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Winter 1965

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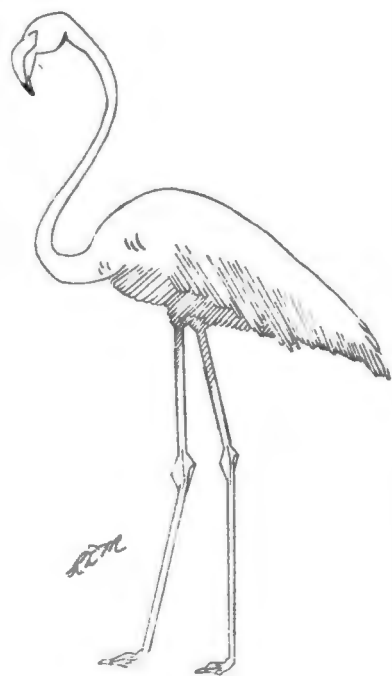
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**FLAMINGO**



Winter, 1965

Volume 49

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

# *Flamingo*

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## ***PREFACE***

*This is the FLAMINGO.*

*The works on these pages form a literary collage of original expression. Students, alumni, and faculty members are the contributors to a common goal: creativity of high merit.*

*The FLAMINGO shares this goal . . .*

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# EACH

The silence of nighthood smiles and gives to me the  
Foreverwarmth of just knowing you  
always will  
care and forever  
keep sacred

Love, that overused word which means an inner warmth of  
Knowing that forever, is now something with a meaning  
running hand in hand  
with a smiling known  
only to the  
each of our  
blessed loving, so  
deeply given to the  
every want, fear,  
desire, and the  
remembering of our  
eternity of  
trust and  
love which will  
stand on the rocks of  
life and remain for all time.

Keeping a secret with every day of my life,  
I will always know the walks of beauty and hold inviolate  
forever your secrets,  
remembering them as sacred to  
all eternity,  
not simply  
keeping them for now.

Stand on my mountain and hold my hand, for it is the strength  
of the world.

Stand on my mountain for you built, with your heart,  
its every rise in majesty.

With its strength, through my hand, through your love,  
There will be, in the world, beside me here, another,  
And on its highest pinnacle you will stand and we together, with  
the deepness of gods, will give  
justification  
for the  
all of our well-run  
race and the  
completeness of our  
actions— and be  
kissed with the approval of  
night and  
kept silent by death.

**FRANK WEDDELL**



Twenty times the earth has circled the sun since Mother's womb  
has warmed me, and still I feel a chill.

GLORIA GILES AND GREELEY WELLS

## *Howard-Poem*

Always there are pools of water I swim through with burning eyes.  
losing your balance and staying yourself with the wall  
the project of the mind's ablutions  
never works but for your secret self.  
Swimming strong toward my desire  
I have the need to drown  
every now and then

I am therefore grateful to you  
You shock me with your rueful greatness  
and the force of your lame leg is no mean strength.

As he grows lean with want  
and she with need  
"love is unnatural that is not shared."

water through all our days and dreams  
water coming between our pain  
water breaking our falling  
water the fine delineation between the dissembling of tears  
and longed for separations

we climb the stairs in silence  
gripping opposite rails  
eyeing each other sidewise and long,  
we, dry and mournful  
as we approach our wrong:  
This in the end is the irrevocable possession of touch.  
"love is unnatural that is not shared."

This you shall I think remember:  
that I, too, was once driven to put my hand out against the wall  
to keep from falling my body  
But the wall turned out to be a man.

BONNIE MILLER

# Queen Jane's Kingdom

by ELLIOT RANDOLPH

Twenty-five more yards. Brian eased off on the accelerator and let the heavy-laden truck roll into an uncluttered section of the dump. He threw the well-worn shifthandle into the reverse position and hoped that the tired gears would mesh. The counter gear whirled idly, then clattered into reverse as he released the clutch. Standing with one foot on the running board and the other on the clutch, he steered the truck to the edge of the gully that was clogged with empty cans, broken bottles, and smoldering ashes. The truck in position, he swung back inside the cabin and slammed on the emergency brake. He disengaged the gears and pulled the hydraulic lift lever. Through the dust-coated rear window, he could see the bulky wooden platform tilt upward. As the platform rose higher, the refuse from the housing development slid swiftly to its new resting place. He threw the transmission into low gear and popped the clutch. The truck lunged ahead and the few remaining pieces of plywood and concrete tumbled into the ditch. No more crap until Monday, he thought, turning off the ignition and locking the truck in its lowest gear. Knowing that he didn't have to return the truck for at least a half hour, he decided to take a stroll about the dump.

