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Flaming
Rollins College

A Groat's Worth Of Wit

With this issue Volume 31 of the *Flamingo* is brought to completion and for once we would like to turn critic of our own handiwork instead of our contributors. Not that we intend to set a precedent thereby; heavens to Elizabeth Barret Browning, no! For reading submitted manuscripts has much the quality of reading pirated diaries, and posing as a quibbling critic is the rarest salve to the editors who have yet to become creative themselves; and so we reserve the right to concentrate our criticisms on those who contribute and those we wish would contribute. But for the moment let us look to our own nest or roost or perhaps "rookery" as we are speaking of the *Flamingo*.

As a magazine representing a liberal arts college, the *Flamingo* began the year with a number of pressing problems, not the least of which was the fact that the editor's only brush with the arts was in architecture, with a singular emphasis on the esthetics of a \$12,500 house, supplemented by his ability to read and 22 survey courses in the field of English. It was thus inevitable that the esthetic credo of the *Flamingo* became "Form follows function!" and then we all stood around and admired this most basic stand as typifying a modern, progressive, tough-minded Art magazine. Then somebody, evidently an outsider to our little Bloomsbury, asked in a nasty tone "What is the function of the *Flamingo*?" and . . . well, we have been as sixes and sevens ever since.

In the past the *Flamingo* has been strictly a literary magazine, illustrated by a few, such as you could hardly notice, pictures. The quality of such a magazine depends entirely on the talents and creativeness of students majoring in English, who are certainly just a fraction of students at Rollins and whose talents are liable to vary widely from year to year, with the net result being unstable magazine. Therefore we decided the "function" of the magazine should be to provide publication space for all the arts at Rollins, not only prose and poetry but music, art, science, theatre, and philosophy as well. We politely answered our heckler accordingly, and went on to show that such an editorial function would develop

broader student support, permit greater discrimination and quality for that to be printed, and perhaps even elicit community support. This last was most important, we went on, drawing on our hashish pipe, because when circulation reached a thousand we could develop good advertising income. The student association would then no longer be our sole means of support. Our inquisitor fixed his critical glance upon us and said, "If circulation is your aim, I expect you'll take it upon yourself to be a humor magazine or a vehicle on which local prophets and critics may cart their vendettas to market?" We looked hurt and mumbled that a little fun was in order but that perhaps college humor type pulps should be imported and here we took a deep breath and drew ourselves proudly erect—we feel that it is our responsibility to present objectively material from the various areas of liberal arts and refrain from all campus editorializing and politicking. "Well then I suppose," he said with a mean smile, "You plan to achieve notoriety by insisting on the liberties of Art for Art's sake!" Here we quickly reminded him that one of the "functions" of art was to make it compatible with all the natural elements about it, that it needn't clash violently with good taste. "Such vision, such nobility to shun these alternatives!" cried he. But we hadn't ignored them; we were sorely tempted to try all of these things but our inability to do these things well and the need for establishing a stable *Flamingo* tradition and policy over-rode these other considerations. Our public of one nodded and watched two issues spurt through the press and then he said, "I suppose you consider this form an expression your purported functions? Ha." No, the form is not yet really good, we nodded but that is because the functions of the magazine have not yet taken good hold on the student body. Many of the arts have been represented for the most part by the faculty; but perhaps covers such as our present linoleum block, generously cut by Professor Klaus Wolff, can become an integral part of student art class projects; and discussions and essays as done by the science faculty in this issue may become an area for student debate and preparation.

If Rollins is to mature academically and show its maturity to ever widening public, what better way can be had to expose the intricate and subtle thoughts treated in the privacy of the classroom than to reflect this maturity in a college magazine dedicated to the arts in liberal arts?

"I'll be damned," he said, and we wished him well and all success in the world, "but the *Flamingo* could just possibly play a needed role in Rollins immediate future!" We gave a relaxed smile. "But why didn't it get farther this year?" There was a moment of silence before we could admit that we really hadn't been too sure of our goal, of our role on the campus scene for the better part of the year and that we had only recently seen our duty and begun to plan to do it as we saw it. "Well, don't get superior about it all," cautioned our garulous spectator in a friendly way, "And don't be getting impatient or start crusading or taking up some old jing-cism like school spirit or individualism . . . or . . ." We reassured him that we wouldn't, and the incoming editors wouldn't do anything like that, and he shuffled off to kibitz among the Brahmin down at Frank's.

THE FLAMINGO

No. III

Volume 31

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a matter of choice

COMBAT

I.

Sgt. Peter Roberts sat on the rocky ground between the two rows of sand bags, which formed the entrance to his bunker, feeling the afternoon sun going cool. His back was up tight against the one wall; his combat boots pushed firmly against the other so that his toes curled painfully into the weathered leather. His knees with a patch of dirt crowning each came three quarters way to his chin. He sat, his body C curved as if some one had written him there, adding his leg from the knee to the ankle as an artistic after thought, looking half his straightened-up 190 pounds. He wiped at some of the face sweat with his fatigue jacket sleeve and brought his hand down as far as his breast pocket. He removed a pack of Luckies and took one from the pack. His fingers marred its whiteness with grimy sweat as he lit it, bending his head closer to his knees and cupping his hands.

It had been a hot windless July day. His platoon (his now for two months, but the thrill of the possessive pronoun had remained with him and he could not eradicate the embarrassing pleasure the word had for him) had dug a communications trench through the top of their bombed bald hill. It had been hard digging. The last twenty yards they had to dig on their knees, because they had been digging on the side facing the enemy hill. The enemy snipers sat on the hill's twin, some hundred yards away and took shots at his platoon; making them dive into the dust dry dirt. They spit out the dirt and continued working, sweating, wishing they could removed their steel helmets and sun faded green jackets. They could not. The Lt. stood there watching their digging; but more so watching so they would not remove them. Roberts dug harder through the dirt that was more rock than dirt; then even harder. The sweat trickling into his arm pits, then on to his clothes to rot and smell (which no amount of showers or sponge baths out of a helmet seem to rid him

of) through the night as he tried to sleep. Once when a sniper's bullet had hit close to him, he had risen, shaking his fist at the guilty rocky ridge, suddenly becoming aware of the beauty of Papasan mountain rising out of its purpleness to omnipotent outline against the harsh azure sky. The shrub pines on it were untouched. He could not see a single crater on it. *Untouchable*, he thought, *Untouchable*. A bullet hitting at his feet startled him into dropping to the ground. He started to dig again, he then realized that it had been the same here once and now the shrubs were splinters and the fertile earth, gravel. *The land loses too*, he thought. *But the mountain is different from the valley land, the valley land changes with the plow, and the bomb, but the mountain . . . it endures.*

They had finished early. So he sat there, his lips protruding from three days growth of beard to clutch the cigarette from his grubby calloused hand, thinking of the Mountain. His thoughts shifted to the smoke he had swallowed without tasting it. He idly wondered when they had first lost their taste, the first night? week? day? He could not even recall the old kick of his high school smoking, when he felt he was doing something mildly evil; the acceptable rebellion against the middle aged morality of his home. This was gone now, *and more was gone too.*

His blue eyes moved their stare from the sand bag between his feet to the back of Brady's neck. He squatted on his heels in front of his steel helmet, washing carefully as not to splash and lose any of the grey soapy water. When Brady tilted his head back to dry his face off with a piece of olive drab towel, his neck raveled into a series of mouths. Roberts was sure they were all going to stick out their tongues at him.

"Why the hell are you so goddamned clean, Brady?"

"Cause Ah'm not a bad assed combat man lak yuh're Roberts." He turned his his small but well built back towards the water, showing his clean tooth smile and pinkly clean face to Roberts. "Yuh wanta use muh water?"

"No thanks kid, I'm gonna go outa night."

"Outa night? Man yer plumb crazy. Why yer gonna go on R & R tuh Japan in a coupla days. Yer just lakly tuh git yer ass shot off goin out there. No yuh wouldn't want thet tuh happen would ya?" Brady grinned at Roberts.

Roberts didn't answer him.

"Yuh and thet goddamned Lt. Yer both bad assed crazy. Why Ah'll bet . . ." Brady didn't finish. Roberts held his finger vertically to his lips.

Brady grabbed his tee shirt from the top of the sand bags and was tucking it into his pants when Lt. Marks emerged from the bunker. The Lt. was a well built,, with the awkward gracefulness usually associated with a bird when it is first learning to fly. He was adjusting his large steel rimmed G.I. glasses to his broad nose as he came out. He stepped over Roberts. Roberts didn't move.

"Any clean water Brady?"

"Nuh sir, this is all there is." He pointed to the dirty soapy water in his helmet.

"Why don't you guys get up offa yer lazy asses an get some once in awhile?"

Why don't you wash with the other officers? Why the hell do you have to be so goddamned democratic?

The Lt. got down his own steel from the top of the bunker and removed the liner from it. He poured Brady's wash water into it and set it on the ground. He looked at it for a second, then began to strip off his fatigue jacket and tee shirt.

"You got some soap, Brady?"

Brady handed him the soap and piece of towel. He put the soap in the water and threw the towel on the ground, and began to wash.

Give him his due rights. Roberts threw his cigarettes up and over the sandbag barrier.

"Think we'll get anything tonight sir?"

The Lt. looked up at Roberts with an expression of near surprise of one who is not expecting anyone to bother him with questions, least of all the person who has just asked him.

"I don't know, Sgt. Seems like there may be a pretty good chance, figuring what happened to Fox company's daylight patrol in there." He paused. "I don't really see what you're goin' in this one for. You are to go on R & R on Wednesday . . ."

"The Lt. went on a patrol the NIGHT before he went on R & R."

"That's different. It's an officer's place with his men when they are going on a dirty job. I couldn't do anything else but go that night."



Brady rose to his feet, went into the bunker and returned with his mess gear.

"Ah'm goin tuh chow."

"Come back an relieve me."

"Okay Robbie, see yuh Lt." He hoisted himself out of the sand bag trench and started to run over the crest of the hill. A shot from the sniper sent him tumbling to the ground. He turned and faced the enemy hill, holding up his pudgy and now dirty fist, in childish rage. Another shot, throwing dirt on his leg, caused him to wiggle, roll and squirm to the safety of the otherside of the hill.

"One of you guys is gonna get it that way. I don't see why you don't use the commo trenches, that's what they're dug for."

"It's shorter the other way sir."

"Shorter! Shorter way to hell maybe!

You goddammed guys are the screwed upest bunch of soldiers I have ever seen. You walk on the ridge, giving those gooks the prettiest targets anyone ever had. You go on outpost and go to sleep; an' just wake up every once in awhile to throw a coupla grenades or fire a B.A.R. through the area to make sure it's clear. You take all kinds of unnecessary chances . . . Especially you. You oughta know better, fer chris-sakes, but you're the worst one of the whole bunch."

The Lt. removed his glasses setting them in his liner and bowed his head to the water, scooping up handfuls and rubbing it into his face. He started to reach blindly for the towel. Roberts moved slightly to pick it up from the ground and handed it to him.

"I just don't see what you have gained

Sgt. Roberts. You'd think you didn't want to live or something."

"I just follow the Lt. sir."

"Why, you silly sonvabith, don't you know there is a difference between me and you. I have to take chances. It's my job to take chances. Sure you have to take a certain amount of chances as platoon sgt., but not as many as me. You're not getting paid as much as I am to take 'em either."

The Lt. resoaped his face, rinsing it off with handfuls of water. He reached for the towel and dried his face, then looked at Roberts with a puzzled expression.

"I sometimes wonder," the Lt. got to his feet, put his tee shirt on, still talking even while it was over his head, "If you really know who I am. Sometimes it seems to me if you think we're both

the same. We're not . . ."

The field telephone rang inside the bunker. Roberts brought his feet under him, grabbing a sand bag with one hand, pulled and pushed himself erect. He entered the musty darkness of the bunker.

"Third platoon C. P. . . . Roberts sir."

He paused.

"Yessir, I'll tell him."

He hung the telephone on the side of its box. He went outside, the sun light made him blink. The Lt. had his shirt and glasses on.

"The ol' man wants to see you before you go to eat sir."

"Probably about the patrol tonight. You still want to go Sgt.?"

"Yessir."

"O.K. . . . Well I'll see you at chow."

He threw out the water from his helmet, replacing the liner and then putting it on his head. He grabbed his carbine from a beam protruding from the bunker on which it was slung and was gone down the commo trench.

Roberts resumed his sitting position between the sandbag walls. He lit another cigarette, letting his head fall back so that he was looking at the blue of the late afternoon sky; he let the smoke run from his nose. *I should hate him—but I don't. The Question and the Mountain and by myself I can neither answer not climb So I should hate him, but I don't.*

II.

The red setting sun inflamed the sky, refracting downward through the ghostly blue haze hanging over Papa-san, leaving everything with a cool warmth. As he climbed out of the trench after Brady had returned to relieve him, and ran over the ridge, a bullet going spat at his heels. He thought, *it is too bad a man can't die as gracefully as a day.* After he had put the summit of the hill between the enemy and himself he walked. From the gray dirt path narrowly leading to the chow point, he could see the valley stretched out, like a tired old woman, who has borne many children and has seen them return, flaunting her mother rights by engraving on her the marks of their age. The rice paddies no longer yielded food. Great craters spotted many of them. The houses he could see, were without roofs or side walls or if the walls stood, large holes revealed the sticks and crude mortar from which they were made. Roads, red and dusty, circumscribed the valley. He could not see the trucks moving on the roads, only the huge cloude of dust. When he

reached the chow point (a place half way down the hill where the ground went level. A place which he had always felt was as far removed from the top of the hill as Japan from the U.S. . . . Green and untouched shrubs sprouted around the building like bunkers, they had built for their company C. P. . . . Men talked in easier voices, almost gleefully shouting at times, but always speaking in a way sharply contrasting with the awed rasping whispers they used in the bunkers a scant hundred and twenty five yards up the hill). He looked at Papa-san towering in hazy majesty above. He turned and again started towards the chow lines.

