

Rollins College

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Fall 1957

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Rollins College Students

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FALL 1957

The *Flamingo* is the Rollins College literary magazine published three times during the school year.

Cover by Anne Nelson

flamingo

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A CRITICAL ESSAY

In my position as student worker in the Physical Education Department of Rollins College, it has recently come to my attention that the faculty and administration wishes to improve the present condition concerning the extra-curricular activities of the students. President McKean has for several years been working on projects aimed at centering the life of the student body more around the college.

The problem is a serious one. It is not confined to this campus but seems to be a national trend. I have composed this report containing several suggestions in the hope that my findings may prove of benefit to other institutions now facing similar problems.

Our problem is this. After classes, the students who have completed their homework tend to dash immediately off campus to nearby recreational and entertainment centers. The natural implication of this practice is that most students do not have a healthy attitude toward their college. They think of the college as a place for study and labor but not as a place for pleasure.

President McKean believes that the fault is not in the student attitude but that the college is fulfilling only one part of its dual responsibility: providing an intellectual *and* recreational life for its students.

I became directly involved when the Physical Education Department was asked to assume the function of acting as a Recreational Department in addition to its present duties governing intramurals, intercollegiate sports, the health and physical welfare of the student body and athletic instruction for the entire college.

In a memo from the President dated October 15, 1957, he said: "We are deeply concerned about the present conditions regarding student activities outside the classroom. In conferences with Mr. Tiedke, Mr. Cartwright and myself, we have tentatively decided upon the plan outlined below as a preliminary step in the right direction."

The memo went on to request our cooperation in determining the feasibility of the plan. The members of the Physical Education Department were more than happy to assume the responsibility. We had realized the danger of the situation. We were pleased to know that the President and other administration officers were concerned enough with

student welfare to take time from their busy schedules to work on the problem. They are in such close contact with the student body that they are surely the most suitable people to advise the college in such matters. Their generosity is just a part of what makes the Rollins Family so wonderful to be associated with.

What they proposed was this: that a badminton court be constructed on the lawn between Cloverleaf and the Center Patio, that a group of shuffleboard courts be built between the tennis courts and the patio and that the holes in the patio floor be repaired to allow roller-skating. These facilities should be open to students during the evenings.

The department is presently investigating the lighting problem, the administrative help that would be needed to operate the project with safety and efficiency and the cost of the equipment and construction. These reports should be completed within the week and construction could be finished, according to present estimates, by Christmas.

On the side, I have been asked to determine the student opinion and inspire enthusiasm so that the project would open with capacity attendance. I have, however, run into difficulty. For the benefit of other institutions, I shall report as nearly as possible my findings.

A great many students feel that no one would take advantage of the facilities. Their reasoning had some value, and they directed my thoughts to the heart of the difficulty. The reason, they felt, that students leave campus in the evenings is to go to the various places that serve beer, wine and cocktails. Here they find refreshment and companionship.

I have been forced to agree with them. All available evidence points to the truth of their belief. I strongly suspect that is just what the President and his associates are concerned about.

Any project, therefore, would have to provide refreshment and companionship on the campus, offer an acceptable substitute, or make these two pleasures seem less attractive.

The plan outlined above does not provide these pleasures. It is difficult to drink while playing badminton. Roller-skating and badminton do provide social contact, but it is hardly equal to the intimate association common to the night club.

Nor can I think of rollerskating and badminton as acceptable substitutes. The student body of Rollins is unusually cosmopolitan. They have been raised in homes of better than average wealth and position. Most students have traveled extensively and are used to social drinking habits and the cocktail party long before entering Rollins. In most cases the parents of the Rollins boy or girl have introduced them at a young age to refined parties where drinks are served. So drinking carries the approval of parents, most often. The cocktail party, by habit, attracts them. Evening outdoor sports do not.

There remains only one solution. If we feel that the students should remain on campus in the evenings, we must make the things that are luring them off campus seem less attractive.

The first thing to be overcome is the novelty of drinking. Novelty stems from the forbidden and the scarce. We must, therefore, not forbid alcoholic beverages, and they must not seem scarce. A closer contact with social drinking for the student must be provided. Naturally, this must be done on campus since that is where we wish them to remain. It is not unreasonable to assume that cocktail parties in the fraternity and sorority houses would soon become tiresome if permitted frequently. For those students who shy away from large gatherings, small groups and even individuals must be allowed to have parties in their rooms. Drinking alone is interesting only for a little while. The boys and girls would be faced with the burden of buying liquor out of their own allowances. This would make it even less attractive. After a short time, the idea of alcohol would seem commonplace.

The atmosphere of the night clubs would have to be reproduced in order that it become monotonous. Some of the features to be considered are smoking, easy mixing of the sexes, music and the absence of authority. I have looked into the matter and found that the dormitories each have a lodge, basement or extra room that could be inexpensively decorated with a bit of paint and furniture. Music and indirect lighting could be installed.

In my own sorority house, for example, there is a large room in our basement which is not in use. Our House Improvements Committee and I spent an afternoon recently planning possible renovations. The room is almost square. I have never seen a square night club, so we designed a pine screen about five feet high that could be placed down the center of the room. On one side we thought we could center a red leather

bar with a pink tinted mirror running the length behind it. Simple shelves could be constructed on either side of the mirror to hold bottles. Inexpensive revolving stools in front of the bar and covered in matching red leather would carry out the color scheme. Along the sides of the room, knotty pine booths could be built with high sides for maximum privacy.

On the other side of the screen we pictured a large dance floor with small tables placed around it. Red checked table clothes would further carry out the color scheme. Some sort of pictures would be necessary to take the bleakness away from the walls, which were all to be painted black. For lighting, only candles would be used. The basement is not wired and candles are inexpensive and give off just enough light. In one corner of this portion of the room would be a juke box, second hand.

This is just a rough idea of how much could be done to improve a room and turn it from wasted space into a useful area. Some of the other rooms, we thought, could be done in purple with blue furnishings or gold and silver. This would best reproduce the actual night club.

Some progressive schools, such as Bard, permit men and women students free access to each other's dormitories. We would have to follow their example if we wish to provide a healthy association between the men and women on campus.

The college group is still fighting authority and this is one major attraction of the clubs. Resident Heads, faculty and administration would have to be forbidden participation if we wish to reproduce the attraction with any degree of authenticity.

The banning of professors immediately poses the problem of who is to minister drinks in the club rooms of the houses. The Beanery solved a similar problem with student help. There are many students applying for part time jobs through our Placement Bureau. Very few are available. We could hire students, particularly women, or we could run it on a work scholarship basis. The latter seems more expedient. Few students would choose this type of work if not directly assigned.

None of the rooms available are really large enough to hold a capacity crowd. It is also true that many students are shy. Some, too, prefer to study in their rooms. A service would have to be provided for drinks and snacks to be brought up to the rooms, the living room and to cars. This is necessary if the plan as a whole is to be successful.

If dumbwaiters could be installed operating from the basement to the different floors or conveyor belts from the lodge to the main house, only one more student assistant would be necessary for each house. She could pick up the glasses and snacks, place them on a tray, and deliver them to the waiting cars or to private rooms.

So that orders could be taken, an intercom system would be necessary for the greatest efficiency. Perhaps even speakers in each room would save extra steps and wasted time.

Certain requirements would have to be established as far as the student assistants are concerned. In order to present a good appearance to visitors, they should be dressed alike in little costumes that would indicate in some way their position. The hours they work should be limited to not more than ten a week for each. The work would be rather exhausting. As an employee of the Physical Education Department, I have come to realize the importance of the health of our students. Also, they must be allowed time to complete their homework and a steady turn over of new faces is stimulating anyway.

After a short period of time, it is psychologically sound to predict complete lack of interest in both the local night clubs and in drinking, smoking and dancing in general. The student would then be more than ready to move out of doors for some wholesome activities.

Other than the obvious advantages of such a college project, there are others I would like to point out. It is not as expensive as would first be thought. With student help, the club rooms could be painted and the booths and tables simply constructed rather cheaply. With a little administrative help, parents could be approached with

the merit of the plan and asked to contribute.

Furthermore, this plan would be directed at the base of the problem. It would offer a direct cure for attraction to the cocktail party. Other plans, for example the President's, offer merely a temporary substitute for social drinking.

