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Spring 1954

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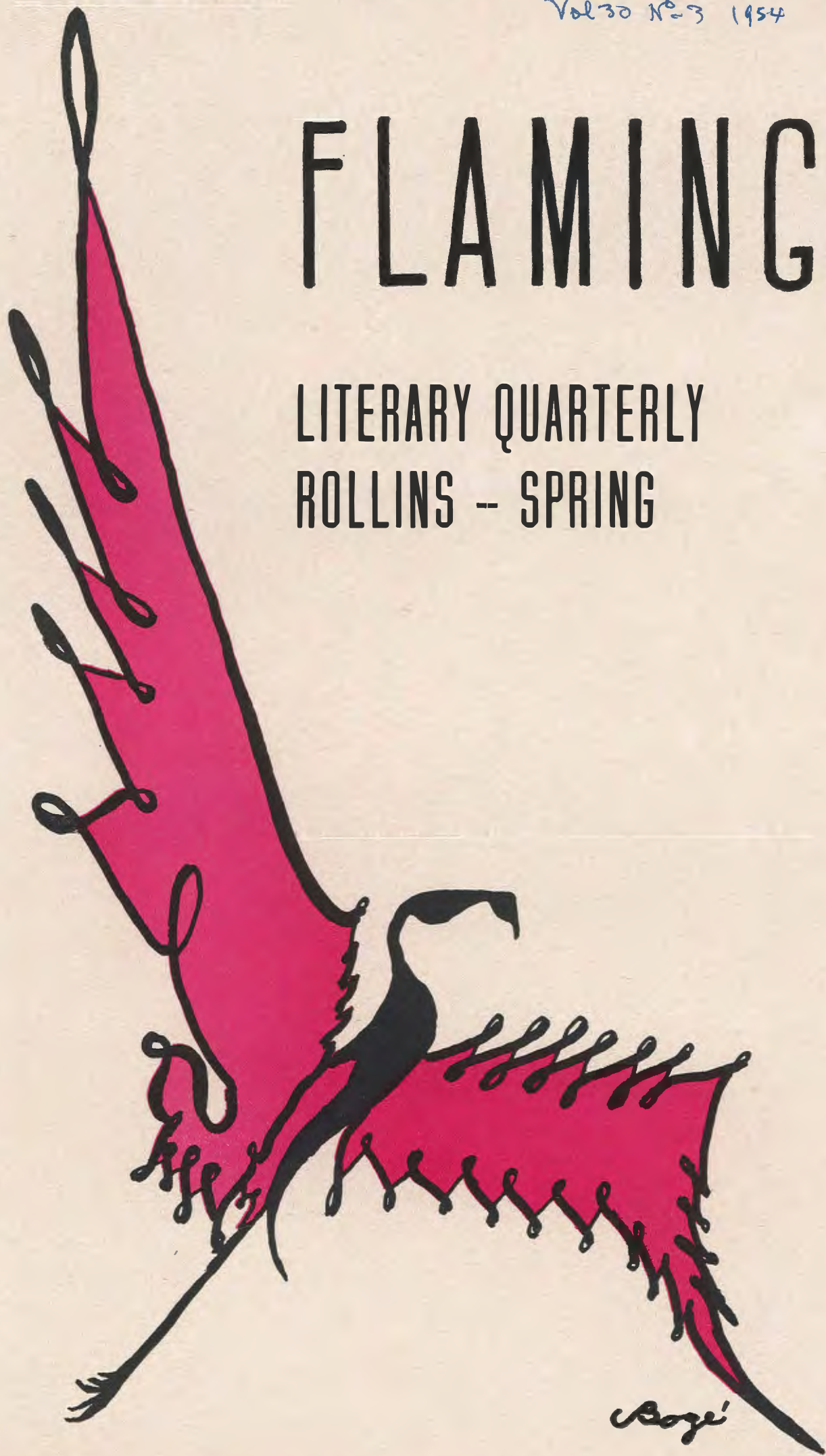
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Vol 30 No 3 1954

# FLAMINGO

LITERARY QUARTERLY  
ROLLINS - SPRING



Vol. 30, No. 3, 1954

# FLAMINGO

ROLLINS  
LITERARY QUARTERLY  
SPRING

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## EDITORIAL

This issue, being a last, is a bit depressing, but we are glad, in the tradition of Spring, to welcome newcomers: Clark Warren, James Simmons, and Don Vassar. As proof that the old always looks new in the spring, we present, with as little unnecessary fanfare as possible: Katherine Siegler, Charlotte Danly, and G. P. Pont. Jack Wilson proves himself a man of many talents with a Reeves Essay on a vital topic. We hope that his essay inspires both discussion and competition for the next Reeves Contest.

A magazine is always, unconsciously, a reflection of the editor, but here, in my last issue, let me say that I tried to remember that the FLAMINGO was my trust, not my toy. In my editorials I have alternately begged, scolded, and some say, whined, but if I was not wise, I was at least serious about the FLAMINGO.

My last and deepest thanks to Mrs. Dean, who thought about us and took time from a busy life to help us, and whose last issue this is too. Thanks to my staff, and to our contributors, both those who wrote and those who were concerned. Thanks to our faculty judges: Dr. Stock, Dr. Thompson, Dr. Drinkwater, and Miss Ort-mayer. It's been an honor and an education to work with you all, and I've loved every ambivalent minute of it.

## SONNET

The very center of my world is she  
Who, cruelly, her galaxy commands;  
And I? - A single grain among the sands  
Of Night; an islet in that inky sea —  
A dead star, from its orbit never free  
To fall away, or draw to where she stands —  
Repulsed, yet held, and helpless in her hands;  
This lode-star heart can never yield to me.  
Men say the earth was formed by whirling sun,  
Who gobbets threw of seething, sulfurous stone  
That wildly crashed together, or were doomed  
To cool alone, before their course was run;  
If she'd but toss a comet, for my very own —  
What bliss, to be in that embrace consumed!

*A. D. B.*

## OF A HEART

Beware of your heart,  
For love is a game;  
The winner is paid in hearts,  
The loser is paid in pain.  
Take care of your heart,  
For love is not tame;  
The love that once linked two hearts  
May someday destroy the chain.  
Lead slowly your heart;  
Can dreams be the same  
When wedding of pulsing hearts  
Together joins brain with brain?  
Hold tight to your heart,  
Take care of its flame;  
For often with burning hearts,  
Just ashes--no hearts--remain.

