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HISTORICAL NOTE

As we lit up a fifty-cent Corona, leaned back, and watched the blue haze curl above our heads, we began to ruminate. Columns come and columns go, we mused, but 'Round Rollins seems to go on forever.

The column with the puffing pipe on page two of that peculiar periodical called Sandspur, was first authored in January 1952 by former 'Spur editor Derek Dunn-Rankin whose campus trademark was a rumpled corduroy jacket, a bright bow tie, and a firm jaw invariably clamped on the gnarled bit of a puffing pipe.

He willed the column to its second author, another bow-tied pipe smoker,



brother Jon, who carelessly failed to will it to anyone. The editorial page fixture then was scripted by a host of weed-fiends and non-smokers, among them Louis (Himself) Ingram, James (Magoo) Browne, and the current columnist.

By some legerdemain the title, sans colophon, has made the leap from 'Spur to Bird where it has borne the by-lines of Edge, Magoo, Long, and its current authors anonymous. Under its all-inclusive title you will find notes and comments on the Rollins scene and its many facets.

* * *

ATKINSON OF THE SANDSPUR

(A review of Broadway's hit musical, *My Fair Lady*, acclaimed by Brooks Atkinson of the New York Times as probably the greatest musical of the century, as Mr. Atkinson might have written it for the Rollins Sandspur.)

My Fair Lady, Allen Jay Lerner's and Frederick Lowe's beautifully contrived musical comedy based on George Bernard Shaw's beautifully contrived

non-musical comedy, has opened the theatrical season at the Mark Hellinger Theatre in New York. An all-veteran cast of actors sets a fast pace. Apparently Mr. Hart, that's Moss Hart the director, does not believe in holding off a good thing.

Briefly, extremely briefly, *My Fair Lady* is about an outspoken professor (Rex Harrison) who teaches a sniveling flower girl (Julie Andrews) to converse at Ascot opening days. Then Eliza leaves (that's Julie Andrews, the sniveling flower girl, only she doesn't really leave until after the Embassy Ball much later, and then she isn't a flower girl, she's an artificial duchess, you see). Prof. Higgins sits alone in his room (in the original play which was called *Pygmalion* it was really his mother's drawing room that he sat alone in) with Milton his grey-haired, fair-skinned mother, and the Universal Alphabet. I don't mean that Milton is his fair-skinned mother. He is an English poet of some antiquity and repute, while Mrs. Higgins is not a poet at all. The Universal Alphabet is not seen on stage. He sits there until Eliza comes back. Shaw didn't write it that way, but they thought it would be a better ending. I don't know.

Higgins, with some help from Cecil Beaton who did the sets, has a surprisingly neat Victorian room for such a messy man. Incidentally, Beaton's setting for Mrs. Higgins' drawing-room is lovely: the lights, potted plants, Victorian conservatory-greenhouse effect. And at the race-track you see many pretty dresses: black, gray, and white. Eliza wears pink; it stands out.

Mrs. Higgins (Cathleen Nesbitt) managed her Ascot club tent guests with ease, including Henry, her uninvented son. I hope that Cathy's face doesn't get tired from wearing so much greasepaint. I think her looking haughtily sideways down her nose will have no ill effect, if the play doesn't run over two years.

It is curious to notice how the women dominated the outspoken professor. I felt real gosh-awful sorry for him the way Mrs. Pearce rolled her housekeeper's eyes at him.

As Shaw says somewhere, "When you go to women, take your whip with you." The devilish Harrison conveys this fact of the prof. with ease. The outspoken professor's clear, forceful outspokenness shows that he has studied phonetics. You might almost deduce he is a phonetics expert. I noticed though, when he and Eliza do the Rain in Spain number he first says ay-gain and then says ay-gen.

While I'm thinking about it, I wonder why the outspoken professor sometimes acts as if he were a wet noodle, and would wobble to the floor unless he has another cup of tea right away. I especially like his midnight scene after the Embassy Ball, where he and Pickering talk about how they "did it" and when he balances a cup and saucer on his head at the Ascot opening day. I am sure he must do that all the time off stage.

Julie Andrews is a wonderful leading lady. The way she could snivel and wail! She is the only girl in the world, maybe, who can say the real Aaaaaaaa-ow-ooh!!! She had me worried (incidentally, that's a word right out of the play) until I saw her as a lady at the Ascot opening day. She was a gem until she said, "Move your bloody arse," to the horse whose name was Dover and the curtain came down on the first half. It was hilarious.

Robert Coote as Colonel Pickering was almost flawless as far as I know, but I haven't reviewed too many plays, so I don't really know too well. He was an upstanding gentleman, standing up most of the time. Watch a gentleman's upstandingness.

Michael King left no doubt in anyone's mind in the audience as to Freddy Enysford-Hill's character. He probably reads a lot of William Saroyan although he sang better.

Stanley Holloway (Mr. Doolittle, whose first name was Alfred) had the jewel role of the play. Stanley is, to coin a word, tremendous. I will not hold healthy, red cheeks against a dustman. I won't hold them against anybody,



mainly because my cheeks are not very healthy, red-looking. Doolittle's are. Incidentally, again, it was during one of Stanley's songs that I noticed how the audience response can help the actor. Everybody laughed, and Stanley got better. The success of a musical like

My Fair Lady depends largely upon the audience. If they don't like it, who will? I think everyone should smile broadly. Audience, actors, farmers, union members, politicians, everybody.

Musicalized Shaw can be difficult to stage, but the Mark Hellinger team has brought to life much of Lerner's and Loewe's musical adaptation of Shaw's wit, satire, and humor. *My Fair Lady* will play its final two years this year and next. Curtain time is 8:30 p.m.

* * *

By almost any manner of reasoning, one could hardly avoid arriving at the conclusion that I am one of the least probable persons in the world to write his observations of life at Rollins. I have been in America and this school such a short while that, when I was told that others might like to know what my first reactions were, I hesitated. I do not want to offend anyone by being overly frank, but, with the assurance of several persons that Americans in general and Rollinsites in particular are not easily offended, I venture to proceed.

At the end of my second year at the University of Copenhagen, my uncle, who lives in Philadelphia, persuaded me to transfer to Rollins. He had visited the school and believed that I would gain greatly by leaving Denmark and coming here.

My first day on campus, I returned to my car to find that it was not exactly the way I left it. On the windshield was the suggestion that I not park in that location another time. The message went on to say that I had usurped the space of a faculty member and to



advise me to respect the instructors' rights by not occupying the spaces that were so evidently marked. I searched for the obvious marker and finally discovered it by getting down on my hands and knees and crawling underneath the automobile.

I began looking for another parking place, and the more I looked, the more places I found designated as "Faculty." Apparently every instructor had a space reserved for each of his cars.

At last I found a place within walking distance of where I wanted to go, a place that I thought was reasonably safe. When I came back to the car I learned I had been mistaken. On the

windshield was another note. The thought flashed through my mind that perhaps I was being drawn into some sort of clandestine correspondence. This time, though, the mysterious writer informed me that my car was without a license. I was sure he was in error, but, to make certain, I checked both the front and rear plates. As one might expect, they were still there.

Most perplexed, I resolved then and there to get to the bottom of the problem immediately. If the anonymous author had come by to leave two messages, in all likelihood he would return a third time. I wrote a brief note requesting a full explanation and secured it beneath the windshield wiper where whoever it was would be sure to observe it. Much to my surprise, it was still there, unanswered, an hour later.

I decided I had better take the matter up with the authorities, so I entered the administration building and explained the unusual happenings. To my amazement, I was told that what had occurred was all in accordance with campus regulations. The unsigned communications were from the pen of a secret service man employed for just that purpose. Furthermore, if I had any intention of operating an automobile while I was at Rollins, it would be necessary for me to pay the sum of five dollars for a license tag.

I looked at it and honestly told the person who had shown it to me that I did not see how in the world he could stand there and charge five dollars for a piece of tin not worth more than twenty cents. He was unable to find an explanation either.

I attempted to tell him that it was contrary to human nature to expect a person to buy something he did not want at a price it was not worth. All one had to do was to recall the initial cost of attending Rollins and it could be clearly seen that it was not expecting something for nothing to presume that possessing a car on campus was a privilege for which he had already paid.

For some unaccountable reason this so angered the person with whom I was talking that he ordered me from the building, raising his voice to remind me that if I did not pay five dollars for a license tag my car had better never be seen outside the confines of the student parking lot.

Out of concern for my person, I departed as quickly as I could and drove down to inspect what would be the prison for my car. It had begun to rain and the already crowded parking lot closely resembled a medium-sized stream. I readily discovered that the



water covering so great an area was not confined to two dimensions. There were such examples of erosion that even the most saturnine geologist would have been elated. I had difficulty locating a cavity that was not occupied, but, eventually meeting with success, I dropped in, opened the door and stepped down into eight inches of water.

I am usually not one to quit in the face of hardship, but after repeated rains I realized it was simply not worth the struggle. I disposed of my car and made what I thought was a reasonably reliable investment in a bicycle.