Most of George company had already passed by the line of five vacuum containers on the ground in front of the bunker used by the officers for their mess. In back of the five food contain-

poem

The old one sits
With a bowl of rice
In her fragile
White moth hands.

The candle flame
Sputters,
And leans away
From the wind.

Then darkness,
Then dreaming,
Then new loneliness
With another dawn rising.

WILLIAM BEHRMAN

ers stood five men in clean tee shirts and fatigue pants. Their pants were neatly bloused in their combat boots which had been shined or at least rubbed with a cloth. Their water-softened hands held shining silver ladles filled with mash potatoes, string beans, stewed apples and coffee to go with the pork chop offered by the first man on the end of a burnt black fork. They would pour or fork the food onto the extended mess gear of the bending, semi-shaven men in dirty fatigues, who were trying with persistent desperation to keep their rifles (which were slung over their shoulders) from upsetting the delicate balance of their gear. After each man received his portion, he would pass on to his favorite spot on the ground, where he would gently sit down and eat. As Roberts reached the front of the line and had extended his mess gear to receive a pork chop, the Lt. ap-

peared in the doorway of the officer's mess. The Lt. raised his hand, palm outward, without a change of expression on his face. Roberts nodded and then lowered his head to watch the food beladled onto his mess gear.

He reached the other side of the bunker and saw the gradual incline on which most of George company ate. He began to look for his platoon at the same time extending his cup for coffee. When it was filled and he had received the sugar and condensed milk, he turned and started towards his men.

"Hey Roberts, hear yer gonna go out again tonight. Makes two nights in a row. Yuh must be awful anxious tuh git that million dollar job."

"Naw, this kid's a real hero."

"He's gonna go out with Lt. Marks ag'in."

"Wha the hell's he tryin' tuh do, git himself a Purple Heart er a medal er sumthin'?"

"What's the difference, yuh meat-head, the're both medals."

"Hell man! He's nuts to go out there. He supposed to go on R & R in a coupla days."

"Wouldn't catch me doin' that with all that high livin' in sight. Not me no sir-re-bub."

He sat himself gently down next to a man, who even while sitting gave the impression of bulk and height. The man's long uncut blond hair was matted tight to his skull from wearing the steel helmet, which he was now using as a seat. His face moved, every part in rhythm as he ate. His stringy blond moustache removed particles of food from his fork when it entered his mouth. He retrieved these by flicking his tongue over the length of his moustache. He talked while he ate; talking did not seem to interfere with his eating.

"They're givin' yuh a pretty rough time ain't they boy?"

"I wish to hell they'd shut up Jug."

"Trouble with them is, they don't appreciate us regulars. The oughta think how many patrols they'd have tuh go on if weren't fer us."

A redheaded boy, lying on his side while he ate, looked up saying, "Yeah well here is one guy who's real appreciative of you guys. I'm glad yer bad asses an like to fight."

Roberts looked at him and then back at the food on the ground before him. He cut his pork chop and took a bite. It tasted greasy."

"We don't lak tuh fight Red boy," Jug's mouth was full, he swallowed the bite of stewed apples and began again.

(Continued on page 18)

BEATRIX

My dearest *darling* sweet Peterkins!

It is so wonderful to be pinned to you, my dearest own! You simply can't imagine how much fun it is to go running around with your pin on me to show people, and how SURPRISED everyone is to think dumb little me finally snared gorgeous intellectual you. Why do you have to finish school at that DREADFUL Ivy-covered prison, with all those boring Elis while I rot away here in the burning South? Why don't you mount that dandy white charger and charge down here to rescue me from the DREADFUL throws of boredom which are fast encompassing your fainting-with-love adoring Guinevere?

The school work is impossibly HARD, and I am flunking EVERYTHING! I have three English term papers to write, all the old fossil men to memorize (Anthropology, darling, I'm taking it just for you!!!), thousands of holes of golf to play and every minute I turn around someone is screaming at me to DO something!! I haven't had a spare minute or any FUN since you left last week!

An old friend of the family stopped by Sunday; John Wescott . . . I know you've heard me talking about him. His parents and mine are EXCELLENT friends, and I've known John ever since he was WEE. We haven't any of the same friends, or interests, of course, but I went out to have a quiet beer anyway, just for old times sake, you know. Harper's was just loaded with people, and it's really so long since I've been there, that I could hardly concentrate on the beer . . . haven't had one in a whole WEEK. All the Sigma Chi's were there, as usual, and I think I danced with all of them! Johnny loved Rollins and is going to try to transfer down next semester . . . won't it be nice to have someone I know so well here at school?

The Princeton Glee Club sang last Wednesday at the high school and I went with Lorrie and George. Who should I run into after the concert but Bill Lake, you remember that boy I knew from Nantucket? He goes to Princeton (and SINGS in the glee club . . . why couldn't you have had a VOICE, sweetie?) We stayed for the reception and then went out for a drink and talk about OLD TIMES. He almost went to Yale, isn't that HYSTERICAL? Just think, he might have known you!

I have to write to the parents now,

and to a few old sputtering flames who probably wonder by the * * * I haven't told them I was *almost* engaged. (Isn't that a heavenly way to say pinned.) Please write to me and do call me up on Saturday night!

Great love and more again, Bea.

Peter Darling,

I'm so sorry that I wasn't here on Saturday when you tried to call! I was planning to stay at home and read some DREADFUL Anthropology when this perfectly darling friend of my sister called up and asked me out to a movie. I was so BORED with just sitting home all by myself on a Saturday night, of all nights, (the first since I was a freshman!) that I just went! We saw that WONDERFULLY naughty Gina L. . . . picture about Bread and Dreams or something and it was marvelous. David and I laughed all the way through it, and such awful inferences. We were just vile all night. Oh, I was going to tell you about David. My sister used to date him all the time, and when she found out he was going to be stationed down here she wrote him to look me up. He thought I was a FRESHMAN. Can you imagine? And was he surprised when he found out I wasn't. You should have seen his face! Anyway we had a nice time, and may do it again sometime when he has a night off.

Lorrie says to say hello and asks you

if you know some boy from Cincinnati who's up at old ELI too. I can't remember what she said his name is . . .

Bob sends his greetings. Wants to know more about the last ball game. And also wants any information you may have about Melville . . . he's writing a paper on some whale or something . . . I didn't know he was taking biology.

I mustn't write more now. I'm keeping everyone up with the racket of the typewriter.

My *love*, darling Peter; mon coeur, Pierre (I got that out of a Colette novel! Isn't it heavenly?)

Amour, Bea

Dear Peter,

I never dreamed you'd be mad about my dating. It really is not *dating*, you know, I would not think of going out with anyone I didn't know. And I never do anything that isn't *strictly* above-board. I certainly will try to be better in the future! Of course I love you as much as you love me. And just having a few beers with friends isn't going to change that! Dearest Petie, how could you say that engagements aren't for getting to know others but to get to know each other. Of course, I don't care about getting to know others. After all, I'm not going out with anyone I don't know! But if you don't want me to go out I won't, of course. There's plenty I really should do at night here when everyone is gone and the house is quiet.

Love. Bea



Peter!

You sounded so mad when I called you on Saturday. The girls said you'd been trying to get me all Friday night and so I really thought I had better call you back. The least you could have done is listened to me! I was only at the Sig's beer party and I didn't have a date. I went with Lorrie and George because they really did ask me! And I only stayed a little over two hours. George was dreadfully drunk and was kissing all the girls . . . I did try to run away, but you know how ridiculous that noise would have been! Lorrie was furious. Jealous!

Nothing else has happened and I'm sorry that I missed you when you called. The girls are planning a picnic with a keg, naturally, at the beach next week-end, and if you don't mind, I'd like to ask Bob to go with me. His pin-girl will be out of town (she's going up to Duke on a week-and and Bob is simply livid!) I thought it might cheer him up a little to be able to go to the party seeing as it will be the last one before exams. You don't mind, do you?

(Later)

I just saw Bob in the Center over a cup of coffee and asked him to the party. He accepted, and I'm so excited. Was really mad about the way Linda is acting and thinks this might do her good! Anyway I'll tell you all about it.

Did you know what that horrible name of mine means? Beatrix: She that makes happy! Isn't that romantic?

My love and happiness FOR YOU, Beatrix!

Peter, my dearest one, what ever do you mean about your pin? If you want it back all you have to do is ask for it, but please don't lead me on with those DREADFUL insinuations! I don't know where I stand at all! What would I ever do without it? Why my pin would have to be all by itself, and I'd never get used to wearing just *one* again!

The party at the beach was very nice. Only it rained after we had been there about two hours. At least no one got really sunburned. And the beer ran out when we all had to sit in the cars and drink because it was so wet outside. You should have seen George! He kept crawling through the window of the car because someone told him the door was Dutch and the bottom was stuck! George was heavenly intoxicated and was so funny! Lorrie does get awfully upset with him!

This place is dull again, and I await your letters eagerly, Peter. You're such a nut . . . please write soon and do send a little reassurance to your pining sweet-

heart. (Don't forget Valentine's Day!)
Your anxious Bea.

Dear Peter,

I didn't appreciate your card at all. Valentine's Day is something awfully nice down here, and I never dreamed Yale boys were so rude. My sister's friend, David, sent me some perfectly gorgeous roses and Mumsy sent a huge box of candy for me and all the girls. If I'd known about your little joke I certainly wouldn't have sent you those socks! It's much harder to do English Rib than argyles, and I certainly wouldn't have taken the time if I'd known how you felt.

Being well brought up, I suppose I have to thank you anyway for at least remembering me. Thank you. Bea.

To Mr. Peter Russell Porter:

Enclosed please find your pin. My heart is aching and I think you are perfectly horrible to say that I will never

make you happier than by giving back your pin. I never thought you could be capable of twisting my words and casting such aspersions against the name my Mother and Father chose for me! You're not the least bit amusing.

Beatrix Elizabeth Reynolds

Dear Peter,

Exams are over and we are all over here at the old place in Daytona to celebrate Freedom for a few precious days. I thought you would like to see the picture on the front of this card . . . bring back any memories? I was so childish about all that pin business. Sorry. David and I are having a *wonderful* time . . . he's quite good at the midway booths and I'm going home with armsfull of awful dolls.

Love, Bea.

CONNIE SHIELDS

Thoughts

I try to think of things that are,
Of things I know, of things I see,
But thoughts come crowding to my
mind
Of that beyond my ken:
Straining toward the unknown goal,
Seeking I know not what,
Until once more
Returning like a lost child
To those familiar things—
My mind eases.

Stubborn

Keep on trying,
That's what they say.
Don't lose hope,
That's what they say.
But they're wrong.

Unity?

A group of them are sitting flatly
On a slab of ice.
Ten or twenty
One can't count
Because they're all alike.
But just wait until the ice melts.

Women Only

They accuse us of not being able
To control ourselves
When it comes
To a spicy bit of gossip.
Well, Jim told me today (we're
engaged)
That John's best friend, Joe,
Went out with Mary last night
And . . .

Prejudice

A glass of wine
A feast well spread
Who will be the honored ones?
Oh, there's the host.
What! No one?
I see.

BARBARA HOWELL

FACULTY FORUM

REFLECTIONS ON SCIENCE . . .



DR. DONALD CARROLL

One person might say, "But I don't care to see a purple cow. I've seen thousands of cows—red, black, yellow, white and multi-colored ones—and I'm just not interested in adding to the list!" To this another might say, "Yes, *but* wouldn't it be a *curious* thing to see a purple cow?"

To this writer it seems that the aegis or motivating force in man's effort toward relating himself to his environment is basically a curiosity which can never be fully satisfied. His slow and sporadic progress as an intelligent being is in direct correlation with the exercise and satisfaction of this fundamental proclivity. Although this same quality is shared by men of all vocations, it is perhaps most readily evidenced in the scientific realm. Samuel Langley, one of the principal early experimenters with aircraft, spoke as a true scientist when he replied to a question concerning his work, "You have given me enough satisfaction to last this week. Every time I cause someone to ask a question I am happy. I love knowledge, and knowledge begins in wonder." Another facet revealing the same conceptual matrix may be seen in the statement of a young contemporary speleologist: ". . . At times, after wading through cold water up to my chin and squeezing through rocky crevices fit for only a caterpillar, I have wondered whether it was worth all the trouble just to report on some crazy cave cricket. There is so little

being done on the biology of caves, though, that I suppose somebody has to do it." "Somebody has to do it" is just one way of acknowledging wonder and love of knowledge.

Results of such wonder or curiosity can be indicated by citing a number of current household words such as vitamin, detergent, chlorophyll, catalyst, Rh factor, radioactive fallout, Salk vaccine, mutation and assassin. It will be observed that the foregoing household words can be placed in one of two broad categories, depending on the point of view, namely, (1) that promoting livelihood, and (2) that inhibiting livelihood. It may be curious to note that the term assassin is related to hashish, an oriental preparation which can be used as a medication or as a death-dealing potion, depending upon the pertinent intentions. Thus it is seen that fruits of wonder and experimentation can and do impinge upon the moral realm of society.

About the juncture of curiosital feats and moral management much has been said, and more undoubtedly thought. Because of misuse of many technological tools some observers seem to make the mistake in logic of condemnation by association. For example, it is obviously false to classify a dealer in hashish as an assassin when he is using it in dosages designed to produce dulling of pain for medical purposes and not to take life maliciously. Yet in recent years a similar form of illogical judgment has been voiced against scientific research. It is fondly desired by some "well-wishers" that a moratorium be declared upon such activity until man has become able to cope adequately with the moral problems relating to discovery. A few moments' reflection will provide sufficient indictment against such reasoning. First, it would attempt to take from man the proper cultivation of intelligence, a principal area which adumbrates his Maker, who is All-Intelligence. Further, it would provide for devastating development of man's perennial foes such as bacteria.