*Donald Vassar*



## TO A DEWDROP

Lonely lucid dewdrop  
Crystal in the morn,  
Shaded by gay flowers,  
Life may seem forlorn.  
Despair not sweet dewdrop,  
Love is yet unborn.

Flower beauty deafens  
With its gaudy din;  
Sweeter far the music  
Shining from within.

Yours is not the beauty  
Of a cheating rose,  
Thorning grave the lover  
Who would hold her close.

You distill the blossoms'  
Virtues many fold,  
Sweeter love than nectar,  
Heart of crystal gold.  
Your touch is the dew touch,  
Ever new and old.

Be not then the teardrop  
Shed for future care;  
Wordly time, though turning,  
Courts the sunbeam fair.

Trouble me no longer,  
Smile and greet the day;  
Still it is but morning,  
Love will shine today.

*Anonymous*



## THE FLAPPER

G. P. PONT

"You really ought not think of him anymore, Rosmond, especially when you're a little high. It's just not good."

"You don't understand, Edith. I don't have anyone. Now that the children are married, I'm alone, living with myself in the ark of a house. It's unbearable."

Rosmond Foster was slouched like a discarded bundle on the couch that faced the room's spacious Italian marble fireplace. She looked over the top of a cocktail glass to her friend who sat opposite in a wing-backed chair.

"I really shouldn't. Charles is so afraid that my middle-age-spread will expand into something a little more spready."

"You've had only four; and besides, you still look thirsty," persuaded Rosmond.

"All right, darling, but this will be my last. — No sugar, remember. You know I just loathe it."

Rosmond rose from the couch and crossed to the small well-equipped mahogany bar in the corner of the room. Her experienced hands mixed the drinks quickly; added a bit more gin to the almost completed cocktails, stirred them for a moment; then she turned and found her way back across the room to her guest.

"Here you are, with all the compliments of the Foster bar-maid."

"Do you think I look pregnant?" asked Edith as Rosmond returned to the couch.

"God sakes no! Should you?"

"Not really. I mean it's just that Charles keeps nagging at me about my weight. He tells me continually that a middle-aged woman shouldn't look pregnant. Then he spends absolutely years and years telling me how to lose pounds. I think I've told him a million times that I'm not fat; it's just that I have big bones. Lots of people have big bones, you know."

"Yes, Donald had big bones. He looked like a young football-player — even when he died. You'd never guess that he was forty-six."

There was an inconvenient silence. The ice tinkled in the glasses, insisting on a renewal of conversation.

Rosmond asked slowly, "Do you remember Jack Ebbles?"

"For Pete's sake, who could forget Jack? — Why do you ask?"

"I've thought about him a lot."

"Isn't he the boy who used to have the Stutz sport car?" Edith continued without waiting for a reply, "You liked him didn't you?"

"I suppose I did — it was just one of those college things. — He was awfully good looking don't you think?"

"It's been so many absolute ages, Rosmond, I don't recall, but I suppose that if he went out with you he had to be. You had the pick of anyone on the campus."

"Stop it, Edith. I think you're being cruel. Look at me now, wrinkled and fat, and no-one left; not even my children. There isn't anybody, but you."

"Don't be such a prune, Rosmond. It's just that we're getting a little bit older. You can't live forever you know; I mean you **have** to get old."

"But what's the sense? When we were young we could dance, and make love, and look ahead to doing better things. Now at the age of fifty we're dead. Nothing to do but eat and sleep; it's like being a plant. Waiting to die, and thinking about the things you planned to do, but never did. Sit, read, remember, and drink, that's all we can do."

"Waiting to die? I'm not waiting to die," said Edith after a slight pause. "I'm happy just living; only I wish Charles wouldn't nag so. The other day I asked him to buy me one of those adorable little English sport cars. A 'G.M.' or something, they're really just too marvelous. After I went through all the trouble of telling him about it, he just sat smoking his pipe and gave me a lecture on how difficult it would be to get parts and all that. He wants to get an American car, but I think they really look too plebian."

"Jack Ebbles," repeated Rosmond, "I wonder what would have happened if I had married him?"

"Did he ever ask you?"

"Oh don't be silly; doesn't everyone ask everyone in college?"

"Yes, but not seriously, I mean. Was he serious?"

"Edith, you knew Jack almost as well as I did. He was never really serious, but sometimes when I get to thinking how things turned out, I wonder if perhaps that one time he was serious. Even when my husband, Donald, was alive, I thought of Jack once in awhile."

"You didn't love Jack, did you, Rosmond?" Edith asked excitedly. She leaned forward from the wing-backed chair, eager not to miss any of the details.

"I think I did," answered Rosmond.

"You never told me about it."

"People don't tell their college room-mates everything, Edith."

Uncounted minutes of eternity passed silently. Rosmond gulped the contents of her frosted glass.

"I loved Jack, but what could I do? Donald had asked me first, and you know how mother had always planned on our marriage. I couldn't disappoint **her**. It would have caused a horrid



scandal if I had broken up with him. I don't think I ever really loved Donald. — Even when he was alive, and we had the children, I thought of Jack. I wondered what Jack's children would look like. — I did love him Edith, I did!"

"Don't cry, darling." Edith crossed from her chair to the couch, "Here, use my hanky."

"He was gassed to death at Pearl Harbor — burned in a gas explosion."

The thud of a newspaper hurled against the front door broke the train of conversation. Somewhere in the depths of the house came the sound of a clock striking four.

"Remember the time I won the Charleston prize at the sorority dance?" asked Rosmond.

"You really oughtn't talk about him any more," Edith said as she fumbled through her purse searching for a cigarette, "It's in the past, and you should try to forget." She found the cigarette, tapped the end against her wrist; lips held the commercial remedy, then she lit it.

"I think I've forgotten how to dance," Rosmond said.

Another silence entered the room. The ash on Edith's cigarette grew slowly to a precarious length. It drooped slightly, unable to support its own weight, it fell to the floor and broke the silence.

"I'm sorry," said Edith, "it was awfully clumsy of me. I wasn't thinking."

"Don't worry about it. Rub it into the rug; it'll keep the moths away."

"I really must go, Rosmond," said Edith as she rose from the couch a trifle unsteadily, "we'll have to plan on another party very soon."