The first day I cycled down to class I attempted to be as discreet as possible in my choice of a place to leave the bicycle. While I would be reluctant to say that I hid it, I did try to select as inconspicuous a spot as I could find. I did not believe there could be any conceivable objection to my parking it behind some rather dense shrubbery, so I left it there with nearly a sense of ease.

By way of proving how frequently a person can be wrong, I found attached to the handle bars a note from one of the gardeners stating that the bicycle prevented him from mowing the lawn in that spot. He did have the courtesy to sign his name, however.

I was sure my sense of credulity had been taxed to the utmost, but again fate and I were of diverging opinions. I moved my bicycle and returned to find a gentle reminder in that old, familiar hand. "This bicycle must have a license if it is to be operated on campus."

Need I tell you more? Need I say that I am now a pedestrian? As to how long I shall be permitted to go unlicensed, your guess is every bit as good as mine.

—Nels Grundtvig



The following letter was found in a wate basket outside the Dean's Office in the Ad. Building.

October 27, 1956

Dean of the College
Rollins College
Winter Park, Fla.
Dear Sir:

In regards to your request for admission to the Palm Frond League of Florida, I am very sorry to announce that we cannot at this time grant your request. Rollins has not yet reached the standards set forth for Palm Frond League Schools. We had hoped last spring that the progressive movements you were making might be successful, but unfortunately the reactionary student body and Board of Trustees blocked most of the proposals.

However, I can offer this bit of encouragement. We see great possibilities in your school. If you can follow through with your present plan, you certainly will be worthy of recognition. Do not let last spring's setback discourage you. Before long the zeal of your opponents will dwindle, and if you execute the change cautiously and gradually, much can be accomplished.

The proposals put forth by you last spring must be pursued. Rollins must triple in size before scholastic or athletic equality with other Palm Frond League Schools can be achieved. With size comes quality. It is inconceivable to us that a school of six hundred students can compete with one of fifteen hundred. Even more important is the proposed semester plan. If put through, you could use the professors' time more economically. They could hold larger classes and spend less time with them. Instead of these foolish "discussion" periods during which students try to share ideas with professors, a well coordinated lecture system could be set up. Fewer fringe area courses would be necessary. Instead of wasting time studying in the fields of art, drama, and creative writing, the students could spend more time working in their fields. Stricter prerequisites could be installed to further discourage students from staying away from a few important areas of study. Of course it will be necessary ultimately to require final exams. All of the Palm Frond League Schools have finals, and Rollins could be no exception. Naturally the professors could give a type of exam which would be easily graded. One that could be graded by the IBM Computer would seem most advisable. This would leave professors free time to spend on outside lectures and personal literary works.

All of these improvements in the



MERRY
CHRISTMAS?

scholastic system are only good if implemented by a Palm Frond League Spirit among faculty and students alike. We note some real improvements in this field particularly. The installation of class officers in all four classes is most commendable. By a greater emphasis laid upon age and class, much can be gained. In scholarly discussions it is important to see that a Senior is given more attention than a Junior. If a person's age and class are well known by all, his maturity and wisdom are also well known. Also the new (although Palm Frond League Schools have had it for many years) system of class organization leads to fine intramural competition. We have noted with pleasure Freshmen Dinks on the Rollins Campus this year. Your next step will be toward hazing, a tradition at all good Palm Frond League Schools. The freshman and sophomore classes could compete on the athletic field. Rousing tug-of-war matches over a sandpile could be held to determine the better class. Freshmen could surely have more school spirit if they were greeted by the college in these ways.

Lastly, the administration of the college must undergo and has already undergone some changes. Tighter organization is necessary. More directives should be sent out by the administration controlling student and faculty activities and stricter rules for the campus should be installed. The parking problem is apparently lessened so much by new parking rules. This shows how well the administration and student government branches can work out problems. More "No Parking" signs must come, and possibly parking meters are the ultimate answer. Expulsion upon the fourth offense will certainly cut out a lot of dead wood from the college. Another area that could be improved is the expanse of green lawns covering Rollins College. "Keep off the Grass" signs are certainly in order to keep students, guests, and stray dogs in their respective places. And finally, students must be kept out of Ad. Building offices and professors' offices without appointments. This will allow the administration and faculty to go about their business without the distraction of stray students bringing petty problems to their doors.

So you see your necessary goals, and

you see where you stand today. I do hope that you will take the road toward a Palm Frond League career, for I am sure with the few advancements I have outlined you can meet with our approval very soon.

Most Sincerely,
Joseph C. Boulognet
Secretary, Palm Frond League
Kingston University
Florida

PYGMALION REVIEWED

"All in all, Pygmalion was a very interesting production of high quality, but it definitely was not the best thing ever presented here nor was any overwhelming genius displayed."

(From the Sandspur, Wednesday, March 31, 1943.)

* * *

GREETINGS

The Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company of Boston, Mass. delivered not long ago a number of parts to the new Knowles Chapel organ to be put into use in 1957. The rear of the Fruehauf trailer that brought the pipes and pieces bore this significant legend scrawled in the dust at the door:

Hello Al, Angie, Fred, Bill,
Arthur, Ralph,
Joe also Ran!

* * *

CENTER BRIDGE

She'd played for four undergraduate years and still couldn't understand the slam-directed four-no-trump of Blackwood after umpteen explanations. While partner North cringed, opponent West commented: "Oh, shes a neophyte from way back."

A bored kibitzer waiting to use the Center phone sauntered up to a bridge foursome one afternoon. "Do you consider it time well spent?" he asked. "No," was the fraternity man's reply, "but it keeps your mind off rushing."

* * *

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

The Rollins publicity office maintains a file between Book-of-the-Year Club and Classroom Pictures labelled Buck Class.

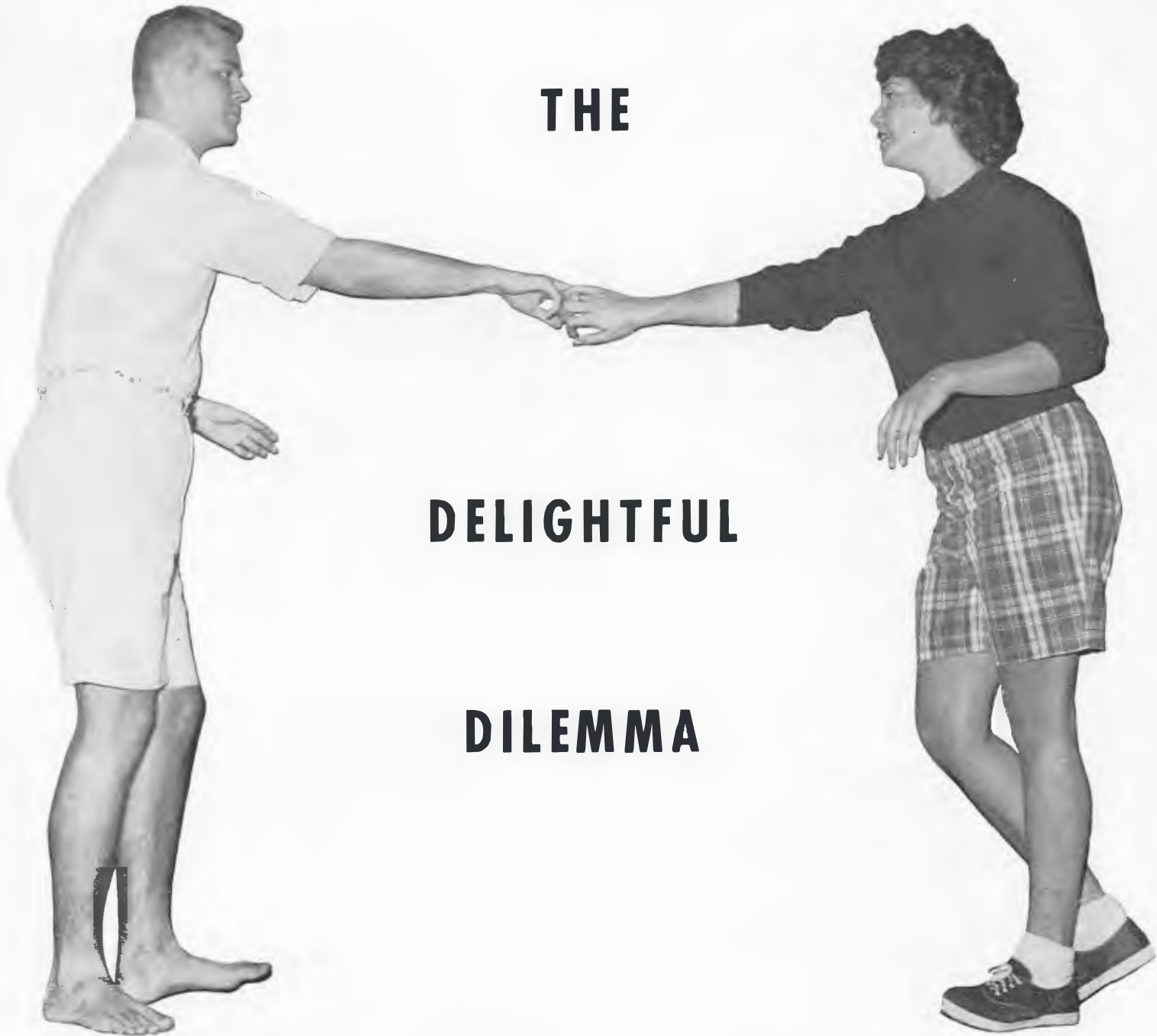
The Reserve Reading and Browsing rooms of the Mills Library are least used Friday nights and Saturday mornings, most used Sunday evenings and Monday mornings.



