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The Flamingo

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Winter 1958

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WINTER ISSUE - 1958

# FLAMINGO

VOLUME No. 34

WINTER 1958

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*Cover: Dorothy Evelyn*

## EDITORIAL

Five out of eight contributors appear in the "*Flamingo*" for the first time. This is excellent. But it points up the fact that there is no "hard core" of writers here at Rollins. There are no old faithfuls that an editor can depend on. Hardly anyone takes creative writing seriously. There is little competition for a place in the "*Flamingo*". I don't like it. Such an atmosphere blunts whatever creative talent a person might have. I think students interested in writing should be at each others throats all the time — criticizing, competing, and swapping ideas. But only a few students do this at Rollins.

Maybe the "*Flamingo*" itself shares much of the blame. Maybe it has accepted mediocre material. Maybe it has printed thirty pages when there should have been only fifteen. Maybe it has unwittingly fostered apathy. I don't know. But I do know that our literary magazine needs more conscientious contributors. It's the old problem, isn't it?

To my joy, I have found many students interested in the "*Flamingo*," especially freshmen and sophomores. They have offered several suggestions. I feel you might want to know about them. (1) The "*Flamingo*" should have regular meeting times so that all the staff — not just the editorial board — will know what is going on. (2) The Editor should contact students personally about contributing to the "*Flamingo*". (3) All manuscripts should be returned with a criticism. This would create a bond between the magazine and its contributors. (4) Some outstanding student in the Art Department should be given a week of class time to supervise the layout and illustrations. This would be practical experience in publication. Also, it would recognize the importance of the physical appearance of the magazine. (5) Finally, the name should be changed. (They didn't say what the new name might be.)

I didn't have to mention the internal problems of the "*Flamingo*". I hope I have not disheartened any of the eager underclassmen who are not yet blunted by this lazy literary atmosphere. But my point is this. These things concern all Rollins students interested in creative writing. It has concerned editors, past and present. But this is not enough. It should concern you who like to write. For you make or break the magazine. I suggest that you criticize, compete, and swap ideas with each other. And write!

BILL PACE

# Break Your Mother's Back

JOHN HICKEY

*John is a sophomore from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. An English major, he wrote this story as an experiment. According to him, the direct influences for the story are James Joyce, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Nelson Algren. John is a regular contributor to the "Flamingo".*

*Step on a crack,  
And break your mother's back.*

He stepped on every crack.

*— Thunder and lightning, fire and brimstone, witches and cauldrons, rub-a-dub-dub three men in a tub, Mother Goose on the loose, voodoo magic in a house of marble —*

Reaching the corner, he turned and started back again.

*— For it's a long, long way to Tipperary. I'd walk a mile for a mammal. —*

This time he stopped at the foot of the steps in front of the middle column.

*— Go, go in, go in in sin. —*

Six great columns of white marble stretched their thin roundness into the air.

*— We dedicate this beautiful structure of marble and gold to the glory of God. —*

He stared at the middle column.

*— Phallic symbols, stately and serene, how does your garden grow? —*

It was cold, but he was sweating. The back of his neck began to ache from staring at the top of the column. He put his foot on the first step.



— *Excelsior! Goddamit, now we are six.*

*Yes, Sister, I'm all ready. No, I'm not scared. Yes, I know what it means. Soon the body and blood of Christ will be in my heart. The priest is God's mind and heart on earth. He can forgive me my sins. —*

His feet were heavy as he climbed the marble steps. At the heavy iron doors of the church he stopped and stared at the carvings in the metal.

— *The soul is like a milk bottle. Just as the milk bottle is filled with milk, the soul is filled with grace. Therefore, grace must be white. Seven years ago. Now the milk has turned to ink. If you float a soul in ink, does it sink? —*

He opened the door and the dead, incense-filled air filled his nostrils. Stepping into the candlelight gloom, he waited a second to let his eyes adjust to the darkness. Then he walked to the marble font that held the Holy Water.

