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TO HAMILTON HOLT

He stood with me one morning, by this stone.
We looked together at that patch of sky,
Watching a morning moon. "She seems alone,"
I said, "without her stars to see us by."
And then he smiled, the little twinkled way
He had, and said, "You just don't see them there—
Like all the lights invisible in day."
I looked again, and thought I saw one flare.

Today that morning moon is back again
And, as I watch her lonely, day-white face,
The thought returns of hidden stars, and men
Like him. Unseen, he bides above the place
He loves, the school that so loves him, whose light
Invisible burns still, burns constant bright.

Dallas Williams

GATE THREE

BILL LYELL

Flight 303 from Washington was ten minutes late. As Mrs. Powers ground out her fourth cigarette with the toe of her shoe, she noticed how well the color of her shoes suited her dress. She glanced up to see a well uniformed good looking gate attendant come to relieve the man tending gate three. She opened her pocketbook, took a cigarette from a small silver case, inserted it in a matching holder, and lit it with a matching lighter. She relaxed a little and even smiled.

The gate attendant was good looking! there was no denying that. In fact, he looked a great deal like John—easy going John. John was always late and Mrs. Powers always waited for him. It became a family joke; at least that's what John made of it, but somehow it never seemed as amusing to Mrs. Powers as it did to her husband. John's flight would be late. Mrs. Powers remembered that John's flights had often been late and that at times she had been profoundly disturbed by her husband's easy going manner.

She did detest waiting for people in public places. There were all sorts of details she should be attending to if that Saturday night dance at the Country Club were to be a success. Why had she ever consented to be chairman of the program committee? It was that dreadful Mrs. Simms' fault. Mrs. Simms was always worrying about people. What if Mrs. Winthrop Powers didn't go out as often as she used to? Was that any reason for Mrs. Simms to force social contacts on her? After all Mrs. Powers was almost thirty and she should become more retiring; it suited a woman of her years. There was so much to do. There was always so much to do, and Mrs. Powers remembered that she had never had the time to do it.

Why, look at that clock; if the flight were ten minutes late, he should have arrived ten minutes ago. She did hate to make scenes and antagonize John, but she would have to give him a talking to when he arrived. There was no doubt about it; he was much too thoughtless. Why did he decide to stay so long? Wasn't his home life more important than his business.

She remembered that ridiculous letter he had sent prattling on about the beautiful scenery in Washington, the cherry trees in bloom, and then coming to the point that his stay would be indefinite. Why, his writing was just like that of a third form prep school boy, but at least it had given her an opportunity to write him a strongly worded reprimand in reply. There were so many things that she could say in a letter that she couldn't phrase when they were speaking face to face. Before he left, she had voiced her indignation at the idea of his taking a business trip at the high point of the social season and he had had the audacity to tell her that she was high strung and immature. She thought of the letter she had sent him, and a slight smile crossed her lips.

Perhaps John was a good provider, but he was entirely too thoughtless. She had been told that before she married him. It had been her senior year in college when John proposed. She remembered that she had been rather surprised by the proposal, not just as a feigned surprise. He had been a nice boy and entertaining at parties, but she had never dreamed that he would propose. She would have turned him down flatly, but tactfully of course, if she hadn't had a few too many Martinis. Yes, that was the trouble with those fraternity parties; everyone always had a few too many something or other.

She remembered that she had toyed with the idea of playing with him. It was such fun to be engaged—all the parties, good wishes and envious stares at the ring, but to go through with the marriage, well that was absurd.

Of course she never would have married him if mother hadn't taken the engagement so jubilantly. Until mother had reminded her, she had never considered the social prestige and financial security that would be consummated along with the marriage. She had married him, but at least she'd been able to put off the question of bearing children; that was one good thing that the second world war had done. She remembered the first time when John had been such a boor and threatened separation and even divorce. Why if mother hadn't come down to straighten him out, he might have actually gone through with it. The very idea of his saying that she didn't love him. How much of a child could John be? Yes, if she and mother hadn't pointed out to him that his business had made him rather stolid and old fashioned, he might have actually gone through with it.

The clock just above gate three chimed the quarter hour. She could not wait any longer. Mother would be waiting back at the house; she would be all dressed and ready to go to the committee meeting. Sometimes John was such a boor. Well, he'd just have to pay the consequences. She just couldn't allow herself to be emotionally strained any longer. She had been so upset upon hearing that his stay would be indefinite that mother had been forced to come all the way from Detroit to calm her down and keep the household running in an orderly manner. One just couldn't depend on the help sent out by those ridiculous employment agencies. Well, if he must prolong his trip and make her worry and stay up nights crying . . . No! She wouldn't wait any longer.

She turned sharply and walked through the inner gate towards the parking lot. She paused a moment at the edge of the lot and then turned again and went to the administration building. Her high heels tapped out an allegro rhythm as she approached the ticket and reservation counter. She ripped a sheet of note paper from a pad on the counter, took a small silver pen from her pocketbook and began furiously scribbling a note. When she finished, she carefully folded it and handed it to the uniformed man behind the counter, "See that Mr. John Powers, coming in on flight 303 from Washington, gets this note when he arrives," she said.

The clerk smiled. "Just a moment please, madam." He opened an overstuffed loose leaf folder and scanned a long list of names. His index finger stopped at one, and he turned the folder around so that Mrs. Powers could see it. The page was headed, "Flight 303—Washington to New York." His finger rested on the name, Powers, John A. As Mrs. Powers eyes moved to the right of her husband's name, she saw the stamp, Reservation Cancelled.

THE ORANGE

GERARD WALKER

Her face was red, and my sister didn't look up. She just sat there, eating her orange, section by section. Her room was always filled with oranges. There were always peels and pits in the waste basket. She ate oranges as often as possible, which wasn't too often. We weren't allowed to take food out of the kitchen. We had to take oranges when no one was looking.

"You didn't open your present from Santa Claus yet," I said, and I looked at it on the bed near her.

"I don't want to," she said, not looking up. And I didn't say anything.

"There isn't any Santa Claus, is there?" she blurted out suddenly. There wasn't a vestige of hope in her voice.

"There always has been," I ventured.

"But there isn't anymore. Christmas won't be the same." Her voice trailed off, and the corners of her mouth went down. I knew she was going to cry. She dropped the rest of the orange on the floor, and threw herself on the bed, burying her face in the pillow.

"There'll be something else. You wait and see," I promised.

She turned over. "What?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, you'll see. There are all kinds of ways to get the things you want, magic ways."

I had an idea. "Just bring your orange pits," I said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because we're going outside," I answered. And she reached into the waste basket, selected a few pits and held them in her hand.

She was feeling better already. There was still hope. There was going to be a strange magic, just like Santa Claus, and just for her. She could still believe in it. She didn't understand what my father and I understood. But that didn't matter.

We jumped off the bed and ran down stairs. I shouted to my sister to follow me, through the house and outside. Once there, we had to be careful that no one saw us.

"We have to be very quiet," I said. "Crouch down and follow me along the fence. Don't even breathe, and don't step on anything that's noisy. We're going to my hiding place."

We crawled carefully, taking precaution not to be heard, or seen. We kept right next to the wire fence, all the way down to where our lawn met the woods. Finally we stood behind a tree. I took a look at the house to see if anyone were watching, and couldn't see a soul. My sister was standing right behind me, her eyes bright, hand clasped excitedly together.

"Wait till you see what we're going to do," I said. Her whole face lightened up as I beckoned her to enter the woods. We proceeded with caution. She followed behind me the entire time, until we reached my hide-out. It was covered with thick wet snow. I kicked enough away to allow us a small opening through which we could descend into the recesses of my secret place. My sister still clasped the orange pits in one hand.

"Now, I said, "let's start making a hole, about four inches deep."

"What for?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Don't be afraid to talk out loud," I said. "No one can hear us."

"Tell me," she demanded.

"You'll see," I answered. We started to dig diligently. The dirt was cold and hard, and difficult to penetrate. But after long, silent minutes we had finally dug a hole four inches deep, and wide enough for a ball.

"You don't know the secret, do you?" I asked.

"No, but tell me. Please. What is it?" she questioned. And I told her. It was a wonderful secret.

"I can make oranges."

I had said it. I had done it. I looked at her while I spoke. Her face lit up. She started to utter a few words, but they never came out. I felt excited, having told her the secret.

"You mean I can have an orange any time?" she asked.

"Why of course," I remarked.

And then I told her how I performed the magic. "Take one of those pits, and drop it in the hole," I instructed. And with the greatest care she selected a pit and placed it firmly in the bottom of the hole.

"Now we'll bury it," I said. We covered up the hole, and patted the surface down. No one would know. To mark the

spot, I stood a very small twig upright, near the hole where the pit was buried.

"When will it be ready?" she asked. Her eyes were on fire. Already an air of mystery surrounded the spot which the twig marked. She believed completely. There wasn't any doubt in her mind. I watched her as she looked from the spot, to me, to hear the answer to her question.

"Oh, you never can tell," I said. "Probably around tomorrow night, about this time. It takes about a full day."

"A full day?" she inquired.

