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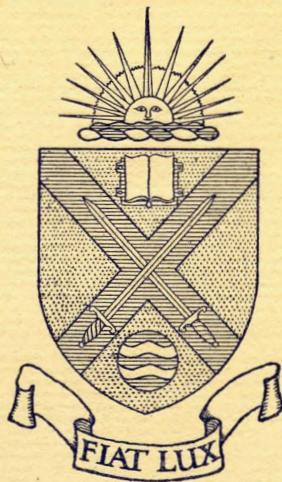
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THE FLAMINGO

1944



ROLLINS COLLEGE

Winter Park, Florida

THE FLAMINGO

ROLLINS COLLEGE

VOL. 19

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

NO. 1

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CONTENTS

	<i>Fiction</i>	<i>Page</i>
You Know—The Rain and All.....		3
NANCY LEE RAGAN		
Night Sky		5
ROSALIND DARROW		
Bury Me Deep.....		9
RICHARD D. LANE		
Mr. Pinkle's Contented Walk.....		23
HOPE SALISBURY		

Interlude	27
GORDON H. FELTON	
A Sort of Private Drink	33
NANCY LEE RAGAN	
The Night Death Passed	35
RICHARD D. LANE	
<i>Play</i>	
Eighth Day	41
BRENHAM MCKAY	
<i>Articles</i>	
Landmark	8
BEN BRIGGS	
Art At War	39
JOCELYN BOWER	
<i>Poetry</i>	
To a Dead Flier	13
ANN TURNER	
Pharoah's Bondmen Singing	14
ROSALIND DARROW	
You Cannot Know a Rose	15
ROSALIND DARROW	
The Ferry	15
RICHARD D. LANE	
Senility	15
RICHARD D. LANE	
Not By Bread Alone	16
LEE ADAMS	
To Red and John	17
LEE ADAMS	
Ballad of the Refugee Road	17
BARBARA COHAN	
Plea	18
JANET HAAS	
On My Son's Awakening	19
JANET HAAS	
Friends	19
PEGGY GEE	
The Facts	20
GORDON H. FELTON	
The Broken Dream	21
GORDON H. FELTON	
Night Fighter	21
LALEAH SULLIVAN	
To	21
ALICE HAINES	
Reconciliation to Death	22
ALICE HAINES	

YOU KNOW—THE RAIN AND ALL

BY NANCY LEE RAGAN

DAMNDEST thing the way it happened. I'm sitting in Joe's one night, wondering if I can make Mobile by morning. Joe puts my coffee in front of me and starts wiping the counter with that dirty wet rag he always uses, and then picks up the newspaper. I'm pretty tired, so I just drink my coffee and listen to the Juke playing "Blue Rain", and that's pretty funny because it's pouring outside and I know I'll pull in late again. I look at my watch and think I better shove on. I'm thinking that it's an awful sloppy night, and I'm thinking I'll have that left rear tire looked at, soon's I pull into Mobile.

Next thing I know, Joe looks at me kind of funny, like he hears something outside, and we both start for the door. It doesn't take me long to tell that's my truck starting off, about a hundred yards down the road. First thing I do is start running that way, but Joe grabs my arm and pulls me back inside. I'm cursing up a blue breeze and trying to find some change to put in the telephone box and finally get the number to tell Zapinski, the traffic commissioner in Mobile, to keep a lookout for my beer truck. Now, this is the second time inside a month I lose my truck, and the first time they picked it up after half an hour. But this time, I can't tell you why, I get a funny feeling. The rain, and it being so late and all.

I just can't help feeling funny. I have a boss, see, a guy that can't see how a thing like that can happen. "Hawkes", he says to me the last time, "Hawkes, I can't take chances with people that don't give a damn what happens to their truck." So I'm thinking I better do some worrying.

I put another nickel in the Juke and stand there watching the bright colors swirl around on the front of it, while "Blue Rain" plays again. Joe keeps shaking his head like he feels something's up, too. Now, no guy with any brains is going to want to go very far in a hurry if they took one look at that tire, so I'm thinking Zapinski shouldn't have much trouble once he puts the bee on the other guys down the line.

Joe doesn't say much, just stands behind the counter frowning, and now and again he looks at the doughnut he's eating. He gets that funny, "listening" look on his face again, and pretty soon I hear somebody's brakes screeching outside, and we both look out and see two guys get out of a car. We can see they're M. P.'s, by the black bands on their arms, and all of a sudden I think I got an idea what's up. Before I can say anything, one of them says to Joe, "We're looking for two Germans, broke out of Camp Polk about midnight. Keep your eyes peeled for anything funny." Then I start cursing. This time I *really* curse. Heinies in my truck, and all that beer!

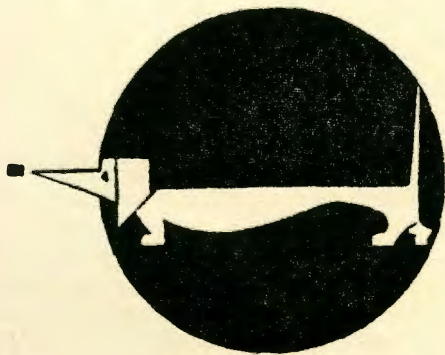
I tell the M. P.'s about my truck, and one of them heads for the phone. In a flash he's asking for Major Somebody, and starts talking fast and telling him about the truck. I keep thinking of that beer, and what a swell party a bunch of German P. W.'s could have with it. When

the M. P. hangs up, he turns around and says not to worry about the truck, he's got men posted at Mobile. He says these Heinies are prisoners out at Polk, where they keep a lot of the boys we captured in North Africa, and he figures they'll try to make Mobile and get hold of some guy that can use them.

I begin thinking about those Heinies, and my truck, and my beer, and Joe just sits there and folds a paper napkin so it looks like a glider. One of the M. P.'s starts over to the phone again, and on his way he tosses a nickel on the counter and grabs a doughnut from the glass case. He waits in front of the phone box, feeling for a coin, and all of a sudden it rings so sudden and loud he jumps. I watch him while he answers it, and Joe looks like he thought *he* ought to at least answer it, it being his place and all. The M. P. says "Good" and hangs up. Then he turns to me and says, "Too bad, Bud. We get our man, you lose your truck. Come along if you want to."

Joe just stands there, and I go out with the M. P.'s to their patrol car, and I see it's stopped raining, and the sky's sort of yellow where the sun ought to come up. It's almost light by the time we see the truck, about five miles down the road, lying on its side and broken beer bottles all around smelling damn good.

I can see a lot of people standing around my truck, and there's an old guy in an army uniform writing things down, and a lot of cops and more M. P.'s. My boss is there too, and he grabs my hand and looks down at the ground at the two lumps under the blanket. The old guy that must've been a colonel or something picks up a little white cap on the ground, that has a peak on it. "Afrika Korps, both of them," he says. Then he says, "Poor devils," and starts motioning to some of the M. P.'s to carry them away. I get a funny feeling, seeing them lying there under the blankets, not seeing their faces, you know, but knowing all the time they're Heinies and all. Then my boss says, "It's o. k. about the truck, Hawkes," and sort of grins. Damndest thing the way things happen to me.



NIGHT SKY

BY ROSALIND DARROW

THE night sky was starless over the island. The first hours of the evening were cool with a light wind rising from the river. Tonight, the whole aspect of the island was one of dim unreality, for the moon with its unusual red color and the peculiarly violet color of the summer sky lent a theatrical tone to the city. For all the fullness of the moon, however, the trees and benches lining the Hudson in that section of the city known as the Drive, were hardly discernible to the people lounging there at this hour. Across the river on the jagged shore, a few lights hovered in the darkness, and the Palisades lay in a far immensity of darkness and quiet.

Directly below the Drive the river stretched away from the steep banks into the nothingness that was the shore. People sitting under the trees talked in low voices or smoked silently as though an awareness of beauty had come upon them with the evening. A man in uniform stood at the balustrade, flicking his ash into the water as he gazed at the scene. He had been watching the sky for an hour. The late dusk had passed slowly into evening, and as he stood, alone and silent above the river, night had fallen, sweeping the bridge, the trees, the river, the near and the distant, into grateful darkness. He had watched the moon rise to a red, voluptuous fullness, and he noted that this night was like that first evening in late July when she had appeared in the shadows, except that now there were no stars and no clouds. The wind had lifted a little, bringing the hoot of a ferry and fragments of conversation to his ears. He could see no one plainly, only a shadowy form here and there, or if he turned, the small glow of a cigarette as it peered at him from the night.

He thought of her now as he had first seen her when she stepped out of the gathering shadows that night, her blonde hair swept up, and her eyes full of a dreaminess that had struck him with delight and admiration. She had stood a few feet from him, gazing quietly at the river, and he, conscious suddenly that he must speak to her, had moved to her side as though drawn by an invisible force. They had started talking immediately with that ease that is often natural between strangers. Now as he stood in exactly the same spot, he passed his hand over his eyes, as if to ward off a blow.

They had talked for more than an hour. It was not quite dark when they realized that they were good friends. The scene and the charm of the night had inspired them both, but he had been completely captivated with the inexplicable expression of her face and the slight musical accent that distinguished her conversation. Tonight, as he looked out at the river, that first conversation came back to him—his home, his friends, his college years, even his life in the army, he had told her all about it. He remembered how she had listened rapt and attentive when he spoke of the war, or his experiences in the service.

They had walked down to Central Park, talking and holding hands. On the way they bought ice-cream from a Good-Humor Truck, and they smoked Gerta's cigarettes, which were foreign and extraordinarily good. The ride back on the Fifth Avenue bus came to him vividly. She had got out at Fort Washington but would not let him take her home. When he insisted on walking her to the door, she protested that he must be tired. She had not asked him in, but they had parted with a promise to meet again at the balustrade overlooking the river. The next night, as he looked at her, he thought of many poetic things she resembled. She laughed when he told her.