THE

DELIGHTFUL

DILEMMA



To the average Rollins male the average Rollins female is a combination of many things. She is a friend, lover, true love, lover lover and of course a many-splendored thing. She is a study companion, drinking companion, gossip companion and an opportunist. She is athletic, sympathetic, and paranoiac. But let's turn to a typical day at Rollins and see in action the predatory female. For sake of convenience and lack of confusion let's call the girl "Annie."

The first thing Annie does when she gets up in the morning is take a good cold shower and then she is ready to begin the day. Equipping herself with Bermuda shorts, a Brooks Brothers shirt, well polished loafers and a cigarette lighter she is ready to take on Rollins.

On the way to Beans she spots Tom, last night's date, and then they go to feast themselves on grits and coffee. Before they have had time to polish off the Nescafe, ten thousand arms descend from outer space and snatch up the dishes. Well, you can't say the beanery waiters aren't efficient.

Walking over to classes Annie asks Tom for a cigarette and he gives her a "should taste good Winston" which pleases her no end. Then they part for classes.

Annie is a pretty good student so she writes letters to Bob in class. Tom is a pretty bad student so Justice writes letters to him outside of class.

When classes are finally over, Annie and Tom meet, greet and eat.

After lunch, they head for the waterfront where water skiing captures their interest. Annie skis and Tom drives the launch.

Before dinner, Annie and Tom visit one of the nicest establishments you could ever hope to see, Robbie's. It is a first class, front row version of Hernando's Hideaway equipped with a hound-dog juke box and a never-ending supply of stimulating refreshments. Really, you must visit Robbie's. You will be different person when you walk out.

After extensive dancing, serious sipping (drinking) and . . . , our couple head back to Rolly Colly.

Dinner at Beans and then off to the library they go, hand in hand.

Mills Memorial Library is really an

amazing building. It has air-conditioning, semi-private rooms, books, magazines, records, and a host of students to annoy, cajole, and study with. But Annie and Tom prefer to study alone, so Tom goes to the record room and Annie marches off to the stacks. No sooner had she opened her chemistry book when who should appear on the scene, none other than the well-tanned, well-groomed, "Masterful Mike." Annie, sensing the danger, greeted Mike with a smile about as wide as Holt Avenue. Mike likewise returned the smile and immediately they struck up a conversation. Mike didn't seem like too bad a guy and Annie seemed like an all 'round girl so there they were talking about college. In no time at all Mike asked Annie if she wanted to go to Robbie's. Annie hemmed and hawed and finally said she had too much studying to do. Mike laughed and said he would be back at nine o'clock to take her dancing. Annie fiddled with her pencil and finally agreed.

Half an hour later Tom wandered up to the stacks and found Annie furiously writing a composition. He asked if she wanted to go to the movies but she said she had a slight headache and didn't think she better. Tom reassured her that a movie was the cure but she disagreed. Tom then left.



Delightful Dilemma

When nine o'clock rolled around, "Masterful Mike" came up and shortly the couple was seen walking through the green door into Robbie's. Laughter, music and the sound of shuffling feet lured them to the back room where they found an empty table. Mike signaled the waitress and in a minute she came in with two immense drafts of foamy beer. Annie had half finished her beer when Mike ordered another.



I like to eat . . .



and sleep . . .



But I have to study . . .



But there is time to play

In about five minutes Mike asked her to dance. She nodded in approval. Annie was a good dancer. She could rock and roll in rhythm, Mambo, Samba and do the Cha Cha Cha in the most alluring way. Mike said she was the best dancer he knew. Annie laughed.

After ten more dances and half as many beers, Mike and Annie shuffled their way out the door and went back to college. Just before Annie turned to go in the doorway, Mike put his arms around her and kissed her. Annie

thanked him for the nice time and bolted through the door. Five minutes later Annie called Tom and asked him to meet her in the student center. Tom agreed.

When Annie walked in the center door, she spied Tom at the pin ball machine. Walking up to him in a modest way she told him that her headache was gone and that she would like to go for a walk in the fresh air.

Tom smiled and thought that was a good idea.



and study . . .



and play . . .

**Text and Photography by
WIN TAYLOR**

DECISION



I had just come back from Chattanooga to see a girl who wasn't at home. I wanted to do something, but I didn't know what. The moon was gold and, I think, misty. Suddenly the sky became black in the south and the wind blew. It was going to rain. From my front porch I saw a small boy hurrying home and glancing back across his shoulder at the sky. Leaves were beginning to fall. I could see the trees in the woods all swaying together. The wind lifted up the branches so that the undersides of the leaves were a pale green flashing amid the blackish green that stretched tree by tree, hill by valley, to the blue mountains beyond.

I was just sitting there on the porch when I saw Catherine. She was going to a little church that sat on the hill just above the valley. I decided to go to church. That was something to do.

I got there and sat down and could smell the crowd of people around me. I wished it would hurry and rain and cool off the air. There were some girls sitting behind me, and I felt they were looking at the back of my head. I have black, wavy hair. So with nothing else to do, I pulled out a little notebook and began flipping through the pages. I keep notes of things that interest me. I found where I had scribbled "It feels good to work hard, and when you're hot, lick the salt from around your lips and drink lots of cold water." God, it was hot and stuffy in that little church!

The church was full of children and sour diapers. They were all wriggling in their seats, playing with their mothers' faces, and one little girl with the prettiest eyes I ever saw was looking straight at me. God! How a little kid can look you straight in the face! I looked at my hands. By now the singing had stopped and the preacher was getting ready to preach.

I don't remember all the preacher said, but he preached about hell. He said that hell was the most horrible fact of the universe. When he said "universe" I thought to myself, maybe here is a young open-minded preacher. The preacher went on to say that the greatest prayer meeting that ever has been or ever will be is going on right now down in hell. There men and women, boys and girls are praying. And they keep on praying and praying. Their is no one to answer them. They are lost. "Lost, lost," he said, "but still they will pray." He said there was no rest day or night, and he couldn't tell us by words what an awful place it is. I started to stand up and ask him if the sun rose by day there and was the moon yellow at night, but I didn't. I felt like I shouldn't be in church. I saw the sweat running down a fat woman's arm, and every now and then a drop would fall on the seat. "Bring the collection plate back here and save that sweat for those parched tongues in hell," I thought.

"You're sweeping your soul downward just as fast as time goes by," the preacher said. "Oh, my little ones, only those souls that go there will ever know what hell is." Hell, I thought, some people would just be that damned curious. It is along here that I remember clearly the preacher's words. I can still see the grimace on his face and the sweat running down his brow. He had laid his handkerchief on the rest-

rum and occasionally he would drink from the pitcher of ice water which some lady brought every Sunday. She also brought flowers. Tonight it was two big vases of gladiolas sitting on either side of the rostrum. The congregation sat as quietly as those red flowers. Even the little girl with the pretty eyes was looking at the furious motions of the preacher. Sometimes he would leave the rostrum and walk down the aisles, turning his eyes toward the ceiling and the darkness outside, his breath panting, and motioning downward with his hand. The little girl wasn't afraid. She just sat in her mother's lap and looked at him with her big brown eyes.

The preacher was standing near me. I was on the end of the bench and could almost feel the heat of his body. I saw the pages of the black Bible the preacher held in his hand, and they were rumpled with use. The preacher held his thumb at his text, and the pages turned and fluttered as he waved the book. I guess everybody close by thought the preacher was looking straight at him. I know I did. And, as I say, I can remember almost his exact words. He seemed to be pleading.

"Listen, you young people in the back. Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane looked down through the mists of time and saw young boys and girls like you going out into eternity without God. Before the sun rises tomorrow one of you may be gone. Oh, listen! Jesus, sweating great drops of blood in that awful hour, He knew something of what hell is like. He saw you sitting here tonight hardening your hearts. Can't you see His sweat on that night, as great drops of blood dripping down His forehead." And his nose, I thought. "If you young people could only hear the crying and moaning in hell! The cries sound like the moaning of the ocean on some distant shore. It is the cry of those doomed for eternity. Doomed in a blackened world without order, separated from God, loved ones and that forevermore. . . . Oh, the groans, gnashing of teeth, the crackling of flames leaping up forevermore, where the smoke ascends and the worm dieth not! Brothers will be there together, side by side, but they cannot comfort each other. Sweethearts will be there. Oh, my friends! There is no comfort, no rest day nor night. You will be doomed. Listen to me, Christians. Who is in your family, in your town, walking the streets this very night, that shall dwell in everlasting fire? Every second some lost soul goes screaming down into a devil's hell. Hell is an awful reality, my friends. It is the most horrible fact of the universe." I wanted to get out of the stuffy little church, to run out into the dark woods and run and run until I dropped to the ground.