Another merit of the program would be that it is not permanent. By this I mean it does not, as the President's plan does, substitute addiction to roller-skating and badminton for alcoholic addiction. It, rather, erases alcoholic addiction after a short period of time, without tempting students with another bad habit.

In discussing it with many students and faculty members, the individual dormitory project seems to be the only solution. Even though it is somewhat expensive, the final value is far more valuable than any money invested. We would be providing for our students, through a college project, a means of coping with the world. We would graduate students with a healthy disinterested attitude toward drinking. And each Rollins man and woman will have spent more time per capita on their campus than any other college student in the United States.

Summary

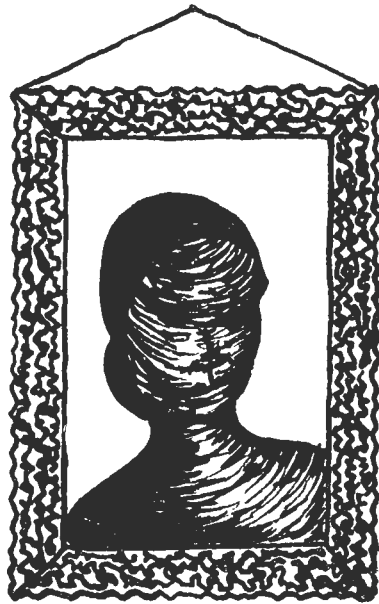
I hope this report will prove of help to other institutions facing the same problem that Rollins College is now facing. I predict that after careful research, they, too, will find this plan the most valuable solution to what has become a national issue. Although other schools are not set up under the same system as Rollins, the general underlying idea behind this project could easily be adapted to fit the social and academic systems of any institution.

Lynne Kaelber

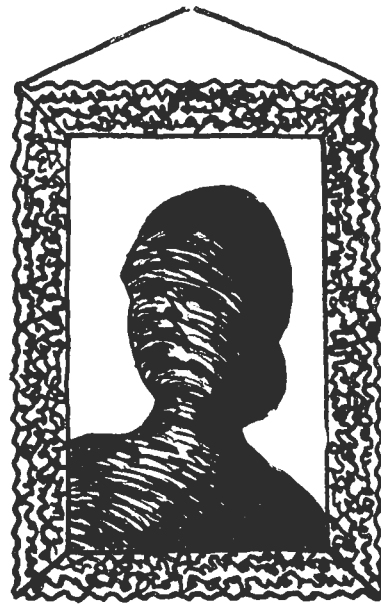
A LAYMAN'S DIAGNOSIS

When my knee itches
And my thigh twitches,
I'm sure the hitch is
My flannel britches.

Tom DiBacco



THE TWO PORTRAITS



A Summer evening, and the Italian skies
Flamed out in opal, amethyst and gold,
As if the Day-god hastening back to Heaven,
Had chanced to leave the pearly gates ajar,
And showed the splendor of the shining streets.
An artist strolling out the walks of Rome,
To rest his weary brain, and haply find
New inspirations for the morrow's toil,
Chanced suddenly upon a little maid
Of such unearthly beauty and sweet grace;
He never doubted that she, too, had come
Part of the evening's glory, straight from Heaven.
Her forehead was as stainless as the snow,
And her temples swept the bright brown hair
Over an ear like some delicate shell.
Her eyes were like the sky unfathomable,
And like the sky, flooded with Heaven's own light.
And the long lashes swept the blushing cheek,
Hiding their radiance from his raptured gaze
As modestly she bowed her regal head.
"Found, found at last, thank God," the painter said.
"Lo! all the years I've searched our sunny land
And looked in every human face I've met,
Till I should find one, so divinely fair,
So free from every taint of earth and sin,
That I might paint it for an angel's face.
What is thy name, my child. "Eva," she said.
"And rightly named, thou'rt. Eva before the Fall,
With Heaven around thee; and I'll paint thy face,
That men may see what beings dwell in Heaven."
She came and sat to him, then went her way;
And that sweet face upon his studio wall
Was unto him a never failing joy.
He drew his inspirations from its smile.
And when sometimes life seemed not worth the living,
He thought the world that held such beauty in it

Must be God's and so took heart again.
Scarce was the Angel finished ere the thought
Flashed through his mind to paint the devil too,
Or fury — some inhabitant of Hell;
And hang them side by side, companion pieces.
And now another search began —
To find a visage altogether vile.
He visited the foulest streets of Rome;
The galleries, dungeons and the gaming dens;
But every face still wore some human look,
And being human, was divine as well.
At last he said, "It cannot be on earth;
If I should paint Hell's said inhabitant,
Like our great poet, I must enter there."
Years rolled away. He left his native land,
And passing once a prison on the Rhine,
He heard such curses in his native tongue,
As chilled the very marrow in his bones.
Scarce venturing in, he saw a female form
So hideous, that he crossed himself in fear,
Deeming he had looked on some infernal thing.
The ragged hair, the blood shot demon eyes,
The bloated face, the black swollen veins,
The fierce wide nostrils, the sensual lips
Told all too well, how passion, lust and sin
Had blotted out God's own image evermore.
"Found, at last," the painter cried again,
And on the morrow going to her cell,
He put upon his canvas that vile wretch;
And when he left, he asked her name — 't'was Eva:
And in the Tuscan Gallery, side by side,
But midway long the Western wall,
Labelled "Il Cielo" and "L'Inferna" — Heaven and Hell —
Hang the two portraits of the self same

Eva —

A.L.C., 1854

Illustrated by Anne Belfield

ODE ON FEMALES

adam was lonely and feeling blue
just sittin around with nothin to do
his mind grew sleepy and his body lazy
just then his side started itchin like crazy
he felt somethin slippery in his sleeve
reached in his hand and yanked out eve
adam was helpless when he saw this dame
but true to her sex she soon was a pain
to his face she was nice and called him honey but when he turned his back
she nabbed his money so adam got mad and started to babble so eve told him
off and threw an apple but she loved him so much she started to quake and
made him jealous by dating a snake the affair was printed in confidential at
last so the two new lovers beat it fast now daddy was mad at his two kids
so their short romance went on the skids
but first we see their only joys
those three darling little boys
whose names were cain able and seth but that
was too crowded so there was a death cain beat able
in the head til the half ton weakling was dead now mommy was mad so was his pap
so they took down his breeches and gave him a slap so here is the moral of my
little rhyme if you wake up in the morning with a girl on your mind tell her to
get off or I dread your condition because women are no longer
in pocket size but only the heavier edition.

William Bradley



LEAVE IT TO ME



In the dirty dusk of the city, Mickey walked alone. The street lights had just flashed on. The neon signs had been on for an hour. The Hot Spot, The Pleasure Palace, the Che-Che Club. The hustlers were on the sidewalks.

"You're just in time, Buddy. She's just startin' to take them off. She takes them all off. She goes all the way."

Mickey walked on by.

"Leave it to me, and I'll be free."

He sat in a juke-joint and listened to the lonely wail of the machine. There were a hundred jukes on the Strip and they never got tired. They kept on adding another shot of the blues to a thousand blue lives.

"Down and down I go, round and round I go."

The babe in the tight pink dress cut way down low offered him a little company. A little loneliness to add to his loneliness.

"Buy me a drink, Daddy. Buy me a drink and you won't be alone."

He ordered the drinks in the glasses that tinkle.

She slid in close to pay for her drink. She was covered with cheap perfume, but it's easier to be lonely with somebody else than to be lonely alone.

"Where ya from, Daddy? Where ya goin'?"

"I'm from down South. I'm from the country where a man can breathe the air that's fresh. I don't belong on a Strip. I'm goin' home. I'm gettin' out. Leave it to me, and I'll be free."

She nodded her head and her peroxide hair. She was paying for her drink. "You'll make it, Daddy. I can tell."

"Down and down I go, round and round I go."

She drained her glass of Lipton's tea.

"I'm still thirsty, Daddy."

He ordered two more.

"What's your name, Daddy?"

"Mickey."

"You'll make it. I can tell."

"Gonna take a sentimental journey, sentimental journey home."

"You like to dance, Daddy?"

They stood in the sawdust and swayed to the juke. She was a little soft where she should be firm, maybe it was extra hot and her cheap perfume was wearing off, but she was paying for her drinks.

