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FALL

1960

Fall Issue 1960

FLAMINGO

VOLUME NO. 42

FALL 1960

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oriental love song

When we, being young,
did both
play
at games in the happy happy
of sun,
When the sing tree
was pink
shining
of pink and pinkness of thee,
I grew too soon, leaving,
and now return,
subtle as a satin moon.

I come swift and all of love
for thee,
warm to kiss small
child's lips.

My love will be no longer small,
but tall as dragons
fires.

We, being touched of deeps,
know love,
and as willows,
turn to sun.

ANONYMOUS

PRAYER MEETING

A ONE ACT PLAY

by

ROBERT FLEMING

(The scene is a simple house in the hills of Tennessee. There are two rooms, the kitchen to the left and the living room to the right. The kitchen has a sink, a wood stove, a table covered with a red and white checked oilcloth, and a broom and coal bucket in one corner. The living room, much larger than the kitchen, contains worn Victorian furniture and simple chairs. To the left of center at the rear of the room is a fireplace. To the far right at the rear, a screen door opens to the outside. The set should give the appearance of poorness but combined with neatness and cleanliness. The Putman family has just finished the evening meal. They are seated at the table, located at the front of the stage. Hack, the father, dressed in blue work clothes is seated upstage; the mother, Mary, in a simple, starched-cotton dress is at Hack's right; the daughter, Betty, age 7, is downstage facing her father; and the son, Jerry, age 11, is at his father's left. In the distance a church bell rings.)

HACK

What's the bell about? Thought that revival ended Sunday.

MARY

It did. Tonight's just the regular Wednesday night prayer meeting. If you'd go with me sometimes, you'd know 'ithout askin'.

HACK

Don't harp on me 'bout that agin, Mary. I done told you I ain't aimin' to go.

MARY

But you promised the preacher. An' after him an' that vis'tin' preacher come all the way up here jus' to have scripture and prayer with you. Thought you's a man of yore word. Looks like I's wrong.

HACK

I had to tell 'em somethin', didn't I? They'd of stayed all day with their prayin' and Bible readin' and askin' me why I don't come to church an' prayer meetin'. That upper patch of corn had to be hoed out, and it wuz done startin' to tassle.

MARY

Don't make no difference. Yore word's yore word.

HACK

(Sharply)

Look, Mary, I don't want to go to the meetin's. Now skip it!

MARY

(Beginning to clear the table)

You ort to have some feeling for me . . . How you think I feel when they say, "Where's Hack? Thought you said he'd be here this week," . . . or . . . "Good evening, Mrs. Putman. Didn't see yore man here tonight, did I. Been hopin' to see him come." . . . (Quietly) . . . How you think your kids feel, huh? 'Bout the only ones up there who ain't got a pappy as'll bring 'em to church. Tain't right, Hack.

HACK

Dammit, won't you hush . . .

MARY

(Interrupting him)

Hack, the children.

HACK

Sorry. (To the children) Better go outside and play . . . and don't get all messed up.

MARY

(As they go out the kitchen door)

Yeah, you don't want to look bad for company.

HACK

(After a moment)

What company?

MARY

(Trying to cover up her slip of the tongue)

Oh, nobody special. People are allus dropping in.

HACK

(Getting up from the table)
Just who? Nobody goes vis'tin' on prayer meetin' night.

MARY

(With her back to him)
Forget it, Hack. Please . . .

HACK

No. Who did you ask here 'ithout tellin' me?

MARY

I . . . I didn't ask them . . . exactly . . . It was kinda . . . uh . . .
decided.

HACK

Who decided what?

MARY

The . . . uh . . . prayer meetin' group . . . at the church.

HACK

To meet here?

MARY

Yes . . . (and as an afterthought) . . . Just for tonight.

HACK

(Grabbing her by the arm and spinning her around)
Why, Mary? You remember what happened las' time I's at that church. Ever'body lookin' at me out of the corner of their eye. You heered them kids behind us, "It's big Hack. Wonder if he brung his bottle with 'im." Then they snickered like I's a clown or somethin'. After it wuz over, ever'body in the place crowded 'round us, trying to shake hands an' paw over me. When that preacher got to me, he acted like somethin' wuz wrong 'ith me, puttin' on a solemn face an' actin' so consoling. I ain't meaning to go through that agin, understand?

