting speech or chanting the absurd epithet they had given him of "Crippled Grasshopper." He was

often the center of attention in a huge group of people, but never before had he been so isolated from it as now.

He drew more and more into himself. He often sat on our front porch to be alone. It was set high on a hill and from it he would watch the children below him on the beach. After they had gone, he would sit talking to himself for hours, his voice rising to a shrill pitch as he gesticulated wildly, becoming more and more engrossed in his fantasies.

His misdirected love of his fellow men found outlets in strange useless toys or bits of material. A shiny piece of tin or a frayed blue string would set him talking excitedly for hours but he had one treasure which brought him more pleasure than any other of the pieces in his odd collection. It was a huge graceful sea shell, beautifully shaded from rich purple through the faintest pink to a dazzling white. It was almost transparent and one of the loveliest I have ever seen.

He had shown it to a very few people, but when he thought himself alone he would draw it out and stare lovingly at, occasionally polishing it with the grimy handkerchief in which he carried it. I asked one day to see it and he placed it carefully in my hand. He face glowed with pride as he pointed out the graceful swirls, the delicate coloring and the rings by which one could tell the age of the shell. As he talked he glanced sideways at me to see if I really appreciated or whether I to see if I was laughing at him.

I admired it a great deal and, seemingly satisfied, he lifted it carefully out of my hand, wrapped it in the soiled cloth and placed it in his pocket.

I remember one day, the last time he ever evinced recognition of me, he had just finished washing the front windows and was still standing on the front porch. He gazed, not at the boisterous children on the beach, but at the broad-stretching sea below him. Berty drew out the beautiful shell and after looking at it for some minutes, put it back in his pocket and started slowly down the hill towards home. He made his way painfully down the rocky difficult slope, for our pathway lead past the group of children on the beach. Once his club foot dragging behind him caught in a crevice and he was thrown forward on his face. Anxiously he felt inside his jacket and drew out the shell which caught the light and glimmered in his hand. It was unbroken. The action of the fall, however, had attracted the attention of the children on the beach and they came bounding up the rocky slopes.

"What have you got?" asked a tall boy, apparently the leader.

Berty backed against a rock and glared sullenly at the boy.

"I said what have you got?" Still Berty would not answer.

"Why won't you talk? Give it to me." And the boy with a quick movement grasped his wrist, forcing him to let go of the shell.

"Give it back! Give it back!" cried Berty, lunging towards the boy, but he, unheeding the anguish in the child's voice, laughed and held the shell above his head just out of reach, while the other children, joining in the game, leaped between the two contenders, pushing and shoving or holding Berty back, as the other boy, still laughing, darted away.

"It's mine! It's mine! Give it back!" cried Berty, his voice rising to a hysterical pitch. And with one frantic effort, he broke through the ranks of children to the boy with his shell. The boy, startled, stepped hastily backwards and stumbled. He regained his balance but dropped the shell which hit the rock ground and broke.

For a moment Berty stared at his treasure with the stunned look of one who does not understand, and then without a word, his great eyes brimming with tears, he snatched up the broken shell and ran off along the shore as quickly as he could, his club foot dragging grotesquely behind him.

I saw him only three times after that. The first time was about two weeks later. It was mid-morning and the main streets were crawling with busy noisy people, but towards the waterfront the activity lessened. I saw him for only an instant through an allyway which connected with a quiet back street. He was by himself, walking slowly, dragging his bad foot behind him as though it were a burden of great weight. His head was bowed and he was talking to himself. I strained to see, but the scene was obscured by the bustling people and by the time I reached the spot where I had last seen him, the child was gone.

The second time, a month later, I came upon him suddenly as I rounded a corner and found myself in a blind dark allyway. The child was alone as usual, seated on a pile of refuse, his head in his arms. His body was racked with great silent sobs, the picture of loneliness and desolation. I walked hesitantly forward and touched him on the shoulder. He leaped like a terrified wild thing but when he saw that it was only me, the terror in his eyes faded into a dull listless stare. So completely hopeless was the stare, such stark desolation was written there, that I stumbled back and withdrew without a word.

I saw him only once after this and at first I didn't recognize him. His face was radiant with joy and for the first time, really quite beautiful. His huge luminous eyes glowed with a feverish intensity. He did not seem to be aware of his foot which stumbled over the cobblestones and threw his frail body lurching forward in strange contorted movements, nor was he aware of the hot sun, the overpowering stench of the docks or the buzzing flies. He could not have been concentrating on anything earthly for he had the look of one to whom a part of Heaven has just been revealed. While his feet stumbled, his spirit soared. Many people laughed to see the child so deliriously happy, but there was no contempt in their laugh, rather envy, as he staggered ludicrously towards the piers.

