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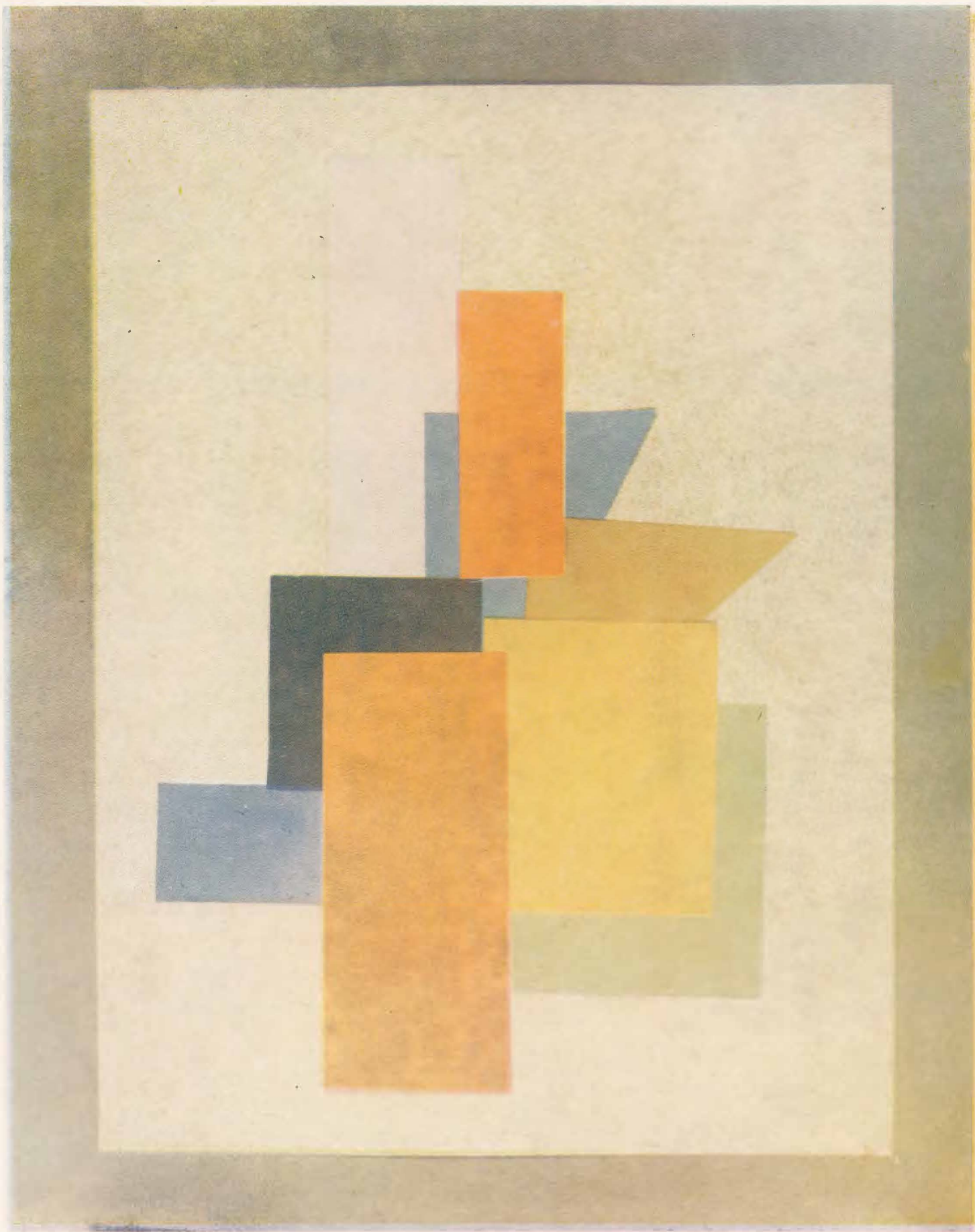
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Group 7, Winter 1992



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OUR ADVISOR IS

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THE SUN TREADER

In the spring of his freshman year Peter Grandy began to read Thomas Wolfe. It had something of an influence on him. In fact, it is possible that he read Carl Sandburg or Walt Whitman, on him. In fact, it is possible that he had that summer. However, aware now that the provinces were shallow and barren spiritually, he applied for and received a two month summer job at a resort-hotel on Long Island. . .

He arrived late in June and was introduced, at once, to "the group." They had all come earlier in the month, before him, and after several short, probing conversations, they were fully prepared to ignore him.

He was, they discovered, quite unaware of the Astor Roof.

He had never been seen drunk at the Biltmore, and in his suitcase — which was not leather — there was no evidence of even a passing acquaintance with the brothers Brooks.

It seemed that Peter hadn't a chance.

If Bub Arsen, Yale '57, hadn't been trying to form a quartet — he felt perhaps some distant affinity for the Whiffenpoofs — and if Peter hadn't possessed the only tenor voice at the hotel, it is very likely that Peter would have been completely overlooked. Bud, however, certain that no tenor voice was going to appear and with time passing, stopped Peter as he stepped out of his shower one afternoon and asked him if he had ever sung harmony.

Peter said that he had sung some at school.

Bud asked casually, his eyes heavy-lidded as though he were suppressing a yawn, if he would like to sing in a quartet. Peter agreed. They shook hands. Peter's hands were a little soapy and Bud felt a touch of irritation as he wiped his palm on his clean khaki Bermudas.

A little after eight that night Peter hurried down from his room on the attic-floor of the hotel and began to walk quickly across the wet lawns toward the reception hall. It had begun to rain during supper-hour and now the trees were white with mist and the beach below was pale blue in the semi-darkness. . .

He stopped. Someone was moving up the beach toward him. The air was so still that he could hear the faint rustle of the footsteps on the sand.

"Hello," he said, recognizing one of the waitresses.

She stopped and looked around quickly.

"Up here on the lawn," Peter said.

"Is that Joyce?"

"It's Joyce," she said quickly.

"What's doing on the beach?" he asked.

She stepped onto the lawn and came closer to him. "You're Peter, aren't you? Your name is Peter." She paused. "How're you?" she asked.

"What were you doing on the beach?" "I've been out watching butterflies," she said, moving her bare foot over the grass.

"Butterflies?"

"Oh, fireflies. I'm sorry. Fireflies." She laughed nervously. "I was just watching fireflies on the beach." "She laughed again, suddenly. "Are you going to rehearsal?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Aren't you?" Peter asked.

"I was in the fourth of July show last year," she said. "I don't know. . ." She ran her finger quickly over her front teeth. "Have I any lipstick on my teeth?" she asked.

"Can't see," Peter answered. "It's not light enough."

She stepped back and put her head against the trunk of one of the young silver elms. Her blonde hair, pale and straight as straw, was sprinkled with drops of rain. Her green blouse, wet, was almost transparent. "I was in their old show last year," she said, "it wasn't any fun."

Peter looking down into her face in the rain-light, thought that she possessed an airy prettiness. He noticed that her skin was pale and that three small freckles were half-hidden on the tanned ridge of her nose. "I thought it might be fun."

"No fun at all," she repeated. "What are you going to do in the show?" she asked. "I only made the chorus last year. That wasn't much fun."

He was silent, watching her mouth.

"What are you doing in the show?" she asked again.

"Oh, I'm going to sing in the quartet."

"With who?"

"With Bud and Pierson and Ames. . ."

"They're awful snobs," she said. "They are."

"Of course," Peter went on, "I don't know them very well. I've only been here a week."

A light went on in the recreation hall across the lawns. It shimmered dull-orange in the mist.