I knew what was going on in her mind. It was that wonderful, exciting feeling you get the night before Christmas. You lie in your bed listening to the wind, and imagine you hear Santa Claus coming from the North Pole. You get so excited you can't sleep. You toss and turn, and you're happy, because you know you'll get the secret thing you asked for. That's the way my sister was now, as she looked at that spot, knowing the pit would turn into an orange by tomorrow night.

Before breakfast the following morning I went down to my hideout again, dug up the earth, and dropped an orange from the pantry into the hole, in place of the pit. I put the dart back, and made sure it looked as though it had never been touched. I remember waiting for that day to be over, so we could go down and uncover the orange. It was a long day, waiting. I wanted to tell her that it didn't really take a full day, that it could be done in much less time. I wanted to tell her I had made a mistake. But I knew I must keep my word. I knew that it would make it more real, and that I had to wait for evening to come. And finally it came.

My sister and I followed the same route to the hideout. Neither of us could wait to get there. Neither of us could doubt for a minute that the magic would work. We crawled through the small hole into the cold underground hut. And I told her to dig for the orange. I squatted, and watched her face as she removed the firmly packed earth. She was full of curiosity, and delight, and though her nails were full of cold, damp, winter earth, she didn't care. She was happy. She believed. She believed in my miracle, in the miracle which had been made just for her.

And then she felt the skin of the orange through the dirt. It did look as though it had grown right there in the ground. The pit was nowhere to be found. The orange was full and ripe. Putting both her hands around it, she took it from the

hole, and looked from it to me, almost wild-eyed. I could feel myself excited all over, just looking at her admiring the orange.

"It's real," she said. "It is real."

"Of course it is," I answered. "But don't tell anyone, will you?"

"Oh, no," she replied, a bit worried and serious. "I could never."

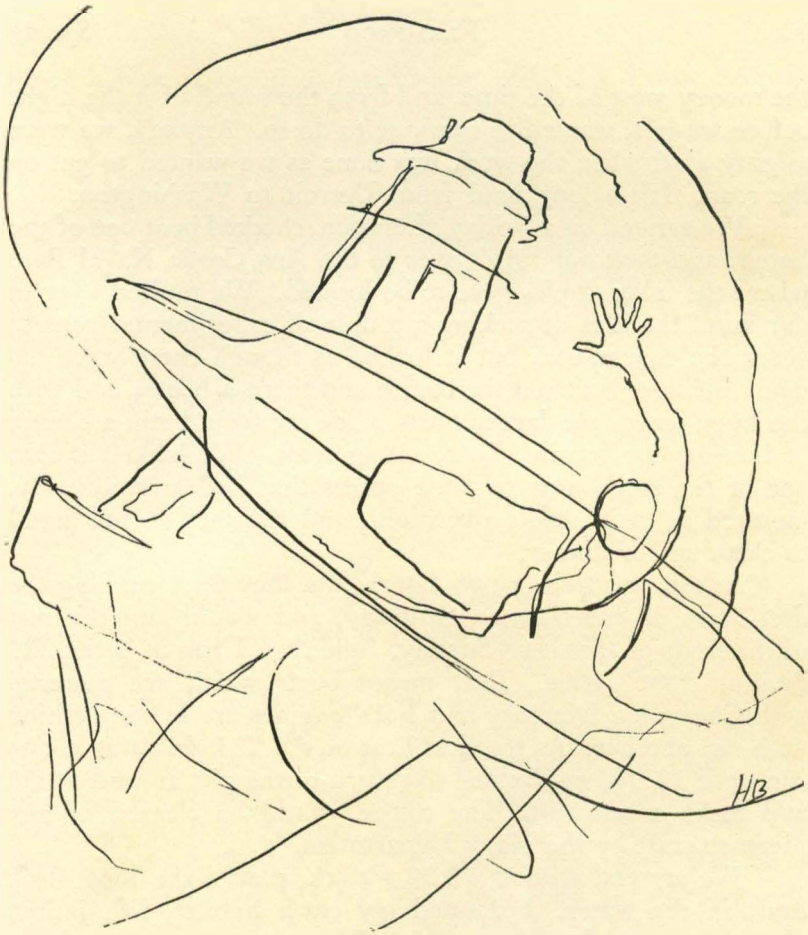
She looked at the orange, and she looked back at me, and I knew we were thinking the same thoughts. I'd never have to steal an orange from the pantry again, and sneak it up to her bedroom. I'd just make the orange for her. There'd be oranges missing from the pantry, but it wouldn't be really stealing. It would be just helping me to make one for her in my hiding place. She would believe again that miracles could really happen. Even if a letter up the chimney wouldn't work, there would be the orange.

I decided we had better get back to the house before we were missed. So with the orange firmly clenched in her hand, she followed me out of the hideout, into the open air. It wasn't quite dark yet. It was much lighter than it had been inside the hut.

My sister's eye fell on the orange again, this time more intently. At first I couldn't see what she was looking at, but then I did. She couldn't take her eyes off it. We both stared, and we both knew. I could see her eyes start to fill up, and her face twist and wrinkle. Her mouth closed tightly as the orange in her hand became obscured by the tears that fell.

We walked slowly back to the house, through the heavy wet snow. Neither of us said a word. I pretended not to notice her crying. I pretended not to know what must have been going through her mind.

I pretended not to notice her dirt-caked thumb trying to erase the tell-tale stamp from the orange.



PRESIDENT'S CUP

BILL MUNCEY

It happened around the middle of September in the fall of 1950. We had been hitting the inboard motor boat racing circuit pretty consistently all year and were on our way to Washington, D. C., for the President's Cup Regatta. We had completed our mechanical work on the boat unusually fast this week as there were only minor checks to be made. We had been running very well all year having to overhaul only once or twice. The ole Chevrolet engine was screamin' home, in

ly moved to the crane, and he, realizing that we were going to make the "step-up", eagerly gave us his assistance. We placed her in the water. I had exactly three minutes to get out on the course, and make one warm-up lap. It was a hurried warm-up, but when the one minute gun blew I was jockeying for position.

Getting a good start in a race is a very important element in high-powered motor boat racing, and every driver has his own way of doing it. I very definitely had my own way, and at 17 seconds to the minute I made my bid for the starting line. The gun blew the start of the race, and I had hit the starting line right on the button—wide open. These seven liter fellas quite naturally don't like being in competition with a smaller class boat because it doesn't look so good if they lose. As a result they were hot on my tail. For this reason, I moved into the corner a little fast. I backed off the accelerator, hung the turn as close as possible, moved out of the turn at about 98 m.p.h. and streaked down the back stretch. I took a quick look over my shoulder and they were still hot, but not as close as before. These bigger boats just couldn't get around the corners as fast as I could, but because they were to travel at faster speeds they were likely to catch me on the straight-a-way. I reached the lower turn, and they were all around me like flies on a dead cat's back. Again I moved into the corner, a little more deliberately this time, but holding the turn close, and maintaining as much speed as I was able to hold without dumping. I knew that if I were to turn over here, it would be about all She wrote. They were too close to avoid running over me if I were thrown into the water, and with this thought continually on my mind I moved out of the turn and into the stretch. Again I looked over my shoulder, and again I saw that I had pulled ahead in the turn, but that they would be getting mighty hungry. Down the stretch we moved with very little change of position. The judge's stand flashed by and I was soon making my bid for the next turn. This time they were all around me. I quickly realized the move to be made. I had backed off a little to get into the turn as per usual because I was traveling too fast to stay upright. I saw a small opening to the left, and realizing that one of them had moved from behind attempting to take me on the inside, I floored it and crazily dashed for this small opening. I was going too fast in the turn. Something had to give. The boat on the left noticed me make the move, and quite naturally afraid of being

hit, backed off to let me through. I was holding the boat tight as possible on the buoys, but she seemed to fight back viciously. I hung on, hoping to get out quickly. She was lurching from side to side, in the water and out of the water. Coming out of the turn, she made one desperate leap straight up . . . I tried to straighten in the cockpit . . . grabbed for the emergency fire switch . . . slumped forward . . . glass trickled down . . . white wall . . . big white wall . . . sunny, green land . . . small, red hill . . . little things . . . animals . . . packs of animals . . . tearing the bone to pieces . . . why is this? . . . should be enough for everyone . . . must watch . . . must understand . . . must have a love for everything . . .

The left sponson had caught the corner of the last buoy on the turn. Ordinarily you would just bounce off, but I was too fast and the speed plus the jolt catapulted me so high that one boat passed under me. They say it was a "wonderful" accident. I spent three weeks in the hospital with busted bones and shock. We should never have changed props.

AND I QUOTE

Looking at the new library from the front ". . . a grain elevator with warehouse attachments . . ."—Dave Estes.

". . . It's my photogenic mind . . ."—Ken Horton.

First Sweet Young Think over her Beanery coffee ". . . looks like rain." Second S.Y.T. ". . . but it tastes like Lake Virginia . . ."

". . . She was only a philosophy major, so her answer was always I. Kant . . ."

". . . I disagree with everything you say, but I'll defend with my life my right to disagree with everything you say . . ."