— *Yellow water, color of . . . Blasphemous mind, will you be quiet. Also looks like sweat. Little droplets just like mother used to make. Sweat sizzles on the stove. Mother was a merry old soul, a merry old soul was she. She called for her strife, she called for her foal, and she called for her piddlers three. Piddler number three, that was me.*

*Daniel, you read too much. It warps your mind. You should read the Scriptures. There is more wisdom in the Scriptures than in all that trash you read. And you must go to confession this week, its been a month.*

Piddler number three, that was me. —

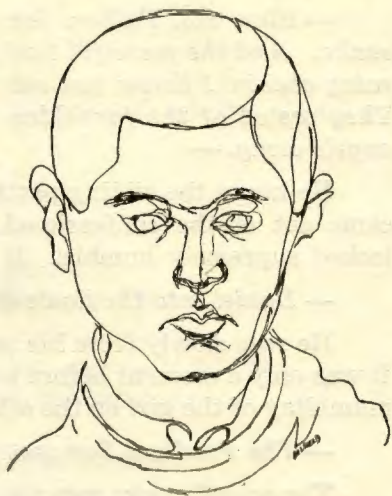
The church was peaceful with its afternoon quiet. Daniel slid into the last pew, and leaned his elbows on the hard wooden back of the pew in front of him.

— *Now I lay me down to creep, and if I should lie before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to cremate. Ashes, ashes, who wants a soul of ashes! Remember the words of the Scriptures. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. Bust to bust and lust to lust. The seat of wisdom is in the groin. Blasphemous mind, will you be still —*

A priest came out of the sanctuary. His hands were clasped tightly about his office. His face was serene as he started to pace up and down the middle aisle of the church. His lips moved as he prayed. Two young girls came into the church. They each had white handkerchiefs covering their heads.



— *Symbol of purity. Handkerchief of white, guard well this innocence all through the night. But the handkerchief failed, for the maiden was assailed. She dropped her pretty little white . . . —*



The priest still paced the middle aisle. His robes swished and whispered in the great empty cavern. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but continued to move his lips.

— *Serenity of a different sort. Results from conversation with angels. I have found the way. A greater life awaits me. Living in the eyes of God, merciful, sympathetic God. Notice my life, I have not even taken a wife. Down with women. Eve has relations with a snake. Seductive Eve, how do you make a snake? And the snake was Adam. Phallic symbol, how does your garden grow? —*

The two girls sat in a pew a few rows in front of him. Their heads were bent in suppliant prayer.

— *A woman's a two-faced, a worrisome thing that'll bring you the Muse in the night. There are five Muses, how do I choose? Venus was a mother. She was an old lady who lived in a pew, and she had so many children she didn't know what to do. Actually she only had five. Muse number one, two, three, four and five. Spit from the loins of desire. And the art of love rose higher and higher. —*

The priest stopped next to his pew and opened his office.

— *The good book says Venus was no lady. Love is shady. Down with women. And then came Katy. Katy knew her mother. That shady old lady who lived in a pew. Katy, why did I spend the night with you? —*

The priest stepped silently into the confessional and the two girls rose. Each went into a different side of the confessional box.

— *Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. Relations with a snake. And the merciful God gave them the gate. 'Member dat rainy ebenin' I threw you out wit' nottin' but a fine tooth comb. They tasted of the forbidden fruit. An apple a day keeps the angels away.* —

He heard the sliding partition snap closed, and the first girl came out of the confessional. Her head was bowed and she looked supremely humble. It was Daniel's turn.

— *Daniel into the lion's den.* —

He rose slowly from his seat and walked to the confessional. It was only a moment before he was kneeling. He could hear the mumbling of the girl on the other side.

— *The Prodigal Son was never my favorite story.* —

The priest's voice was weary. Daniel's voice sounded hollow and far away.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."

"How long has it been since your last confession, my son?"

"Years and years and years."

"What sins do you remember, my son?"

"Lust."

"Are you repentant, my son?"

"No!"

He sprang out of the small compartment and ran to the front door of the church. Using all his force, he threw it open, and stood on the top step above the street.