"Where do you go to school?" she asked.

"University of North Carolina."

"Oh."

"Do you know anyone there?"

"No. I don't know anyone there. But there was a boy from North Carolina who worked here last summer. He worked in the kitchen washing dishes." She paused and began to rub her bare ankle. "He only lasted three weeks. He got lonely."

"How?"

"No one liked him." She looked up into Peter's face. "Oh, he went to some tiny college and no one here had ever heard of it and they wouldn't take him into any of the cliques here. He tried to make friends at first, but no one paid much attention to him. When he realized that he was always getting left out of things, he started forcing himself on people. Finally, he became a regular joke for the others to fool."

Peter said nothing.

"We had five fellows from Yale and three from Princeton here last summer." She looked up at him and said, "We get good help."

"Yes, we do," he said, looking away.

"Good and snobby," she added, laughing hurriedly.

Peter laughed softly with her.

"They kept telling him, 'Go home to Tara,'" she said. "That's from 'Gone With The Wind'. They kept saying that to him. 'Go home to Tara. Go home to Tara.'"

"Will you walk over to the recreation hall with me?" Peter asked.

"I'm not going to the rehearsal," she said.

"Will you walk over with me anyhow?"

"No, I'm sorry." She bit her lip. "I don't know why I came back here," she said suddenly. "I swore up and down I'd never come back here."

"Why did you?" Peter asked.

She sniffed. "I don't know. It wasn't as bad as this for me last year." She looked up at him. "None of my good friends from last year came back. A boy I thought would be back didn't

come back." Her voice cracked. "I don't know."

"Will you be down on the beach tomorrow?" Peter asked.

"I don't know."

"I hope you'll come down. I'll be there." He suddenly wanted to take her hand. "Will you be there?"

She nodded. "I think so," she said. "But I don't know." She sniffed again.

"I'll be there."

"About what time?"

"About ten. After the dining room closes." She smiled. He noticed that her eyes were luminous and wet, "after I get through work."

"I'll see you there."

Her smile broadened. "Yes."

"I'll see you on the beach." Peter repeated, moving off across the lawn. "Tomorrow morning. . ."

The recreation hall was crowded. Peter closed the screen door heavily behind him and several heads turned. They looked away almost at once.

Bud, in flannel bermudas and a cord jockey, was talking with Pierson at the far end of the hall. Peter hurried, somewhat selfconsciously, toward him. No one looked up or spoke to him as he hurried across the floor.

"You know Ames," Pierson was saying. "You know the way he is."

"Well," Bud said, "What are we supposed to do?"

"It's his birthday and he's just like a kid. He's up in the girls' rooms now with his new camera." Pierson slipped his glasses onto his small nose. "You know Ames."

"We'll have to rehearse some other night," Bud said. "Damn. . ."

"Hello," Peter said carefully.

"Hello, Peter," Bud answered. "You made it, huh?"

"I made it."

"I don't think we're going to rehearse," Bud said. "Ames. . ."

Four girls, arms interlocked, were trying a can-can across the hall. One of them, in a voice as sharp as chipped ice, called for music. The others laughed.

"Ames," Bud went on, "won't come down to sing. It's his birthday and he wants to celebrate. So I don't see how we can rehearse." He turned to Pierson. "How drunk is he?"

"We can't rehearse," Bud said.

"Couldn't we," Peter asked, "go up to where Ames is and rehearse there? Don't you think. . ."

Bud looked at him quickly, startled. "I don't know," he said coldly.

"Ames is relatively sober," Pierson said, picking at the frames of his glasses with his thumbnail. "He's probably mellow enough to sing just now."

The girls who had been attempting the can-can sat down on the floor and laughed. A small crowd gathered.

"We don't have much time," Bud said, pulling his lips over his faintly protruding front-teeth. "The show's next Thursday and we haven't even sung yet."

"That's true," Pierson said. "Why don't we go up to Ames. If the mountain won't come to Mohammed and all that." He laughed softly.

"Okay," Bud agreed. "Let's go up to Ames."

They walked off across the hall, leaving Peter standing by the wall. A girl named Evelyn stopped Bud in the middle of the floor and asked him something. There was sudden burst of laughter. She pointed to his bermudas and covered her mouth with her hand.

She joined them.

Peter moved across the floor, following them. Evelyn's ponytail bobbed behind her as they pushed out through the screen door and stepped onto the porch. Peter caught the door just before it closed in his face.

"Oh, Gard," Evelyn said, on the porch, "It's raining again. It rains much too often here, don't you think? Don't you think so?" She pulled her white shawl from her hips to her shoulders. "I think so," she said. "I think it rains much too much too much."

They ran across the lawns to the kitchen and hurried inside.

"Oh, for Gardsake," Evelyn said, brushing off her shawl. "I'm all but soaked. Look at me." Her hair was damp, the pony-tail hung limp. "Just look at me."

"Whose room are they in?" Bud asked, pausing at the stairwell that led up to the girls' rooms.

"Muse's," Pierson said.

"I abhor weather," Evelyn said, "especially when it's wet. Don't you, Bud? I do."

They moved up the narrow stairway, Peter following behind. There was no light. Peter was forced to feel his way. They were more familiar with it.

At the top of the stairs Bud opened a glass door and held it for Evelyn. Pierson stepped in after her.

Peter hesitated.

"Go ahead in," Bud said sharply.

"I'll go in after you," Peter answered.

The long hall smelled of violet scented soap and green perfume. From the only room with light came the sound of voices.

Evelyn went to the door and twisted the knob.

"Don't open the door," someone on the other side said. "Ames is writing- Wait a minute."

"What's the matter," Pierson asked, scratching at his heavy chin. "Is the door locked?"

"Ames is writing on the door," Bud answered, a little angrily.

"Your jacket's wet," Evelyn said, brushing at Bud's shoulder. "Oh, I love cord."

"Tell us when you get through writing," Bud said, huffily. "We'd like to come in. . ."

"Okay," Ames said, "from the other side of the door. I'm through. You can come in." He opened the door and looked out, a large green pencil in his hand. "Come in," he repeated. "I was writing a quotation on the door."

Light washed out into the hall and Peter, in the shadows, blinked.

"Come in," Ames said again, motioning with the pencil. "Muse is here. Bill's here. Come in."

"Ooh, what did you write on the door?" Evelyn asked, stepping in. "I get the biggest charge out of the writing on the door. I really do." She laughed. "Who thought up that idea of writing quotations on the door?"

"I did," Pierson said, stepping in behind her.

"Come in, Bud," Ames said, pulling at the sleeve of his jacket. "Sorry about the rehearsal. You know how it is."

"No," Bud said, "I don't."

"We thought there was going to be a party, didn't we, Buddy?" Evelyn said, pulling off her shawl. "We got all dressed up for nothing, didn't we?"

Bud brushed past Ames and stepped inside.

"Oh," Ames said, looking out at Peter. "Are you coming in?"

"Yes," Peter answered.

"Oh." His black flannels were a little wrinkled and the silver pin on his scarlet vest was crooked. "Come in then," he said, "I want to shut the door."

Peter stepped in. Ames shut the door and began to write at once. "Door's white pine," he said. "They never painted it. Great to write on."

Evelyn crossed over to the bureau, opened a drawer, drew out a bottle of beer and laughed. "Well," she said, "thought you had hidden it, didn't you?"

"We did," the girl they called Muse said, from one of the beds. "We were deluding ourselves into thinking you wouldn't look for it there."

"You have a bloodhound's nose," Princeton Bill said. He looked up at her through a haze of pipe-smoke. "You also have a bloodhound's face."