GRANDMOTHER

NORMA JEAN THAGGARD

I am sitting in my old room. The brown shadows are playing over the papered wall, and an old-fashioned lamp with pink roses painted on it burns a sweet smelling oil at my bedside.

My bed is an old iron one whose shiny brass knobs look to the ceiling. The yellow light dancing on the tiny lamp-wick flickers and polishes them till they glow as gold in the greyness. My feet squeeze together under the hand-sewed quilt. Under me is a fat cotton mattress; under it, the pine floor where the greens and browns of a hooked rug spiral round each other and the metal feet of a marble top table claw into the blonde wood. Outside the soft snow sleeps in little piles along the window sill. Far off I see it spread over the stumpy spruce trees like a royal cloak. Everything rests in the winter's twilight.

I snuggle deep into the slick sheet. The cover's lap makes a muff for my neck. I think of myself as I was when I was a very little girl. Then, the nights were just as cold, this room just as snug, and the sheets strapped just as tight across the bed. Grandmother always did things that way. From the salt box on the stove to the stacks of wood in the shed, everything had to be neat as a pin.

When I was small the bed seemed big enough to hold a dozen of me. There was room for old Milky out in the barn, all the chickens in the roost, a sack of feed, and a bale of hay besides. Things were no different now. My toes still couldn't reach the end of the four-poster. The covers still swallowed me. Granddad's picture still looked down on me from the wall.

When I went to stay with Grandmother she always taught me lots of things. But I can't remember her ever making set speeches or giving me a proper lesson. She was more like one of those big healthy sun-flowers. I learned more by watching them grow and nod over the white barn fence than anyone could write in a book. Sun-flowers carried their heads like queens. Their eyes followed the sun. Their petals unfolded to the winds. Unlike the water lilies in the duck pond, they never closed their petals to look into the beauties of their own faces, or closed upon their own loveliness at

eventide. They climbed to the sky while baby morning glories tugged at their feet to lay their first blossoms on the soft cheek of the lowest leaf. Grandmother was a sun-flower to me. Perhaps I was that climbing baby morning bud.

Grandmother used to tell me stories . . . bedtime stories. Knowing they were going to be part of the nightly ritual were probably the only things that inspired me to scamper into my sleeping clothes and race the mantle clock to my squash white bed before it could gong nine gongs. She could tell the best tales all about seeds and beans, billy goats and field mice, ice boxes that learned to make ice and reapers that learned to cut hay; but my favorites were the ones she read out of the Bible. All day the book laid on the table at my bedside. But at night Grandmother would sit in the straight-back chair, unfold its vague limber covers on her knee, run her thin fingers over the words. When she found the place, she would read.

“Greater love hath no man.’ Grandma, what does that mean”

“Why, that means if you really love your friend, you will be willing to die for him. It is like little flowers closing up to make seed to bloom next spring.”

“But, Grandma! I don’t want to die.”

“O, Junie.” She smiled and comforted me. “Good people never really die. They just go from this home to another one. It is the same when you come to visit me in the summer. Mother and Daddy love you at home. Gramps and I live you whether you be there or here with us.”

“Do animals love? Grandma, are animals at all like me?”

“Dear, why in the world do you ask that?”

“I just wondered if they died, and if they liked stories. I practiced telling the stories you told me to them, and all they do is keep on gruntin’, or keep on scratchin’ in the dirt; never once paying mind to me.”

“Yes, animals love, June. They take care of each other too. We had six lonesome little biddies when you first came out this summer. Remember? They used to run around and pick in the grasses, even get all floured down in the mash trough. Remember, you couldn’t tell them from a ball of yarn.”

“Uh huh. Gee, they were cute little things. But they didn’t have a mama.” The thought made me sad.

“They didn’t have a mother,” she spoke the words slowly, “because she loved them so much, she died to save them.”

Grandma closed the old black book and moved to sit on the bed by me. That was so nice, for now I could look right into her eyes. The lamplight played in the silver of her hair.

"Grampa had a favorite little hen," she began. "He called it Peckie. That was because every time he used to go out to scatter feed, she would study his shoe eyes and peck at the laces. While he tossed grain out to the other chickens, she was perfectly fascinated by those two rows of beady black eyelets.

"One day we missed Peckie. We didn't see her for three whole days. Gramps had almost decided a chicken hawk had swooped in and carried her off when Jeb discovered her 'setting' in the hen house. Peckie had the makings of a real mother. She stayed on that nest all week clucking and singing to herself, ruffling up her feathers, and occasionally jacking herself up to look to see if her six brown eggs were comfortable and warm. Peckie never left her nest for more than a few minutes at a time. Whenever she did, it was only to pick around for a kernel or two of corn, then flutter chicken-fashion back into the straw.

"Peckie was a buffed-up looking red hen. There on the nest she seemed as fat as a baking-soda dumpling. Her feathering was as soft as Kitty Tom's fur. Each downy piece of it fit together like small shingles. While she sat on her nest for what seemed an eternity the slim pullets strutted by in front of her. The cocky rooster followed. The other hens laid their daily eggs. Tho' all of this life said to Peckie, leave your nest; she rustled deeper in nest and winked one brown eye and then the other at the wall of the chicken coop.

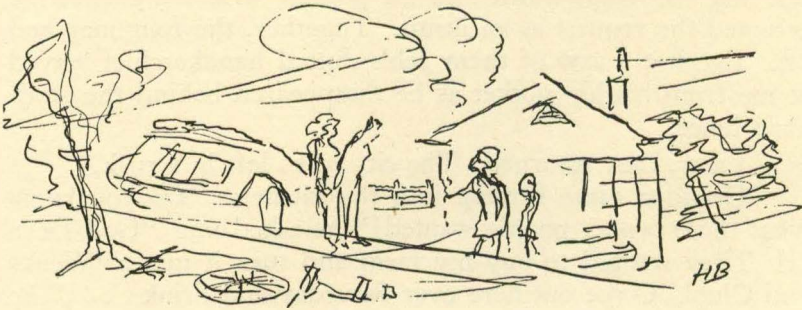
"Let me see now," Grandmother pondered. "It must have been about Easter. Yes, I think it was 'cause I remember it was a bit chilly that morning.

"It was before church when I went out to the barn to help Marvin bring in the milk. The sun was just beginning to drink the dew mist off the pump handle and wooden water trough. The golden tongue of hay speaking from the top door of the barn sparkled with little jewels of water gleaming on its headed stems. The buckets we carried squeaked back and forth on the steel handles. Our feet left a path in the soft sand. We got to the big barn door when what should come scurrying from out of old Moses' stall but Peckie and six little darling replicas of herself!"

“Oh, Grandmother, what were they like?” The excited words tumbled out of me.

“They were tiny lumps of fluff on legs skinnier than my hat pin and shorter than day-old bean sprouts. The one that Grandpa stooped down to scoop up in his hand barely filled the palm of it. The wee creature cheeped a raw peep and shot its head out the hole between your grandfather’s thumb and forefinger. As Gramps set it on the barn floor, he looked up at me saying, ‘This means life.’ June, I’ll never forget the way Grandpa said that. It were as if in that heart beat all the hopes of the future. The little chicken hopped close under Peckie’s feet. Seeing it safe with its mother, we picked up our tin pails and went on with the milking.

“A few days later some city folks stopped by our farm. The man in a loose-fitting sport jacket got out from behind the driver’s seat slamming the shiny door behind him. The fenders of his automobile melted back into nothingness in the rear. There two rubber flaps cornered with red reflectors dragged in the dust. That car Junie, why it made our A-Model look like a cracker box on wagon wheels, and our fenders like curled jerkins perched on toothpicks.”



Here I just had to giggle.

“There was a woman too,” Grandma resumed. “She helped herself out of the car on the other side. After she tugged her slacks around to the front and stamped out a cigarette, I heard the slap of his foot and the click of her high heels on the porch. He knocked. I opened.

“Want to look around your place here, lady,” he stated. The woman wadded a piece of gum and stuffed it into her jaw. Frantic chewing followed.

"Well . . . all right . . ." hesitated Grandma. "Jeb will be glad to show you around. Yoo-hoo . . . Jeb . . . Jeb." Jeb's bald head crawled from under the surrey. Once upright, he jogged across the barnyard, stopped in front of us, then taking his dotted handkerchief out of his pocked mopped his brow that receded all the way back to the top of his head and answered.

"Yes, Mam."

"These folks want to look around, Jeb. Well, here comes Marvin. Maybe he'll go with you."

"Howdy, folks. Did I hear you say you wanted to look this here place of mine over?"

"Yes. We would," the man answered. "Can you do it right now? We haven't got time to waste, have we Baby?" He addressed the blonde.

"Nothing would make me happier," Grandpa chuckled. "I like my farm, and there's nothing I'd rather do than show it off. But, you wouldn't mind being careful with your smoking, would you? My neighbor had a heap of a fire last month. Lost all his stock. Wouldn't want that to happen 'round here." The man shrugged. His sun glasses bounced on his nose. Shoving his hands down into his pockets with indignance, he accepted the request as an insult. Together, the four marched off. The last I saw of them Jeb's dotted handkerchief waved at me from his hip pocket as he disappeared behind the stock yard fence.

Later, they returned. The city folks left in a rush.