— *Repent, ye sinners. Find the way. Why worry about repentance? Tomorrow is another day. Katy, you were no lady. Why should you be? The garden is in full bloom, and I am free.*—

# The Hunchback And The Doves

*The hunchback sat all noon in the park  
with the doves dreaming red-eyed around him;  
and when the afternoon stepped on their wings  
the Hunchback was a great black dove among the white.  
Evening found them where they lay and touched their  
wings with coolness.  
The Hunchback rose and took them all away.*

*Death is easy to  
Death is easy to  
Death is soft and easy to slip into, like an old satin dress.*

*Winds rode like witches, jaggling the sky with broomstick ends;  
they munched on clouds with yellowed teeth.  
But they died like big whining dogs.*

*The aged and the merely old  
die  
with handfuls of twigs  
that are the whittled ends of wholeness.*

*The Hunchback sat, breathing, on a flat rock, breathing.  
Death gets up, hitches his pants, and hobbles off the end of space.*

KRISTEN BRACEWELL

*Kristen is from Jacksonville, Florida.  
She is a freshman. This is her first  
contribution to the "Flamingo".*



# The Way She

LIZ JACOBS

*Liz is a freshman from Kew Gardens, New York. She wrote this for her English class here at Rollins.*

Grandma's dead. They say it was an accident; I know it wasn't. They say she lost control of her wheelchair and fell over the wall. But they didn't see her the night before it happened. She didn't look at them the way she looked at me; or maybe she did, but they didn't understand.

Every time I think about the day Grandma died, I can remember exactly how I felt on another day, long ago. Some of the sadness returns and all of a sudden I'm a ten-year old girl, sitting in Blue Boy's stall, tears streaming down my face. I can picture it all over again; the hay sticking into my skin, my dirty blue jeans and red checkered shirt, my hair long, way past my shoulders, and in pig-tails. I know it had just stopped raining, because I can remember smelling that certain smell grass has just after the rain. It was so sweet and fresh, I could almost taste it. But the saltiness of my tears would bring me back and I'd start thinking again — thinking about Blue Boy.

I'd go back to the first time I saw him. Billy rode him up to the house, and when Daddy and Momma told me that that beautiful roan colt was my birthday present, I got so excited, I almost flew off the porch. I fell in love with him then and there.

Or else I'd go back to the times I would sneak out of the house at night, and run down to the stable so I could sleep in Blue's stall with him. I'd wrap myself up in his old yellow blanket; and in the morning, first he would nudge me and lick me so I'd get up, and then he would take one end of the blanket in his mouth and pick his head up real fast, and I would come tumbling out. Then I'd start laughing so hard, the tears would come running down my face. I'd know he was laughing too, in that special way horses have, so it doesn't show.

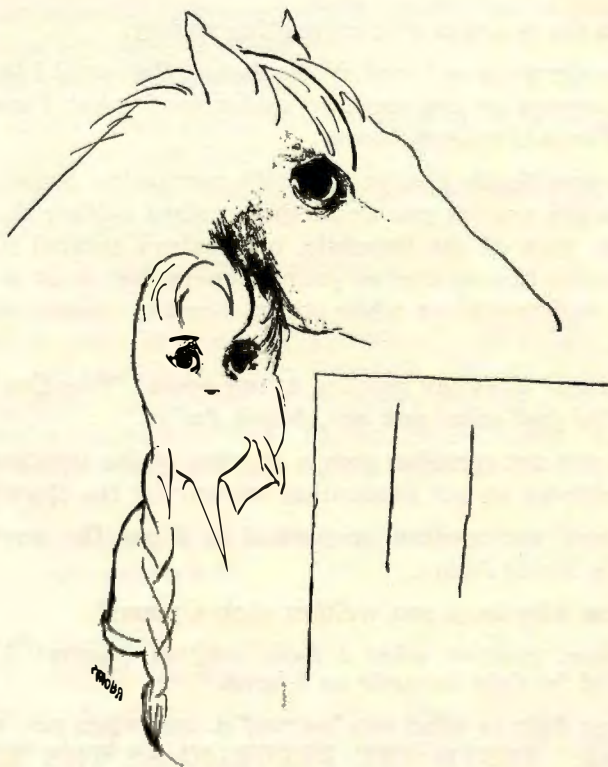
We had fun together, Blue Boy and I. Then Blue fell, and broke his leg.

# Looked At Me

When Daddy said that it was up to me tell Doc to shoot Blue, I just knew I could never do such a cruel thing. I ran all the way down to Blue Boy's stall to tell him I'd watch over him and wouldn't let anybody shoot him. I walked into the stall to say that to him, but I never got around to it. He lifted his head and looked me in the eye so hard that I almost felt as if his mind were my mind. Then I knew what to do. Blue had told me.