Gerta said that the lights streaming from the Palisades fascinated her, so they took the ferry across the river, and hand in hand, roamed about the toyland on the Jersey shore. At the recollection of the popcorn and hamburgers they had consumed, he grimaced. After they had stuffed themselves with ice-cream, hot-dogs and soda, he took Gerta up on The Wheel and through the loop-the-loop where she screamed and squealed, hiding her head in his shoulder. In the Weird Tunnel they laughed uproariously over the mirrored contortions that vaguely resembled themselves. The merry-go-round made them dizzy, and when they passed a fortune-teller's lair, Gerta refused to have her future read, for she didn't believe in it. Instead he bought her a huge Indian doll from a man who guessed their weight. They had shot penny-guns at ships and planes in a root-beer concession. Gerta shrieked whenever she made a hit—a good shot she was too, with a steady hand and good aim. Altogether they laughed a great deal, and they came back very tired and happy.

As they got off the ferry she had kissed him briefly, telling him she would see him, not tomorrow, but next evening in the park. Nor did he run after her when she left him, for he was too exhilarated to protest.

The next weeks were short, crowded with the pleasures of dancing, drinking beer, concerts on the mall. They took long walks whether it rained or not and he knew he was in love with her. Her kiss told him plainly that she loved him too. One night they sat at the foot of Grant's Tomb and he asked her to marry him. Perhaps the idea startled her, for she had looked away, saying nothing as she dropped his hand. When he pressed her for an answer, she shook her head silently. But he was not satisfied and tried to question her. It was then she had grown angry.

She turned on him. "Why," she cried, "do you question me?"

"But my darling," he said in amazement, "I don't question you. I'm asking you to marry me. You've never told me anything about yourself, and I don't care to know anything except that I love you." Slowly her stony anger had melted as they sat entranced in the night's stillness. About them the music of invisible things hung everywhere. Above them the stars were so low that for once the boundless space between earth and sky seemed limited. He could not know what Gerta was thinking, he could only hope that her thoughts included them both in the future of which he was dreaming and for which he longed.

They began to walk about aimlessly, not knowing how to heal the silence that now separated them. At last he took her in his arms and searched

her face a long time. He said, "I'm going to leave soon, Gerta." He was certain he did not imagine the tears in her eyes or the tremor in her voice.

"Where? When?"

"I don't know, soon though. Maybe to California." She was alert suddenly.

"Meet me here tomorrow," she said and left him. He stood still, watching her disappear.

He did not see her for a week. With difficulty he resisted the desire to call or write her, for he knew that she guarded their intimacy carefully. She had never allowed him to take her home, insisting always that he leave her at the bus-stop. And though at first it had puzzled him, he soon resigned himself to this in his love for her. When she appeared towards the end of the week, she threw herself on him, kissing him hysterically. "Let's go away from here," she cried, "I can't stand the sight of the river this evening." They found themselves at last in noisy Greenwich. Gerta took him to a tea-room, alive and teeming with the smell of stale food and beer. Sitting in that close room, he talked of unimportant things, then broke off. With the third bottle of beer, he felt better.

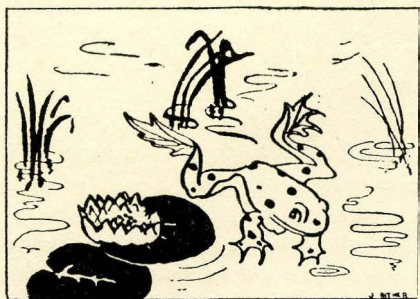
"Why won't you marry me?" he demanded. "I don't understand—"

"There is no need to understand," she interrupted. "No, I won't talk about it any more."

That evening he had bought a paper . . . and when he saw her picture on the front page, the inscrutable eyes staring at him, he reeled . . . he forced himself to read the description the police had given the press . . . yes, yes, it *was* she, all but the name . . . he glanced at the other pose in profile. He ripped the paper in shreds. Early morning found him impossibly sober; the reality would not be wrenched from his mind in the bar. All the way uptown he fought himself. What was it the paper had said? He had thrown it away—he sat down on a bench, mumbling to himself, and the policeman swinging by cursed.

In the cold dawn he sat, his head heavy in his hands. It was almost morning. At last he called hoarsely to the drowsy policeman. He could speak only in a broken whisper . . .

Standing in the familiar spot tonight he tried to imagine that it had been a bad dream. It was eight o'clock. There was a rustling behind him, but Gerta would not come, he knew. And he tried to think of her as she had appeared from the shadows that evening.



LANDMARK

By BEN BRIGGS

THE CHEMISTS of our country have filled another retort full of bubbling, steaming victory. They have bound together an incredibly complicated array of atoms and watched man-made quinine crystallize in their laboratory. Their quinine has never seen the plantations stolen from us by the swift Japanese invaders. Yet it is identical by any chemical test to the magic alkaloid that has made the malaria-ridden jungles of the earth livable for white men for well over a century. Its preparation signals one of the more important victories of the organic chemist in his search for the innermost secrets of nature's chemicals.

Wohler made the organic compound urea many years ago and thereby proved that man could take from his test tubes those chemicals that had been supposed to be the exclusive monopoly of nature. Since that day the history of organic chemistry has been one of amazing successes. Dyes, rubber, drugs, textiles, and countless other materials for which man once had to depend upon jealous nature have flowed from the inexhaustible ingenuity of chemists. Many times nature has actually been improved upon. Where except from our laboratories could come the scintillating beauty of plastics or the glorious rainbow of dyes?

With the making of quinine by two organic chemistry professors, Dr. Robert B. Woodward of Harvard University and Dr. William Doering of Columbia University, one more of nature's closely guarded secrets of life has been tracked down. Perhaps science has come one step nearer the ultimate problem set forth by the great organic chemist, Emil Fischer—the creation of life. Fischer himself hoped to solve the problem, but the complexity of structure of living matter proved too monumental a task for even his genius. However, just as quinine is more complicated in atomic arrangement than urea, so are our chemists in the synthesis of quinine that much nearer the solution of the composition of living cells.

We cannot be sure how close we are. A filterable virus having those characteristics of life—growth, reproduction, and food consumption—has been crystallized. It is a transition material between living organisms and unliving chemicals. With the pure crystals prepared it remains now to determine its structure and synthesize it in our laboratories. Once this is done we may begin to understand what we are who live and breathe and think. Indeed, this is the most fascinating problem to which science may ever offer a reply. The full answer will give medicine and biochemistry the power to perform what we would today call miracles. We may understand why some cells become outlaws and plague us with cancer or why cellular organization leads only to the self-destruction known as old age.

But while the organic chemists strive for their incredible goal, we may enjoy all the useful and beautiful materials they have already made and will continue to make. We need only look about us to see how much has been done. But with this same glance we may also see how much remains.

BURY ME DEEP

by RICHARD D. LANE

I HAD stayed on the freight all the way from Jacksonville to Gin City. When we stopped there, I heard a railroad cop crunching along on the gravel roadbed. I figured he was going to search all the cars; so I beat it quick out the other side.

Hell, the roadbed wasn't flat the way it ought to be. I lost my balance and rolled down it about ten feet before it levelled out. It must have sounded loud enough to be a bear rolling around in potato chips. Anyway, before I could get up, I heard the sound of the cop's whistle. It sounded silly, like he was warning me he was coming.

It was pretty dark out. The sun had already gone down, and I figured that if I got far enough ahead of him he'd never find me. I started running away from the track off into the bushes. By now he'd climbed between the cars, and I guess he could see me.

"Hey you," he yelled. "Stop or I'll shoot."

I ran faster.

After a minute I realized that nothing had happened. I slowed down and looked behind me. The railroad cop was nowhere in sight. I guess he didn't have a gun. Or maybe he just said to himself, "The hell with you, Bud; it's too much trouble."

And I guess that's about what I figured the last time I had a steady job. I just got sick as hell of getting up early every morning and climbing on a bus and sitting in a big office with a lot of other people while a couple of jerks brought in stuff for us to work on. It was silly. It was even more silly than that cop blowing his tin whistle at me. That at least was funny. The other was only a dull pain in the rear.

Once I had stopped running, I couldn't see any reason for starting again. And anyway, I was too hungry to run.

I started walking toward town. I walked around the long way so I wouldn't go near the train-station. It was quite a while since I'd eaten back in Jacksonville. It must have been a hundred and fifty miles, and that was a slow freight.

I never bum meals off people. When I quit my job a year or so ago, I had a little money saved, and I've always kept some money to eat on. When I meet with some guys that get free meals, then I go with them, but I don't like to ask for food.

I was sitting in a little lunchroom eating some soup and a hamburger a half-hour later. There were three guys sitting at the counter arguing about politics. They were just talking to hear the noise, because none of them would ever lift a finger to change things.

Pretty soon they got tired of that subject and one of them said:

"Who you gonna vote for as sheriff?"

"I dunno. Hell, the one we got now's all right."

"I heard he's gonna do a lot of campaigning this last week before elections."

"Yeah. Somebody even said he was gonna clean the niggers out of here. One good lynching would swing the whole town over to him."

"That's right. We're getting mighty tired of the way these niggers been acting up."

"Yep," the one repeated, "one good lynching would swing the whole election."

I just kind of half-way listened to them without much interest, because I knew I'd be out of this town by morning. After I finished my dinner I got up and paid the waitress. That was sure a mighty nice-looking waitress. But hell, if I messed around every place I stopped, I'd never get anywhere. Besides, she was probably married to the boss.

It was getting kind of late, and I figured I'd better find the hobo jungle and get me some sleep. I'd never been here before, but I figured the jungle would be about a half-mile past the station, the way it usually was. Anyway, I started walking down the highway along the railroad tracks, and pretty soon I saw a little campfire burning a little ways off in the woods.

I crossed the tracks then and walked toward it. There was just one man sitting by the fire. He was humming to himself. He was a Negro.

When he heard me coming, he suddenly stood up; but when I had gotten in the light he relaxed and sat back down again.

"Howdy," he said.

"Good evenin' " I said. "How you doing?"

"Very fine; I'm doing okay, boss."

I sat down by the fire and said to him:

"You the only one here?"

"Yessuh; this ain't a good place for niggers. It ain't healthy for anybody right now."

"Oh," I said, "I heard somethin' about the elections, and the old sheriff tryin' to drum up votes."

"Yessuh, that's it. He scared he gonna be outa a job pretty soon, so he gonna get busy, I reckon."

"What're you stickin' around for if he's liable to come out for you any time?"

"I got me a gal in town. I sure can't leave her. And she lives with her husband, so I sure can't stay in town either."