"Gonna take a sentimental journey, to renew old memories."

They slid back into the booth.

"Down home the nights are a little bit cooler, soon as the sun goes down. Hound dogs bay at the moon, and the catfishing is extra good if you've got the energy. Sometimes there's a church social, and the girls are all prettied up. One of the boys has a bottle of hooch, and the girls look so pretty. I get back there, and I'll never leave again. Did you ever smell magnolia blossoms? They're the sweetest things. The girls wear them in their hair."

She shook her head. "No, I never have." And smelled her own cheap perfume.

"Nobody's got a lot of money. But you don't need a lot. Not like here. You just sorta got everything you need."

"What'd you leave for, Daddy?"

"I don't know. I just wanted to see places. I wanted to make some real money. Show the people around there that I wasn't good for nothing."

"So now you're going back."

"Yeah. I'm taking the big train, and I'm goin' home. My pa left me a farm. I'm gonna raise hogs and make my own whiskey. Find me a real pretty girl and raise me a bushel of kids."

"Buy another drink, Daddy?"

"Last of the scratch, Baby."

She wiggled off.

"You'll make it Daddy. I can tell."

He shuffled out and the night was hot. The street lights burned, but the alleys were dark. That's where they live, in the shadowed alleys. The junkies, the winos. That's where they die.

He wandered to the end of the Strip, to the dropping-off place. The jungle was gone, the jukes were quiet. There was no green and blue neon to light up the gutters. The air was fresher already. He stood on a corner and waited for his sucker.

His sucker was going home. It had been a big night. Visions of Lilly danced in his head. She went all the way. The wife was home waiting. The pay check was almost gone.

Mickey waited till he was almost past.

"Raise 'em high, Mister, and walk for the alley."

"I ain't got much, don't pull the trigger."

"Give."

The sucker fumbled for his wallet. Then he went down easy. A chop with the gun and he folded up in a heap.

"I'm goin' home."

Seventy-five bucks. A lot of drinks, a lot of company.

The night covered him, and he shuffled out of the alley. Back to the Strip,

back to the jungle, back to the juke-joint and the girl who can tell.

He passed the hustlers, the ex-carney bums, the junkies who work when they can't steal. Drops of rain were falling, but nobody noticed. A forty-day flood couldn't cleanse the Strip. There was a drunk lying on the sidewalk. Some bouncer had tossed him out. He pleaded with the hustler. "She was just startin' to take them off." He pleaded with the hustler who couldn't hear, who could only holler.

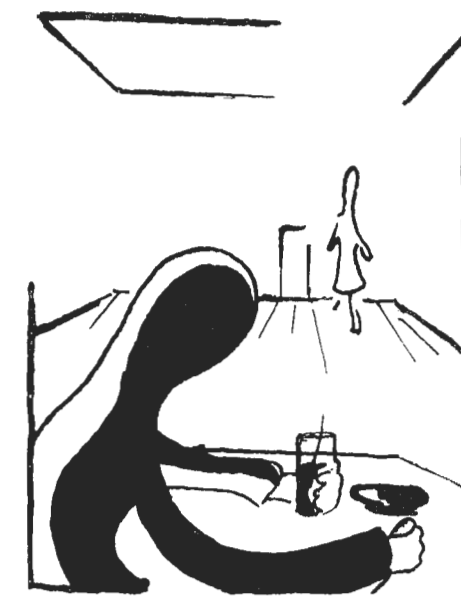
"Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

The juke-joint was still crowded, the machine still going.

"I'm back, Baby."

"That's nice, Daddy."

"You wanna drink?"



"You're the boss, Daddy."

"Got my bags and got my reservations. Spent each dime I could afford."

"Where ya goin', Daddy?"

"I'm gettin' out. I'm taking' the big train, and I'm gettin' out."

"You'll make it, Daddy."

The dawn was brighter than the neon, and the Strip had to fade. The sun is hard on the girls in the dresses cut way down low. The jukes had stopped wailing, and the joints were closed. The alleys were crowded. It was sleepy-time. Even the Strip has dreams.

"I'm gettin' out."

Mickey headed for the yards and hopped a freight, a South-bound freight. He was going home.

"Leave it to me, and I'll be free."

His head was heavy. He leaned against the side of the car. Too many drinks, too much company.

"A little farm with a real pretty wife and a whole bunch of kids."

The train wheeled South. It rocked him to sleep and tucked him in.

The railroad John got the fifty bucks that was left. He counted it out slow, making sure he got it all.

"You're lucky I don't run you in anyway, Mister."

Mickey felt the blood on his head where the John had waked him up.

"This train keeps goin', but without you."

It was evening already. Sleepy-time and its dreams were all over. He shuffled along the streets through the town that was just like every other town. The green-blue-red Strip was there. It was always there. They never change. It was evening on the Strip. The slow time. The suckers and the easy-marks weren't interested yet, but the hustlers hustled and the strippers stripped anyway. The hustlers stood and sweated in the summer heat.

"You're just in time, Buddy. The show's just gonna start. She's gonna take them off in a minute. All the way off."

"This is the place, Mister. Right here. She goes all the way and she's startin' right now."

They hollered till they were hoarse and then hollered some more. Every girl was a queen and they all went the whole route. The Tiger Girl. The Cat Girl. Lily.

"Round and round I go. Down and down I go."

The babe in the blue dress cut way down low offered him a little company.

"Buy me a drink, Daddy?"

She slid in close to pay for her drink.

"Where ya' from, Daddy? Where ya' goin'?"

"I'm from the South. I got a little farm back there and I'm goin' home. I'm gonna get me a real pretty wife and I'm gonna raise me the finest bunch of kids you ever saw."

"What part of the South?"

"Mississippi."

"There's a lot of Strips between here and Mississippi."

"I'm goin' home."

She nodded her head and her peroxide hair.

"You'll make it, Daddy. I can tell."

John Hickey

**Illustrated by
Dale Montgomery**

STAR OF DAVID

Little Ira entered the cold schoolyard from a well-marked-up door and set off for home. A brisk wind ran across the yard carrying a few bits of paper and a few scattered leaves across shining patches of ice that glittered in the winter sun. He walked slowly past the rejoicing children who ran across the yard, slipping and sliding, who were homeward bound and anxious for the Christmas vacation ahead. Their noisy happiness drowned out the normal hum of the Bronx traffic.

He was a thin serious-faced boy of ten, well above average height, with a tangle of straight brown hair that clung wire-like near his eyebrows. He wore a winter-weight grey suit and a heavy overcoat that extended to the tops of his fur-lined galoshes. A gloved hand clutched a worn brief case.

Visions of the vacation filled his mind. The warm apartment; his books and his T.V. set; papa sitting in his rocking chair smoking his small curved pipe and sipping the thick red wine he loved so much; and mama cooking something in the kitchen, stopping only momentarily to dust something off of the Star of David that hung above the kitchen table; all ran through his mind as he skirted the pools of melting snow on his way out of the yard. It would be fun on the cold nights ahead when he could stay up late, to sit by the window in his room and see all the clustered tree lights in the apartments across the street. He always wanted one of the exciting trees for his own, but mama told him it was not a holiday for them.

As he rounded the corner of the school, he noticed something shiny on the ground in front of him. Lying in the slush half concealed from sight was what looked like a coin. It was! A quarter! a whole quarter and all for him. He picked it up excitedly and looked at it. Now he could get some of those wonderful roasted chestnuts from the strange old man on the corner who sold them for fifteen cents a bag from an old doll carriage with two roasting buckets inside of it. He could smell their sweet musk already. And a cup of hot chocolate at Cohn's candy store as well.

Anxiously he stepped forward, his pleasure-filled brown eyes looking ahead, and his hand tightly circling the coin. Suddenly a hand grabbed his



sleeve, and he turned to face a lanky boy, about his same age, who was wearing a dirty leather jacket and a pair of faded dungarees. The boy gave him a menacing look.

"Whaddya got there? Ya find something?" he said.

Ira remained silent and received a sharp aggressive tug at his coat for it.

"C'mon, whaddya got," the boy repeated.

"I found a quarter in the snow."

"It's mine. I lost it. Give it to me."

"How do I know you lost it? It was lying there way under the snow, and besides you just got here."

The strange face sneered at him and pulled a dirty hand out of his pocket and made a fist.