"Have you got that smelly pipe out again?" she asked.

"Yes," Bill said, sucking on the mouth-piece. "I was hoping you'd come up be-

cause I know it annoys the hell out of you. . ."

"You couldn't have gotten into Cottage Club without that pipe," she said, "and you know it. That pipe is your sole asset."

Bill laughed. "Nasty," he said. "Nasty Evie."

"Take a look at our door," Ames said to Peter. "Take a look. We have quotations from Chaucer to Eliot."

"From Chaucer to Eliot isn't correct any longer," Muse said, getting up on her knees on the bed. "I put a Dylan Thomas on this afternoon." She smiled, cat-like, and ran her hand back through her long hair. "Do you have a cigarette, Ames?"

"Here's Chaucer," Ames said. "Pierson put that up." He pointed with the pencil. "Here's Blake. I don't know who wrote that."

"I did," Bill said.

"Pass some of that beer around, will you?" Bud said, sitting down on the floor beside the window. "Muse, throw me one, will you?"

Pierson sat down on one of the thin green chairs and began to polish his glasses. "I'm out of quotations," he said "I can't think of any tonight."

"Here's Browning," Ames went on. "Donne. Gra."

"Let's see what you got for your birthday," Evelyn said. "Ames? What did you get for your birthday?"

"A camera," he said, moving away from the door. He padded across the floor in his stocking feet. "Where did I put it now? Muse? Where did I put it?"

"I don't know. You haven't given me a cigarette yet."

Peter knelt to read the inscriptions near the threshold. . .

". . . THE WINE OF LIFE KEEPS
OOZING DROP BY DROP. . . THE
LEAVES OF LIFE KEEP FALLING
ONE BY ONE. . ."

"Peter," Muse said.

He turned quickly. "I was reading the quotations," he said.

Muse smiled vaguely. "Do you have a cigarette?" she asked.

"I don't smoke."

"Oh."

"It hurts my throat."

"Yes."

"Yes."

He turned back to the door.

". . . IN XANADU DID KUBLA
KHAN. . ."

"Tell me. Peter," Muse said, brushing her hair away from her face. "Where are you from?"

He turned. "Ashville," he said, moving toward the bed. "North Carolina. Ashville."

"It's all right," Muse said, watching his face. "I know you want to sit down here, you can."

He hesitated.

She smoothed the blanket with her hand. "Sit down," she said. "Join the crowd."

"Who puts quotations on the door?" he asked.

"Mostly Pierson. I've put one or two. Bill put one by Scott Fitzgerald. Near the top."

Peter nodded.

"It's a group venture."

"Oh," said Peter.

"We'll fill the door before September."

Evelyn sat down beside Bud. "Do you like my hoops?" she asked, touching her ears. "Do you think they look Spanish—silver earrings," he said.

"Bind them with hoops of steel," Pierson said. "Who said, 'Bind them with hoops of steel?'"

Sons

The "firm, impassioned" tread
Is dead.

A careless amble

Marks the pace of lives.

The honor in us settles

Like gold dust in a slow stream;

Sediment.

Passionless convenience

Marks this race of men.

LEE BOARDMAN

"They make a ringing noise," Evelyn said, "When you tap them. Tap them again, Bud."

Bill withdrew a plaid pouch and began to fill his pipe. He spilled a few grains on his heavy sweater. "Damn. . ."

"Who took my uke?" Ames asked. "Is it under the bed?"

"It's under the bed," Bill said.

Bud stood up. "Have I introduced you to our tenor?" he asked.

"Who?" Ames looked up surprised. "You found a tenor? Who?"

"Peter," Bud said. "He sings tenor. He's going to sing with us."

"Oh." Ames slipped his hand in under the bed. Are you sure my uke is under here?"

"It's under there," Bill said.

Peter sat down next to Muse.

She smiled. "Would you like a beer, Peter?"

He nodded. "I'd like a beer very much," he said.

"I wish I could find my uke," Ames said.

Pierson got up and came over to the bed. "You know what I was just thinking," he said to Muse. "I was just thinking that with your hair down like that, you look like a Charles Addams cartoon." He laughed, his mouth falling open just a little.

"Your glasses are steamed," she said. "Who wasn't at rehearsal tonight?"

Bill asked.

"Almost everybody turned up," Bud said, opening his can of beer. "Except the usual few who never turn up."

"I don't suppose Joyce was there," Muse said.

"No. Joyce wasn't there."

"Poor Joyce," Pierson said. "Who was she seduced by last year?"

"Bradley," Muse said quickly. "Jeff Bradley. Remember? The boy from Penn. State."

"Oh yes," Pierson answered. "The one who was majoring in salmon or Something. . ."

"I found my uke," Ames said, coming up from under the bed.

"His father owned some canneries in Oregon," Muse laughed. "Old Jeff. Jeff Bradley."

"Jeff-Bradley, boy-salmon," Ames said. "Boy-Bradley, Jeff-salmon."

Evelyn looked up. "We haven't even sung 'Happy Birthday' to Ames," she said. "Let's sing it."

"Was she really seduced?" Peter asked.

". . . Happy Birthday to you. . ."

". . . Happy Birthday to you. . ."

Pierson grinned. "Several times," he said.

". . . Happy Birthday, dear Ames. . ."

". . . Happy Birthday to you-oo. . ."

"Innumerable times," Muse added. "Innumerable times."

"We haven't played The Game yet," Ames said. "Let's play The Game. Right now. I'm going to pass out in about an hour and we haven't played The Game yet." He burped. "Excuse me."

"Let's play The Game," Bill said, "before Ames goes out of it."

Muse and Pierson stood up. "Push the bed back," Muse said. "Everybody on the floor."

Peter stood up. "What is The Game?" he asked.

"I've got the glass," Ames said.

"What is The Game?" Peter repeated.

"Haven't you ever played The Game, Peter?" Muse asked.

"No," he admitted.

"Well just watch and see."

Bill took the glass from Ames, placed it on the floor and covered the top with a piece of thin tissue paper. "Who has

a half-dollar?" he asked. "Do you have a half-dollar, Evie?"

"Gard no, where would I get a half-dollar."

Pierson got down on his knees and placed a quarter carefully on the paper. Both paper and coin fell through to the bottom of the glass. "You didn't moisten the paper with beer," Bill said.

"Moisten the rim of the glass," Muse said. She turned to Peter. "See, you put the coin on the paper and then you take your cigarette and touch the burning end to the paper. So the paper burns a little. So you go around and everyone burns the paper a little, and when the paper is nearly all gone the coin falls into the glass." She paused. "See? If the coin falls into the glass when it is your turn you have to chug-a-lug something."

"Yes."

"Use restraint," Muse said. "Sometimes it can go around ten or twelve times before the coin falls in."

"Just moisten the rim, Bill," Pierson said, still on his knees. "Don't pour the beer in the glass."

"I like to see a splash when the quarter falls in."

"All we have to chug-a-lug," Bud said, "is one little glass of Scotch. It's all we have."

"That'll do," Ames said. "Get down on the floor."

"But that's all we have. We can only play one game."

"That's all right," Ames said. "I'll have passed out after one game anyhow." He laughed.

Peter was the last to get down on the floor. His hands were trembling a little. "Let Peter start the game," Muse said, handing him her cigarette.

"Wait," Ames said.

Peter dropped the cigarette and picked it up quickly.

"What's the matter?" Bud asked.

"You haven't heard the new Rein-gold song."

"A new one?" Evelyn asked. "Oh, sing it, Ames. When did you hear it?"

"This afternoon. On the beach."