MARY

They took on over you a mite, but it wuz jus' they wanted to be friends an' help you.

HACK

Help me? How? Tell me that. Answer me this: Don't I work hard?

MARY

Yeah, you raise us plenty to eat and buy us enough clothes.

HACK

Have I ever wronged you or the kids?

MARY

No, Hack. You're a good husband. I never said different.

HACK

All right. So jus' cause I like to take a drink once in a while an' don't go to church, you and that prayer meetin' bunch think I need help. Well, you tell 'em I can get along fine by myself!

MARY

All I'm askin' is for you to stay for the prayer meetin' tonight.

HACK

But I don't want to! Can't you git that straight?

MARY

There's lots of things we have to do we'd as soon leave be. This ain't no differ'nt.

HACK

All right! I'll stay . . . Guess it'd look bad for you if I wuzn't around. But there's one condition. If I stay, you'll not bother me 'bout none of this any more. That agreeable?

MARY

Guess it'll have to be . . . Thank you, Hack.

(Hack nods his head in reply and begins straightening up the house. He carries out trash and garbage and arranges the chairs and magazines in the living room. Mary washes the dishes. Jerry enters the living room from the outside.)

HACK

How was school today, son?

JERRY

Same as always. Had a movie on science during assembly. It wasn't too bad.

HACK

How's yore Scouting coming. Haven't heard you mention it lately.

JERRY

We didn't do much all summer what with vacations and all. Got a camping trip planned two weeks from this weekend. The fellows want to know if you'll go with us again. They like having you along.

HACK

Sure I'll go, unless somethin' comes us I hadn't counted on. Where you plan on goin'?

JERRY

Probably hike out Piney Ridge to Jackson's Knob. There's a good camp right below it. We're deciding final Friday night.

HACK

Jus' let me know what I'm supposed to do . . . You'd better see

if you can help yore mother in the kitchen . . . and . . . uh . . .
no foolishness tonight. You don't want us to be ashamed of you.

JERRY

Sure, Dad . . . And I'm glad you're going with us.

(He goes to the kitchen. Hack goes to the
screen door.)

(Yells)

HACK

Betty, come on in the house. Time to get spruced up.

(Betty comes in. Hack leads her into the
kitchen, wets a cloth under the faucet, begins
wiping her face and arms.)

You're about the dirtiest little girl Daddy's got. Am I rubbing
too hard?

BETTY

No, it feels good.

HACK

Where's yore boyfriend? What's his name, Jackie? Didn't see
him around today.

BETTY

Oh, Daddy, he's not my boyfriend any more. He's too mean.

HACK

What did he do mean?

BETTY

He kicked at Fido and then throwed rocks at him. I'll never say
Jackie Medford's name agin.

HACK

All right, we won't mention Jackie.

(At this point, Mary finishes the dishes, and
drying her hands with a towel, moves toward
them.)

MARY

I'll finish fixing her, Hack. You go read the paper.

(He goes to the living room, sits down, and be-
gins reading. There comes a knock at the door.)

(Going to the door)

HACK

Come on in. The door's allus open.

(Amos Gregory, the prayer meeting chairman,
enters with his wife and two small girls.)

AMOS

(Shaking Hack's hand and entering the room)

It's good to see you agin, Hack. Seems like we hardly see one
another any more.

HACK

Jus' too much to do, I guess. Have a seat, Mrs. Gregory.

MRS. GREGORY

(Walking toward a chair near a window on the right wall)

Thank you. Think I'll sit over here so I can catch a breeze now
and then. It's been mighty warm this August.

HACK

You're sure right 'bout that. I couldn't work in the middle of
the day under that blisterin' sun. Had to make up for it by
working as long as I could see at night. Sure be glad when it
cools off a mite.

(Moments of silence, embarrassed glances,
coughs, and squirming.)

Could I get you folks somethin' to drink? Don't know as we've
got anything but water, but you're welcome to it.

(Everyone gives a negative reply. More silence,
etc. Then the sounds of an approaching group
are heard.)

Guess the rest of the folks have got here.