"What a scenic paradise," he said mockingly, jumping from the truck's cabin.

Suddenly, as he was walking through the waste that lay near the ditch, he heard a muffled grunt that seemed to come from the bowels of the dump itself. Startled, he looked to where he thought the noise might have come. Behind a fire-gutted stove he saw an old woman tugging fiercely at something that was stuck under a heavy car door. She was dressed sloppily in an ill-fitting, dirty pink dress. Around her thick waist was tied a ragged pale green apron. Her pink face was shrivelled like a dried prune; her wild grey hair hung disorderly over her sun-reddened neck. On her head she wore a massive, tarnished gold crown. Seeing Brian, she quickly stood up.

"What you want, boy?" she snapped sourly.

"Jesus! Not a thing. Just looking around."

"You sure you don't want nothing?" she asked, adjusting her crown.

Of course I don't want nothing."

"You ain't from the sheriff's office, are you?"

"No. Just out here dumping a load on the pile."

"What's your name, boy?"

"Brian."

"Brian, huh? Nice name. You don't know who you're talkin' to?"

"No."

"Don't you say 'no.' You say 'no, ma'am' when you're talkin' to royalty. Ain't you got no manners? You're talkin' to Queen Jane, so you act like a gentleman. I oughta make you kiss my hand and go through all the formalities, but since you didn't know I was a real queen and since we ain't in court, I suppose we can skip it."

"How long you been queen?" asked Brian.

"'Bout a year or so. Can't really remember when it all happened, but that ain't important no how."

"How come I've never seen you out here before?"

"Well, I don't wallow around this dump all day long. A lady like me ain't goin' t' spend all her day out here. Besides I got my court to attend."

It amused him. Never before had he met such an eccentric woman. Why wasn't she locked up? She seemed harmless, however, unlike the type of person he imagined floundering vainly in a padded cell of some sanitarium.

"How 'bout helpin' me with this here shoe?" she said, pointing to an old shoe that was wedged under the rusty car door.

"Sure, be glad to help," he ventured, hoping that his assistance might mollify her cranky disposition. Never having met any royalty before, he was naturally conscious of his manners. He lifted the door and she was able to free the shoe.

"There," she said proudly, holding up her newly recovered shoe and its tattered mate. She kicked off the worn slippers she was wearing and quickly laced on the heavy dusty brown shoes. "Chrissake! A little bit tight, but sho' are better than those old things," she exclaimed, standing up. She walked around in a circle, trying to accustom her feet to the old shoes.

"Glad you like them," said Brian. "Not as classy as that other pair. Anyway, those slippers didn't really become you."

"Yeah? I think so too. Glad you like them."

She continued to walk around in circles, every so often glancing down at her new shoes. She returned to where Brian was standing. "Well, boy, I got to get back to my throne room. Bein' a queen, you know, keeps me pretty busy."

"Sure, I can see. Hey, Queen, whereabouts do you live?"

"Over yonders a way—cross that fence over there," she said, pointing to a cluster of trees about twenty-five yards from the dump. "Why maybe someday I'll let you come to the court. Even make you a knight for helpin' me with this here shoe."

"I'd like that very much. Nice of you to offer."

"Well, you run along now. Maybe I'll see you around here again someday. That your truck over there?"

"Yes, I come out here every so often to dump some rubbish and junk. Work for a housing development in town."

"You wouldn't ever happen to dump any whiskey bottles out here? I get sick and tired of huntin' around and never findin' anything but old dregs, and they don't taste so good. Once and a while I find me an inch or two, but never any more."

"See what I can find. I ought to be out here Monday afternoon." The old woman seemed to come alive at the very mention of the word "whiskey." A pathetic tired old drunk, thought Brian.

"Well, you look real hard now, boy. Maybe we'll talk some more about you bein' a knight. See ya, boy."

She turned to leave. Brian said a polite "good-bye" and returned to the truck.

On the following Monday Brian did as the old woman had hoped. With him he brought a bottle of red wine. Whiskey was a bit out of his budget. He dumped the rubbish and walked where Queen Jane had indicated her house was. He climbed over the sturdy barbed-wire fence that rimmed the outskirts of the dump. About thirty yards ahead of him, half-hidden by a thick cluster of trees, he could see a small shed.

"Queen Jane!" he shouted.

In a few seconds his call was answered. "Who's that?"