The primary point of departure for scientific endeavor is abstracted from moral or any other considerations except a stirring desire to learn the intricacies of nature. Whereas, then, pure research is in itself amoral, the use made of the facts, figures, and fixtures accumulated may be for good or for evil ends and so take on the proportions of moral questions. Such has always been the case. One may imagine with a large degree of certainty that the originator of the stone ax soon came to be maligned when this instrument was found to be effective not only in felling trees but also in breaking the heads of fellow men! Similarly some might be led to curse the inventor of the hypodermic syringes when it is used to induce embolism by air instead of being used in the more widely accepted ways. We are indebted to the men with whom were born the concepts for the stone ax and the hypodermic syringe as well as for the microscope and thousands of other useful items. This debt we owe in respect for their behavior as rational investigative persons. We owe an added debt if such persons couple their concepts and developments with practicable ends favoring the common good. Even if this is not so, we nevertheless are indebted for the idea. (You see, the guillotine may conceivably be the stimulus for bigger and better celery choppers!)

It is a discomfiting commentary on contemporary society to say that although man has learned to fly through the air like the birds and to move through the sea like the fish, yet he has not learned to live at peace on the earth. Although pure research is largely abstracted from moral considerations, the researchers are men living in a society, which for the most part is keenly concerned about the social (moral) implications of discovery. Scientific news periodicals as well as other publications of the press have over the past ten years amply demonstrated moral awareness among the scientific echelons. Recently Mr. Einstein, whose formula relating mass and energy has so colored the nature of twentieth century research, culminating in the development of atomic energy, died hoping that technology gained as a result of his postulates would not be abused upon mankind. It is significant that the chemist Alfred Nobel, the discoverer of dynamite, instituted the Nobel peace prize. The scientist should and does feel a sense of satisfaction in gaining knowledge about the appurtenances of nature. At the same time he should and does feel a deep concern as a social being over the use—or misuse—of this knowledge.

The potential use or misuse of knowledge and technology is currently pointed up in the sharpest relief ever in connection with atomic energy. Atomic energy has arrived. Its uses embrace such aspects of beneficence as fuel, radiography, radioactive tracers, agriculture, and biology ("felling trees"); or, it can be used to explode over cities ("breaking heads"). The choice is ~~generally~~ man's, not generically

generically

Physic Stretches . . .

Most new ideas and discoveries in science are consistent with and are somewhat limited by the general metaphysics of the day. Occasionally, however, a new discovery or thought will break with the existing pattern. If the new ideas are fruitful, the general attitude adjusts or are changed over a period of a few hundred years to include them. Such an adjustment is just starting for several new ideas from the physics of the last hundred years. My purpose is to list the more important of these developments in physics. Since some of these ideas will violate your common sense, I will call on an expert, A. N. Whitehead, to make my apology. "If you have had your attention directed to the novelties in thought in your own lifetime, you will have observed that almost all really new ideas have a certain aspect of foolishness when they are first produced, and almost any idea which jogs you out of your current abstractions may be better than nothing."

Relativity of space and time

Suppose that a certain airplane with propellers turning at the proper rate and pitch to maintain an air-speed of 300 miles per hour flies into a headwind of 50 miles per hour. The ground-speed would then be 250 miles per hour. If the plane turned to fly downwind, the ground-speed would be 350 miles per hour. Measurements, common sense and Newtonian physics agree that the predicted ground-speeds are correct. Now, in your imagination replace the airplane with a beam of light, and replace the air with the ether in which the light moves. Common sense and Newtonian physics again agree on the effect of an "ether wind" (produced by the motion of the earth) on the prediction for the measured speed of light. Measurements, however, do not agree. Experimenters, including the famous Michelson and Morley, have been unable to detect the predicted effect. Motion of the observer forward or backward along the beam of light seems to

scientist's. Let no one ask for cessation of inquiry in this *area* to enlarge yet further horizons of our knowledge. Perhaps man will make the better choice. If not, it is prayed that the patient Almighty will sponsor a remnant who will have learned, but who will yet maintain ~~this~~ needful curiosity. Without it, to ask for any lease on life would border on effrontery.

To recapitulate:

make no difference in the measured value of the speed of light. Musing upon this odd situation, Albert Einstein worked out a new theory of physics in which this constancy of the speed of light is accepted. His special theory of relativity works wonderfully well to predict several new phenomena which have since been observed. No observations contradicting the theory have been made. The theory of relativity throws out the old ideas of space and time as separate absolutes and replaces them with a fourth dimensional space-time separation between events. Space or time considered alone seem to be relative concepts, and to adjust to the motion of an observer in such a way that the speed of light is a constant for all unaccelerated observers. The physics of Isaac Newton falls into place as a special case of the new theory, applying when relatively low speeds are involved.



DR. DAN A. THOMAS

Among the predictions of Einstein's theory are the shrinkage in length of moving bodies, the increase in mass of moving bodies, the equivalence of mass and energy, and the relativity of the time duration between two events as measured by observers moving with respect to each other. As an example of the odd situations which are derived from these predictions consider two observers, say Mr. Stock and Mr. James, carrying clocks and moving either toward or away from each other.

Curiosity kills the cat. Yes, but curiosity saves more cats than it kills!

Moral man addresses himself to a "holy curiosity". Yes, but he judges the abuse of the fruits of curiosity.

One might say, "But what good would come especially from a purple cow?" Another might answer, "Yes, but wouldn't it be a curious thing . . .".

DR. DONALD CARROLL
Professor of Chemistry

Mr. Stock says that Mr. James' clock is losing time (with respect to Mr. S.'s), and Mr. James says that Mr. Stock's clock is losing time (with respect to Mr. J.'s), and both are right. I can remove this paradox, but not without a blackboard and an hour (by my clock).

Duality of the nature of light

Despite the seeming constancy of the of the speed of light to all unaccelerated observers, the nature of light itself will not fit into an understandable pattern. I can perform and describe an experiment seeming to prove that light is a continuous wave motion. The experiment involves a phenomenon called interference, which you may see demonstrated if you will hold two fingers close together and look toward a light through any small opening between your fingers. The small, dark lines which you see are produced by interference. On the other hand, hold an ordinary light exposure meter, as used by photographers. An investigation of the action of a photoelectric surface seems to require that light be a series of discontinuous particles of energy. Is light a continuous wave, or is it a series of corpuscles? The two modes are contradictory; yet light is in some sense both. Evidently we can neither make nature fit into our human categories nor make her obey the rules of logic.

Geometries

Mathematicians have found that the self-evident postulates of Euclid for the foundations of his geometry are not obvious after all—after about 2000 years to be more exact. Several other geometries with different postulates (usually contradicting one or more of Euclid's) have been invented. After what happened to our common sense in dealing with space and time, we know enough to be cautious here. We leave to experiment the decision as to which geometry is best for the description of nature. And we find that the best of present systems is Riemann's, not Euclid's; the latter you probably learned in high school. The old geometry falls into place as a use-

ful tool for dealing with small distances, being a special case of the new geometry. This new geometry raises some strange questions, such as, "Is space curved, and is it finite, but unbounded?" The answer is possibly yes to both questions, even though these answers are difficult to imagine. Incidentally, the most-used examples of absolute truth—the statements of mathematics—are not to be judged as true or false, but only as to whether they follow the rules of the game.

Quantum mechanics

By 1925 classical physics, even with the help of relativity, had broken down completely in its effort to explain the phenomena of the new atomic and nuclear physics, which had developed in the preceding twenty-nine years. The time was ripe for new ideas. A powerful concept came almost independently from the minds of several physicists during a single year. Borrowing from the mathematicians, they decided to suspend the obvious and to work out the "rules of the game" for atomic physics, as a mathematical exercise. Of course the rules to be adopted must result in

the prediction of the observed results of experiments on atoms. The result of their efforts is a system called quantum mechanics which works perfectly for atomic physics and is now being applied with great success to nuclear physics. Quantum mechanics is, unfortunately, probably not understandable in any real sense for the layman, for it throws away the mechanical model pictures used to visualize the operation of the laws of physics since Newton's day, and uses only mathematical operations and equations for its tools. About all that I can say to you in favor of this system is that it works.

Inherent in the methods by which quantum mechanics deals with physical objects is the prediction of a basic uncertainty in the results of simultaneous measurements of different observables, say the position and speed of a body. This uncertainty is not just the result of imperfections in our measuring devices, but is fundamental in our new attitude toward matter. The chief result of interest to philosophers is the removal of the strict causality implied by the physics of Newton and spread

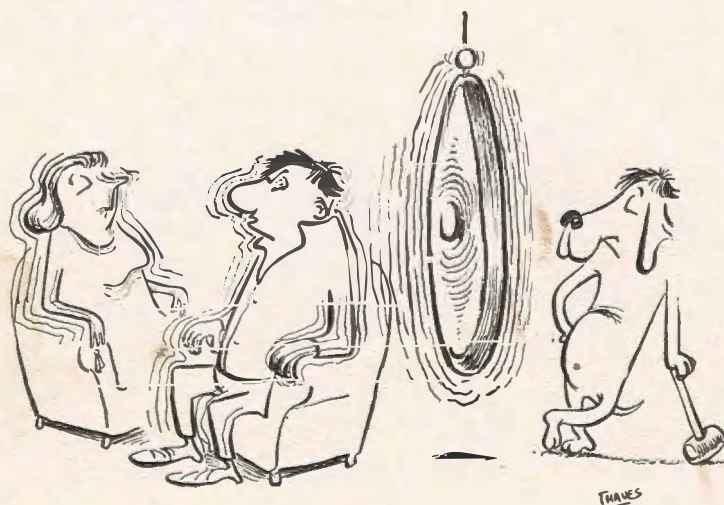
through our philosophy today. The results of quantum mechanics are stated in terms of probability, not of certainty.

Francis Bacon said that, "if we begin with certainties, we shall end in doubts; but if we begin in doubts, and are patient in them, we shall end in certainties." This attitude toward natural philosophy seems over-confident today. The advance in our understanding of nature seems to depend not on our ability to build from doubt to certainties, but upon our new-found ability to deal in a precise manner with various degrees of doubt.

These, then, are the chief ideas, current in physics, which may influence our views on nature. A metaphysics taking them into account should be ready for change and ready to accept novel ideas and new modes of thought, because physics is still in a period of rapid change. A metaphysics based on Newtonian science (as the current general attitude essentially is), however, is built on sand already washed into the ocean.

DR. DAN A. THOMAS
Professor of Physics

The Flamingo would like to thank Professors Carroll, Thomas, and Wolff for their contributions to this issue. We would also like to acknowledge a contribution by Professor Gormsen which could not appear currently because of space limitations. We would like to extend our special thanks to Professor Stuart James, our faculty advisor, for the patience and understanding he exhibited in ironing out the technical difficulties which have arisen from time to time during the year.



"You'd think he could learn to bark when he wants something."

AND ALMOST NEVER BLUE

The girls in the life of a dreamy undergraduate inevitably represent Romantic Love to him forever. It was certainly true in my experience.

Her name was almost always Cynthia or Ann or Carolyn and her eyes were almost always gray or green and almost never blue. And all along I have thought she would come back—that one day I would look across the crowded room, and there she'd be. Alive, candid-eyed, maybe a little tight—just as she was six or ten or twelve years ago when she was seventeen and prep school graduates carried gay young cynicism to proper colleges.

But she won't, I know. She can't. She's dead, along with the war-curtained beverages she drank and the knee-length skirts she wore. The young women I meet in her place aren't going bravely to hell. I don't like them.

But I'll never forget her. She was such a mad person. She did fantastic things in an off-hand manner, as though she didn't give a damn. And her lips were new and fresh, they said.

For instance, I remember her once in a roadhouse. She came in alone. A fragile wisp of a thing, not at all awed by the bartender with the red hair on his arms. She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment and then ordered a whiskey neat. She drank it. She looked thoughtful some more and ordered another. She drank that and asked the bartender with sudden, almost clinical interest, if the hair on his chest was red, too. He blushed, and I shall always remember the studious inclination of her golden head and the growing red of his face.

After a while, still distant and cool-eyed, she counted the empty shot glasses. When she saw she had ten, she passed out. A young man came in. He counted the glasses, too. Then he said, "Damn it!" rather bitterly and took her away.

I don't recall what happened later, nor the meaning of the ten glasses. The name was Carolyn, I think; though it might have been Cynthia. She had a little pulse at the base of her white throat, and a way of falling in love.

Once it was impetuous. Her name was Cynthia, then. I'm sure of it.

She was at a house party and she had been upstairs repairing her lovely face. She came to the balcony and watched for a moment while the music beat softly about her. Then she descended, as girls do, holding up the hem of her

party dress and lowering her eyes. She must have looked deceptively demure, for when she lifted her eyes, half-way down, he was staring at her.

And they fell in love as simply as that, there on the stairs. Later, they sat together in the darkness. When he asked her name, she said, "Cynthia" in a hushed voice. It counted for something. When, still later, he gave her his pin, that counted for something, too.

I loved the way she did things without adding up the gains or subtracting the losses.

She fell out of love, too, you know. And it was always a throbbing, tragic thing.

I remember once when she did. Her name might have been Ann. Instead of being at a house party, she was alone on a beach. Things I have since forgotten had gone terribly wrong. She crouched on the great expanse of sand and paid no attention to the little dog that trotted up and licked her neck and finally bounced off in pursuit of a piece of paper.

For a long time she stayed there. Finally she stood erect and slipped out of her bathing suit. The water tugged laughingly at her feet as she waded out, and caressed her naked body as she swam strongly past where the white sand shelved down into the blue depths—and on and on and on. I don't know the reason. Yet the memory of it will long remain a wistful nostalgia.



Strangely, most of my recollections of her grow out of shadow. I seem to remember her best that way. For instance:

The murmuring dusk of the campus and the distant wink of fraternity house lights. She was certain to walk there. Just the quiet tinkle of her laugh, the attentive inclination of escort's head, and the faint scent of her perfume as they passed. And that's all.

Or again — a glittering, shimmering convertible, dimly visible from a window. A match would spurt and its yellow flame reveal the warmth of her eyes and the eagerness of the head close to hers.

After that, there was ever the darkness of a veranda. A cigarette would glow, a door would open momentarily, and they would sit up. Her eyes would be calm and her lips bruised. He would be flustered.