Grandpa came fuming into the kitchen. "Do you know what those ornery people wanted?" he asked me. "God Dern It! They wanted to buy my farm and turn it into a 'Week-end Club'. Come out here ever Saturday and drink . . ." he sputtered. "And bring more of their kind . . . Well! I let 'em know there warn't enough dollars in the whole United States for them to buy my farm."

"Fire! Fire!" Jeb screamed.

"Look, smoke in the hen house," Grandpa cried.

We all raced out of the house running faster than horses with the wind in their nostrils. We stamped out the flames. They weren't too bad. We shooed the chickens away and poured water into the coop. Then Grandad missed Peckie.

Looking around he saw her pinned on an island of fire. Hay spilled from the wagon led the flames straight to her.

"Peckie Peckie!" he shouted trying to scare her off her straw hassock. But, Peckie sat right there. She would not move tho' the fierce flames crackled around her.

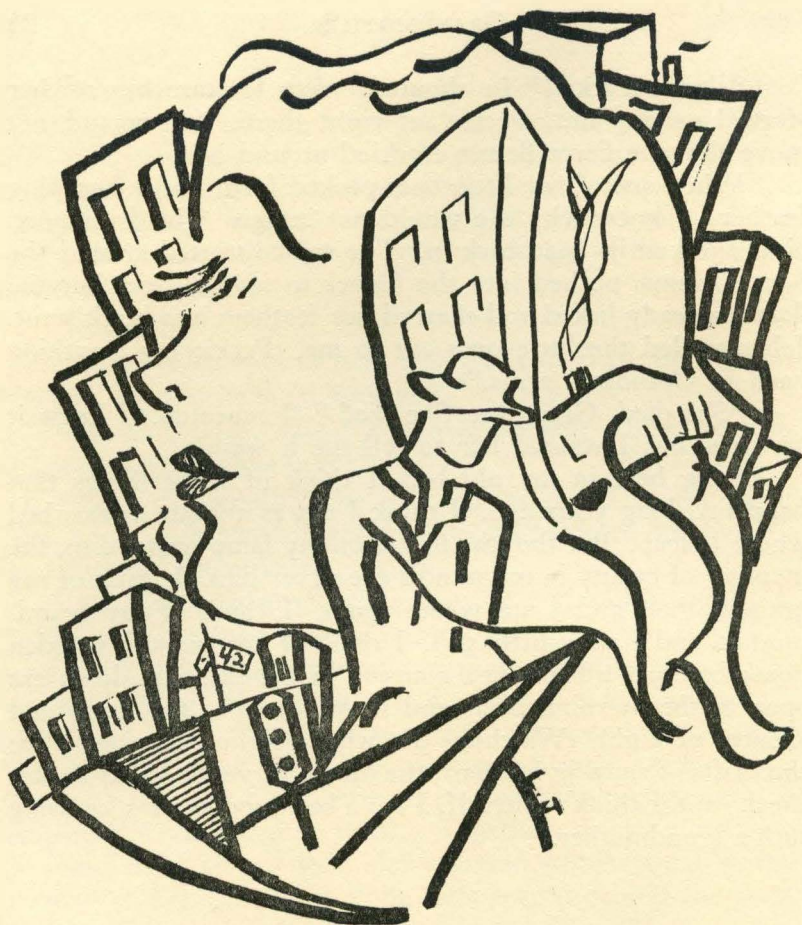
When one of her little ones peeked from under her wing feathers, I knew why she would not budge. The frightened biddie jerked its head back in. The smoke wafted around the hen. Gramps pushed into the flames to save Peckie, but the flames already licked and charred her feathers into black smut. Jeb shoveled the little ones out to me. Peckie lay breathing hard in Grandpa's arms."

"She died, Grandma. She died." I repeated. I knew it was true but I wanted her to tell me it wasn't.

Snug here in my old bed, I think of these things that happened long years ago. I think I am as antique as this bed where I sleep. But tho' the flicker on my lamp grows dim, the memory of beauty in my mind's eye never dies. I think of my grandmother, and I am young again. I think of my grandmother, and I am a little girl. I think of her and this wooden house becomes a boundless mansion in the sky. Its doors are open to the morning mists and its windows to the songs and silences of night. Watching the winter falling outside, I see the drifts of snow in her hair, the bloom of youth faded on her cheek; and I think to myself, I am a better person for knowing such a grandmother.

Your voice is the sun and the river
Your eyes are incense rising
And in your soul is the singing
Of music brighter than air,
Than sun more brilliant, more fair.

Ann Cummings



THE MAN IN THE CAMELS HAIR COAT

MARY DOUGLAS GRAHAM

New York in the late afternoon of a fall day is already dark. Night sweeps in from the sea, from the forgotten lands to the East across a cold sea to the city of caves, a cool night-ness, tainted with salt, smelling of caramel candy and heat, or of the city dump. Along Broadway it is night by five-thirty and the millions hurrying home to dinner pass as though in flight, a great stream of drones pouring into holes in the streets, up stairs, through doors. Broadway is brilliantly lighted, but it is too early for the theatre crowds. For this reason the

Street lacks its own peculiar birth-right, the magnificent fame fable, recognition in Lights; the inimicable glorification of commercialism.

Many of the people who scramble across the famed Street or along its walks are headed for subways or for Grand Central and their homes in the suburbs, as is one girl now about to turn off down 42nd street. She is slender and walks as only the young can walk. She is out of place among the dark coats, the shadowy forms melting about her, somehow out of place because she is young, because she does not wear a mask. She hesitates at the corner, then seems startled.

There were two of them at first. She just happened to look back as she turned. Somehow it was not yet possible for her to leave Broadway without a second look. She hoped never to become so cosmopolitan that the lights, the movement, the stacatto color would no longer impress her. She always felt impelled to acknowledge, to salute, the savagery, the raw splendor before leaving. This night a glimpse of two men watching her gave her a chill, inexplicably penetrating, and instantly made her feel her aloneness and the darkness crouching in the wide street now before her. There were people in taxicabs, people walked beside her, meeting her . . . hundreds of thousands of people and Lydia.

Perhaps she should look back to be certain they had not followed her. She tried to remember what the man had looked like, what they were wearing. One, the dark Italian one, had a light camels hair coat. Yes, of that she was certain. And no hat. The other she could not place at all. But whoever would follow her? It was a chilly night and she looked tired, her hair was straight and her face strained and white from the day's work. Lydia felt a constriction in her throat. The palms of her hands were hot and the back of her neck dry cold. She had had this feeling before. Someone was behind her, tracking her. She knew the feeling, the intuitive warnings. Pretending to be interested in something in a store window she slowly turned her head. The corner of her vision caught a camels hair coat. Just behind her.

She could not be sure if both men were there, but she could almost hear their footsteps . . . long, firm strides. There was just one thing to do . . . dodge them, get rid of them. She had done it on previous and similar occasions in this city. She could do it again. She cut across the stream of

humanity on her left. She was knocked and banged, excused herself many times, awakened faces into sudden annoyance or anger. She heard someone's packages fall to the sidewalk with a smash. After making her way against the current a half block she cut back to the right once more. Then she waited for the feeling at the back of her neck, for the cold breathlessness, the pause in her heartbeat that could tell her whether she had been successful. The only thing to do now was to walk fast and not look back. If she could get to the station she would be alright. He would not follow her there. No one else had ever done that. They always gave up right at the main gate. But no one had ever been like this before, not silent like this, not so determined. She had come three blocks.

The crossings were nightmares if she had to wait for the light. Everyone would stand in a tight fist waiting to cross. People packed tightly together intent on their thought, on crossing the street, on getting home. He could come right up to her and no one would notice or care. Someone standing behind her touched her arm. A scream cascaded through her blood, a brilliant flood of terror. Not a sound escaped her lips. She could not speak. It was an accident, the nudge at her elbow, probably a package . . . then he cleared his throat and she distinctly heard a man's voice,

"Are you busy tonight . . ."

And the light changed. She bolted forward. It was silly, the whole thing was silly. What could he do. Another block and she would be at the station. Another block. Ahead loomed the big doors of the station with its newsmen out in front like tattered vultures at the mouth of a cave, hawking, with the familiar long line of lemon taxis at the curb. She hurried into the cool bigness of the station, she rushed to be swallowed by the stone. The atmosphere changed. The waiting had seeped from the vaulted rooms out to this ramp and the granite was smooth; it had a quality of strength, of rest. The clock on the wall above the ramp gave her ten minutes. She went into Liggett's, sat down and ordered a coke. She was breathing hard, her hands trembling as she took out her money. She sipped tasteless cold through paper straws. She looked around hoping to relax. She watched the soda jerk serve a customer at the end of the curved counter. The customer was a tall man, his eyes a startling blue. He looked over at her as he stirred his coffee. His look was frank and straightforward, as though he wished to make it clear he was not there

for the coffee. He had come to look at her and if he had to make a purchase to do it, it was a worthwhile investment. For some reason she could not turn away immediately as she should. She studied the coke, the tiny ice fragments floating in a mahogany sea, the frost dissolving on the outside of the glass. Then she realized what it was about the man. He wore a tan coat.