"Oh, don't go yet," protested Rosmond. "Have another drink. I so hate to be alone in this big house."

"I'm sorry, dear, but I really must. Charles will be home before long, and you know how bad the help problem is."

Rosmond got up from the couch, cocktail glass in hand, and escorted Edith to the front door; they stood and exchanged a few friendly formalities. Edith stooped, picked up the evening paper that rested on the porch, and handed it to Rosmond. They bid each other good-bye. The door slammed shut with an echo of finality that sounded through-out the house.

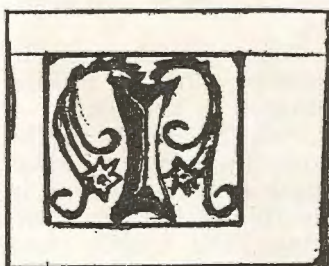
Rosmond walked to the living-room bar, placed the newspaper on its polished surface, refilled her empty glass, then returned to the couch. — Her glass was full, empty, full, then empty . . The clock struck eight. She broke the cycle and staggered from the couch to gaze at her reflection in the shiny, black, Italian marble of the fire-place.

As she studied her image, the fragile glass loosened from her grasp and smashed to the marble threshold. The small drop of liquid that lived in the bottom of the glass rolled over a shattered fragment, and formed a tear . . .



# "ONE JAVA --- BLACK"

CLARK WARREN



wonder if she saw me looking at her as I came in. She was thin, but not skinny, and her eyes were large and very beautiful — a soft gray-brown or maybe—. That's why I sat in the booth next to hers. I took off my

coat and hung it with my umbrella, on a hook on the booth. They hung limply and dripped. It had started raining, oh, fifteen minutes ago. Half the people eating here were probably just keeping dry. On the front window, in big red and black letters was printed, "THE ELITE". My table was greasy. A mousy gray--her eyes. Beth had eyes like that. I remember how I used to follow her home. "Hi, Monk," she'd say. "Where are you going? You're not following me--are you, Monk?" And then she'd laugh. I still . . .

"Your order?"

"What? Oh! Cup of coffee? Black--no cream."

There was a puddle of water under my coat and umbrella. It looked like my . . .

"One java—black."

I used to follow Beth home anyway. One night I spoke to her and at first she seemed frightened, but then, "Oh, hello, Monk," and she'd laugh. I'm little and my face is not very --. It's awfully bright in here.

"Thank you."

"Will you have anything else?"

"No, thank you."

"Our crullers are good. Plain or . . .

"No, thank you."

"... or with cinnamon."

"I'm not very . . ."

"How about some pie; prune, apple, cherry? Our cook makes very good cherry pie. The cherries come from . . ."

"I . . ."

"...Washington. They say Washington has the . . ."

"NO!! I don't want anything else. I said I don't want anything."

The corners of her mouth twitched.

"Yes, sir."

I get red when I'm angry. I watched her walk back to the counter and talk to the man frying hamburgers. They looked over at me and saw me looking back. They turned their heads away.

The rain had let up a bit. I could hear the girl in the next booth combing her hair. I listened to the sound it made--smooth, airy, almost frictionless, with electric crackles at the end of each stroke. She got up to leave. So did I--the coffee was too hot anyway. We put on our coats, I took my umbrella from the hook on the booth, and left a quarter on the table. I shouldn't have shouted so.

Several of us stood in the doorway staring out at the wet. I watched the girl. A drop of rain fell on her face and she wrinkled up her nose as it rolled down and caught it on the tip of her tongue. She smiled to herself, brushed the back of her hand across her nose, and looked around.

No one had seen her. I stood up straight, and, taking a deep breath, I stepped over to her.

"You'll get wet without an umbrella. May I see you home?" She smiled down at me for a long time. I couldn't tell what she was thinking --until she spoke.

"I live a long way from here . . ."

Her voice was very soft and sincere.

"... but if you want, you can walk me to the bus stop."

We walked. I held the umbrella high.

In less than a minute a bus hissed to a stop in front of us, and the big doors opened. She stepped in and the big doors bounced closed. She smiled at me through the glass as the creature hissed again and started moving. I watched it wind its way down the street. After three blocks it turned a corner and disappeared.

She was nice.



# THE LOWLY ONE

KATHERINE A. SIEGLER

"Dulcie, when you gits finished scrubbin', Mrs. Cavendish wants to talk to you."

Dulcie Howard dropped the scrub brush into the pail of dirty water beside her and very slowly straightened her back. It ached, and her legs ached, and her whole being seemed to be one dull throbbing ache. She gave no sign that she had heard Mindy's words, but very awkwardly rose to her feet and stood swaying slightly. She had been scrubbing the marble steps which led down to the patio at the rear of Vinelands, the Cavendish mansion, and her black face glistened from the heat of the sun.

"What for does she want to see me?" she finally asked dully. Mindy still stood in the doorway arms folded, regarding her coldly. She replied,

"Reckon you kin figure that out for yourself." Dulcie said nothing, but picked up the pail and plodded around the house to the laundry. As she emptied the pail and washed her hands, her mind was almost blank. A sharp pain flashed in her temples, and for an instant her fingers convulsively clutched the laundry tubs as the room swayed before her eyes. The pain passed as had others which had come upon her lately, and she relinquished her grip. Taking a corner of her soiled apron, she wiped the sweat from her eyes and the back of her neck. Then she trudged slowly upstairs.

Her body was heavy and cumbersome, and the new weight which she carried was making it increasingly difficult for her to move. She stood outside Mrs. Cavendish's study and knocked slowly.

"Come in, Dulcie." The simple words were deceptively gentle, but the tones contained unmistakable authority. She opened the door and entered, advancing a few steps into the room.

"Sit down, Dulcie. How are you?" Dulcie replied in flat and colorless tones,

"I'm all right, Ma'm," and lapsed into silence. She sat on the edge of a straight wodden chair which Mrs. Cavendish had indicated and stared with unseeing eyes at the floor. Mrs. Cavendish was a large, handsome woman with soft grey hair piled attractively on top of her head, and she looked cool and fresh in the heat of the day. Her face was soft and well preserved, but her eyes were firm and impersonal as she regarded the negress.

"Dulcie, I haven't been looking forward to this little conference, and I've thought a great deal about it. However, I do believe that the time for delay is past. I suppose you know what I am talking about, don't you?"