We all pushed and shoved to get on board the ferry, a means of transportation corresponding to a bus, and crowded together in its hot smelly interior. There were the fishermen, reeking of fish, dirty Portuguese farmers, the more respectable middleclass Negroes, hurrying to work in meticulously pressed uniforms and cruelly starched collars. There was even one of the aristocrats of the island, one of the "Forty Thieves," as they were called by members of the other classes, a fat, balding, unimpressive little man, who sat apart, but the attention of all these people was directed towards the child who was staring straight before him, seeing not the group of beings huddled in front of him, but from his smile, something which made him divinely happy, so much so, that I hesitated to ask him the reason. Finally I could stand my curiosity no longer and moved towards him.

"Yes, Miss," he said, turning to me. Although his eyes still glowed there was no hint of recognition in them.

"You're very happy, aren't you, Berty? Why?"

"I'm going away from here," he said, and then in a rush, "I'm going away, I'm going to the Americas."

I drew back in amazement. "Going to the Americas. When?"

"Now!" he answered.

"On a boat?" I asked stupidly.

"Why, yes," he said, looking up at me in bewilderment, "On this boat."

I did not say a word for the rest of the trip, and he, absorbed in his golden dream, did not speak either. I got off at my stop in Pembroke and turned to look at him. He hadn't moved but was staring straight before him, an aura of happiness radiating from him as the little steamer pulled out to continue its endless circular route from the city to the hamlets and back again.

THE PINK LADY

Mary Grace Howe



From the sleek beautifully-appointed Manhattan apartment came a low, fitfully drowsy murmur of voices, here and there punctuated by shrill laughter. Every now and then the door buzzer sounded to announce a new guest, who was admitted and then swallowed up in the potpourri of people which crowded the room. Waiters approached the group obsequiously, offering trays of drinks and hors d'oeuvres. A cocktail party was in progress.

To most of the guests there this was just another cocktail party like the ones to which they had already been, and the ones to which they would undoubtedly go in the future. To them it was merely part of the daily routine—the interval between a luncheon and a dinner party had to be filled somehow, and this seemed to them as good a way as any. To several of the people, however, this minute bit of the social “whirl” reached gigantic proportions. These were the people on the edge, those who were not invited to many parties and who were trying to gain invitations to more, not only for themselves, they told themselves righteously, but for their sons and daughters as well. At just such a party as this could be found the formidable ladies who headed the committees for the various dances, and here and there the invaluable, intrepid social secretary might be seen, who holds the fate of both the prospective debutante and her worried, social-climbing mother as well, in her well-manicured, often heavily jeweled hands.

In the midst of such a crowd one often sees a man, puzzled-looking, and most uneasy. He is usually a minor celebrity of some sort, who has been invited to give the party a little extra glamor. He never knows exactly why he came, but usually looks as though he were wishing devoutly that he had not.

The happiest looking people at the party were those who came to such gatherings every day, who were used to them, but have never grown tired of them. This is a special sort of person, the real cocktail party goer. They know each other well, and they are comfortably acquainted with same people, the same situations, and the same strata of life. These have none of the tenseness of the climber, nor the bewilderment of the minor celebrity. They belong. It would have been unthinkable if they had not been invited.

The buzzer sounded determinedly about an hour after the party had begun, and the door

was opened to admit a lady who quite obviously belonged to the latter group. She swept into the room, and stood for a moment, calm, poised, and self-possessed, looking about for her hostess. She was a pretty woman, middle-aged, dressed in pink, as though she knew how becoming it was to her exquisite rosy complexion, and well-dressed blonde hair, which was carefully arranged in small curls. Her stoutness was the only thing that betrayed her age.

All at once she saw her hostess, and hurried over to speak to her.

“Peggy, darling, I am so sorry to be so late! But you know how things are; the traffic is simply dreadful, and I came just as fast as I could. Oh, this has been the most awful day! I’ve had to go all over the place.”

“I’m sorry you hurried yourself so, Millicent, but I’m so glad you could come.”

Her smile was brittle from being used so much to greet her guests during the past hour, and lady in pink thought that it seemed a little forced for all its brilliancy, but, maybe that was only her imagination. She would have to remember not to take offense so easily. Her imagination had become so vivid, ever since all that trouble with Neil over Tommy. “I must stop worrying,” she thought, “this is a lovely party!” She wouldn’t allow thoughts like those to get the better of her.

Smiling brightly at an unknown young man of the crew-cut-Ivy-League type, she walked away from her hostess, who was busily greeting newer arrivals. The lady in pink saw an old friend, and hurried across the room to say hello.

“How have you been, Frannie, dear? And how are your sweet children? Sally’s coming out next year, isn’t she, or is it Connie? I can never get those two children straight. But anyway, which ever it is, I hope she has a lovely time. I know she will!”

“Yes, my little Sally’s having her party this year. So exciting don’t you think? I just can’t wait. Of course, it makes me feel old, having a debutante daughter, but it’s thrilling, too. I worry about her, though. Do you really think she’ll have a good time? You never can tell whether they will or not.”

“But she’s so pretty, dear!” The pink lady could not remember for the life of her what the girl looked like. “And we’ll give her dinner parties the dances—oh she’ll have a gay year!”

