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THE PEOPLE AT THE NEXT TABLE ARE ALL IDIOTS



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PREFACE TO A BOOKLET

Like so many others in this mercenary world I have always had a definite leaning towards making the fast dollar, so it was with a great deal of good chance that one fine October day I stumbled upon a veritable gold mine at Rollins College. I had been at Rollins only a few weeks when one Sunday, having nothing better to avail myself of, I decided to take a short walk around the campus. It was about two in the afternoon when I left the dormitory, and as I remember it was a most pleasant day, a day fashioned for love and expression. So, naturally, it caused a great deal of perplexity within me to see a young girl come running towards me with the utmost of expediency. My first thought was that she was overcome by the atmospheric qualities of this fine day and was running to me with thoughts of amour. Not being a prude or one who is not touched with a certain amount of emotion I spread my arms to receive her, meanwhile bracing myself with my right foot so the young lady would not bowl me over. With arms outstretched I anxiously awaited the splendid moment of impact, but to my chagrin it did not come. The young lady ran right past, and furthermore, she did not even seem to notice me. Despite the fact she was running so rapidly I managed to catch a glimpse of her face, and there I saw an absolute picture of frustration. Tears ran down her cheeks and her makeup was a confused mass of red and black. Before I had time to collect my wits two more young ladies dashed by me in pursuit of the girl who was crying. I immediately started to run after them but checked myself before I had gone ten feet because I was not sure why I should chase them. With a shrug I dismissed the episode and continued my walk.

I had not walked fifty more feet when I spied a fair young lady sitting on a bench with her head cupped in her hands. Thinking she was ill I hastened to her and asked if I might be of assistance. She looked up at me, stared a short moment, sobbed, and dashed off in the direction of the girls' dormitories. This made me quite con-

fused and I began to think this was not such a fine day after all, but again I dismissed the episode with a shrug and decided to check my mail.

Upon opening my mail box I discovered two letters, one from my mother and the other from an old time friend who had been drafted into the Army. I was reading the latter letter and continuing my walk when I heard a noise behind me not unlike a herd of stampeding cattle. Impulse made me jump over the hedge at the edge of the sidewalk at just the proper moment for if I had hesitated an instant longer I would have been trampled by five or six young females running at top speed in my direction. After they were past me some twenty feet they burst into a song the name of which I do not know, but I managed to pick up the word 'pie' several times so I imagined they had just won some sort of pie-baking contest. It was then that I thought it best to survey the area about to prevent any harm befalling me. Looking ahead I saw a mass of boys standing in the middle of the street blocking traffic and waving their arms frantically. It seemed the boys were urging the girls to hasten towards their destination whatever it might be. To the left of the boys there were several groups of girls standing in front of their dormitories, but all these groups were quiet except one that urged the running girls onward with delirious shouts and waving. Finally, the girls who were running ran right into the group that was shouting and waving and I thought surely someone would be injured seriously, but when the area cleared there was no one apparently injured and they all appeared quite happy. I crossed the street to be out of the way and watched with utter fascination the same happening occur five or six more times in the ensuing half-hour, and with each running group the frenzy increased until soon the air was rent with piercing shrieks, honking horns, singing voices, the clatter of heels, and noisy kisses. Anxious to discover the meaning of all this to-do I wandered to where the mass of boys was standing.

At first it was rather hard to get anyone's attention long enough to inquire as to the cause of such an uproar and when I finally did corner one boy the din was so terrific he couldn't understand what I was asking so I had to wait several minutes for an interlude between groups of frantic, running girls. When the interlude did finally arrive my contact had disappeared into the crowd and I had to search for another who might spare me a few moments. Spying a boy who did not seem to be quite so involved in the proceedings as the others I hurried over to him. Grabbing his arm so I would not lose him in the crowd I asked him the cause of all this feverish activity. The boy looked at me as if I had asked him the present population of Beirut, Lebanon, and for a long time he did not answer. When he finally did it was only to ask in return if I were crazy. After explaining I was completely sane but only uninformed he answered my question. It seemed that this was the day of sorority pledging at Rollins and that was the only cause of all this activity which I thought surely must have had more titanic motivations. I then asked the boy if the girls who did not get into a sorority were dropped from school. He gave me the same Lebanon look and walked promptly away looking over his shoulder at me. It was not until later that evening at meal time that I learned the whole story behind sorority pledging that fine Sunday, and after having heard the entire story from a very well informed Sophomore and discovered the values placed on this achievement my ideas to make a veritable gold mine came into being.

As I was but a Freshman at the time I did not become too involved or concerned in what is called the "rushing period" here on campus, therefore it was necessary that I wait until next year, my sophomore year, to begin phase one of my lucrative plan. My plan was this: I would diligently watch all the rushing habits of the sororities my sophomore year and then in my junior year I would publish my booklet entitled, "HOW TO BE ASSURED OF ENTERING A SORORITY AT ROLLINS COLLEGE." Of course this booklet would not be free but would sell at the rate of one-hundred dollars a copy. This price was not arrived at hastily but was the result of mathematical computation principally taking into account the value placed upon entering a sorority divided by 1,620.

Now I am in my junior year, but not for long as I am planning to leave school and buy a car with the money I

have earned. It is my intention to motor around the United States until the commencement of the next school year. Of course I shall attend a college other than Rollins so I intend to publish portions of "HOW TO BE ASSURED OF ENTERING A SORORITY AT ROLLINS COLLEGE" free of charge. The attached is almost an exact duplicate of that for which I received one hundred dollars per copy. (For competitive business reasons some professional secrets must be withheld.)

A BOOKLET HOW TO BE ASSURED OF ENTERING A SORORITY AT ROLLINS COLLEGE

Dear Prospective Pledge:

The first matter which concerns us is the terminology used during the rushing period. The following is a short list of terms which must be learned by rote in order to carry on an intelligent conversation with girls already in sororities.

ACTIVES: These are sorority members who have completed their period of pledgship and have been initiated into a sorority. Anyone having this title should be treated with the utmost respect for they hold the balance of power in their hands. This group is also invaluable for recommending snap courses, gentlemanly men, ungentlemanly men, how often to cut classes, and the better places to be served drinks when under twenty-one years of age.

BIDS: It is best if you only know what a bid is and do not ever mention it in your conversation for then you would be thought too sure of yourself. These "bids" are the written invitations sent to you at the close of the rushing period by the sorority asking you to join. This bid means that you are allowed to pay a pledge fee ranging from ten to thirty dollars and approximately five dollars per month until you become an active and your dues increase. In return for these payments you shall be allowed to use your sorority's letterhead on your personal stationery.

ALUMNAE: Initiated sorority women who have been initiated into life membership in their group. You will not have too much to do with this group unless you are a legacy (one whose relatives were in sororities). But it would not hurt if you were to drop a hint now and then that you have very dear friends who are alumnae of the particular sorority in which you are interested. After all, who knows?

GREEKS: The name given to all so-

rority members. This is not to be taken literally as was the case last year when a freshman girl called all the actives "Greeks" instead of by name. (She was not pledged, by the way.)

INITIATION: The ceremony through which pledges become active members of a sorority. As with the bidding this ceremony grants you the privilege of paying other fees totaling approximately one hundred dollars for the first year. After initiation you are afforded the opportunity of staying at your sorority's houses on other campuses. For instance, one sorority at Rollins has a chapter house at Nome, Alaska. If you are in the vicinity you are welcome to spend the night free of charge.

PLEDGES: Members who have not made the necessary grade requirements or performed the necessary pledge duties. These pledge duties are a very important part of a girl's life while in the sorority. These duties range from the emptying of waste baskets to the collecting of cashew nuts on a scavenger hunt.

RUSHING: A highly ambiguous term defined most correctly as "time spent in discussion between actives and prospectives." These discussions are quite informative in that one discovers whether or not one can play a fair hand of bridge or swim the hundred yard dash in good time. Special emphasis is sometimes placed upon the latter quality so it is not very wise to act too feminine at Rollins. A flexing of the biceps at your first swim test would be advisable if the proper persons are present to witness the demonstration.

SILENT PERIODS: Periods during which there is no rushing. You don't even say "hello." This helps a girl in later life when she is attempting to avoid bill collectors and her husband's relatives.

TO MAKE YOUR GRADES: This simply means that you have satisfied the grade requirements of your particular sorority. Sometimes this angle can be used with great success to play upon the sympathy of soft-hearted professors thereby receiving higher grades.

These are the principal terms used during rushing at Rollins College. If other terms arise during this crucial period do not hesitate to call upon me personally.