"You Jews are all the same," it said, "always giving people a hard time. Now gimme the quarter."

By this time a small crowd, looking on with cow-like interest, had gathered around the two boys. When the boy said "Jew" a few more times, they all looked around at each other. Some nodded, some smiled, but most of them just looked on with expressionless faces.

"No, I won't give it to you. It's not yours." Ira spoke these words in a quavering voice and as he drew back a step the boy punched him full in the face. Ira fell down very quietly with only a puppy-like whimper, dropping the quarter and the brief case into the slush. Cold water and slush oozed around his hands and knees. For some reason he felt warm and strange inside. He tried to get up but the strange boy pushed him. Hard. Ira fell again. This time on his face. His mouth was filled with dirty slush and water and it stung him as it entered his eyes. He could feel his face scrape and hurt on the cold hard concrete, and one ear hurt very much. A sharp pain shot through his tooth. He was all wet and he discovered that he was crying. Bitter confused tears streaked down his face.

The boy didn't stop hitting him. He struck him again in the face, again when he arose, and then again in the body. All the time he yelled "Kike, Mockey, Sheeny," and then he spat at him and said "Dirty Jew, Dirty Jew."

No one moved to help him. The people stood there, blurred now, but Ira felt them staring unemotionally at him. He wondered vaguely why they didn't help him.

Struggling to his feet again he quickly turned and ran. Soaking wet, brief case and quarter forgotten in the snow, he ran towards home. He ran past the chestnut vendor, across a street, past the candy store, around a corner, and finally arrived at the blessed sanctuary of home. Panting wildly, he reached for the door of the apartment house and dashed inside.

On his way up the stairs he tried to compose himself and think. Mama

would be mad. She told him to fight back. She said he was a big boy and should fight back. Like the time when Sammy Katz hit him for not letting him on his bicycle. When Sammy hit him he ran to his mama and told her, and she told him he must help to care for his own troubles. "Fight back," she said, "fight back."

His door appear before him.

He burst into the apartment and appeared in front of mama — a dirty, sodden, bit of misery. He began to cry again, and for the first time realized there was blood in his mouth.

Mama rushed over to him and held him close, stroking his tear stained

face all the while he related the details of his experience. She was warm and comfortable and for this alone he cried harder. Mama was very quiet all the time.

When he was done, he waited for the inevitable. Now mama would say "Fight back, fight back."

But instead she held him closer and kissed him softly on his face. Then she stared ahead of herself for a little while and kept a far away look in misty eyes.

"Baby, baby," she said, "you did well not to fight, from now on you must have patience."

Bob Schermer

Illustrated by

Anne Belfield



WHAT IS CHRISTMAS
WITHOUT A GOOSE?

THREE WINNERS

We are proud to present these three poems as the winners of the poetry contest sponsored by the Flamingo and the Orlando Poetry Society.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Streets
that wind in
and out
twisted
like the lives that
live upon them
But streets
that are
warm inviting
beckoning to those
that dream that they
are different
with a purpose
to fulfill.

Twisted streets
that
undulating say
“you have great
talent”
you work produce
and days
pass
you sit with stagnant thoughts
to wake
too late
to catch
your talent
fleeting
down
the twisted streets.

CONVERSATION

The smoke of voices fills the air with
too many colors.
Along the rumpled streets
the voice-balloons
spar.
with each other.
It is a kite-type day and
the
colored bubbles
blow
themselves to their
brightest bigness
to take the other pipe-dreams on.
Ranging the stems of sidewalk
bright balloon blowers
walk exchanging
colored snatches
all along.

Kristen Bracewell

SUNDAY

I looked up at the raven on the high,
White tower, his silky feathers shining in
The early morning sun. I have seen him on the
Church tower before, his black silhouette so
Contrasted to the pure, simple lines of the spire.
I wonder what he thinks as he looks down from his
Lofty seat upon all the faces that walk below him.
Perhaps he is admiring all the new finery, the hats
worn so high on the heads that are thrown back to
Enjoy this exalted morn, or the well polished cars
That gleam in the street before this humble house.
Or maybe he is watching the minister trying to greet
All the wandering sheep of his flock.
He’s not watching the people after all, for now he’s
Ruffling his shimmering wings as if to shrug off the
Strange sights that he’s seen. He seems to be looking
Off into the pale blue of the sky, and now he flies
Away not wanting to trouble himself with all these
freshly blossomed flowers that are competing with
The sun itself for brightness in front of his
Naked tower. I wonder how many of these good people
Saw the lonely raven as they strutted up the walk?

Ron Atwood

Twisted streets become
a home
And love is
learned
then lost
repeated till it becomes
an icecube
running haywire through
the
twisted streets
and into bars
and too much drink
and words unguarded said
and into beds
and wakes next morning
lost
with no identity.

Twisted streets
that say
they have the
answer
to the fears of
marked young dreamers
But gradually the dreams
become
distorted
and seem reality
and the ending comes
when one believes
a life is straight
as it creeps along the
twisted
streets.

Sarah Lanier Barber

THE REDHEAD

(The class is ended and the students are leaving the room. A BOY comes from the back row to the front where a GIRL is gathering up her books.)

BOY
Would you say that you have red hair?

GIRL
Why, all right, if you especially want me to, if it's going to make you happy. I have red hair.

BOY
No, I, I didn't mean it that way.

GIRL
That was what you said, wasn't it!

BOY
Yes, I know. I didn't make it clear what I meant to say. I meant is your hair red?

GIRL
Auburn.

BOY
My cousin goes there.

GIRL
I beg your pardon?

BOY
My cousin goes to Auburn.

GIRL
I meant that my hair is auburn.

BOY
You didn't say that.

GIRL (Laughing)
All right, we're even. Didn't you really know what I meant.

BOY
One ought to say what he means, you know.

GIRL
He ought to mean what he says, as well.

BOY
Touche! No, I mean this very seriously. All during the Renaissance I've been trying to decide whether or not your hair is red.

GIRL
Can you see me from way in the back there?

BOY
I can always see you, but you never see me.
(They sit down.)

GIRL (After a pause)
And what have you decided about the color of my hair?

BOY
I decided to ask you.

GIRL
Are you disappointed that it's not red?

BOY
No. Not at all. I'm glad that it's just what it is, auburn.

GIRL
May I take that as a compliment?

BOY
Of course. I mean, please do.

GIRL
One ought to say what he means, you know.

BOY
You're right. You're just exactly right in every way.

GIRL
Just exactly right for what?

BOY
Oh, I meant "right" as opposed to being "wrong."

GIRL
I believe "right" usually carries that connotation, doesn't it?

BOY
Yes, I believe it does. (He pauses.) You know, English is an awfully ambiguous language.

GIRL
Would you prefer our speaking in French?

BOY
No. No, I wouldn't. My French isn't something one uses in public.

GIRL
How about Spanish?

BOY
No, I don't know Spanish at all.

GIRL
Italian?

BOY
No, I'm afraid not.

GIRL
Well, I'm sorry. I don't know any other languages.

BOY
You misunderstood me. I wasn't suggesting using any other language. I don't know any other language. I meant sometimes it's awfully easy to get tangled up in what you're trying to say. You know what I mean?

GIRL
This time, yes.
BOY (After a pause)
My mother had red hair.

GIRL
Did she?
BOY
She was killed in an airplane accident last year.

GIRL
Oh. I'm very sorry.
BOY
It was wonderfully red. (He looks at her hair.) Are you sure yours isn't red?

GIRL
I always understood it was auburn.

BOY
Well, I like it whatever it is. Have you got a class right now?

GIRL
No, I haven't.
BOY
Would you like a Coke or something?

GIRL
Would you?
BOY
With you I would.
(They rise simultaneously and move toward the door.)

BOY
Don't you think your hair might be considered red? I mean, colors are relative, you know.

GIRL
You won't like it if its auburn?

BOY
Oh, yes. Auburn's a beautiful color. That is, if it's the color of your hair.

GIRL (After a pause)
I suppose my hair might be considered red. If it can be considered auburn, I guess it can be considered red. Colors are relative, you know.

