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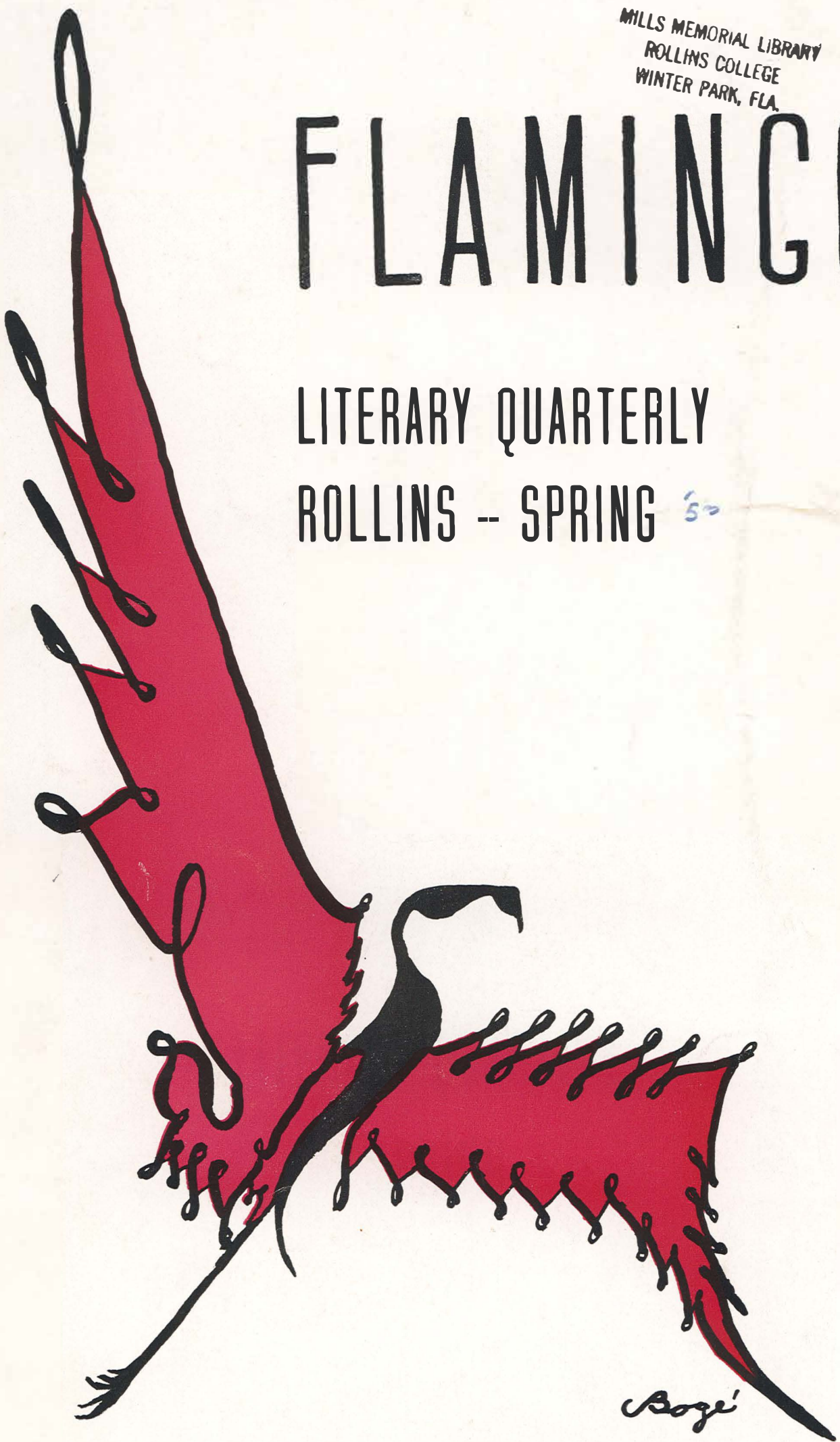
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FLAMINGO

LITERARY QUARTERLY

ROLLINS -- SPRING 50



Boze

VOL. 29, NO. 3, 1953

FLAMINGO

ROLLINS
LITERARY QUARTERLY
SPRING

THE FLAMINGO

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EDITORIAL

The magazine you hold in your hands represents despair—turned into joy in many cases. Three days before the deadline I despaired of getting enough material to fill a book. Now I proudly offer what I think is the finest collection of prose and poetry to appear this year. I am grateful for the help from unexpected sources, but try as I may I fail to see that an editor's job should necessitate as much pleading as was required to produce this issue. I edit the FLAMINGO that you may exhibit your talent. I do not claim to be spiritual heiress to Edward Bok or Joseph Pulitzer, but it is a distinct honor to be published in the FLAMINGO. Your success with this editor is, in very small measure, an indication of the success you will have in the literary world outside.

With this issue we inaugurate a new policy. We intend, for as long as it is feasible, to give the artists on this campus a share in the FLAMINGO. We hope you like the sketches we present to you.

With this issue I end my first year as an editor. I have sincerely tried to put out a magazine for you and by you. If I have been successful, I have only you to thank. If I have failed—we both have another year in which to try again.