(Hack goes to the door and greets the prayer
meeting group. They are dressed in clean work
clothes, white shirts and cheap dress slacks,
and in print dresses or simple skirt and blouse
combinations. All carry Bibles or Testaments.
One member of the group is obviously the
preacher. He has on a blue, slightly-worn, me-
dium weight suit, a loud, sloppily tied necktie,
a heavily starched white shirt, and black shoes
and socks. He carries a larger Bible than the
others that is well worn and faded. His name
is Edgar Johnson.)

REV. JOHNSON

It's good to see you, Hack. How've you been getting along?

HACK

Oh, fine, I guess. No complaints.

REV.

Good, Good. Where's that fine wife of yours? I wish I had a
whole church full that'd come as regular as she does.

HACK

She's out in the kitchen getting Betty cleaned up. I'll get her.
(Goes to the kitchen door) Mary, the preacher's here.

MARY

I'll be right out.

(Amos Gregory passes out a stack of paper-bound, tattered, gospel song books which a member of the group brought. Hack handles his as a new, unfamiliar thing, thumbs through it, holds it respectfully. Mary enters with Betty. Jerry follows them. The group, which has been standing since the preacher's arrival, begins sitting down.)

The group makes Hack and his family sit on a couch upstage to the right of the center of the room. There aren't enough chairs.

The children sit on the floor; two or three adults are left standing. The preacher and the prayer meeting chairman are near the right side of the fireplace to the left of center of the room.)

AMOS

I think we should thank the Putman family for letting us come into their home tonight to worship the Lord.

(At this Hack stares at the floor, somewhat embarrassed. Mary gives his hand a gentle squeeze.)

Before we go any further, let's go to the Lord in prayer. Mrs. Irwin, will you lead us?

(They all kneel for the prayer except Hack, who bows his head.)

MRS. IRWIN

Our Father, we want to thank You for this beautiful day and for the many blessings You've given us. We ask You to be with us here this evening as we worship You and sing praises to Yore Almighty Name. If there be any here who don't know of Thy bountiful goodness and loving mercy, help them that they'll be able to ask forgiveness for their sins and find relief in Thee. Be with those who're sick in our community. Relieve them of their pain and restore them to our company if it be Thy will. All these things we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen

ALL

Amen

(All get back in their chairs.)

AMOS

Let's all stand and sing, "There's a Great Day Coming." Page

eighty-seven. Let's ever'body sing out.

(They sing the song. Hack holds the book for his wife. He makes half-hearted attempts at singing, but he only mouths a few words. His eyes are glued to the book except for glances at Mary and his children.)

That wuz fine. There's nothing like those old-timey hymns for real singing . . . (Pauses for a moment) . . . It's now my pleasure to turn the meeting over to our pastor, Rev. Johnson.

REV.

Thank you, Amos . . . It's certainly good to be here tonight to worship in this fine home. I hope that from our meeting tonight you come to know one another better as brother and sister in Christ and to love Jesus, our Saviour, more than you ever have before . . . For my scripture this evening, I'd like to read a few verses from the third chapter of Second Timothy . . . (Reads from his Bible) . . . "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, false accusers, despisers of those that are good, traitors, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away. For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." God bless the reading of His holy scripture . . . (Closes his Bible. Puts it on the mantle of the fireplace.) . . . My brethren, we're living in the last days. All 'round us there's corruption, wars, threats of wars, and scandal in high office. Pick up your newspaper and what do you see: nothing but murder, robbery, lust, and filth. The Lord's not going to let it continue forever. We can read in the Bible of the corruption in the day of Noah. The Lord repented He had created man. He engulfed him in a flood of forty days and forty nights. The only people judged righteous enough to survive were Noah and his family, only one family out of millions. But the next time it'll be fire instead of water sweeping across the face of the earth, ravaging and destroying. But if you're saved in the Lord, you need have no fear. The Bible tells us that the Lord will return to this earth to claim His bride; and His bride, friends, is the church. Only those who've refused His love will suffer His wrath. Tonight's the time of salvation

(Hack glances at his watch, then winds it.