Jim Stingley

QUESTIONS OF A BEGINNING PAINTER

BEGINNER: Should I begin with water color, oil, pastel, or what?
OLD HAND: It doesn't matter. Anything will do.
BEGINNER: Should I begin by doing a portrait, landscape, or still life? Which is easiest?
OLD HAND: It doesn't matter. It's all the same.
BEGINNER: I don't know how to draw. How do I get my proportions right?
OLD HAND: It doesn't matter to begin with.
BEGINNER: I wish I knew a little perspective and anatomy; won't I need to know things like that?

OLD HAND: It doesn't make a bit of difference.
BEGINNER: I wish you'd stop saying that. What does matter?
OLD HAND: Seeing!

BEGINNER: Seeing what?
OLD HAND: Colored forms in relation. No subject, foreground, background, figure, still life, anatomy; nothing but the colored forms you do see.
BEGINNER: (speaking very slowly and evenly as if dealing with a difficult child.) I see. But what do you do to show a shape when it's all the same color ? Shadows? Lines? Now take the way your nose comes out of your face, it's still the same flesh color — perhaps a little more red at the tip, but it will be just a blob if I can't draw a line to show the difference between the nose and the cheek.

OLD HAND: Just the same don't. Maybe later you will see enough color differences to make the nose distinguishable. In the meantime, blob away. There are no real lines in nature, just forms coming together. Your whole problem will be to see, to realize the shape of these forms as they come together. The lines of beginners are usually lazy substitutes for seeing forms in relation as they are. Look at the shape of the various colored patches that make up your field of vision. There will always be some change in color when the form changes. Seize on these differences and exaggerate them in your picture to keep the form distinct.

BEGINNER: Wouldn't copying something, a photograph, or postcard, be good practice for me until I learn how?
OLD HAND: No it wouldn't. It's not a question of "learning how" — as if there were some mechanical trick to painting. It's a question of seeing the forms you want to paint, and you must begin by seeing them in nature. If you want to see forms clearly and in order, you'll find a way to put them down on canvas. Don't become preoccupied with technique to begin with.

BEGINNER: Why don't you show me how *you* do it?
OLD HAND: (very indignant) I "do" it by *looking* out there. I can't do your looking for you!

BEGINNER: There, there . . . All right, then I'll try to paint that bowl of flowers — I mean that collection of colored shapes, over there. But it won't look like much if you won't let me draw it first.

OLD HAND: Don't think about what the picture will look like. Every beginner expects to produce a finished piece of work right off the bat, and the time they waste fussing over their picture and polishing it up would be far better spent doing another sketch. Don't expect too much to start with. Don't overreach yourself and get impatient. And don't try to fix up a picture once you've stopped seeing it. Just work along quietly, looking carefully, and putting down the colored shapes as you honestly see them one after another as if you were building a stone wall. The result naturally won't look much like what you think you have seen, but you will be surprised to discover how little you have been seeing. Start in this fundamental way, and, if you continue building slowly, you will soon be able to define your colored shapes more precisely. That is what drawing is all about, and you will be making some unexpected visual discoveries in the process.

BEGINNER: But I don't know how to mix my paints to get the colors that I see out there.

OLD HAND: Of course you can't. Strictly speaking, you are seeing light vibrations and can only hope to suggest them with paints that have no more than forty percent of the light and dark contrast of light. Your only chance is to *suggest* by juxtaposition the general effect of the color relationships out there with the limited range of your paint. That will often mean exaggerating colors and their contrasts when you begin your picture. Later you can tone down a color if it is too bright, but it is very hard to brighten a weak muddy color. So keep on the bright side.

BEGINNER: Even so, I don't know how to mix colors so they won't be muddy.

OLD HAND: There are three ways you can mix up a color without getting dirt; add a closely related color — yellow to red for instance; or add white which makes a pastel shade; or neutralize it with carefully chosen complementary color.

BEGINNER: What are complementary colors?

OLD HAND: Have you ever stared for a while at a red dot and noticed a green halo develop around it? That is its complementary being supplied by the eye to alleviate the strain of all that red. You can discover the opposite of any color the same way; Orange-Blue; Yellow-Violet. If you have a mixture of Orange and Yellow, you will have to use a Blue-Violet of balancing proportion so that your complementary will be as head on as possible, subduing your color without turning it to mud. Of course some colors get up a muddying chemical reaction when mixed, but you will get onto them all in good time.

BEGINNER: How about getting my colors to harmonize. What do I do when colors clash the way these are beginning to do in my picture?

OLD HAND: The red rose and the green leaves are fighting for equal attention. You'll have to subdue either the red or the green so that your eye will stop bouncing back and forth between them.

BEGINNER: Now tell me what's wrong with my composition?

OLD HAND: There is really only one compositional rule; every colored area in your picture is important, and each must be fully considered. The spaces surrounding objects are just as important as the inside shapes. The shapes that come in the corners of your canvas must be planned so that the prosaic regular angle isn't too noticeable. Give every colored shape in your picture equal attention considering its effect in the concert of the whole, and you won't have to worry about composition.

BEGINNER: (putting down his brush with a sigh.) Before we go on, I wish you would explain all this modernistic art. I've seen some of the things you do, and they look a little futuristic to me. Is that the sort of thing you are trying to get me to do?

OLD HAND: No matter what kind of painting, ancient or modern, you think you would like to do, it will require ability to see clearly the relations of shapes. This is basic. It's the language a painter has to work with. You probably haven't been seeing the color or form of things since the 9th grade, by which time you had learned a ready-made two dimensional abstraction of reality based on the *typical* characteristics of things. Those blinkers have been guiding you through life like a seeing eye dog ever since (if you will pardon the mixed up metaphor). It's not going to be easy to "cleanse the doors of perception" and see things in a fresh and vivid way once more. It will take some concentrated looking and a certain disinterested contemplation of things to break through the crust of ready made perceptions to become aware once again of the immediate impact of the visual sense, which involves a cooperative interplay between you and what you look at.

Whatever you see before you is no more wholly in the outside world than it is wholly within your eye. Reality bites in where the two meet. As to modern art — (let's not talk about me) — if Picasso's "Guernica" is an example of what you mean by modern, then this certainly is a very powerful work of Art, and I'm sorry if you aren't moved by it. Possibly it's because you have a *passive* attitude toward the experiencing of a picture. Perhaps you don't really *look* at it, but rather try to make up your mind about it or establish an opinion about it. It has been my experience that anyone not moved by the tragedy of "Guernica" hasn't the slightest real appreciation for a deposition of Giotto no matter how loudly they may protest they "like" it. "Now I can understand *that*," they say. But they don't. They

are just passively examining it, counting the number of fingers and toes and reading the label or their guide book to find out what it is all about. As for the latest enormities of the modernists, the abstract-impressionists - dribble painters - or as the French call them, the Tashists, it was certainly predictable that the austerity and violence of the two principal schools of modern art should eventually be blended to produce such things. Few of them have the quality of the predecessors, Mondrian or Klandinsky, but whatever *your* opinion may be, Henry Luce find that this sort of painting sells magazines. Few issues go by without the presentation of some new outrage to tickle the indignation of the bourgeois. There are, of course, many other ways of working and seeing things; quieter pleasures are found among the moderns—the delicate perfectionism of Braque and the intimate grandeur of Bonard. Bonard's "Girl in a Bath Tub" in the Petit Pallace in Paris is a very very beautiful thing. Carlo Carra and Severenni are still doing fine painting that seems like the product of a classical silver age after the storm and stress of the Futurist movement. Max Beckman and Marsden Hartly, a few years after their death, are quietly amassing posthumous fame. Kokoshka continues to paint city and mountain scapes with tremendous appetite. If you don't know and enjoy the work of these men, there is more both in heaven and earth than is contained in your view of Art, and I envy you the discoveries of the future.

Here is what Matisse said just before he died in 1953.