Of course, the foregoing terminology is useless unless one has a certain amount of natural amiability. But if it should happen that you are completely devoid of this quality do not fear, for



LOIS KRACHUK

simulated friendliness often seems more sincere than the natural kind. This is especially true during short periods of acquaintance and certainly Rollins' sorority rushing is a short period in that it lasts under three weeks. So you see, dear prospective, an affected air of friendliness can most times be better than a natural one. The principal thing to remember is "keep smiling." Even when you meet a girl who impresses you as the most repulsive creature you have ever met, keep smiling. At a later date you may discover hidden qualities in this new found friend. Why, who knows, she may be a second cousin to the Rockefellers! Even when you are absolutely positive she is the most repulsive creature you have ever met, still keep smiling, for she may be your sorority sister soon. Just remember there are other girls in the sorority who surely must be different despite the old saying that birds of a feather flock together. Anyway, she is probably a Junior and you will only have to live with her for two years.

There will be times when you wish to study and some of the sorority girls will come to your room to rush you. Of course, this is against the rules unless two sororities are represented so you will have to be particularly pleasant and alert when this happens. The trick to use here is to smile at one girl while winking knowingly at the other. They will leave in a short while both feeling assured that you are their pledge so bear up and stick it out. This simultaneous smiling and winking does grate on one's nerves and often leaves one with a twisted face, but when one

considers the end the means are but a small price to pay. It is suggested you practice this art diligently before you arrive at Rollins as it is most difficult to master. Try smiling on the right side of your face and winking your left eye and then vice versa.

It is a certainty that you will be asked to relate the story of your life several times. To be exact, it will be nine times as that is the number of groups on campus. It is suggested that you write this story on paper and memorize it thoroughly so you may rattle it off at the slightest hint it is expected. The story does not have to be the real one, of course. Shade slightly for coloring and add just the proper amount of spice. The spice might be in the form of a risqué song that you could profess to have written, but be absolutely positive it is a little known song because most of the young ladies at Rollins are very familiar with almost every risqué song that has ever been sung. As a matter of fact there are those who spend more time learning these songs than in preparation for classes. This I know for a certainty as I have been exposed to the product of their studies on several occasions. You might also familiarize yourself with the ingredients of a Stinger, a Martini (dry and very dry), Cuba Libras, and the alcoholic content of every whiskey brand on the market (include foreign brands for continental appeal). It is not too infrequent that you will find yourself in the midst of a heated argument as to whether an olive or an onion is used in the mixing of a very dry Martini. A short refresher course at any recognized school of mixology will satisfy this requirement.

Dress is a most important problem to consider in that often you will be judged on the manner by which you keep yourself covered. Pack all your short shorts in a separate trunk and lock it securely. Do not under any circumstances wear your short shorts until you have been pledged and then no one will care what you do or do not wear. If you are invited to the beach do not even then wear your short shorts for it is probably a trick to see if you own any and have them with you. If you are questioned as to whether you have or have not ever worn short shorts give the inquisitor a blank look as if you did not understand the question. This will usually embarrass the questioner and she will change the subject.

There is one last matter upon which I must caution you, and that is the matter of boys and dating. If you will consult me personally I shall be glad to give you a detailed list of all the

girls having eyes for certain fellows. This will save you the embarrassment of saying that Johnny is terribly cute when Johnny happens to be pinned to the person to whom you are speaking. The best alternative is to avoid dating all together but if you find this impossible then sneak off to the lake front with your date. It is best you watch where you are walking down there for you might accidentally step on an active and her date. If you will see me personally, I shall direct you to the more remote spots on campus. Above all be certain you can trust the boy whom you date—not to tell, that is.

After you have learned these rules of deportment and put them into practice you will be just about ready to determine which sorority is for you. There are nine groups on Rollins' campus and they are all quite distinguishable by certain characteristics. I will now list



LOU KRAVCHUK

a few of the groups and their characteristics. (To preclude all possibility of injured feelings I will not name these groups by their actual Greek designations although I did so in the original draft I sold for one hundred dollars per copy.)

LOTTA PEROXI—This group is easily distinguishable by its abundance of blonde girls. If this group fascinates you and you are not blonde do not worry, you will be. To mingle with this group you should bring a pair of sunglasses (the darker the lenses the better) and a rain coat. To insure yourself of receiving a bid to this particular sorority you should acquire a white convertible, preferably one of the later models. This last item is not absolutely necessary but would assure you of acceptance. It may be a bit difficult getting introduced to the entire sorority

as I understand most of the girls are not speaking to each other. In any event, attach yourself to one of the cliques and if they like you they will get you in the sorority because the opposition is probably not speaking to your clique and therefore will not argue with them when your name comes up for discussion in meeting.

SINGA SONGA GLEE—If you are a happy young girl this is the group for you. Their principal characteristic is a frozen smile. In the morning they smile, in the evening they smile, and it is often said they are seen smiling while reading mid-term slips. Their secondary characteristic is that they are always singing, singing with a smile on their sunshine faces. This group is not particularly difficult to locate, but it is much easier to locate them by ear than eye. If you want to meet them merely cup your hand to your ear and follow the sound of young voices proclaiming how immensely happy they are. When you meet them you must first say that you too are a happy young girl and sing a song for them. After doing this be on guard for they shall all swoon about your feet with melodic sighs of ecstasy. (I am very hopeful that there will be several of you entering this group because I wish you to tell me what in the world makes these happy young girls so immensely happy.)

HARPA FRANKA PARKA—This group seems to be split right down the middle into two factions. One will take you to the local pubs on Saturday, and the other faction will escort you to chapel Sunday. This diversification of interests is most complimentary to a sorority, but as you can evidently see you would be led a merry chase from pub to pew. If you are accosted by one of the pub faction, go with her; but be certain to get enough sleep to attend chapel with a smile in the morning. This group is also known for its strange affinity for a visiting baseball team that comes to Rollins in the Spring. The **HARPA FRANKA PARKAS** seem to be the exact opposite of the happy young girls of the **SINGA SONGA GLEE** group. They are rarely seen smiling and never sing, not even at the pubs. Their distinguishing characteristic is a tight, grim mouth, and the pub faction is also known for a peculiar dark shade under their eyes. For some odd reason all the girls in this sorority look artistic, but as yet I have seen no artistic creations other than a few oddly shaped pieces of drift wood in their living room. The best way to meet these girls is through the leaders of the

factions. Don't worry, they will let you know who they are.

RAPPA BALLA HARD—These girls are very graceful and move about with the greatest of dexterity. This is especially true on the basketball court, the softball diamond, or the golf links. Last year this group won a beautiful trophy for their adeptness at the ancient art of Indian wrestling. If my memory serves me correctly they were district champions. Of course their competition was rather limited in that it included only Rollins' sororities and fraternities. The X-Club, a local fraternity, was ahead during most of the tournament, but when the elbows were down it was the RAPPA BALLA HARDS who had that little extra something that makes a winner. If this sorority suits your fancy I suggest you over-register in physical education or claim your major to be in that field. It might also help if you were seen carrying your golf clubs about the campus every day. If you are not too worn out by rushing you might try running back and forth to Beans every meal. Everyone will see you and remark on your fine form afoot. The news will surely reach the RAPPA BALLA HARDS and you will undoubtedly receive a bid.

Well, prospective pledge, such is the sorority rushing situation at Rollins College. I wish you the best of luck and happiness in your future sorority dealings for I know if you follow these directions carefully you will certainly be accepted into a sorority and be a happy girl.

Affectionately,

Otis Q. Whiffle

P.S. I sold fifty-six copies of my booklet, "HOW TO BE ASSURED OF ENTERING A SORORITY AT ROLLINS COLLEGE," and all fifty-six purchasers are now in sororities.

P.P.S. All presidents of pledge classes are from this number.

Matt Sinnott



CONSISTANT LANDSCAPES by MMCII

We drove that day
the long white road,
twisting down from Boston,
Mist—hung about the young spring land
— — the smooth curve of arches,
nylon stockinged toes
warmly thrust beneath my flanneled
thigh

No, not pity, but four long months
and all the thoughts,
weaking—listening
the long black room,
others mumbling things of love
and if we heard, not one good damn.
Did I have to say these things?

"The dears they come across the bridge
—ha—ha"
(Cambridge) how witty these Manor
girls.

"And I am told I am loved by all of
them—
you know they do the dearest things . . ."
Just nervousness, this giddy talk.
". . . he is the cutest, French, you know
—know everybody—*ra-va-son*, I'm —
ra-va-son.
—a little light, but continental—I all but
swoon—ha—ha. . ."

And I
I would have whispered out my heart
—to memories?

Young ferns,
and colts unsure in morning dew
Beaches
Laughter
Drinking night
tears and grey Manhattan's dawn

We turn here for the weekend
sandstone roads and buildings
ivy phrasing cocktail smiles
"I really thought to take these moments
away from spring"
I would have said.
But we are here
and love
you have led me to
Rupert's Hill!