The Negro leaned back by the fire and, he sang softly:

"O I got me a gal in town, Lord, got me a gal in town,

O I said I got me a gal in town, Lord, I sure got me a gal in town,

And O Lordy how she loves me, especially when her husband ain't around."

"Did you eat yet?" he asked me.

"Yeah, I already had somethin' to eat," I said.

I talked to him quite a while, and I found out he was a pretty smart Negro. He told me about how he used to shoot 'possums out in the swamp at night. "That was when I was still living with my folks, before I had to leave," he said.

I didn't ask him about why he had to leave. I'd been on the road a year, and I knew better than to ask that.

"I used to go out with the dogs about eleven o'clock. Pretty soon they'd get a smell and be off like mad after the 'possum. We'd get him up a tree, and the dogs'd be yelpin' to beat the band, and finally I'd shoot him out of the tree, and if I wasn't quick, the dogs'd have him ate up before I could get there. It sure was nice to be able to go out nights and hunt 'possums. I still remember how the sky used to be: like that thick smooth-feeling cloth you see in store windows sometimes.. You could feel it up there in the sky, and it sure was fine."

"I used to work in a store up north," I told him. I worked up there till I got sick of it, and then I hit the road. I been gettin' along pretty well ever since."

"Yeah, this is a nice way to live, but if I could, I'd sure rather have me a house. I'd get me a house in town if I could. I ain't so young as you are. My bones don't like sleepin on the wood floor of a box car like they used to. It won't be many years before I'll even have to stop havin' me gals in town. I'll just be wore out I guess."

He rolled over nearer the fire, and I thought maybe he was gonna sing again, but he turned to me and said:

"Yep, a nigger could sure do a lot better than bein' caught in this town."

"You think maybe they'd lynch you?"

"Hell yes, and there're worse things than that."

I knew what he meant. Up in Georgia I'd seen them catch a Negro that'd raped a white girl. They'd tied a rope to his feet and then dragged him screaming around and around the town square while his skin and finally his scalp got torn from his body. He was unconscious but still alive when they strung him up to a lamp post and then emptied their guns into him. It took three men to carry his lead-filled body out to the field where they buried him. They usually bury Negroes after they've lynched them. They do that for them at least.

"All I hope," he said, "is I get buried deep enough so the dogs won't get me."

I laughed, but it wasn't funny, because of what I had seen before.

"You know what time it is?" he asked.

"About eleven, I guess." Somebody'd stolen my watch once when I was asleep, but I figured it was around eleven.

"About this time I used to go out after 'possums," the Negro said. "I used to go out with my dogs and my gun right about this time."

He lay looking straight up at the sky and I noticed then that it really was like velvet, just like he'd said. And I knew he was thinking now about the old days, and thinking, maybe that he was getting old, anyway that he'd never go out after 'possums again.

He lay looking up at the sky. Then suddenly and violently he straightened up.

"They're comin'," was all he said. "Somebody's told them I was here."

He put a handful of dirt over the fire to put it out. He stood up quickly and looked in the direction of town. Now I could hear them. I could

hear the baying of the hounds and the faint cracklings of dry twigs. I could hear them clearly now through the quiet blackness.

"They don't want you," the Negro said to me. "You just run off into the bushes over there and wait till they've passed. And don't worry about the hounds finding you. They know a nigger from a white man."

"I'm glad to have met you," I said.

He shook my hand tightly.

"Me too," he said. "It's too bad it was so short."

"Good luck," I said.

He moved quickly off into the dark. I turned and ran to the left. When I'd gotten a hundred yards from the clearing, I stopped. I got behind a bunch of palmettos and listened. It was too dark to see anything.

The dogs must have reached the clearing now, because they were howling like mad. In a minute they had started running off into the woods where the Negro had gone. When they had gotten away from the clearing, I moved back toward it. There was something less lonely about that place where the fire had been, and where we had been talking a few minutes before.

The Negro had told me there was a midnight train. I figured the best thing I could do would be to get out of this town as fast as I could.

As I waited there in the clearing, I heard the dogs again. They were howling like mad. They had found him. The men were shouting too. I could hear them pretty clearly, so I knew he hadn't gotten very far. They were moving back toward town now. I crossed the hard road so I wouldn't have far to run for the train. I had to see them as they passed. I had to see him for the last time.

The train was already leaving town when I first heard it. It had just started from the station a half mile away. I could hear it puffing rhythmically as it got up steam. It was coming on an up-grade; so I knew I could hop it without much trouble. The hounds were growling, and it sounded like they were trying to get at the Negro. The train would be here in a minute. The men were making a dull buzzing sound with their voices. There were no clear noises in the night-air, only the blending sounds of the train, the dogs and the men. Then suddenly, as they passed the clearing, I heard him:

"Bury me deep, Lordy," he shouted. "Bury me deep so the dogs won't get me."

I knew he was calling me, saying goodbye.

I turned and ran toward the thundering train.

TO A DEAD FLIER

By ANN TURNER

I.

The lean hours glide by without number.
A white face against the slowly moving wave
Floats among twisted steel in lifeless slumber.
Staring at the dark above its seething grave.

Black with rain, the heaving waters rise,
Lifting his lonely corpse up to a glowering sky,
Curling cold hands to grasp the drifting prize. . .
His pale, gaunt face above the waves thrusts high.

That flaming spirit, once encased, has fled . . .
And left these bones and bleeding flesh to torture
Us, the living, not the dead.

II.

Out of the great night sky,
Awash with faint clouds,
Dazzled by stars—
Come down and be safe with me.

Come down from rushing winds,
Propeller blades slicing the night—
A man in a plane against the moon
Come down. Come down, and be safe with me.

TWO POEMS

By ROSALIND DARROW

PHAROAH'S BONDMEN SINGING

Leave off the making of these bricks!
Of straw and strength you've none,
Leave off the mud, the grass and sticks
And turn now towards the sun!

The eastern sky is splashed with red,
But Pharoah's lovely daughter
Dreams in her strange Egyptian bed
Of Moses on the water.

Pharoah shall smite us with the sword!
But we shall tune the lyre.
Sing, oh Ishmael, of the Lord,
Though Pharoah scourge with fire!

The east is turned a pot of gold
And Pharoah's Egyptian daughter
Is gone to seek in haunts untold
For Moses on the water!

Leave off your toil, forsake the fields;
The sun droops in the west.
The dusk is come, and daylight yields,
But Israel cannot rest.

YOU CANNOT KNOW A ROSE

You cannot know a rose till you have smelt
Its perfume, opened up its heart, and felt
Its thorns. Nor can you know the beauty there
Till you have seen its petaled hair
Scattered like blood upon the ground
Spilling its loveliness around.

So never, never shall you see
The rose that is the heart of me,
For I have sheathed these thorns, my hair
Is tightly drawn, and with all care
I'll hide it in a lonely mound
Of beauty braided up and bound.

TWO POEMS

By RICHARD D. LANE

THE FERRY

Gliding, skimming,
Drifting along on the subtle tide:
Flying sea-gulls screech past,
Wailing the plaintive receding call,
Past with only a glimpse of You;
Like subway tunnel lights, whirling,
More like dead souls, old friends passing
Through the subtle world with brief impressions,
And with life that never lived.

SENILITY

The moon
is an old and senile lover,
impotent as the skies.
He sits
in his bed and watches others
spin romantic lies.

TWO POEMS

By LEE ADAMS

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

I see hills rising and falling—
Leading away, tempting—
Sun on the grass, leaves quivering.
Birds aloft—soaring high—
Clouds and air—
Wind.
Or the silent drip of the forest moisture
Distilled on shiny leaves—
Brown trunks—mosses—ferns—
Deer with wet muzzle and knees wet with dew-walking.
I see the man and his pail,
His gun,
His boots and patched trousers walking from tree to tree;
Turpentine oozing.
I smell pungent straw—
Wind whispering—
Branches sighing—
Pines.
I hear bluejays screaming at some uncomfortable owl.
I see a hickory golden with turning—
Its nutty tang—
Its clean feeling.
Sunrise calling;
And back on the hill clothes on a line billowing wild,
blowing—
Free.
Red hair streaming in the sun:
Women—girls—hens scratching—cows—
A man on a horse.

I hear the blue sky—"a great laughter"
Out of the mouth of God.

TO RED AND JOHN

God—don't let our candles be snuffed out
 Until they've burned;
 And may their glow fire other wicks
 That smoulder, that should flame.
 God, bring back those lights the world has
 stomped on—
 The hearts society has killed—
 The will to do—
 The faded hopes—
 Let them burn.
 God, save those who would seek, would find;
 Don't let their probings be cut short
 By demands they cannot meet
 From a world of false ideas, false values, false people,
 and false gods.

—March 13, 1944

BALLAD OF THE REFUGEE ROAD

By BARBARA COHAN

We are the children, the lost generation.
 We take the Refugee Road, alone.
 Only our hearts have no hesitation.
 Only our dead have really a home.
 The road is long,
 The way not clear.
 We must be strong
 For Death hangs near.
 Gone are the smiles, the sweet singing voices.
 Gone are the feet that danced through the day.
 We've only a burden and no other choices.
 We've only a cry to lighten our way.
 The road is white.
 The way is steep,
 But it is not light
 And we long for sleep.
 We are the children, the lost generation.
 We take the Refugee Road, alone.
 Only our hearts have no hesitation.
 Only our dead have really a home.

TWO POEMS

By JANET HAAS

PLEA

God, when You made, in all Your power and might,
The giant mountains, alabaster-capped,
The verdant valleys, dappled with the bright,
Soft benison of sunlight, white shores lapped
By dancing, sparkling waves, the dark, rich earth,
The young green fingers bursting through to show
To purblind human eyes that there's no dearth
Of hope and promise, even though the snow
May cover all with glittering, quiet death;
When with Your hand You fashioned each live thing
And on a chosen one You blew the breath
Which made of him a man; O, great wise king,
Did You intend that man should conquer man,
Should bind him fast in chains that crush his soul
And maim his body? Lord, was it Your plan
That such as I can never reach my goal
Because my forebears' ebon backs were bent
Beneath the yoke of slavery? Must I be
Forever doomed to have my longing pent
Up within me by a surging sea
Of prejudice and hate? O, why is black
A shameful color, when the Negro race
Can brave cruel tauntings and the torture rack
With faith triumphant over time and place?
Sometimes I think I can no longer stand
The arrogance, the loathing, the distrust
Of white toward black. In this broad, gracious land
Where liberty's a heritage, unjust
It is that all may not partake
Of freedom's cup. But, patient still, I wait
The day when You Your mighty sword will take
And smite in terrible wrath the senseless hate
Of man for man. I pray on bended knee
That some day, God, You'll come and set me free.