Yes, Grandma's dead. Humans aren't allowed to put other humans out of their misery, but you can shoot your horse when he breaks his leg. Grandma suffered more than my horse.

I remembered Blue Boy — I didn't stop Grandma.



# The Republic of Plato vs. The Poet

## CHARACTERS

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME TRIBUNAL  
A POET

SCENE — A closed sitting of the Supreme Tribunal

### THE ELDEST JUDGE SPEAKS:

You are charged with corrupting society.

*The charge is so broad, Noble Judge, that until I hear a more specific charge or am made to understand what I am actually charged with, I cannot answer.*

We specifically charge you with corrupting society by reading in public a poem you wrote that praised neither the gods nor the great men of the Republic, but instead created illusions of other worlds that so excited your listeners that some were moved to tears and trembling while others stood by wide-eyed and far-staring.

*I cannot deny my reading of my poem, "The Eagle," in the Agora did just what you say, Noble Judge.*

Do you not consider such a stirring of the emotions of your fellow citizens an act demanding censure by the Republic?

*I have not written or recited to incur the wrath of the Republic, Noble Judge.*

Then why have you written such a poem?

*I have written what I have written because I have felt compelled by duty to write as I have.*

Your duty is what you learned it was when you were a lad in school: **SERVE THE REPUBLIC AS THE REPUBLIC DECREES.**



*I learned my schoolboy lessons well, Noble Judge; any man who served with me in the Second Defensive War will vouch for me. I served the Republic as a Guardian for ten years and as a poet for twelve. No investigation of my actions will serve to incriminate me.*

The crime you are charged with is no mean one, Poet. This Tribunal has not been called to discuss your courage or your actions other than your action of late. Specifically, your reciting of your poem "The Eagle," in the Agora.

You are charged with direct disobedience of the law concerning censorship. You know the law?

*I know it well, Noble Judge.*

Recite it before us.

*"The communication of literature before it is censored by appointed censors is a criminal act."*

You did not submit "The Eagle" for censorship?

*I did not, Noble Judge.*

Why not?

*I knew it would be purged of its beauty and meaning.*

Is yours the right to decide?

*I believe it is, Noble Judge.*

You have no such right. The learned censors appointed by the Republic alone have such right.

*I maintain, Noble Judge, the state has destroyed what is meaningful and beautiful.*

You dare to accuse your parent?

*I am directed to accuse.*

What is this you say of direction? You say you are "directed"? As a citizen of the Republic, you are directed only by the Republic. In matters of literature you are directed as to what to write and how to write by the Chief Censor. Certainly you were not directed to write such a poem as "The Eagle" by the Chief Censor.

*No, Noble Judge, no man directed me to write "The Eagle."*

But you were directed?

*Yes.*

How directed?

*By a vision, Noble Judge.*

Relate to this Tribunal this vision, Poet, and take care that heresy does not enter your relation, for the charge against you is grievously serious already.

*I do not will my visions, Noble Judge. They come upon me as sunrise upon night.*

You say "visions"? You have had others besides this of "The Eagle"?

*Many others, Noble Judge.*

And you have not studied long and deeply for insight into the world of visions as has our king?

*No, Noble Judge. I have studied little in the abstract sciences. I have studied only the beauty in the sound of words meaningfully arranged.*

How then can you have visions?

*I know not how, Noble Judge, and can only guess why.*

Why then?

*Because I am a skillful arranger of words. Those of the visions have chosen me to arrange the words of our language so that the meanings of the visions can be told to all in the clearest way; for my visions are beautiful, and men say my poems are things of beauty, and I believe beauty can be seen only in beautiful things. Therefore, I am compelled to put the beauty of my visions into my poems, for poetry is the only beautiful thing I know how to create.*

We do not deny the beauty of your poetry. We are questioning whether or not you are corrupting society. If you are, you are a danger to the state. There is no question in our minds concerning the danger in such actions as your recent recitation of "The Eagle." Such stirring of emotions of the crowd that listened can lead only to trouble. A stirred crowd is a mob; and a mob is an irrational beast capable of destruction of Order.