April 29, 1954

BABYLON

Night draped its black folds around the earth.
All was dark.
A voice cried out of a city.
The city was Babylon.

"Babylon, Babylon,
This is the city of Babylon."

The curtain of night had opened the city's eyes.
Like a sleeping child it awoke.
It began to move.
Babylon sang loudly.

"Live and lust, live and lust,
Mingle dust with wine and dust with dust.
This cup of mine I offer you,
Sweet sips of sin I offer you."
The words fell into the night.
A dream of good fled away.
It was frightened.
Babylon laughed mockingly.

"Come closer, my friend, my friend,
Come touch my skin and be of my skin.
We will dance together in the shadows,
Cast a trance together in the shadows."

The music blared and blurred.
Its sultry notes melted slowly.
They reeked of wine.
Babylon reeled drunkenly.

"Think of my body, and think of my song,
Drink of my body, drink of my song.
Sigh for fire and taste of my passion,
Lie with me and taste of my passion."

A strange glow invaded the dark.
It twisted and turned sensuously.
Golden arms lifted, waiting.
Babylon was waiting.

"Sleep tonight in my arms, sweetly sleep,
Reap tomorrow what you must reap.
Tonight is here and tomorrow a dream,
The light has gone and tomorrow a dream."

Out of the darkness voices answered.
Many voices replied to that call.
They rose to a meaningless babble.
Babylon gloried in her suitors.

"Listen, I will sing, listen,
Glisten, city of sin, glisten.
Babylon, Babylon,
This is the city of Babylon."

The song met the first rays of day.
Its melody faded back into the earth.
A shadow fell across the city.
Babylon was silent.

"Close the door, lock the door,
Fall on the floor, hide under the floor.
The day has come and damnation is near,
The way is down and damnation is near."

The sun bathed the earth with light.
Only a faint whisper was heard.
Finally it died away in wordless defeat.
Babylon cringed under the shadow of a tree.

BLACK - WALNUT

Boyd Dowling raced down the grey concrete sidewalk past the gloomy old Confederate tenement house, past the smelly empty fish-and-bait store, and past the dark crowded local pub on seventh avenue. The heels of his dirty bare feet didn't even touch the pavement as he panted down the street.

Boyd switched his pace to a steady lope when his left leg began to drag. Two long jagged scars stretched across the back of his left thigh, and a smaller scar was on his other leg. Boyd was gadding about that day in a dirty torn T-shirt and washed out blue swimming trunks. He would never be called handsome or even clean-cut. His skin was too dark and his nose was broken from one of his falls down the stairs. But he was high spirited and always happy-go-lucky even when he was in trouble. Now he picked up and really made the sidewalks burn.

Without stopping to catch his breath Boyd tore into a nail and plank strewn yard and holleerd with his best war whoop. "Skeet! Marlene! Come out!"

A tousled dark haired girl stuck her head out of the front door and asked, "What do you want, Boyd?"

"Two niggers have washed up at third avenue on the beach and I'm going to see them again! They're down by the wash out. Don't you want to come?"

"Sure! Wait a minute. I'll go get Marlene."

Within seconds the two girls dashed out of the half-painted white bungalow. As they hurried down the steps, a voice called from inside.

"Marlene! Skeet! You-all come back and put on your sweaters and scarves!"

"Oh, Mother! We're in a hurry! Do we have to?"

"You can't go to the beach unless you have your sweaters. Now either come get them or stay here."

Boyd rambled around the front yard inspecting the repairs on the front porch and the new windows until Marlene and Skeet emerged all sweated and scarved.

"Quick!" he urged, "It'll be awfully crowded if we don't hurry!"

"O.K.," Skeet agreed. "Let's cut across

ole man Kelley's back yard and through the sand dune."

The three eager young adventurers scampered across the shale-packed street. Their bare feet flicked the shattered white clam and oyster shells as they ran. The two girls both had dark hair with streaks of sun peeping out beneath their scarves. Marlene was the older, being twelve years of age. Boyd and Skeet were almost eleven and nearly always together.

They darted swiftly into the maze of palmettoes and tunnels and paths that was ole man Kelley's back yard. The short cut saved them over a block, but they were heaving deep breaths by the time they pushed through.

"I sure wish you-all still lived downstairs. A lot of trouble having to run four blocks to get you."

"Now, Boyd," Marlene laughed, "you know you wouldn't go anywhere without us."

"Let's not talk. We'll never get there." Skeet was in a hurry.

The dark gamin-like figures raced over the tired broken sidewalks. Gaunt telephone poles passed by, rambling water-wracked bungalows passed by, and a few sleek new summer homes. The sun's weak rays were petering out, and precocious winds were blowing on the beach. The sand dunes loomed ahead all white and green.

Clumpy palmettoes and thick honey suckle vines cloaked the bottom of the sand dune. Sharp sandspurs and broken beer bottles lined the twisting white paths up the sand dune with jagged pain. The curious trio tromped heedlessly over the sharp trails and quickly threaded their way to the sandy summit. Nothing green grew on top of the sand dune except the treacherous sharp razor grasses with their thin blades bowing to the wind.

"There they are! See!"

"Oh, this a grand view! Let's stay up here."

"No! Let's go on down! All I can see are two dark blobs on the beach."

Boyd led the way forward with Skeet at his heels. Marlene trailed behind.

The wind was not as wild as before. Yet it still whistled sharply on the flat grey beach. Cold fog billowed in from

the ocean, smothering the bulkhead silently. A few shivering townspeople stood around the still blobs lying on the sand. They looked at the bodies. They walked around the bodies, still looking at them. They turned away from the bodies, still walking.

The boy and two girls cautiously inspected the bodies from a safe distance. Marlene hung back.

"I think I'm going home," she stated.

"Why do you want to go home? We just got here. Besides if you go home, then I'll have to go home."

"Oh, I'll walk real slow so you-all can catch up with me."

"O.K. Go on home if you want to, Marlene. But don't let Mother see you or she'll be mad cause we didn't stay together."

"Well-by."

"Gee, I don't know why she wanted to do that for. It's not every day something like this happens."

"Look how purple they are, Skeet."

"Uh huh. They look awfully stiff. Especially that one with his arms spread out and his face in the sand."

"I heard a man say they've been in the water three days. That's a long time."

"What were they doing anyway?"

"They were out fishing in a motor boat and got caught in a squall."

"Why are you whispering, Boyd? Afraid they'll hear you?"

"Don't be silly! Of course I'm not afraid they'll hear me."

"Why are they so purple? I've never seen a purple nigger before."

"Guess the water turned them that color. Probably were coal black to begin with."

"Crabs or fish must have been eating on them. You can see their bones in little ragged places."

"They still have most their clothes on. Even if they are in rags. You wouldn't think they'd have a thing on after being in the water three days."

"I still don't understand how they turned purple."

"Hey! I hear a siren!"

A high wailing siren pierced the heavy wet blanket on the beach. A stringy man in a red wool jacket and faded dungarees peered into the fog where the sound came from. A woman in a quilted house coat and bedroom slippers looked in the same direction and then quickly left. Several children quit their play on the broken bulkhead and stopped their ears with their hands. A clump of well-wrapped spectators broke off their talk to look up the beach. There was nothing but the heavy damp fog and the wailing siren.

"It must be the police. Wonder what's taking them so long."

"I see a light!"

"Where? Skeet!"

"Up the beach a long way."

"I don't see any light. You just made that up."

"No, I didn't. See! There's two now! They're headlights."

"Gee! You were right! I see them now!"

"They must not be moving at all. They're not getting any bigger."

"It's awfully foggy. But they sure are going slow all the same."

"Aren't you getting cold, Boyd? You don't have hardly a thing on."

"No, I'm not cold. 'Sides I can stomp my feet up and down and get warm quick."

"Have you seen that new serial that's on at the show?"

"You mean the one about the invisible man and the secret service girl and those plans for building a new kind of machine gun?"

"That's the one."

"No, I haven't seen it. Boy at school was telling me about it."

"It's real good. I like it."

"Wonder when they're coming."

"They're getting closer."

"No, they aren't, Skeet. You're just seeing things."

"They are too getting closer. Just you look at them."

"Hey! I see some more lights behind them now."

"I do, too. But maybe they aren't coming here at all."

"Sure they are. Bet you a man comes and takes pictures, too."

"It's real close now, Boyd. It's a police car."

The black police car crept up to the bodies like a sluggish water rat. Two uniformed policemen got out of the car and strode efficiently over to the bodies. One policeman prodded the bodies with his foot and the other one began to ask questions about the bodies. He wanted to know how long they had been and who had found them and all sorts of things.

A white ambulance with a red cross painted on the side drew up along side the quiet forms sprawled on the sand. A stocky fat negro and a long tall negro slid from behind the high seat and walked toward the bodies.