It is uncommon how little the head that was always close to hers mattered. Perhaps that was because the story was always a triumph of humor and youth and affection; and seldom the triumph that leads to the altar.

Indeed, the young man in question had no particular future. Graduation day only brought nearer a hazardous and highly unwelcome season in Libya or Guadalcanal. And so when Ann or Carolyn or Cynthia went to bed with Steve or Jeff; or maybe Garry, I wasn't surprised. And, of course, she did. I always understood, after she had carefully pointed it out, that this thing she was doing was merely biological with faintly patriotic overtones. Her higher education had shown her that young men were no different from frogs; and a quiet-eyed young woman administered to their desires. It was Life and there was no way of masking it. I suppose there was a bit of the prostitute in Ann. But she was lovely and her lips were red.

But all that was six and ten and twelve years ago; now Ann is back in the shadows from which she came. With her she has taken a vibrant and individual age.

I like to think it isn't because the world turns around, and the Japanese learned profoundly of the A-bomb and young flesh degenerates into clay. That has rather frightening implications.

Rather, I like to think it is because Tallulah Bankhead is rich and contented; because Ernest Hemingway has a yacht in Havana Bay on which he works sometimes; because the Duke and Duchess don't love each other any more. Because of these and not those other reasons.

WILLIAM BEHRMAN

GUILDED CAGE REMOVED

"Now, wasn't that fun?" said Lady Everest fingering her glass tiara.

"Yes, excellent dinner," replied a slender spectacled youth. He was seated in a high backed stuffed purple chair.

"The cook's Welsh, you know," said Lady Everest. "Sturdy stock. Dear soul, she can only handle these small dinner parties. They're so fashionable this season. Oh, Roger, you should have let me know you were in town sooner. Just think, starving in a garret . . ."

"Dormitory, Aunt Belinda."

" . . . you always were so Bohemian," continued the old lady, "painting, trips to Paris . . ."

"That was father, not me," said the youth muffling a yawn.

"Don't speak of that dreadful man to me. Thank goodness he went back to the states and I've shown you your rightful place. You're a real Everest, Roger. If only your mother hadn't been so impetuous . . . oh well, she's better off where she is now, God rest her soul."

"Father didn't go to the states, he died."

"Oh yes, that was it . . . It must have been Uncle Otto who went to America. In any case . . . Come in Puddington," she interrupted her chatter as her butler entered. "Did the guests get off alright?"

"Yes Madam."

"Three missing tonight, Puddington. I believe Rose said two spoons and a fork. You didn't find anything?"

"No madam, not a tarnish mark."

"And you went over Sir Otley thoroughly?"

"Yes madam, as well as I could. He was only wearing a polo coat and insisted on carrying it. But the next time he comes . . ."

"Oh dear, this is the third time this month he hasn't been caught. How terribly clever of him. That will be all for now, Puddington."

Roger looked up from the *Adventurer's Weekly* he had been glancing at during his Aunt's conversation with Puddington. The magazine, resting on his knees, was opened to a picture of a hulking rhinoceros preparing to charge across the glossy page.

"Aunt Belinda, what's this about Puddington going over Sir what's his name thoroughly?"

"Puddington picks pockets, dear."

"Do you really need someone like him here. I should think he'd be rather dangerous."

"He's been a big help ever since we

found out about Sir Otley."

"What's wrong with Sir Otley," asked Roger flipping the magazine page to a color photo of a triumphant hunter standing near a mutilated rhinoceros.

"He takes things, Roger."

"Takes things?"

"Yes, you know, steals them."

"Rather rude of him."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Lady Everest, "But he has been a friend of the family's for years and there's nothing much one can do. He sells them to a man in London. Puddington usually outwits Sir Otley but lately Otley's been ahead."

"Maybe the servant girls take the silver."

"Don't be silly, Roger, they wouldn't know what to do with silver. I leave little trinkets around the house for them to pick up. They're satisfied."

Roger stretched his arms.

"I think I'll go to bed Aunt Belinda and read for a while. Do you have any more of these magazines?"

"I believe there's a stack of them in the library, dear. Good night."

Upstairs in his room Roger put a towering pile of magazines on his bed, and picked up six flat colored text books that had been lying there since he had moved in that morning. He brought the books over to the fireplace on the far end of the room. A small flame still flickered in the grate. He tore a few pages out of a differential calculus book, crumpled them and tossed them on the fire. A quick blaze took hold of the pages and Roger threw in a paper bound volume of international law and a tattered copy of *Nana*. He lifted a heavy biography of Hazlitt and a white envelope fluttered out. Roger opened it and read:

"Dear Roger,

So sorry to hear about your father. In his will he left everything to you but, of course, there was nothing to leave. You will, however, be able to finish out your last two terms at the university. Here is your Aunt's address as requested, but I don't think she'll do you any good.

Lady Belinda Everest, Wilfordshire County. Best of luck to you, my boy.

Alfred Lufkin, Attorney at Law."

Roger stuffed the letter in the fire along with the biography. A heavy smoke hovered over the books, and with the smoke Roger saw his academic prison dissolve. An acrid odor drifted through the room, and Roger coughed. He opened a window and placed the

remaining three books on the sill. Two were French grammars and the third was McGovern's *To Lhasa in Disguise*.

Roger went back to his bed and began sorting out the magazines. As he piled them neatly on the floor beside his bed he heard a thud on the thick blue carpet. A silver spoon gleamed up at him. Roger sorted through the other magazines flapping them upside-down over the bed. The other spoon fell out and over by his door Roger saw the fork. He took the silver and went out in the hall way.

"Aunt Belinda, he called down the stairs.

"Yes Roger?"

"I found your silver. It was caught in the magazines."

"Well, isn't that nice. Thank you dear."

Roger turned back to his room.

"Roger," called his Aunt, "don't tell Puddington. He'd be terribly disappointed."

"No, Aunt Belinda, I won't. Good night."

* * *

On the third morning of Roger's arrival he awoke to the sound of splashing water beneath his window. He burrowed his head under the pillow. The splashing continued. Then he heard a giggle—a very feminine giggle, and Roger went to the window. A girl with short blonde hair was wading around the gold fish pond in the garden below. Her skirt was gathered tightly above her knees. Very pretty knees Roger thought.

"Hello there," he called. "Have you caught anything yet?"

"Hello yourself," she replied not looking up. "I'm looking for my cigarette lighter. Won't you help me?"

"I'll be right down."

Roger quickly dressed and hurried out to the garden but the girl was already out of the pond brushing off her skirt.

"You're too late," she said. "I've found it."

"Hurrah! Let's have breakfast."

"That would be lovely, but I've just finished lunch."

"It is that late?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it is." The girl sat down on a lawn chair. "You're Roger, aren't you?"

"That's right. And you?"

"Elizabeth Otley. How long have you been here?"

"How do you do, Elizabeth. Three days."

"Oh, then there's no hurry to call me Elizabeth. You have at least twenty-eight more days to go."

"I don't quite understand . . . Miss Otley."

"Your Aunt," Miss Otley replied. "You're her fetish this year. Last year it was a missionary from Kenya. But he didn't even last a month."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Roger. He suddenly felt depressed.

"Tell me why you're *It* this year?"

"Don't be so callous, Miss Otley. I thought it was my charm."

"You are amusing," laughed the girl.

"What will you do after you leave here?" asked Miss Otley with sudden seriousness.

"I hadn't really thought about it up til five minutes ago. I had been attending the University but I can't go back there. I burnt most my books. Rather hastily I can see now . . ."

"Presumptuous boy," smiled Elizabeth.



LOIS KRAVCHUK

Roger thought it was a lovely laugh.

"You really don't think she means to keep me?" asked Roger.

Elizabeth Otley laughed again.

"Miss Otley, please!" Roger sunk his hands in his trouser pockets and frowned for a long minute. "It seems to me, Miss Otley, that you're implying certain things about . . ." Roger paused again. "But she seems so awfully sincere. I could say some unkind things about your father too."

"If you're referring to the silver, don't bother. His moral conscience isn't touched."

"That's a relief," said Roger.

"He thinks it's his. We're rather poor. No money I mean. Oh don't be sorry. We've been this way for years, ever since your Aunt bought our London house. Daddy had made some investments at your aunt's suggestion. Both the suggestion and investment were not particularly wise. Anyway Lady Everest took everything beside the house . . . to help us out, of course, and Daddy just wants to get some of it back. He sells some."

"Marvelous moral logic," said Roger.

"I do have an offer," continued Roger ignoring the girl, "to sell bolts of linen in a London shop. So I suppose that's what I'll do."

"Aren't you distressed?"

"Yes, London's a dreadful place. I'd really rather be in Tabui."

"Selling?" said Miss Otley, she was laughing again.

"If that's the only way I could get there, yes. Tabui must be a beautiful place. It's always been a symbol of freedom for me . . . personal freedom I mean. It's in the Pacific."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Otley. "I read the Adventurer's Weekly too."

Roger gazed at the fish pond for a moment. "And Miss Otley . . . or has enough time fled by to call you Elizabeth? . . . what are you going to do with yourself? After I leave, that is."

"Daddy will keep trying to marry me off to somebody rich I suppose, but I won't have any of them. The ones I can marry are either bores or lechers. Which reminds me why I wanted to see you."

"Thank you, Elizabeth."

"Oh no, I didn't mean that. You're

not even rich. I want you to come to a party this evening. It's daddy's way of reminding the world that I'm still a maiden . . . an available one."

"Good afternoon Roger, and you too Elizabeth." Aunt Belinda emerged from the French doors. "I thought you left with your father, dear."

"I'm leaving now, Lady Everest. Thank you for the lovely lunch. See you tonight Roger. Good bye."

Lady Everest seated herself in the chair Elizabeth had just left. She sat tapping the flimsy arms of the chair with her blotchy plump fingers.

"Now all we have to do is wait for Puddington," she said. "Three knives and a coffee spoon gone. Oh, there you are Puddington."

"Yes madam. Here's the coffee spoon. It was taped under his lapel."

"That's fine but what about the knives? The three knives?"

"I'm sorry madam, no trace of them."

"Roger," said his aunt after Puddington had left, "something must be done. If I just knew who he was selling them to. Can't you help me, dear? You seem to be in quite well with the Otleys now."

Roger swallowed noisily and searched his pockets for a cigarette.

"Roger," said his aunt casually, looking at him from the corner of her eye, "I know we're going to have a lovely life together, here."

* * *

Roger was somewhat shaky when he awoke the next morning. He ran to the window and looked down but saw no girl splashing in the pond. Purple hollyhocks were tangled in the crawling ivy which was clinging to the side of the house. The scent of wild roses floated faintly on the morning breeze.

"Roger, Roger, my dearest dearest Roger," murmured Roger to himself, but it didn't sound like Elizabeth's voice had whispered to him the night before. Roger went back to his bed and lay down. Only twenty-seven more days to go he thought and shuddered involuntarily. He pictured himself rising early for endless months after this month had passed and he shuddered again. The thought of coarse butcher linen made him clench his teeth in nausea. He lie on his bed for another hour gazing at the heavy walnut furniture, the milky colored carved ceiling, and listened to the maids padding softly back and forth in the hallway. A vivid vision of Elizabeth twined its way around his thoughts, and his large room seemed suddenly smaller. Determinedly he dressed and stalked down stairs.

"Aunt Belinda," he called.
"Yes Roger, I'm out here in the garden."

"Aunt Belinda," said Roger. He felt a little trickle of sweat run down his back. "There's . . . there's a . . . a . . . secret compartment in Sir Otley's sleeve."

"Oh Roger, I knew you were a real Everest," cried Lady Everest throwing her arms about him.

"And the man in London is at 45 Cheapside Street. I'd suggest you go there first."

"Yes, yes, of course. Evidence first. Puddington . . . Puddington!"

"Yes madam," said Puddington coming around a lilac bush.

"Have the car brought around, Puddington, we're going to London."

"Yes madam."

"Roger, I knew you were a fine boy the first time I saw you. I must show you my gratitude," Aunt Belinda said. "Next month the hunting season begins. How would you like a horse for yourself? You dear, dear boy."

"Thank you, Aunt Belinda," replied

Roger flatly.

"Won't you come with me to London?"

"No, I think I'll catch up on some reading."

"Alright dear. I'll see you at dinner. Good bye."

Roger watched his aunt rush from the garden and waited for the car door to slam before he went upstairs. A picture of red coated hunters hung in the hallway. Roger looked at it a minute, shrugged his shoulders and went in his room. He hauled out his suitcase and hoped that too many bolts of linen wouldn't be tossed about before Aunt Belinda found out the truth.

* * *

A wave hit against the side of the boat trickling down through the port hole on Roger who was looking out across the water. He wiped the salty spray from his eyes and picked up a pair of binoculars.

"That should be Tabui off there by the horizon," he said to Elizabeth who was sitting on the edge of the bunk reading a French grammar.

"I don't know why you didn't burn this book too," Elizabeth said, "these verbs are dreadful."

"I'm sure that's Tabui," said Roger.

"No, it isn't, darling. It's the Marshall Islands. Daddy's calculations are wrong again but he's trying. Why don't you come up on deck with us and get a little sun."

"I'll be up in a minute. You go along."

Elizabeth left the room and Roger yanked open a metal foot locker. He pulled out a jersey tee shirt and a pair of faded plaid swimming trunks. At the bottom of the locker lay a wooden box. He opened it and fondly patted a row of hollow handled silver knives.

"The Marshall Islands," Roger smiled to himself. "Shouldn't be a bad market."

"Roger," called Elizabeth from the deck, "do hurry up here."

"I'll be right there," said Roger wearily.