“Yes, I guess so. But you, you lucky creature with a son! You’ll never have any of these wor-

ries —" She stopped suddenly, turning faintly red.

The pink lady seemed unperturbed, although she had noticed the confusion of her friend. After a moment, the other went on, "How is Tommy? Is everything working out all right?"

"Oh, as well as possible, I suppose. He's at his father's right now, but in two more months it will be my turn again. I guess he's having a good time. He adores his father." She found her last sentence a little hard to say.

"How old is he now? He must be almost fourteen."

"No, he's just fifteen. He's a little behind in school—that's probably why you thought he was younger. I just don't know what to do with that impossible boy. The doctor says he's changed back and forth too much," she shrugged her shoulders, "but that's hardly my fault. He'll have to blame that court. Anyway, there's nothing I can do. He'll simply have to adjust himself. They tell me you're going to Bar Harbor in July. Are you motoring up?"

"Yes, about the first."

After a while the pink lady drifted on toward another group, where she saw several of her friends and their husbands.

"Millicent!" cried one of the men heartily. "Good to see you. You look charming!" He never had liked Neil, her ex-husband. "Smart girl," he thought, "calling the whole thing off. Never was good enough for her." Before her marriage he had been one of the pink lady's most attentive beaux.

"How have all of you been?" asked the pink lady, although she had seen them all only the day before.

"Oh fine, thanks, lovely party, isn't it?"

"Yes it is. Peggy looks lovely too, doesn't she? My, that cruise certainly did her good. Why, she looks years younger!"

The lady in pink thought that last remark was in the height of bad taste. She and Peggy were the same age, forty-four. Why should Peggy need to look younger, they weren't old? Was that woman implying that she, the lady in pink, was losing her prettiness? She felt a fague distaste for the whole afternoon. Imagine that child of Frances' coming out! Frances was at least two years younger than she was.

Someone was asking her a question.

"How is dear little Tommy?"

The pink lady made a helpless little gesture with her hands. "Oh, he's fine, thank you. His birthday is this month, and I can't think of anything to get him. What do you think a child like that would want?"

"Goodness, I don't know," answered one of her

friends. "I never know what to give boys, particularly at that age."

"Yes, it is difficult, isn't it?" said another.

"This has to be something very special too," continued the lady in pink, "his father gave him a beautiful horse for Christmas, and he'll probably give him something wonderful this time, so you can see why my present has to be just perfect."

She stood for a moment, considering various choices, and then said happily, "A sailboat! I'll get him a lovely little sailboat! He can use it this summer when we go up to Maine. That is, I think we're going, but he is anyway, even if I can't. I'll arrange something."

"Wonderful idea!" boomed one of the men. "Nothing like some good sailing for a boy that age!"

"I hope you'll come to my little dinner next Tuesday night?" inquired the lady in pink to the group in general. She had solved the problem of the appropriate gift, and was now not giving it any further thought.

There was a chorus of yes-we-would-love-to, and then the group broke up, and the pink lady drifted away.

Another woman, who she hardly knew came up and said, "Darling, I think you're wonderful to volunteer all that time for the Children's Home. Are you sure you can spare it?"

"Oh yes, I'd love to work for them. After all, it is only one day a week, and so many of my friends are doing it."

"Well, you certainly are generous, that's all I can say."

"I couldn't do enough for those children, and you know, really, I feel that one should try to help people like that."

"How is your son, Millicent?"

"Oh, he's fine. He's getting to be so tall. And his manners are really wonderful. I like him to be polite and sophisticated as I think one of our sort of children should be, and he's really doing very well, all things considered." She knew she would have to work on his manners all over again when he got back from his father's. She always had to. His father let him go around in overalls all day and speak any way he pleased, not even addressing his father as "sir," as his mother had always insisted he should. Neil's new wife was nothing but a farm woman, as everyone knew, and she was plain and neat looking. Neat! The word should have been dowdy!

"How can Neil bear her?" She thought. "I can't even be around her for five minutes without being bored to tears." The pink lady knew that all her friends considered her far more attractive, and was appeased by that. Well, for that matter why wouldn't she be? She had been brought up

in Paris, and knew Europe well, she had gone to fashionable girls' schools, and was besides lovely looking, and gay and charming. She was never gauche or ill at ease, and always knew what to say and do. "Yes," she thought rather smugly, "there is no comparison."

She joined another group, and began talking and laughing with them. Suddenly she said to the man who stood next to her "Paul, isn't that Neil's wife over there?"

"Can't tell, really. There's so much smoke in here — wait, yes. Yes, it must be."

"Goodness how awful she looks!" exclaimed one of the other women. "Imagine going to a party in a tweed suit! In New York of all places! She looks as though she were at a field trial!"

Everyone laughed, including the pink lady.

Niel's wife was indeed wearing a tweed suit, "sensible" brown shoes, and a rather nondescript brown hat with two feathers sticking up in back. Her straight dark hair was pulled back from her face into a bun at her neck. She wore no makeup.