"No'm."

Mrs. Cavendish sighed and half raised her hand in a gesture of despair. Then she said firmly,

"Dulcie, it gives me a great deal of sorrow and discomfort to have to say this, but I'm afraid we will no longer need your services." She paused and steeled herself for a protest, but the girl merely continued to look at the floor and said nothing. Raising an eyebrow, Mrs. Cavendish went on after a moment. "It is indeed unfortunate, but I'm afraid we just can't have someone in your condition in our employment. I'm sure you understand, my dear, but we just can't have that sort of thing, you know. I'm sure, however, that you'll be able to find employment elsewhere, though you shouldn't really try to do very much from now on. Dulcie, are you listening to me?" Her voice rose in impatience, for Dulcie had raised



her head and was vacantly staring out the window.

"Yes'm." She once more gave her attention to the floor.

"I really am so disappointed in you, Dulcie," resumed Mrs. Cavendish reproachfully. "You of all people to have been so foolish and indiscreet. You were always such a little lady, too. I just wonder what your grandmother would think if she were here. And really, I can't help being just a little hurt at your behaviour . . . growing up practically in the family, playing with Mister Taylor when you were little . . ." She stopped abruptly at Dulcie's sudden enigmatic look. Immediately the girl lowered her head again. Mrs. Cavendish, in confusion, groped for words, but succeeded in saying only,

"Well, what's done is done, and you may be sure, my dear, that Mr. Cavendish and I wish only the best for you. We will give you references, of course, and two weeks' salary to tide you over."

"Yes'm."

Mrs. Cavendish turned back to her desk and began to read the letter before her. Realizing that Dulcie had not moved, she said without looking up,

"That's all; you may go now." The girl continued to sit and did not answer.

"Dulcie!" Mrs. Cavendish spoke sharply, and at last Dulcie moved. She rose awkwardly and slowly walked to the door. Her shoulders were bent, and her movements were unsteady. She passed into the hall like a sleepwalker, without speaking to Mrs. Cavendish. The older woman stared after her and shook her head in exasperation. Then she returned to her letter, smiling fondly at the photograph of a young man on her desk.

Dulcie walked home through the woods behind Vinelands. It was not quite dusk, and the charm and loveliness of the evening dimly penetrated her consciousness. The air was sweet with the scent of blossoms, and a light breeze gently rustled in the trees. Overhead, the sky was a dull velvet blue, and the evening star twinkled softly by a pale moon. The woods were cool and refreshing, and as Dulcie plodded wearily along the path, she sensed something soft and painful stirring in her heart, a murmur of recollection, which she vainly tried to stifle. She suddenly felt dizzy and weak and leaned against a tree for support. Without quite realizing it, she sank slowly to the ground and sat at the base of the tree, leaning against it, her eyes closed, her mind blurred . . .

. . . It was her friend, this forest, and Dulcie Howard grew up in it, playing beneath the protective branches, hiding in secluded dells, and laughing in its clear, cool streams. Her grandmother, Old Rose, had been the Cavendish cook for many years, and by the time she was ten, Dulcie knew every path which led from Old Rose's cabin on the one side, to Vinelands on the other. Dulcie's parents were a closed subject . . . Old

Rose never mentioned them, and Dulcie never asked, so when Old Rose would set out in the morning for work, Dulcie would follow, sometimes to play all day in the woods, some days to go to the "big house" to play with Mister Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish. Taylor was three years older than Dulcie, and the little girl was eight before she knew that "Mistertaylor" was not a given name.

Taylor went to school nearby until he was ten and was sent to boarding school. When he was at home, he and Dulcie were inseparable . . . Taylor, taking his cue from his parents, Dulcie, from Rose, of course, so that she was his little shadow, his Man-Friday, his devoted slave. She worshipped the ground he walked on and would have laid down her life for him. There were no other white children near, so Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish did not discourage the relationship.

When Taylor went away to school, Dulcie felt as though the bottom had dropped out of her world. She was utterly disconsolate until her grandmother decided that she had been idle long enough, and arranged for her to go to the colored school some five miles away. Each morning Dulcie trotted across the woods at Old Rose's feet, her little lunch pail and pigtails swinging with the rhythm of her movements, and wait for the school bus at the crossroads. After school she came home and played in the woods until Old Rose returned to make her do her lessons. Although never a good student, she was an obliging child, and she worked conscientiously so that Taylor would be proud of her when he came home. When he was away, her days were spent in dreaming of his return, and when he was at Vinelands, her happiness was complete.

As the years passed by, Taylor grew from a sweet-faced little boy into a tall ungainly young man, not handsome, his face uncertain, his eyes afraid. His parents adored him, but knew with a sickening, ever-growing sureness that he was weak, unreliable. Each time he came home from school, he would beg to be allowed to stay. He hated school, giving as excuses that everyone hated and picked on him, and so a new school would be chosen, and the story would repeat itself.

Dulcie doggedly went on to school, but instead of spending her leisure in idleness in her beloved forest, she devoted more and more time at Vinelands, lifting more and more responsibility from the aging Rose's shoulders. Old Rose's health was fast becoming worse, and there finally came a time when she was unable to get up to go to work. Dulcie spent the balance of her vacation taking her grandmother's place and the Cavendish home, and just before she was to return to school, Old Rose quietly died.

Dulcie seemed to accept her loss passively, though beneath an unresponsive exterior, she felt a keen sense of loneliness. She continued to live in the cabin by the side of the woods, and gradually she became accustomed to living without Rose, with only the forest creatures for company.



Dulcie went back to school that fall, spending all of her free time working at Vinelands, and Taylor went away to college. He spent his holidays away from home, and in the summer his parents took him to Europe, so Dulcie saw very little of him until Christmas of his second year in college. Mrs. Cavendish gave a house party for him and his school friends, so for weeks in advance the household was in a turmoil of preparation. Dulcie spent every available moment shining and polishing best silver, china, and best bedrooms, until the house fairly sparkled. Her heart was light and as she worked, she sang in anticipation. It had been nearly two years since she had talked to Taylor.

Her feeling for him had become a strange thing through the years. She had long since realized and become accustomed to the difference in their positions, and she had no thought or inclination toward any kind of personal romantic relationship. Nevertheless, her memory of his as the little playfellow, her leader, her master, had blossomed until he had assumed in her mind an elevated position on a pedestal, a sort of god, and certainly an ideal.