By now the preacher had gone back to his brown pulpit but he would not leave his people in hell. He had the remedy. He took a glass of icewater and began to talk slowly and softly. "As the world plunges downward, down to hell, there stands a detour sign. It is the cross, the blood-stained cross of Calvary. God put it there to point man to heaven. Upon the broad highway of sin and destruction God has raised up the cross of Jesus Christ."

The preacher went on to talk about how fast America was traveling. He mentioned new cars, lipstick, short hair, and at one point became almost angry. "You whores and whoremongers!" he shouted. "Close your legs! The gates of hell are gaping wide open." I saw red and pink and moisture. Again his voice became calm, but I could still hear his panting breath. He continued about America traveling the road to pleasure, the road to fame, the road to honor, the road to riches, the road, the road, the road. Then without warning, he screamed, "And the end of this road is called death!" He said "death" again and paused for a long moment. A girl whom I hadn't seen in all my life was sitting

in the choir. She was beautiful. I looked into her eyes all during the long silence. When the preacher started yelling again, I felt angry. One time before he had said the end of the road was hell and that we were sweeping our souls downward just as fast as time goes by. Now he said that the end of the road is death. I felt like standing up and shouting, "Which is it, death or hell?" but I didn't. Everyone was listening so attentively. By now most of the children had fallen asleep. That little girl's eyelashes made me think she was an angel, asleep like that.

By now the preacher was coming to the end of his message. It had stopped raining outside, and I could hear the water dripping off the roof. It must have formed a puddle at the corner of the little church.

The sweat-drenched preacher ended his sermon by saying that there is a great river in Canada. "It thunders and roars into Niagara Falls," he wheezed. "Years ago when boats started navigating that river above the falls, a watchman stood above the falls. And when a boat would come to a certain point, he would scream, 'Go Back!' There is a place in your life, my friends, where if you go too far, you get into the current and are swept down. Somewhere there is a burning hell that stands in the pathway of your existence. Won't you come tonight and kneel and let the cross point you to God?"

The preacher had just started to say, "As everybody stands," when I got up and hurried out the back door of the church into the darkness. I used to go to church all the time. I remember when I would stand trembling, clutching the back of a seat, and people putting their arms around me and pleading with me to come down to the altar and give my soul to God. They would say, "You are young, and your life can be a glory to God." Anyway, as I left the church, I saw my mother turn around and look at me. I thought I saw a tear drop down her face.

Smoking a cigarette, I stood and listened to the music, the loud piano, the mumbling voices, the prayers. Most of the congregation were singing. Some were praying. A few were talking to the sinners, mostly young people, pleading with them. The singing seemed to echo across the hills, through the darkness, and back:

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,

Calling, oh, sinner, come home. . .

I didn't know whether I should be standing in a churchyard like that or not. By now they were singing another song. The lights from the yellow windows made little glistening pools in the wet grass. The slow pleading words of the song, sung by heavy mountain voices, poured out the windows into my throbbing ear.

Almost persuaded now to believe,

Almost persuaded Christ to receive. . .

I remember looking at the stars for a long time. They burned in the sky. It was a clear summer night. All the dark clouds in the south had left the sky now. Many lights were shining down in the valley. It was almost time for people to be going to bed. The girl in the choir, I thought. Her hair comes down to her shoulders. I like black hair. And that blue coat she was wearing. It reminds me of a shady place along the creek where the water is quiet and knee deep and blue. I could see us sitting at the place late some evening. The stars are just coming out. There is a white pussywillow tree. And we look into the blue water. And her hair is close to her neck. I would bury my face in her hair and maybe touch her lips.

I heard the preacher calling for one last hymn. He was standing at the altar pleading, and then the words drowned

out his voice until I could barely hear him above the soft singing.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Poured from Emanuel's veins
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stain . . .
Lose all their guilty stain . . .

I began to wonder about Christ's blood. It must be eternal. It must save forever. I thought about the blood that oozed down Jesus' side and then trickled down the cross toward the ground. Was it still in the soil of Golgotha? Suddenly a man came out to the door and stood waiting, looking at me. I had hoped no one would have seen me go out of the church. This man had always taken an interest in me. I knew that he had prayed many times for me. I knew that he was going to come out and put his arm around me and talk with me and so I casually threw the cigarette away and left without looking back. I can see his dark figure standing there in the doorway now. In a way, I wish I had gone back and fallen into his arms. As I left, I heard the preacher closing the service, saying that someone may be going out with their last chance.

Walking down the winding little road from the church, I could hardly breathe. Something inside me wanted to get out my mouth. I feel like there is a railroad spike driven through my head, I said to myself, but it doesn't hurt much. I slowly turned my head back toward the church. In the yellow light of the doorway I saw a man standing. I tried to look into tomorrow. I tried to see myself sitting by the fireplace and it snowing outside. But I couldn't. Along the road, the lights were out now, and people were asleep.

Down at the foot of the hill I met Catherine. She had come down from the church by a different way.

"Is that you, Alex?" she asked.

"Yes. Is Mack working tonight?"

"He won't be home till morning."

"Come on. I'll walk you home."

BILL PACE

*Illustrations by
Marijo Boulware*



THE FERNS

The sky was blue — all blue, and the air was nippy. Too nippy for September, really, but the boy liked it. Most ten-year-olds did, and this boy was no exception. He passed the big wall around old Mr. Winters' house. Now that would be a challenge. Why not? Sure, he could climb it and walk its whole length.

The boy saw the tree next to the wall, and, grabbing a limb, pulled himself up. He looked down. It sure was high up there. The ground was awfully far away. He started walking, but he couldn't see the wall, just the ground so far down. His head got light, he lost his balance and fell.

It was soft where he landed, in the middle of a flower bed. When the boy could breathe again he sat up and looked around. He was on the wrong side of the wall in a beautiful garden. Bushes and plants and flowers and trees and ferns of all kinds were in that garden. And a man. The boy could see him between two rows of dwarf bushes, hunched over a plant, scraping, weeding, and pruning, his back to the boy. The boy walked toward him.

"Hello," he said. The man stopped suddenly like a squirrel caught with a nut, the white hairs on the back of his neck bristling. He didn't turn around.

"How did you get in here?" he demanded.

"I - I fell. I was on the wall and I fell."

"Get out!" he shouted. His sudden change of volume frightened the boy so much that he jumped back, and stumbling, fell into a bed of tall ferns. The man turned around and saw the ferns being bent, bruised and broken.

"Get up. Get off!" he wailed. The boy rolled to his feet and stood staring at him. The man was bent over as though expecting the boy to say something.

"See what you've done. Do you know what you've done to my ferns? I've spent — What are you staring at, boy? You can talk. I heard you. Why don't you say something?"

The boy stared at the man's face. He couldn't take his eyes away.

"You're frightened? I suppose I shouldn't have shouted at you like that, but I work all year getting these things to grow like this and..." The man looked at the boy a moment.

"Where do you live, boy?"

"I... Ah..."

"All right. All right, I won't hurt you. Where do you live? Tell me."

"Up the road. Where do you live?"

The man's face twitched. "Here," he said.

"What do you do here?"

"Oh, I work in the garden, —"

"Are you the gardener?"

"Well, in a —"

"I didn't mean to sit on your plants. Honest."

"No, I don't suppose you did."

"You won't tell Mr. Winters on me, will you? He doesn't like boys, you know."

"He doesn't?"

"Nope. Jimmy, he's my boy friend, he delivers papers here, only nobody ever reads 'em, Jimmy says, and Mr. Winters yells at him sometimes, and my Uncle Dops, that's what we call him, Uncle Dops, he says Mr. Winters should go to a doctor for his head."

The man paused.

"Your Uncle Dops — he's a smart man?"

"Sure boy! He can whistle better than anything. He sure can whistle all right. It's just air when I whistle. Can you whistle?"

The man wet his lips and slouching toward the big gate at the end of the wall, began whistling — trills, vibrato, one flourish after another. The boy followed him, watching his face working. With every note the purple cheek puffed and the long scar became more and more discolored. They reached the gate, the man opened it, and, as he stopped whistling, the boy turned to him.

"Your face sure is funny looking," he said. "It sure is funny." The boy walked out the gate. "Don't tell old Winters on me. Promise? You sure can whistle, mister. Boy! You really can whistle."

The man went back to the garden and bent down over his crushed ferns. Another man, dressed in black, came around the corner of the house and went to the ferns too.