ON MY SON'S AWAKENING

The sun, with fingertip incarnadine,
Draws back the veil and lets the morning in
And etches with a softly crimson glow
The alabaster hillocks of the snow.

With gentle stealth it tiptoes through his room
To penetrate the swift dispersing gloom,
To limn in radiant gold his baby hair,
And, loath to leave such beauty, lingers there.

Then carillons in joyful paeans ring,
To slumb'ring folk the dawn's sweet tidings bring.
My little one bestirs and opes his eyes
And greets the day with cries of glad surprise.

Dear Lord, may he be blessed with content
And never suffer disillusionment!

FRIENDS

By PEGGY GEE

I cannot go to church with you,
To kneel down in a prayer,
For I am one among the few,
Who cannot worship there.

Instead I'll lie upon the ground
Beneath the waving trees,
And there is where my God is found,
His voice is in the breeze.

There is no better church for me,
Than here beneath the sky,
Where works of God I clearly see
And we talk together—God and I.

TWO POEMS

By GORDON H. FELTON

THE FACTS*

There is no surveying of the moon
when the sun is visible—even to the naked eye;
when the polka dots focus on dreams
of the unattained, the yet undreamed.

The matter is divided equally:
time's silent rest revolves about my head
spiralling upward to the brain,
but the thundering ache throbs out the sense
and kills the small reality of dreams,
stripping the growth to utter bone.

Bone and blood, and recollections of the sleep
collected by fictitious time; even the moon
is hot on the empty road,
on the naked eye, dressed fully in imagination.

Would there be truth decided by this eye
which holds the darkness in the light
and rolls in circus-life passage
over the bitter elements decaying in the dust,
the reason parading under false pretenses?

* Reprinted from *The New Mexico Quarterly Review*.

THE BROKEN DREAM

It is like hot blood in veins
spilling over the body's plains
and valleys: the circumstance
described by tears and grief.
The heart will leap, shout and dance:
searching the endless space without relief.
This memory of now is undecided—
strong and tough—undivided;
the hot blood halts to a broken dream
held in the arms of sleep;
but tears will not evade the screams
nor cleanse the wounds: hard and deep.

NIGHT FIGHTER

By LALEAH SULLIVAN

Taking off from the hard, black plain of the sea
Like an iron eagle soaring from a welded nest,
Screaming, lurching blindly through the dark,
I think how gentle, through one summer night,
Was the silent flight of a lark.

Swooping back through the darkness to a haven
On the steel-muscled, cold male
Chest of the sea, I can't but remember,
How like a woman's breast was the moonlight
On the smooth white curve of a sail.

TWO POEMS

By ALICE HAINES

TO

I would not smile again, High One,
Were not the sky so blue,
Were there not stars upon the leaves
Made living by the sun.

Were not the flight of gaudy jay
So quickening a thing.
Were flowers to be less passionate,
The thought toward them less gay.

I would not smile again

Were rain less comforting a sound,
Were wind less free and reckless,
But gentle to the brittle leaves
That settle on the ground.

Were brooks less happily wandering on,
The moss on neighboring rocks less soft,
The hills less cold before the moon,
And hours less quickly gone.

RECONCILIATION TO DEATH

And this is how I reconcile myself to death:
I will lie cold and stiff beneath the rich brown earth . . .
The small and hairy roots of some tall pine
Will reach to take from me
The whiteness of my flesh, the hue of eye,
To be a lyre for wandering winds,
To quiver in the sun by day like running water,
To know the dreams of those who sleep at night,
To be a shade for heated ones,
A rest for weary backs;
To be this peace against a space of cloud and sky
Is what I ask from Death.

MR. PINKLE'S CONTENTED WALK

by HOPE SALISBURY

MR. PINKLE was perfectly contented. He walked aimlessly down the street, going nowhere in particular, just walking. It was one of those Sundays with blue skies and bright sunshine, when all the world was drowsy and peaceful. The earth seemed to be squatting on its haunches, like a well-fed kitten which sits purring before the fire. Mr. Pinkle whistled softly, very much off key. He glanced casually at the little houses which he passed in that half unconscious way of people who are idly walking. He was at peace with living, with his wife, with his boss, and with himself. He was satisfied with his place in the world, and had no desire to do anything to change it. He was, as I have said before, perfectly contented.

"I say there, Pinkle, wait up a minute!" Mr. Pinkle turned around. A dignified grey-haired gentleman with a flourishing moustache and beard was descending upon him, waving a highly polished black cane as he advanced. "I've been chasing you for blocks," the grey-haired gentleman panted.

"Oh, really?" said Mr. Pinkle, squinting hard at the other man, trying vainly to place him. He could remember neither his face nor his name, and hadn't the vaguest idea where they could have met before.

"No, you don't know me, old boy. Not yet, that is," and he chuckled gleefully at some private little joke of his own.

"I'm afraid I don't understand——" began Mr. Pinkle, but the other interrupted him.

"Pinkle, I'm not going to tell you who I am, nor how I happen to know you; I haven't much time, and don't like to waste words. The thing is, I have a proposition to make you."

"A proposition?" murmured Mr. Pinkle. "What kind of a proposition?"

"A very profitable one, if you use your wits," the grey-haired gentleman said in a businesslike tone. "Very profitable indeed. Pinkle," he weighed his words carefully, "Pinkle, I have it in my power—no, don't ask me how—to grant you any desire which you might have. Whatever it is you want—to become tops in your business, to make a million overnight, even to become President—just tell me, and I can make it happen."

"I don't understand," Mr. Pinkle said hesitatingly. "How can you do these things, and why should you do them for me, of all people? And what would I have to do in return?"

"I told you not to ask me how it can be accomplished," said the grey-haired gentleman, somewhat annoyed. "Just believe me, it *can* be done. Tell me what you want, and I'll fix everything. All you have to do is sign this little contract with my Master." The grey-haired gentleman flashed a paper beneath Mr. Pinkle's eyes. "Now, think hard, Pinkle. What do you want?"

Mr. Pinkle was confused. He didn't know quite what was going on.

"Wait a minute. Not so fast. Would you please tell me what this is all about? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"All right," sighed the grey-haired gentleman wearily. "I might as well tell you the whole story. As much as I'm allowed to tell you, that is. My Master is worried about you, Pinkle, very worried. He's afraid you'll go to the enemy camp, because you're so good, and can't be tempted. He ordered me to come here and get your signature on this contract, in return for which you will be granted any desire which you may have. But that's just the trouble; you don't seem to want anything!"

"You're right; I don't want anything," said Mr. Pinkle positively. "I'm absolutely contented with my life the way it is now. But you haven't answered my question. Who is your Master, and what is this contract he wants me to sign? I'm afraid I still don't exactly understand." Mr. Pinkle was beginning to be annoyed.

The grey-haired gentleman smiled. "My Master, Pinkle, is a wonderful person. The most wonderful person there is. But he's been having a great deal of trouble lately. Too many people are going over to the Enemy. Though there was a time, a few centuries ago, when we did a booming business. Yes, indeed!" He chuckled reminiscently. "But times are hard now, and we need all the people we can get. And what we need most of all are a few people the Enemy is sure of getting, in order to break down His morale and self-assuredness. That's where you come in. Do you follow me?" (Mr. Pinkle didn't, but thought it would be simpler to let it go.) "Well, if you sign this contract it will mean you'll be coming into my Master's Camp after it has happened. Now, how about it, Pinkle?"

"Gad, man!" shouted Mr. Pinkle. "What in the Devil's name are you driving at? After *WHAT* has happened?"

"Why, after you've died, of course!" The grey-haired gentleman looked startled. "Didn't I tell you about that before? A serious blunder on my part, forgive it, old man. I'm not usually so forgetful. Yes, if you sign my Master's contract, then you'll come to our camp after you die. We'll treat you right, there, too. Breakfast in bed every morning. Walking around our lovely golf course every afternoon. Musicians playing every evening in the park. What more could you ask for?"

It sounded like Heaven to Mr. Pinkle, who had an absolute passion for breakfast in bed, for golf, and for concerts in the park. He wouldn't have been so favorably impressed, however, had he been able to read the grey-haired gentleman's thoughts.

"Sure, breakfast in bed—but the crumbs are always still there when you try to sleep at night; walking around the golf course—ha! that's all you can do—there are clubs but no balls; concerts in the park—but the musicians play on soundless instruments. Ah well—that's the Hell of it all!"

Mr. Pinkle shook his head slowly. He refused to be tempted by these lovely visions. He was by nature cautious, and this whole affair seemed decidedly odd to him. He didn't like to monkey around with things that would happen after he died; the whole idea was far too gruesome. Mr. Pinkle enjoyed life, and expected to go right on enjoying it for some time to come. At last he cleared his throat noisily and said, "I'm afraid I'm

not interested. Thank your Master for his kind offer, but I don't particularly care to sign up. Besides, I don't want anything."

"But, Pinkle, surely you must want *something!*" The grey-haired gentleman was decidedly annoyed. "Please try to think." Mr. Pinkle, however, was decidedly annoyed himself. He didn't like the idea of this stranger's deliberately interfering with his peaceful little walk. The man had his nerve!

"No, I don't want anything. And even if I did, I wouldn't sign your foolish contract. You can tell that to your Master, too!" Mr. Pinkle stormed hurriedly away. The grey-haired gentleman pursued him. For over half a mile he kept right at his heels, beseeching him to want something, but all was in vain; Mr. Pinkle turned a deaf ear on him and walked all the faster. Finally the grey-haired gentleman stopped and caught Mr. Pinkle's arm with his cane so that he was forced to stop, too.

"All right, Pinkle. I give up. You don't have to sign the contract. My Master will roast me for a couple of centuries for failing to get you, but you don't have to sign." The grey-haired gentleman was practically in tears.