Several moments later Lydia was settling herself on the train. The seats seemed to be upholstered in straw. She was perspiring, her clothes were saturated and it was hot on the train, a stuffy still heat that locked the damp to her, a heat which makes it difficult to breathe. Her feet were swollen from running and her hair was loose and hung in wisps about her face. Finally the train began to move out of the vacuum of its tunnel into the cool night and the city. All Lydia wanted was to get home. She was certain the man had not followed her to the train . . . it had been foolish of him not to realize she was really going to get on a train. Once she was home she could relax, take some of her heavy things off. She would have a quiet dinner with her mother. She was so tired. There could be no greater luxury in all life than sleep. Oblivion, silence, peace. These words were sleep. There was wealth in the world of sleep. Its darkness, unlike the darkness of night, was complete, its silence, not the absence of thought or word, but an absolute silence, a quiet like water standing deep, or dust. She would hold her breath until she could be in bed, as she had when she was a little girl. Then the evening had been breathless with her. She had never known night, the empty time, the vast vacant plane that was night. For the child evening suddenly became morning and the sun. Lydia's mother did not believe such things happened. Her mother cooked, kept house and had little conversation. She had said all she had to say many years ago when there was a husband to listen. When her mother spoke it was to remind Lydia to regard life with respect and discretion.

The train struggled to the 125th Street station then surged on to Mount Vernon, Columbus Avenue, Pelham. She felt herself relax a little with each starting up. It was only then she began to realize how frightened she had been. She found her fingers tightly laced, and the flesh of her face stiff as though from strain. She took a deep breath and tried to remember that all was well now. It was difficult for her to escape the shadow of fear.

There was the usual crowd on the train that night. Enough to fill each seat but no one standing. Silence. That is the commuting phenomenon . . . the silence, the newspapers. Everyone reads or stares, no one talks. The commuter is uncomfortably aware of the fact that the machine in which he rides is made of a foreign material and that it is plummeting him through hollow night with the ultimate of discomfort at a speed barely adequate to his driving need to arrive. He ignores the machine, not permitting it to impose upon him because of the equally intense desire to refrain, at least for an hour or so, to exist at all. Lydia had achieved the desired state of mental inertia when she became dimly aware that someone was walking down the aisle. The train lurched as he approached knocking him against her seat. Then he went on. He had been a rather nondescript grey-faced man in a light wool coat.

When the train pulled into the New Rochelle station Lydia got off. She stood by the tracks on the platform. She had thought to see if the man got off the train but decided against it. She knew now that he had. She did not need to look back any longer. She intended to wait for the local she knew was immediately behind her express and to slip by him that way. But once she was alone on the bare platform, in the night, listening to the train as it trundled into the distance down the rails she realized she would never be rid of him, that he would follow her all the way home, to her very door if necessary. She was resigned. She would not speak to him, that was all. He was standing now in the shadow of one of the iron supports. She knew he was standing there. In the void to her right she could hear the local coming. She could feel it through her feet, the power of it, the weight, the mass of it shaking the earth beneath her. She trembled with it as it came nearer and nearer. It seemed to breathe. It seemed to draw all the air from around her, from the station, from the night, forcing its path, a white and silver ribboned path which opened at her feet. She heard a wave sweep past her. She felt sand slipping from beneath her feet. Suddenly the man came from behind the pillar. He shouted at her. But the sea made too much noise for her to discern his words. And something was about to happen. She knew that at last something was going to happen. His voice, his shouting was spoiling it. He was holding back the sea. He started to run toward her. He would not get there in time to cheat her. He must never catch her.

the whole station shook violently as the great train surged in. Brakes were applied, steam billowed into the darkness, light fell in pleasant squares from the windows in the dull metal walls onto the faces of the crowd that gathered pointing and gesticulating. A conductor swung from the first car.

"What is it? What has happened here?"

"A girl."

"She fell."

"In front of the train!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes I tell you. I saw it with my own eyes." The soldier spoke in horror, moving his hands in small circles of despair. "I was waiting for my train and I saw this girl get off the express, acting kind of funny but I didn't know . . . I didn't realize."

The train began to back up.

"I didn't realize in time. I tried, I tried to stop her."

"It's OK, mister, take it easy. Ain't nothig much any of us can do now. Stand back everybody. Stand back. It's too late."

OFF WITH THE OLD

JACK MEHLIK

Johnny McCann sat in the dismal dressing room. He had sat so long in this room that he could actually measure the inches of powdery, curling plaster that scaled off the dull gray ceiling. He was well-accustomed to the pungent stink of squalid gyms and cast off sweat clothing, and to the cheap antiseptic soap that was employed in the unsatisfactory eradication of the stench. This was the locker room of the Midtown Athletic Club, where he, Johnny McCann, ex-champion middleweight was used as sparring partner for young and up-and-comings. He, the great Kid McCann, tiger of the ring in his day, bushy-haired, alert, muscular—now bald, baggy-eyed, paunchy, usually hung over. But what is a guy to turn to when he has had no job but boxing all his life? With a sad smile he recalled the pictures in the Sun, the write-ups in the Herald:

“What fightland has been waiting for: Johnny McCann, 23, rough, tough, and fast as a dynamo . . . Last night a crowd of thousands saw John McCann the kid killer paralyze Bob Gregario in two rounds . . . it is our opinion that Johnny gave the Babe round one in which to say his prayers.”

“Kid McCann grabs middle title from Fred Novak in three short rounds of one-sided, staccato punching . . . Who can defeat this ferocious tiger of the squared circle? Not former contenders Gregario, Novak, Simmons, or the latest victim, Harry Alexander!”

And then the tired man remembered the social columns:

“The champ is in love, and the fortunate femme is Debby Charlotte of the Cranbury Hill Charlottes . . . ”

Those were the days when life was a coconut layered cake, when women, all women from debutantes to chorus girls were bothersome, hero-worshipping kittens. As long as you are the champ you write your own blank checks; you put far behind you the filth of third-rate gyms, the murderous pain of busted faces and concussions, the primitive brutality of human animals who scream and shout for their money's worth of blood and spilled guts. Sure, you get to be champion, have lots of security in some ways, but you can never shake off that ever-present fear that stabs out the question: “When will the carnival ticket run out, Johnny? When are they going to throw you over for a newer, stronger Kid Dynamite?” And when it does happen, brother, it isn't just the ring you are thrown out of, but out of the things that made life worth being a human punching bag—out of the love of Debbie, who with a little kittenish whine discards the old toy for the new; namely, Billy Sands, young, smart, down from the Oregon lumber country, capable of flattening a dissipated, cocky pug in a round and a half of brutal bashing—and did. Yes, it's off with the old and on with the new. And then it was down to the Row and the bars: Mac and Tommie's, Carrigans, The Green Light, and out with the old, rehashed tales of a pathetic, has-been puncher. Another way of begging for drinks, and sending yourself off to a dream world of glory, blinding lights, and power, power, power . . .

And then one day you get your chance to return to the sport you love. A guy approaches you in Carrigans who says he's Herb Getz, fight promoter. You don't like him from the start because he's got mean little eyes and greasy hair, and is a fancy pants, but you go along with him anyway because he

has that bone you've been howling for—a chance to come back. At least it sounds that way.

Did you ever know a guy who knocked himself out over a dame, maybe the way Johnny McCann used to moon over Debbie Charlotte, plan, dream, put all his eggs in one basket, and then one day see the basket tip, and with helpless heart-break watch the dreams crack and splatter on the pavement while the carrier titters in amusement? Well, that's about how it is when a guy who has had his life wrapped up in boxing finds that he can't punch anymore, and is made the target of youthful roundhouses and what's worse, adolescent hooting and jeering—at a man who in his prime would have cleaned them all up in an afternoon's workout.

Johnny McCann stared at the cracked, faded wall ahead of him, at the rusty lockers chained together as if someone would run off with one of the damned things, then into the grimy little mirror above the grimier washbasin, staring, staring, What a mug: nose busted more times than he could count, puffed, ugly lips, and a terrible dazed, disillusioned look in the red, white, and blue agate eyes. The eye condition he knew came from too much leather-eating and liquor guzzling. He looked out of the window and all he could see was a series of alleys, leading to more alleys, and finally to a stretch of cold, gray daylight. Johnny shivered and threw a towel over his shoulders. What a relief it will be when this day is over, he thought, and nothing to disturb him then except a nice warm shot of whiskey. The door opened and Herb Getz walked in. The dapper man halted at the rub-down table and spoke:

“Look, Mr. Punchy, if you don't make a better showing in this prelim bout you're all washed up. I think my old lady could have licked you. Get it, one more pattin' party an' out on your cauliflower ear.”

There was nothing except a groan to answer the commands of the man with the bright tie and the beady eyes.

He was to battle Hal Fisher in a preliminary bout to test the punching power of the young aspirant. A select group of spectators lounged about the ringside, impatient, youthful. They had never heard of Johnny McCann and didn't care to. They just wanted to see their new hero, husky, black-haired Hal Fisher cream this hunk of stale, flabby dough. It was rumored, though, that the old guy was a pro, and mean as they come.