Ethel Ilene Deikman

PORTRAIT

NANCY GRIESSER

Wrapped in clay
You exist
Breathing to time
You live
Warm with pain
You understand
Loving all
You sympathize
Sensitive soul
You search



TWILIGHT

CHRIS CHARDON

I stopped to watch the soft wind pass
With hurried footsteps through the grass
And saw through treetops left ajar
One little half-awakened star!

COMMUNION

Funny-faced moon—

If I smile at you,
will you give it to him
so he'll not feel blue?

All you billions of stars—

you'll like him, I know.
Wink at him for me;
I miss him so.

Then came the rains
with a lonely sigh.
And we cried together,
Rain and I.

The winds can caress him
at their every whim.
I kissed a soft breeze
and sent it to him.

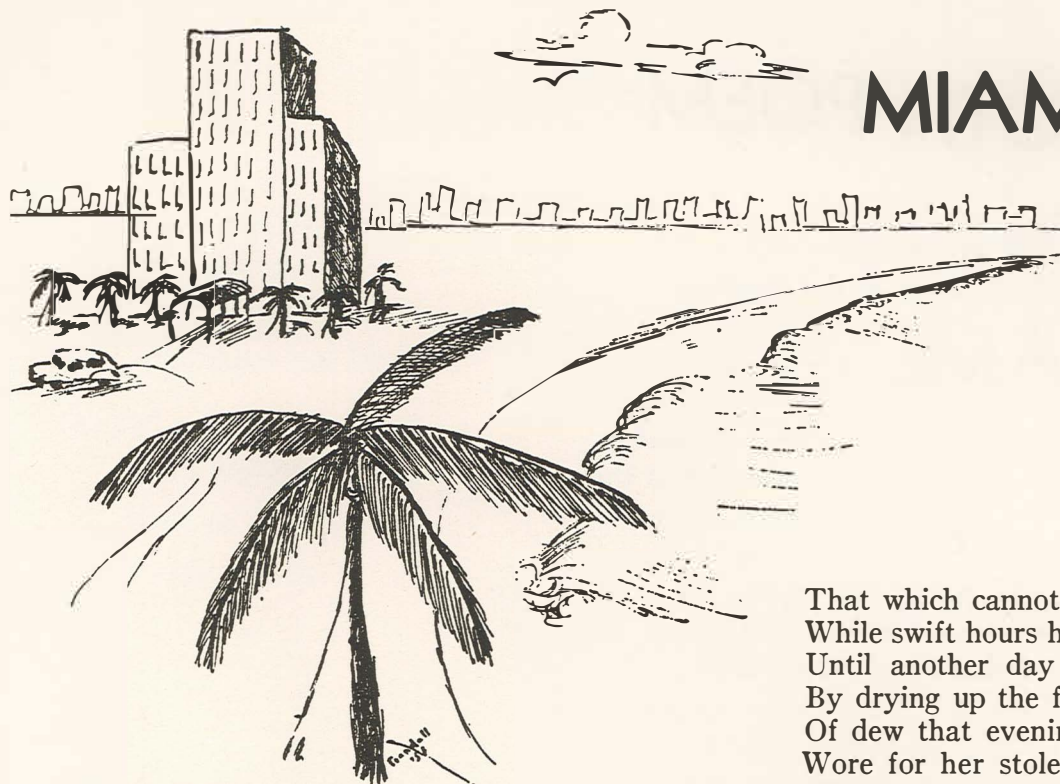
I spoke to a wave
that had a whisper like his.
“Tell him I love him—
all that there is.”

JEAN CLOUGH

POEM

CAROL FARQUHARSON

I sit by the water,
The stillness of the evening,
The words of your letter
Envelop me with a strange qualm.
"I shall see you soon,
 "Your ever-loving friend"
Friend? . . . even the sound of the word
Leaves an emptiness within me.
Revolving ripples of liquid glass
Fade quietly. Reflecting mirror-like
Images. Whirlpools of thought.
Our last summer together.
A cabin, a hidden lake, a wood.
Long summer days.
Wading beside a grassy bank,
 Splashing,
Warm sun on dripping bodies,
 Smiling,
 Laughing.
Summer evenings,
Sharing silence.
Our companionship unhurried
By man or duty.
A summer so full, we thought it must have
Overflowed to worlds
Unknown.
The image before me blurs.
The abruptness of our separation
Appears. We pleaded, but
Time denies us and flees.
I am sitting by the water,
Your letter says
You will come to me.
I find even this hard to believe,
It has been so long.
How can I tell you?
I must answer your letter.
My hand trembles a little as I write.
I recall our sad separation.
Time has again intervened.
. . . "I have found another friend!"