JEAN MENSING

Notes On Mediaeval Sermons As Regards Malt

A liberal education predicates a study of the classics and so last Saturday afternoon I decided to devote no little effort towards the acquainting myself with the 100 great books or at least part of one before a rather imminent graduation removes me from the scholars clime. By great good luck I had with me on the beach a copy of *Facetiae Cantabrigienses* — the 3rd edition of 1836 that is, for I would never treat my first edition to a day in the sand as you can well imagine—and became absorbed in the elaborate patterns of middle English sermons. The discussion was in the hands of a man named Waley, a good sort, evidently connected with the Church of England who has received a much more detailed treatment than I am prepared to offer in an article by Harry Caplan in the magazine *Classical Philology*, the April 1953 issue, if memory serves me rightly, vol. xxviii, around pp. 90 somewhere if you care to look. Or you can take me at my word.

Waleys himself says that this technique "is the dissection of a word into its component letters, which are then, as it were, employed as the heads of an acrostic: this was called 'emplication by hidden terminology' "which was recommended by one St. Antonino (1389-1459) and other notables. Thus to

take Waleys' own example, DEUS becomes Dans (or Donans) Eternam Suis: although as he himself must blushingly admit the whole thing is completely arbitrary, and D might just as reasonably stand Demens or Demons or dichlorodimethytriethyloctane. But the great classic sermon in this manner is the one on MALT, allegedly delivered under the most demanding circumstances by the late Dr. William Dodd, (1729-1777) to certain drunken undergraduates of Cambridge whom, after a previous discourse in which he had referred to them as "malt-worms," he had the misfortune to encounter on their way home from a country alehouse. The entire text is printed below.

(My brethren, let me crave your reverend attention: I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a short sermon, upon a short subject, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*. Now, there is no teaching without a division. I cannot divide my text into sentences, because there are none; nor into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but a monsyllable. Therefore I must divide it into letters, which I find

in my text to be four: M, A, L, T. M, my beloved, is *moral*, A *allegorical*, L *literal*, and T *theological*. First, the moral teaches such as you drunkards good manners: wherefore, M, my masters, A, all of you, L, listen, T, to my text. Secondly, the allegorical is when one thing is spoken of the other meant; the thing spoken of is malt, the thing meant is the *oil* of malt, properly called *strong beer*; which you, gentlemen, make (M, your meat, (A, your apparel, (L, your liberty, and (T, your treasure. Thirdly, the literal sense hath ever been found suitable to the theme, confirmed by beggarly experience: M, much A, ale, L, little, T, thought. Fourthly, the theological is according to the effects that it worketh, which are of two kinds: the first in this world are M, murder, A, adultery, L, looseness of life, and T, treason. In the world to come the effects of it are M, misery, A, anguish, L, lamentation, and T, torment. And the application of my text is this: M, my masters, A, all of you, L, leave off, T, tippling: or else M, my masters, A, all of you, L, look for, T, torment . . .')

ART

MODERN SCULPTURE MASTERS

The exhibition at the Morse Gallery of Art of sculpture and paintings from the Norton Gallery and School of Art illustrates most of the major modes of twentieth century art expression. This particular selection of works from the Norton Collection emphasizes sculpture and contains characteristic examples of sculpture by many of the more important modern artists.

The development of modern sculpture begins with Rodin and the impressionist painters, both of whom sought to convey qualities of light in their work. Direct manifestations of that impulse can be seen in the sculpture of Raymond Duchamp-Villon, Jacques Lipchitz and Jean Arp in this exhibition. The "Portrait of Baudelaire" by Duchamp-Villon was produced in 1911 while this artist was concerned with those qualities that Rodin had explored; after 1912 his direction changed and he became one of the most important cubist-futurist sculptors. One of the earliest cubist sculptures, Picasso's "Head of a Woman" of 1909, heralds the later development of cubist sculpture as seen in early works by Laurens, Lipchitz, Gaudier-Brzeska and Duchamp-Villon. In his writings Lipchitz still emphasizes his debt to the cubist vision. Constructivism, though it is not represented in the exhibition, has made important contributions to the art of this century through its leading exponents: Gabo and Pevsner, and Nicholson and Hepworth.

Paralleling the cubist-constructivist tradition with its predominately geometric basis, Arp, Brancusi and others have evolved forms from organic origins. Calder, Lipchitz and Moore have often combined several approaches in one work. "One Brass Beak with Yellow and Blue Eyes," by Calder, recalls constructivism and a whimsical surrealism reminiscent of Miro. "Rescue II," a sculpture made by Lipchitz in 1947,

has a mythological fierceness and a richness of surface, the general tenor reflecting the uneasiness of the times. After a period of direct carving and a preoccupation with abstract form, Henry Moore has returned to fluid and metaphorical studies of figures brought on by his drawings from London air-raid shelters during the blitz. His "Family Group II" in the exhibition carries on, however, his studies incorporating the surrounding air into his sculpture. Despite the small size of "Woman" by Gaston Lachaise the work embodies a monumental breadth.

Technological developments during the twentieth century have been paralleled by a broadening of the use of materials available to the sculptors, such as in certain works by Brancusi that appear to have a machine finish al-

though they have been polished by hand. There has on the whole been a tendency away from direct carving among the younger artists. Many directions have been pointed out by new use of materials ranging from the luminous wine constructions of Richard Lippold to the welded and brazed sculpture of David Smith. Theodore Roszak and Ibram Lassaw.

Examples of direct stone carving are presented in the works by Jose de Creeft and John B. Flannagan in the exhibition. De Creeft's "Group of Women" derives from the classical tradition in modern sculpture stemming from Maillol, but the work is tempered with a romantic fervor. Flannagan sought to free "the image in the rock" and in so doing has produced pure poetry in stone. William Zorach, an exponent of direct carving is represented in this exhibition by a modeled terracotta study for his large granite carving, "Youth", on permanent display at the Norton Gallery of Art. Constance

THE RECENT EXHIBITION OF MODERN MASTERS AT THE MORSE GALLERY OF ART WAS ARRANGED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE NORTON GALLERY OF ART IN WEST PALM BEACH, TO WHOM WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHS APPEARING IN THIS ISSUE. THE EXHIBITION WAS HELD FROM MAY 1 THROUGH MAY 18.





Jacques Lipchitz,

"Rescue II", 1947.

to the heavier painted areas. The turbulent Soutine "Landscape" offers new complexities of paint and movement with each viewing. "Jeune Fille au Chapeau" by Pascin uniquely conveys this artist's gifts as a draftsman, the unpainted areas holding their correct weight and definition in relation to the opalescent colored surfaces.

Paintings by Klee and Leger in the exhibition represent two important abstract tendencies. Klee developed a free fantasy style of abstract surrealism and Leger in his earlier work tended toward a visual vocabulary that would express the modern machine age. The "Old Married Couple" by Klee unites linear arabesques with the color patch: swatches of lime, violet and lemon yellow. In his "Le Viaduc" Leger has rendered a compressed cubism without deep recessions in the picture plane and replacing local color with his own insistent blues and oranges.

WARD JACKSON

Director of

Morse Gallery of Art

Ortmayer, Professor of Sculpture at Rollins College, contributes several examples of direct carving, as well as recent works modeled in plaster. Her earlier romantic classicism has evolved into a searching and eloquent expressionism.

The revival of sculpture during the twentieth century has been brought about in part by a reciprocal exchange of ideas between both painters and sculptors. It began during the last century when Renoir, Degas Daumier and others began to work simultaneously in both mediums. The bronze "Dancer" by Degas in the exhibition was apparently made as a study to work out certain problems in his painting, although during the last years of his life Degas devoted much of his time to creating sculpture for its own sake. Matisse and Picasso have returned to sculpture again and again to broaden their expression.

The wide range of expressionism in painting is reflected in this exhibition by three late great masters. Beckmann in his "Blue Iris" displays his usual tense drawing coupled with his clear and lyrical sense of color; the delicate washes of oil convey a pleasing contrast

Henry Moore,

"Family Group

II", 1946.



(Continued from page 6)

"We don't lak tuh fight, we don't lak tuh fight, we don't lak it at all. We're jist doin' our job as we see it. It's just lak' anyone else. Yuh gets paid tuh fight, so yuh fights.

"Like hell. What both of you guys want is to cover yourselves with glory, so you can walk down the main drag of yer hometown and be big shots. Now let me ask you." He leaned his brown freckled face towards them. "What the hell good are they to you if yer both dead as hell?" He leaned back.

None, thought Robert. None.

"Yuh got us all wrong. We don't want medals. What the hell good is a medal gonna do yuh dead or alive. The army don't care if yuh got 'em or not. All they want yuh tuh do is git out alive so as yuh can teach somebody else tuh do the same . . . oh hell why all the talk. It's a job; that all, jist a job!"

"If it were a job, just a job, as you say it is, you guys wouldn't be riskin yer necks the way you do. I suppose the next thing you'll be tellin' us is that you're patiotic."

Roberts didn't look up from his food. He sat quietly chewing and swallowing his food, which with every bite lost more and more of its taste.

Red again leaned his brown dappled face towards them.

"I'll bet you guys even volunteeded to come over here."

"I did," said Roberts snapping his head violently around so that his face was a breath length from Red's.

Red, jerking his whole body back quickly, looked around at his friends, who sprawled out over the ground near him. None of them raised their eyes to his, they just kept on eating, their metallic forks or spoons clinking against the aluminum mess gear. Robert kept staring at him.

"What do yer folks think bout volunteering to come over here?"

"You writing a book cpl.? If you are you can leave that chapter out."

"Well I'll bet they were pretty sore 'bout you volunteering to come over here."

Like hell, he thought, and then out loud, "Why the hell don't you shut up."

"Look sarge, take it easy. All I wanted to do was see what makes a hero tick."

"I got yer hero right here boy." Jug doubled up his burly hand into a broad fist and held it up for inspection. He grinned at Roberts. Roberts grinned back. He and Jug, after they had graduated from jump school at Fort Ben-

ning, had gone into Phoenix City to celebrate. There, the two of them, had taken on a bar full of civilians and other paratroopers. It had taken a platoon of M.P.'s to break up the fight and subdue them enough to get them to the civilian station house, which the M.P.'s used as a jail on Saturday night. They had made so much racket in the grimy cells, throwing the light bulbs and finally turning on the faucets and stuffing newspaper and part of one of the mattresses down the toilet, (there was about six inches of water on the floor) that the civilian authorities had let them go.

"These twenty year men are all the same an' as thick as fleas," muttered the redhead boy more to himself than to anybody else as he turned to look at his friends (not one eye met his) and then back to his meal, finishing it in silence. Roberts thought of home for the first time in several months. His food had completely lost its taste.

"C'mon Robbie boy. It ain't as bad as all that." Jug clapped him on the shoulder.

"I'll show 'em."

Jug looked at him quizzically, but since Roberts didn't say any more he ignored it. Jug nudged him, Roberts looked up from the remains of his food to see the Lt. start up the incline towards them.

"Sgt. Roberts."

"Yessir."

Roberts struggled to his feet. He watched the Lt. walking up the hill, his head down, his body slightly bent forward. When he reached Roberts he looked up. Roberts stood higher on the incline than he did, but they were standing face to face. The Lt. peered at him through the too big G.I. glasses on the too wide nose. Roberts had often thought of him as too big G.I. glasses on a too wide nose devoid of any

vestiges of personality other than a vivid desire to prove himself a good soldier. After he had gained this insight (was it the first week or day or the first night?) in a moment of incredible honesty, he had admitted that he too wanted to be a good soldier, with the same full flooding force he felt drove the Lt. Even with this admission he could not mitigate the Lt.'s sin (nor could he hate him) and when he saw, clearly, they were the same (the Lt.'s and his) he had felt outraged. Another human being could not feel the way he did, could not have the same doubts about himself. (The valley was the same; it was the solidarity of sameness he had counted on.) He had enlisted, submerging himself in the valley, refusing the gambit of the climb of the ragged craggy inaccessible Mountain; willingly and gratefully accepting the loss of individuality. Thus negating the responsibility of the Question. Only he had never been able to lose his sense of choice; thus the responsibility of the Question remained with him. With this knowledge to nudge and prick him, he could not feel sorry for himself and what was worse he could not feel sorry for the Lt. (nor could he hate him). That night, when he had pulled himself into a ball in his sleeping bag and had become secure in his body heat, he had thought, *there is no difference, he and I, I and he, we both know the Question and we both have failed to try to answer it. (We would never succeed). We are means for each other and our ends so interfoiled, we can do little else.* So he had accepted it, by making the Lt. and himself one.

"You can brief the men in the draw at the C.P. . . . Go over all the poop I gave you this morning."

"Yessir: You gonna be late sir?"

"Yeah the ol man thinks there may be some last minute stuff from battalion



"Harry, Harry, HARRY!"

or regiment. He wants me to stick around here and bring it down myself. Figures the chinks might have a tap on our field telephones or pick it up if we try to send it down by radio."

"O.K. sir. I'll clue 'em in."

"One more thing Roberts. The ol' man just told me that he is going to put you up for a Silver Star. Congratulations." The Lt. stuck out his hand.

"Thank you sir." He grabbed the Lt.'s hand warmly. He tried to compose his face muscles. He searched the Lt.'s eyes for some sign of emotion. There was not.

He stood watching the Lt.'s back as it sunk down into the hill, as he walked back to the officers' mess. Some of the men got up off the ground and went over to him to shake his hand.

"Congratulations sarge." They shook his hand and then left him. He felt as if this, which he thought should bring him closer to his men, took him further away.

"Way tuh go Robbie boy." Jug clapped him on the shoulder, almost making him drop his mess gear that he had just picked up from the ground.

"You pick up the vests Jug an' I'll wash the mess gear an' put it away."

"Well this is a treat . . . anyways it's bout time yuh did somethin'. I've cleaned 'em fer the past three days now."

III.

The out post was a land island halfway between the positions of George company's first platoon on the right flank of the company defense perimeter (the third platoon held down the left flank) and the enemy hill called by the men Chink Hill. This hill was a barren and visible rocky finger-like projection of Papa-san Mountain into the valley below it. In the wide draw between Chink Hill and the outpost there was a brown, overgrown, once-wheat field, a ditch in which every spring and fall when the rains came, rain water from Papa-san flowed through into the broad valley extending in back of George company's positions. At the point where the ditch took a turn from its previous course towards the land island and the hill in back of it, and went towards the open valley, stood a large tree, green with many leaves and solid enough to bear the ground tremor of the near hits of mortar shells. It had never been hit. Around it were three or four tree high bushes, covering the big tree's base. It stuck up from the valley like Papa-san, incongruous the same as Papa-san was in this land of hills, small trees and bushes.