The day of his arrival with his friends came at last, and as she dressed in her solitary shack, Dulcie burned with excitement. She was to serve at the Cavendish home, and Mrs. Cavendish had presented her with a new black uniform with starched white frilly apron and cap. She stood before a yellow mirror in the fading light and critically surveyed herself. Smooth oval face, with wide, searching black eyes, and full generous mouth with potential voluptuousness. She had skinned her thick, wiry hair at the back of her neck, and the effect accentuated her high cheekbones. She gently touched the stiff white cap on her head, and smoothed her skirts down from the hips. Then, grinning at her own vanity, she left the cabin and started through the woods.

The Cavendish home was ablaze with lights and bustling with activity when Dulcie arrived. Dusky figures efficiently moved about carrying trays piled with delicate appetizers and gleaming china. From the other room Dulcie heard the boisterous laughter of young men and women, and her eyes danced at the merriment. Someone shoved a tray of cocktails into her hands and ordered her to distribute them among the guests, so, with a final pat on the frilly cap, she pushed open the door to the drawing room.

Crystal chandeliers caught a million sparkling gems of light, and for an instant she paused to blink at the glory she beheld. Sparkling, pink-cheeked girls in rich, warm colors drifted about, laughing, chattering with tall, handsome young men, immaculate in dinner jackets. They all seemed to be cut from the same mold . . . bland, smooth faces, bright blank eyes, painted and pale mouths curved in unrevealing smiles. Coquetry, graciousness, charm, and laughter. Dulcie's eyes were discreetly lowered as she moved about, although she longed to catch a glimpse of Taylor.

Her tray was soon emptied, and as she turned to leave, she did not hear a masculine undertone,

"Hmmmmm, will you look at that!"

"Boston should have something like this."

In a few minutes, she again passed the cocktail tray. Strong, eager hands reached out and picked up a glass, or two glasses, and this time, she became aware of a vague sense of discomfort, as she felt strong compelling eyes on her. She glanced up quickly before she left the room, and her own eyes widened in delight as she saw Taylor standing by the piano, talking to a pale blond girl in powder blue. He glanced at her without recognition, and then looked back at the girl by his side.

Dulcie served at dinner, moving very quietly, gently, unobtrusively from place to place. From beneath veiled lids, she observed that the faces of the young people were flushed, their eyes strained, and heard their laughter and conversation become less controlled. Taylor, in particular, as he sat at the head of the table, had little interest in his plate, and continued to empty his wine glass as soon as it was filled. When she passed near him, now, she was again possessed of a strange feeling of uneasiness, and she sensed his eyes, and those of the other men, upon her, and the conversation died down, sometimes ceasing entirely.

Dinner over, the girls repaired to the powder room, and Dulcie brought a tray of liquors to the study where the boys had congregated. There was a sound of jumbled fuzzy voices from within as she opened the door, and a sudden deafening silence as she entered. Startled, she looked up and saw what appeared to be countless eyes boring into her . . . not hidden glances now, but open and insinuating stares. She walked about with her tray, and her hands began to shake so that the tiny glasses tinkled oddly in the stillness of the room. Bold, strong hands lingered over her tray, and she felt the blood rush to her face, pounding in her eardrums. Her knees trembled, and she suddenly felt dizzy. It seemed an eternity before she had circled the room and approached the door with her empty tray.

Whispers, meaningful looks, nudges were aimed at Taylor who had sunk into a stuffed chair and surveyed her with blurred eyes. A voice, louder than the rest, said,

"Come on, Taylor."

"All right, all right," he grunted. He sat forward and with great effort attempted to focus his eyes. "Dulcie," he began in a muffled tone, "Dulcie, my girl, don't be in such a hurry to leave us." He spoke louder, but still indistinctly, and from the door where she stood rooted to the spot, Dulcie whispered,

"Yes suh, Mist' Taylor."

"Come over here, Dulcie, and let's have a look at you." Her eyes were on the floor, but her breast rose and fell with the effort of her breathing as she crossed the room to stand before him. The young men softly moved in from the



extremes of the room until they had forced a crude semi-circle about the two. The flames from the fire danced about Dulcie's face as she stood in the center of the ring.

"My, aren't you getting to be a big girl, Dulcie," slurred Taylor, looking her up and down, slowly, carefully, lingering on her swelling breast, the outline of her thighs beneath the slim skirt. The circle drew closer, and Dulcie felt a mounting desire to scream. Instead, she whispered,

"Yes suh, Mist' Taylor. May I please go back to the kitchen now?" and she began to sidle toward the edge of the circle. But the dark figures seemed to melt together to bar her way. The boys were smiling smiles without humor, without laughter ... white teeth, like bestial fangs, glistened in the firelight ... dark eyes, hungry, greedy, as they stared insolently at her. Taylor, who had been regarding her from beneath half closed lids, murmured,

"Come here, Dulcie, over beside my chair."

She stood before him, twisting the hem of her apron. Abruptly, one of the boys reached out and pushed her roughly on the buttocks. Startled, she cried out, and losing her balance, she fell into the chair, sprawling over Taylor. The laughter which exploded from the boys was crude and harsh, and the remarks they directed at her were vile and insulting. Dulcie squirmed and wriggled in Taylor's arms, but he held her in a vice-like grip.

Suddenly a shaft of white light fell across the room as the door from the hall was opened. On the threshold stood a group of the young ladies returned from upstairs. There was a very brief silence until the boys rushed over en masse to greet them. Dulcie was forgotten in the confusion, and she chose the opportunity to creep out of the room, head bowed, her hands over her face. She slipped out the side entrance to the house without returning to the kitchen.

She was still so dazed that she hardly seemed to know where she was going at first. Then she began to walk faster and faster, until by the time she had left Vinelands, she was running. She ran until she was forced to stop for breath, and then threw herself on the ground beneath a tree. She lay there panting, her mind reeling, her heart beating wildly. After a few minutes, she got to her feet and made her way home through the woods, running the last hundred feet. She flew up the porch steps, pushed open the door and slammed it behind her, drawing the bolt carefully. She leaned against it weakly, her eyes closed, breathing deeply and laboriously.