"Excuse me sir, do —"

"Dammit, Harris, never interrupt me in the garden. Never!"

The man in black spoke very softly. "Do you want your blue suit pressed, sir?"

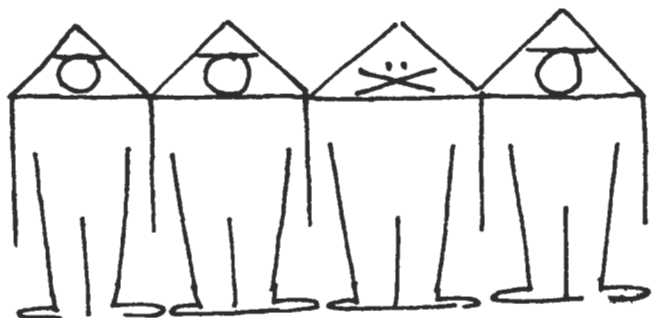
"No!" he screamed. "Go away, dammit, go away!"

"Yes, Mr. Winters." The man in black left.

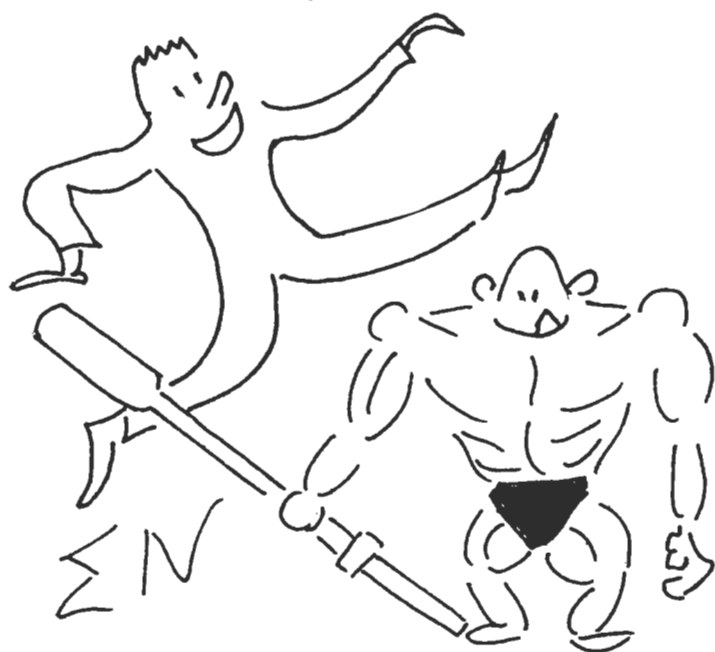
Mr. Winters turned to fix his ferns, but they were bent, bruised, and scarred.

CLARK WARREN

AS R.L. SEES IT

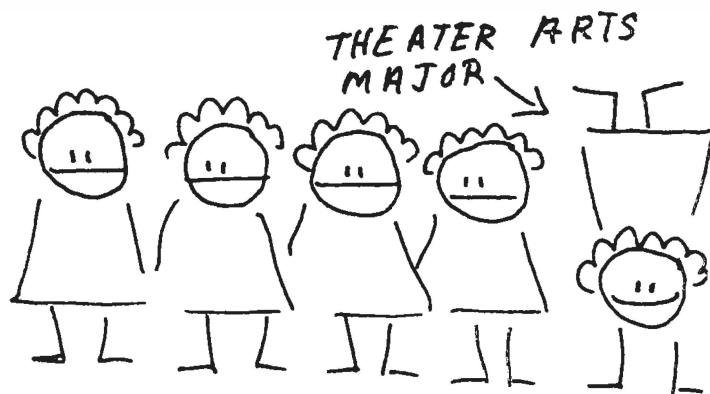


THE SAD DAY WHEN ONE OF
THE FIFTY TWO SINGING DELTS
FORGOT THE WORDS!





$A \phi$



$X \Omega$



$K \Gamma$



$K A \theta$



$\Gamma \phi B$



WOW, I'M
PINNED!

ϕM



$A \Omega$



$\pi B \phi$

SPEED

It was slowly darkening as two boys in their late teens opened the door of Club Ty-Yi and walked towards their car. It really didn't belong to both of them, the car, and was usually referred to as the car, or your car, when Jamie referred to it in speaking to Stu. And Stu didn't care whose car it was really, just so he could drive. It was always Stu behind the wheel, never Jamie. Jamie didn't care to drive, and anyway Stu was always announcing what a good driver *he* was. Why, just the other day Stu had out-dragged a '55 Chevy with power pack and a '56 Ford with dual carbs and a blower. As far as Jamie was concerned, he didn't know anyone who could speed shift any faster than Stu, and he felt confident any time to match him against any and all comers.

As they walked towards the black Golden Hawk Studebaker, long and low in the ever-deepening twilight, Jamie spoke. "Ya know Stu, I don't really think your name's Stu, not really — and ya know why?"

Stu looked at Jamie, who was a bit unsteady in his approach to the right side of the Hawk, and said nothing. Jamie said some pretty stupid things once in a while, especially after drinking all afternoon. They had arrived at The Club, as their group called it, about three o'clock that afternoon and were just leaving for dinner. Jamie was having dinner at Stu's house tonight, as was the custom on Fridays. This custom had begun because the two boys always doubled on Friday nights, and the distance between Stu's house and Jamie's was too far to be going back and forth. Therefore, since Stu had the wheels, Jamie would spend the entire day with him, and sometimes the night as well.

Jamie pulled the door open with a bit more force than was needed, and slid into his bucket seat. The smooth, quilted leather gave and fitted to his body, giving him a sense of wellbeing. As he fumbled for the safety belts he thought to himself that with Stu driving there was really no need for them—but, as Stu had said many times, they were good in case some fool ran you off the road, or you had a blowout. That was one thing, though. Stu always checked the tires and made sure of them. Stu was safe—and fast! That reminded him. "Ya wanna know why, Stu?" he said.

Stu pressed the starter button, and at the same time turned to Jamie and asked, "Why what?" The engine turned over, and hot exhaust rolled out of the twin pipes of The Hawk, a muffled roar from beneath the two boys.

"Why your name isn't really Stu," Jamie said, trying to be very distinct.

"What do ya mean? Sure that's my name," Stu said, preoccupied with backing the car out of the gravel drive leading onto the road.

"No, I mean you were nicknamed after The Hawk, the Studebaker—get it?" said Jamie, thinking to himself that Stu might be a good driver, and all that,



but sure was a poor man to catch a joke. "The Stu in Studebaker fits you perfectly."

"Ha, ha." Stu was finally appreciating Jamie's wit. "That's the first time anyone said anything like that—reminds me, some people call me stud too; connect that up, Jamie."

Jamie smiled, reassured that Stu was still with him in spirit and placed his forefinger to his temple, tapping it meaningfully. He was just opening his mouth to speak as Stu backed out into the road, but anything he had to add about his copus mentus was left at the Club, as Stu's left foot came up fast off the clutch, and his right tramped hard on the accelerator. For a split second the car stood motionless, back wheels spinning fruitlessly, rubber burning off into dust, a terrible screeching rending the evening atmosphere of before-dinner time. Then it began to move. In one colossal mass it leaped ahead, back end shivering from left to

right as though it were a mammoth shark plying dark forbidden waters.

As the ratio of speed to power began to match each other, and the car was brought more under control, the fishtail effect was overcome, and Stu again applied his left foot to the clutch, levered his right off the gas, and shoved the gear shift from low to second. This all was done in the time it took Jamie to bat his eyes. An immediate impulse was felt from the rear wheels. The engine noise changed in pitch, and Jamie looked at both the R.P.M. and M.P.H. dials as they climbed steadily. Stu took his eyes off the road a second to observe any reaction Jamie might be having, and noticing his dark composure, laughed. "Jamie, boy, that's eighty in second—wanna try for ninety?" he said gleefully.

"Kinda' fast on this road, isn't it, Stu?" inquired Jamie. "Not that you can't handle it, Stu, but why don't you wait until we reach Upton Road? No cops out there and less chance for an accident—no traffic, you know?"

"What's the matter with you, Jamie, chicken? Or haven't you got enough confidence in me?" questioned Stu, laughingly, as his left foot went into action, with right foot and shift hand following in unison. The car was rapidly approaching top speed.

Very little noise could be heard inside the car, as Stu always insisted on the windows being closed. The effect was to cause anyone in the car to misjudge its speed. Even in looking at the speedometer it was difficult for Jamie to realize they were now traveling at more than one-hundred-ten miles per hour. Anyone standing on the road, however, would have testified that the car was moving like a bullet.

The Club was almost five miles from the first vestiges of town, and after this there was still a wide, four-laned highway extending another two miles before they would reach the turnoff towards Stu's end of town. During these drives back, Stu would usually turn on the radio, find a good music station, and sing or hum along with the melodies. He didn't this time, however, but kept his eyes glued to the road and seemed conscious of nothing except the speed at which he was going. Finally he spoke. "Scare you there, huh?" A smile lifted the corners of his mouth, usually



a simple slash across his prominent sun-tanned face. His nose was slightly Semetic, only where it began to hook, it simply became a miniature of Durante's. A brown crew cut began very close to his high and simple forehead, which got its shape from two straight, narrow eyebrows, extending across sharp blue eyes. Probably the most distinctive part of his face was his eyes.