"It's me, Brian. Look what I got here for you," he said, waving the bottle over his head.

The old woman, dressed in the same clothes she had worn before, her crown still on her head, walked out of the shed.

"You think this might do?"

"Lemme see it. Roma, huh? Never heard of it before, but I don't think it'll do any harm. Come on, boy! Get yourself in the throne room. Don't you waste a second."

Brian followed her into the shed. Its interior was as he expected. It reminded him of how Steinbeck's "Palace Flophouse" might have looked.

Dirty clothes and empty bottles were strewn everywhere. The queen's royal bed was a lump mattress, covered by a thin brown blanket.

"You'll have to excuse this place. My valet ain't had a chance to clean things up," she said, walking to the center of the room. She placed the bottle on a small table and turned to Brian. "I knew there was something botherin' me. We got to make you a knight. Ain't fittin' that we should open this bottle before the ceremony."

"I was hoping that you wouldn't forget. I suppose that this is pretty special."

"Special? Hell! That ain't the word for it. How many people you reckon I knighted?"

"Well, not too many I suppose."

"You're the second one I've knighted since I took over this kingdom."

"Who was the first?"

"The first? Lemme see now. . . . Oh yeah. I knighted an old cow that used to walk around these parts. Crazy old thing would chase away anyone who came around. Tried to chase off a big truck one day and got itself killed." She paused and then looked at him. "What you say we get along with the ceremony? Ain't got all day."

Queen Jane picked up a tarnished fork from the floor. "Guess this will have to do. Ain't got no fancy jeweled sword. Go on now, boy. Down on your knees."

"Don't you go and poke me in the eye with that thing," he said as he knelt down before her.

"Oh hell. You don't think I know what I's doin'? Every queen's gotta know about these things. You hold still now. I knight you in the name of the cow, all my royal dominion, and that bottle of wine we's goin' to open. There, that's all. Pretty simple, huh?"

"Yeah, not much to that. Can I get up now?"

"Sure, you get up and we can have ourselves a drink." She took down two glasses from a cupboard and wiped them off with her apron. She opened the bottle and filled both glasses to the brim. "Here you go," she said as she handed him the glass. "You drink this down and we can have some more."

Brian watched her finish off the whole glass in one swallow.

"Don't taste like no Beaujolais, but a damn sight better than that rot I find around that dump." She quickly refilled her glass. "What's holdin' you up, boy? You drink down that wine and stop bein' so rude."

He did as she said and swallowed the wine. Glancing at his watch, he saw that he had to get the truck back into town before long.

"Queen Jane, I almost forgot. I've got to get the truck back. I would like to stay, but I got my job to worry about."

"Ah, just when we was gettin' started. But you be goin' if you must."

Brian went to the door. "Thanks for everything, Queen, making me a knight. That was real nice of you."

"Ah, hell. 'Twern't much."

"Well, I got to be running. Thank you again."

"Sure thing, boy. You come back and see me again."

It was Wednesday when Brian had to drive out to the dump. He saw no trace of the Queen. Opening the door to her shed, he found the dishevelled room empty. He noticed that the bottle of wine was missing, but he expected that. He called her name a few times, but got no reply. He returned to his truck and drove back to town.

On the way back he saw a parked patrol car. Thinking that the officer might know something of the Queen's whereabouts, he pulled the truck over to the side of the road and stopped behind the car. The patrolman looked up from his clipboard as Brian came alongside.

"Excuse me, officer, have you got a second?"

"Sure. What do you want?"

"You wouldn't know what happened to that old woman that lives out there by the dump? I was just out there and didn't see her."

"You mean that crazy old witch who calls herself Queen Jane?"

"Yeah, what happened to her?"

The man began to laugh. "Jesus Christ. You should have been in town Monday night. The old girl came wanderin' in about six or so, a little bit likkored up. She had a chicken at the end of a leash. Said that it was a magic hen, supposed to lay a bottle of wine. Well, the poor chicken don't lay nothing. She just about lost her mind when the bird don't lay no bottle. She screamed and hollered at it, then gave it a kick that set it running down the street. She walked around Main Street for about ten minutes and then she sees Jerry's liquor store. She swiped a bottle of gin and drank it before two of our men found her. Chrissake! What a fight! Took 'em some fifteen minutes to strap her into a straight-jacket. She just about bit off one man's thumb."

"Where have you got her locked up now?" asked Brian.

"Couldn't keep her in the town jail. When she sobered up, she was just as wild as before. The sheriff had to move her up to the state mental hospital."