Glances about the room as if looking for a reason to leave. Then looks at Mary and is reconciled to staying.)

for you, my sinner friends. When you leave home in the morning, you've no assurance you'll be alive to enter it again. A

(Hack crosses his legs.)

car wreck, an accident on the job, and your soul would be in eternity. Then it's too late to make that decision. You'd be cast into the lake of fire with the devil and all

(Hack becomes very tense. His fists are tightly closed. He opens them. With one he grips the arm of the couch tightly; with the other he rubs his thigh unconsciously.)

his angels to suffer anguish, torture, and loneliness forever and forever. The Bible says, "For there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." But the Lord has provided a way of salvation. He sent His Son to die on the cross for our sins. Won't you accept Christ tonight, lost sinner? Won't you go to Him with your burden of sin? He'll give you strength to carry your load.

(Hack shifts his position. The preacher moves a step or two. Begins in a quieter tone.)

We're going to sing a hymn in just a minute. But first I want all heads bowed and eyes closed, not a person looking . . . Good . . . Is there anyone here tonight who knows he is lost and would like the good people here to pray for him? If so, would you raise your hand . . . (He waits for a moment) . . . Not a person except myself will know . . . Is there anyone? . . . Anywhere . . . Then is there a person who has someone who you'd like us to pray for? If so, would you raise your hand . . .

(Mary slowly raises her hand. Hack is unaware of it.)

Thank you. Are there others? Just a minute longer . . . Let's stand and sing hymn number eight, "Just As I Am." Listen to those words, sinner friend. "Just as I am, without one plea but that Thy blood was shed for me; because Thou promised, I believe. Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come."

(The group stands and begins the song. Hack holds the song book with Mary. His hand shakes from nervousness. She takes the book. He clasps his hands behind his back and bows his head. As the second verse begins, the preacher talks over the sound of the singing.)

That song is calling you, my sinner friend, calling you to turn from your evil ways, calling you to accept Christ as your Saviour, calling you to have peace of mind and peace of soul. Won't you come take my hand and accept Christ?

(No one moves. There are furtive glances at Hack. It is evident now that he is the only unsaved person present. Mary wipes away the tears that flow silently from her. Hack notices her. The singing continues, only softer. The preacher moves over to Hack, puts his arm around his shoulders. Hack's fists are clinched so tightly that the knuckles are white.)

Why don't you repent and be saved of your sins, Brother Putman? You've got a fine wife, good kids. Why don't you make it a Christian home? Just confess your sins to the Lord and tell these people you aim to live for the Lord and take Christ as your Saviour.

HACK

(He shakes his head as the song ends and then speaks in a barely audible voice.)

Maybe some other time, preacher. Not tonight.

REV.

There may not be another night. Why not make the decision now?

(Hack does not reply. He looks at Mary who is praying with tears running down her face. He meets his children's stares. Then he looks at the floor.)

Do it tonight, Hack . . . Now.

(Hack again shakes his head no.)

Then will you do this much. Will you go to the Lord in prayer. Will you let yore friends pray with you that you might find salvation. Will you do just that much?

(Hack nods yes. Mary begins to cry out loud.) Fine. All right, I want ever' Christian to pray as you've never prayed before that this man will have the courage to repent his sins and take a stand for Christ. Brother Zeb Clark, will you lead us?

(Hack kneels. The preacher kneels beside him. Zeb Clark, an old timer, leads the prayer. All of the group prays orally, saying practically the same thing as Clark. The prayer begins quietly,

risers to a climax with wails, shouts of "Praise the Lord" and "Halleluja," and slowly dies down leaving only the sound of Clark closing the prayer and the preacher pleading softly with Hack.)

ZEB

Oh Lord, our most merciful heavenly Father. We come to Thee tonight with burdened souls. There is a man in our midst who is lost and without Thee, Lord; who does not know of Thy redeeming grace; who has not felt the touch of Thy loving hand; who could die in his sleep tonight and go out to face eternity alone and doomed. We love that man, Lord, and we've been praying for him for lo these many years. You know that, Lord. But there's somethin' that's keepin' him from yielding himself to You, God. Somethin' inside him that won't let him turn himself loose and say, "Here I am, Lord. Do with me what You please." If it's somethin' in us, O God, show us what it is, purify us, and make us ready to lead others to You. Do somethin' here tonight, Lord. Make Thy Spirit felt. Help us to know Thy will. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

REV.