The pink lady was more disturbed by her than her appearance warranted. Certainly no one else in the room was paying very much attention to her. She noticed the pink lady's stare, and turned away, looking more ill at ease than ever. She could not help admiring the lovely pink shantung dress and hat. Beautiful people always worried her, particularly now, in this alien setting. She did not understand their Dior-gowned, sleek women, nor their conversation, brittle and clever. She was embarrassed, and was only waiting for a chance to get away.

The lady in pink watched her uneasiness almost hungrily, waiting for her to be completely discomfited.

Through her thoughts came a familiar voice.

"Millicent! There you are! Oh, I've so much to tell you. We just got back from Europe you know."

"Lovely, darling? And how was Europe? Did you get to Paris?"

"Yes, yes! And we saw everything, the Madeleine, the Jeu de Panmes, Notre Dame, la Sainte Chapelle — oh yes, the Tonrue — and the Opera!"

"Yes, but who else was there? Did you meet anyone fascinating?" The pink lady loved French parties.

"Oh no, we were complete tourists! We spent all our time sightseeing.

"You ordered some dresses, didn't you? Which shows did you see?"

"Oh, we didn't have time for that, dear and I couldn't afford any Paris clothes, anyway."

The pink lady was horrified. To her the center of Paris and the most important place in Europe was the Rue de la Pax. It was Paris, the Paris that she missed.

"But Eloise! The dress collections are the things to see in Paris. And how did you endure all that sight-seeing? I remember going to la Petite Trianol one afternoon, but that was all. I liked that of course. Dear Marie Antionette!" The pink lady had been told that she looked a great deal like Marie Antoinette, and she had a special fondness for her ever since.

"Well, darling, "She said to her friend, I really must be going. It's been lovely seeing you, do come over some day. I have an apartment now in the city, and I just love it. It's so nice for entertaining!"

She left the party, and took a taxi home. All the way home she rather wished she had not gone to the party. She had really been quite bored, and it was always annoying to see Neil's wife. If she had even been attractive or good-looking or anything. Then the pink lady might have been able to understand why Neil ---

And then she was back at her apartment house. She collected her mail at the desk, and there was one small, rather formal note from Tommy. She was sure his letters to his father were not like that. He said his school work was going well, (she was sure it was not) and that he was looking forward to seeing her again.

She began getting ready for the evening. What dress, the yellow chiffon, or the dark blue taffeta? The yellow one she thought, it would be nice and springlike. She fixed her lovely hair and face, rather wishing someone were taking her to the party, someone who would admire her. She hated taking taxis all the time. That insufferable wife of Neil's --

As she put her earrings on she almost would have been glad to see Neil again, but she thought better of that quickly. All her friends had been on her side. She had done the only intelligent thing.

Then she glanced into the mirror. She looked lovely. Her dress was becoming, and the jewelry was perfect. Anne had done a good job with her hair the day before.

She stood up, throwing her coat on around her shoulders. Tonight was another party, and she could not be depressed when there was a party at hand. Her thoughts left Tommy and Neil, and flashed to the more important things at hand; the evening, the party, the people she would meet, and all the lovely things that would be coming, any moment now.

A PICTURE OF PETER

G. P. Pont



ome and see a picture of Peter," called the little girl from the porch of their summer cottage. "Come and see a picture of Peter."

"Let me have it, Joan."

"No! Look, everybody, come and see a picture of Peter."

"I'll break it," he said, holding up a small plastic doll.

"I'll tell Mommy if you break it. You wouldn't dare, anyway. — Come and see a picture of Peter," she cried in a sing-song.

"Tear it up!" he said, replacing the doll on the porch glider.

"Quiet down out there," commanded a stern voice from the depths of the small cottage.

"See, Daddy is getting mad. Let me have the picture," Peter whispered.

"No. It's funny, just the way you look. It's funny and I drew it and it's mine and I'm going to show everybody how funny you look."

"If you don't give that picture to me, I'll kill your doll. I'll smash her head with this hammer from my tool kit."

"You couldn't do that, Silly -- not with *that* hammer. It's only a toy—Everybody come and see a picture of Peter!"

"Give me that picture, or I'll . . ."

"Let go of my arm, Peter. I'll bite you."

"Bite me, and I'll hit you over the head with my hammer."

"You're funny, Peter, just as funny as your picture. Let go of my arm. Let go. Mommy!"

"What is it, dear?" answered a tired voice from the house.

"Tell Peter to stop twisting my arm, he's hurting me, Mommy."

"Peter, let your sister go."

"Awright, but tell her to give me back my picture. Let me have it."

"I'm going to show your picture to everybody in the world, even to Billy. Then I'm just going to laugh, and they're going to laugh, and every-

body in the world is going to laugh at this picture of you because it looks just like you."

"I'll draw a picture of you and show *that* to everyone you show my picture to."