"Jesus! She really must have gone mad. Well, thank you, officer. Just curious, you know, not seeing her around the dump."

He returned to the truck and drove along the smooth road that led towards town. He felt sorry for Queen Jane, as though he were partly responsible for the episode in town. It would probably have happened sooner or later, he thought. As the old truck rattled on, he saw a white chicken walking aimlessly in the short grass that bordered the road. Around its neck was a thin leather leash. Brian slammed on the brakes and got out of the truck. The chicken didn't seem to notice him. Slowly, he crept up to where the chicken was pecking the ground. Seeing him, the bird started down the road. Brian ran after it and in a few yards was able to step on the leash. The startled chicken let out a frightened cry and began to flap its wings. He released the leash from its neck and threw the bird into the air. It fluttered vainly in the air for a few seconds and plopped to the ground. It gave Brian an angry look and scurried down the road.

"No bottles of wine in you, magic hen. Maybe you'll have better luck than your royal patron. Poor bastard." He walked back to the truck and drove on.

E. R.

## THE PACIFIST

Have you ever seen Truth,  
Jutting splintered-like wherever you walk?  
I have.  
And, like others before me,  
I bypassed it,  
For I too feared to walk on as a wounded man.

JOHN LAWRENCE SCHRUMPF, JR.

## *long ago*

much too long ago  
I was still a child  
wished for adulthood  
didn't understand  
put away childish things  
wish I hadn't  
need them now  
    need them now.  
    now that you're gone

PAM

## *There is no gift . . .*

(Class of '33           to           Class of '68)

There is no gift the old can give the young.  
    Wisdom? Without experience, how wise?  
Youth wants to know at first-hand, to be stung  
    by real hornets, truth — not wild surmise.

She is all beauty, courage and romance.  
    Adventure is a barren thing without her.  
Youth knows the answers, given half a chance;  
    do we know better who are quick to doubt her?

Yet on the other hand, youth does bequeath  
    the blessing of itself on young and old  
        with each query and each expectant breath.  
How then may we who lay the wrinkled wreath  
    of memory upon a past grown cold,  
        requite the young who have helped us cheat  
            Death?

WALLACE M. GOLDSMITH

## The Duel

Shattering the stillness, the screams  
Came like trumpet blasts across the green  
Meadows and echoed the hills beyond.  
The reply, a bugle's note, in tone as shrill  
And bolder, issued by the warring foe.  
Thunder pealed over flowers as stallions met,  
Their loves and hates decide. They dance  
Nimble-footed on the glazed ruby rocks.  
Vermillion dust clouds form over crimson  
Flowers and thirsty grass. Silence!  
One warrior remains set against the sky,  
A stallion, banner flying, black-red in the sunset.

SARA ZIMMERMAN

## OZZIE AND HARRIET

I met a viewer from an ancient set  
Who said: Two common middle-aged drones  
stand in a desert . . . near them, and worse yet,  
half-aged, a shapely visage lies, whose groans  
and wrinkled lip, and songs that ghastly get,  
Tell that its agent well the audience read  
which yet survive, stuck on lifeless happenings  
or tunes that locked them and the tones that fed:  
and on the screen these words appear:  
We are Ozzie and Harriet, of family things,  
look on our works, ye Public, and care.  
nothing else is on. Round the decay  
of that stupendous wreck, bourgeois and bare,  
the tired and tasteless shows are all that way.

JOHN GURNEY

## What I Has Been Lost

A dismal late-fall morning.  
Rain swept the windshield as constant tears eroded my cheeks  
And melancholy, creeping mutely through my veins, lodged heavily in  
the pit of my stomach.

My love was gone;  
His flame burned out;  
My life was gone.

I sat, rigid, yet almost weightless—  
Feeling not of this tangible world, but of another,  
Perhaps of the ghoulish world of that visible but untactile mist.  
I strained to touch, to hear, to smell.

But there was nothing.

Far below me lounged a strip of beach dotted erratically,  
obscenely, with boulders.  
In the distance, those silently flushed cliffs offered me peace.  
I needed them.

I opened the door and stepped to the ground.  
The pitiless Wind bore into my back and hysterically coerced  
lilliputian stones to gouge my skin.  
In its superiority, it pushed me down the steep grade.  
The noise and the cold, and the bitter stones beneath my bare feet  
Brought tears of pain and angry self-pity to my eyes.

But I did not resist.