How about it, Hack? Won't you yield yourself to Him, assure yourself of a place in His eternal home. Won't you, Hack? Won't you?

(Hack slowly nods his head yes.)

(Shouting)

Praise the Lord! At last it's happened!

(Mary embraces him, sobbing violently. The group shouts, slaps each other on the back, and crowd in to shake Hack's hand, obscuring him from view.)

AMOS

This calls for singing. Let's ever'body ring out on "Amazing Grace."

(They sing the song with gusto. They shake hands with Hack, pick up their Bibles, and leave still singing. As the crowd thins, Hack is visible once again. He is not singing.

The expression of his face and the tenseness in his body have not changed. Mary and the children say goodnight to the guests at the door. The last person shakes hands with Hack, moves

over to Mary and out the door. Mary's attention is still with the group, whose singing can be heard slowly fading away. Hack, with clenched fists, walks to the fireplace, leans up against it, beats three times against the mantle with his right fist, and sinks to a sitting position on the hearth.)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

retrospect in reverse

Must we wait in fear
for Death to come?
For Death to sow
us in the ground;
To see the darkened sky
dimmed as in a mirror,
To exist as underwater,
our undernourished
limbs rotting.

Must we fear
to lose the freedom
To spread at will our hands
and feet, the peninsulas
and islands of our
body's continent;
To be a world, a planet, and
pass from the present
into history;
To pass from reality
to myth and fantasy
To stoke the fire and
spill the rain.

No, we must not grieve to die;
To be a torn earth with
barren fields and forests,
with hills shrunken
and mountains lost.

No, we must let the cycle sweep
us here and there
without a struggle;
Wait without fear—
Go without struggle—
For so it is and so it will be.

BUTCH GIBBS

lecture notes

White paper
Blue lines
Scrawled words
Cold fact—
Cram it in your brain.

One broken heart—
Draw it in the margin.

JODY BILBO

stay dead

When you die,
Die all the way.
Dig your grave deep
And stay there.
Do not rise up
half-dead.
Do not haunt me with
half-memories.
When you die,
Stay dead.

JODY BILBO



the night riders

They came one moon-less night and broke his fence—
His cattle strayed, and one was killed by wolves.
He fixed the fence and took the cattle in,
Then settled back. He hadn't long to wait.
Another moon-less night they burned his barn—
The glow was red and gold and lit the sky.
The barn burned down—he couldn't save his horse;
He heard her whinny, but the barn went fast.
And after that he kept his gun close by.
Weeks passed—the cattle grazed, grew fat, and still
They did not come. The summer days were hot—
Grew hotter without rain. No rain, but wind—
A dry wind raising clouds of dust—and sun.
Too soon the cattle lost their fatted look,
(The grass was parched, the water scarcer even),
And still no rain—and not a cloud in sight!
And all around the trough the cattle stood
Throughout the heat of day and through the night.
He couldn't bear to watch, but turned away,
(For he was thirsty too). And then one night,
One clear, cool, moon-less night, they came again
And brought their fire—but there was little left.
The sun had burned each blade of grass, and all
The cattle, crazed with thirst, were dead.
The house caught quickly, burned within the hour;
He only stayed but just a little while,
And cried out as he left, "The land is yours!"
They watched him go—he laughed a wild man's laugh,
His head flung back; and stumbled up the road.

VICKI L. BOGGS

once i collected dreams

Once I collected dreams
And put them in a
 locked box
To keep for a rainy day
When I took them out
And inhaled their musty
 odor,
And laughed bitterly at
 their futility.

LINDA HICKLIN

Once I collected dreams,
And put them in a
 locked box,
But I am older and
 wiser now,
And I have thrown
 away the key.

springs and falls the summer

springs and falls the summer, but
winter's coming on

reach arms . . . delicate!
Spread, tender green shoots, for
delicacy is shimmering its youth
at the sun—
 slow and summer standing
 slow and summer with the sun.
The plumes and saps are young.
They turn, spread and seek while
the hour is nodding like a sleepy
child in the sun, until, with a
cry of comprehension, the sun-
drunk babe trundles on.
Dreaming bloom-leaves make then
the sad, slow turn toward winter
 that leads the summer
 slow and sad, away.