The cabin was dark, so after a minute or two, with shaking fingers she lighted a kerosene lamp. It cast weird shadows on the walls, and as she glanced at the cracked mirror on her bureau, she took a sharp breath. Her eyes were large and glassy, the whites like the white of a hard boiled egg. Suddenly, as though she could not bear to see her reflection any longer, she turned away and quickly began to undress. In an instant she had removed the uniform and tossed it contemp-

tuously with the cap and apron in a corner of the room. Her hair had come down, and now it was unloosened about her neck. She blew out the lamp and falling into the narrow bed, she lay staring into the darkness.

Every nerve, every fibre of her being was awake. As she lay, she discovered that her fists were clenched, her toes were curled under, and her body was taut and stiff. Outside she could hear all the usual night noises ... the chirping of the cricket, an animal moving softly through the underbrush, the stirrings of the wind in the branches. Inside she listened to the deadly monotony of the old alarm clock ... tic-toc-tic-toc-tic-toc ... She lay for hours without moving, and only gradually, very gradually, did her tense muscles begin to unwind. After a while, at last, she fell into a light and troubled sleep.

Suddenly her eyes flew open and she bolted out of bed to stare at the door. There were footsteps and murmurs on the porch and presently a loud knocking at the door, then stillness. Trembling, Dulcie remained silent and heard voices rise.

"Come on, open up."

"We know you're in there," and a louder, more persistent knocking at the door. Still she did not speak until she heard,

"Dulcie, open up this door!" Taylor's voice was thick and unsteady, and Dulcie quavered,

"Mist' Taylor, you all don't want to come in here. Aint nothin' in here, Mist' Taylor." There was raucous laughter, and the door pounding began with renewed enthusiasm.

"Dulcie, you open this door, or we'll break it down, won't we fellows." This was a new voice. Dulcie looked around in panic. She heard Taylor say in an undertone,

"Aw, come on, you guys; she's not gonna let us in. Let's go back," and another voice sneer,

What's the matter, Taylor; chicken? Thought you said you were on real easy terms with this broad. O. K. We're callin' your bluff. What the hell ... she's only a nigger." After a hesitant pause, Taylor yelled,

"Dulcie, you open this goddam door or, so help me, I'll knock it down and ring your bitchin' neck when I do." This was accompanied by a terrific blow on the door which caused the girl's mirror to fall and shatter.

"All right, Mist' Taylor, all right," she moaned at last, "but please don't you gempmums make no trouble." She loosened the bolt and opened the door a crack.

Rude, crude hands forced it open, and she was pushed back into the room. It seemed as though a flood of men poured into the room, the beams of their flashlights dancing grotesquely on walls and ceiling. Again they formed a crude semi-circle around Dulcie and stood silently as she turned from one to another with wide, terrified eyes. Taylor stepped forward and slowly and unsteadily walked toward her. His mouth hung open slightly, and his hair was tousled. In his bleary eyes, Dulcie recognized raw, naked lust. She continued to retreat, her face distorted in



fear, her lips soundlessly protesting. Finally, when she could back no farther, she stood paralyzed, and, fascinated, watching him come closer and closer, and closer. The room was still. The men continued to watch with bright expressions of greed. Finally, Dulcie gave one terrible scream, swift and painful, and tried to break through the circle.

Rough, brutal hand and bodies caught her, tossed her about, and pushed her screaming, crying, moaning, to Taylor, who seized her and threw her on the bed. Rough, brutal hands . . . . . fumbling exploring hands at her brown, gleaming breasts . . . . . cruel, merciless hands at her loins . . . . the heat of the animal body in passion . . . . the stench of stale liquor and perspiration . . . . the dirty, rotten, filthy strength of overpowering lust . . . until she was falling . . . falling . . . falling . . . falling . . . into a hell hole in which there was no bottom . . . . .  
 . . . . . It was twilight now, and the dew had settled on the grass. Dulcie opened her burning

eyes and looked around dully. She felt damp and chilly, so very slowly she pulled herself to her feet and leaned against the tree for an instant to steady herself. Then she trudged wearily, slowly, down the path through the forest. There was almost no daylight, and dark purple shadows fell across her path. As she approached the logs which crossed a tiny stream, she did not see shreds of Spanish moss obscuring the gnarled surface roots of an old oak tree. She caught her foot in the moss, stumbled, and with a startled half-cry, she pitched forward and half fell into the stream, hitting her temples on a sharp rock which jutted out of the water. . . . .

Tiny stars appeared, one by one, and a full harvest moon shone brightly on the stream. The forest was still except for the occasional chirpings of a sleepy bird. The waters silently drifted by, and a night owl hooted sorrowfully. But Dulcie, lying half submerged, her face in the water, a sharp rock in her forehead, did not hear him.

## THE SUBTLE CYCLE

Nature's timepiece is running on schedule,  
 For again she has brought around that season  
 When the sun grows warm and the days hazy.  
 Nature is no fool; she knows how to appease  
 Those who have wearied of winter's wrath  
 And long for the ease and warmth of spring.  
 Bewitching is the time when the lakes grow blue  
 And the waves--shaking out a blanket of lily  
 pads --  
 Are restless as the mischievous winds who flirt  
 With the bare-armed trees; they, still naked  
 In their first green buds, surrender to Spring's  
 Bold advances, and blossom forth to rewind  
 Nature's acient watch.

*Cynthia Wellenkamp*



## SHOULD THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT GIVE FINANCIAL SUPPORT TO HIGHER EDUCATION?

JOHN WILSON

To many people there is a mysterious aura of goodness about knowledge. If we are to reach any convincing conclusions on the matter of government aid to college education, we must attempt to eliminate the sentimentality that surrounds the question. The tax-payer will want something more concrete than vague generalities if he is to part with more of his money. An attitude of unthinking parsimony should not be adopted. The matter should be examined carefully, the benefits weighed against the cost, and a decision reached accordingly.

The first thing to be decided is whether aid to higher education is economically feasible. During World War II, the country supported twelve million men under arms; trained them, transported them to all parts of the world, and supplied them with tanks, artillery, airplanes, battleships. Veterans' benefits and pensions will continue for years. Compared to this, the annual cost of educating a few hundred thousand students would be quite small. Every child in the country is given thirteen years of schooling, paid for out of public funds. The education of the best of these students could be continued a few more years at a relatively small additional cost. If every person in the United States paid two dollars annually to the government, three hundred thousand students could be maintained in college. If federal aid to education is unconstitutional, the constitution can be amended. America can provide aid for higher education.