"I'm sorry you're taking it so hard," murmured Mr. Pinkle sympathetically. "I don't want to get you in trouble with your Master. But I really can't sign the contract. It's against my principles."

"I understand," sobbed the grey-haired gentleman. "It isn't your fault. But I was in the roasting oven a century ago, and I didn't enjoy it too much. "In fact," he smiled weakly, "it was really Hell. But I don't blame you, Pinkle. You can't help it. Only it's going to be so hard to lie there roasting, and to think of how good and contented you are up here—so contented that you don't even want anything. If I could have been like you when I was alive——. But no, I wanted too much. Mainly my wife's inheritance. Only I had to kill her and half a dozen relatives to get it. It was very sad. Very bloody. Oh well, I won't bore you with the gruesome details of my sordid past. But it will certainly be painful, remembering how you didn't want anything."

"Pinkle, if you'd just *please* want something you'd get it, even without signing the contract. I promise you. Isn't that right, Master?" He pounded three times with his cane on the nearest rock, and the ground shuddered. A puff of smoke arose from some hidden crevice of the earth in answer to the question. "You see," smiled the grey-haired gentleman, "my Master agrees. So please, Pinkle, think of something you want. Just to make the next couple of centuries a little easier for me. Please!"

Mr. Pinkle wracked his brain. He couldn't seem to want anything. Then like a bolt from the blue it came to him. Why, of course! The perfect answer. But would it happen?

"Are you sure I'll be granted my desire—no matter *what* it is?"

"Yes. My Master has said 'Let it happen, no matter what it is,' so now there is no force, absolutely none, not even my Master's, which can stop it. So, what is it, Pinkle?"

"Well," said Mr. Pinkle, "here goes. I want you to be *outside* the roasting oven for the next couple of centuries, while your Master is *inside!*"

There was a crashing of thunder and a flashing of lightning. The ground rocked furiously, and spurts of fire and smoke issued forth from the earth. In the roaring of a sudden violent wind Mr. Pinkle thought he heard the agonized shrieks of the damned. In a pillar of flame the earth opened and ravenously swallowed the grey-haired gentleman.

At once there was calm again. The sun shone merrily, and the sky was very blue. All the world was drowsy and peaceful. Mr. Pinkle felt as if the whole affair had never happened. He walked on aimlessly, whistling softly, very much off key. He was at peace with living, with his wife, with his boss, and with himself. He was satisfied with his place in the world, and had no desire to do anything to change it. He was, as I have said before, perfectly contented.



INTERLUDE

BY GORDON H. FELTON

PRIVATE SWARTZ locked his heels between the top rings on the hard stool he occupied and sipped his coffee. His eyes followed the girl behind the counter re-filling coffee cups, passing doughnuts, smiling at the soldiers, but underneath it all looking tired and disgusted. She walked past him in going to the kitchen but did not glance his way. He sipped his coffee again and decided to speak to her when she came back.

"Re-fill, please," he said, and moved his cup toward her over the greasy counter. She stopped short, turned to face him and smiled the same smile she gave every other soldier in the canteen. Her lips seemed artificial in their movement, as if some puppet-master held strings on them and made her smile every time a soldier spoke to her.

She picked up the coffee cup and put it under the spigot of the big, shiny coffee maker. The smell of the fresh coffee was good to him and as she set it down in front of her the steam rose in short spiraling columns.

"Hello," he said simply.

"Hello! What brought that on, soldier?" Her eyes tried to come alive, but he could see the exhaustion underneath.

"You look tired," he said. "Maybe you better have the coffee." The room seemed suddenly silent except for his own voice, but when he turned his eyes to the side to see if they were being watched, he could see a room full of soldiers, all talking and singing at the same time.

"No thanks. I've served too much coffee and doughnuts tonight to eat any of the stuff myself. They'd make me sick." She started to walk on, but he called her back.

"Why the hurry?"

She looked at him in a matter-of-fact way and then offered the smile again. "Look, we've only got about a hundred guys to take care of tonight. Only a hundred who are yelling for doughnuts and coffee every other minute. When you've got a house like that you don't stand around with lead in your feet, do you?"

As the girl walked toward the end of the counter he noticed how every man along the line smiled to her, and how she always smiled back. Her hair was blonde, perhaps a little artificially so, but it matched her blue eyes and made a nice combination.

At about eleven the canteen began to quiet down. Over half of the soldiers had left . . . most of them to go out and get drunk: find a girl, and spend the night with her. But Private Swartz had other plans for tonight.

She came past him again and accidentally noticed he was still sipping his coffee. "Haven't you gone yet? You're going to break us up. Coffee's hard to get these days. Only you guys wouldn't know that

so much. You're lucky." She knew it was an absurd statement, but it seemed appropriate.

"If it wasn't for us you wouldn't have any place to drink your coffee." His voice sounded on the edge of disgust, but under careful control.

"Yeah. I guess not. I'm sorry. I really didn't mean it the way it sounded," she said and placed her elbows on the counter, then balanced her chin on her fists.

"It's just because you're tired," he alibied.

"You can say that again," she said.

"What time do you get off work?" he said.

"I'm leaving just as soon as I take these dishes up to the kitchen," she said and nodded to a pile of coffee cups which she had set down on the counter beside her.

"How's about my going along?" he asked in a low voice. He knew it was against the rules of the canteen for any girl to go out with a soldier but he thought maybe this girl would break the rules tonight. She acted like she didn't observe rules too closely, anyway. He had heard some of the fellows talking in the barracks at night and bragging about convincing some canteen-girl to meet them outside.

"O. K. by me," she said after she straightened herself and gave a cursory look around to see if anyone were in hearing distance. "I'll have to meet you outside though. You know as well as me that it's against the rules for any of us girls to date a soldier. I never did care much for that rule." She smiled again and Private Swartz thought at first that it was going to be a different smile, one more nearly natural. But it wasn't: it was the same effect, sharp and expressionless. He watched her carefully as she took the dishes to the kitchen door, kicked it open with the toe of her shoe and then disappeared into the noise of clattering dishes and the soft sound of a harmonica player.

When she was out of sight, he stood up and glanced about the room. Evidently no one had heard them, for there were only a few soldiers playing cards in one corner of the room and two other girls at the end of the counter. The hostess at the door was reading. He walked out of the canteen and past two or three stores and then stopped and waited. He wanted to be sure he was far enough away to be safe.

After a few minutes he saw her come out into the street. She had put on a cheap looking blue coat and she buttoned the collar close under her chin. She hesitated and then started walking toward him. When she got closer to him he stepped out by her side and she took his arm. It seemed like they had known each other for a long time, Private Swartz thought, and then mentally kicked himself for thinking such. It was merely going to be a Saturday night affair. Nothing else. Neither of them seemed much in the mood for anything else. A few drinks and jokes passed back and forth and he thought they would both feel better.

"Where we going?" he asked as they walked down Palm Street away from the main part of the city.

"I feel like I need a drink," she said. "There's a little joint around

the corner called Dumond's Bar. Let's go there. It isn't very ritzy, but they've got good brandy."

Private Swartz thought she would say that. They turned the corner just as it started to snow. He felt her fingers press hard against his arm as they stepped into the wind and the snow hit their faces. "It's snowing," he said.

"I know it," she said and ducked her chin to keep the snow off of her face. "There it is. Just in front of us."

The sound of the tinny piano met them as he pulled open the door and they stepped inside. The place was crowded with soldiers, girls hanging around their necks. At the bar Private Swartz saw a friend of his.

"Hy, Georgie," he called. The friend returned the greeting and then continued his drink.

She had taken him by the hand and was leading him between tables toward the rear of the cafe. The smell of whiskey filled the place; cigarette smoke made a cloud over the heads of the people; the piano music came through in spasmodic rhythms; the soldiers were singing and laughing. It wasn't a very clean atmosphere to step into. "But what the hell?" Private Swartz thought. "I'm going to have a good time tonight. Saturday nights only come once a week. God! Once a week."

"Here's a booth," she said. It was the last booth in the room and a small wall-lamp gave out a dingy, yellow glow.

"I'll help you with your coat."

"Thanks."

They sat down, both on one side of the booth. Private Swartz put his hand over hers. "Cold?" he said.

She nodded her head that she was and gave him the same theatrical smile he had received in the canteen.

Eventually the waiter came back to them with a little white pad in his hand and the stub of a pencil. He had a dirty, beer-stained apron tied about his middle and when he asked them for their order the words came in a dull monotone. He looked almost as tired as she had when Private Swartz first saw her.

"Bourbon and ginger ale," she said.

"Thought you wanted brandy," he said.

"Changed my mind. Bourbon and ginger ale."

"O. K., waiter, make it two. And — no hurry about it."

When the waiter had left their table the soldier turned back to her and moved closer. He reached in his pocket and brought out an unopened package of cigarettes. Carefully he pulled the red cellophane from the top, undressed the package of its wrapper and rubbed it into a small ball which he dropped in the crystal ash tray.

"Smoke?" he held the cigarettes toward her in a polite way.

She pulled the cigarette out and placed it between her lips. Private Swartz snapped a match between his fingers and held it to the end of her cigarette. She tossed her head back and blew a long stream of smoke into the air.

"I don't even know your name," he said.

"And I don't know yours. So what? Why let names interfere? No questions and everything will work out better, soldier."

"But if I want to telephone . . ."

"Hold it, sonny. Let's not play games with ourselves. You know what you want and I know it. Names aren't important."

It wasn't until that minute that Private Swartz began to realize what was happening. He told himself that he had honestly not planned on taking this girl out for any other reason than having someone to talk to. He wondered if perhaps she was planning on something else.

"Don't tell me you are in love with me. That isn't necessary at all. Not at all," she said in a slightly sarcastic voice, and drew him back to the situation.

There was a long pause and they looked at each other. The soldier couldn't exactly figure the girl out. In the canteen she had displayed an ordinary personality. But now, she was on the verge of seeming hard and cold to him. The tired look in her eyes was still visible and she evidently was trying to be a good sport even though her mind may have been oceans away.

The waiter brought their drinks. "Ninety-four," he said. Private Swartz pulled out a dollar bill and handed it to the man.

"Keep the change," he said with a grin.