KRISTEN L. BRACEWELL

eternity

Lad Jeremy stood here by me,
And skipped a stone into the sea,
And laughed to see the pebble play
Among the ripples in its way.

Page Jeremy stood here by me,
And dropped a doll into the sea,
And cursed with all his manly might,
This remnant of his youth's delight.

Sir Jeremy stood here by me,
And eased his son into the sea,
And felt anew the cruel sword's thrust,
And said again, "From dust to dust."

CAROL SEMMONS

Old Jeremy stood here by me,
And threw himself into the sea,
Remembered now by time and He
Who made this life and made the sea.

Now there are none who stand by me,
'Tis only peace, but still the sea
Erodes the shore and scrawls a page,
Not quite a chapter in an age.

to forget

KIT BAILEY

To forget
One must first remember fully
And being satisfied,
Forget.

THE NICE GUY

by

JEFF CLARK

He was restless that night. The television in the living room afforded no diversion. He could not study. He hadn't slept for the last three days. Pete was in a mess. He knew that his girl had broken their engagement, he knew that his old man was sore about his overdraft from the bank, he knew that if he didn't pass his courses, he'd flunk out of college. He didn't really know why he was in college. At the moment, he didn't know why he was living.

He went up to the room. Butch was there, typing. Type, type, type. That was all that guy could do. He made some passing remark. Butch didn't even notice. What a square, Butch! But when Pete went out, Butch stopped typing.

Jack came in.

"What are we gonna do about Pete?" Butch asked. "He's way out of it. Has been, for the past week."

"Don't sweat it. Pete'll work out. He's a nice guy."

Pete had gotten into a friendly wrestle with a boy down the hall. After all, he had to do something. The other guys on the floor watched and laughed. Pete was a swell guy, they all agreed. He was a lot of fun. Only Butch brooded.

At nine o'clock it came. "Hey, Pete! Telephone! Long distance." Pete's mother was calling. She was worried. How was he going to come home for Thanksgiving? Was he all right? He sounded sad. She always worried when he was sad. Why was he sad? His father had paid the overdraft but it was the last time.

Yeah . . . Yeah . . . He hung up, without having given any definite answers. Damn. Screw the whole world . . .

The sandwich man was making his nightly round. "Hey, Pete, I can't give this guy thirty-five cents. Help me out," one boy said.

"Yeah," chimed another, "I need a quarter. Loan me a quarter."

Pete gave them the money. He hardly felt anything as he did it. He was a nice guy, always happy to oblige. But when he saw Butch standing on the stairs, he couldn't help telling him to go to hell. He went back to the room. A couple of the seniors from the floor above hailed him. Nice guy, Pete. One of the best on campus.

Pete threw himself on the bed. Here was what his roommate had been writing, it had fallen to the floor. Something about the inner storm and the futility of dreams. Rats! Butch was okay, he supposed; but hell, he wasn't Shakespeare. Why was he trying to be? Crap . . . He closed his eyes but he couldn't sleep. He had to face it. He was all tied up in knots. Nobody could help. Not even himself. The futility of dreams! He was going to marry his girl. Yeah! Ha!

He jumped up. Damn it, he had to do something. He couldn't stand not doing anything. He ran downstairs. The proctor and his girl were in the living room. "Say, isn't anybody going out to eat?" Pete asked. But the proctor and his girl were not going out.

He saw Tom in the living room. That Tom! Tom smiled slyly. Pete did not smile back. He knew Tom wasn't right inside.

He went outside. A group of boys was on the sidewalk. "Isn't anyone going out to eat?"

"Naw."

"Come on. Let's get something to eat. Or let's go get a few beers."

"Why?"

"Come on. Let's do something. I gotta do something." Pete was almost wild.

"Sure," they were doubtful. But Pete was restless. Well, he was a nice guy. He was just a little shook up, that was it. They borrowed a car. When Pete got in, he didn't notice Butch standing at the window although Butch motioned to him. There was a strange look in his eyes. Butch had a funny feeling.