MIAMI BEACH

1953

PAULA CRANDALL

The city gleams as if
Unfolding from some fantasy
Or tale spun by a
Storyteller who
Looks and finds his words
Made real, yet cannot believe.
A place of contrasts
Of great vitality and color
And of solitude.
On its straight streets
The sun hurls moving
Shadows against the
Panels in store windows,
And the heat lurks
In sheltered places
To rush out with the breeze
And wrap you in its
Smothering folds.
The regal palms, profuse
Along the splendid highways,
Carry in their slender fronds
Varicolored lights that
Make them strangely
Blue and yellow when night comes
And the tourist
Noises begin.
Then the huge nightclubs,
The ceaseless round
Of hollow laughter
And concealed tears,
Claim the sunburned masses
Who seek a way of forgetting

That which cannot be forgotten.
While swift hours hurry by
Until another day begins
By drying up the frail film
Of dew that evening
Wore for her stole
When she ventured out
To see this new squirrel's cage
That man has made
To go around in.
And the weary transients,
Sensing the strange emptiness,
Rush here and there as if afraid
That life is passing them by:
And perhaps it is.
It never stops,
The throbbing heart of this
Constantly changing, constantly
New metropolis.
Expanding like some uncoiling
Monster it absorbs
A suburb here,
A residential district there,
Seeming never to tire.
The dirty fishing boats
That hire out to red-faced
Business men in clean
Linens, the traffic lights,
The clamoring voices,
The blatant symphony of
Sound; all are ephemeral.
But what is lasting,
The ocean and the seasons
And the stately trees;
The ripping sand and
Enervating warmth and
Summer breeze; they stay.
While all else alters itself,
Or is altered.

THE MOTH AND THE FLAME

ALEX JOHNSON

Come now, stop thy fluttery frownings
Stay and stroke my locks of red.
(I would like thy downy gownings)
(Glowing warmly in my bed!)
Too long tied in brown surrounding
Of thy mother's silken skeins,
Who could chide the subtle pounding,
Sounding now within thy veins?
Thy opalescent wings are glinting,
Flashing with affinity;
Thy powdery breast with pink is tinting,
Swelled with passion's symmetry.
Let not distant words deflect thee,
Taste of love while young thou art!
I've roaring brightness to protect thee,
If th'art troubled in thy heart.
This grey beneath my fiery tinders
Is not what it seems to be;
I swear 'tis not thy sister's cinders,
Regard not rumor floating free.
I will be thy flaming consort,
None will know and none will scold;
There now, fold thy wings for comfort,
Zounds! thy little feet are cold!
Closer come now, surely fear not
Tales thy mother told to thee;
Rest assured that thee I'll sear not,
Closer come now,—tenderly—
My breath is hot? My arms are burning?
My heated ardor gives thee fright?
Pray, how could I, with such yearning,
Glow at lower Fahrenheit?
Why came thee here with female fluttering,
Swishing thy chrysalic frame?
Setting then my sparks a sputtering,
From the tongue tips of my flame!
Then fly! and tend thy smarted blisters,
Tokens of my carnal pow'r,
But return as did thy parted sisters,
And thou shalt have thy charnel hour!

SONG

MARY GRACE HOWE

I sigh, is there anyone listening?
I cry, in the shadow of fear.
I die, in the empty silence,
But still no one cares or comes.
I care, but without an answer;
I dare, but my heart is not glad.
I bear a burden of terror waiting,
But still no one cares or comes.
Still sad, I go on waiting;
Still glad, with remembrances;
I wait the lonely hours out,
But still no one cares or comes.
I wait in the echoes of madness,
I hate, then I love once more;
Until at last, in one wonderful moment,
Someone cares, and someone comes.

NIGHTMARE

MARY GRACE HOWE

Palm trees, etched in green, curving;
Drums with constant beat unswerving;
Stars with cold, luminous glare,
Nightmare.

Waves of blue despair, breaking,
Night echoes all around me, aching;
Tragedy's loud, last call of despair,
Nightmare.

Music through the night, winding;
Voices forgotten, but reminding;
I must find myself, but where?
Nightmare.

Voices mingle, brittle laughter;
Tears remain, shouts echo after;
Many speak, few really care,
Nightmare.

Empty sound and empty silence
Proud denial, shrill defiance
I must leave, do I dare?
Nightmare.



Why is it, when I have a friend so dear
To me, that I cannot make him to see
How much his presence brings in joy to me?
Is it because when I to him am near
My inner conscience doth begin to fear,
And thus remains like to an unused key,
Which, aged and rusted can no longer be
Administered to help unlock and clear
The way into his high and lofty thoughts?
Or is it that *his* thoughts cannot be held
In making friends that shall so soon be lost
Because of absence? Absence! thou thief that
mocks
The cherished chain of gold which binds and
welds
True friendship, why canst thou not become
engrossed
In helping me to win his comradeship?

SONNET

PETE LARKIN

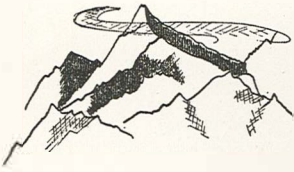
You lie! You have not loved, nor known love's
way:

When you have waked to wish that you had died
The short night past, so staying the cruel tide—
The anguish of a lifetime in a day?
When has the hellish ogre seized with glee
And savagery on thy taut soul strings,
So strained with passion that thy soul's voice
sings:

"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?"

When have you felt the surging dark desire
To rise up and with tight fists, vicious slaps
To rain upon the blazing copper sky;
To wail down through eternity; to try
To press a nail against thy brain and lapse
To bliss, a gentle idiot retire?