"Sing it," Bud said. "Then let's play The Game."

Ames picked up his uke and moved his thumb across the strings.

"... My name is Feingold. . .

. . . I mine-gold. . .

. . . You'll know me. . .

. . . For I keep my stein-cold. . ."

They laughed. Ames put his uke down on the floor. "There's more, but I've forgotten it."

"The Game," Bill said. "Let's play The Game."

"Let Peter start," Muse said.

"Okay, Peter," Bud said.

Peter placed the orange end of the cigarette against the paper. It burned a small hole. He handed the cigarette to Bud.

"Thank you," Bud said.

Bill placed the glass with the Scotch on the bureau. "That's all we have," he said.

"Let's make this game a long one," Bud said, handing the cigarette to Evelyn.

"We'll go sixteen times around," Muse said. "Give me back my cigarette."

"Where do you go to school, Peter?" Bill asked.

Peter looked up quickly. "University of North Carolina," he said.

"Oh."

"Your turn," Evelyn whispered. "It's your turn, Cottage Club."

"Thank you." He smiled, pleased. "Evie-Pembroke."

"What year are you in, Peter?" Ames asked. "And how much liquor have you consumed since you've been there?" He laughed.

"I'm going into my second year."

Bill burned a small hole in the paper with his cigarette. "I'm going into my third year," he said absently. "What time is it?"

"Early," Evelyn said. "Eleven or so. Eleven-ish."

"I was really crushed," Ames said, "when I couldn't get into Smith. It is my turn?" He drew on his cigarette. "But I understand Smith is the wettest school in the East. Lot of alcoholics there." He snickered.

Pierson burned a small hole in the paper. "Harvard is good," he said. "Of course I'm being generous when I say that."

"Yes," Muse answered. "I need another cigarette. This has burned down nothing. It's good for one little hole." She burned the paper and crushed out the cigarette. She lit another one quickly.

"I've never been further south than Philadelphia," Bill said. "I've often wondered what some Southern schools were like."

"I suppose," Ames said, "that they're extremely southern."

Muse handed Peter her cigarette. "Second round," she said.

Peter looked up for an instant into their faces.

"C'mon," Bud said sharply.

"C'mon," Bill echoed. "C'mon."

Peter touched the cigarette to the paper.

"Don't touch it there," Bud said suddenly.

The thin strand burned immediately away. The coin slid off the paper and fell to the bottom of the glass with a

faint tinkle. It lay there then in the sunny-yellow puddle of the warm beer.

No one spoke.

Peter could hear the rain on the roof and, faintly, the sound of the surf on the dark beach.

"Well, that's that," Pierson said coldly.

Bill stood up. "Here," he said, taking the Scotch from the bureau. "Chug-a-lug."

Bud got to his feet and opened the door. "Party's over," he said.

"What happened?" Ames asked.

"Chug-a-lug," Evelyn said. "C'mon, Peter, you won the game."

"I don't want it," Peter said.

"You have to chug-a-lug it," Bill said, the glass in his hand. "That's the rule of the game. What did you play for if you're not going to play right?"

"Party's over," Bud said standing in the doorway. "That's it for tonight."

Peter took the glass.

"Wait for Peter to end the game," Bill said.

"Wait a minute," Ames mumbled. "Bud, I have a quotation for the door. Write it. The pencil's on the floor."

"Write it yourself."

"Toodunk. You write it." He laughed. "The quotation is 'Mind Over Matter'. . ."

"Who said it?" Bud asked wearily.

"Oedipus," Ames laughed.

"My," Muse said, "aren't we getting desperately sophisticated, Ames?"

Peter looked over into her large gray eyes. He raised the glass.

"I thought it was rather funny," Ames said.

"It is," Bud said, "but it's late. It's too late. The party's over."

"Drink it down in one gulp, Peter." Bill said. "It's not hemlock."

"Okay," Peter answered. Then, suddenly, the glass slipped from his hand and smashed on the pine-wood floor.

"Oh, Gard," Evelyn said. "All over the floor."

"Party's over," Bud said, "Time for bed."

Bud, Pierson and Bill carried Ames up to his room and put him carefully into his bed. Peter stood in the doorway looking in.

"He'll be okay by morning," Bill said.

They stepped out and closed the door.

"Oh," Bud said, noticing Peter. "I thought you'd gone to bed."

"Let's go down to my room," Pierson said.

"Goodnight, Peter," Bud said. "I'll talk to you about rehearsal tomorrow."

Peter nodded. . . 'night'. "He turned and walked up the hall toward his single-room.

They watched him go.

"Let's go down to my room," Pierson repeated.

The following morning Peter met Joyce on the beach. She smiled when she saw him. "I like your suit," she said. "I like your bathing suit."

He grinned carefully, studying her. "Thanks."

"Don't stand over me," she said. "You block my sun. Sit down beside me."

He sat down, thinking that her skin was not as fine as he had thought it was the night before. In the sunlight it was coarse.

"How was rehearsal?" she asked. "I went over a little after nine and waited on the porch for you to come out, but you had gone, I didn't see you."

"I didn't stay," he said.

"Did you sing any?" With Bud and Pierson and Ames?" she asked. "What did you sing?"

"We didn't sing."

"Oh."

He looked off up the beach to where Pierson and Muse were spreading a blanket over the sand. The blanket seemed familiar. He remembered seeing it on Muses' bed.

"Didn't you sing at all?" Joyce asked. "Didn't you get to sing at all?"

Bud, in a white beach-robe, was coming down the beach toward Muse and Pierson.

"Didn't you sing at all?" Joyce asked again.

Peter looked down at the sand. "Ames sang a Reingold song. He had a uke." "Oh?"

Ames was coming toward the group, holding his head and moaning. They laughed. Ames wrapped his towel around his forehead and called for ice-cubes.

"There's a good movie in town tonight," Joyce said. "Have you seen it?"

Peter stood up.

"I'd like to see it," Joyce said looking up at him.

"Look," Peter said, "I have to go over and ask Bud when we're going to rehearse. . ."

Her mouth fell open. "Oh?"

"He told me last night. . ."

"In the recreation hall?"

"In Muse's room. . ."

"Muse," Joyce said, "hates me."

Peter started off across the sand toward them. "I have to go over and see about rehearsals," he shouted back over his shoulder.

"Here comes Peter," Muse said. "That boy from Georgia or someplace."

He approached them.

"Hello, Peter," Bill said. "How are you this morning?"

"Fine." He looked at Muse. "I'm sorry about your floor last night."

"We put a rug over it," she said, dropping her head back on the blanket and placing The New York Times over her face.

Pierson looked up at him. "You're in my sun," he said. "Your shadow is on me."

"Sorry." He stepped back.

"Now your crummy shadow is on me," Ames said. "Go away."

"Happy birthday," Muse said from under The Times.

He moaned.

"I was wondering," Peter said, facing Bud, "when we're going to rehearse again. . ."

"Oh," Bud said, "rehearsals."

"There won't be any," Pierson said. He stared up at Peter, his eyes pink and weak without glasses. "You see, I can

play the banjo and Bud can play the piano and Ames the uke. . ."

"So we've decided," Bud went on, "to form a musical trio. We decided last night after you went to bed." He looked up at Peter. "They had one at school last year that was really good."

Peter stared down at them. The sand was burning the soles of his feet.

"Well?" Bud asked, still looking at him.

"You're in my sun," Ames said. "I'm not well. Will you please move out of my source of heat. . ."

Peter moved away from them.

"Thank you," Ames said. "The sun's rays will now progress unimpeded by vile bodies. . ."