"Kill this old jelly roll," a youth shouted, and a general laugh went around the floor.

The seconds massaged the deltoids and pectorals of the veteran, cautioning him to avoid the formidable right of the younger man.

"He's young and excitable," Tiny Harper said. "Play him cool, Johnny, and step in when he starts wavin' at the wind."

Both boxers sparred for an opening, then backed away, fainting, dancing, circling. The audience was mad.

"May I have a waltz, darlin'?" shouted a fellow in a turtle neck.

"God, I could be covering the local DAR meeting and get more action than this," scoffed a reporter in tweeds.

"Is this what you brought me over here to see, Getz?" yelled a big-time promoter.

At the end of the round Herb Getz climbed to Johnny's corner. "Look, Pop, I know you're old and punchy and alcoholic too, but this is your last meal-ticket on me unless you start slugging, but quick.

When round three saw Johnny retreating around and around the canvas, the crowd hissed and booed. Gusts of nauseating smoke filled the arena. Only the flashily-dressed man with the mean eyes was silent, as he glared at the sluggish white form of the veteran fighter.

The young pugilist danced nimbly out of range as the vet now stalked forward. Fisher charged in suddenly with a chain of iron and steel rights and lefts that sent the older man careening backward. Johnny idly thought that Kid McCann would never have put up with such a wild-swinging opponent. Kid McCann would have ended this ridiculous exhibition with a few well-directed jabs. But Kid McCann was long vanished from the ring—a fate of all prize fighters, both great and little-known. And the pitiful shadow of a boxer now in the ring knew that the ludicrous "kid" had long since been supplanted by such unflattering nicknames as "ham" and "bum".

The veins stood out sickly and blue on the pale flesh of the veteran as he cocked his crooked jaw in a final effort. Oh, for the punch of old! McCann stared glassy-eyed at the heaving chest approaching him. He saw the black, matted hairs glistening in their sweat beneath the cold white lights. Then Fisher let loose. The sound of his blows echoed around the

gymnasium and brought the onlookers bouncing to their feet shouting:

"Atta boy, Hal, slaughter the old musher."

"Goodbye, Mr. Has-been Harry."

It was an unusual sight, this picture of a dark, perspiring young hunter tracking down a sluggish old boar. Suddenly McCann lunged and sent the youth involuntarily reeling. Head, shoulders and all were employed in the block. The mob booted and jeered louder than ever.

"This ain't no rasslin' match, bruiser."

"Maybe the old geezer thinks he's a tackle or somethin'?"

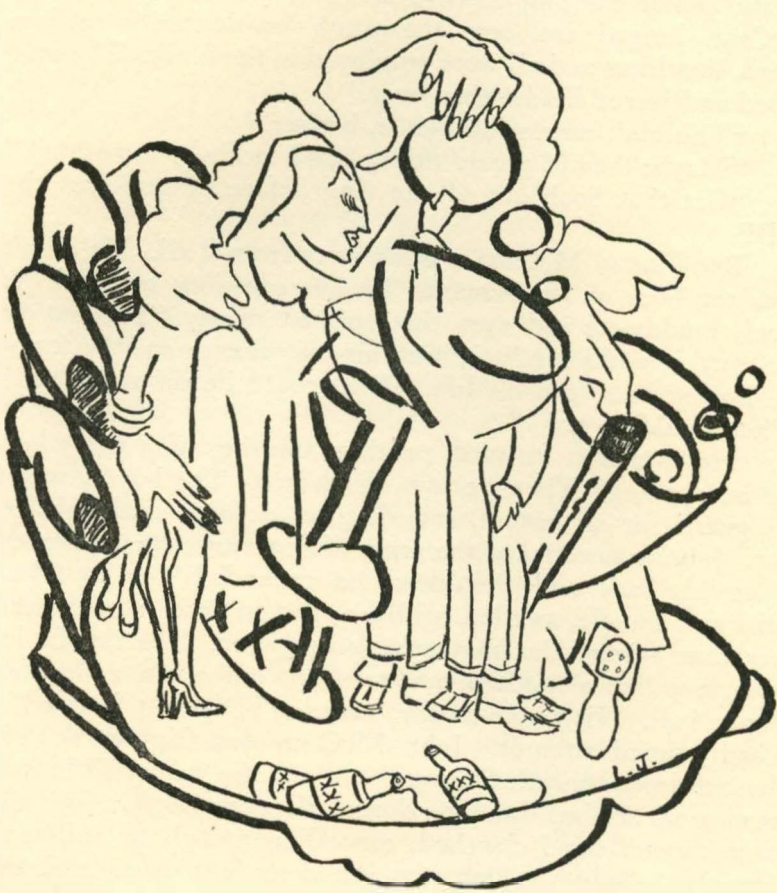
"Get that boob out of the ring before he ruptures the kid!"

But Johnny McCann was far away from it all. He didn't hear the boos or the remarks, he was conscious only of the cruel, muddy-colored eyes that seemed to say "Put out or get out, you old sap." It was his last chance and he knew it. Boxing had been his life. What could he do at his age? Where could he go?

He stumbled forward, panting, sparring with the youth for an opening. Then he saw his chance. The boy dropped his guard for an instant, revealing an exposed coal-stubbed jaw. Johnny summoned the army of tiny nerves that pulsed along his back and shoulders, he expanded the hood-like latissimus muscle, swelled his bicep, and initiated a spearhead maneuver toward the unguarded enemy line. The missile let loose, not like a modern mortar shell, but as an antiquated cannon ball. His whole chalky, sweating body shot forward in a badly-timed attempt. John McCann was frightened. He glanced down beneath the ropes and saw the watery little eyes burning up at him. Looking down still more he perceived the dapper man's hand clenched, concealing the glossy nails and ruby ring. Only a thumb now jutted straight up to spoil the effect of the clenched fist. Johnny McCann knew what it meant. "Out you go, bum. I'm tearin' up your meal ticket."

McCann turned slowly to face his foe and met the tail end of a well-placed left hook, and bit into its accompanying right.

The canvas felt good to Johnny McCann. Sure, it was dusty, coarse, and sprayed with his own blood, but it was restful and quiet. It was all over now. He felt absolutely nothing as the referee tolled the unnecessary numbers, and the younger set shouted and stamped for joy at the conquest of their new hero.



PARTY PARTY

People grasping
Cocktail glasses
Stand in gasping
Teeming Masses
People smoking,
People drinking,
Coughing, choking,
Getting stinking;
Some discreetly
Boiled or fried,
Some completely
Ossified.
Liquor spilling,
Trousers sopping,
Steady swilling,
Bodies dropping.
Glasses falling
On the floor,
People calling
“Drop some more!”
Bodies steaming
Morals stretching
Women screaming
Freshmen retching.
Heavy smoking
Air gets thicker
Someone croaking
“No more liquor”
What? What?
No
 More
 Liquor . . .
People snicker
Unbelieving
No more liquor?
Let's be leaving.
No more drinking?
Groans and hisses—
What a stinking
Party this is!

Anonymous

WHO CAN PROVE

HELEN McKAY

As I ride along, I think about how much longer a bus ride can be when I sit with memories and anticipations instead of the older familiar crowd, talking over last night's dance, or the latest escapade. Each new store, new house, new television aerial is a hammer blow striking home the nail of how long it has been since the last time I rode down MacDill Avenue. It was Memorial Highway then, but that was before MacDill Army Air Base was built at the end of it. That was before a war came along.

The streets flash by and the fact that they are all paved now tinges a corner of my mind. I have pulled the buzzer and am standing on the street corner almost before I realize it, so automatic is the habit of getting off here and walking down the two blocks to the place I'm about to visit.

The brass name plate has been recently polished and it glints in the sun. Henry B. Plant High School. I am so eager to go inside that it mounts to a fear. So I walk around the outside first, wondering if my memory is playing tricks or if the old place has really changed this much.

There actually is grass, not weeds but grass growing. I never expected to see that. And on the right, bleachers have finally been put up around the football field. I test the ashes of the new track a little with my foot, and wish I could have been here to see Coach's face when it was put down. It had been his dream for so long.

Around in back, the shrill babble of phys. ed. classes and off-key toots and groans from the band room blend into an old familiar melody. The kahki-clad figures and hoarse "hup-two three-four" shouted from the drill field are familiar too, but not from school.

I realize the new principal here is the go-getter I read he was when I see the other side of the school. I used to park the old jalopy there to sit in during lunch time, listening to the radio, and smoking very sophisticatedly, and surreptitiously. Now the whole area is enclosed; it is a patio, complete with outdoor fireplaces and a raised band stand. A poster announces "Dance Tonight," and I can almost see the couples swaying beneath the colored lights . . . so young, and so carefree.

I am standing back by the front door now, and I've got to go in. To see. I haven't got much time. I walk slowly up the steps and look around. There is a new coat of paint on the walls and a crop of new trophies in the case, but inside, the old alma mater has not changed very much.

The bell clangs now and I can't help feeling startled. I never did get used to those sudden noises. I step back to let the sauntering crowds pass. I resist the impulse to mingle with them, but it suddenly seems only yesterday that I was a part of that laughing, chattering throng.