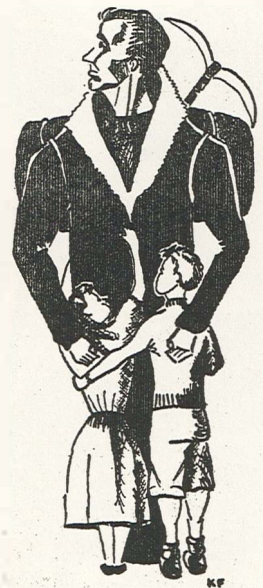




THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

By Kitty Fixx

Go. Prove yourself.
You who slip on the mountain
Bear no grudge toward the jagged edges.
The constant defeats challenge manliness.
You forgot, though, that love will be challenged,
too.
Patience and challenge come with maturity.
The children are secure and impatient. Need
that
Be put to test?
They will not know the purpose, nor can
You explain by showing to them the mist-
covered steps
Through the frosted window.
When you return with rope burns and sanguine
skin,
I will embrace you.
And you,
You shall draw the small blond heads to your
pounding chest.
If you should not return . . . ?
Will the children understand and admire?
And,
Would you have proved your manliness?





ALIEN BOY

PETE LARKIN

Don-Michael was the only alien color visible in the great fabric of golden grain through which he was running. Ever since he could remember he had always loved to come out and wade through these waist-deep waves, letting the hot Kansas sun sting his shoulders and arms. Many times his youthful eyes had watched the shadow projections of the clouds which moved gracefully over the huge fields. It had been his sea of gold, and when his heart was caught up in its beauty and boundlessness, he would close his eyes and run very far, loving the wind against his face and the prickle of the stubble on his bare feet. Now he was running faster and faster through the swaying stalks with warm tears falling from his cheeks. Finally, exhausted and panting, he sank down on his knees. As he looked far out over the field, he noticed for the first time how desolate and lonely it was. He brushed the wet lines from his cheeks with his arm, but they were quickly replaced by fresh ones. "Can't operate no farm without a woman, son." That's what Dad had said. Don-Michael tried the old game of putting his eyes just to the level of the top of the grain and looking far out, but it was no use. Even the grasshoppers he placed on his palm just slithered away without really jumping. The world went right on just as if nothing had happened. The pale face and body that had been his mother had twitched painfully in its moment of suffering, but had stopped. Everyone had stared at mother sleeping in that ugly box, they had watched her lowered into the ground, and had cried, but then they had gone right on. He had been too scared to cry; he had secretly rubbed his eyes to make them red. Underneath he knew he loved her more than anybody, but still he had done it. Even if he hadn't meant to, no one could deny that it was his fault. Don-Michael lay down, mashing down the grain stalks under his weight. As he shut his eyes from the sun's brightness, the same pictures came to haunt him again.

Mother stood on the porch of their little, gray, windblown house, the only house visible on the wide-streaching land. The sun was falling below the horizon, but still reflected its diffused light in the west.

"Don-Michael, I knows you hasn't done your evenin chores yet. Get up from playin with them derved tin soldiers. You ain't done nuthin round here since you got them soldiers. Just see if'n you get any more presents when your father and

I goes to town again. Now git up off the ground before I gets you off!"

"Jest a minute, Mum, 'cause my army's just bout ready to attack . . ." His mother walked slowly over with her face puckered in disgust, and stood watching with arms folded. Occasionally she brushed back a stray wisp of her gray hair which the wind had disarranged.

"Them livestock got to be penned fore dark. Git up," she insisted impatiently. Don-Michael, busy in his raid, didn't look up to say,

"Jest a minute, Mum."

"Git up now." She grabbed his arm firmly. Don-Michael looked up startled, his face distracted with urgency.

"Aw, please, Mum. It's almost over . . . just one more—"

"Git up, son." She lifted him up bodily by the arms, but he wrenched away from her grasp and let out a howl. "Go on now. Git the chores done." He turned away with pouting lips and a truculent expression. "Git on, I says, before I calls your father." Her voice was steely and final.

"It would have only taken me a couple of minutes to finish my game, then—" Don-Michael's eyes blazed defiance through gathering tears, but the rest of his words were lost in blubbing as his mother grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him again and again. "—I wish you were dead!" The words were out before he knew he had said them, and their echo rolled around, swabbing his insides with a bitter guilt. He ran to the house.

Then that nightmare was the long nightmare of the muffled scuffling and the pale glowing candles moving slowly through the hallway, the hushed whispers behind hands, the endless basins of boiling water to be heated, the first faint groans from upstairs, and the mute expectation in every silent object, waiting, wanting for something to happen. All night Don-Michael sat in the kitchen watching the bubbles rise to the top of the boiling water. He wanted to go to Dad and tell, but deep-gnawing fear kept him motionless except for an occasional shivering motion.

Finally the shadows outside began to take shape, and he raised tired eyes to watch the faint light touch the horizon. He realized how oppressive and lonely the night had been, and rose to

did it!" His body wrenched from side to side on the ground as he cried out. But hearing the sound of his voice, he stopped; he knew then that his cries, lost out over the endless fields, were futile . . . there was no help.