Peter moved slowly back across the beach.

"Who wrote 'Vile Bodies'?" Pierson asked.

Ames laughed. "Someone with an acute sense of smell."

Joyce was gone. There was only a faint depression in the sand where her towel had been.

"I have a quotation," Muse said, sitting up.

"Is it witty?" Ames asked.

"No."

"Say it anyway," Pierson said. "Can I have The Times?"

"'When is a man strong,'" she said, "'until he feels alone'. Robert Browning." She touched her hair where she had tied it with a ribbon. "Give me back my paper," she said. "I don't want to burn my face."

JACQUES
MITCHELL

Perfection

In youth
One finds the truth of age.
A natural impulse,
A gentle emotion,
A smile, a tear: sincere and young
and pure.
So fine. . . and yet with time
All of this elides
Becoming passive imagination.

LEE BOARDMAN

Thanksgiving

Razor sharp, conspicuously bitter,
Spite concealed by conventional
glitter;
A friend or enemy—who can tell
In this seething social hell?
A vulgar world of cruel vice
Exists behind a wall of ice.
How nice to live in cordial bliss—
Where there is love behind a kiss.

LEE BOARDMAN

ON ART AND ART EDUCATION



In anticipation of the wariness this title is certain to cause in many readers, let it be said at the outset that their caution is not unfounded. These topics have hardly escaped cumbersome literary treatment, and unfortunately such treatment has not always assisted the reader, especially the layman, to an understanding of the field. It is mainly with the layman in mind that this brief discussion is composed. They should know it is not the intention here to become involved in the frequently misleading poetic dimensions of art, but rather to consider only those more tangible aspects of the subject which will be directly helpful in identifying art proper and its concrete relationship to art education.

To those who hold the position, however firmly, that art is merely a skillful reproduction of natural forms, it must be pointed out that the tendency to abstraction (a withdrawal from the worldly appearance of objects) is a permanent feature in the history of painting and sculpture. In truth it is precisely by this withdrawal from nature that art gains its existence — for rather than a representation of physical reality, art is a conscious ordering of nature to make a strong and concrete visual statement. As Picasso said, art follows nature, but in its own way. In this light it is clear that the real quality which is indispensable in a work of art is not skillful imagery but skillful organization of the visual elements found in nature—line, plane, mass and color—according to the laws of design—balance, rhythm, etc. Obviously this quality of order may be present in a “realistic” painting or in an abstract one; therefore the fact of its being realistic or abstract has nothing to do with its value as a work of art. The beholder with a trained eye is no more concerned with the *subject* of a painting than the discriminating theatre-goer is concerned with the plot of a play or the knowing reader is concerned with the subject of a poem.

But one may well ask: “What about the old masters: were they not deeply

Figure Drawing from Life Model.

Susan Murray



Deep Space Study. Linda Coe.

concerned with the representational aspect of nature also?" The answer, of course, is "Yes", for their skill in handling the human figure, for example, came only from intensive observational and scientific study of their models. These studies, however, resulted in products quite different from their origins. Indeed, some of the results are extraordinary. Michaelangelo frequently depicted his massive figures in positions quite impossible for a human to assume. Tintoretto and Tiepolo are only two of a host of painters who often constructed the figure in situations which are impossible to actually observe. Rembrandt,

to mention but one, usually described the human form by use of illumination effects that even today would be impossible to duplicate in reality. El Greco was inclined to paint figures which from a biological point of view are even more impossible than those of Michaelangelo. Let these few examples serve the point—almost all artists start with nature; if they also end there, we have nothing from them but a recording of facts, a scientific report which is as far from art as a zoological description of a tiger is distant from Blake's "Tiger, Tiger, burning bright". Contrast also the dic-

tionary illustration of this same animal with those magnificent, awesome tigers by Delacroix. Since art of necessity is concerned not with physical fact but with artistical appearance, what the artists do *with* the natural forms is the important thing. Their job is clear: they must organize these forms until the relationships of all the parts are not factually, but rather artistically satisfying. In other words, the order of parts must be achieved by a visual standard rather than a scientific one. This allows that the organization is effected sometimes with only a little change from the "original," at other times with so much



Texture Study. Barbara Work:

change that the "original" is completely lost in a structure.

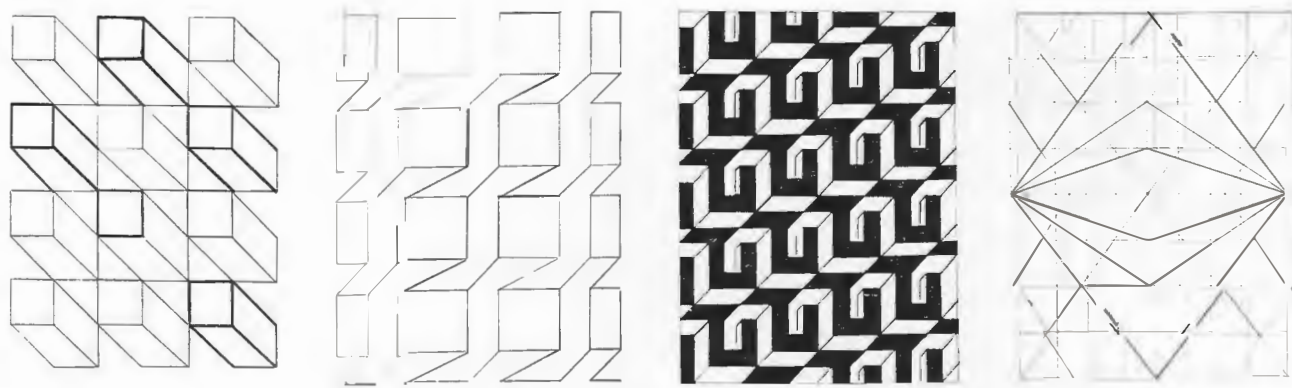
The production of these perfect relationships among lines, shapes, and colors are all that some people ask of a work of art. Most others demand, in addition, an anecdote or literal message, that is told with imagery. But this is not to say that abstract and nonrepresentational lines, shapes, and colors do not convey any story or meaning by themselves. Depending upon their organization, these forms have a direct storytelling value that can be read quite objectively. But of more significance is the fact that when well organized they can tell a story of the greatest import with the greatest interest — for in their

state of simplicity such forms have that ability to contain a maximum order. They can thereby present coherently the most pronounced visual conflicts and most intricate visual harmonies; or any balance of the two. In truth, this kind of visual story, constituted by the pictorial elements and their relationships, is the nucleus of art upon which all other kinds of meanings and messages are dependent for their body and strength.

The pictorial elements are a symbolism partly formulated and universal, partly evolved by each individual. As such, the elements and their relationships make up, as it were, the language of art. It is this language that must be

grasped and understood whether one is trying to read an old master painting or a contemporary one, and it has to be learned just as the language of the sports page has to be learned by those who wish to follow the baseball news.

That this language of art is little recognized is evident by the deplorable lot of misinterpretation, misgiving, and disinterest that still greets art, and particularly contemporary art today. This is to say that the general quality of twentieth century understanding is yet far behind the creative capacity manifested by the artists of not only this but of all centuries. Since some of the world's most noble spirits, endowed with genius of the highest order, have spoken



Proportion and Rhythm Studies Based on Coordinate Fields L. to R., Linda Coe, Susan Jones, Karleen Tuggle, Antoinette Perzia.

to their fellow men by way of the brush, it is difficult to justify this ignorance and indifference. As Guggenheimer has put it, it is high time that an effort be made to bring this and indeed all the arts nearer to the multitudes of people who would love them if they could but know them.