"Hey, buddy. Is it O.K. we take them now?" the short negro asked the nearest policeman.

"Sure. Take them as soon as you can."

The tall negro had two stretchers laid out on the wet grey sand. They lifted the nigger who was face up on to a

stretcher and put him in the back of the ambulance.

"Watch, Boyd. Now they're going to put the other one in the ambulance."

"Yeah, I know. They're going to have to turn him over first though."

"Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"That awful hollow thump he made when they flopped him over."

"Yeah. Well, we better go on home."

"Uh huh."

The walk home was quiet. Boyd turned off on fifth avenue to walk to his home. Skeet ran the rest of the way home. Just as she reached the house the street lights came on.

"What took you so long, Skeet? We've all eaten supper except you," admonished her mother.

"We just stayed to watch them carry the bodies off in the ambulance."

"Well, we don't have any dessert. Go over to the store and get some vanilla ice cream. There's some money on the buffet in the living room."

"O.K."

Skeet hurried across the street to the Country Store. A little bell tinkled as she opened the door.

"Could I have some vanilla ice cream?" Skeet asked Mr. Holt, the owner of the little store.

"We don't have any vanilla. All sold out."

"Oh, well, do you have any chocolate?"

"Nope. All I can give you is purple raspberry or black walnut."

"That's not much of a choice. But—go ahead and give me the black walnut."

Skeet paid for the pint of ice cream and rushed out of the store and back home. It was almost 7:30 and she was used to eating at 5.

"They didn't have any vanilla or chocolate or anything like that so I had to choose between purple something-or-other and black walnut so I got black walnut is that O.K. Mother? I'm hungry."

"I suppose so. Don't eat so fast, Skeet. My goodness! You just sat down to the table and you're already half through. Marlene, you fix the ice cream while I clear the table a little."

"Why isn't Daddy here, Mother?" asked Skeet.

"He had to work late tonight at the shipyard. A new ship they weren't expecting came in this afternoon. What's taking you so long with the ice cream, Marlene?"

"May I have my ice cream now, Mother? I'm all through," Skeet pleaded.

"I can't get the top off the ice cream. It's stuck fast," Marlene was trying to explain why she was taking so long.

"Oh, I can do it. Let me, Mother."

"All right, Skeet. You can fix the ice cream."

"I've got the top off now. And—

"And what—Skeet."

"Mother, you know those niggers that washed up on the beach that we just went down to see? Well, they were all purple instead of black."

"Now what does that have to do with the ice cream?"

"Well, Mother, I didn't buy the purple something-or-other because I thought it would be purple. But this black walnut is exactly the same color those niggers were. I didn't think it would be anywhere near this color, but it is. And it's supposed to be black walnut, too."

A. Wadsworth

THE COUNTRY BARN

An old country barn that needs a coat
of paint

Sleeps in the fall sun withered and
quaint.

The hinges on the barndoor creak in
the breeze

Mourning in the death-stained leaves.

A chipmunk scampers across the old
barn floor

Getting food for his winter store.

In a corner of the barn stands an old,
old sleigh

Moldering, dreaming of yesterdays.

Its runners are rusted, alone and cold

It waits in a barn that's about to be sold.

BABS MOORE

WHY BE A B. A.

What is this "liberal education"? Is it merely a way of postponing for a few pleasant years the necessity of going to work? Is it worthwhile from the viewpoint of society?

Any judgment of the liberal arts will be based on what is considered to be the promise of society.

In this commercial, mechanized land, many people regard college as properly being a factory for engineers and business men, and education as a means of intensifying and complexifying our wonderful Tinker Toy civilization.

In opposition to this, a liberal education is not intended to teach how to make ships or shoes or sealing wax. But, and this is an old question, are these things the whole of life? Some members of the wealthy class, replete with ships and shoes and sealing wax, seem as unsatisfied with life as are some of the poor.

The scientist or engineer, as such, artfully maneuvers scraps of metal and vials of chemicals, but leaves untouched the fundamental issues of life. Surely the world, in itself, is just rocks and sand and water; ideas, in themselves, are only whips of cloud; and the mere manipulation of things and ideas is nothing by jugglery. As far as human beings are concerned, the only significant issue of life is man and his reason for being. Should the individual live for himself? Should he live for others? Should he attempt to burn this philosophical candle at both ends? If he is not to be exclusively seek his own well-being, should he concentrate on the problems and difficulties of those around him, or ought he to devote his time and energies to the perplexities that have troubled all men at all times? The degree to which each of these matters should figure in individual lives must be an individual decision; and peace of mind dictates that a decision be reached.

Science is exceedingly useful: it makes life pleasant and easy, at least as far as physical problems are concerned. It offers something even for the ascetic, for it prolongs life (not considering the bomb), and provides efficiency in the production of life's necessities, thus giving more people

time for study and contemplation. But science is shallow in that it gives no hint as to why we exist and as to what our role should be. Those who live for more than physical gratification, and this means all human beings and excludes all other mortal things, can find in religion, literature, history and art, subaudition if not answers to the mystery of being.

The scientist is a human being and is often interested in the consequences of his activities as well as in the activities themselves. However, there are those with genius in their specialities and naivete in all else, who, anxious to solve man's problems, are an easy prey to theories of automation in human affairs that purport to resolve with effortless finality the conflict between good and evil. But is the question of ownership of the Tinker Toy set our basic problem, or even our only problem?

Much of the public, dazzled by television and deafened by the roar of the jet, have come to look upon the scientist as the man with all the answers. But the scientist, unlike the religious leader, often has no overwhelming sense of social responsibility; indeed he has time for little else but his work. Perhaps this does not matter much as long as society's real leaders—the statesman, the business man, the educator, and the parent—have a sense of mission and a scale of values. Religious leaders have these things; but even there an understanding of human nature is necessary for maximum effectiveness. The liberal arts can help give this understanding. And as for the other types of leaders, liberal education can wean them from thinking themselves to be the goalless soulless animals that Freud, Veblen, and Darwin, with their plausible, materialistic claptrap, have tended to make of human beings. (If time is an illusion, then evolution is deception.)

A philosopher once said "I think, therefore I am." But surely human beings are more than thinking machines, there is more to the soul than the ability to derive from a problem the solution inherent in it. People do not always seek to further their own welfare

and, knowingly, do not always pursue logical goals (these seem to be implications of Descartes' statement). Perhaps the direction of Descartes' thinking was influenced by his pride in his own powers of cerebration. His statement appears to be true enough; but is it not also valid to say, "I feel, therefore I am"? Or both statements can be conveyed by saying, I am aware, therefore I am." Perhaps the emotional aspect of life has not been emphasized, except by the artist, because everyone has emotions, and few people take particular pride that they are glad or sad or mad.

The scientist deals only with the measurable. Not even the psychologist can measure the unhappiness of a lonely child, the joy of attainment or acquisition of a lonely child, the joy of attainment or acquisition, the sorrow of an unwed mother, or the anguish of a dying soldier. Emotions cannot be detected by dials and gauges, they cannot be manipulated as mathematical symbols; but they are very real to us, and have as much influence on the physical world as the physical world has on them. For human beings, grief and unhappiness are fundamentally important in the scheme of things. The sciences ignore the emotions, or treat them as mechanical responses to stimuli; and science has done great things—but only in non-human affairs. The liberal arts, on the other hand, regard the human being as something more than a chemical process, and look upon the emotions as a result of the enterprises of the constant human heart. The liberal arts bring more than knowledge, they bring understanding.

One of the noblest of human ventures is the exercise of judgment. Each individual uses judgment in the events of his own life; and the most excellent of men and women strive to practice judgment, to decide what is in their view right and wrong, in all things that come to their notice; indeed, they search out facts to judge and to serve as a basis for decisions. Perhaps more than anything else, the reward of the liberal arts is competence in judging between right and wrong. Keats put it: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." This does not mean the student should be taught rigid rules as to what is beautiful or moral, and laud or condemn accordingly. Once having passed childhood, the individual insists on deciding for himself what is right and what is wrong. Authors have found that a piece of writing will be a failure if it passes judgment on its characters, and thereby takes from the reader his ability to

exercise his own judgment. Hence the maxim among writers, "Show it, don't tell it." Such a work as *Madame Bovary* is great because, among other things, it leaves the reader free to draw his own conclusions. In the arts, a person shares vicariously in the emotional experiences of others, and gains thereby the advantages without paying the possible (or impossible) price. From Flaubert's novel, the discriminating reader will derive some understanding of the significance of right and wrong, and of beauty and ugliness in the way people live. Understanding cannot be taught, except by the individual to himself through emotion; for proof and belief come from internal conclusions. Having been vicariously a wrongdoer, the individual gains insight into others. Judgment on the basis of moral maxims, learned by rote, can never be just.