Between the ditch and the O.P. were

two rice paddies. Their once green rice stalks now brown and making the same noise when you walked on them as dead leaves. The rice paddy walls which had once been worn grey by the feet of Mamma-sans as they went in the early morning to take from the earth what was their's, was now covered with grass.

The O.P. was green in front (the side facing the enemy), shrubs and bushes being carefully cultivated to preserve the position of the bunkers from the enemy's watchful eyes. On the reverse slope, facing the George company positions, it was sandy brown. The artillery and mortars had blown craters, which there had been no reason to cover up and when the men had dug into the ground for protection, they had tossed the dirt over their shoulders as they had dug, and had forgotten it.

Roberts was standing at the bottom of a dip in the ground which gave him protection from all sides except the way he was facing; looking across the three rice paddies which separated him from George company. He had finished the briefing quickly. It was not new stuff to these men. He paused as he finished and looked at the upturned burnt cork blackened faces of the men in the circle around him. Some of them were already streaked with paths of sweat, making them look like Indians ready for the warpath.

"Any questions?"

"Yeah. How come we're going tuh the same place Fox company did when they got clobbered?"

"That's, because they got clobbered up there. Division wants a prisoner pretty badly and they think those Chinks are comin' down there for water at night 'cause of the way they opened up on Fox company to keep 'em out-a-there. They figure we got a better chance in the dark to get up and back without sufferin' too much damage."

"Tis useless to reason why, ours is but to do and die."

"Now that the Professor is through misquoting Tennyson, are there any more questions?"

"Why sarge you amaze me. I didn't realize you knew anythin' about poetry. I thought you were limited to such practical things as killing and disordered drill."

Roberts kicked at a twig, smiling, as the men laughed.

"Whut the hell you doin' here professor if yuh don't lak tuh kill a li'l bit yerself?"

"Jug, let me tell you a secret." He looked around at his audience. "I'm an idealist. I believe we're fightin' to preserve liberte, egalite and fraternite." He

paused again. "Besides it's a lot safer out there, than it is up on our side of the line with the number of men we got left."

The men laughed again.

"O.K. if that's all. Lie down and go to sleep. Take it easy until we're ready to push off. The Lt. don't want any you boys to fall asleep out there." He grinned at them. "An' fer chissakes keep off the skyline." Roberts indicated with a backward sweep of his arm and flick of his hand the ridge which separated them from the view of Chink Hill.

The men formed small groups and spoke in low toned whispers. Some broke away from the groups, stretched out on the ground, pulling their burlap covered steel helmets over their faces; attempting to relax, some to sleep. Roberts and Jug sat off by themselves. Roberts lay back on the embankment, taking his steel and placing it over his face. Jug tore open a powder blue envelope with a precise feminine handwriting on the front.

"Ginger sends her love tuh yuh."

"Swell."

"She's gonna get outa nurses school this fall. We oughta be home by then. We'll get hitched then. Yuh still wanna be my best man?"

"Sure."

Jug began to read his letter.

"Hey Robbie yuh wanna write a girl. I tole Ginger that yuh didn't get no mail, from broads that is. She tole one of the girls there 'bout yuh an show'd her yer picture. She wants tuh write tuh yuh. Yuh wanna write her?"

"No."

"Aw hell Robbie forget that other dame. What the hellyuh gonna have tuh forget her sometime. Besides yuh never went out with her 'er anything. I don't see why all the fuss 'bout a chick yuh never really knew . . ."

"I knew her goddamn it. I knew her."

"Well yuh gotta forget her."

"All right if it will make you any happier I'll write the silly broad. Now will you shut the hell up an' read yer letter so as I can get some sleep. In case you're interested it's gonna be a long night."

No chance of me getting hurt or disappointed if she just writes.

"I'll give yuh her address when we get in . . . Yuh know it'll be great when we get back stateside. Yuh'll hav tuh come stay with me when we're married. Boy'll we toss a blast. Beer an' the girls. We'll really hav' a great time . . ."

"Will you kindly shut your god

dammed trap. I don't give a damn if I ever get home. Now let's get some sleep."

"Okay Robbie, but yuh'll never stay in Japan lak yuh say. That ol' boat'll leave an yuh an me'll be right in the middle of the biggest crap game. Then we'll hit Frisco an' have a ball with the money we won . . ." his last words were smothered by Roberts as he picked up Jug's helmet and jammed it over his face. Jug chuckled under the helmet, saying to himself, "Yessir, we'll have a time." He fell asleep.

Roberts replaced his steel over his own face. *Can't let those female smells bother me now, then if I only knew . . .* He studied the inside of his helmet liner. The straps were dirty and greasy from his unwashed hair. It smelled of a hair oil he had once used. The lacquer smooth surface was painted green and brown to simulate camouflage. *These were made for kids; to be sold in five and dime stores . . . I have to relax nothing is going to happen . . . if it does so what.* He rolled on his side, onto a stone. It hurt his hip. He got up. He went around to each group of whispering men. He watched. He listened. He stopped in back of a group of men encircling the Professor, the voices were louder than the rest.

"I don't care what you say." The Professor was speaking to the small Mexican kid from Texas, Gonsales. The Professor paused, looking around him; he winked at Red and then looking back to Gonsales continued. "When are you gonna learn to put your faith in what you can see. How's that little black book of yours gonna help you out there tonight?" He pointed to the missile in Gonsales' small brown hands and then jerked his thumb towards Chink Hill over his shoulder. "What you want is this." He patted his B.A.R. "This is the only thing that's gonna help you. I can feel it's there cause I can touch it. I know its guts 'cause I have taken it apart an' felt 'em good. Even if it don't work, I can use it as a club. Can you use your little black book as a club if it don't work?"

The group of men laughed uneasily. The Professor looked around him. The little Texas got his feet and stood over the Professor's weathered red face, looking at it with budding hatred. "You weel go to hell." He spat in the dirt between the Professor's feet.

"I've lived my whole life in hell." Said the Professor to the small bent back as it retreated from the group's croaking laughter. Then Gonsales turned his yellowish brown face, tightly clenching his hands into hard fists. His knuckles shone white through the

brown skin. A vein protruded from his neck. Roberts thought he was going to swing at the Professor. He laid his hand on the small muscular shoulder. Gonsales looked at him and then at the Professor. He spit again on the ground in front of the Professor. He then turned and walked away, spraying up little clouds of dust as his feet kicked the ground.

"Well if it isn't Master Sargent Roberts the peacemaker. You wanna watch it Sargent or you'll be out of a job and we all know how much this job means to you."

The men laughed. The Professor looked around and smiled.

"Why don't you take a flying leap at a rollin' doener . . . you know Professor that kid is gonna kill you one of these days an' I might just help him."

"Him?" The Professor slightly leaned back as if to see Roberts' face better. "Naw he likes me to question his faith. It makes him feel it harder. Did you ever hear of religious persecution doing anything but make a person a better Jew, Catholic, or whatever. I'm doin' him a favor." He paused, studying Roberts' face. "But you Sarge, you worry me. You just might decide to do the job all by yourself."

Roberts laughed, "You know I might."

The men laughed. The Professor ignored them in his study of Roberts' face. "You don't believe in anything but death. It's the people who don't believe in anything but death, you to worry about."

"I believe in lots of things, including God."

"No you don't . . ."

"I pray."

"You pray because there're people looking at you and you don't want them to know about you. No you're alone. You an' me, we're both alone." He pointed to Roberts and himself with a pendulum like sweep of his long thin rough finger. "I've watched you never get near anybody or let anybody close to you. Oh sure, you'll point to Jug an' say he is your friend. He is, but he doesn't know you any better right now than the day he met you."

"Look Professor I don't want any sermons from you. I get enough from the Lt. and from home, without you throwin' your crap all over the place."

"I'm not givin' you a sermon. I'm just tellin' you what's wrong with you . . ."

"Too many people have tried that."

" . . . There's a difference between you an' me though. It's this." He pointed to his temple at the hairline. "It's the fact I know He can't prove

anything to me. He can't tell me there's any more to life than Birth, Copulation and Death. An' I don't believe in those."

"You've got it all down pretty pat. A regular two cent psychoanalysis. Only this you're givin' me for free. Let's say for fun you're right . . ."

"I'm right."

" . . . so what if I don't believe in Him. Only in Death. What difference does it make. I'm a good soldier. You know why I'm a good soldier; because Death is the soldier's pay. They give you what you need and then they tell you to give them your life. You do because you're a good soldier. And the pay of a good soldier is Death for a cause. Any cause, it doesn't matter. The army gives you a place where you don't have to worry about the Universal Whim."

"But you do and will, even though you can't believe in it."

Roberts laughed again, "remember I only said supposin'."

"Yes an' that's where you an' I differ again. I'm honest enough to admit what I believe or rather what I don't believe . . ." The Professor leaned forward again. "I can't remember my birth, so I'm not even sure I was born, although the fact I'm here is a pretty good indication that I was. I haven't had a woman in so long that I can't remember how it feels. So I'm not sure they exist. Naturally I have never experienced death, so I can't say that death exists either. So you see Sargent the things I believe life are, I can't believe in. But the important thing is that I don't believe in death, which you," he pointed at Roberts' chest, "do."

"You mean you don't believe in death?" Roberts paused; he opened his mouth, partially, but didn't say anything. Then he tried again. "Even now?"

"Even now." The Professor took out a cigarette. Lit it. Lay back, his eyes closed, exhaling through his nose. "Look at your friend Jug, how many patrols has he come through? He doesn't believe in death. Ask him if he does. Look at ol' Jenkins. Come time for him to go home." He sat up suddenly smacking his hands together; the cigarette hanging from his mouth, bobbing up and down as he talked. "They got him. That's how it is when you worry, Sarge; that's when they get you. The reason they haven't got you, is that you want it too bad. You an' I have nothing to worry 'bout. One believes it too much an' the other not at all."

The Professor lay back again, drawing heavily on his cigarette and exhaled the pale blue cloud, aiming it at the

sky. "Now, gentlemen, if you will excuse me, I would like to get some beauty rest. You know I have to look my best for any of those Chink women soldiers we might meet. Isn't that right Sargent Roberts?" He closed his eyes, although he kept pulling on the cigarette until it was a finger's width wide; then he threw it away.

Roberts felt dissatisfied. He remained not looking at the Professor; but not at anything else either. The rest of the men turned over on their sides pulling the helmets over their eyes or went off to another group, some took out dirt smudged envelopes and began to read in the bright dying light of the setting sun. He shook his head gravely in the direction of the Professor's motionless body and went back to where Jug was lying on his back snoring.

He lay down, closing his eyes; he did not bother with the helmet. *How could a man believe that? He had seen it same as I. The men falling to the ground clutching at their clothes or the ground as if by keeping holding of some material of this earth, they would gain the whole. He had fought, as they, with the grim determination of one who wants to live outside the shadow of death. It was his armour. If he didn't believe in death, he couldn't die . . .*

Roberts opened his eyes and saw through the darkening haze the Lt. making his way along one of the rice paddie walls towards the O. P. Roberts got to his feet, stretched himself, his arms over his head and his body in an arc. He kicked at Jug with the toe of his boot.

"Here comes the Lt."

"So what am I supposed to do?"

"Get yer ass up an' get some of these other monkeys going too."

Roberts went down the path to meet the Lt. It was almost completely dark now. The moon was up. *It's gonna be bright tonight out there.*

Jug cupped his hands over his mouth and yelled, "O.K., yuh guys saddle up. The Lt.'s here."

I wish he wouldn't yell so loud, thought Roberts as he walked to the edge of the O.P. He and the Lt. arrived at the same time.

"Everybody here Sgt.?"

"Yessir."

"S-2 reports the Chinks are moving around up on Chink Hill tonight just before dark. They think there may be a patrol out there tonight."

"How many sir?"

"They couldn't tell."

They reach the dip. The men stood lighting cigarettes in cup hands, cleaning off their weapons, checking the bolt action, with a back and forth clicking

motion. They loaded and checked the safeties. Roberts noticed Gonsales off by himself on his knees. *If I only could,* he thought.

The Lt. swung his hand around in the air above him. The men grouped around him.

"S-2 reports the Chinks might have a patrol out tonight. Any question?"

The men were silent.

"Everything set Sargent Roberts?"

"Yessir."

"O.K. you take the rear of the column. Finely bring the radio up front with me." A small stocky man passed Roberts with the radio on his back. He fell into line just in back of the Lt. "O.K. Good luck an' let's go."

The rest of the men fell into the single line in back of the point man, the Lt. and the radio man. Roberts stood aside waiting for them to pass so he could take up his position in the rear of the column. As they passed he watched their faces. Jug smiled at him. Red passed him, his shoulders hunched, his head bowed and pulled into the bow of his hunched shoulders, his eyes on the ground. Gonsales had one hand gripping the sling of his rifle and the other at his side fingering his rosary. The Professor's hands were white knuckle clinched. His lips were a straight line across the lower quarter of his face. As Roberts watched him he thought he saw him shiver. When he passed he didn't look up.

Even now?

He took his place in the back of the line, a chill of fear chattering up his spine. It left a tingling at the base of his neck. His short neck hairs bristled. He eased the safety of his carbine. As they passed down the narrow path on the front slope of the O.P. and through the parallel single strands of wire off the bounds of the mine field. He became alert for any movement in the rice paddies they had to cross before they got to the ditch. The column ebbed out in front of him. He watched the cautious outline of the back of the man in front of him as they crouched by a rice paddy wall. They went over the wall into the rice paddy. The brown once-rice stalks crackled under their feet. They were five yards apart because of the brightness of the moon.