Do you deny you stirred the emotions of the crowd?

*No, Noble Judge.*

You read uncensored matter without any sort of permission whatsoever. Do you deny this?

*No, Noble Judge.*

Can you give any reasonable account for your behavior?

*No reasonable account, Noble Judge.*

What account can you give then?

*Only that I am directed by visions.*

You pay no attention to the moral law? You pay no attention to the law of the Republic?

*My attention is elsewhere, Noble Judge. My attention has come to follow my imagination.*



Do you expect to be allowed to continue living in this Republic, paying no attention to its laws, not fulfilling your duty, and following flights of your imagination?

*So long as I live I must continue, Noble Judge. I must create beauty revealing the beauty revealed to me.*

You would reveal even that which is harmful to the Republic?

*Can beauty be harmful, Noble Judge?*

The revelation of things incomprehensible to the unprepared is harmful. It is fundamental in this Republic that men should see only so long as they are capable of understanding. To allow you to create images the crowd can only misunderstand or distort can bring only harm to our society by creating a longing for a life the crowd does not have.

*Does not the crowd have that longing already?*

If it is there it must be eradicated.

*My visions make me question such a judgment.*

I place against you a second charge: Questioning the doctrine of the Republic.

*The charges against me grow in number and weight, and I have no defense. I can only say I am directed in my visions to reveal beauty by writing poems, relating what I have seen in my visions, and to recite what I have written so that others may seek. I know that what I have seen will not pass our censors, for I have seen what is beyond.*

Tell this Tribunal what you saw in the vision that compelled you to write "The Eagle."

*There have been three visions concerning "The Eagle," Noble Judge.*

Relate them.

*During the summer of the Second Defensive War, I was assigned a lonely post as sentinel; the enemy was awaiting reinforcements and was not moving from its position along the coast. I had only to light a signal fire when the enemy ships came upon the horizon, and I had much time for thought. I had been thinking about heroes of our Republic and of my own experiences fighting with and against brave men. Far above the horizon I watched; I spied an eagle. It came from beyond my sight, seeming to come from across the sea. It did not circle. It came directly toward me; and, because of the height of the hill, I was on, it was not high as it approached. Bored by weeks of idle watching, I decided suddenly to let fly an arrow. Far better with the sword than with the bow, I was astonished to see my*



*arrow arc to meet, and strike, and tumble with its victim to the ground. I ran to the place. Through the breast my arrow's shaft stuck. The brightly-dyed feathers that guided it to its mark met the dull shining down of the bird's breast. Wings flung out like arms barely flicking, and clean yellow talons closing for the last time, it turned its head toward me; when I saw its eyes I felt cold reach my marrow. They were the eyes of a king, and they were filled with gratitude. I fled.*

You speak well, Poet, but there is little in such an incident to prove you a visionary or justify your poem "The Eagle" which is a protest against conformity.

*True, Noble Judge, grief at destroying a thing of beauty could well have inflamed my emotions so that I thought I saw something more than I saw. But that was just the first vision of the eagle.*

When and where did the second occur?

*During the Retreat. The city was in flames, and I was fighting in heavy armor with a group of skilled swordsmen as rearguard. The heat was intense in the street we were holding; but the street led to the last gate and segment of the wall we held, so it was absolutely essential we hold. When finally ordered to fall back, I found myself stumbling; I could hear the enemy behind me, but I could not run, so I turned again to die facing them. They were not there . . . only the heat. I fell. I tried to rise, but my heavy armor would not let me. I felt a cold hand grasp my hand and pull me to my feet. My eyes were smarting so I could barely make out my comrade; but then through the tears I saw that he was not a fellow guardian. He was in armor of a richness I had never seen. It was gold-crusted and of a style not seen in present wars. But it did not shine, and in the heat, when his face should have been red and sweating, it was ashen and dry. He put his arm around my shoulders and I could feel the chill of his forearm piece against my neck. He walked slowly, helping me toward the gate. He did not raise his voice, yet I could hear him plainly over the crackling of fire and the falling of timbers. He said, "This city does not burn as well as one I knew." After a pause he continued, "There is little purpose in such fires; they are soon out." Then he helped me in silence until I saw our line and my comrades regrouping, shouting; trying to get chariots into position. Then my benefactor said to me that which rings in my ears yet. "Live like an eagle above this milling herd." And then he was not beside me, and I was stumbling alone toward my comrades.*

Is what this mysterious warrior said your only justification for protesting against conformity?