"No," denied Jamie, "you never scare me. I only thought that..."

"You only thought what everyone else thinks!" Stu cut him off. "They say, 'Be careful, don't go so fast, better safe than sorry!' Hell, if it's your time to go, you're gonna go!" Stu finished with conviction.

"I know you're right, Stu," agreed Jamie, "and you know what I think about..."

"You're damn right I'm right!" Stu, fired up again, interrupting. "This business about not giving a fella insurance

just because of two speeding tickets, that's for the birds!" Stu made a face of disgust which contorted his features. "I never had an accident yet, have I?" He continued, not giving Jamie a chance to agree. "Not like some of those old bastards that clog the highways nowadays. What'er fast cars for if you can't drive 'em fast, huh? I don't know." He gave up with a shrug.

Jamie saw he was being allowed to speak and began, "Yea, that's right, but those old road hogs are always blaming us for the accidents! Just the other day Dad was talking to some of the older set, and did he raise a stink about parents allowing their kids to own cars! He practically made enemies of all the parents who gave their kids cars. You know yourself, Stu, he won't allow me to drive any of the family cars unless it's for an errand, and then he always says, 'Be careful!' in that superior tone that gets under my skin. One of these

days I'm going to work and buy my own car. Then he can't say a thing." He brought his arms together in an act of finality, clapping his lips together and bringing the points of his brows together in a determined frown.

Stu cast another glance at the blond, curly-headed youth to his right, and gave a little smile. Sure the kid should have a car. He had one, didn't he? Jamie's father could afford one, and most kids Jamie's age had something to run around in. He thought of Jamie whose smooth cheeks were sprouting hair now, and the lines around his blue, wide-apart eyes were deepening. Wasn't that a sign of growing up? "Sure you should, everyone should." Stu spoke his thoughts aloud. Then, "I mean I can't think of any reason for your father not allowing you to have a car."

"Boy, Dad sure can," Jamie regretfully admitted. "At least a dozen anyway."

"A dozen!" Stu retorted. "I'd like to see him give me one good reason, just one. Anyway, he never says anything to me about driving my own car. Why doesn't he say anything to someone who can argue back? I'll stand up for my rights to own a car, just like I'll stand up for my rights to vote. If I'm old enough to fight for my country, I'm old enough to drink, drive, and decide on who's to run this country! Right?" He ended triumphantly.

"Right!" Jamie echoed smiling, letting some of the glory rub off on him. "But still, Dad says kids our age..."

"Men our age!" loudly protested Stu, with great intensity in his voice.

"O. K., men our age take too many chances, Dad says. 'Give them a car, they have a wreck, scare you half to death!' He says we don't know the value of money, property, life or human worry, especially parents' worry over their children.

"Their children," jeered Stu. "Don't they know we've grown since grammar school? What does it take to wake them up, an H-bomb?" He laughed at this last bit of humor, or, at least, it seemed humorous because Jamie joined Stu's delight and both boys laughed at their secret little joke. They had grown without the knowledge of those closest to them — their own parents! It was too funny!

Stu's foot came sharply off the accelerator, and the car began to lose speed. Looking ahead, Jamie could see they were quickly approaching the turnoff. It was about a *one-hundred-twenty* degree turnoff the main highway. On the right of the entrance to this road was a substantial building, and on the left a gas station, with its pumps set about forty feet from the corner.

They were coasting now and losing speed fast, but still Jamie thought Stu would have to apply the brake in order to make the turn. There was no response from Stu in answer to this silent unconscious request of Jamie's. Instead, he simply drove. The only control he was apparently aware of was the steering wheel as the building swept by them and the gas station loomed in the last light of the sun.

All of a sudden they were directly abreast of the road and Jamie wondered where Stu was going. Wasn't he going to turn? This time, Stu seemed to read the unconscious desire of Jamie's mind, and gave a hard downward pull on the steering wheel with his right hand, the force of which threw Jamie's shoulder and upper body to the left and pushed Stu against the door with a grunt. In

this position, Jamie's head was directly over the speedometer, and he peered down horrified at the needle hovering on the sixty mark. For a moment, both centrifugal force and fright immobilized Jamie. His weight was cramping Stu's arm and hand, which had landed in his lap when he'd made the sharp pull on the wheel. Then it happened. The momentum of The Hawk was too great for the turn, and its two back tires, which were relieved of all power from the engine, began to slide toward the left. Then they were in a four-wheel slide, rubber screeching, pavement protesting, and blood was draining out of both boys' faces. Jamie cast a demoniacal glance at Stu and perceived him to be immobilized, unable to right the car, to bring it out of the slide. He tried to right himself and grabbed for the wheel at the same time.

Then they were thrown back in their seats as the left rear tire hit the corner curbing. Had the front wheels not entered at the point where the driveway ramp began, The Hawk would most certainly have turned over. As it was, the entire rear end section lifted, as though by an explosion, and spun the car completely around, keeping its slide in the same direction, but reversing the direction of the nose of the car. All of this time Stu's unusually heavy foot had been applying the brake as hard as possible, and his efforts were rewarded as they shuddered to a halt a few inches from the gas pumps.

Then there were gurgling noises, as Jamie held his head out the window, and lost all the beer he'd worked so hard on all afternoon. Stu looked at Jamie a moment, then looked at the dash board. He unbuckled his safety belt, shoved the door open, and walked around the car to survey the damage. "God," he said with feeling, "I hope I didn't break an axle. Ha, ha, we almost got some free gas, didn't we, Jamie? Well, guess we're lucky we didn't bust a tire or something, huh?"

Jamie looked up pathetically from the pool of once cold beer, his eyes watering almost as much as his mouth and nose. He began to shake and moan softly to himself, "Lucky we didn't bust a tire or something, lucky we didn't get some free gas, lucky, lucky..."

"Hey there, Jamie, you shook up?" asked Stu, astonished at the reactions Jamie was exhibiting so shamelessly. "God, Jamie, nothing's wrong, we're all right. I'll bet the car even starts," he said as he reopened the door, got in, and pushed the starter. The engine gave a reassuring roar and Stu said with a smile, "See?"

Jamie turned his pallid face for a second towards Stu and averted his eyes quickly. He said in a toneless voice, "Take me home, Stu."

"That's where we're going, buddy, home. My home, remember? To eat. Snap out of it! You don't want the folks to see you like this, do you? We're going to eat and then meet Ann and Judy and go..."

"Take me home, *my* home, Stu! I couldn't eat or date tonight or anything," Jamie breathed in a wan voice.

"But," began Stu. Then, looking at Jamie again, thought better of it, and said, "O.K., but sure wish you'd change your mind."

Jamie simply sat there, turning his head from side to side, saying nothing.

The Hawk pulled up in front of Jamie's house and Jamie, a bit recovered from the ordeal, stepped weakly from the car which had been such a delight but moments ago. Now it was nothing but an object of fear. Now he was coming out of the initial shock of first reaction to begin his reasoning.

"Too many chances. Dad was right," he thought. "Never again, not for me, maybe for some, but not for me. No!"

"... and don't let it bother you, babe," Stu was saying, as though from afar. Each syllable was an empty bubble, bursting on his adrenalin-numbed brain. "... things happen... turned too sharp... never happen again, not in a million years." Stu's hand clapped Jamie on the back, waking him for a moment. "So take it easy, Jamie, and don't worry. I won't tell the girls."

"Sure. Sure." Jamie said. "But... but don't..."

"Nah, don't worry. Just tell them you aren't feeling well, which is the truth. Right?" Stu said.

"Yea, sure... see you." Jamie turned, and walked towards his house. He turned his head once more towards the sound of Stu's tires gripping the pavement with a shriek, and saw the back end of The Hawk squat, then leap ahead. He stood there a moment watching the car shoot along the street, listened as it made a wailing noise in turning a corner, placed his hands in his pockets, shivered once, then shrugged and walked into the house.

September 14, 1956

J. S. HARAKA

Illustrations by
Sue Jones

THE KOREAN STOVE

As he strode briskly through Washington's huge Union Station, Captain William Masters adjusted the Armed Services Police Detachment armband on his freshly pressed OD uniform. As he entered the ASPD office, Chief Boats'ns Mate John Collins stood up. "Afternoon, Captain," he greeted, saluting smartly.

"Good afternoon, Boats," he replied, returning the salute with a grin. "How's business?"

"Pretty quiet now, Cap'n, but there'll be plenty later on. This is gonna be a big weekend."

"Yeah, I'm afraid so." He walked over to the wall and signed the duty sheet before entering the office of the Officer of the Day. On his desk he found a small pile of reports patiently awaiting his signature.