We hear a great deal about the high standard of living in America, but there are some Americans who work for less than twenty-five dollars a week. They do unskilled labor, but they do work, and they deserve a greater share of the nation's wealth; they should be able to live in dignity and security, and their children should not be crushed by poverty and despair. There are still slaves in America.

We have fought great wars in the name of freedom, but if American ideals are to be anything more than propaganda, there is still much to be done; not by soldiers, but by sociologists; not by admirals, but by economists; not by airplane pilots, but by labor relations experts. If we can distrib-

ute bombs all over the world, surely we can find a way to get goods into the homes of American workers. Education can help do the job — the education of economists and sociologists. Scientists and engineers can do little to help; their work is not to be disparaged, the conquest of the physical environment is indispensable to human happiness, but to a great extent they have done their job. We now know how to produce enough goods for all. We must learn how to distribute those goods to those who are willing to work for them.

Of course engineers can increase productive efficiency still more. This would bring about a shorter work week, but the forty hour week is not unduly burdensome. Engineers could produce more gadgets and mechanized amusements, but the machine, although it has brought great benefits, has already interfered too much with human relationships; we need a few generations to adjust.

If, then, the government is to provide aid for education, it seems desirable to concentrate on certain fields; among them economics and sociology. The education of scientists and engineers seems no longer vitally important. In any case, industry provides adequate incentive in those areas of knowledge.

Education can bring benefits to the better paid American also. In former times, most workers were farmers; they often had unmortgaged ownership of their land, and all they needed to work their land was a team or horses, a plough, and some hand tools. In the fall, their larders and woodsheds were full, and they knew that when spring returned, the simple application of labor to the land would bring an ample supply of the necessities of life. Present-day Americans, however, are mostly city dwellers; they have no full larders and woodsheds to last them over a period of unemployment. Scientists and engineers have provided them with automobiles, television sets, and good homes; but, let us admit it, most workers live under the constant fear of economic depression. Fear of the future corrodes their spirit and stunts their lives. Their rural forebears knew when winter was coming,



and when spring would return; but for modern city-dwellers, depression and unemployment may come at any time, and may last for years. Economic uncertainty is one of the greatest modern problems. Present day farmers must face the same difficulty. They want electricity in their home, they want modern comforts and conveniences of all kinds; they feel that what was good enough for their fathers is not good enough for them, and rightly so. But to get the things they want, they must mechanize their farms, and constantly buy new machinery. They must borrow, and live under the continual threat of depression and foreclosure. For most Americans, uncertainty and insecurity cancel out the benefits of their high standard of living.

We have progressed, and we must go on progressing. We are at present going through a transition period; although many of the material problems of life have been solved, a host of new difficulties has come to the surface. A high standard of living is not enough, there must be security too, there must be certainty of the future. The American dream has not yet come true.

In other countries, many people are turning to socialism and communism in the search for economic security. If we want our system to endure, we must show clearly that the American way is the best — for the worker as well as for the businessman.

There has been very little original thinking about national problems in America since the Revolutionary War; we have been resting on our oars since the writing of the Constitution. Material progress necessitates advances in social and economic thought. We have the material progress, but the other advances have not kept pace. A crisis was reached in the thirties, and Roosevelt's answer was the New Deal. If we are opposed to attempting to legislate prosperity, we must find some other means to perpetuate that condition; and if we favor the legislative method, we must attempt to better it. In either case, we need economists and sociologists, and good ones. We can encourage talented young people to enter these fields by helping their education.

There are other problems which only education and study can solve. Although we must not exaggerate America's plight, there are millions in this country living in unhappiness; it has been estimated that one fifth of the population is in need of psychological care, although perhaps what they really need is a philosophy toward life, some basic truth to depend on through shifting and conflicting social and economic ideas. Disease and sickness are still major problems; there is the danger of war, there are broken homes, unwed mothers, racial issues, alcoholics, juvenile delinquents, and crimi-

nals. Let us promote the general welfare, and educate sociologists, psychologists, medical research workers, philosophers, statesmen, and teachers. Serious minded writers are needed to ferret out human problems, and priests and ministers have a very important part to play in the modern world.

The cost would be negligible compared to the advantages gained. Federal aid to higher education, if properly planned, could be the greatest bargain the tax-payer ever received. There are many people who want to help others; let us give them the chance to do so.

Financial aid for education can be administered in two ways. Money can be given to the colleges, or directly to the students. Since the purpose is to aid the student rather than the school, it would probably be better to help the individual student. There would be no filtering effect, he would have the maximum of freedom and independence, and academic achievement rather than athletic prowess would be the criterion for scholarship aid. If, on the other hand, the colleges are provided with financial help, it might mean government interference in many phases of higher education; there could be, sooner or later, visiting senators, congressional investigation committees, and attempts at controlling college curricula. The influence of the politician would be felt in education to a greater extent than it is now, and many schools would probably refuse large scale aid with its dangers of large scale control.

Financial aid should be restricted to those students who actually need it; by preventing unnecessary expenditure, a greater number of needy students could be helped. It might also be desirable to set a minimum age limit for students receiving government aid, as a method of ensuring sufficient maturity for advanced education. The student, while being able to major only in stipulated fields, should be free to take whatever subsidiary courses he is interested in, for only he knows what angle of attack is best suited to his capabilities, and he may find a new approach to his field of study.

Helping the student financially will enable him to get an education, but the quality of that education should be as high as possible if the money is to be put to best use. Better pay for teachers is needed in order to attract better people to the profession, and to reduce the bitterness and frustration which many teachers seem to feel. Their intelligence and initiative is very much above the average, and they are acutely aware of the fact that they seem to be underpaid. One of the most important things the student gets out of education is an attitude toward life, and disgruntled teachers do not convey a desirable state of mind



to their pupils. Neither do such teachers get their academic knowledge across, for teaching is very much a matter of personality of the right kind.

Better salaries would tend to attract more materialistic persons to the profession. This would probably be undesirable, but higher and broader scholastic standards for teachers would counter-balance the tendency, and students would benefit through the wider knowledge of their teachers. A government subsidy or minimum wage should be established for teachers so they can face life with more dignity and self-assurance. Their greater feeling of security would be passed on to their students, both consciously and unconsciously. We need better teachers; education needs price supports just as much as potatoes do.