*My visions give me justification, Noble Judge. I hear voices you do not hear; I see worlds you do not see; I serve a cause you cannot feel. In the world my visions have revealed to me there is no talk of justification. In that world there is only Beauty as has been glimpsed by the eagle soaring; for only from his height can be seen a large segment of the whole and how all blends to make the whole . . . how kings and walls and armies are folly.*

You call your king and city and army folly?

*My visions call all that men direct folly.*

What vision gave you this creed?

*A vision that came to me upon the departure of the courier from Alexandria last month, Noble Judge.*

What of the foreigner? Did he infect your reason with fables of that ancient land?

*On the contrary, Noble Judge, he spoke of ancient men of this land . . . of a blind one who told of kings and ships and a mighty city across the sea, besieged by men of this land and of its sacking and of the fate of its conquerors.*

No such stories are heard in this state. The correct history is known by all citizens; why stood you listen to fables corrupt and fictitious?

*For only one reason, Noble Judge; the foreigner from Alexandria described exactly the warrior who led me from our burning city. The warrior who aided me was king of all the conquerors of that ancient city across the sea. And, Noble Judge, the foreigner said that king chose a second life as an eagle! At that moment I knew the things I thought I had imagined were not imaginings, but were visitations from the world beyond. I became aware I was a chosen one. A revealer. I was frightened, but I was more afraid I would lose what I had seen. I left the foreigner and went directly to my quarters. There I sat down to write, and as I stared at my room's walls the wall drifted away and beyond it was a field upon which strolled several warriors, talking. I heard them plainly, but they took no notice of me. One who carried a very heavy bow spoke to another who limped slightly. He talked of the merits of a shepherd's life. The other answered that he too envied the poorest shepherd. They spoke then of their leader who had recently returned to the fields. They said he had seen a warrior in the world they had once known and he was going to return to that warrior and instruct him, for the warrior was capable of understanding.*



*Noble Judge, I believe with all my heart that the warrior king from beyond will come to me soon and direct me as to what to write, and I will be compelled from within to write.*

You will allow yourself to deviate from the good life and follow this evil inclination?

*I await further revelation of a world in which good and evil are hollow sounds signifying nothing.*

You reject your education then?

*Noble Judge, I find my education valueless when I am addressed by a spirit. I know now that I am in a dungeon of education. I await liberation by a spirit.*

You must realize you cannot live on here, dispensing such ideas.

*If I cannot say what I must say, Noble Judge, I have no desire to live. I do not know yet what I will be directed to say, but when told I will say it for all to hear.*

You will have no opportunity. You will not be allowed to speak to your fellow citizens while a judgment is being reached by this tribunal. You have given no adequate defense. Furthermore, you speak of having no wish to remain a citizen of the Republic. Go then directly to your quarters speaking to no one on your way and await there our summons.

## BO BEXLEY

*A senior, Bo has attended the University of Florida and Columbia University. He is an English major. This statement of the artist's ethic was written for Dr. Stone's Plato course. It is his first contribution to the "Flamingo".*



## AS DAYS PASS

*My heart is so heavy  
that I think it shall  
fall  
into my toes.*

*The dirt and hurt  
of the world  
and of my fellow man  
are like acid  
upon  
my tongue.*

*Ugliness is fast  
rupturing  
my dreams  
and I hold on tight  
to all I believe  
beautiful.*

*I look deep within  
my being  
to regain the composure  
of naivete  
that I thought was me.*

*I yearn to lie  
upon  
the cold  
unyielding  
floor of some great  
cathedral  
and have the music  
of some  
unplayed organ  
cleanse me of my sin  
and let me live  
my dreams  
again.*

### SARAH BARBER

*Sarah is an English major. Last summer she worked for "Look" magazine, and hopes to continue magazine work. She is an assistant editor of the "Flamingo".*



## A SERMON

BILL PACE

*Bill, a senior English major, is from Canton, North Carolina. He is editor of the "Flamingo". This story was inspired by a church in Washington, D. C.*