He reached into his overall pocket and brought out his pocketknife. Tight-lipped, he opened the blade and watched the light flash on it. He turned his left arm over and examined the movement of the blue veins in his wrist as he opened and closed his hand. He set the cold metal point against his skin, moving it up and down his arm. His eyes were transfixed on the point with a deep, faraway gaze. There were no tears now. The knife was poised on the wrist, but, suddenly, in a moment of irresolution, his head fell forward on his arm. He saw the chalk-white profile of a woman in an ugly box, but she was not moving, not even breathing. The kind lines of her face showed great suffering. He would suffer now—he felt a warm wetness on his ear. He looked up and saw the blood trickling down his arm from the slit in his wrist. He stared curiously, unbelievably, at it before slowly removing the knife. He watched motionless and tense for a moment as the blood oozed. Suddenly he jumped up, dropping the knife, and began to run out across the field, plowing through the dense grain with wild, unseeing eyes. Twice he fell, brushing the golden grain with crimson, but each time he bounded up and kept running, running. As he neared the lonely gray house, he could make out a man sitting on the front steps, head in hands. He ran to him. "Dad, I did it, I did it!" His father looked into Don-Michael's eyes without speaking. "I killed Mum, I killed her," he blurted out. His father slowly rose from the steps and put his arms around his boy.

"Mum died of a brain tumor," he said quietly. Silence. Don-Michael's eyes were fixed straight ahead on the buttons of his father's shirt blank but occasionally blinked, covering their blank depths. "Where did all that blood come from, Don-Michael turned slowly from his father's arms. "I . . . I fell down running," he answered vaguely, looking out over the wide golden fields.

find his father. He wiped his tense hands on his flannel night gown and padded barefoot down the hall. As he reached the top of the stairs, his father met him.

"Dad, I have something to—"

"Come with me quickly, son," Don-Michael was led to his mother's room. He smelled all the panic and heartache of a hospital in its medicinal odors. Mother was lying on the grayish linen of the bed. She was pale and tired looking. At the nudging of his father, he approached the bed.

"Mother," he said hoarsely. She only brought him closer to her, pushing back his blond forelock, and kissed him on the forehead. She smiled weakly before sinking back on the pillow. Don-Michael felt a firm grip on his arm and he was led from the room.

"We've done all we can, so go to bed now and sleep," his father said in a hushed voice, placing his hand tenderly on the boy's shoulder.

"But, Dad—"

"Go to bed, son," his father said so simply and directly that Don-Michael started for his room. He had gone halfway down the hall when he turned and crept back past the dozing doctor in the next room to his mother's room. He put his ear to the door and listened. All he could hear was soft sobbing at first, but then he turned and ran down the hall—he didn't think it was right for his father to talk like that . . . even if God had made a mistake!

* * *

As Don-Michael lay remembering in the field, his heart began to beat faster and faster. Then the world was distorted through watery eyes. He pressed them shut, spilling the tears out. In his mind's vision the sun was a black disk, the grain was transformed into black crepe, and the clouds were turned to gray smoke. He ran and ran waist-deep in the smoke and darkness. He was alone, running up the ramp of cloudy black froth . . . higher and higher . . . then falling and shouting. "She's dead! She's dead! I did it! I



THE FLAMINGO



THE OAK AND THE BULRUSH

DAVID SPRAGUE

"Hello, little girl. What are you doing out here all alone?"

"I like it here."

"So do I. But most people would think we're crazy to come out to the woods before dawn."

"I am crazy."

"So am I. It's nice here, isn't it?"

"You know what this is?"

"The foggy, foggy dew."

"I know it. It's also pearl-grey mist kissing away the sleep from the earth."

"That sounds corny."

"I guess it does at that."

"What's your name?"

"Ralph. What's yours?"

"Mary. I don't like it, do you?"

"Not too well. How old are you?"

"Twelve. I'm precocious."

"I can see that. What do you do, go to school?"

"Yes. I don't like it, though, because they never teach you anything about the foggy, foggy dew. Only arithmetic and English and all that stuff."

"I know."

"What are you?"

"A carpenter, I guess. And a writer."

"What do you write about?"

"Oh, I write about little girls I meet in the woods at dawn."

"Are you going to write about me?"

"I don't know. Should I?"

"No. I don't think so."

"Why?"

"Because it always ruins everything when you talk about it."

"All right. I won't write about you."

"You know why I like it here? Because it's so honest."

"That's so. Do you know why you like honesty?"

"Sure. Because if you're not honest, then you have to keep trying real hard all the time to hide things, and when you try real hard to hide yourself then you get all nervous and aren't happy."

"Most people aren't happy, then, are they?"

"They're all unhappy. But not just because they aren't honest."

"Why?"

"Because they're all afraid. And you know why they're afraid? Because they're not honest and hide themselves from themselves, so they don't even know what's inside them. And then they're scared of themselves because they don't know what's going on inside. Like when you're scared of a dark room."

"Are you glad you're precocious?"

"No. Yes."

"It's a big responsibility, isn't it?"

"Ralph, are you scared of yourself like the others?"