Where human beings are concerned, it seems there are no automatic, indisputable conclusions, as is the case in the physical sciences. Only emotional experience, preferably actual, otherwise vicarious, enables one to understand others and to judge their actions in terms of human import. And through the empathy resulting from understanding comes sympathy, and from sympathy, mercy.

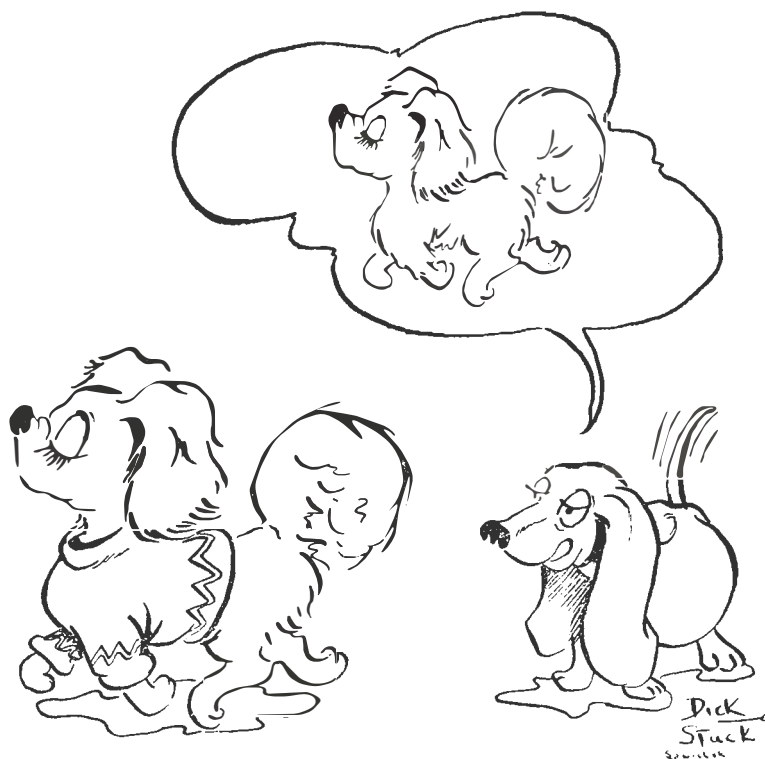
All of the liberal arts, including the actions of history, are an expression of the emotional experiences of others. Although it may not tell everything, history is the rich, warm biography of the human family; and there is nothing so revealing as action properly understood. Incomplete expression or incomplete impression is the basis of mis-

understanding. Hence the importance of historical research. Also for that reason, perhaps the good artist is the one who represses nothing and expresses all.

To live a full life there must be as adequate as possible an understanding and appreciation of all things basically important to human beings. A technical education cannot hope to do this: only the liberal arts will serve.

The young Bachelor of Arts, clad in his cap and gown, and happily sadly clutching his diploma, still has much to learn; but he has some idea of what life is all about, and if he is not yet wise, he has at least begun to court wisdom.

John Wilson



SACRED THINGS

Some of the lights were already off. The bass player lugged his instrument across the band stand, stopped to pull the zipper tight and then turned sideways to get it through the swinging doors. Glasses clinked as the coloured waiters cleared the tables and in one corner four old couples laughed as they finished their drinks.

In the bar three young men sat drinking draft beer from pilsner glasses. The big Werlitzer record player worked on South American music and one of the young men kept time by beating a quarter on the top of the Spanish tile table.

"It's quite a club."

"You bet'chum it's quite a club."

"We're pretty far south. It's not such a bad club."

The music stopped.

"Somebody put a nickle in it."

"You put a nickle in it."

"Give me a nickle, I'll put it in it."

Chairs bumped and squeled in the dinning room, the noise of high heels and laughter reached the bar and the three young men turned to watch the four older couples make their way across the dance floor.

"Babbit's party's breaking up."

"Zelda's pretty high tonight."

"Now we know how Gussie Taylor felt at the 'Water Club.'"

They came into the bar. One of the women stumbled on the hemp runner that protected the floor from golf spikes.

"Roberta, hang on to me," one of the old men said.

Roberta hung on to the bar.

"I'll hang on to you Georgie," said a tall blonde woman.

"You'll hang on to just about anybody," commented the young men at the table.

Earrings and bracelets flashed in the dim light from the bar and on one woman a big diamond necklace caught the plastic colours from the record player and held them sparkling on the curves of her tired breast. The others stood at the bar watching Georgie and the tall blonde dance to *Hot Rod Mambo*.

"You're pretty good," laughed the tall blonde.

"You're dam right," smiled Georgie.

"Roberta, your husband's good!" said the blonde.

Roberta hung on to the bar.

"Here somebody take this purse before they think I'm queer," Georgie laughed.

Diamonds sparkled at the bar as the older people turned to reach for their drinks and one of the old men started walking toward the table where the three young men were sitting.

"Fellas, I'm drunk."

"You'd never know it, Pop."

"Never know what, Son?"

"That you're drunk."

"Well I'm not."

"That's what I said."

"You're damn right—I been drinking scotch whiskey for forty-five years and I don't regret a minute of it," he hobbled closer to the table.

"Forty-five years?" said one of the young men.

"Yes, and I'm still the best dressed gentleman in Orlando," he said, flicking a red and purple handkerchief that matched his flowered tie.

"Won't you sit down sir?" one of the young men said.

"Please!" said another of the young men.

"I don't mind if I do," said the old man, easing his tight little body into the chair and tucking a small monocle into the pocket of his royal-blue corduroy jacket. "Waiter bring these gentelman what they wish".

"Bourbon," said one young man.

"Scotch," said another.

"Make that a double," said the other.

"You know I was on Wall street," said the old man. "My wife and I have been down here now for six years—that's her over there," he said pointing to a short lady with grey hair who was talking to the coloured bar tender. "I own a drug store here now."

"What did you do on Wall Street?" asked one of the young men.

"I was in Stocks", he replied.

"Isn't it odd that there are so few church-house stocks listed on the exchange?" said one of the young men.

"Yes," said the old man and got up.

"I get the double," said one of the young men as the waiter came.

"Clara I want you to meet—I want to

introduce you to these gentlemen," the old man said and moved his wife away from the bar.

"I'm very glad to know you," she said and sat down in the seat that one of the young men had pulled out for her. "Are you having a good time?" she asked.

"Very, are you having a good time?" one of the young men smiled.

"Do you think there is something wrong in it?" she said.

"No, I think it is just great," said the young man.

"There is nothing wrong in having a good time is there?" she said pursing her lips.

"No one said there was my dear," said the old man to his wife. "Now just forget. . . ."

"It isn't smart to make fun of older people you know," she interrupted.

"That certainly was not our intention," said the young men.

"You know I have a boy who is older than you," she stopped for a moment and pursed her lips," he was in the second world war."

"I just got out of the Army," said one young man.

"What was your rank?" said the old man leaning forward.

"I was discharged as a private," said the young man.

"But you can't be discharged as a private," said the old man.

"I was busted," said the young man.

"Our son is in Brazil," said the old woman, "he was a Lieutenant."

"Why were you busted?" said the old man.

"He's been down there a long time," said the old woman.

"I slugged my platoon leader," said the young man.

"You'd be court-martialed in the old Army," said the old man.

"Ha-ha," said the young man.

"That's being smart again," said the old woman.

"I don't think your having a good time," said the young man.

"I was a Battalion Commander in the first war," said the old man.

"But I am having a good time, I didn't always have a good time," said the old woman.

"Why not?" said the young man.

"Because I was busy bringing up my son," said the woman.

"Did that ruin your good time?" asked the young man.

"That's quite personal," said the old woman.

"Where did your son go to college?" asked one of the other young men.

The old man got up and went to the bar.

"My son went to Hamilton," said the old woman.

"I just thought since we were all talking about it you would want to tell us what made you unhappy," continued the young man.

"Yes," said the other young man, "perhaps it would be very interesting if you did."

"Some things are very sacred," she said, pursing her lips. "Some things should never be told," and all of them turned to look at her husband sway a little on his feet and belt away a straight shot at the bar.

"Who wants to dance?" shouted the tall blonde.

"I would like to dance very much," said one of the young men getting up.

Georgie turned quickly from the Wertizler Record player and stared at him. The woman with the tired breast and glittering necklace put her drink on the bar and walked toward him holding her arms out.

"You boys go to the college, don't you?" asked the old man sitting down again.

"Yes Sir."

"We certainly do." replied the other.

"My boy went to Williams," said the old man.

"That's a very fine school," remarked the young man.

"It's as good as any of the others," added the other young man.