In front of him now was the ditch and on the other side of the ditch the tree sized bushes in the middle of which stood the big tree. *Check point one.* The men dropped one by one into the ditch. They slid down the slippery sloping bank into the several inches of water in the pit of the ditch. They moved slowly down the center of the ditch. They picked up their feet and

set them down slowly so they would not make any noise.

It sounds like a herd of elephants.

The first man made no noise as he fell. He lay face down in the muddy water.

Roberts dove into the soft mud, pushing his carbine in front of him; then letting it go. The mud oozed through his fingers as he clutched at it. Some one got up and started to run towards the big bushes; he staggered backwards as if he was carrying too much. He fell backwards into the water. He didn't move.

"Gentleman George six this Gentleman George one. Gentleman George six this is Gentleman George one. We have been hit twenty-five yards to the right of check point one. We need mortar support. We will direct fire from here. Repeat we have been . . ."

The radio cackled like an outraged hen: a bullet penetrating its tubes. A flare went off over the big tree, shadowing the valley in the water behind him. They dove into the water.

"Roberts! Where the hell are you? Sgt. Roberts!"

"Right over here sir. Over to your left."

Roberts held up his arm so the Lt. could see him. With the other he recovered his carbine. The Lt. stretched himself out half in the water, half out, beside him. Their shoulders touched. They moved away from each other slightly.

"The bastards let us get through."

"Yessir."

"Can you see where they've been shootin' from?"

"Yessir. They're holed up in those bushes at the base of the big tree. A little to the left I think. I thought I heard some shootin' from over there too." He pointed to the rice paddy on the left flank.

The Lt. wiped his face with his sleeve. "You know how many?"

"Can't tell. Not many judgin' from the noise they made."

"You think you an' Jug'll be able to find 'em out there?"

"Yessir."

"O.K. Ill send Jug, Red and Gonsales up here to you. You find 'em. Knock 'em out an' then move up as close as you can to the big tree. When you get up there throw everythin' you got into where you think that firin' is comin' from. When you start to fire we'll rush 'em on this side. When I throw this phosphorous grenade you quit firin' 'cause we'll be goin' in on 'em. Got that?"

"Yeah. O.K. . . . sir."

"O.K. I'll send your men up to you."

Good luck."

Another flare yellowly flickered over the valley dropping burning phosphorous as it went out. Roberts looked at the Lt.'s face in the wavering light. *I didn't realize how young he really is. How young I am.*

When the flare's light died the Lt. got up and rushed in a low crouch through the muddy water, splashing loudly as he went. Roberts lay there trying to plot the terrain in his mind. He had been over it as many times as his own back yard. *I CAN'T REMEMBER IT.*

A Chinese machine gun hidden in the bushes opened up. He tried to dig himself further in the mud. He could see the orange flame from the muzzle. He could hear the suction of the bullets as they stopped whistling in the mud near him. A bullet hit the water beside him, splashing his face with brown water. It felt cool. He felt it drip over his face. He would have liked to brush it away with his sleeve. He didn't move.

The machine gun stopped firing. He heard steps in back of him. He rolled onto his back, bringing the carbine up into firing position.

"Take it easy Robbie boy. It's only Jug an' the boys."

Roberts laid the carbine across his stomach. He laid still on his back looking up at the three men as they crouched on their heels in the water.

"They ain't kiddin' with us tonight are they Sarge?"

"What gave you your first clue Red?"

"When they started to hit what they was shootin' at."

"Who'd they get Jug?"

"Bartells, Jackson, Creamer and the Professor. Bartells and the Professor are dead. The other two just got

clipped."

"The Professor dead". *Even now?*

"Yeah he caught five of 'em right in the chest. He never knew what hit 'em."

"Whut's the scoop here Robbie?"

"We gotta find some Chinks out there." He pointed to the rice paddy. "Then we gotta get down as close to the big tree as we can an' support the Lt. when he tries to knock out the machine gun."

"Nice that we gotta play hide an' seek with them sonvabitches."

"Shut up Red. You bitch too much."

He looked at them; pointed to them the order they would go in; him first, Gonsales second, Red third and Jug last. He waited for a fraction of a second.

"O.K. gang let's go."

He stood up. A flare blazed the valley into vivid relief. The machine gun fired two bursts. On the second he felt himself lifted from the ground. He looked around him. He had the feeling of not belonging to the valley any more. He had attained a perspective over the entire valley.

God! I'm going to heaven.

He deflated bonelessly on to the ground. His legs were in the water. His body was twisted in the mud with his arms under him. *I CAN'T MOVE IT.*

"Robbie." Jug reached out for him. "Christ, he's hit."

The three men fell into the water near him. They were all panting. Jug tried to pull his legs out of the water and straighten his body out. His hands slipped the first time he tried. Then with a strained grasp he got Roberts straightened out on the sloping mud embankment.

"Where yuh hit boy? . . . Where yuh hit . . . Robbie where yuh hit?"

"I can't move my legs."

"Medic . . . hey medic . . . don't worry

Robbie boy, the doc'll be right here."

"I can't move my legs. I can't walk."

There was splashing in the water.

"I don't know. Somewhere in his legs. He ses he can't walk."

"Where you hit kid?"

"I don't know. I can't move my legs."

There was more splashing in the water.

"Jug."

"Yessir."

"Take over an' get those Chinks out there." His arm swept the area to the left. "The rest of you guys come with me. An' stay spread out. They're gonna drop mortars in here pretty soon an' one rice ball'll get youall."

Jug hesitated.

"But Robbie sir . . ."

"Get goin'."

The medic inserted some morphine in his arm. He heard some firing from the left. A burp gun, then a carbine, the sound of a hand grenade, then nothing. He waited. The carbine started again joined by two others. He relaxed and let the morphine take hold.

There were more explosions. He thought of nothing. He was not even aware the medic had left him. There was no pain. *That would come later.* He vaguely realized.

They came back and made a stretcher out of two M-1's and a couple of fatigue shirts. Four men laid him on it and then picked it up. His legs hung way over the end. Moving jerkily with the rhythm of the men's walking. Chinese mortars began to fall. They moved steadily on.

"Let me walk. If you don't let me walk now, I'll never walk again."

"Quiet fella, you'll be alright."

A mortar hit close by. The men laid the stretcher down and scrambled for cover. He tried to sit up, his arms would not move.

God oh God someone help me. Someone . . .

The four men picked him up again, carrying him as fast as they could through the mine field and up the narrow path to the O.P.

IV

During the jeep ride back to the battalion aid station, he had tried to keep his mind from functioning. They had given him more morphine, but it didn't help. Every rut in the road and every corresponding bounce of the jeep made him more aware of the bright red pain in his stomach. The canvas top of the back of the jeep swelled before his eyes to an outlandish size and then contracted till he thought he was going to be crushed. He tried to move and was



again reminded of the purposelessness of his limbs. He opened his mouth to speak and all he could do was make gurgling sounds. He tried desperately to attract the attention of the medic in the shot gun seat. He couldn't. He sobbed large tears which ran down his beard into his gasping mouth. Their salty ugliness made him want to throw up.

They don't care, they don't care.

His stretcher slid up tight against the canvas side, as they swung the corner into the battalion C.P. They stopped in front of the aid tent. A man pulled back the flap, throwing a 90 degree triangle of light on the ground. He let the flap fall as he stepped out of the tent.

"Whacha got there?"

"Some of George company's patrol."

"How many did they get?"

"I don't know. We got one D.O.A. here and one that's in pretty bad shape."

"WELL what the hell yuh sittin' on yer dead ass fer? Get him inside."

They slid him out of the jeep, carrying him with cautious carelessness into the aid tent and placed him on a table in the middle of the tent. The tent smelled antiseptic; it almost choked him. A large lightwhite bulb swung pendulum like from a cord attached to the ridge pole, over his head. The tent was new and green on the inside.

They took the blankets off him, and removed his combat boots and socks. They slit his shirt on the sides, pulling off the top of the tee shirt and fatigue jacket. They undid his pants. He wanted to tell them not to.

When he lay there naked in the cold he could not feel, a doctor whose eyes were blue and bloodshot bent over him and laid his ear to Roberts' chest. He straightened up, and began to finger his shoulder. He pried into the small, symmetrical, hardly bleeding hole with his little finger. He motioned to the two corpsmen to turn him over. They carefully laid him on his stomach. The doctor continued the examination. He placed his fingers on his neck, Roberts could feel their coldness. Then he didn't feel anything as the doctor slid his hands down his back. The doctor ran his fingers over his shoulder stopping on a small hard lump. He looked up.

"Here it is. Must have gone through the chord and vertebrae. Can you move at all soldier?" Roberts opened his mouth. His eyes filled with water. He closed his mouth again; set his teeth hard and his lips in a tight line. *I won't cry.*

"Can you move at all soldier?"

"No sir."

"Nothing we can do for him here. Put a bandage on that wound and then take him over to the other tent. We'll get on the next 'copter that gets here from MASH."

"Give him some morphine sir?"

The doctor bent and picked the tag which they had attached to his collar on the line. He read it.

"Hell no. He's had enough to desensitize a horse."

They put a 4x4 white bandage over his wound, taping it down with ether smelling brown tape, and covered him with a blanket. They took him from the table out into the blacknite. The moon had gone down and now the night was as black as it had been dark. The tent was even darker. They set him on the ground and left.

"I'm alone." He said it out loud, as a statement of fact hoping someone would contradict him. There wasn't even an echo.

They don't care, they don't care.

The pain in his stomach made him want to move. He tried again and was frustrated by the lack of co-operation of his limbs. He cried out, "help me somebody, help me . . . Oh God help me . . . I can't move. Fer chrissakes do something!"

A man opened the tent flap.

"What's goin' on in here?"

Roberts remembered the voice, it was the man who had come out of the tent when they first had gotten there.

"Can you get me a drink of water?"

"Where yuh hit?"

"In the chest."

"Don't think I'd better."

The medic entered the tent, lit a match and looked down at him. Roberts could not see him or even make out his form. The medic took out a pack of cigarettes, shook one out of the pack, using one hand, the other still holding the match. He lit it from the match and then threw the match on the ground. He tok a long drag, knelt down beside Roberts, exhaled, and then put the cigarette down on Roberts' lips.

"Take a drag."

Roberts obeyed.

"When they gonna get me outa here?"

"As soon as they get a whirlybird in."

"Oh Christ . . ."

"Take it easy kid. Yuh ain't the only one whut's hurting around here."

The medic took another long draw on the butt and by the glowing end of it located Roberts' lips again. He held it down for him to draw on it. Roberts took a small puff and then inhaled a big one. He coughed. The medic took another drag.

"Dammed butts we get in them C-rations ain't worth the powder to blow 'em. They're so old they got gran' chillun."

The flap of the tent moved in and the beam of a flashlight fell into his eyes. He shut them.

"I heard they finally caught up with you Roberts." It was the voice of his company commander. There was another man with him. Roberts couldn't see him but he knew it was Lt. Marks.

"Yessir."

"We'll hate to see you go. I guess you'll make the States with that one though. It sure would be nice to be on the way to the States now."

"Yeah man it would would," reflected the medic. He held the cigarette down to Roberts' lips again.

"I don't want it. Sir, the Lt. told me you were gonna give me a Silver Star."

"We had thought of it, Roberts."

"Thank you sir. I have to have it, it's gonna be all I'll have to show . . . You won't forget will you sir?"

"I don't think we will." The captain looked at the Lt. in darkness; although they couldn't see each other, they knew what the other was thinking. Roberts knew what they were thinking too, *it doesn't matter now. I don't care.*

The flaps opened and two men entered. They stooped over Roberts, picking him up. The medic gave him another drag on the cigarette. He took the last drag himself and ground out the cigarette on the ground with his heel.

"Take it easy hero."

"Remember will yuh sir."

"Take it easy Roberts."

They don't care, they don't care.

He felt like he was sinking, suddenly feeling nothing, seeing nothing. It was as if he were floating in a great black void and had lost complete control of his navigation. He felt he was going to drift forever.

PART TWO THE HOSPITAL

As the cool dawn receded to the sun-hot day, two men stripped to the waist, were washing in a galvanized trough at the rear of the operating tent. They turned slightly, much as a man might if a fly lights on his bare shoulder, at the explosion of an artillery shell on one of the haze blue hills at the other end of the rice paddy filled valley. A hundred yards to the right, trucks, camouflaged by pale clouds of brown dust, slowly moved toward the front. A helicopter was circling the hospital, waiting for its turn to land in the white lined circle in front of the receiving tent. As it lowered toward the ground the wash

of the overhead propeller raised the sun dehydrated dust into waves, which lapped at the tents, caking them a pale brown. The two men looked at each other.

"Another one."

"Yeah."

They took their fatigue jackets from the tent support on which they had hung them and with what seemed to be one motion, opened their pants and tucked their shirt tails in all around. They entered the operating tent. Inside a mechanic was checking the generator; three Korean boys, on their knees, were scrubbing the wood floor with G.I. brushes too large for their hands; a nurse was sterilizing the surgical instruments; they all nodded to the two men. Some of the blood dirty water splashed over their boots. The two men didn't notice, but went on into the Post Operative Tent.

A corpsman rose to meet them when they entered the post operative tent. A sleepy smile slit his lips as he spoke. "Last night was a real dilly, wasn't it sir?"

"Yeah, 'fraid you're right, Jake. Where is Lt. Williams?"

"She's over there givin' one the boys a rub. I'll get her for you."

A fatigue clad, figureless nurse returned with him.

"Good morning Doctors. Are you ready to begin your rounds?"

"Yeah. The sooner we do, the sooner we get to bed."

The other doctor asked, "How is that cervical fussion coming along?"

"All right now."

"Good."

"You wanta start with him, Pete?"

"Naw, time is the big factor in his case. We'll give him a chance to rest a bit before we have to tell him anything."

They made their way through the camp beds and stretchers, stopping by each patient with a comment on his

condition and then a word of encouragement for the object of the diagnosis. They stopped before they got to Roberts. He lay on a blanket cover stretcher supported by two white wood boxes at each end. He was covered up to his stomach with a white sheet. Tubes were feeding his body with sucrose and blood. Other tubes were carrying away blood from his injured lung and urine into gallon jugs on the wood floor.