"No. I turned the light on in my dark room."

"My room was never dark."

"It will be. It will be. Did you ever hear the hear the story about the bulrush and the oak?"

"Yes. But you can tell me again."

"Well, there was once a very slender, very supple little bulrush who lived right down the bank from a mighty oak tree. Now, the oak was very proud of himself, because he had what he called integrity."

"Now, the oak's integrity was his stiffness and rigidity. The little bulrush, however, had no integrity. He would sway and give easily to the slightest breeze, while the mighty oak would stand stiff and still through the heaviest of winds. But one day came a great storm. It was a storm so violent and powerful that the black clouds scudded before it like geese before a bull. With the first blast, the slender bulrush bent to the ground, giving way before the mighty force of the wind. But the oak stood proudly and stiffly, unable to bow. The mighty oak was old and strong. But he was stiff, and he cracked before the tremendous onslaught of the wind. The little bulrush, of course, was unhurt, because he gave way to the superior force. There is a moral to this story. Do you know what it is?"

"I know what it is, but it doesn't mean anything."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, most people are stiff and rigid, all right. But they're a little like the bulrush too. Most people are like the mighty, rigid oaks, only they're only about a foot high."

THE FLAMINGO

"That't funny."

"Ludicrous, you mean."

"Oh, yes. I forgot you're precocious."

"When you write a story, do you always have it tell a moral?"

"I guess it happens pretty often."

"You should've been a preacher."

"No. I shouldn't have been a preacher, because anything really true doesn't have to be proved. And preachers try so hard to prove things."

"Don't you try to prove things in your stories?"

"No, I don't think so. I just try to help people see what they're looking at."

"Are your stories good?"

"Yes, they're good. They're good because I enjoy them. That's all."

"You know why I come out here, Ralph?"

"The foggy, foggy dew?"

"Yes, partly. But I come out here because I have ideals. And when I come out here I can sort of see them better."

"It's silly to have ideals, you know."

"I know it's silly. But I like to be silly, don't you?"

"I sure do."

"You know what my silliest ideal is?"

"No, what?"

"To get married."

"The foggy, foggy dew, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Shall we get married?"

"When?"

"Now."

"Yes."

It was noon, and slender young girl, blonde and fair-eyed, blossoming with the first signs of adolescence, walked down the steps of the schoolhouse with her companions. She wore blue jeans and a boy's shirt—the style. Her friends were speaking to her.

"What are they going to do to him, Mary?"

"Probably put him in jail, I guess."

"Boy, he can get almost life, I bet!"

"He stood very straight and stiff when they found us, you know. He stood very solemnly and told the truth." Mary smiled.

"Well all I can say, Mary, is it a good thing you're so young, or they wouldn't have believed you."

"I feel sorry for him."

"You do?"

"Sure. He didn't even understand the moral of his own story."



THE BIBLE

AND THE BAYONET

ROBERT NEWTON PECK

PART I

Rob Stevenson was a boy with a gun
 A boy with a dog whose name was Rill
 Who walked at his heel, as he kicked the leaves,
 And worshipped him with her silent eyes.
 He held the gun in the crook of his arm
 It was more of a walk instead of a hunt.
 Rill knew this as she sniffed the air
 And passed a coon track without a care.
 He stopped and sat upon a rock
 And fondled the gun with its hickory stock
 But his thoughts were a thousand miles away
 Wondering what France could be about
 In order to keep the Germans out.
 Could Germans be as cruel as that,
 To trespass the women and kill the men,
 And cut off the hands of the Belgian?
 Europe must be having a nightmare.
 The Huns were beasts or something worse,
 We ought to go over and whip 'em for fair.
 But Ma and Pa had voted for Wilson
 To keep the country out of the war,
 To keep him home to work the farm.
 So he sat and thought of the tired land
 And Rill put her cold wet nose in his hand.
 He slowly unfolded his lanky frame
 Up from the rock, and shouldered his gun
 And started home.

It was getting cold;
 The weather was ripe like October apples,
 The last red dance of the last red leaf,
 When pumpkins were piled by an old black mill.
 A partridge drummed, and Vermont was rich,
 Vermont was sober, crimson, and still.
 He was walking by the Whitfield place.
 He'd heard Ed Whitfield had up and enlisted
 And was training down in Waterloo.
 He wanted to go, but in order to
 He'd probably have to lie his age.
 Up the back pasture, and along the red barn
 He heard the heavy breathing of cows,
 Munching their silage to milk and cream
 And dreaming dreams only cows may dream.