On the way to the tavern Pete couldn't sit still. He kept looking from side to side. When they reached the tavern, Pete started to drink; but after the first couple of beers, Pete knew he didn't want any more. He looked at the couples necking in the booths and he saw that what he had planned for was no good. He was nothing. He had never been outstanding in anything. He had never worked and his girl was through with him. He was

considered a nice guy, but that was it. He felt sick. He ran outside. The others yelled after him. The keys had been left in the car. He got in. He knew what he had to do.

Rapidly he drove back to the dorm. Butch was not in the room. Thank God! He smashed the glass on his girl's photograph. Then he went back to the car, got in and drove away. When he hit the highway, he let the car go as fast as it would.

Later no-one could understand why he did it; no-one.

Gilded horizons
dipping into
Azured ripples
dashing onto
White sand.

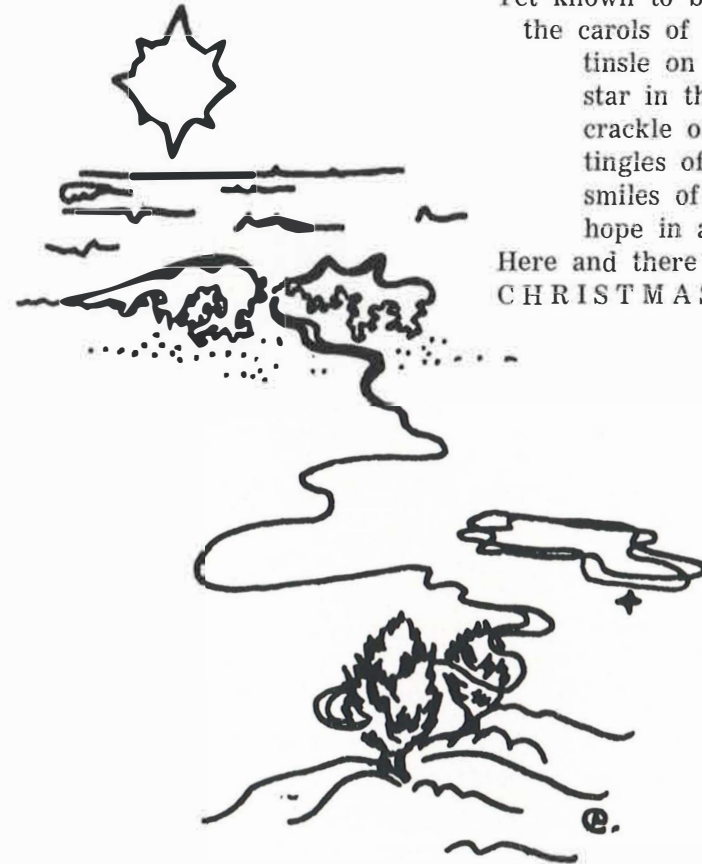
christmas card

art and verse

by Patt Corry

Misted gray heavens
sifting over
Rusted Meadows
sleeping under
White snow.

Unknown to the other
Yet known to both
the carols of choir,
tinsle on tree,
star in the sky,
crackle of corn,
tingles of thought,
smiles of the small,
hope in a heart.
Here and there to each,
CHRISTMAS



EDITORIAL

A college literary magazine ought to be a reflection of the literary interests and abilities of that college. It seems to me that a school such as Rollins with its liberal arts program should have a greater number of talented writers with a wider range of subjects than has often seemed the case in the past.

If the **Flamingo** is to maintain a freshness, it needs the contributions of more than just the core of already established writers; and it needs also a more even balance in subject and style of contributions.

The cure to the first seems to be to allot a large slice of the **Flamingo** budget to dynamite, to be used for putting to work those of the talented who play the ostrich role out of false modesty. The difficulty there is that we don't always know, especially among the freshmen, who has the talent.

As to the second point, I am certain that there are students capable of producing humorous literature, essays and satires of interest and merit, and scenes—they need not be complete one-act plays. The criteria is that they can stand on their own merit. All of these are needed if the **Flamingo** is to have balance.

The deadline for the next **Flamingo** will be early February—take note, and act accordingly.

Jody Bilbo

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