Yet this problem cannot be solved entirely by advancing the understanding of our fellow man in this matter. While the fault lies heavily with the viewers, the producers as a group do not stand without need of improvement. Altogether too often the title of fine artist is usurped by a painter quite ignorant or disdainful of the full implications of that title — of the implications revealed to us by the old and modern masters as well as by every serious, intelligent, and hard-working art student. Such usurpers are those immature painters who hasten to make a public showing of their unfulfilled trials and self expressions, both of which they mistakenly call art. Certainly they do very little to make the profession a believable and edifying one for the observer. In addition, art, like any other profession, is not free of the willful charlatan and trickster. Intent only upon creating attractions and excitement to call attention to themselves, they fill the public with an acute distrust of the field — a distrust which every individual seriously involved in the creative process deeply feels. These charlatans are the worst offenders, because they violate the very essence of art itself which is integrity and truth.

The lack of understanding on the part of the observer and the lack of understanding as well as honesty on the part of many painters are two deficiencies which indicate a particular educational need today. In reality this problem belongs very much in the hands of

the liberal arts college, the general education institution. As Josef Albers asserts, "A tremendously growing interest in art everywhere reminds us that art remains the means and measure of culture. . . So, any education without art is no general education." If this education is thought of comprehensively as "an adjustment of the individual as a whole to the community and society as a whole," then it becomes evident that ". . . any art education not aiming at general education is no education." In other words, of little educational value is the art education which does not aim toward the development of honesty and self-discipline, as well as the development of *each* student's full creative potential.

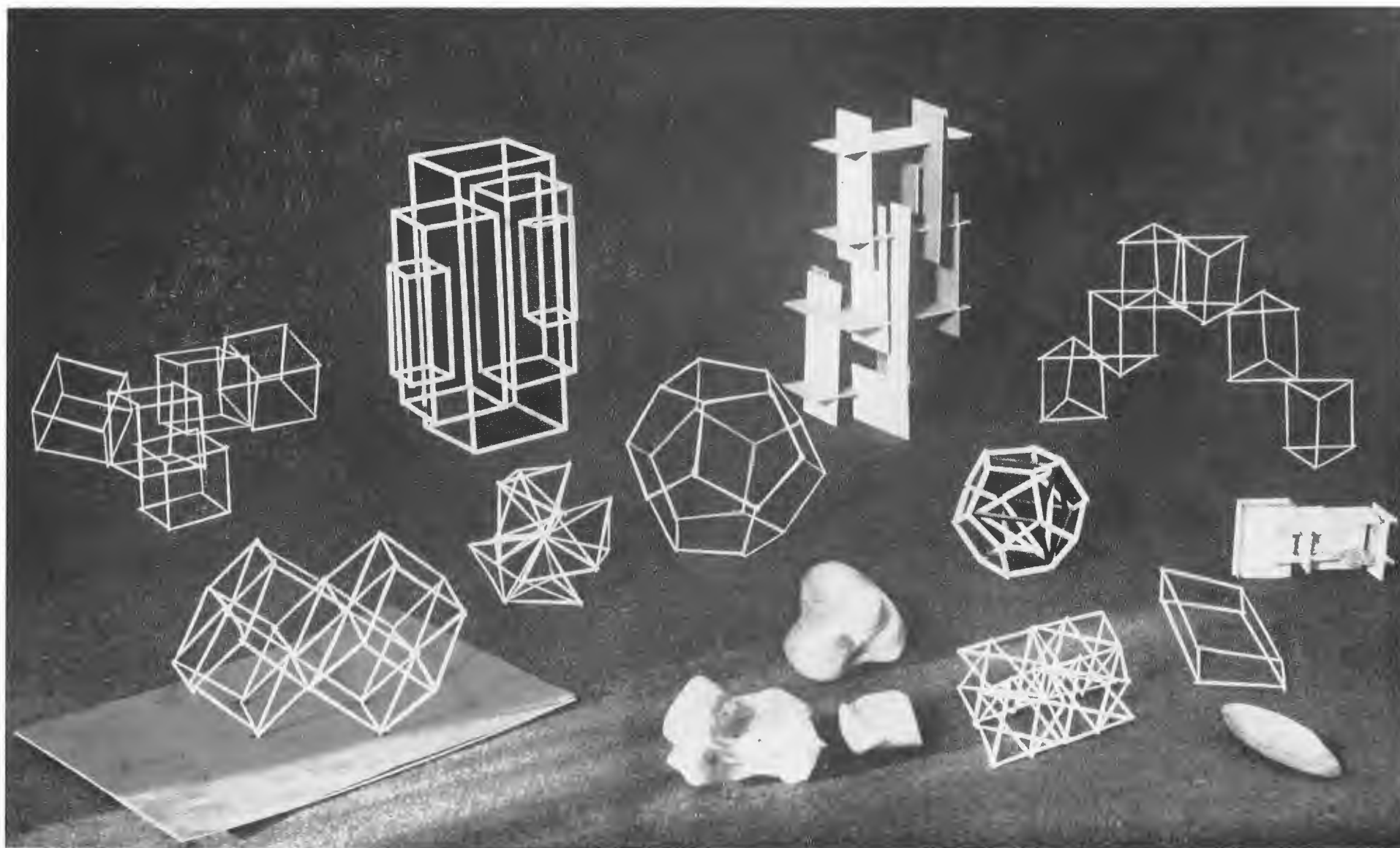
The nature of art as a visual order implies that an observer must actually participate in a process of organization.

If the seeing is to be more than a superficial recognition of various objects, as is the habit of the eyes, the beholder must attempt to reconstruct visually the plan of relationships imposed by the artist. The wonder of good art is that these relationships can be reconstructed differently with each viewing. The experience of visually grouping the parts a number of ways is thus a creative act of integration. To become involved in the construction and evaluation of one's own plan of relationships is therefore a basic discipline in seeing and thinking as well as an exercising of one's individual creative power.

Whether a beginning student is seriously interested in art or merely wishing to become informed in the field, a basic and systematic practice-course provides an all important direct experience in seeing and formulating. Through the



Figure Drawing from Life Model. Susan Jones.



Three Dimensional Space and Structure Studies. Back Row, L. to R., Susan Jones, Phillis Woll, Mary Dike, Karleen Tuggle. Center Row L. to R., Richard Watson, Mary Lee Goin, Thomas Shepherd, Marion Rich. Front Row, L. to R., Phillis Woll. Group of three laminated sculptures: Nancy Swope, Mary Lee Goin, Thomas Shepherd. Faith Bascom, Mary Dike, Richard Watson.

controlled as well as the free practice of this construction in various media and dimension, the student gradually acquires a sound knowledge of the standards involved. At the same time he unlimbers his vision and thinking ability. With these tools providing the necessary foundation, the creative ability can then advance safely and without prejudice.

The material depicted on these pages is in no way to be considered as works of art, but rather as studies in the process of learning described above. Executed by first year students in the Principles of Art class, they are selections

from the work at large, which, at the time of selection, had been underway only some three and a half months. The primary aim in the teaching has been to induce the student to discover his own solutions to specific objective problems. Each problem has been presented as a class project because it promotes stimulating competition and forces comparison. This comparison is the principle means of evaluation for the student as it enables him to see objective reasons for success as well as for failure. Also, in the course of time, the student will discover where his preferences and tendencies lie. He will be able to see his basic

weaknesses and strong points as well as what are the easy and difficult things for him to do. Most certainly he will draw his own conclusions.