She picked up the glass of bourbon and dumped half of it in the tall glass with the ice, then filled it up with ginger ale. It bubbled for a minute and then she took a drink. "That's better," she said and leaned her head back against the side of the booth. "Go ahead. Drink it. Stop looking at me like that. Go ahead, soldier; drink it down."

He drank the bourbon and left the ginger ale setting on the table. The whiskey burned miserably as it went down his throat and he shut his eyes and held his lips close together so that his face would not show his dislike. He didn't honestly like bourbon, but it was as good as anything tonight.

She was a long time with her drink. They didn't talk much, but she sat close to him, smoking. He kissed her once and then moved aside to let her finish her drink.

"Through?" he said. He was playing with the butt of a half burned cigarette, thinking about Saturday and how it only came once a week.

"Yeah, I'm through. Let's go," she said and her voice could hardly be heard above the noise of the cafe. Thoughtlessly she ran her fingers through the tangled ends of her hair. Private Swartz helped her on with her coat, and then they made their way through the crowd again, out onto the street.

"You sound as if you've gone out with a lot of soldiers before," he said with a slight degree of curiosity.

"Well, I'm not a virgin, if that's what you mean," she said.

He had never met a girl quite like this before. Her absolute frankness took him by surprise and he wondered for a moment whether he liked her attitude or not. Before he could decide, she pierced his thoughts again:

"I suppose you've never taken any of us out before. Is that what you were working up to tell me? Well, don't bother. There's no use for either of us to lie about the thing. You know what I am. I know what you are."

"Aren't you afraid they'll catch you? The people at the canteen, I mean?" he said.

"Not if you're smart . . . and I am. There's a lot of things they don't know about me but think they do." Private Swartz thought he detected a certain amount of melancholy behind what she said, but he couldn't take time to think about it.

They waited for the street light to change to green and he looked up at the red stop sign with the snow falling hard against it. "Appropriate, isn't it?" she smiled.

He could not feel right within himself. Somehow he wanted to take the girl by the shoulders and look at her carefully. He wanted to understand her, to see how she had changed her make-up in personality so quickly.

Suddenly he was certain of what he was going to do.

As he led the way down the street, Private Swartz kept thinking, "It's nothing new. She's had dozens of men before. This is only Saturday night for her, too. What the hell? Saturday only comes once a week. Why worry about anything? Men are just a pastime for her."

"She didn't seem this way in the canteen, though. She seemed so different. So completely satisfied with her unhappiness."

As they turned the corner and started down a dark street with only one lighted sign near the end of the block, she began to talk in a lighter, gayer tone. It surprised him again.

"How long you been in the army?"

"Two months," he said. They were nearing the building with the words "Saxon Hotel" hanging over the door and he felt his heart pounding faster and faster with each step. A slight perspiration rose to his forehead and he swallowed hard a couple of times.

"Where you from? Your home?" she said.

"Nebraska."

"Boystown, I suppose," she said and laughed sharply for the first time all evening.

"No. Ogallala."

"My God! What a name. Part Indian?" she asked with a cynical lift of her eyebrows.

Private Swartz pulled open the door into the hotel and they walked up the stairs. On the second floor they saw a fat man sitting on a davenport, drinking beer out of a bottle.

"Three doors down the hall. On the left," he said and didn't bother to stand. "Buck and a half."

They walked down the hall and she opened the door and entered before him. "Come on," she said. "Pull down the window shades."

It was four o'clock when they stopped in front of a large stone building. "This is it," she said.

"You have to go right in, I suppose," he said in a half-question.

"There's no need to wait any longer. Besides, how's come you don't have to be back at camp? It's after four o'clock in the morning, soldier. Why are you such a privileged character?"

Private Swartz looked at her a minute before answering. He slid his hands into his coat pockets and mumbled his explanation: "I'm on a five day furlough. Just got back from Philly."

"Oh. Business, I guess. Another military secret?"

"No," he began hesitantly. "No. My sister died. I went to her funeral."

"I'm sorry," she said but didn't mean what she had tried to impress.

The soldier felt all tied up within himself. His nerves were on edge and he felt like he needed another drink. This whole thing was disturbing. He had meant it only to make him forget many things that he didn't want to remember tonight, to take his mind off his sister. Now he found himself not wanting to leave. He wanted to stay with her even though he knew what she was, what she had been before. He wasn't in love with her, of course, but she gave him a strange sense of security that he had never known before.

"I'm going in. Don't offer anything in the way of thanks. Just go on back and help get this blasted war over as soon as possible. And don't come back to the canteen any more for coffee while I'm there. Go to another one. I hate seeing people I know. Good night." She kissed him and ran up the steps before he had a chance to say anything.

"Hey you," he called. "Wait a minute. I don't feel like going yet. I feel sort of — funny — inside." Private Swartz started up the steps after her but stopped when she spoke.

"Never mind the story, soldier. You were going to tell me this was the first time you had ever been with a woman, weren't you? They all say that. But never mind. It doesn't make a damned bit of difference to me. Good night."

She went inside and locked the door. He turned and saw a light go on near the end of the building on the first floor, and then she walked over and pulled the shade down.

Private Swartz kicked at a paper sack on the steps and sighed heavily. "Damn!" he whispered and listlessly walked down the worn steps, turned toward the one street-light at the corner and tried to forget everything.



A SORT OF PRIVATE DRINK

BY NANCY LEE RAGAN

THEY had the look of the land on their faces, those three boys who stood next to us, but the silver wings they wore belied their close association with the soil. It didn't seem quite right to me, that they should look as they did, and yet have their hearts in the sky. They belonged instead, I thought, to the green land.

I am not a young man, and I have seen the soldiers of two wars—the ones who were never meant to leave the little towns, the dairy farms of the mid-west, or the village drugstores, to see the kind of world that was alien to them. These three who stood beside us this afternoon caught our eye in the quick, unexplainable way that a kindred soul attracts another, and we watched them more than we watched the fancy-skaters who swept by the crowd of onlookers who make a circle around the small space of ice in Rockefeller Center's rink. Both Ellen and I seem to wish, just once a week, that we'd stayed in the country, for New York is hollow and strange on a Sunday afternoon in winter; Fifth Avenue is barren of taxis, and the green buses hardly seem at home without their complaining, noisy escort of automobiles. But this day we had started at Fifty-third Street at the river, and walked straight west, to the outdoor plaza where now we looked at the girls in their short skirts as they circled around, and around again.

Quite without warning, one of the young pilots, the one nearest me, turned and spoke, in the sharp-cornered, nasal tone of the mid-west, so that what he said didn't surprise me. "Give m'right arm to be doin' that m'self." I think I must have answered, and yet I don't remember what it was I said, for I was thinking of the eager blue eyes that looked straight at mine, and the swift movements of the other two young men as they stretched fingers to point at a passing figure on the ice. My wife nodded to them, and very soon all of us were busy with talk that was no more than friendliness, but which grew into reminiscence—all of us had skated on a pond somewhere, without the shut-in feeling one has with artificial ice, and artificial people who come to watch. It was strange, I thought, that of the hundreds of nice, American faces we passed each day, the three with us now should seem so much like the ones we had known; so much like young Jim's had been.

The wind was colder with the suddenness that marks a winter evening's beginning, and I realized that we had been talking for over an hour when my wife turned to me and said, "What about a party, Jim? Perhaps these boys wouldn't mind a few drinks with a couple of old fogeys." I had known, I think, that she would ask them; she would talk to them for only a few minutes, and then I would see her looking off, remembering. I didn't have to answer; Glenn Jackson, the boy who had spoken first, turned to the others and said, "What could be better, guys? No use pretending we're at home in a big city like New York." Then he

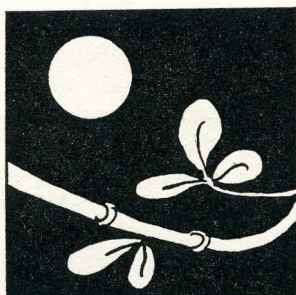
turned to Ellen, and said, "Why, thank you, Ma'am, we'd sure like to." He said it as if embarrassed at first at his enthusiasm.

And so for the next few hours it was Ellen and I, and Glenn and Pete and Mac. The boys wanted to walk, and so we did—back to the apartment for cocktails, and then out to a small French place for dinner. I couldn't help thinking that although it was a treat for us, these three kids from the little towns in Nebraska and Iowa and Missouri were having the time of their lives. It wasn't a noisy evening, but an evening of good talk and good food and drinks; we didn't talk about the war—I knew, somehow, that this might be the last celebration for these eager young pilots, who hadn't had more than a taste of grimness or hate. Theirs had been healthy lives, with no pattern of sophistication to follow or to make superficial what should be real. They hadn't even begun to fight.

But I wasn't quite right, at least about a part of it. It was later on, when we were sitting at a tiny table in the Stork Club—I thought the boys would get a kick out of seeing the Stork Club, and they did—that Glenn began to look at his watch every few minutes. He looked almost eager, as he did it, and I was a little surprised. I knew that Ellen was uncomfortable about it, especially when the other boys began to notice the time, too. She turned to me, then, and said, "Jim, I'm afraid we've taken too much of these boys' precious time—perhaps they have other dates. We should have thought."

And not one of the boys who had been so eager to please us, so very attentive to the "old fogeys" had even heard what we said. Instead, they each looked, this time, at the big, mirrored clock that formed the backdrop of the orchestra pit, and solemnly downed the last of their drinks. When I spoke again to Glenn, he wasn't embarrassed. What he said was spoken in the calm, steady voice of a soldier, and in it was none of the careless drawl that had taken me back to my own boyhood. "We didn't mean to be rude, sir. It's just that Pete and Mac and I—well, we made a sort of agreement that we'd have a drink when 1:36 came around tonight. It's a sort of private drink. You see, sir, twenty-four hours ago we were flyin' over Berlin."

I shall never forget the way they looked when he said it. And I know Ellen won't either.



THE NIGHT DEATH PASSED

by RICHARD D. LANE

THIS has been a very sombre day and the sky is full of clouds. It is only six, but even now the dusk crowds the air, and the pines look very sad.