"I don't care; I don't look like you, and besides, you don't have any crayons, do you?"

"No," he said.

"Well, then you can't draw one."

"I'll use yours."

"You can't. They're mine."

"So what? I'll use 'em anyway."

"You can't. I'll tell Mommy if you do, and she'll make you go to bed, or do something awful. — Look, there's Billy coming up the road. I'll show him."

"Let me have it, Joan, I'm getting med."

"Why should I?"

"Because."

"That isn't any reason, Peter. Why? Why? Why?" she asked in a quiet staccato.

"Because it looks ugly."

"I told you, Peter. That's why I want to show it to everybody.—Billy, Billy, come and see a picture of Peter."

"Let me have it, Peter said, lifting the instrument from his tool kit that rested among the other toys on the porch floor.

"You'll have to catch me.—I'm going to show it to Billy," she said as she bolted through the open screen door.

She was fast for a six year old, and her quick start put her a good distance ahead in the chase. He knew that he wouldn't be able to catch her, but he kept after her down the hot cinder road. He had to get the picture; he had to stop her from reaching Billy, and showing it to him. If only he could catch up with her before she showed the world the ugly, monstrous picture. He ran faster, the perspiration formed quickly on his forehead and trickled into his eyes, partly blinding him with its stinging power. The hammer he carried in his right hand slowed him down. It was getting heavier, and heavier.

He was closer to her now, but she was that much closer to Billy, who was standing in the middle of the narrow road wondering why he had suddenly become the center of attention. Peter knew that if she showed that picture to Billy, he would have to smash her. He would have to do something; he couldn't let her show

the picture, his picture, to the world. If Billy laughed, he might have to hit him too. It was awful, he thought—why couldn't she have given him the picture in the beginning?

"Joan! Stop, Joan!" he shouted, but it was useless, she didn't stop, she didn't even turn around. His calling after her only made it more difficult for him to keep on running. He saw her stop abruptly in front of Billy and hand him the picture. Billy was looking at it, then he glanced down the road, and saw Peter running towards him. As Peter drew up to the couple engaged in staring at his picture, he heard a chuckle rise in Billy's throat and turn into a mocking laugh.

"Why did you do it, Joan?" he asked breathlessly.

"Because its funny, Peter, see, even Billy thought so."

"I told you to give that picture to me. I told you not to show it to anyone. Why did you do it?"

"I thought it looked like you. It was funny and

besides it was my picture. I drew it. Its mine not yours; its mine."

All the while Joan was talking, Peter kept thinking about the picture, and how it looked like him, and the crayons, and the world, and himself, and Billy He quickly raised the hammer, then swung it down with all the force in his eight year old body. He saw the blunt instrument crash against her shoulder. At the same instant a scream of pain rose from her broken body. She ran back down along the cinder road, screaming in agony. It was the worst he had ever heard her cry.

Peter snatched the drawing from Billy who was standing stunned in the center of the narrow road-way. Then he turned and walked slowly in the wake of the howling screams, towards the small summer cottage, his right hand still clutching the toy hammer. Deep in his trouser pocket he buried the mocking picture of his left hand. Withered and crippled, it was hidden from the world and from Billy.



DOG GONE SCHOOL DAYS

Joan Wilkinson

I know that some people will never get sleep tonight if I don't relate that facts which led me to take my dog to school. Well, here it is in a nut shell. (A very small nut shell.) Our dog ate a T Bone Steak that was supposed to be for our dinner. He was, from that day forward doomed to go to obedience classes. My friend, who also had a little problem with her dog—he ate people—decided to go to classes with me. So we bravely drove down to the school. If you wonder why I say bravely, have you ever had a Great Dane and a Collie jump on your stomach about a half a dozen times? Need I elaborate further? This didn't daunt our spirits—though I wish I could say the same for our stomachs—because in a few short weeks we would have a dog that we would be proud to take anywhere. At least that's what the woman said when we made inquiries about the school. And I guess she should know, she looked more like a dog than my dog did. We

arrived at the hall where the classes took place and stepped over a few pools of blood, hunks of dog hair, and pieces of bloody bone. I guess some dogs had had a little fight. Well, we went faithfully every week and faithfully practiced pulling up on the collar and down on the dog, up on the collar and down on the dog. This supposedly made the dogs sit. Personally, all it did to mine was hang him. At last the great day arrived that we were all waiting for—graduation day—the day my dog received his sheep skin. (Excuse me all sheep; I mean dog skin.) I wish I could give this story one of those, "They lived happily ever after" endings and all that rot, but it just can't be done. My dog still eats steaks that don't belong to him and my friend still has her little problem with her Great Dane. But after all is said and done we can honestly say that we have a dog that we would be proud to take anywhere. (Anywhere but out.)



NOW?

CAROL FARQUHARSON

I wanted, I sought, and I found it
That above all which was good,
I tried every way till I got it,
Then lost it because it was good.