PART II

Rob sat alone with his father that evening
 While his mother was clearing the supper
 dishes.
 He admired his father for what he was,
 The Reverend John Stevenson of Cornwall,
 Vermont,
 With a head like Peter, and a heart like Samson,
 And a jaw that could kill a thousand Philistines.
 But when he kisses his wife, it was not the kiss
 Of a preacher, but of the man who sank an axe
 Deeper than any man in the county.
 But yet, Rob thought, he was a tender man,
 As he sat, reading his Bible with tired eyes.
 He turned a page, his hands seeming to caress
 The worn leaves as if he loved them,
 Impatient to quench his soul with scripture.
 He looked up quickly, the coals of his eyes,
 Once fanned by the cleansing of the temple,
 Now softened by embers.
 "What does the paper say?" he asked.
 Rob read aloud from the "Cornwall Thursday,"
 "American ship is U-Boat Victim."
 Wilson Forces Draft. Buy Bonds!
 War Inevitable!"
 John Stevenson got up from his rocker
 And put his spectacles back in the case.
 He walked to the window that looks to the barn
 His heavy frame commanding the place.
 "Boy" he said, "You're seventeen.
 Right young to be fighting a war,
 When the war is someone else's war.
 "It's gnawing your conscience, isn't it son?
 It's in your blood to be wanting to go.
 Your grandfather fought at Gettysburg,
 Antietam, the Wilderness, and Shiloh.
 But war is wrong, and black as death,
 And warring men, the Good Book saith,
 Shall feel His wrath, and by His hand
 Thou shalt not kill thy fellow man."
 His mother softly came in from the kitchen
 Nellie Stevenson, the minister's wife,
 Wiping her hands on her muslin apron.
 To hear this talk of drum and life.
 She saw the anxious face of her son
 And knew in her way, as mothers do,
 That her boy was going off to war.

PART III

Marching, marching, marching, marching—
 He wondered why he'd ever enlisted,
 But he could keep up with the rest of them,
 He was all legs, and used to walking.
 He pitied the pudgy man at his side,
 A sweating tomato on jellyroll legs.
 But yet they'd be soldiers, day by day,
 And they were proud of their swollen feet.
 A Praetorian Guard of clerks and farmers
 He'd never forget the day he left Rutland
 To join the 63rd New York.
 The folks came from Cornwall, his Mother tried
 To be as brave as he, and cried.
 Jenny Slater had come along with them
 And looked like she'd almost up and kiss him.
 As he shook the wet palm of his father,
 He tried to look like a veteran soldier,
 But wore a uniform smelling of moth balls.
 "Keep the Home Fires Burning"
 "It's A Long Way To Tipperary"
 "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here"
 "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France"
 'And we won't come back 'till it's over, Over
 There."

PART IV

Rob Stevenson, a boy with a gun,
 But not in France to shoot at squirrels.
 It was new sport, a game called battle.
 No longer an untried virgin soldier
 Playing with strange new toys of war,
 But a killer of men, with eyes to match
 That squint their hate at the enemy
 And flared their hunger for Germany.
 Oh, thou bloody bayonet,
 Iron prostitute of mars,
 Jaws of God-created steel,
 That bite His feeding hand.
 Oh, thou bitter bayonet,
 Bearing blood of broken bodies,
 Burning beauty's bandit band,
 Satan's very battle brand.
 Rob Stevenson, cleaning his bayonet,
 That was whetted on the family Gospel
 Until it shines like the Testaments,
 Which pierced the naked German bossom
 And scarred the hated Prussian breast,
 Has turned its point against its master,
 His cup to fill with bitterness,
 His living heart with death.

THE FLAMINGO

PART V

Argonne Forest,-the second day
Brought a cold gray dawn in a sullen sky,
Cold gray men with cold gray souls,
Yankee targets for German artillery.
The 63rd New York moved up,
Cutting its teeth on bursting shells,
And cursing the enemy out like Hell.
The heavy mud made the going slow.
They beat the mules to make them go.
They dragged the battery into position
To blast the Prussians to Perdition.
Pulling and straining in the mire
And torn to rags by enemy fire.
They died, screaming, for their mothers.
They saw, in death, all men are brothers.
Rob Stevenson, a man with a gun
Running forward, the only one,
The urge to kill his only rule
Charged the shells like a fighting fool
Forever to hate and all is cruel
A boy that war made into a tool
Only to fall by a dying mule.

PART VI

In No Man's Land, there is no sound
Except a whimper or a sigh
From men who rot upon the ground
And pray for nothing, but—to die.
Rob Stevenson, with dying eyes,
Looked Heavenward. His tears
Were not the iron tears of war
But those of his childhood years.
The hands that gripped the bayonet
Are clenched in final prayer,
To grip the bayonet no more
But let it lie, forgotten, there.

PART VII

"Hail, the Conquering Hero"
"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again"
"Home to the Arms of Mother".
Cornwell, Vermont—the quiet life
Courteous as before
Except that, Ned, the neighbor's boy
Comes to do the chores
To milk the cows as Rob had done
And Rob will do no more.
Come, walk a sleepy country lane
And hope that you may see
The last red dance of the last red leaf
Fall from a maple tree.
Vermont—the rich and rocky land
Where Stevenson was born.
So draw a breath of crimson air
And sound your hunting horn.
And if you hear a boy and dog
Answer from the hills—
Perhaps, no matter where or when,
It may be Rob and Rill.

BROOKS RECALLED

TONY PERKINS

The fall term sport at prep school was football, of course. My second year I got the job of assistant manager, a position envied because it meant association of a sort with the older boys and also because it required a minimum of exertion and time. Practices were held from three in the afternoon until five-thirty, when, with the dull tolling of the bell, the players jogged across the pitted fields to hot showers and to dress for dinner. In the last moments of light I would gather up the stray helmets and towels and loaded down with water buckets and ladles, clatter back across the silent darkening fields towards the lights and laughter of the school.