I can see my uncle coming toward me now. He has just finished putting the milking equipment away. He is a tall man and he runs this dairy with the help of a hired man and me. I go on the route with him early in the morning after getting up at five and milking the cows. He slows the car down and I jump out and deliver the bottles to the door and then come back for more. He drops me off at the high school at nine and I stay there till nearly four. Afterwards I help with the evening milking until we eat supper, and then I do my homework. I am going to graduate from the high school this year.

My uncle is tall and sunburned and he walks toward me with a shiny chromium milking machine in his hands that we finally got the money for two years ago.

"It's done broke," my uncle says. "This bolt here's got lost so the thing leaks air in when you pump. You reckon we can find another one?"

"Maybe; there might be one out in the tool shed'll be O.K."

"All right, you see if you can't find one. I gotta go up to the house."

He gives me the milker and shows me the place where the bolt's missing. Then he walks to the house, and I head toward the tool shed.

All of a sudden I can hear lightning a couple of miles off. Then it starts raining. I can't feel it yet, but I can hear it on the leaves of the trees. I am starting to run for the shed when the rain catches up with me. The rain here in the summer comes suddenly and in big drops. But it doesn't last very long. Once I get to the shed I wipe off the milker good with a rag, and then I start looking for a bolt to fit the thing.

My uncle is a methodical man. He likes things to be the way he wants them. He has the nails, screws, and all the little stuff like that fixed up in jars with labels on them. I take the jar with the bolts in it down and pour them out into an enamel pan so I can sort out the ones that might be the right size.

Pretty soon I find one that fits, so I put it on the milker and tighten it up, and it seems to be okay except that it's black and doesn't look so nice on the chromium.

The roof of the tool shed is tin and I can hear the rain jumping all over it now, and there's nothing that sounds better than rain when you're inside where it's dry. Sometimes, like now, I wish I could just sit here and listen to the rain, but now I've gotta get back to the house. I guess maybe things like that wouldn't be so beautiful if you had time to stay.

It's only fifty yards to the house; so I put an old newspaper over my head and run for it. The sky doesn't look like it's going to clear up, so there's no use waiting till the rain stops. Besides it's getting on time for supper and I'm hungry. It doesn't look like we'll have much to eat,

though, because my Aunt Dotty is in the hospital in town getting ready to have a baby. This will be the third one she has, and it seems to me like she'd have enough to do helping run the dairy without having another kid.

Three days ago she wasn't feeling so good and she'd been big with the child for a long time, so when the doctor came he said she should go in town to the hospital. We've been cooking out of cans for three days now, and my uncle is getting tired of it, but he can't get a hired girl to cook for this little while.

I've been living with my uncle now for two years, ever since my folks got killed in a car wreck. My uncle is pretty good to me, but it took a while to get used to him. He doesn't order me around, but when he does, he expects to be obeyed. His father was just a poor cracker that made his living sharecropping or picking oranges and grapefruit in season. My uncle's father never made much of himself and he didn't leave much for his children except the hookworm. So my uncle is pretty proud of himself that in one generation he could raise himself to where he owns his dairy outright and is a respected member of the community.

But sometimes you can see that he's not always sure of himself. If he was, he wouldn't have to boss people around the way he does. Sometimes I think my uncle would kill somebody to make sure a command of his went through.

Right now my uncle's almost overdoing it the way he's so sure my Aunt Dotty's going to be all right in the hospital. I was here when the last baby came, and I remember what the doctor said:

"Your wife'd better not have another kid. This one here's almost too much. If you want your wife to stay healthy you better not have any more kids."

My uncle hadn't said anything; he'd only nodded. My Aunt Dotty is thin and blond and about thirty-two years old. My uncle's thirty-four.

She knows how to get along with my uncle most of the time, but once in awhile she'll go against him, and then there'll be hell to pay.

Like the time a few months ago when my aunt decided her oldest daughter should be taken to school in town every day in the car. My uncle said that the bus was good enough for her even if she did have to walk a half-mile to get to it. My aunt didn't want her kid associating with the poor niggers that wait at that bus-stop I guess. But my uncle wouldn't give in at all. He got het up and his face got almost purple and he said very loud: "No, goddamn it, no. She'll walk; she'll walk just like any other kid; you're not gonna spoil that goddamn brat." Then he left the house and went out to the barn, and when he came back my aunt Dotty's eyes were kind of soft like she was going to plead with him, but when she saw his face she hardened up and didn't say anything and they never mentioned the subject again.

She had been living with him seven years when that happened, so she knew the way he acted when somebody went against him, but I guess she wanted to try every once in a while to see if he'd changed any. I guess she'll keep on trying, too, until something happens that can't be fixed. I don't know what they'll do then.

I am in the house now and out of the rain. When I get back my uncle says:

"Did you fix the machine? Does it work now?"

"I put another bolt on. I didn't try it out, but I guess it works now. I'll hook it up after I do my homework."

"All right," he says, "but we gotta have it in the morning."

Supper is the same as it's been for the last three days; this time it's canned chicken soup and some crackers. At least we've got plenty of milk.

The first night Aunt Dotty was in the hospital my uncle had me fix the meal. I didn't know much about it, and I let the soup get too hot and some of it burned in the bottom of the pan before I could turn the heat off. It didn't taste very good and my uncle said:

"What the hell's the matter with this soup?"

"I don't know; I guess I left it on the stove too long."

"Well it tastes like hell," my uncle said, and after that he fixed the meals.

Now we have finished eating and my uncle has gone into the living-room to read the paper. He sits in the easy chair and you can hear the rain from the sky spilling on the window pane in small drops. Low in the sky there is a blue-purple band of sky brighter than the rest, and already the rain has slowed, and the sky above is clearing. If it was daytime I would go out now and look for a rainbow, but this is night. The sky in the west looks bright, but it is only a reflection of the sun that has already set. The smell and feel of night are already on the ground and it doesn't seem right with brightness still in the sky. Once I see my uncle look up from the newspaper and let his eyes wander over the living room. Then he smiles. I guess it *must* make him feel good to know that he owns this place and he built it with his own hands and nobody helped, but still I would want more than that; I want something more than what my uncle has.

He hasn't said anything about it today, but I guess he's a little worried about Aunt Dotty's being in the hospital. You can't tell what my uncle's thinking just by looking at his face.

I can see out the window now as I get started on my homework, and there's a thin evening mist on the ground. The sky is fully dark now, and all the room is stuffy with the smoke from the little oil-heater we have to use even in the summer sometimes, I can feel and smell how clean the air must be outside. And for a minute I feel as though I were really walking on the wet grass outside with the cool night around me.

But then I turn around to look at my uncle. He has suddenly gotten up from the chair. The telephone has rung. It sounds again, clearly, with no other noise in the air. My uncle goes quickly over to the phone and picks it up. He says:

"Hello."

He stands there with his back to me listening to a voice on the phone. He listens silently and then he puts the receiver down on the table. He forgets to put it on the hook. He turns then from the phone. He doesn't say anything. His face is normal but his eyes have a strange kind of fear in them.

"What is it, Uncle?" I speak the word softly.

"I don't know," he says. "I don't understand."

"Is anything wrong?" I ask.

He is silent.

"Is Aunt Dotty all right?"

He says nothing. He stands looking at the room. He turns again. He looks at me a moment with wild eyes. Then he shouts at me suddenly:

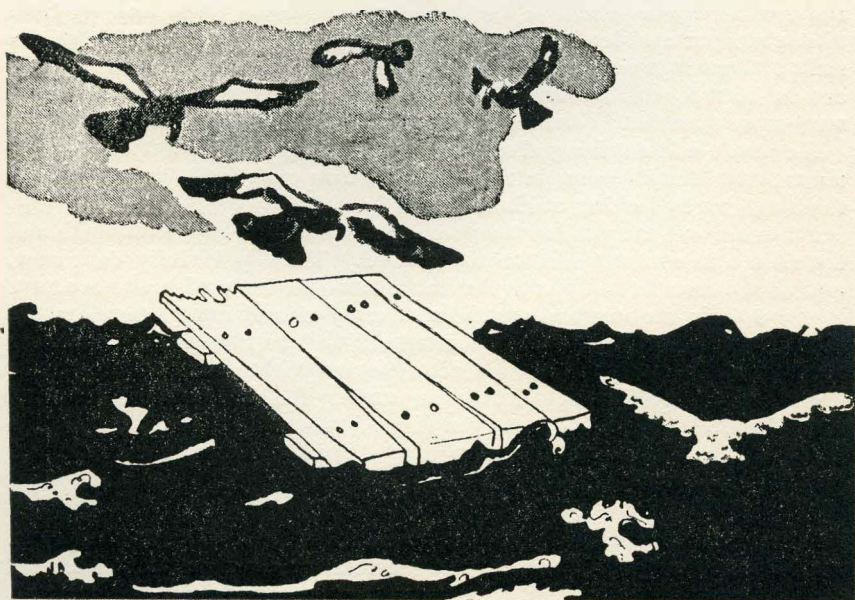
"Goddamnit! *Can't you shut up?*"

My uncle walks slowly over to the chair by the window and he sits down. For a minute he stares at the orange lamp-shade with the painting of a fawn on it. Then he drops his head on his arms and it seems as though he were crying silently with a great rage inside of him.

But I know that this cannot be as it seems, because he did not love her that much. I am young, but I know there is something else wrong; and though I would be afraid to say it to anyone, I know what the trouble is: Something has happened that my uncle has not planned, has not expected nor even considered. And when his confidence in himself is gone, my uncle knows that he is lost.

And now I have to leave this room, because it is too small for what I know and yet cannot tell.

Perhaps the sky and the night will be big enough.



ART AT WAR

By JOCELYN BOWER

THE RECENT exhibit from the museum of modern art produced a small furor in Winter Park. It was received with contempt on one hand and with enthusiasm and praise by some. The words "ugly" and "decadent" were all too common in people's censure.

It was a fascinating portrait exhibit, and works by some of the foremost sculptors and painters of our day were included in it. Works of Picasso, Max Ernst, Marie Lourencin, Orozco, Portinari, Despiau, Epstein and many other "big names" were represented, and it was a comprehensive, stimulating showing.

The exhibit was bitterly censured by some of the spectators, for they deemed the paintings grotesque and did not see what the artists were trying to do. Every new art movement has had to struggle against a disapproving and un-understanding public. The French impressionists had a similar fight, and it has been the same with all original art movements through history.