"He had a very impressive record in the Army—" the old man continued, "He was the most decorated sergeant in his outfit."

"That's very impressive."

"It certainly is impressive."

"What is he doing in Brazil?" asked the first young man.

The music stoped again.

"You certainly dance well," said the young man as he and the tall blonde returned to the table.

"I haven't I seen you at the college?" asked one of the young men who was sitting down.

"She has a daughter out there," remarked the old woman.

"She graduated two years ago," replied the tall blonde with a smile.

"Yes, her name was Philysis," said one of the young men.

"You mean Philysis . . ." Offered another of the young men.

"Did you know her?" interrupted the blonde.

"Everyone knew Philysis," said the young man.

The old woman smiled.

"Let's all sing college songs," said the old man.

The old woman reached for her gloves.

"I want to dance again," said the tall blonde.

Georgie kissed the woman with the tired breast.

"Doesn't anyone want to dance?" she repeated putting her arms around one of the young men.

"I would like to hear more about your son," said the young man.

"Please finish your drinks," the coloured bar-tender said.

"I told you before young man some things are sacred," she said smoothing a taught white pig-skin finger over the buldge of an Academy ring, "Some things are very sacred."

"Let's go—bar's closed," shouted Georgie.

Roberta mumbled and moved from the bar.

"I didn't mean to pry," said the young man. "I only wanted to know why you were unhappy."

"Goodnight!" said everyone.

"I still would like to hear it sometime," the young men agreed after they had left.

—Halloween Oct, 1955
MMCH

SHADOWS

Shadow of a plane's wing tip
Crossing Stratton Mountain
Shadow of a tree's branches
Making a pattern on the lawn.
Shadow of tiredness crossing
The face of an old Vermont farmer
As he stoops to plant the last
Row of corn seeds in the
Rich fertile soil.
Shadows of clouds in an empty
Blue sky, darkening
The Green Mountain Range
And then floating on,
Leaving the Mountain Range
Green and distant.
Shadows.

Babs Moore





Twice — Not

because she's nice — Just wants her
Tenure.



"Did you like it?"

We did —

MARTHA

Martha is her name. She is a straight "A" student. Walk into the living room of her sorority house, and you will always find her studying. Yell up the staircase for your date, and Martha's neglected face will severely lift from her book, and resolute eyes will unmercifully chastise you.

While you stand and wait for your dilatory date in Martha's living room, you feel ill-at-ease. You feel as though you have penetrated the sanctum sanctorum of a convent. From Martha's stern face you expect her to command, "Young man, I am the mother superior, and I want you to check with me." You are awed by her presence.

You know she has a weak and sensitive stomach. A blast of stomach gas will cut through her. An acid Slavia will fill her mouth. Her curdled face records the gaseous action, and she looks as though she were tasting the bitter wine of sour grapes.

She is odorless. She wears no perfume. Her black hair is cut short. Her weighty ears have never been introduced to earrings. Dull greens and grays are her favorite colors for dress. Her complexion has been a battle ground, and acne has emerged victorious.

Martha's walk is sexless. Her steps are about as interesting as an Elk's tooth dangling from a fat man's vest. When she moves, she moves fast. She gets to places with speed and officiousness.

Too often had I seen Martha sitting alone. It could have been out of pity that I asked her for a date . . . I don't know. Maybe I didn't expect her to accept . . . but she did.

And so I sit here and reflect on my past, my present, and my future. My future is my real interest, for I wonder what the future holds for me . . . me an undergraduate with a baby and a wife . . . a wife who is a straight "A" student.

Magoo

SHIP LEAVES PORT

It was dawning over the islands, the first rays of light pierced the early morning mist rising from the lagoon. It had been hot all day and when the rain came it caused the water to give off steam. The rain had been heavy earlier, but now there was only drizzle. A few ships pulled easily at their moorings in the lagoon as the mechanical men atop St. Mark's tolled their bells scaring the pigeons from their nocturnal roost. They flew around flapping their wings for a while and when the bells were but echoes returned home. Somewhere down the channel a long blast on a ship's whistle was sounded. A ship was getting underway.

A man and a woman walked a zig-zag path along the dock eluding the puddles that had collected. The man walked with long, quick strides and the woman half ran to keep pace. The woman had a bandana over her head and her wet dress was clinging to her body. The man stopped, turned to look at the woman, and then entered a doorway out of the drizzle. The woman stood in the rain.

"Come in here out of the rain."

"Okay!"

"Sit down here, it's dry."

The woman sat beside the man and removed her bandana shaking her hair. She rested her head on his shoulder.

"Cold?" he asked.

"No, not now," she answered moving closer to him.

A policeman turned the corner and saw them in the doorway. He looked at them for a moment and then walked over.

"You are out late, Josie."

"I have my papers."

"I did not ask to see them, I have not seen you for a long time. Your friends did not know where you were."

"I have done nothing, here are my papers," Josie answered sharply handing him the papers.

"Our Josie has fire in her," the policeman laughed turning to the man. "You have discovered this, no doubt. You are

very fortunate to have such a woman to . . . say goodbye to you."

Before the man could reply Josie said, "Your superior is only a few minutes from here, we saw him as we walked this way."

"Ha! You want to be alone. I shall leave. Arrividerci, Josie."

The policeman leaned down and whispered something to Josie before he left, and after walking a short distance he looked back at them and smiled.

"What did he say to you?"

"Something that you would never say. He is a stupid man."

"Can he do you harm?"

"I do not care any more."

The sound of two short blasts on a ship's whistle came from down the channel. The ship was underway and was moving downstream. The sea wall began to take shape out of the mist.

"Why are you crying, Josie?"

"You are leaving soon."

"I'll be back."

"No! You will never come back."

"Why do you say that?"

"You do not love me as I do you."

"I don't love you? Ti voglio tanto bene, Josie."

"That means nothing."

"You told me it meant I love you very much."

"It means nothing when you say it to me as you do."

"How should I say it?"

Josie looked into his eyes and ran her fingers across his lips. The man turned his head to the side.

"You should say it in your American. It is easy to lie in a language not your own. Tell me that you love me in your own way. Say, 'I love you very much, Josie.'"

"I would rather say it your way."

"My way is your way. You cannot say it because you do not lie. It is better you do not say it than lie."

"I lie."

"You lie to me in my language but you do not lie to me in American."

"I have lied in American."

"Never to me! If you have lied to me in American do not tell me of it."

The ship was in sight now, it is an oiler. She is cutting through the water making small swells that will turn into ripples before they reach the shore. A light flashed from her bridge, she is communicating with the signal tower.

"There is no reason why you should say you love me," Josie said.

"What is the reason you should say you love me?"

"You are the only one who has ever



LOIS KRAVCHUK

treated me like a . . . What is the word?"

"Like a lady, you told me the same thing last night. You are a lady, Josie."

"No! I am not a lady, but you made me one for a little while. I am not a lady like the one you spoke to last night in the square of St. Mark, the tourist lady."

"She is English, from London."

"She is English and from London, she is a lady; I am Italiano and from Napoli, I am not a lady."

"Are you going to worry about this? You are a lady, and if you weren't a lady it wouldn't make any difference."

"Yes, it would. If I were a lady like the English lady you would say to me in American, 'I love you very much, Josie,' but this you cannot do because I am not so," Josie cried.

"Please don't cry, Josie."

"I like to cry, all my life I have been crying and I like to cry."

The sea wall was entirely visible now, the mist had lifted. The ships in the lagoon were coming alive with men crawling over the superstructures and decks.

"Where are you going when I leave, Josie?"

"Where you found me!"

"You don't have to."

"Yes, I do!"

"You don't want to go home to Napoli?"

"I am from Napoli, but I have no home there. I must be from somewhere so it can be written on my papers. It was in Napoli that I was happy once before."

"How were you happy?" he asked.

"I was in love. He was in love with me, too. He told me many times that he loved me very much . . . in Italiano. This was all right for him because he was Italiano like me. He never told me he loved me very much in any other language. This is how I know he really loved me and this is how I know you do not."

"Where is he now?"

"I do not know. One night, a friend of his saw me in a place like the one where you met me and told him. I have never seen him since. My happiness was gone so I left Napoli and came here. You have made me happy again for a little while."

"I'm glad to know I have made you happy."

"Now, it has stopped raining and I have stopped crying."