BIG MIKE

Sam Barley



ike's voice echoed and reached hollowly down the long mine tunnel, dying away mysteriously as if slowly choked to death, "97 loaded!" An answering shout came from a distance.

He sat down and waited. The muted sounds of picks, like gently tapping woodpeckers reached

him from somewhere out in the black. A boom, like a giant firecracker smothered in a blanket, echoed from a long way off, its reverberations riding over the tangible black air. For once his bold strong figure seemed uneasy. He hated this waiting, nothing to do, time lost. The sound waves lapped over him. Pick, pick, pick, pick. He sunk nervously to the coal flood. He huddled together, his large body tense.

Soon he heard a nasal whine, swelling to a thick buzz, the singing of rails, coming nearer, a grind of wheels, a flare of light. A dark object whizzed around the switch into his room and clanged against his coal car. An obscure figure perched on top of the machine.

Mike jumped quickly, strongly to his feet, to hide his scared feeling.

A small man leaped down and attacked the motor to the car.

"Hi kid! This place still give you the willies?"

"Stop it, Joe," retorted Mike bashfully, "You know I ain't scared no more, I'm a man now. "Bigger'n you."

Joe chuckled then, as he hoisted himself on top the motor car. "Okay, ... kid!" "See you soon."

He started the motor and whizzed into the darkness, Mike called after him:

"Git me an empty."

There was no answer.

Mike stood there, a little resentful toward Joe. For ever since he had started to work at the mine some ten years back, the miners had kidded him, especially Joe Palaggio.

Mamma Masserick had sent him to work then, because the family income had been cut, since his older brother, Frank, had gotten gassed and couldn't work.

It was 5 a.m. The cindery road stretched before him like a sleepy black snake. His feet crunched

nosily in the quietness. Mist. He could feel his black hair curl in its wetness. Moisture settled on his bare arms, and he shivered. But he would weather it, he thought. He'd show Ma he could take Frank's place. He sucked in a deep breath as he thought this, and marched boldly on.

He approached the mine. The black tippie reared skeleton-like among the trees. Next to it, the slag heap reared from the earth like a miniature gray mountain. Smoke rose from its sides, languidly. All around, he was encircled by more of these same great gray monsters. His eyes opened wide with awe and his boldness left him a little.

Now he was in front of the mine. The ground was smooth, bare, black. The mine itself loomed in front of him; a yawning, dark hole in the earth with railroad tracks running into it. In front of it, on the tracks, stood coal cars full of men. Others were arriving, dressed in overalls, pit lamps attached to their caps, dinner pails dangling from their fists. Other men were pushing mules about. The scene was alive with activity, but a curiously silent, scary activity, to young Mike. He heard only subdued mutterings. Figures dashed about in the mistiness, and the giant head of the tippie towered bleak and black against the sky.

By this time Mike was no longer eager. In fact, he was scared some. But he had to work. Where would he have to go to get hired?

Suddenly he spied a bunch of men huddled around a small dingily-lit shanty. Miners. Broad shouldered laborers who walked with a slouch and stood with a stoop. Leathery work-worn faces of European cast, frequently grizzled with mustache and beard. Trousers and shirts; earth-colored. In the half light they seemed strangely earthy to fascinated Mike with their hairy fists and faces and guttural voices. They stood in lots, and jabbered in strange languages. Rapid mutterings, low exclamations, emphasized by jerking the head and hands. Now and then Mike heard a few words in English, strongly accented.

Then from out of the crowd, a hunched over, rather stocky built man shouted, "Hey gang, ain't that Mr. Masserick's kid?" All eyes turned toward Mike. Another added, "Sure is a queer likin' mutt compared to his brother." Still another, "Ain't he though?" Mike was an angular kid of six feet four then, but he had not much beef. His shoes weren't big enough for his feet and his legs moved awkwardly below him. The little one piped up again, "Hey kid, wanna job?"

Mike stopped, looked at those big figures in front of him and froze with fright.

They all laughed at him. "What's the matter kid, can't you talk?" said the short man.

Mike was horrified.

The dwarf figure continued, "Come on over, you can work on my gang." Mike was a bit relieved.

That chopped off, runty guy was Joe, and from that time on, he never stopped kidding the "big, dumb, green kid."

But Mike grew in spite of the men he worked with. Old Mrs. Masserick saw to that. She fed him well. And the muscles once formed hardened with the gruelling work.

He also grew to love the coal and learned slow, but sure how to dig it. Now he was one of the best miners in the mine, and the biggest! He still hated to be called kid, but he wouldn't dare raise his hand to say he didn't; he was scared he'd hurt someone. He remembered the time he flattened big Charlie Dnarich with one blow, when Charlie tried to take his girl away from him at a dance. Besides, now even if he wanted to hit them they never got close enough to hit. They respected his power at least.

"Gotta clean up now," he pondered, as he lifted his head to the wall so that the light revealed a gray layer threading around the wall like a ceiling board. "That there slate'll stop the roof from cavin' in when I blast."