This manner of learning leads both teacher and student to a responsibility toward themselves, toward one another, and toward the work. It is the kind of learning in which the teacher is in reality only an advanced student learning as do the pupils, each one from the other. It is therefore, a fully integrated process of education.

ARTHUR ANDERSON



Head Study, Watercolor. (Painting Class). Judith Hoffman.

SHELVED

We all knew her; she'd been here for years, at least she was here when I came and would be here after I left, unless something extraordinary happened. Sometimes I heard students laughing at her, but that was only when she was trying to help us. Otherwise we didn't pay much attention to her for she said very little and always seemed to be intently busy with her books.

Someone once told us that she had been put at the reserve desk on the second floor of the library because that's what she was, on reserve, and not to be taken out after nine o'clock. I didn't really think this was very funny, but it did shed a spot of light on her unobtrusive personality for me.

I was in the library one stifling day doing a research paper, and after she gave me some books I noticed how big and buxom Miss Hubbard was, sitting in her customary place behind the long, smooth, shiny reserve desk pasting in book plates. She had deep round eyes with little wrinkles falling away from them. It almost seemed, I mused, as if a chicken had stepped on her eyes when she was asleep and she hadn't even bothered to wake up.

Time had loosened her jowls and her hair was a wild motley streaked gray. None of us could ever accuse her of having any expression for she sat on a stool most of the day doing her job.

"The circus is in town, Miss Hubbard. Think you'll get a chance to see it tonight?" came the deep voice of a boy who was leaning playfully over the counter.

Carefully laying her tube of glue down, she slowly looked up and said, "No," in a soft, rather flat voice.

"By the way, Hubby, have you got *Chute's Shakespeare of London* back there somewhere?" the same boy said, pointing to the reserve shelves.

"Just a minute, please."

She was called Hubby one day by mistake, and because she never said anything about it the name took hold.

"Will you please sign the card?" she asked.

"Aw, I'm not going to steal the darn thing," he answered half smiling. "Isn't the effect tantalizing?" he remarked to

the girl with him as they turned away from the desk. "She never says a thing."

It was strange, several weeks later, to hear from an older friend of mine how Miss Hubbard got into trouble. The girl happened to overhear a group of the executive librarians talking downstairs in the stacks.

"What do you think, Mrs. Gifford," said Mrs. Stanly, "I walked past this very stack and there she was reading a book."

"Perhaps she was merely checking it for depreciation," said another.

"Oh no, she was right here with it for at least a half an hour. And the truck was brimming over with books to be reshelfed."

"She is quiet," said Mrs. Gifford, "but she does good work."

"I know," complained Mrs. Stanly, "but nevertheless, I looked in on her three or four times between 11:30 and 12:00 o'clock and she was just standing there reading."

"You know, I asked her if she'd like to come to the card party we're having tonight," said Mrs. Gifford, "and she said no, that there were some things that she had to do in her room."

They all laughed, and a day or so later she had been put upstairs on the reserve desk. Somehow the news of what had happened got around and someone wrote a poem in cfigy of her.

Hubby had a frantic life

Of putting books away,

She could not help but open one

To see what it might say.

But then one day they caught her

And sent her from the stacks,

And ever since she's been out front

Where they know she can't relax.

The librarians talked to Miss Hubbard sometimes.

"Who do you think will win the democratic race here in Florida?" one asked her.

"I don't read the papers much," she answered simply.

"Yes, but you must know what's going on in your own state," came the quizzical reply.

"Please leave me alone to do my work," she said.

And at other times they used to ask

her why she wore those old grey knitted sweaters that looked as if they were left over from a country fire sale. All they wanted to do, they said, was to modernize her a little. But she always just asked them to leave her alone so she could do her work.

"Perhaps she knits them herself," someone remarked outloud. At the improbability of that there was a tremendous amount of gleeful confusion. Miss Hubbard went right on pasting in book plates without looking up.

Time passed and Miss Hubbard continued pasting and filing and students continued taking out books. It wasn't until I was upstairs in the library one very bleak afternoon when all the lights went out, that I realized what Miss Hubbard was. It was cold outside and black with rain from a heavy sky. Someone came upstairs and said that the electricity would be on soon, so we all pulled out cigarettes and sprawled around in chairs in front of the main desk.

Miss Hubbard couldn't paste or file, so she just sat there on her stool, waiting patiently for some light.

"Who's going to win the Army-Navy game?" someone said above the din.

"There's no question there, Navy's got it all the way," came the high pitched reply from a girl with long black hair and glasses.

"Aw come on, wake up, you know they don't have a chance," replied a sandy-haired boy emphatically.

The high voice started out again. "Well I read in — —"

"Look, it's down in black and white in *Sports Illustrated*. Army has got the defense and the air game."

"What about Navy's ground game?" boomed a boy in a red shirt.

"Not a chance. I wish I had that magazine, I'd show you," cried the defense for Army. "Wait a minute, I'll use these books to show you the plays they'll use."

All of us were either sitting on the floor around the field of action or in chairs where we could get a good view. Ten people had crowded around and for the moment you'd have thought we were actually watching the real game.

"Hey, Hubby, got some smaller books back there?" came from the boy in the red shirt, "These are okay for research but not much for football."

We all laughed. Miss Hubbard looked up and stared back at us.

"Now watch this," said the Army man as he pulled one book back and then sent another flying around the front line he'd set up. The book slid up to the counter and smashed into it.

"Touch down!" someone yelled and there was great cheering.

"How about that, Hubby?" the Army man said mischievously. "Did you get the signal?"

"Please! please put the books on the table," she said in a higher, stronger voice than usual.

"Oh, but you've only seen the first play," he answered. "Now the next is better. This man," he said pointing to the book, "takes the ball, fades way back, and then throws a long pass to a line man who's run up to receive it."

This time the book went careening into the leg of a chair and someone yelled, "Off sides," and there was tremendous laughter and joking.

"Please! put the books on the table," came a frightening cry from Miss Hub-

bard. You could hear the rain dripping. "Don't you ever listen to me? Books are beautiful and shouldn't be torn up the way you tear up each other."

We all sat there just looking at her, and she stared back at us. Then the electricity came back on and the hand of the clock jumped forward a few minutes. Everyone got up mumbling and went back to study.

The library grew oppressively hot; the heat must have been turned up. The phrase "the way you tear up each other" kept ebbing in and out of my mind, and I wished with all my heart I could remember what I'd said to her over the past two years. The way you tear up each other. Picking up my

things, I walked toward the desk, stared helplessly for a moment without moving but seeing her there, heaped over those books, I just walked past the desk, down stairs and out the door. It wouldn't have mattered anyway. She wouldn't have believed me.

The boy in the red sweater bolted out of the library and ran up to me through the cold rain.

"Wasn't it funny what old Hubby said all of a sudden like that?" and he kicked a wet dead branch out of his way.

ALISON
DESSAU

Printemps

Laissez-moi vous guider vers des pays nouveaux,
Vers des fleuves tres lents, vers des cites geantes;
Laissez-moi vous montrer ce bourgeon qui eclate,
Cette fleur qui s'entrouvre au soleil retrouve.
Vous m'avez regarde, souri comme pour dire:
"Je suis peu voyageuse, encor moins botaniste."
Vos levres etaient si tendres. Oh pourquoi ce sourire?

ALDO
VENEZIA

The Wish

"Star light, Star bright."
And a little girl looks up from her world of seersucker
To spy the first lantern of night
And talk with its twinkle about something secret.
"I wish I may, I wish I might."
And two muddied knees pay homage to the wonder of a star,
For God knows little girls love cherry trees better than chapels.
And grants the Wish.