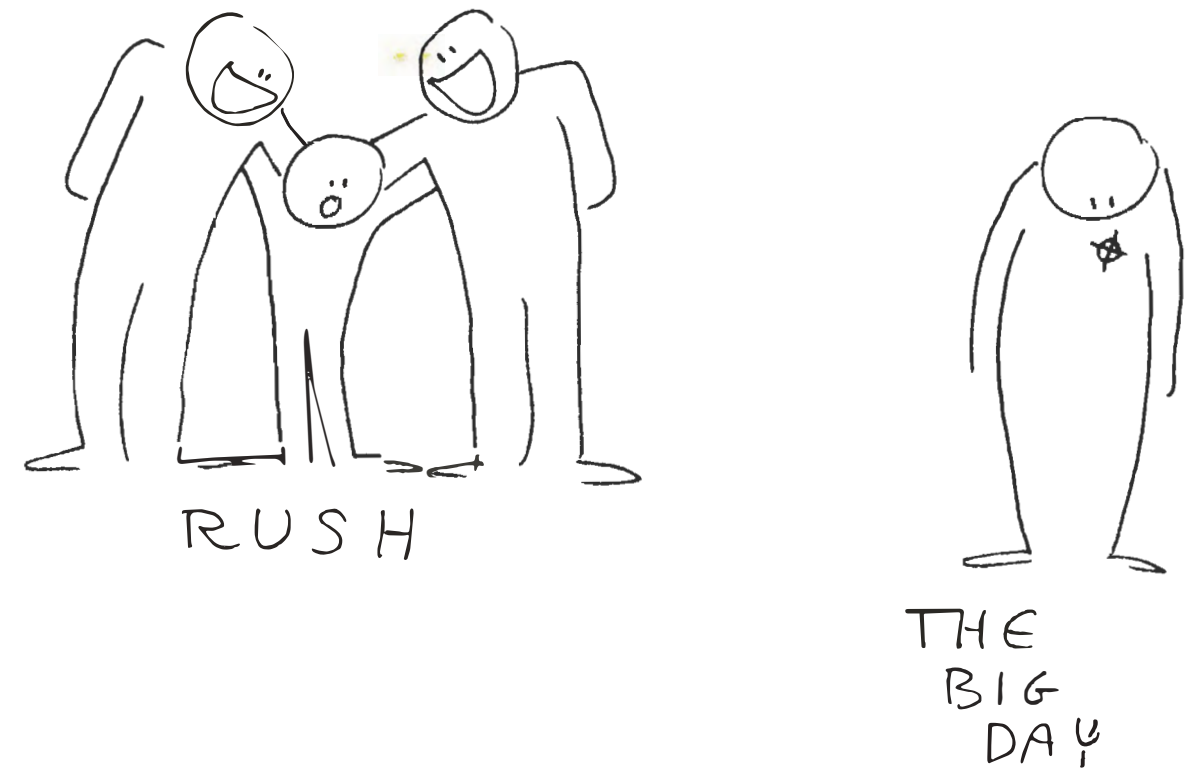
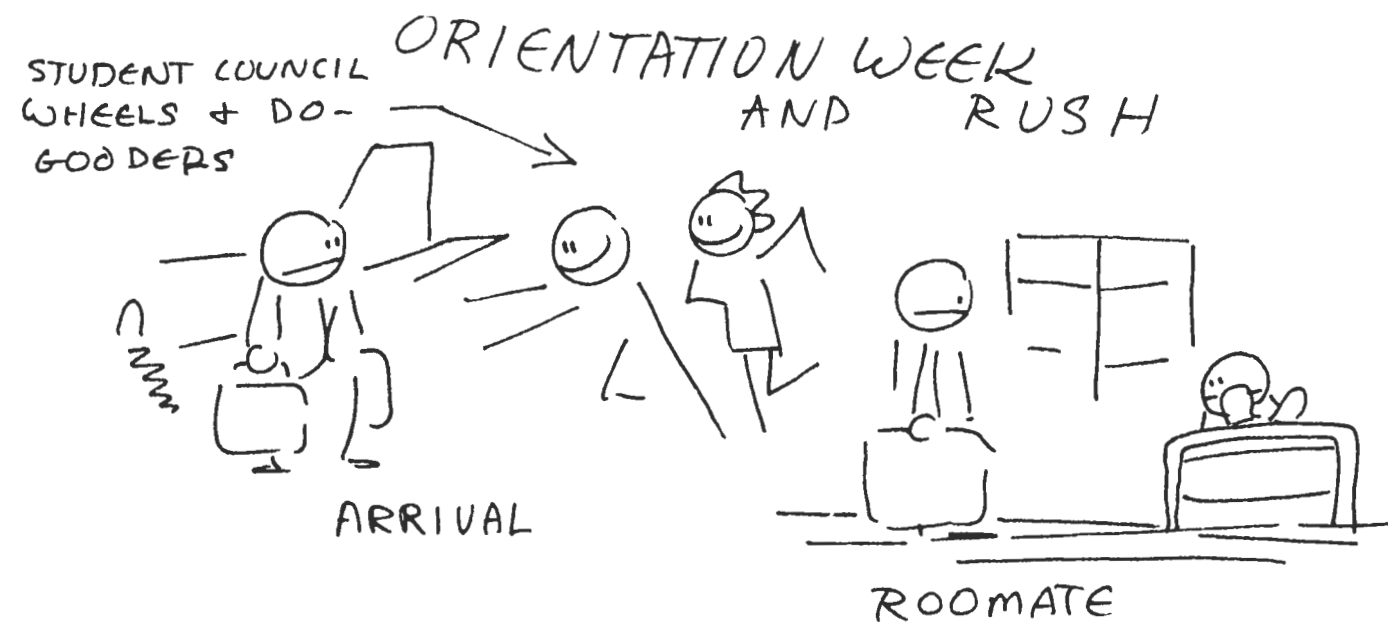
"For the artist, creation begins with vision. To see is itself a creative operation, requiring an effort. Everything that we see in our daily life is more or less distorted by acquired habits, and this is perhaps more evident in an age like ours. When the cinema, posters and magazines present us every day with a flood of ready-made images which are to the eye what prejudices are to the mind. The effort needed to see things without distortion takes something very like courage; and this courage is essential to the artist, who has to look at everything as though he saw it for the first time; he has to look at life as he did when he was a child and, if he loses that faculty, he cannot express himself in an original, that is, personal way.

"To take an example. Nothing, I think, is more difficult for the true painter than to paint a rose, because, before he can do so, he has first to forget all the roses that were ever painted. The first step toward creation is to see everything as it really is, and that demands a constant effort."