I lean against the wall and watch them pass. Not one speaks to me; it is as though no one recognizes me. Instead of just shrugging and thinking, "Youth is like that," I smile a little grimly. I realize why.

I am standing in front of it now. I stand there tensely, to watch and to wait. It is a warm day, and many students stop for a drink of water from the fountain below it. Stop for a drink of water and then hurry on. No one stops to read it. No one even glances at it—this thing I have come to see.

Then the hall is quiet. The students all gone. I wonder if any of them have ever taken time to read it, or even realize it is there. After all, it has been a long, long time, and it is not anything really spectacular. Just a small bronze plaque on the wall. Just a list of forty-six names.

I'll never forget this list though. I read it again. I make a permanent picture of it in my mind. I will never forget this plaque because one of those names on it is my name.

There is a little verse at the bottom. One that runs like this:

"They are at peace.
In the midst of battles,
In the roar of conflict,
They found the serenity of death."

That is why no one spoke to me. They did not see me. No one does any more. And yet who can prove that I am not there?

WHAT THEY SAID

AT THE MADEMOISELLE FORUM ABOUT U. S. AND ASIA

DALLAS WILLIAMS

“**Y**oung ladies, all of your questions are relative only to this: the choice between a general war now, or a relatively long period of tension with outbreaks of military, political, and economic stress and strain with the ultimate hope of settlement.”

This statement, by Ralph E. Turner of Yale University, came toward the end of a day-long session of questions and discussion at *Mademoiselle's* Eighth College Forum. Here, girls from fifty colleges had been given opportunities to voice their questions as they listened to men who rank as authorities on *The United States and Asia*. These men had no idea of solving, in a single day, the enormous problems in their field, and they said so.

It was with the hope of promoting a groundwork of understanding, as well as a hope for improvement on the international scene, that a man like Sir Benegal Narsung Rau addressed the group on Panel IV, “What Asia Can Give the World.” As India’s Paramount Representative to the United Nations, his country’s representative on the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission for Conventional Armaments, and the Interim Committee, he spoke diplomatically, and limited himself to a discussion of his own people.

“ . . . India has been through almost every kind of government. She has suffered wave after wave of foreign invasion . . . It has been asked whether it is possible for a people of which only 15% can read and write to be informed and developed according to Western standards . . .

“ . . . Until 1947, India was under the United Kingdom. After that, she has been a Republic under her own form of government. Therefore, in political and national affairs, she is an infant—although to be new on the international scene is not always a disadvantage.

“ . . . Asia can best serve the world by exercising her best judgment. In her early years, India, like the United

States in her infancy, has steered clear of entangling alliances, felt that she must build up her own internal strength. . . . She could not meddle in matters which did not directly concern her . . .

"But now, whether they like it or not, Indians must take part in international controversies. Isolation is impossible . . . My people have decided to judge every issue on its own merits, as fairly as they are able. Critics often nickname this, "Neutrality" and look down their noses at middle-of-the-road politics . . . But to think and speak as you think right is not neutrality. It is the very essence of the American way of life.

". . . You may ask then—why isn't India always on our side? I cannot but think of the story of the man who said to his friend, "Why are you always so difficult; why don't you agree with me?" "My friend," said the other, "when I stop disagreeing with you, I will cease to be of use to you." Without independence of thought and speech, no country can play its part in the United Nations . . .

". . . Until 1948, India gave the world the spirit of Mahatma Ghandi through word and deed . . . Now, in a time when individual efforts seem to mean nothing, we may do well to remember the influence he exerted through peaceful means . . .

"If the cause is just, one man if he has faith and determination, may win through. It is in this hope, which holds good for organizations as well, that India is working in the U. N. . . .

"The atom bomb is the most tremendous explosive force in the world today. Yet what starts the whole process is just one neutron . . . What is true of the physical world may also hold for the moral world . . . One lesson we may learn from science is the effect of the infinitesimal . . . the immense importance of the individual . . ."

* * *

When Dr. C. L. Hsia, Acting Permanent Representative of China to the United Nations, and Deputy Representative on the Security Council, rose to speak, on "A Chinese Nationalist's View of Asia," he asked to be considered a student of international relations rather than a diplomat. And although he did not voice the effect on his country of the MacArthur dismissal which had become news less than a week before, he did say, "Events of the past few days have compelled me to change my line . . .

“. . . The Korean War is a consequence of American policy in China. . . . China is the stepping stone to Asia. The US policy of the open door, was once positively defined as a policy of territorial integrity and political independence in China . . . The US has departed from that policy in the post-war years . . .

“. . . When George Marshall was sent into China, he was directed to stress that whatever policy existed depended on the success of the coalition government . . . When he left China in 1947, admitting that the US plan had been defeated, he blamed both sides . . . The result was no more financial or military aid from the US going into China . . . If the US had known the outcome, would she have pursued the same policy? . . .”

Dr. Hsia then proceeded to point out what he termed “inconsistencies” in President Truman’s statement following the dismissal of General MacArthur. One of these was that “the President stated that the ‘monstrous conspiracy . . . must be stamped out.’ And yet, later in the speech, ‘We must have peace in Korea.’”

“Further,” he said, “it is stated that the US is opposed to the bombing of Manchuria and to the use of Nationalist troops against the Communists. Here is the crux of the matter. You can count on the fingers of one hand the sources of anti-communist aid in Asia . . . The fact that Nationalist troops have been defeated does not necessarily mean that this will always be the case . . .”

At this point, Dr. Hsia was asked, “What right have the Nationalists to force on China a government which she has protested against—for what may be good reasons?” His answer was that the present government came to the top by a coup d’etat. Most oriental countries find the people having no choice in getting the government in power. Organized protests are generally the work of the few.

“. . . Chiang Kai Shek stepped down when he was told that he could expect American aid . . . This was not forthcoming.” We should make use of Chiang, he said, but there are those who continue to blame him. When asked “How about a non-partisan settlement?” he ended simply, “Perhaps this is treason to my party, but for myself, so long as China is free and independent, what matter the political theory and party?”

John K. Fairbank, of Harvard University, widely traveled author of articles and books on Chinese modern history, began Panel VI by referring to other speakers of the day.

Mr. Ralph E. Turner had spoken of the Asiatic peoples' anxiety for improvement. Phillips Talbot, authority on Pakistan, India, and Southeast Asia, in telling "What America Can Offer Asia," had shown how this improvement can be brought about through American help such as the Point 4 Program. He stressed the importance of private contact channels. "Technical assistance programs are up to our students . . . We must reach Asia through her students . . . They are the new leaders in Asia . . ."

"But," said Mr. Fairbank, speaking on "A Positive American Program in Asia," "all this material aid must be accompanied by cultural understanding and respect for the peoples of Asia. And, since a liberal program must be accompanied by armed force, we're up against the *problem of understanding*, in a *framework of military power* . . .

"The problem is how to combine power and persuasion—force and social judgment . . . What did communist success come from if not a combination of reform and liberalism? . . . Communist selling points . . .

". . . There must be a balance between military and economic aid . . . a balance between American aid and the Asiatic people concerned. Every effort we make must be in a context of partnership . . ."

Mr. Fairbank is greatly opposed to putting all our eggs in one Far-Eastern basket. As far as global strategy goes, he favors Marshall's. "In Western Europe we have the potential of the third war-making force. If we don't have protection against this, Russia may march across Europe as the Nazis did . . .

"Global strategy is the toughest problem of all. In Indo-China our ECA mission is an 11th hour stand. In the Philippines we have another responsibility—for we didn't leave them economic stability . . . And at the same time, we must head off aggression . . ."

When Mr. Turner stood up in the final round of the Forum, he voiced a basic issue. ". . . American security cannot be achieved in any war that does not involve the general contention—the two forces of the US and Russia . . . Should we make it known to the world that intervention in Iran, Yugoslavia, or Germany precipitates the war? . . . One point of

view holds that winning the war in Asia will be all that is needed for peace. The other is that that is just the beginning . . .”

Questions. How do we prevent another Korea in Indo China? What would be the terms of any peace? Any particular plans? Answers?

The *Mademoiselle Forum* came to a close with a great many questions unanswered, but as much thought fostered. And as Harvard's professor of government, Arthur N. Holcombe adjourned the delegation, there was no argument with the Chairman's concluding words: The thing none of us must forget is our job—to secure and make secure the rights of men and women.

POEM FOR MY UNBORN SON

Learn to stand alone, boy,
Learn to walk alone and sing alone.
Remember that sheep blindly follow
 the ram in mindless obedience,
And in the end, they follow a goat
To their deaths.

Walk not upon the trammelled road of fear.
Be brave, be honest.
Cowards hide in the darknesses and crannies of the world.
Cringing from the light of day.
The brave walk across the face of the earth
 in the light of the sun
 and in the sight of God,
 Sometimes, alone.

Yes, alone.
But remember this, son:
Weaklings band together, and in their unity produce only
 individual weakness.
Men, too, band together, but in their oneness: there is not
 one who cannot stand straight and proud,
 and talk to God.
Cowards need condolence,
But men may walk
Alone.