On Fridays after lunch there were football games with other schools. I didn't have to work at games as that was the regular manager's job. Attendance was encouraged by heated speeches in the dining hall, but we haughty young boys often seized these afternoons to chase free and unhindered through the deserted old buildings, shouting away the dusty silence with our running and our sharp, echoing cries of exultation.

One such afternoon as we sprawled on the shaded steps of Thorne House, hot-faced and tired after an hour's roughhouse, we were alarmed to hear from a stout second former named Prentice who came running breathlessly up the gravel path, that Bob Mauk, a favored senior and house prefect at Old Whitney, the dormitory in which I lived, had been injured in the game. We ran the quarter mile to the field to see the white ambulance drawing away down the main road. We were told by some upper classmen that Mauk was indeed in a bad way and that an immediate operation was necessary. But of course everyone had a different story. The game continued and we lost and that evening at dinner the headmaster rose to say that it was his extremely unfortunate duty to inform us that Mauk had died at the hospital and that classes would stop at noon the following day for special chapel services and that we should conduct ourselves in a particularly decorous manner during the weekend; and that all activities and athletics were prohibited for three days.

The regular evening chapel service that night was longer than usual and as we knelt upright on the hard wooden floor, paying little attention to the reading, we thought of Mauk, or at least I know I did, and how kind and friendly he had been to us at all times. He had been the champion of the lower forms, had argued for us at meetings and advocated privileges heretofore reserved for the upperschool boys. Selfishly I wondered who would help us now. The organ music, hastily reselected, was somber and thoughtful. I do not think there was a boy there who was not genuinely sorry about the death of Mauk.

We younger boys lived in small, single windowed cubicles without ceilings and a curtain for the doors while the senior house prefect lived at the end of this one long room in a kind of apartment with a bedroom and a study. That evening at bedtime there was no one to speed us along, to shut off the lights and to read to us from John Buchan's *THE PATH OF THE KING*. Our housemaster whom we had never liked and whom now we liked even less, finally appeared to say a few words about his sorrow, which we thought insincere, told us goodnight and went downstairs to his rooms. Of course no one slept in or even entered Mauk's room. We felt quite alone, and, standing on our beds in the darkness, we whispered to each other over the walls, half expecting and hoping too, that Mauk would rush out of his door and stand in a square of light and fiercely say that he'd count ten and anyone who wasn't in bed would translate Caesar's wars into French until he passed out over the book. But that long hall remained dark and silent and one by one we gave it up and returned to our beds and fell fitfully asleep.

The next morning, Mauk's electrically set alarm clock went off as it customarily did, at a quarter to seven. The bell seemed to ring forever and it jarred through our waking minds, making us more conscious of his absence than any words had done the night before. We gathered in the hall, shivering with the cold, for no one had arisen early to close our windows and turn on the radiators, and held a hurried and bewildered consultation. The knob was turned, three of us entered Mauk's room, and I went quickly to the side of the unslept-in bed and turned the alarm clock off.

Standing in that sudden silence I looked around

me. I think this was the first time that we had ever entered Mauk's room without permission. His polished shoes stood on the carpeted floor. Mauk's coats and ties could be seen hanging neatly through the open closet door. His books stood squarely in the shelf and on the desk lay a chemistry text with a pencil marking his place. Two small silver trophies were on Mauk's dresser next to his comb and brush and shaving cream. Only the shirt he had left when he went out to play the day before lay folded on the bed. We three boys looked at each other. It was true at last. Mauk was dead - incredibly, irretrievably, dead.

Quite a few years later some friends and I borrowed a good forty foot sloop from the family of one of the boys, and spent the summer in an exploration of the Maine Coast. One sultry evening as we lay becalmed eight miles or so offshore, I dove overboard and carelessly swam some hundred yards from the side. Turning in the water and seeing our signal lights what seemed a very great distance off, I was struck with a sudden apprehension that I would surely fall. It almost seemed inevitable that I would, held aloft as I was on the very surface of that endless sea merely through my own efforts and my desire to be so supported. I felt insignificant and terribly insecure and in panic swam quickly back in the direction of the lights, afraid that at any moment my strokes would fail or that for just the necessary instant some will far greater than my own would force me down, would cause me to fall to those fathomless black currents beneath the surface of the sea, where all the bodies of drowned fishermen and sailors are said to forever drift and turn ceaselessly with the tides.

And later I realized that I had felt very much the same way once before, we all had, standing and shivering in that cold room at school the morning after Mauk had died. We experienced that same awful insecurity, that awful feeling that what had happened to him could as easily happen to us that very day, or the next. We were sick and frightened and we looked at his comb and brush and at the trophies on his dresser and caught the images of our faces in the mirror, flushed and streaked with fear and awareness and for a while we felt less like boys and more like men plucked and newly fashioned from the impermanence of youth.

ART WORK

RHEA SMITH

PAULA CRANDALL

KITTY FIXX

TOM SIMMS

ANN FRANKEKBERG

PHYLLIS KAHN

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