I sat in the rear of the church, behind a fat Negro lady, so that the minister at the pulpit would not see me. But the minister had not entered the church yet. Waiting for him, the congregation burst into a testimony meeting. A woman stood up. "Thank God I'm saved and sanctified and on my way to heaven," she said. "I want you to all pray for me that I will grow stronger in Jesus everyday. I'm so happy. Thank you Jesus!" She stomped her foot very hard against the floor. Her whole body trembled, and she threw her hands in the air. "Thank you Jesus!" she cried again. Across the aisle, another lady started singing:

This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine  
Let it shine  
Let it shine  
Let it shine

Immediately the congregation joined in, first soft, then louder, and clapped its hands in a rhythmic beat. Down in front, the first two rows stood up. I took this to be the choir. A middle aged lady was rocking from side to side. I thought I could hear the sound of her hands above all the rest.

It was a warm night; and the usher, dressed in a black suit, black polished shoes, tall, with long fingers, whittened, was handing out paper fans. He gave me one. I swished it in front of my face and tried to act like everyone else. I could smell perfume, arm sweat, and black hair.

The congregation was quiet now, waiting for the visiting minister from Georgia. The usher had given out all his fans. All was quiet. Suddenly a woman stood up, and in loud, ringing tones began:

Oh how I love Jesus . . .  
Oh how I love Jesus

While the congregation was singing, the pastor, Rev. Smallwood Williams, walked down the aisle with the visiting minister. As Rev. Williams came to the pulpit, the singing softened, and then died. "Let us pray," he said. I heard voices, soft and loud, mingling from all over the church. A man beside me was whispering a prayer, but I couldn't hear any of the words.

The pastor introduced the visitor as Rev. Martin King "from down in Atlanta, Georgia." I watched Rev. King sitting behind the pulpit. He was a tall Negro with a round, brownish face. He didn't seem to be listening to the introduction. I thought maybe he was praying to himself. The congregation was quiet, waiting, motionless, save for the hand fans.



Rev. King took as his text the 4th chapter of *John*. He read softly the story of the crippled man who tried for many years to get into the water and be saved, but every time the waters were troubled someone got in ahead of him and there was no chance for him. No one would help him.

*Now there is in Jerusalem by the sheep gate a pool, in Hebrew called Bethzatha, which has five porticoes. In these lay a multitude of invalids, blind, lame, paralyzed. One man was there, who had been ill for thirty-eight years. When Jesus saw him and knew that he had been living there a long time, he said to him, "Do you want to be healed?" The sick man answered him, "Sir, I have no man to put me into the pool when the water is troubled, and while I am going another steps down before me." Jesus said to him, "Rise, take up your pallet, and walk." And at once the man was healed, and he took up his pallet and walked.*

"I come from Georgia," began the preacher softly. "I have lived in Georgia all my life. And if I can stand it this long, I can die there. But you don't know what it's like, folks. EVERY-TIME!" The word sounded painful, and I tightened my stomach muscles. The preacher waited. His voice seemed to hang up in the rafters. "*Everytime* a Negro looks for a job, he is pushed back. *Everytime* a Negro comes into court he is guilty. A white man is innocent until proved guilty. A Negro is guilty until proved innocent. Oh, my children! It gets hard sometimes. We're bruised and we're sick on the inside. We have to sing with a sorrowful heart sometimes." I peeped from behind the fat lady. I thought his eyes were looking at me. He was getting carried away, and I didn't want him to know that a white person was listening.

"It's a white man's world in the South," he continued. But — listen to me, children. We're gonna move. The people down there don't want us to move. But we're going to move." Row upon row seemed to sway and move with the preacher's voice. He raised his arms. "Soft now. We're going to move . . . We're not going to move with bullets. Not with violence. We're going to tell papa. Amen! Yes. Thank God! We can tell papa. And we have some little papas now. Nine of them here in Washington. Amen! Thank you Jesus!

"Yes! We're going to move. Remember how Jesus came along and told the sick man to take up his bed and walk. That man was sick for many, many years. And we have been sick too. But we're going to move. We're going to walk. Yes. I said

'Walk'. Slow now. We're going to walk. Thank Jesus! We're going to walk.