Peter D. Robinson

MR. JOHNSON GOES HOME

GERARD WALKER

Mr. Johnson didn't look back, once on the train. He simply forged his way through passengers who continued to stand in the vestibule between cars, and with difficulty opened the door to his own car. With one old leather suitcase which he carried directly in front of him to avoid hitting other passengers, he worked himself down the coach in search of his own seat, Number Thirty-Seven. He spotted it and lifted his suitcase above his head where he saw a space for it above the train seat. A middle-aged man suddenly spoke behind him, offering assistance. Mr. Johnson appreciated it, and the man swung the suitcase on to the rack, and Mr. Johnson thanked him. His seat on the train was next to the window, and he was glad of that, for it would give him the scenery to look at.

As the train gained speed and all the passengers had taken their seats, Mr. Johnson rested his head and looked out through the modern picture window which he also shared with the person in front of him. He noticed that all the other passengers were thumbing through magazines and newspapers and were already starting to eat things which had been carefully wrapped in wax paper and rubber bands. Most of the passengers in his car seemed about his age, all with very grey, and sometimes white, hair. And they were probably doing just about what he was, leaving Florida for cooler months in the North during the summer. He observed they were mostly women too, although he knew this might only be an illusion. He always was aware of a lot of elderly women together, but somehow suspected there were less than he saw. He wondered if all the other people on the car had been suffering from ailments such as his. They probably had, Mr. Johnson thought. And he completed thinking of this matter with his own idea that it wasn't much fun getting old.

He had gotten on the train at four-thirty, and the time was short before it became dark outside. Thinking about various things, too, had made time go faster. There seemed to be so many things to think about, and it was always confusing and irritating to start thinking of one matter, because one would always lead to another, and after awhile it would become a bit tiring. He tried to remember if he had told Agnes, who had kept house for him the past year, to keep the closet door of his bedroom open while he was away. Mildew would settle on all the clothes if this were not attended to. And then he remembered that Andrew Perkins had asked him to drop by the office sometime to sign some papers. He couldn't remember having done it, but he guessed he had. And that made him think of those new prescriptions at the drug store which Agnes had picked up before he left, or was he the one who had picked them up. He couldn't remember. There were some pills which were to be taken before breakfast. And there was another kind meant for afternoon, and finally some that he had to take at bed time. He imagined that Agnes probably had packed the bottles in his suitcase. She seemed to have done so many things for him during those past few months. She had done all the little things he couldn't think of until after she had done them. Agnes certainly had been a help. But she didn't know where the lawn sprinklers were turned on. He forgotten to tell her. At least he couldn't remember if he had told her. He imagined that he had, because it had been on his mind for the past week. Mr. Johnson suddenly remembered something very important. He relaxed his mouth and smiled to himself. He had taken Agnes around the lawn. It had been last Thursday, exactly one week before he was to leave. Both of them had made a tour of the place, and he remembered pointing out one particular place where the sprinklers on the right side of the house could be turned on.

As Mr. Johnson turned these matters over in his mind, he noticed the lights in the train had been turned on. All he could see outside his window were dark trees flying by. The sky wasn't completely dark outside, though. The trees actually were silhouetted against the sky. The train seemed to be moving very fast, Mr. Johnson thought. But then again, it might be just the fact that it was too dark to really know. One must never make up one's mind, if he is not absolutely sure of all the facts. The facts are, that the train is going, that it is getting dark outside, and the train seems to be going very fast. But that

might be drawing illogical conclusions. He wondered if he should question the conductor as to the topography of the land, the horsepower of the train's engine, and the general lie of the tracks, but then he decided it might be wise to get into the diner before the evening rush. Of course it might be better to wait until after the rush to go. But then again, the food might be well diminished at that time. Mr. Johnson wondered if he should ask the man in front of him what he was planning to do. But he decided against it, thinking that the man might take it as an invitation to join him for dinner, and of course he did not feel responsible for feeding the other passengers. Nevertheless, the man might be able to say when the train takes on more food. The answer might be an indication of how long present supplies were intended for. But then again it might not for the train's personnel might very well have underestimated the consumption of its passengers.

Mr. Johnson decided in favor of eating right away. So placing his overcoat in a neat bundle on the floor, under a newspaper which had been on the seat next to him, he straightened his tie, and started for the rear of the train. It was a difficult task going from his seat to the dining car. There seemed to be so many cars to pass through. The train seemed not too well lighted, and besides it rocked back and forth causing him to stumble from one side to the other. And every stumble seemed to bring him right up in front of some innocent sleeper who would grunt with disapproval. He faced everyone as he walked through the cars, and those who were not sleeping with their heads either hung over the side into the aisle, or jammed up against the window, seemed to stare at him sourly. Mr. Johnson wondered why they were like that, and what they were thinking about. People never used to be that way, he thought. But he dismissed this matter from his mind and continued to forge ahead to the dining car.

Once inside the well-lighted, busy diner, Mr. Johnson was guided to a table where he took a chair next to the window. He always liked a seat next to the window on a train, and this time he had been lucky twice. A waiter handed him a menu, but he refused it abruptly, asking for two pieces of whole-wheat toast without butter, vegetable soup, and a pot of tea. The waiter screwed up his mouth and went to the kitchen to give the order, while Mr. Johnson rearranged the silver in front of him, and drank a small gulp of ice water. He noticed the people in the dining car weren't quite as old as the

ones in his coach. He wondered why he had been deliberately put in a coach with people more or less his own age. The railroad probably thought they were doing him a favor. Mr. Johnson considered writing a letter to the company after he had arrived in New York suggesting that he considered it a rudeness, and the discrimination was unnecessary. However, he put the matter aside for the duration of his dinner. After a good ten minutes the waiter brought what had been ordered, and slapped the three items down in front of him, the soup almost slopping over the bowl into his lap. Mr. Johnson felt the side of the bowl, found it just a little better than lukewarm. The butter on the toast had sunk in sufficiently to saturate the two pieces, both of which had since turned cold and hard. Mr. Johnson realized they had been made before he ordered them. He finished the entire bowl of soup, both pieces of toast, and poured a cup of tea from a small green-enameled pot. He noticed a piece of paper attached to a string hanging out of the lid, but paid no further attention to it. Mr. Johnson found the tea very hot, and quite weak. However, he drank one full cup, and then turned around awkwardly to beckon the waiter. The latter came promptly, and Mr. Johnson placed a brand new one-dollar bill on the tray. The tray was quickly returned with fifty-five cents on it, of which Mr. Johnson took fifty, leaving five for the waiter. The waiter looked down at it for what seemed an unnecessarily long time, whereupon Mr. Johnson rapidly took it off the tray, put it in his pocket, and left the dining car.

Having stumbled back through all the cars, he found his own seat near the window and sat down. It was much darker now, but still he could see the tall pine trees silhouetted against the light shed by a full moon. The train seemed to be going even faster, and the other passengers in the car appeared to be sleeping. The lights were turned lower. He hadn't noticed the other coaches through which he had just walked, were as dark. There seemed to be more grey and white heads in this one, a different atmosphere altogether. As the train sped on its way through the swampy waters of Georgia, Mr. Johnson began to feel quite comfortable. He pushed his chair into its greatest reclining position, and rested his head comfortably on the back cushion. He continued to stare out of the window, and felt at peace with the world. He thought of how good his friends had been to him in Florida during those last few months when his ailments had been getting more numerous.

He wondered if he would be as happy in the North during the summer. The doctors had said it would be good for him to get away during the hot months, but he wouldn't be able to get anyone as good as Agnes had been, he was sure. Mr. Johnson thought of Florida at good length, and then his mind wandered slowly to other places he had lived. He remembered those twenty years he had worked in New York about forty-five years ago. He remembered how he had gone to and from his office in dirty subways and buses. But he couldn't remember a great deal. He did recall what a struggle it was though, especially during the first years. He remembered his efforts getting started in business, and what his wife had gone through with him. Mr. Johnson thought it would be fun to see New York again. He lay there silently, half staring out the window, half letting his eyes close. And then he remembered the pill which he was supposed to take just before bed. He would have to get it out of the suitcase. But who would get the suitcase down off the rack? He couldn't disturb anyone. But then he felt comfortable and rested, and didn't feel up to getting just the one pill. It wouldn't really matter. The chair was too comfortable to worry about things. It would be nice to just lie peacefully, and not think of anything. He felt the rocking of the train, and it was a comfortable feeling. And as the moon illuminated the tall pine trees, and the train glided swiftly and silently over the rails, through the marshes and dark swamps of Georgia, Mr. Johnson's eyes shut. . . .

TO '51 GODSPEED

Whatever seas your ship may sail,
We follow with our prayer,
That He whose eye can never fail
May have you in His care.

That if at times the skies are dark
And mists o'erlie the deep,
The eternal stars may guide your bark,
The lights that never sleep.

Be strong, be unafraid, nor quail,
However fierce the blast.
The stout of heart shall ride the gale,
And make the port at last.

On, brave young Gallants; hold your way;
Doubt not that you will win.
Full-laden and in pride, some day
Your good ship shall come in.

With faith, with yearning hope, we too
Your high adventure share;
All that we dream of sails with you,
"God speed you!"—this our prayer.

Theodore Collier