"The damn red tape!" he muttered under his breath, as he sat down to the boring routine of pencil pushing.

Six hours later he was still signing or making out, with four carbon copies of course, the endless stream of reports, requisitions and memos necessary to keep government employees employed. He paused momentarily to light a cigar as he wearily flexed his stiff fingers. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," he ordered. The door opened and Chief Collins entered.

"Cap'n, can you come out here a second?" he asked. "We got three beauties."

Captain Masters rose and followed the chief through the door to the guard room. "What's up, Boats?" he asked.

"Look what the boys brought in."

He looked and saw three marines laid out side by side on the guard room floor. Each had a smile of blissful happiness on his face, each was missing a limb, and each was unmistakably and undeniably potted to the gills.

"Why'd they bring 'em here?" asked the Captain.

"There's something screwy here, sir. These men have been around," he said, pointing to the ribbons and hashmarks of the unconscious trio. "They couldn't get that drunk this early."

"Don't be silly, Chief, they could've been drinking all afternoon."

"No they couldn't, sir. They're from the hospital and liberty call doesn't go till 1800. It'd take 'em an hour to get into town. That leaves only three hours. No, sir, Cap'n, I think somebody slipped 'em a mickey."

The Captain paused momentarily to consider. "Well, it won't hurt to check on it." He picked up his hat and pistol belt and started to leave. "Where did they pick these birds up?" he asked.

"In front of Murphy's Bar, sir," replied Collins.

Masters went out to his Patrol car and drove downtown. He pulled up in front of Murphy's and went inside. The bar was almost empty but the back room with its dance floor was crowded to capacity. He motioned to the bartender who moved slowly down the bar to the end where the Captain was standing. "Yes, sir, Cap. What'll ya have?" he asked.

"Are you Murphy?" asked Masters.

"Nah, Moiphy's outa town," he replied. "Somethin' I can do for ya?"

"Yes. Do you happen to remember serving three marines from the hospital tonight?"

"Cap, there's tree hundred marines comin' in an 'outa here. Which tree da ya mean?"

"Two of them had lost their right legs and the other one had lost his left arm."

"Oh, them. Yeah, they were here, Cap. There's somethin' wrong upstairs wid that bunch."

"What do you mean?" asked the Captain.

"They're nuts, Cap. They come in here an ask for a Korean Stove."

"What's that?"

"That's just what I asked them. Well, a Korean Stove is a drink. Its got everything in it. Here, take a look. The big guy wrote it down." He reached behind him and picked up a piece of paper from beside the cash register.

"My God!" muttered the Captain as he read the contents of the drink.

"One shot vodka
One shot gin
One shot bourbon
One shot Scotch
One shot rye
One shot vermouth

One shot cognac
One shot rum
One shot port wine
One shot creme d'mint ,or creme d' coco)

One shot coke (or soda)
Ice and bitters

"Did they drink one of these?" asked the Captain.

"One, hell!" exclaimed the bartender. "They drank eight apiece. Did they get in any trouble?"

"No, nothing serious," replied Masters. "It explains a lot, though."

"You shoulda seen them, Cap. Every time they got one they all stand up like they was makin' a toast an say 'Here's to Louie,' an' then they'd drink. They didn't cause no trouble or nuthin' but they scared hell outa me. I thought they was nuts."

"Maybe they are. You can't tell about marines." He put the paper in his pocket and left.

When he returned to his office, the three marines had been put to bed and were still asleep. By the time he finished his reports it was midnight and he was relieved from duty. At eight o'clock the next morning he returned to the office and signed in.

"The sleeping lovelies come to yet?" he asked the sergeant on duty.

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant. "They're waiting inside."

"Send them in here."

"Yes, sir."

The door to the guard room opened and the three marines came before his desk.

"Sit down, you birds," growled the Captain. The two on crutches made their way to the couch on the other side of the room and sat down. The third went over and sat on the arm of the couch.

"All right now, which one of you is which?" asked Masters.

"I'm Sergeant Lattis," said the one-armed man, "and this is Sergeant Palmer," pointing to the tall redhead, "and this is Sergeant Olson," indicating a short blonde man.

"All right. Now where the hell did you find this concoction and who the hell is Louie?"

"Well, sir, Louie was our C.O. in Korea," replied Lattis, "and that is what is known as a Korean Stove."

"How the!" began Masters.

"Captain Louie McVeigh was the inventor of that thing," interrupted Palmer. "We were up at the reservoir and we were freezing our ears off. We got to talking about what it would take to get us warm again. The C.O. thought it'd take about twelve shots of scotch but we thought that'd take too long. So we put

our heads together and came up with that thing."

"I put in the soda," added Olson. "I can't drink booze straight."

"Anyhow," continued Palmer, "Louie got killed and we all swore we'd drink one of these for him."

"The bartender says you drank eight," remarked Masters.

"I guess we just got carried away, sir," said Lattis.

"Well, since you just got back from

overseas, I'm going to let you go, but stay out of trouble from here on."

"Thank you, sir," said Palmer. "We'll be good. And if you ever get a chance, Captain, stop in at Murphy's and we'll buy you a drink."

"No, thanks."

LARRY MULLINS

PINK ICE CREAM

It was ice cream weather all right, and I had the weakness. God, it was hot! I bought a cone at a drugstore and was standing out in front of the place when I noticed them coming. She was jerking the child down the street, coming towards me. The ice cream started crawling down my arm and I quickly licked it off. I didn't speak when they walked through the door. I knew something was wrong the way the little girl looked and acted. Nosy. I went back into the drugstore and pretended to look at one of the magazines on the stand. They were the only customers in there, and they sat at the counter. The little girl was making all kinds of weird gestures and now I was sure. Poor thing. The soda jerk set two cokes in front of them and the little girl quickly grabbed the cold glass and held it up to her cheek. The mother, I supposed it was the mother, drank the dark, biting liquid and set her glass down. She grabbed the little girl's arm.

"Come on, hurry up. Let's go."

The little girl dropped the cold glass of coke on the floor. The glass broke and the coke made a weird hand. The mother shouted.

"See what you did, dummy? Can't you even hold a glass?"

She slapped the little girl twice on the face. The little girl just twisted her face and jerked her hands in the air. Her mother was shouting.

"You miserable little dummy — can't hear — can't talk — can't even hold a glass without dropping it. Oh, why did God have to punish me with you — you and your no-good drunk father. I gotta drag you around — wear myself out trying to tell you something -- keep your ugly little face from starving while your father fills his guts with beer."

I heard the soda jerk say, "That's okay, lady," and he left to get a mop.

I felt sick inside as I watched the little girl throw her arms about and wrinkle her mouth. I formed images in my mind. I saw her fat father in some dirty bar throwing the beer down his short neck. I saw him clinking mugs and saying, "Here's to the dummy." I swallowed. I silently cursed. And what of the mother? Probably a whore.

The poor little girl — puppet with broken strings. Lie there in some helluva hot box while your mother entertains and your father drinks. Be the little doll that can't cry and that nobody plays with. Be a rag doll, with rags for brains and rags for guts and rags for parents. Join the freak show. Sit up beside the rubber man, the alligator man, the fat woman, the hermaphrodite. Poor little girl, girl who isn't loved. I can see you at home, honey — swinging in your tire swing, skinning up your knees in the dirt, spinning a tire on an overturned, rusty, red wagon, watching birds build a nest, catching a butterfly, smelling purple clover, wondering who those strange men are that often go into your house and why mama makes you stay outside. I can see you lying in bed and wondering when papa comes home why he always walks funny and sometimes throws his hands about like you do and sometimes hits mama. I can see you there, honey, and it makes me sick in my stomach.

Did I have the right to think such things? Maybe the mother's side was wrong, but I had to paint the picture the way I felt. The mother was cruel, I knew that. I knew the little girl was not loved. I knew her father drank. The mother had said that. I knew it sickened me to know what I knew.

I put down the magazine and walked over to the counter. I bought a pink ice cream cone and offered it to the little girl. She eagerly reached for it and took it. The mother sprang towards me and said bitterly, "We don't take things from strangers, mister," and she tried to take the cone from the little girl.

The little girl dashed out the door and into the street, her mother running after her.

"Come back here, dummy!" she shouted.

I was now outside and I saw it happen. The car came to a stop and a few people ran into the road. I couldn't. I was stunned. It was my fault. I knew it was my fault. Some one ran past me into the drugstore.

"Did anyone call the ambulance?" someone said.

"Yes," someone answered.

"She's dead," said another.

I didn't move. I stood there frozen with guilt. I saw the little girl standing over her mother's body, the cone still in her hand. Someone tried to put his arm around her, but she ducked and ran. She ran towards me. I felt her hand touch me. I looked down with tears in my eyes and saw the ice cream running down her arm and she was smiling.

FRANK UNDERWOOD

'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

He was late. He knew it without looking at his watch. Martha's face was more telling than any watch's. There she was, exactly where she said she would be, near the department store's patient, jovial Santa Claus. What a study in contrast, he mused. Then, with a shudder, he realized she had spotted him.