"People ask us what we want. We want everything anybody else has got! That's what we want! We want to go where everybody else goes.

"Listen, my brethren, do you know? Do you know what it's like to see your son taken to jail? Not knowing whether he will be killed or not. Oh my son, Martin, Jr.! He can't wait. He wants to get into the pool. I have talked with him, but he can't wait. He's restless. Oh, that awful night! When they told us his house had been dynamited, I started driving from Atlanta to Montgomery, Alabama, where he lives. It was after twelve o'clock in the night. Me and his mother didn't know what had happened to him. She was crying. I talked to God as I drove through the night. He said. He said to me, my children, 'If I am for you, who can be against you?' "

The preacher poured a glass of water from the ice pitcher. "Yes, brethren. We're sick and tired and we're bruised on the inside. There is no one to help us into the water. But let's be patient. God's hand is not short. He can reach down and help us take up our beds. We've got plenty of time. Our grandmothers and our grandfathers could sing in slavery. Oh thank God! Swing low, sweet chariot! I thought I saw a chariot the other day. I looked over Jordan and saw a band of angels coming after me. Hold on a little longer, my children. We're going to move! We're going to move!"

And the congregation began to chant after the preacher — "We're going to move." Finally they stopped. It sounded like the murmur that dies when you walk away from the ocean. The preacher continued softly. "I've got to catch a plane back to Atlanta at 12 o'clock tonight. And I want you all to pray for me. God can keep that old plane up in the air. I know He can. Pray for me children as I go back to my home and to our brothers. You have been so nice to me here. Before I go, I want you to sing a song for me — "Sweet Hour of Prayer." Will you please sing, and some of you women hum it softly . . .

Sweet hour of prayer  
Sweet hour of prayer  
That calls me from a world of care . . .

While they were singing I got up and went out of the church. Standing at the door, the usher in the black suit smiled at me and said, "Come back again."



## JODY BILBO

*Jody, a freshman, is from Sarasota, Florida. Poetry is a favorite hobby, and she plans to major in English.*

## VACUUM

*I sing a song that has no tune;  
I dance a dance that has no steps;  
I write a book that has no words;  
I love a man who has no heart.*

*I play a game that has no rules;  
I grow a rose that has no blooms;  
I run a race that has no end;  
I love a man who has no heart.*

## THE FREAK SHOW

*The freak sat on a bench all day  
No arms or legs to make its pay,  
A lonely lump of skin and bone  
To make men laugh and shriek and moan;  
At the end of the day when the show was done  
It was thrown in a bag just for fun.*

## WILLIAM BENTLEY

*Bill is a sophomore from New Hope, Pennsylvania. He writes just for fun. This is his first contribution to the "Flamingo".*



## SATURDAY NIGHT

*The dance floor, the people, the noise,  
scuffling, shifting, sliding feet.  
Heat, lights, the center light,  
a shimmering mosaic mirror going  
round and round, yellow, purple light.  
Moving people, sweat, clammy hands, soft and  
young hands, holding tightly,  
eagerly moving,  
All moving, hoping, anxious, to the beat, not knowing  
Why and caring less as they strain to the horns  
Reflecting the light; and the sweat stands out on the brows.  
The orchestra — white and black in clothes  
painted with the moving orange and  
green and deep purple light.  
Bodies bending, swaying, crouching, giving  
all to the rhythm, tossing hair, long  
and shining with the circling light.  
The doubled drummer sits high, his twisted, lined, almost  
Tortured face awesome in the eerie light as he pounds  
Out the beat, the primitive, throbbing heart of the dance.*

### RON ATWOOD

*Ron is a junior. This term he is studying at American University on the Washington Semester Plan. He won the poetry prize in the last "Flamingo".*



## SUE MANION

*Sue, a sophomore, is an art major. Her home is Hartsdale, New York. She wrote this poem because "that's what the day was like and that was the feeling it gave me."*

## UNEASY DAY

*Out of the grey skies,  
The gruff and sharp breath of the wind  
Tries to hurry the hanging moss creatures out of the way.  
Though their feet run for a moment,  
Their delicate fingers cling with wild ferocity  
To the tired, indifferent trees.*



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