KIM
MAINWARING

THE HOUNDS BEYOND

It gave me quite a start to find myself lying face down in the thick oozing mud of the river bank. I rolled over slowly and lay on my back looking up at the starless, dead-black sky. My senses were fogged, like coming out of a long sleep on a hot summer's night. I lay there trying to remember. . . *the spasm of white light. . . the long, deep, whirling, multicolored fall.* Must've hit my head on a root or stone or something, I thought.

I could still hear the hounds yapping and yowling. They seemed to be very far behind me now. My first thought was that I had given them the slip, but when my head cleared, I knew they would be back. I would have to move quickly.

As I pushed to my knees, I marvelled that I wasn't stiff. When you get old like me, the wet cold does things to you. Stiffens you up quicker than rigor mortis setting in on a corpse. You can't even walk. That's the reason they gave me the job in the prison farm library. Couldn't work out in the fields, because in the mornings I'd be so stiff from the cold damp air, I could hardly move. I'm all right now, I thought, must be the smell of freedom keeping me going.

I stayed on my knees, groping around in the dark mud for Carter's pistol. I'd taken it from him when the guards killed him going across the field just before the river. He was the best of the bunch. He was pretty well educated. The rest were a bunch of stupid animals. They had gotten away too, I thought, and they'll head for my mountain house up there in Tennessee. What a surprise they'll get. I chuckled inwardly at the thought. I felt a snake run across my hands. I decided the pistol wasn't worth getting bit for, though I wished I could have found it.

Well, I thought, I won't need it if I can get across the river. A grayish mist shrouded the other side, so I couldn't tell how far the other bank was from where I was standing. I thought of trying to swim it, but decided against it. I was a pretty good swimmer in my time. Maybe I could have made it. No use in taking the chance, I decided. I

started walking up the river to see if I could find a boat.

The night was bible black. I could just barely make out the twisted and shriveled foliage up the bank across the mud. I wondered what I had fallen over. It seemed as if they had almost caught me. I know they had been very close. But they hadn't caught me and I was free . . . There was something I couldn't remember.

I thought it would be best to walk in the edge of the water so as to kill any smell I might leave for the dogs. I walked quickly, but carefully. I'll bet they're really surprised to find the old guy gave 'em the slip, I thought. The fools, that was the trouble with 'em, they were so busy trying to make you eat your pride, they never realized you were a man too; just like them. Only they never could make a good man eat it. They'll spend all their time trying, but they'll never be able to make 'em. It near broke their hearts when the doc told 'em, I'd have to work inside and they had to give me the job in the library. They couldn't get at me so well there. They still tried to ridicule me about my education. . . and about those other things . . . *Cuckold, they called me. Said I couldn't do her any good so she went out and found someone who could.* . . . It makes a man boil up inside. You want to kill them. But you have to wait. Wait until you get a chance to show 'em you're still a man; a better man.

I told Jackson and the others if they'd let me go with 'em, I'd let 'em use my mountain place just over the Mississippi state line. They didn't want to, but they did. They didn't have anyplace else that was safe to hide out. Jackson, with his big sloppy lips and jeering eyes, came to tell me they'd take me along. He asked me if I was busting out to find another woman. I hated them too. When I got sick on the food and threw up, they all stood around and laughed. They were always making fun of me.

I'll show them, just like the guard on the gate. He had the rifle and all I had was a shovel. I wasn't afraid. If I hadn't laid him out, we'd never gotten out of there. The blood and mess made me feel

sick, but I didn't care. I showed 'em I was a man; as good as any of 'em.

As soon as I cross the river, I thought, I'm going to call the state police. I'll tell them about my mountain house and how Jackson and them are going to use it as their hideout. They're ignorant animals and haven't got the right to be free.

Then I would be free. Free to walk down the street holding my head up and people respecting me again. I had money and I would go to that little town in New York, Fort Jerome, where Grace and I spent our honeymoon. Nobody knew me up there. I could start all over again. I wasn't too old; it wasn't too late.

"I want to live again as a respected man," I said out loud.

I must have walked for a couple of hours. I wasn't tired. Then I saw a shack. It sort of glowed in the pitch darkness. My imagination is playing tricks on me, I thought, I must be tired-er than I feel.

When I got closer to the shack I could make the rotten wood slats on its sides. It looked very old. The old man sat on a straight-back-chair tipped back against the old shack so as only his bare toes were touching the ground.

"Been expectin' yuh," he said in a cold cackling voice.

"Somebody else went across tonight?" I asked.

"Yup," he said. He tilted the chair forward and slid from the seat. When he stood up he was taller than I thought he would be. He was dressed in denim shirt and trousers. The trouser legs were rolled up to the top of the ankle bones, exposing his two naked feet.

"Wanna go acrost, huh?" he asked clucking mirthlessly to himself. He looked me in the face for an instant. His eyes were sparks of light at the back of cave like sockets. The long thin-at-the-top-thick-at-the-bottom nose sniffed in my direction. His face was wrinkled and white, like a ball of wadded paper. The scraggly white hair touched his shoulders. His breath was cold and there was a peculiar smell to it. I had smelled something like it before, but I couldn't remember where. He didn't wait for my answer; after his momentary inspection of my face, he turned and went down to the river.

He motioned for me to get into his shell. I sat in the bow facing him, and watched him push his long pole against the bottom of the river. He had a lot of strength for an old man and we moved rapidly across the smooth surface of the water. It was almost as if we were riding on glass.

I heard what sounded like dogs baying on the other side. The old man seemed to sense my anxiety, because he said, "Don't worry none 'bout them. They won't bother yuh none."

I hoped he was right. I cupped my hands into the river to get some water to wash my face with. The water was warm, and in the depths of the river I saw a long way back . . . She was at my knees. Her arms gripped them together. Her head was laid sideways against my knee cap. I could only see her long, beautiful hair. She was crying softly. He lay on the bed, not even bothering to cover up his nakedness, smoking a cigarette.

She said: It doesn't mean anything. I still love you.

I said nothing—I'll be a good wife from now on. It was just a fling. It didn't mean a thing. I love you.

I took the pistol from my overcoat

pocket and it was heavy in my hand. At the sight of him puffing on that cigarette and not even bothering to cover himself up, I began to hate. It was the first time in my life I had ever hated and now it flooded through me and it was like I had always hated. I knew nothing but my pride and my hate.

I shot him first. He looked a little surprised and dropped the cigarette onto the sheet. She looked up expectantly. I aimed and then shut my eyes. My pride and hate held the pistol steady and she was dead too. Her grip loosened from my knees and she fell backwards. I got up and put his still-burning cigarette into the ash tray on the night table and snuffed it out.

I came back and sat on the floor, taking her head into my lap. I stroked her long, beautiful, black hair. She really had beautiful hair. I traced gently

with my index finger the outline of the small, neatly rounded hole in her forehead. Finally, I straightened her out, got to my feet, and called the police.

In the court I told them what I had done was right. A man has the right to avenge his pride. It is his duty to himself as a man. They sent me to the prison farm for life.

My eyes swam for a moment. I hesitated and then looked up at the old boatman, asking, "Charon?"

He smiled his wizened, ageless smile.

I rinsed the mud from my face with the blood-warm water. My fingers gently traced the outline of the small neatly rounded hole in my forehead.

ROBERT
EGINTON

Fickle

Man's arm drew sweet April to his side and held her fast —
Whispered something about June, and July, and forever and a day,
And contented April sighed, sought love's Summertime shoulder,
And found instead, Winter's frozen, sooty mantle.

KIM MAINWARING



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