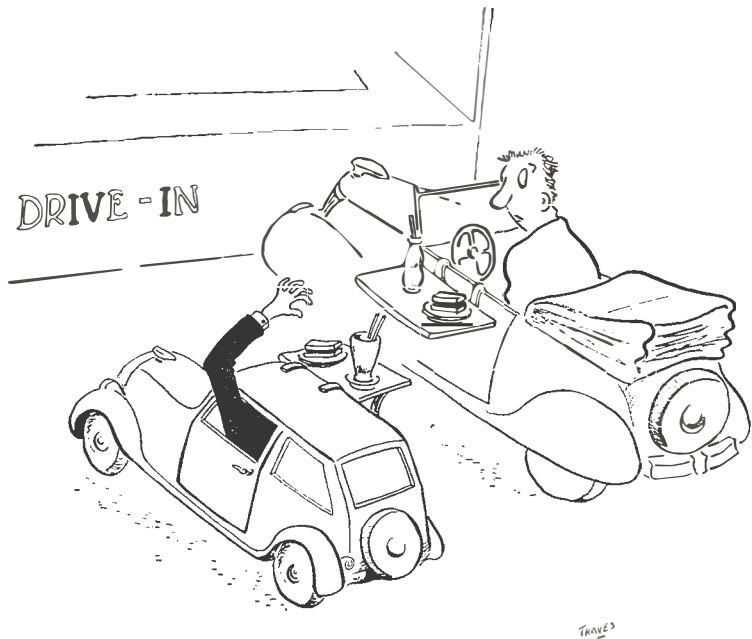
"Smile for me?"

"I have cried for you and now I will smile for you. Is this okay?"

"It is not much of a smile."

"I am not used to smiling, I know better how to cry."

"I must leave soon," the man said,



looking at his watch and then at the ships in the lagoon.

"Do you want to go?" Josie asked.

"I don't want to go, but I have no choice."

"Will you really come back?"

"I will try."

"When?"

"As soon as I can."

"No, you will never come back. You will forget Josie and Venezia very soon."

"I have to go now."

"Will you hold me and tell me that you love me very much before you leave. You do not have to kiss me if you do not want."

"You say you do not believe me when I tell you."

"I will believe you now."

"Ti voglio tanto bene, Josie."

"It is all right that you say it in Italiano because I think you would say it in American if I were not what I am. Would you?"

"Yes! I must go now," he answered as he turned and walked up the dock.

Josie called him but he didn't hear because the ship, now at the sea wall, was sounding its fare well whistle to the port.

Matt Sinnott

(Ed Note: Mr. Sinnott gets the "I've Got Guts Award" for having two stories in this issue of FLAMINGO).

"LOST LOVE"

I cry until my teardrops block out the moon from view.

I cry because you left me and broke a heart so true.

She was tall, blonde, and wicked, but you followed her that night.
She cast a spell upon you that broke your will and might.

She wore a tight red sweater and a skirt slit up the back.
Her perfume smelled like "202"
a'burnin' up the track.

I knew right then I'd lost you when I saw those bedroom eyes.
That's all she would need to hook a million guys.

Her walk was like a hurricane a'stirrin' up the town.
And her hips kept right on swayin' after all was settled down.

I couldn't bear to lose you, but how could I compete with a walkin', talkin' brickhouse stacked so full of meat.
So as I lay upon my bed I hope that someday soon, she'll throw you out the window and you'll settle for a goon.

Babs Wyman

HAIL CAESAR

Hail Caesar!

Thy most obedient servant, Pontius Pilatus, procurator of Judea, salutes thee.

It is not in hope of reinstatement in thy favor that I address to thee this epistle, Caesar Tiberius. It is rather as a servant of Rome that I must write.

Which is better, to die or to live in perpetual disillusionment? When one places his life, his ambition, upon a tiny thread and that thread is broken, is it then better to die or to live on, merely for the sake of living, knowing that in each thing that he does he is merely degrading himself for the sake of living?

It is said that it sometimes takes more courage to live than to die. Thou hast known this, Caesar; why else therefore shouldst thou allow me to live? Thou hast known of the living death it has been for me here, in this strange Eastern city, exiled forever from my beloved Rome. Yes exiled, Caesar, for I know that I dare not leave, for to leave is death.

I know not why thou hast ordained for me, of all the followers of Sejanus, this punishment. Why should I live, for I loved Sejanus? I loved Sejanus as I loved life, for a man must love that which means fulfillment of life to him. A man must choose to follow him whom he believes can feed his ambition, be it for position, wealth or fame. I chose Sejanus. I erred. And yet must I think: is this all there is to life, one gamble? the right choice, wealth, happiness, position; the wrong, destruction, death.

There is a different outlook on life here. The early morning sun shines brightly upon the white clay buildings of Jerusalem. I can look from my balcony over a quiet city, an ancient city of ancient temples, white buildings of baked brick and narrow dirt streets. It is an ancient yet new city, a city of no time.

It is the people I watch, the ancient shepherd, the fiery dark young men on the street. There is everywhere a nervous expectancy. Each home, each

cave, each inn is a meeting place for those who would drive me, Rome, from their city. But these places are something more. They are places of preparation, preparation for a Messiah, a leader to drive Rome from the city. And so they wait.

They are a strange people, these Jews. They have refused, sometimes bloodily, to be Hellenized or Romanized, yet they consent to a narrow legalism, an autocracy unknown to Rome. Thou knowest, Caesar, the province is not Roman; it is merely occupied by Romans. The law under which they live is not Roman law; it is the ancient law of their religion. Their God is not a God of Rome and he who rules is not really I, your servant, but the high priest. Thou knowest this, Caesar, and yet thou allowest the scum of the Roman army to encamp here and use this place to exile a political enemy. Yet it is from this place that the entire decay of the Roman system may be prophesied. I implore thee, not for love of self, for my life is without future, but for love of the Rome which we both love more than life itself, that thou here enforce the Roman imperial system, put down the most powerful, inject the Roman system and make this truly a part of the Roman empire.

Your obedient servant

Pontius Pilatus

Hail Caesar!

Thy most obedient servant, Pontius Pilatus, procurator of Judea, salutes thee.

It has been only a short time since last I addressed thee, Caesar Tiberius, but a lifetime has passed. If it was before as a servant of Rome that I wrote, it is now to clear my conscience that I send thee this letter.

Several things have become clear to me since my last epistle. I told you then of my disillusionment. I asked: Is this all there is to life? I told you of the

attitude of these people towards life. They awaited and I sought the answer. A man who claimed to know the answer came and we both condemned Him.

The Messiah came. So many Messiahs have come to this city, so many holy men. But this man was different. He came not to drive the Romans away; he said, "Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's and unto God that which is God's." He drove the money changers from the temple. But the corruption of centuries cannot be destroyed in an afternoon. The autocracy of Jerusalem arrested Him and brought Him before me, because they feared Him, and because Jewish law would not permit them to execute him. How ironic, that they should turn to the hated Roman to rid them of their Messiah, because they feared Him who said He came to save them. I was insulted. "He is your King," I shouted mockingly at the multitude.

I questioned Him. I asked, "Are You the King of the Jews?"

He answered, "You say it."

I repeated, "Are You the King of the Jews?"

This time He answered, "Are you asking this thing for yourself or did others tell you of it?"

"Am I a Jew?" I countered, still angered that these people, so used to ignoring the Roman, should give to me the responsibility which their consciences would not let them accept. "Your own people delivered you to me. What have You done?"

"My kingdom is not of this world," he replied. "If my kingdom were of this world, then my servants would fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from here."

"Are You a king then?" I questioned.

He replied, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Everyone that is of the truth hears my voice."

All the past years, all the despair, the disillusionment they had brought, welled up inside of me.

"What is truth?" I jested.

I walked outside. The crowd was now a mob. "He is innocent," I said. "You have a custom, that I should release to you one prisoner on the pass-over. Who shall it be, the King of the Jews or Barabbas?" Barabbas was a thief and a murderer.

"Barabbas," they cried. The mob was not to be denied its victim.

I went back inside. Herod had

arrived in Jerusalem at my request to question this Man. We questioned Him together. We scourged Him, ridiculed Him. An unearthly terror overcame me then; He was of such composure, such unearthly composure. Herod and I led Him back before the mob and again declared His innocence.

"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" they cried. The air thickened with the hungry breath of the multitude.

"He made Himself the Son of God," cried one in the crowd and a ghostly sickness gripped at my stomach. Who was this Man, I thought? I returned inside to question Him again.

"Who are you?" I demanded, frightened.

He did not reply.

"Don't you know I have the power to crucify you?" I asked, full of anxiety both for Him and myself.

But He would not break down. "You could have no power at all against me," He said, "except that it be given you from above; therefore he that delivered me to you has the greater sin."

I led Him outside again and tried to release Him, but the mob rose in a tumult. They cried out, "If you let this Man go you are not Caesar's friend."

I stood there, frozen in terror. I could imagine a mob in Rome, a mob crying for Sejanus' blood, dividing and rending his body in the street. I could imagine a thousand mobs, a thousand executions.

I brought Him forth again. "Behold your King," I cried to the mob.