"This is what-his-name, the one I was telling you about. C6 and 7. Severe concussion to the chord. It's pretty badly bruised. Looks doubtful . . . although we got all the splinters out."

"Got the X-ray on this one, Lt.?" asked the other doctor turning half way around to the nurse.

The nurse thumbed through a pile held by the corpsman at her side. She pulled a large manila envelope from it and handed it to the doctor. He held it to the light swinging from the ridge pole.

"Looks bad . . . can't tell though."

The two doctors, about the same height, both tired thin, their faces pale beneath the sunburn brown, walked to Roberts' side. The one called Pete bent over him, smiling beneath his neatly trimmed moustache.

"How yuh feelin' Roberts?"

Roberts looked up at him.

"Can't feel too much Doc."

The doctor nodded. He unhooked his silver bar from his collar and made a few stabs at various places on Roberts' body. "Feel anythin'?"

"No sir."

"Unhuh . . . well Roberts, anythin' you want?"

"Yes sir. I'd kinda like a quart of milk."

The doctors and nurse exchanged amused nods.

"I don't think we can give you a whole quart," laughed the nurse. "We'll see what we can do for you though."

They had moved six or seven feet away and were in confidential consultation about the next patient, when the boy called them back.

"Doc . . ."

"Am I ever gonna walk again?"

The doctor's lower row of teeth raked the lower hairs of his moustache. "I don't know fella. You were hit pretty bad." He looked at the other doctor and nurse, then he laid his taper thin hand on the boy's upper arm. "I guess it's up to you now."

Then they were gone. He lay and looked at the canvas ceiling bellow in the breeze. He shut his eyes but he didn't sleep. When he opened them again, he turned his head to the interior of the tent. Two Korean boys were cleaning the wooden floors by taking large swipes across the rough surface, resulting in a loud swishing sound. The night nurse was bending over her charges and papers with her relief, a short-fat-but-good-looking-girl. They laughed over something. The night nurse patted the other on the shoulder as she passed out through the tent's entrance. Two corpsmen approached his stretcher.

"Got the strap?"

"Yeah."

They methodically disconnected all the tubes running into and out of his body. They placed a stretcher over him, which had a hole for his face to fit through. They wrapped the web strap around the middle of the sandwich to hold him in. With a grunting heave they turned him over so all he could see was the floor through the hole.

"How long do I have to stay like this?"

"Two hours."

"That's a long time."

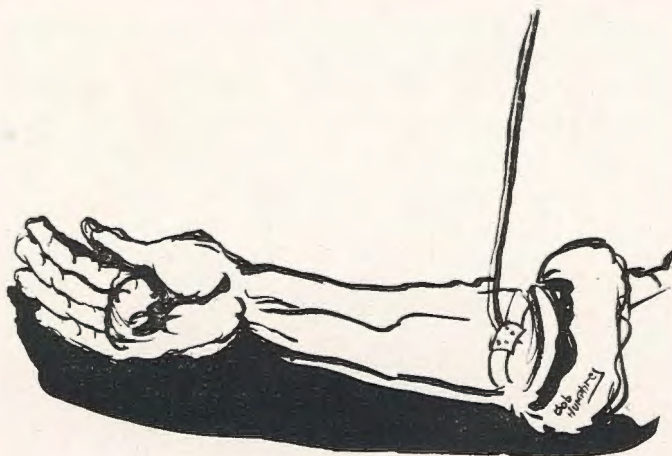
"You'll get used to it."

He knew he wouldn't. The anesthetic had begun to wear off. There was a trilling pain in his neck and on his back he felt they had put a heavy weight. He was there again, in the ditch, in the sweaty water, mud oozing through his fingers as he crawled on his hands and knees. The platoon was in front of him. He could see them all, the Lt., Jug, Red, Gonsales and the Professor. *Isn't he dead?* They had been crawling forever, going around in big circles. *Why do they make me carry this fifty? I'm not supposed to be here. I'm wounded, wounded don't go on patrols.*

"Get me offa this patrol."

Why am I in this ditch?

He could feel the mud pull at him the weight on his shoulders shoved at him. He was going down . . . down . . . down. *I can't see the Mountain, the val-*



ley has got me.

Help me someone . . . Get this fifty offa my back . . . I'm wounded . . . I'm not supposed to be on this patrol . . . Why . . . why . . . why . . . somebody help me fer chrissakes."

He began to try relentlessly to sit up. He could not move. *God how much can they ask me to take. If I'da only climbed the mountain.* He tried to reach the fifty on his back with his hands; they hung limply at his sides.

"Get it offa my back. Christ how much am I supposed to take?"

"There isn't anything on your back, fella," the nurse ran her fingers reassuringly over his numb back.

"Tell 'em I don' wanna go out on this one . . . I'm wounded an' I can't carry this fifty . . . it's too heavy . . . I wanna be myself an' I can't carry it no more."

Her presence and touch he could only feel, mentally reassured him. He laxed and gained rest in the floating semi-consciousness of the badly injured.

He was awakened by the two corpsmen, who disconnecting his life lines and applying the strap around his middle to keep him from falling out, turned him over.

"Gotta clean yuh up ol' buddy. Yer gonna have a visitor."

He submitted to the wash rag because he could do nothing else. He wanted to tell them to go away, not that he wanted to sleep, but because he felt the outrage of the choicelessness of his position. He was an object without objection. He felt more acutely that he'd ever felt before the loss of identity; the reduced state of humanness, which can cause volcanic eruptions of the soul and strophie of the spirit. A voice within him cried out to him. *REBEL REBEL. Show them you are here . . . but you really aren't and you never have been . . . have you?*

When they had finished, they covered him to the neck with a clean white sheet. Now there was another face over is. He was being told, "General Smith is coming over to give you a Purple Heart. Remember to say sir to him." The face disappeared.

Was it that long ago? Just a few ages of combat and then you on the table and them over you, your life draining into a gallon jug on the floor, it isn't fair, but then you chose to relinquish fairness when you chose to disregard the Question of who you are; you in. ad said I Do and then we became the numbered whim of the great machine, bodiless and personalityless and . . . became no excuse.

Five officers circled his bed. He vainly tried to lie at attention and in-

dicade to them he was still a soldier.

"This is Roberts, sir."

"How are you feeling, Roberts?"

"Alright sir."

The General nodded his chin at one of the officers. The officer began in a monotone to read the citation. The General bent and pinned the ribbon to Roberts' sheet. He held out his hand, then flush-faced took Roberts' forearm and squeezed it with tender affection.

"Where you from Roberts?"

"Matamoras, Pa., sir."

"Oh yes, that's near Milford. My wife and I spent our honeymoon there. In the Pocanos. Really is beautiful there in the fall."

"Yessir. I like to hunt then. Walk through the woods when the air's just right cold and the leaves are fallin' an' crunch under your feet as you walk along." Roberts half closed his eyes to keep the General from seeing the water in them. He looked up at the bleary General.

"Well, you'll sure be back there this fall."

"Yessir."

"What did you do in civilian life?"

"Nothin' really, except for summer jobs. I enlisted right outa high school. I wanna stay in the army."

"Well, maybe you will be able to. Right now though you concentrate on getting back on your feet and everything else will work out O.K. for you."

"I hope so, sir."

"Well, Roberts, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yessir. Please get this fifty off my back. It hurts."

Two of the officers contemplated the shine on their boots, the other two stirred embarrassedly. The General looked tiredly at them. He, without a word, squeezed Roberts' upper arm, and then turned on his heel and walked out. The other officers followed in his wake.

Someone turned on a radio. The music was soft. He relaxed again and fell into a state of neither consciousness nor sleep. The disc jockey played "These Foolish Things". They had played that at the dances at home. Home. It had never been a home like the army. He had been a good soldier. At home he didn't know what he was. *Maybe, he thought, maybe it would be different now.* He was going to be decorated. *They promised.* He would walk into Pete's with something to show them. They would respect him. Little kids might even take him as their idol. And they, who had rejected him, would now accept him. And there would be girls; he would learn what he had always longed to learn . . . *it would be*

nice . . . dammed nice . . . he would have an identity and would escape the Question forever.

The voice within him whispered in its irrefutable hoarseness, *this is not so, it will be the same, because you are the same, nothing will have changed. Oh, it may be different for awhile; they will praise you, shake your hand, pat you on the back, make you their friend and some may even think they love you because of all this, but it will be the same for you, you will worry about them and the sweat will be the same for you. You'll die trying to shape your life to theirs, as you did trying to shape your life to the Lt.'s. And the Question will always be there.*

"Then it doesn't mean a thing."

Nothing unless . . . and the voice said no more.

He tried to move his legs. He began to feel a rush of panic. Sweat cooled his face. He tried again. He tried to move his arms. His left hand flapped at his side and there was nothing more. He strained at his muscles and they did not move. He began to sob.

"They won't move. I don' wanna be like this."

He tried again. Nothing.

"Oh help me."

He sobbed in loud gasps of air and exhaled them with whistling fierceness.

"C'mon fella, you'll be all right."

"I can't move," trying to make her understand.

"I know, but you'll be all right. You just wait an' see."

"No, I won't, I'll never walk again. They'll hate me more for it. I'll inconvenience them, like I have always done. They'll have to take care of me an' they'll hate me."

"Who'll hate you? Why nobody'll hate you."

"My folks will, they always have. They didnt want me. I was a mistake

...
"Sure they want you. What a way to talk."

"You don't know. Everybody will hate me because I'm the same and now I'm helpless too. They'll have to take care of me an' they'll hate me worse."

The nurse stroked his head. "It will be all right. Just you wait an' see if it isn't."

He shut his eyes so he wouldn't have to see her. He started to cry again, his breath coming in contorted heaves. "I wanna die."

The nurse shook her head slowly, still stroking his head. Her face soft with pity was also perplexed with the helplessness accompanying the awareness of the untouchable core of another hu-

man being.

He wasn't even aware that she was no longer rubbing his back. He was not even aware that he had stopped sobbing and that his breath was more even, less strained. He still felt he wanted to die, but it were as if he were resigned to the desire for death, and even to death itself. *They hate me*, he thought, *that is enough reason for it. Death is the one choice I can make that will be irrevocable, there will be no arguments and no regrets, there will be the instant of choice and that will be all.*

The voice spoke: *You don't really wish for death; only death for that part of you, you despise. You are the Question, it is your essence and you can neither destroy it, thereby negating yourself nor can you ignore it by trying to find the irrevocable, like death, from which no Question can be derived.*

He: *I'm free to choose; death is my choice. The choice from which there can be no question, because it doesn't matter if there is or not. A Question must matter if it is to be a Question. By making it not matter, I will negate myself and them, more so them, because they can't accept my choice. They with their hatred have forced me to seek myself in the mirror of themselves. The image is ugly. I was born with it and must live out my life with it, until the moment of my choice and then nothing will ever matter again. The Question will no longer be a question, because I will have chosen and they will never choose.*

The voice: *But in so doing, you chose to ignore yourself. You spite them, yet you are more theirs by your very choice. You call this the moment of choice; there will be in this instant all the agony of regret of your last patrol. You will have chosen and will know in the same instant you have chosen wrongly. It will be as wrong as your seeking the*

answer by emulating Lt. Marks. You felt as you thought he did; you tried to think like him; you tried to be him. He asked you if you knew who he was and you couldn't answer him. You didn't even try, because you knew you couldn't. If you couldn't answer his Question it was because you had failed to answer your own who am I?

He: *I'm nothing now. I'm biological specimen to be put under a microscope and examined. To be prodded with pins and nursed with pleased pity. I'm no longer human. I'm no longer able to seek the answer. I will negate the Question because the seeking is more important than the finding.*

The Voice: *You're right, it is. This is the Mountain we must spend our life in climbing, accepting the inaccessibility of the peak. We will never reach, but if we did, we would jump off the other side. But never-the-less we try to climb, it is only in climbing we find the partial answers to the Question. And these are what makes up you. So you cannot seek the Mountain in the valley, but must seek it in the abyss of yourself.*

He: *I have nothing I want to live for . . .*

Voice: *What of yourself . . .*

He: *I will have the medals . . .*

The voice: *But they mean . . .*

He: *Nothing, but they are the things people value . . .*

The Voice: *Yourself . . . The Question . . .*

He: *The answer to . . .*

The Voice: *Within yourself.*

When he awoke, he wondered if they had ever brought the milk. He turned his head toward the red bright early evening sun entering through the rolled up sides of the tent. A breeze, playful as a stray dog, blew over his body. He did not feel it. From his stretcher he could see the dust covered olive drab

tents in their horseshoe arrangement; the flagpole in the front of the receiving tent, the pick and shovels glinting in the evening sun.

"Hey corps man."

"Well, if it ain't the sleepin' beauty come awake."

"Can I have something to drink. Maybe some milk."

"I'll see what we got."

He pulled up the sheet and screwed up his face in the imitation of a prissy scowl as he tucked the sheet in around Roberts' chin. "Can't have any you young 'uns catchin' cold."

He left and when he returned he had a cup of milk in his hand. He placed a rubber tube in one of the openings of the top of the can, holding one end of the tube to Roberts' lips. From across the room, from a body Roberts couldn't see, "Get these sonsabitchin' boxes outa here."

"Take it easy boy, you'll be alright . . . Grab the other end of this thing will ya."

"Where's he going."

"Tuh Japan, then Stateside. You'll be headin' that way yerself."

As the boy passed them he screamed at them. "Get these goddammed boxes a thirty ammo outa here ya dirty bastards. Get me some fifty. C'mon ya . . ." His words faded into the other tent.

"He's in pretty bad shape."

"Yeah, a head wound. They're always the worst."

"Sorta outa his head, huh?"

"Yeah, I thought so until he hit me with a coupla boxes of ammo. Here drink this." He held up the tube to Roberts' lips.

Roberts couldn't drink, he was laughing. He lay there extended on the stretcher, laughing and there was pain, and in the pain he felt himself.

—ROBERT EGINTON

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