Financial support for higher education

in the social sciences certainly seems to be needed. Although many Americans lead happy, useful lives, if we look behind the glittering facade of our high standard of living, we often find a low standard of happiness. Even more than in Thoreau's day, many people live in quiet desperation. Science and engineering have done a magnificent job, now we are ready to advance in other directions. We need a concerted, planned, nation-wide attack on life's problems by an army of educated men. The scientific method has not worked well with human problems; what is needed is a new approach, and entirely new method of acquiring and using knowledge. Perhaps government aid to education will enable someone to find the answer, and make the American dream come true.



## AND WILL YOU WEEP?

And will you weep for me when I am gone?  
I cannot weep; my eyes are dry from smoke  
Of days consumed by fire, whose spark at once  
Made ashed of the leaves of other loves;  
The winds of summer soon make dust of such—  
Which poor stuff brings a tear to no one's eye  
But Summer's ashes wear we in our brain,  
And bitter is their taste upon our lips;  
Their shade will out-mourn grey of winter days;  
They smart, in wounds of parting ever fresh:  
They cloud the soul and swell the sense, and yet,  
They hold a warmth no icy shard can pierce —  
And banked round embers of faint-glowing hope,  
They serve to burnish golden memory.

A. D. B.

## STEADFAST THINGS

Oh, elements of life unchanged, against  
The years you stand, as rock in soil, or sun  
In heavens' gilded orb, entrancing man  
With silent joys of inner peace and awe.  
Golden delights of shadowed thought abounding,  
Thence cooled by crystal drops of timeless ages  
Past; milky stains on forest leaf, the soft  
Mulled tones of Mourning doves, a shining faith  
In babies' eyes; forest flow'r of varied hue  
From under wood bed springing forth into  
The liquid light of azured sky. In these  
Mankind renews his hope and thanks his God.

Charlotte Danly



## PLAYTOY

JAMES SIMMONS

"I won't let you see it unless you bring your puppy over here!" Carol finished covering the object with handfuls of white sand from her sand pile. Having finished patting the sand down hard, she wiped her grimy little hands on the flowered dress her mother had given her on her sixth birthday.

Sammie, the little boy who lived across the street from her, stood at the gate of her backyard. "Let me see it first and then I'll go get my puppy." He pushed the stringy black hair, which hung down in his eyes, back up on his head.

Carol sat there pretending not to see him. A small fuzzy caterpillar fell out of the tree which shaded her sand pile. It lay there for a few moments, dazed by the fall.

Carol looked back toward Sammie.

He still stood by the gate looking down at the ground where he drew pictures with his bare foot. He quit biting his lower lip when he looked up. "But you know my mommie won't let me take the puppy off the porch."

"Then you can't see it." She began to play with the caterpillar which had fallen from the oak tree.

"Well ... I guess she won't know." Sammie stood there a few minutes longer before turning around and racing back across the street.

When he was out of sight, Carol dug down in the sand and brought out the straight razor which she had been hiding. "Nasty old bug," she blasphemed as she proceeded to cut the caterpillar in two. She hastily hid the razor as she heard Sammie coming.

The head of the cocker shook as Sammie ran with him, holding him by the two front legs. He ran and fell down on the sand pile beside Carol, almost crushing the dog as he did so.

"Here's the puppy. Let me see it now."

"Here," she said, handing him the razor.

Carol hadn't noticed her mother who was standing at the corner of the house watching them. Suddenly she made herself known by grabbing the closed razor out of Sammie's hand.

"How many times have I told you to leave daddy's razor alone?" she asked as she jerked Carol up to a standing position. Sammie sat there not knowing what to do as Carol's mother proceeded to spank her.

"Why do mommies have to be so mean?" she cried as she wiped the dirt-stained tears from her cheek. "I wish I didn't have a mommie or daddy sometimes. They never let me do anything I want."

About half an hour later Carol's mother appeared at the back door. "Carol!" "What?" came the answer from the other side of the sand pile.

"Come here a minute, darling. Mommie has something that she wants to tell you."

Carol got up and came running to the back door carrying the puppy in her right arm.

"Mommie has to go to town for a little while this afternoon, and if you've been a real good

girl, when I get back I'll have something good for you."

"Okay, mommie," she said, flipping the puppy's ear.

Carol peeped around the corner of the house and watched her mother drive out the driveway. She ran back to the sand pile where Sammie was building a house.

"I know where a real good playtoy is," she told him. "I saw it in my daddy's drawer. I'll go get it and we can play with it."

"Won't your mommie be mad at you?" Sammie asked, remembering what had happened to her earlier.

"She won't know. I'll put it up before she gets back." With this she was running up the back steps and into the kitchen.

She went into her daddy's bedroom and over to the chest-of-drawers which stood in the corner. She pulled the bottom drawer open and began to search through it. She didn't find what she was looking for. She pulled the second drawer open and carefully searched its contents for her "playtoy." Not finding it there she went to the next drawer. It wasn't there either. She couldn't reach the other two drawers from the floor, so she went into the living room and came back dragging the footstool behind her. She pulled the top drawer open first and there it was, lying in a red and green box. She carefully picked it up and ran back out into the yard to show Sammie.

"Here it is," she said, holding it out to him. "We can have lots of fun with it." She dropped the box on the sand pile beside them.

"How do you make it run?" Sammie asked her.

"I've seen my daddy do it a lot of times. You put your finger in here, point it at something and say 'Boom' real loud. See like this." She pointed the gun at Sammie and pulled the trigger with both hands. The noise frightened her and she dropped the gun. She sat there trembling. She looked over at Sammie who was lying on the sand pile, but didn't see the trickle of blood that was beginning to run from under him.

"I'm sorry if I scared you," she pleadingly said to him. "You don't have to lie on the ground like that. You can get up now. See. I'm not scared. I'll point it at me and make it say 'boom.'"

The noise scared the puppy away, but he returned a few minutes later, walking around each one whimpering, trying to get them to play with him and their playtoy.





## YOUR VERDICT

Did You Like This Spring Issue?

----- Yes

----- No

What Changes Would You Like To Make?

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

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*How the stars got started.....*



**William Holden says:**

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REAL FLAVOR. YOU'LL  
LIKE CAMELS, TOO!"

*William Holden*

Star of "The Bridges at Toko-Ri"

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