I fell breathlessly upon the beach and begged the Sand to welcome me.  
I dug my fingers into her, seeking comfort.  
But she was cold now.  
She saw through me.  
She knew it was not her beauty I sought, but her consolation.

I was rejected.



I drew into myself— estranged from the contemptuous Sand,  
And hopefully sought the Sun,  
The Sun that had warmed us as we loved.  
But it too escaped me and hid deep in the pockets of strong, nebulous  
clouds.

It was afraid.

Our jagged gray Cliff begged me to climb it.  
It pretended to be the same.  
I had to escape the frigid Sand. I ran towards the Cliff,  
My arms outstretched, my heart bursting with hope.  
I wanted to clutch it to my breast.  
Desperately I tried to grip the wall—  
I clawed wildly, uncontrollably at the unwieldy mass.

I was defeated— and fooled.

I used to love that Cliff.  
It was ours. Hand in hand,  
Heart with heart, we loved it as we had loved each other—forever—  
No, not forever.

The Sea was my eternal friend, or so I thought.  
Its rhythm lent our love stability as we marveled at the  
finality of each salted drop ending its life upon the shore.  
But its finality now is meant for me.  
Black heaving waves roar their judgment—  
They ask me to die.

Now, here am I, a leper, a convict, an outcast.  
Here am I, alone, brimming with self-pity wrung drop by drop from love.  
Here am I, mourning the loss of Father Nature, the creator of my world.  
Where am I to go?

The wind blows.  
I hate— hate those smirking Cliffs and frenzied Waters—  
Hate— the lightheaded Sand and disdainful Sky—  
Hate Nature and God and Life—  
But hate above all,

Myself.

I. M. H.

## *Jug of War*

You, being love, pile cloud upon cloud

Purifying

Sanctifying

Bleaching

Illuminating.

Hungry, your words pull expressions

Of entity

Of infinity

Of clarity.

Eager, your arms surround

Beauty

Perfection

Warmth

Precision.

Ambitious, your hands build

Palaces on sand

Fame on medians

Fortunes on pilgrimage

Sagacity on willingness.

Impetuous, your eyes examine

Attainable improbabilities

Removeable irritations

Reduceable wordiness

Increaseable nothingness

How can I  
Isolate innocence?  
Coagulate consciousness?  
Rid wrongness?  
Plead Purity??  
Goddamn it . . . You don't love me —  
You don't even know my middle name . . .

**GLORIA GILES**

The moon shades the source of another day  
And provides a solace to what has gone before and is to come  
Before the dawn breaks anew our efforts to maintain  
Ourselves against a moon-filled life of no light.

Comes the day and bright spaces  
Which await our time to fulfill  
With construction which wisps away  
In our hopes of immortal places.

**DINNY**

# *Background Music*

Sipping the cinnamon flavored coffee,  
Drifting with the lyrics and guitar  
On a stream of indefinable feelings —  
Memories, or longings?  
As ethnic as a madras wrap-around  
She sits caressed by smoke and is  
Vaguely involved in the stories  
Of migrant dope-addicts and star-crossed railroad men.  
And a little later, in the tiny ladies' room,  
She is rather startled when she hears  
A heart-broken whisper from the face in the mirror  
And her words hang strangely in the air:  
"Love me."

ANNE HATHAWAY

my love nails paper valentines to the  
backs of my eyelids  
and whistles the tune of falling cherry  
rain in a cold blue summer

my love tickles my ear with a warm red  
dragon feather  
and speaks words of clove and thyme  
and small yellow winters

my love pastes fresh green feeling  
to my fingertips  
and tastes the flavors of golden emeralds  
sprinkled on a velvet autumn

my love breathes ascending confetti into  
my drowning brain  
and sings the song of eyes drinking the  
signs of lavender spring

**KORT FRYDENBORG**

# CATS

cats  
are lazy backstabbing creatures  
cats  
their only use is for beauty's sake  
cats  
slinking, sliding, silent  
cats  
working only for themselves  
cats  
quiet, quick, quite quarrelsome  
cats  
are lazy backstabbing creatures  
girls  
are cats.

**PAM**

## CLOSING

It's a male-less world again, protected  
By the locks and the alarm,  
Full of lucky, carefree girls  
We look a little blurred around the eyes.  
Home now from having fun with carefree boys,  
The girls are somewhat smudged about the mouth  
Since liquor, lust, or frenzied dance,  
Or the incredible boredom  
Of sweet, polite dishonesty  
Will inevitably leave traces  
On their young and . . . carefree? . . . faces.

**ANNE HATHAWAY**