Perhaps there is even more controversy about the new art of our day than there was about the new art of past generations. For this new art departs radically from the representational mode that we have been accustomed to for so long. The conventional approach is no longer adequate, and the artists have again turned to a new way to express the feelings of their time.

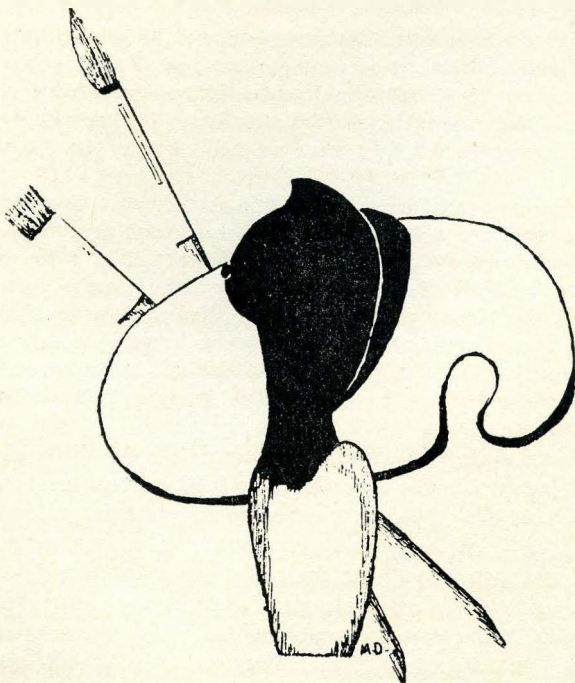
One of the most controversial paintings today is Picasso's *Guernica*. In *Guernica* we have a key to our new war paintings. *Guernica* is the name of a Spanish town that was utterly destroyed in a few hours of terrific bombing, and all of its people were killed. In the painting we can fully feel all the horror and the pain of this ghastly annihilation. One critic, Louis Danz, explains that Picasso was putting onto canvas a pure, imageless experience, the pain in his soul for this demolished town. Danz says that "some painters can paint a man in pain, but Picasso paints the pain that is in man."

Our new artists are surrealists, expressionists, symbolists, abstractionists. They are all attempting to transfer their feelings onto canvas. When we try to understand the paintings, most often we are defeated. We then label the painting, calling it ugly and grotesque, and saying we can't see what the artist is trying to say. But the artist wants us to feel rather than to understand. Picasso's *Guernica* cannot be understood, but we can certainly feel the pain in it, when we are unable to find an adequate noun for feeling or for force. Picasso, Max Ernst, Tamayo, Max Weber and almost all of our painters have recorded their emotional feeling about war, just as Goya recorded his emotions in his bitter drawings of the Napoleonic invasion of Spain. In new and startling ways, the painters have transcribed their reactions.

In portraiture as well as in war paintings, we note a new mode of expression. The artists, in individualistic ways, are giving us the essence of their character as they feel it. They are striving for a likeness, but it is a new type of likeness, a likeness that a photographer can not give us.

In other realms of esthetics, we can note a similar change. James Joyce, in his writings, is striving for the same imageless level of expression. He works with his "stream of consciousness" method while painters work with their various new modes. In the music of Stravinsky and Shoenberg and others we can also note a new means of expression.

The chaotic conditions of this century have brought about this new movement. It is an expression of our time, just as the older art was an expression of its time. There is more feeling in the new paintings of our day, but there is not more art. In *Guernica* one can see why modern painters paint as they do. Through distorted forms, grief, chaos and pain are made more vivid and more real.



THE EIGHTH DAY

By BRENHAM MCKAY

IN LOOKING through a bound volume of the early numbers of *The Flamingo* the present Editors were impressed by the number and quality of plays written by Rollins students.

The Flamingo was born seventeen years ago last March. In the first issue of this magazine there appeared a unique play entitled *The Eighth Day* written by Brenham McKay, whose untimely death put an end to a promising literary career. The play was first presented before the Allied Arts Society and was staged in total darkness without costuming, scenery or cast of Characters and won for its author membership in the society. It was presented in several northern cities.

Rollins has done outstanding work in play production, thanks to Donald Allen and Howard Bailey. Why not play writing? We thought the Fred Stone Laboratory Theatre was erected partly to encourage the writing of original plays. In any case, we are reprinting Mr. McKay's play *Eighth Day* from Vol. 1, No. 1 of *The Flamingo* in the hope that next year will see the creation of more original plays by the undergraduate students of Rollins College.

SCENE—*The cabin of an old sailing tramp. Outside can be heard the rush of wind and the surge of a high sea. A heavy metal object rolls back and forth across the floor with the heaving of the vessel. The stage is in darkness. There is a knock on the door. The heavy object rattles across the floor twice.*

A Man's Voice: (Outside, cautious and just loud enough to be heard above the wind.) Molly—Molly Sue! (A low, muffled sigh, almost a moan is heard within the cabin.)

A Woman's Voice: (Brokenly) Mr. St. John—Oh, Mr. St. John, please go away.

The Woman's Voice: Open the door, Molly!

The Woman's Voice: Oh, I can't, he'll be coming back any time soon now.

The Man: I won't stay but a minute. Open the door. I want to see you.

The Woman: The lamp's broke, an' it's all black.

The Man: Well, I must speak to you. Lift the latch and I'll be gone before he can come back. He's trimming the rigging. A frightful wind is blowing up and he will be busy for some time..

The Woman: He—he said he'd pitch you back overboard if he found us together.

The Man: Molly Sue, it's mortally cold out here. The wind tears the clothes from my body and the spray is freezing on me.

(A low spasmodic half sob, half cough, from within.)

(The door bangs open against the wall. The wind howls through it dismally and the screaming of the wet rigging can be heard above everything. It is as dark outside as in. There would be no indication of the

opening and closing of the door, if it were not for the increased intensity of the self-baffling turmoil. The door closes almost immediately. The man speaks from within the cabin.)

The Man: There, that's fine. A bit more of that and my teeth would have been chattered quite out. Why—how you're trembling, child, as though you'd been crying, and what—? Ah these welts across your shoulders, Mollie?—Has that—?

The Woman: With his belt. Now you see why the lamp's broke.

The Man: Fiend!

The Woman: It don't hurt, Mr. St. John. Honest it don't—leastways not no more. Don't squeeze my arms like that. Don't you try to do nothin' against him. He'll kill you, he said he would. He'll kill me—He'll kill me, too. He said he would.

The Man: He isn't a human. A very blind and cruel animal, though he is your father. And there is nothing I can do without hurting you. He is master of us now. All we can do is wait. We will have to do as he says for a while. We'll soon get to land and we will go away, you and I. All this will become only a bad dream. It will be only a week more till we arrive in Boston.

The Woman: (*Listlessly*) Eight days—'n maybe more now we've run into this.

The Man: Eight days! Why what are eight days, Molly Sue? We'll forget them in eight more days. Go about your ways as usual, I'll be careful and we mustn't even speak when I pass you on the deck, as though we didn't know each other had ever existed. But deep down inside of us we'll both be singing: "Eight days— Seven days— Six days—!" Until there'll come a Today. A tall city with spires will climb up on the edge of the sky and we'll go and be happy.

The Woman: (*Stubbornly*) You're land and I'm sea. I was born to this—cold, an' dark, an' waves—just waves and skies an' boats. I couldn't never leave 'em.

The Man: We could come back to the sea as often as you like, or maybe we'll build a house beside it.

The Woman: You hate 'em. I've seen the look in your eyes when the deck gets doused. You hate the sea because it picked you offa your steamer and you hate it because it's stronger than you are. But I'm glad—! It brought you here. When we pulled you aboard you was sick, sick from bein' afraid of it, an' you ain't a coward, you're strong, an' brave. You just ain't sea. You couldn't never, never in as many years as there are waves learn to love the sea. An' I ain't the land. I couldn't live there—so still and dead, with only the wind to make me crazy with its chanties.

You're land, I'm sea. We can't never marry. But—I—I—. Oh, I hope he finds us. I hope he'll kill us—both. I do! I hope he'll come here now, and I—!

(The door bursts open. The wind roars deafeningly through it. The gale is raging terrifically. The woman screams.)

The Man: Molly—Molly Sue! Don't scream so. The wind only blew the door open. Here, lie down in your bunk while I close it.

Shades of Tartarus, what a wind!

(The door is closed.) There, that's better. Well, try to sleep now and forget those silly notions. One never is quite the same at sea and on a night—"

The Woman: Mr. St. John.

The Man: Yes?

The Woman: Come here, I want to tell you something.

The Man: No, not tonight, Molly Sue. You must try to calm yourself and rest. I will be near enough to hear if you call. And remember the singing: "Eight days——. Seven days——. Six days——. Today!"

(The wind seems to have abated a little. The heavy metal object is no longer heard.)

The Woman: Mr. St. John, there's something I want to tell you. Come here—close to me. The boards creak so, and the wind—Put your ear down close to my mouth. Mr. St. John—I love you. Whether he kills us or not, whether we ever get to land or don't, I love you. And I'm glad for that. Sh—Mr. St. John—! I heard a laugh—There, across the cabin—he said—if he—When the door blew open, Mr. St. John!

The Man: No, Molly, there isn't any one. Here, pull the covers close about you and I'll show you there's no one here.

(The voice slowly circles the stage.)

Here's the table—nobody under or around it—The cupboard—nobody could hide in this—. That was only a chair—. The door's securely latched—as I left it—. The wash stand—nothing here—, and here I am back at your bunk. Now, see what a foolish child you are!

Tell me good night and forget all about everything. We'll have the best of Thad Marsden when we get into port and remember the song—"Eight days——. Seven days——."

Why, Molly, how cold your hand is, and your head, so heavy—. Why, Molly—Molly! H—Have you fainted? Oh, you're all wet—sticky—Bl——!

(The word is "Blood!," but even as the shout forms itself in the man's throat there comes the loud crash of a heavy blow with some metallic object.)

(The clamorings of the storm are heard redoubled outside.)

(The heavy metal object rattles back and forth with the roll of the ship again. There is no other sound in the cabin. Then the howling of the wind is heard fiercely for a moment as the door is opened and pulled shut again.)

Curtain