He finished cleaning the slate in no time. Then he searched for and found a long rod, pressed it against the solid wall of coal, and began revolving the handle, his stalwart arms twisting and writhing, casting frenzied shadows outlined by the orange light. It took all the strength that he could muster. He angled the bar upward till it nearly touched the slate. His murky, struggling figure, grunting a little, until he had pierced a hole deep enough to suit him.

"Powder and tappings next," he muttered to himself, and tramped off into the blackness and was swallowed up.

He returned presently with four wooden posts and his pockets bulging.

Then he set up the white props, edging them between the darkness overhead and the darkness underneath, where they hung, suspended white streaks. As he did so he hummed a tangy song, flatly,

"There was a young miner by the name of Bops whose room never had enough props. One day a great fall came and flattened his frame, and now poor Bops just hops."

It was still funny to him after all these years, so he laughed slightly.

"Now I gotta shoot."

He went to the entrance and bellowed:

"Shot firer 97."

"Three-ee-ee pla-a-ces ahe-e-eat!"

"Gotta wait again. Might as well eat."

His teeth flashed as they bit into the bread,

chalk white in the gloom. "What food!" he gasped, looking into the silver pail; Ma's own blueberry pie, eight meat sandwiches, and a quart thermos o' milk.

Mike's food was gone almost at a gulp.

Then he bulged his mammoth shoulders with a feeling of renewed strength, slumped meekly to his bed of coal, and deliberately fell asleep.

"Sleepin' kid?"

A ghastly devilish mask was floating over him. Black smeared, flame smeared. It opened its mouth in a terrifying ghoulish grin. Mike jumped a foot.

"Scare you kid?"

"Yea, George. What . . . you want?"

"Shoot?"

"Oh! Sure. Almost forgot."

George wore a light on his cap and one on his belt, the flame enclosed in a gas cylinder. A coil hung at his waist.

He stooped and, taking the light from his belt, held it in his hand and raised it slowly toward the roof, to test for gas.

"Ok."

He took a stick of dynamite from Mike's waiting hand, and forced it into the hole with a long stick.

"Tamps?"

Mike looked quizzically around the room, his pit lamp dancing on the walls. "Where'd I put them?" he sputtered, lifting his cap and scratching his head with a sooty hand.

"What's that in yer pocket?" questioned George. "Oh, dang it!" Mike exclaimed, as he produced a handful of objects the size of little corn cobs.

"You'd lose yer head if it wasn't hitched on," George laughed. Meanwhile he pushed the tamps into the hole with the stick, one after the other, forcing them back and pounding them hard. When the hole was completely stopped up, George uncoiled the cable at his waist and attached it to two wires which hung out from the plugging.

"All set."

"Come on," barked George as he pulled at the staring, curious Mike. Mike staggered to the mouth of the room, and out into the entry, and down a little way. George came with him, and took a small battery out of his pocket and touched the cable.

Boom! A sheet of flame and all the earth was falling and roaring about Mike's ears. The whole mine had caved in. Lost, smothered in fumes of choking smoke. Mike opened his eyes. Nope, it hadn't. He waited a while till the harmful coal dust had settled. George had vanished.

He yanked a watch from his pocket, detached his light, and held it to the face. He touched his

finger to the glass crystal in order to figure the hands out. He squinted. Three, nope two fifteen. Four carloads to go.

He grasped his shovel with his fists, bent, and dug into the coal.

Four o'clock; "97 loaded!" Done! He dropped into a crouch and bumped through the low hole and out into the left entry.

Mike looked like a bad black man from a nightmare—black from head to foot with coal dust. His face was smeared with it, mottled lighter spots showed through; his trousers were caked with it; his hands were covered with black gloves of it. He wafted profusely of the fragrance of coal.

He was dirty, tired but relaxed. He began to walk.

"Must be nearly two miles to the entrance," he thought wearily to himself. Fresh air, the light of day. He wanted them; Ma, food, just for a while, instead of this coal.

He trembled with a slight trepidation, it was so dark. When was the motor coming? Anything could happen to him as he walked along that narrow track. The motor might come unexpected; those dangerous wires at the side of the track; rocks.

He edged forward very slowly at first, pushing at the darkness with his hands, avoiding the inky pools into which his pit lamp cast a dull unpleasant glow at his feet, keeping between the two railroad tracks running in front of his trudging shoes, shuddering away from the deadly wires threading the coaly wall above his head, listening fearfully for the buzz of rails, peering constantly behind him for an oncoming light. The smell of coal and sulfur had dulled his weary wits. He passed a miner standing in the hollow of the coal wall, wielding a pick. The ghostly light made caverns of his cheeks and outlined great jagged lumps of bone. Pick, pick, pick. And a rock might fall on his head any minute, slow like, crushing him to death. The sound of voices came to him from a long way off. Pick, pick. A muted shout, a muted boom. The roof bent lower and lower, and the black walls leaned threateningly. What crushing weight suspended above him! At any moment a fragment of that ponderous, stupendous darkness might loosen, fall on him, smash him to death. His light struck a wood surface. It

was a little door. He crouched and crawled through, scraping his hands as he went.