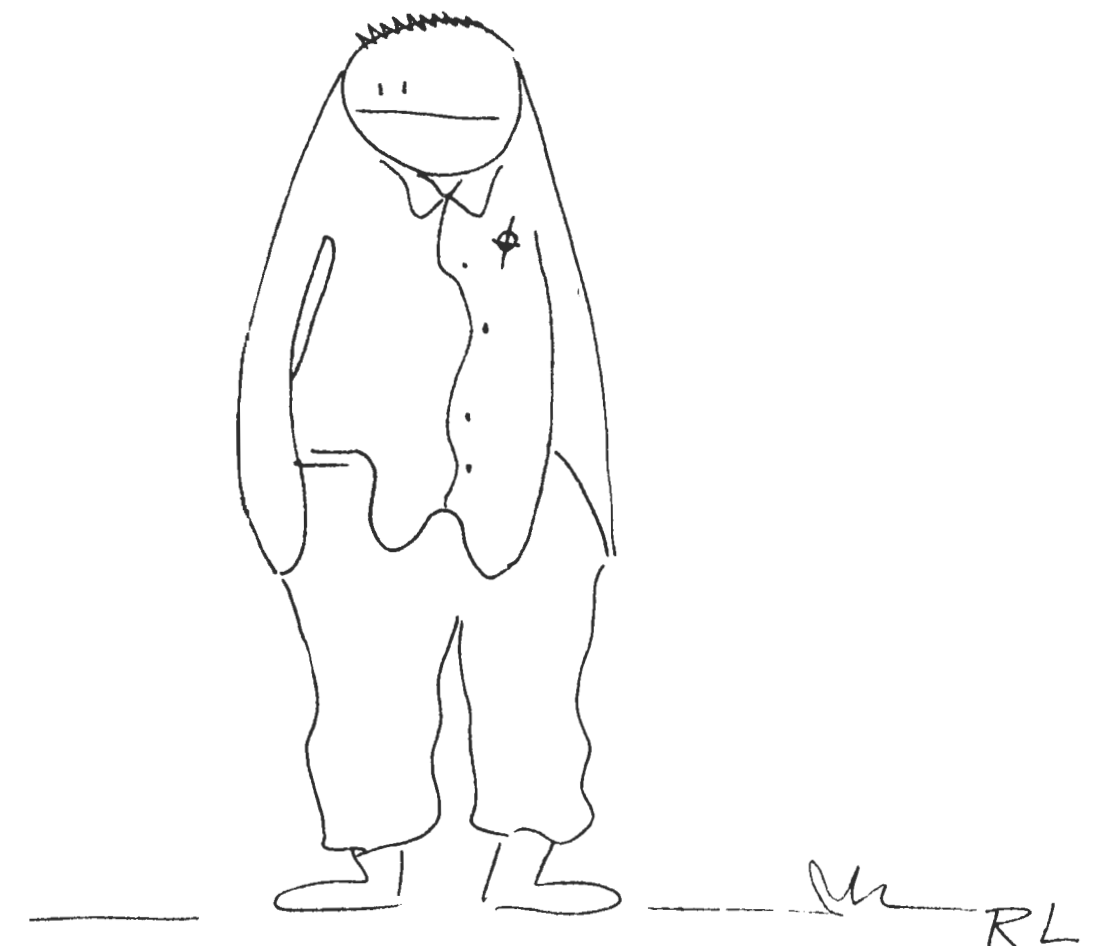
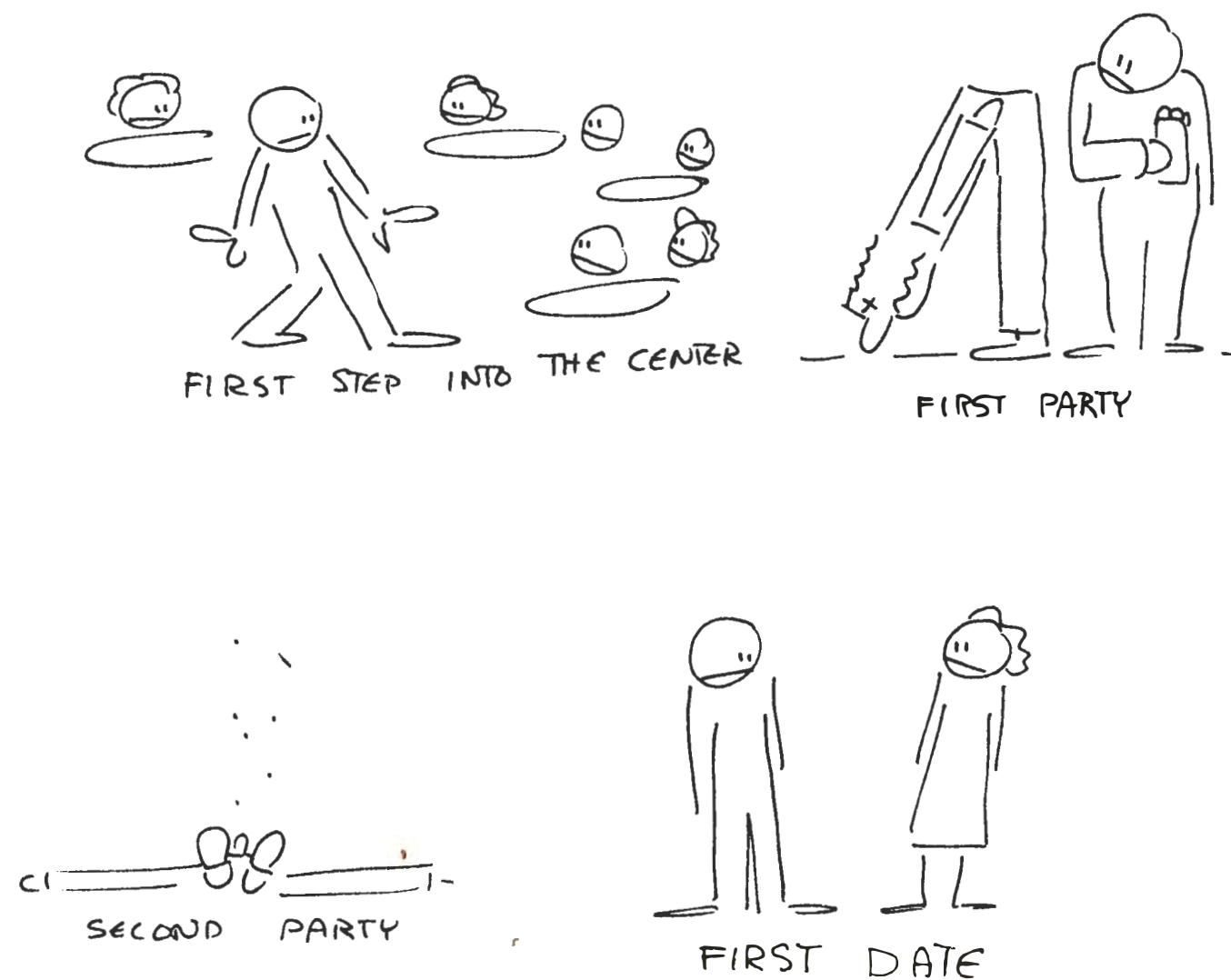
Jack Mills



AS R. L. SEES IT



AND FINALLY THE DAY WHEN
YOU CAN SAY - I'M A COLLEGE STUDENT ↙



HAVANA IN JULY

Toward early evening the blistering heat that bakes Havana in July begins to subside, but the air is still shimmering above the sidewalks. The people passing in the streets are sweating and the tourists, after a day of sightseeing, begin drifting into numerous downtown bars to escape the heavy air.

Alfredo Guterrez had almost finished his shift at the bar in the Manola Lounge. The air conditioning had gone off three hours before and the insidious heat had seeped in and hung like a blanket, augmenting the mingled odors of liquor, smoke and sweat.

Alfredo set down the glass he was drying, mopped his dark greasy face with the towel, and then lighted a cheap cigar from the one he had just finished. He glanced at the clock over the bar, squinting through the smoke. It was almost seven-thirty.

The padded door opened and two men came in. Alfredo looked up sharply, but the expectant look on his face faded as he made out their features in the dim light. One was an American; his loud voice and mid-western accent made Alfredo's small dark eyes narrow. The mid-westerner was a tall, dark man, well built, not over thirty, with arrogant features and a self-assured walk that at the time was a little crooked. He gestured vehemently as he talked to his Cuban companion, a small thin man with darting eyes who was nervously fingering his thin mustache.

The two sat down at the bar.

"Two Barcardis," the American called.

The Cuban nodded to Alfredo.

Someone began to play the piano that stood on the platform against the wall opposite the bar. The door to the right of the platform swung open and 'Chita strolled in. Alfredo stopped drying glasses and his eyes slid over her as she came toward him. Her emerald green dress clung to her and caressed every curve of her body, emphasizing the high, firm breasts, the small waist and the full hips. Her cloud of dark hair framed a face that was a peculiar blend of delicacy and sensuality. Shiny with heat, it reflected the half light. She seated herself carefully on a bar stool in front of Alfredo, who was leaning forward, his dark eyes on her pouting mouth.

"I have news for you, querida," he whispered. "Good news."

'Chita watched the smoke drifting up from Alfredo's cigar and sniffed, an unpleasant look crossing her face. Alfredo hurriedly ground it out. She smiled, satisfied.

"News?"

"I will tell you later. When they leave." He jerked a thumb in the direction of the American and the Cuban. The American was staring intently at 'Chita's leg, outlined from thigh to mid-calf by her clinging dress. He raised his eyes to her face.

"Hello, cutie."

Alfredo glared.

The Cuban jumped up and began nervously fingering his mustache.

"He meant nothing," he said quickly in Spanish, addressing Alfredo. "He has been drinking all afternoon. He has never been here before and he did not know that she . . ."

He turned to the American sharply.

"You fool!" he snapped.

Alfredo's eyes were smoldering and he was sweating more than ever. He turned to the Cuban.

"Get that son-of-a-bitch out of here."

The American got up, swaying slightly.

"Now wait just a minute. No cruddy spic is going to—"

The Cuban grabbed his arm and steered him rapidly toward the door.

'Chita laid her hand lightly on Alfredo's arm.

"Do not start any fights. You will only lose your job. What is the news you have for me?"

Alfredo bellowed for Chico, the other bartender.

"Take over. It's your shift."

He came around the bar and pulled 'Chita into a booth against the wall.

"Do you remember when Alonso Guerrero was here yesterday afternoon?"