"We will have no other King but Caesar," echoed the mob. "You are not Caesar's friend. Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

The blood stilled in my veins as the mob rose up close to me. I thought of the Law of the Majesty which makes word against thee, Caesar, treason. I could do nothing else. I released Him to the mob and turned quickly to go inside.

I did not know why then, but I walked quickly to the fountain to wash my hands. I wrung them before the mob, now eagerly accepting its victim. "I wash my hands of this crime," I cried. His blood rests upon you and the generations of your children."

I cannot describe to you the panic inside me that followed. It was not fear of thee, Caesar, nor of the greedy mob, but a panic of what I could not understand that seemed to tear my soul from me.

I wrote a title on the cross. In three languages I wrote it, so that everyone who was there could read it. It said, "JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS."

One of the chief priests said to me,

"Write not the king of the Jews, but that He said He was the king of the Jews."

I could only reply, "What I have written, I have written."

I know now that it was no ordinary Man that I crucified. Even now I am able to grasp a little of the truth which He professed to know. If I could judge again, I would guard Him from the mob with my own body.

I have scoffed at the Man who claimed to know what truth was. Men will always scoff at those who claim to know the meaning of truth, because they are jealous, they who have found only emptiness and disillusionment in a life full of questions but void of answers. Even they who eagerly awaited Him who was to be Truth were afraid when He came, because He claimed to be the Son of God. And I who cried out in the dark for a revelation of Truth have repeated, as though mocking my own words, the question in the face of Truth itself. I can see now that it was fear of thee, Tiberius, but no, not of thee really, fear of death, that caused me to act as I did. But when I remember His composure, His courage before the mob, I realize that there is something greater than death. He who claims to seek truth, but yet cringes before it, and crucifies it to take it from before his eyes, finds that it will not die but returns stronger and brighter before him. To continue to crucify it

in our minds is only to crucify ourselves. He who claimed to know truth did not cringe at death, but I who thought that there was none was afraid to die. The King of the Jews was crucified because He came not to destroy the Romans, the enemy without upon which all masses must blame their disillusionment, but the enemy within them, the graft and corruption growing within their own system.

By saving the King of the Jews, I would have committed treason against thee, Tiberius, but by condemning Him I committed treason against the Roman Empire and the basis of Rome, Roman law. And thee, by setting thyself above the law, have invited anarchy in the Empire. Only by a realization that no one mortal (and thou art mortal, Tiberius) can hold together the Empire, but that its foundation lies upon more sacred grounds, will Rome survive.

Order my execution now, Tiberius. I no longer fear death. Or exile me to a lifetime among the ever-conniving people of an un-Romanized eastern city. It is no longer an exile. Thou canst neither torture me by making me die or letting me live, for Truth has destroyed thy means.

A servant of Rome

Pontius Pilatus

Dick Hadleman

FAMILY DIRGE

Oh, big brother, don't shake your hoary fingers at me.
Your threats hold no scare for me.
What they said about your clutch being cold and icy—
What do they know about it?
No body returns from your parlor room.

Little sister that comes with body's daily night is enough for me.
Almost always her fingers are soft and drowsy except—
Sometimes her fingers are scaly and seared shrewish.
Then little sister is no more welcome than you, oh, big brother.

Sweet sister, they say, streams from mad mother and you, big brother.
I do not know our sweet sister, but others do.
But even the beasts know sweet sister and little sister.
They know mad mother, and you, too, big brother.

Mad mother plays no favorites, she is indiscreet and indiscriminate.
Mad mother and the moon, they say, are the same.
I know you, mad mother, you are like the idiot in heat, procreating insanity.
But I know you, too, mad mother of mine, strewing beauty in your wake—
Like the wind in a tempest strewing seeds to spangle in bloom.

Mad mother, big brother, little sister, sweet sister.
I know you or if not know you know of you.
Others say they know all there is to know about all of you—they are wrong.
Mad mother, look at all your children.
Not one knows who daddy is.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

To some people, music paints a mental picture. It was with this idea in mind that "Happy New Year" was created. What follows is not a piece of prose to be merely read, at least it was not written with that in mind. It fits, like the words to a popular song, with music; the fourth movement from Gustav Holst's *The Planets*, to be specific. The dots between words and the spacing between paragraphs indicate a pause to be filled with music. "Happy New Year" was originally performed on the WPRK program "Thoughts and Music" in the Spring of 1955 with Miss Geri Pacino. It is hoped that the reader will overlook the poor construction of many of the sentences, bearing in mind that the words were written to be heard rather than read, by one not as well versed in the English language as his colleagues whose work appears elsewhere in this publication.

The air was cold and crisp that night as we stood on the sidewalk looking towards the cheering throng of New Years Eve celebrants on Times Square. He held me close to him, his arm tight around my waist as we gazed intently at all the sights around us, and yet, noticed nothing. The atmosphere was charged with that excitement that only New Years Eve can know. Then we reached the corner and stopped for a moment to gaze through the smoke filled haze at the magnificent facade of electric lights and multi-colored signs. "Come on," he yelled hoarsely, his words just rising over the confused vociferations of the multitude, "come on, let's move with the crowd." Suddenly, all about us was the magnificent splendor of Times Square.

In a fleeting second we were swallowed up in the crowd . . . the smells of beer and cheap perfume mingling with the odor of champagne and Chanel No. 5 greeted our nostrils as we watched women in mink coats and cloth coats aimlessly push and shove and shout with their men. We joined them in pushing and shoving capriciously . . .

to and fro . . . backwards and forwards . . . from side to side, moving nowhere in drunken motion. On the roof of a building nearby, a television cameraman sat watching, his camera recording and broadcasting the event to all the nation. Our ears filled with the uncontrollable laughter of noisemakers as those around us drove out the care and sorrow of the old year with the dry clatter of noisemakers and the ear-splitting "traat traat" of untuned dimstore horns. All these noises combined with the meaningless, incoherent shouts of "Happy New Year" to rise to a glorious crescendo, filling our hearts with the joy and happiness of the occasion . . . Then, suddenly we stopped. He turned and took me in his arm . . . and in that moment, my being was carried back to perhaps the most jubilant event in my life.

It happened that summer at a country club dance, far away from the noise of the city. That night, he had called for me, just as he had so many times before . . . and we had been late to the dance, just as we had been late so many times before. He had seemed a little nervous all evening. Around midnight, he asked me to walk outside with him . . . the air was warm and humid as we strolled arm in arm along the seawall, talking of little things, gazing at the reflection of the pale moon on the calm, still water of Long Island Sound. After awhile, we stopped and sat down on the rocky wall.

"Honey, I, I have something I want to say to you," . . . he stuttered, clenching and unclenching his fists. "Yes," I asked breathlessly, and then, as he spoke, the whole world seemed to explode around me like a gigantic display of fireworks and I knew happiness as I had never known it before. For you see, that night was the first time he had told me that he loved me.

"Hey you two, break it up, look, it's time." Our eyes followed the gaze to the electric sign atop the Times Building that spelled the number of fleeting

seconds left in the old year . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . Happy New Year . . . all around us the excitement of the crowd burst forth in uncontrolled frenzy. The shouts and cheers of good will and hope for a moment held everyone in a spell of hypnotic fascination, and then, out of breath for a moment, we all stood breathing hard as the shouts of others echoed off the walls of the cement cavern up and down Broadway . . . Slowly we too began once again to hoarsely cheer the New Year, our voices rising to a glorious crescendo.

Then it was over.

Slowly, we began to move away from the Square, the smell of beer and cheap perfume, champagne and Chanel No. 5 still lingering in the air. Atop the roof, the television cameraman clamped a protective cover on his lens and prepared to uninterestingly record another event for the world. Slowly, we moved with the crowd, pushing and shoving our way . . . to and fro . . . back and forth . . . swaying from side to side . . . the jabbering of poor and rich all meeting our ears in and unintelligible mass of sound combined with the dry rattle of the noisemakers and the "traat traat" of the horns . . . we stood for a moment as the crowd began to thin out and then, exhausted, we made our way from the noise and confusion, competent in the knowledge that this year was to be the best ever a year filled with joy, happiness, peace and prosperity.

December, 1954

Rod Collins

WEB OF FEAR

I've often wondered why
I had to be a fly
To fly around
From place to place,
No time to rest,
But rather to be chased
By some huge monster
Carrying a swatter.
Oh, that I could stop
And rest for a year!
But oops! I'm caught
In a spider's web of fear.
I call it a web of fear
Because there's no escape.
Mr. Spider's twisted me
Completely out of shape.
Goodbye, cruel world, goodbye
I'm going without a sigh.
Great God, I'd rather be
Anything but a fly.

**THIS PAGE
DEDICATED TO THOSE
WHO DIDN'T
CONTRIBUTE**

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