Now he stood upright at the junction of the main entry. A red light shone here. Straight ahead lay another tunnel from which came faintly the sound of voices, like tiny voices of little people living underground. A turn right. Now he was facing the mine entry, the main throughfare of the mine. An interminable black corridor stopped with darkness. The long line of tracks narrowing ever so gradually to a needle-like V. Beyond the V, nothing. A red light blinked halfway down the track. He began walking toward it. He walked and walked and walked. Past white props, past manholes. On and on and on over the tracks, one foot scraping after the other. He seemed to be getting nowhere. Timelessness. BUZZ! Zing! He looked frantically behind himself. A light was floating back there in the black. Bzzz. The sound grew louder. He hopped clumsily over the track, his head just missing the singing wires. He began to jog, then broke into an awkward stumbling run, scraping his fingers against the rough unyielding wall of coal looking for a manhole. One just ahead! The motor was right behind him! A few more-----oops. Down, down, splat. His face absorbed an inky puddle of oil. He rolled against the wall and looked up.

Two men, seated on top of the motor, burst with laughter; one was muscular, the other short -----Joe!

Indeed Mike was solid black now! Even the white splotches were gone and the black not only inhabited his face but dripped to his blue shirt.

Embarrassed, he stood, shook himself and groped forward.

He blinked his eyes. There in front of him a small white square. He moved faster. It got bigger. He began to run. The pit mouth!

At first he was blinded. The sun shone down hot and bright. He stood alone on the tracks in front of the pit mouth, breathing the air in gulps, looking at the green trees and blue sky. Then he collected himself and dodged away from the black tippie, a huge black giant on which black figures and coal cars ascended and descended. He ran from the roaring machinery and falling coal. He turned toward the woods.

Big Mike climbed the hillside into the woods. He layed down in the tall grass. Burying his nose in the warm fragrant earth, he fell asleep.



MEMORY: A BROKEN MIRROR

JAY PETERSON

Three connotations are imbued in every event:
The least important is the event itself; remembrance-filled anticipation is the sauce with which each event is served; the third and most staying is memory, which reflects the past to the present.

The aged anticipation is the quicksilver reflecting thoughts through the glass of the event. All is over; the mood is shattered. Time rushes; much of the shatterings are ground to powder. But a few remain.

These pieces reflect back minutes of the past. At first they are sharp, clear. Then Time steps between the viewer and the reflections of the past to dull the edges, vary the colors to warmer hues.

PASSIONS: A WILLOW TREE

JAY PETERSON

As we grow in stature, our passions thicken in depth; they are not prey to the slightest motion but can stand firm if necessary in the greatest gale. We can even look into the wind and be refreshed.

But while we are young, they are supple. Passions will bend like a willow in the wind. They bend with a word, a touch, a belief --- although not spoken, not understood. We look into the wind and are confused.

PROGRESS

PATT ROBERTS

The last stage in evolution
Brought the world the mortal mind;
Now the world's one revolution
Made by mortals all combined.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

...by boots

Last year some of my own work appeared in the FLAMINGO; this year I'd like to try something different. I want to share with you some interesting works of other authors that I enjoy. Not everything in this column will be well known, at least I hope not, for I want you to have the same feeling I did when I discovered them. Maybe we won't like the same things all the time, but perhaps once in a while you may read here one bit of prose or poetry and think — I want that for my own group of collector's items.

TRIAD

Adelaide Crapsey

These be
Three silent things;
The falling snow. . .the hour
Before the dawn. . .and the mouth of one
Just dead.

RESUME

Dorothy Parker

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp:
Acids stain you:
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

FOG

Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
on little cat feet
It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.



Yonder see the morning blink:
The sun is up, and up must I
To wash and dress and eat and drink
And look at things, and talk and think
And work, and God knows why.

Hausman

YOUR VERDICT

Did You Like This Fall Issue?

..... Yes

..... No

What Changes Would You Like To Make?

Sign Here If You Would Like To Work On The
Next Issue.

How the stars got started



ANNE JEFFREYS dreamed of being an opera star, studied long and hard. **BOB STERLING** could have been a pro athlete, but chose the long, hard pull of acting. Both eventually won good parts on stage, radio, TV. They met on a TV show... became Mr. & Mrs. in real life... and "Mr. and Mrs. Kerby" in TV's brilliant new "Topper" program!

Anne Jeffreys AND Bob Sterling

Stars of the fabulous new TV program "TOPPER" CBS-TV, Fridays



Anne: I CHANGED TO CAMELS YEARS AGO BECAUSE TO ME THEY TASTE BETTER AND ARE SO MILD. YOU TRY THEM, TOO!

Bob: SO MANY FRIENDS SMOKE CAMELS, I TRIED THEM AND FOUND I LIKE THEM BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE.

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