She nodded.

Alfredo squirmed around on the seat and his eyes began to shine.

"I have a chance to run a load of heroin through the Keys. If I can do it we will have so much money that I will not have to make another deal for at least two years."

He leaned forward.

"Senor Guerrero will be back tonight to tell me the details: I think I will have to take the steamer over."

"You!"

"I am not sure. If so, it will be tonight. Do you want me to go?"

'Chita regarded him from beneath lowered lashes. "I will worry, but it will mean so much to us . . ."

"When I return you can go to El Encanto and buy clothes; as many as you want."

He moved closer to her and her lips parted for his kiss.

"Sometimes I hate to kiss you," he breathed.

She drew back sharply, frowning.

"Why?"

"Because I think of how there were others before me."

'Chita leaned back against Alfredo's arm and stretched, smiling. His glance fell on the clock.

"It is quarter of eight. I must sing in fifteen minutes."

Alfredo was moving his hands over the back of her neck and up into her heavy hair.

'Chita scowled.

"I do not want to sing tonight." She surveyed the customers occupying booths and grouped around tables.

"There are too many Americans. They are gross pigs. Get me a drink, Alfredo. Rum."

He rose and headed for the bar. While he was pouring the lemon juice into a rum-and-cola, the door opened and Alonso Guerrero sauntered in. The tall dark Cuban was impeccably groomed. The creases in the trouser legs of his white linen suit were perfectly straight and sharp; his equally white shoes were free from any trace of dirt. His black hair was plastered down and the odor of brilliantine mingled with expensive shaving lotion emanated from him. A line, like an exclamation point between his brow and one arched eyebrow, gave his face an expression of perpetual annoyed sarcasm. He held a filter tip cigarette carefully in his right hand.

Alfredo beckoned to Chico and handed him the sweating glass.

"Take it to 'Chita, boy, and tell her I will see her later."



The guys in the five piece band that backed 'Chita's number began to appear on the platform.

Alonso Guerrero strolled over to a corner table. Alfredo went around the bar for two glasses and a bottle of Bacardi.

'Chita walked over to the platform and Guerrero's eyes followed her as she mounted the short stairs with mincing steps.

Alfredo pulled out a chair across from Alonso and sat down heavily.

"Now," he said, pouring the drinks, "what is the whole deal?"

Senor Guerrero's eyes drifted back and rested on the glass in front of him. He raised it and slowly drained the contents.

"It's really quite simple. You will go to the dock at twelve-thirty. Enrique will be waiting for you to take you out to the steamer. I will be about a mile off-shore."

"Who is this Enrique? I would like to use one of my own men. I do not trust people I do not know."

Alonso Guerrero's eyebrow rose and the line to the right of it deepened.

"The first thing you must learn," he snapped, "is to trust me. That is, if you would like to be a part of this venture."

He emptied his newly-filled glass.

"I do not think it necessary to explain who Enrique is. It is sufficient to say that he understands what will happen if his tongue should get loose. Shall I continue?"

Alfredo nodded.

Guerrero extracted a small map, a lighter and a pack of cigarettes from his left coat pocket. He carefully selected a cigarette and lit it. He then unfolded the map.

"Now," he said, fine threads of smoke drifting from his oblique nostrils, "you will run the boat between these two islands, here."

He indicated with a slender forefinger.

"You will land at the beach, here. A short, blond man wearing a raincoat will meet you and take care of the powder. But you must be careful passing between the two islands. Customs is making things most inconvenient lately."

Alonso leaned back in his chair and poured himself more rum. His eyes wandered to 'Chita who was beginning her first number. She tipped her head back slightly and her body, in profile, was outlined by the dim light.

A few tiny beads of sweat broke out on Guerrero's clean-shaven upper lip. He raised his glass and stared as he

drank. When his attention returned to Alfredo, the bartender's eyes were burning.

"Well, will you do it?"

Alfredo glanced at 'Chita and then stared into the other man's cool eyes.

"No. I will stay in Havana."

'Chita's voice rang clear through the lounge as she reached the climax of her song.

The two men faced each other across the table. The room was choked with heavy smoke and the torrid heat of the tropical night.

Alfredo said, "Why can't you go? What made you decide to have me help you?"

"I must stay in the city. I have important business here."

Alfredo rose abruptly and headed for the bar in search of another bottle of rum. In the mirror he saw 'Chita glance sideways at Guerrero. He took a long drink from the bottle before returning to the table.

"Really," Alonso began, "I fail to understand you. This is such an excellent opportunity for you. I especially wanted you to run the boat because you have had experience. You know the Caribbean as you know that bar over there. And you are not a fool or a coward like so many of the others."

He toyed with his empty glass.

Alfredo's stony look wavered.

Guerrero poured more rum and leaned forward over the table. A drop of sweat rolled down into his unlifted eyebrow.

"Go on, man. This may be the last time you will ever get a chance like this."

His gaze returned to the platform. The pulsating moan of a tenor sax faded into the background and 'Chita sang, her head back and her eyes closed, her body swaying to the pounding Latin rhythm.

Alfredo reached into his pocket and Guerrero saw the blade leap out of the push-button knife, long and clean and

glittering. His hand instinctively sought the reassuring coolness of the .38 under his coat.

Alfredo jammed the knife blade into the table and contemplated it, his hand never leaving the hilt.

"Yes, señor Guerrero. I will go."

He glanced at 'Chita, then jerked the knife out of the table and pocketed it. He smiled and stood.

"Come with me. I want to show you something I have that I think will help up to make more of a profit than ever."

Guerrero looked sharply.

"What?"

"Come with me and I will show you."

Alfredo crossed to a door back of the room. The two men stepped out into an alley behind the lounge. 'Chita sang on,

and the throbbing of the bongo drums surged and pounded.

* * * * *

'Chita awakened slowly. The mid-morning sun blazed in the window. She would have thrown off the sheet, but she liked the carressing touch of the percale against her bare skin. She did not move around much; partially because she was too tired and partially because she didn't want to awaken the man deep in slumber beside her. After all, he had had a trying night. It is not a pleasant experience to barely escape death. She thought back to the night before — the shots and scuffling and screaming.

The man stirred and 'Chita moved closer to him.

Carol Fortier

Illustrated by

Barbara Works

SING A SONG TO SUMMER

Sipping throbs of summer from
a sky-blue glass,

I feel

the aching heart of warm days,
the cavity of nights.

As lonely as
that gilded leaf,
galaxyed on the lawn, as it
falls,

clutching with
a loose handful of fingers,
like silver-shattered glass,
and gives

one last damned shriek
on the wide fall down.

The thud that falling,

babbling

leaf echoes to the quivering stem
is equaled only by the
sob

of a candle in a space
alone

among a million stars.

Kristen Bracewell

THE SLEEPERS

Those days that went unlived,
Weeks that drifted by to no purpose,
Years that slipped away while yet we,
Still expecting them, relaxed,
Smiled into ourselves, and said
"One moment, please . . ."

O leave us time enough to *be!*

We smile — and sleep o'ertakes us.
Days pass . . .

. . . and weeks . . .

. . . and years.

Now, in our fogg'd awakening
That time so long awaited has far flown —

O give us time enough to *be!*

Before our eyelids closed will be
By He who beckons once
To those who'd *live*
— And those who, sleeping, only smiled.

Gary Sutherland

A SONNET - FOR YOU

Come walk with me into the woods,
Into the cool where shadows dream—
And we will find a private place
That only lovers see.
Here we'll stop a little while
And make a bed of moss,
And lie upon our backs and look
Into the fingers of the trees,
And listen to the voices
Of the brooks and streams—
Sing symphonies. If this all sounds
Unreal to you, have faith in me,
Look through the eyes of this sad dreamer, and perhaps
We'll find a love that lasts, longer than a day.

Sarah Lanier Barber

THE CITY LIES SILENT

The City lies silent.
Rusting bits of man's transportation rest in the streets.
Pigeons roost in the broken buildings,
And grass grows through the pavement.
The storm clouds gather.
Lightning flashes;
Rain falls softly into the shells of the ancient buildings.
Puddles form in the gutters.
A silhouette moves beneath the walls.
It is alive,
And the broken thing that once was man,
Seeks shelter from the rain.
The City lies silent.

Robert McCurdy



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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