"Hello, dear," he ventured. "Aren't you early?"

He might as well have spoken to a wooden Indian.

"Ten fifteen." Only her lips moved.

"Ten fifteen you promised to be here."

"I know, dear. I left the office in plenty of time, but the crowds are so - -"

"Ten fifteen. Do you know what time it is now, Henry?"

"Well, it couldn't be much after - -"

"It is ten twenty-one."

"I would have been here if - -"

"Ten twenty-one. And you gave your word, you promised to be here at ten fifteen."

"I know, dear, but - -"

"You promised. Does a promise mean nothing to you?"

"Of course not, dear. A - -"

"Does it mean nothing to you to break your word?"

"No, dear. When I - -"

"Let's forget the subject, Henry. Let's forget it as easily as you forget to keep your word. Take these." She motioned to a pile of packages fully four feet high on the floor beside her.

"Are all those yours, Martha?"

"No, Henry. They belong to other people. I stole them."

"I wonder if he knows I'm paying for all these gifts that he's supposed to bring?" He nodded at the Santa Claus, still smiling and laughing. "No wonder he looks so happy. He's not financing this mass removal of merchandise from the stores. Doesn't he look happy, Martha?"

"Santa Clauses always look happy, Henry. They're supposed to. Will you take these packages?"

"But he doesn't seem to have a trouble in the world, Martha, not one."

"If you had on that much make-up, Henry, you wouldn't either."

"No, it's more than the make-up, Martha. He really is happy. He's enjoying what he's doing. He's enjoying living."

"Will you please take these packages, Henry? This is only the beginning of the shopping."

"But that Santa Claus is happy, Martha. He has a right to be happy."

"This is ridiculous, Henry. We're wasting all this time doing nothing."

"I'm sorry, dear, but I just can't get over how happy - -"

"If you say that once again, Henry, just once more - -"

"All right, dear."

What was the use? She had no conception of what he was talking about, none at all.

"How do you expect me to carry all these boxes and bundles and, why, there are enough here to load two men down."

"If you stop complaining and pick them up, Henry you'll undoubtedly find it considerably easier."

"Why don't you have the store deliver them?"

"At this time of year, Henry, it takes days to get anything delivered. The service is much too imprompt."

Don't fight it, he sighed. Go on and give in. It's easier to give in.

"Very well, Martha, but you'll have to pile them on. I can't get them all gathered together myself."

He picked up as many of the packages as he could and waited for her to place the rest on top of those he held.

"A grown man, Henry, and you can't even pick up some simple packages."

"But, my dear, there are so many that - -"

"Never mind, Henry, never mind."

"I have to be back at the office by eleven, Martha. I really can't stay very long."

She stacked one box after another in his arms until they were well above his head.

"I assure you we'll never be through by then."

"But I can't be late, Martha. I have a most important conference."

"You're the president of the company, Henry. They can't start without you. Take this under your arm."

She stuffed another bundle in the only remaining space.

"It is my responsibility to them to be on time, Martha. I'll have to start back in order to get there by eleven."

"This way, Henry."

She took him by the elbow and shoved him forward.

"But I can't stay, Martha. I have to - -"

"You're the president, Henry. You don't have to worry."

He didn't have to worry. He was the president. There was certainly food for thought somewhere in that statement. Then why was he worrying? Why did he feel so uncomfortable?

"Martha, I don't feel a bit like Christmas. I don't feel cheerful at all."

"It's your melancholy mood, Henry. You always have it this time of year."

"But that's wrong, Martha. People are supposed to be glad at Christmas time."

"Keep moving, Henry, keep moving. We'll never get anywhere at this rate."

"Don't you know what I mean, Martha?"

Of course she didn't. He should have known better than to ask. She never understood what he meant. He wasn't sure he did either. He didn't know even exactly what he felt, much less what to do about it.

"Over here, Henry." She was pulling at his arm. "Come this way."

"Where are we now?"

"We're in the linens department, Henry."

"Can I set these down now, Martha? My arms are about to give out."

"I should say not. After the job it was to get you loaded up you want to put it all down? Of course not."

"But I'm about to drop it, Martha."

"Henry, don't you dare."

"Well, I have to set everything down, Martha. I can't help it."

"If you must, do it carefully."

She removed the package from under his arm and then steadied the topmost boxes as he lowered them all to the floor. He looked at the people around him. They seemed to be enjoying themselves. They were probably not even conscious that anyone could wonder at what they took for granted. They seemed to know that they were entitled to enjoy life, especially at Christmas, when there was so much life to enjoy. He looked at their faces. They were smiling, laughing faces like the Santa Claus. Martha. Where was Martha? For a moment he had forgotten her, but for only a moment. She would be at him again before he could turn around. "Henry!" came a not unfamiliar voice from behind him. "Pick up those packages. I didn't find anything here that I wanted."

"As you say, Martha." He sighed and filled his arms with boxes as she piled on several more.

"Henry, put this under your arm."

Oh, yes. He had forgotten that one. A few times more, though, and he would have the complete routine mastered.

"This way, Henry." She took him by the elbow, spun him around and steered him on ahead.

"You know, Martha, all these people look happy."

Not again, Henry. I'd rather have your melancholy mood than this sudden silly streak."

"But it isn't silly, Martha. It isn't silly at all. They knew they had a right to be happy and they were exercising that right."

"You may exercise a right too, Henry, right here."

He kept on going.

"Turn right, Henry, right!"

"Well, I can't see where I'm going, Martha."

"I'm guiding you, am I not? Simply follow instructions."

In the distance he could hear voices singing. He couldn't distinguish at first above the surrounding sounds what song it was, but then he recognized one of the old, familiar carols. "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly." That was it. He hadn't thought of the words in ages. "'Tis the season to be jolly. Fa la la la la, la la la la." The season to be jolly. What a delightful way to describe it. That was exactly what he had been thinking. The season to be jolly.

"Henry. Henry!"

"Oh. Yes, Martha?"

"I've been talking to you, Henry. You haven't heard a word I said."

"Oh. I'm sorry, Martha. I was listening to the carol. It's beautiful. It really is. It's just as if I never heard it before."

"Don't be ridiculous, Henry. You've heard it all your life."

"I know, Martha, but I never really listened to it before."

"Well, if I may dare to compete, would you mind listening to me a second?"

"Yes, dear."

"What?"

"Oh, no, dear. Certainly not."

"For the fifth time, Henry, what do you want for Christmas?"

Want for Christmas? What could he say? How could he express everything he felt, everything he needed so desperately and had forever gone without? How?

"Henry! Did you hear me or not?"

"Oh, yes. I heard you, Martha. I was thinking of what I wanted."

"Well, what is it?"

In a rush of revelation, he knew what

to tell her. He knew now what he had never known before.

"Martha?"

"Well, I'm waiting, Henry."

"Martha, I want a divorce."

For the first time in his life he saw her without a word to say. It was a sight he had never expected to live to see. It was very pleasant for a change.

"Henry!" It was a breath instead of a bellow, a whisper instead of a whip.

"Henry!" She paused. "Look out! The packages are falling!"

"They didn't fall, Martha. I dropped them. This is going to be the first merry Christmas I have had in thirty-four years."

"Where are you going, Henry?"

"I have a conference. Deck the halls with boughs of holly. Fa la la la la, la la la la. 'Tis the season to be jolly. Fa la la la la, la la la la."

JAMES STINGLEY

MATTER OF NECESSITY

At this distance I may stand and gaze
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine.
For when I am close at hand
Your beauty has a drawing power
Such as a magnet.
This power is so intoxicating
That I have a great desire to hold you in my arms
And smother you with kisses
Without pausing to breathe.
Though at this distance I suffer greatly,
I find breathing a matter of necessity.

CHASE PEABODY

HERITAGE

It was one of those foggy days like it always is after a storm in New Jersey. I was sitting there on the beach. My feet were buried in the sand and I could hear the waves breaking far out, one after the other, only I couldn't see them till they rolled up in front of me and licked around my ankles because the fog was so thick. Down the beach I could see the dents in the smooth sand where my foot prints had been. Then they went off into the fog too.

I was sitting there thinking about all the things that happened last night. How just after I went to bed I heard the beach pebbles in the driveway grind and then the car door slam and then I looked out the window and the big man in the black slicker cupped his hands to his mouth and yelled.

"It's the Moro-Castle, Ben. She's been burning for an hour or more. She's got about six-hundred on board..." The wind blew so hard then I couldn't hear what he said. "...can you be ready in twenty minutes? We're going down to get Henry and Joe."

The rain spattered against the screen then and I got my face and pajama top all wet.

My dad must have been standing in the kitchen door because then I heard him say, "I'll be ready, Captain."

The big man in the black slicker got back in the Coast Guard truck and the pebbles made the same noise, like when the waves break on them close to shore.

I rolled over to sleep but in a few minutes I heard my mother's voice. Then Father said something and I heard her say, "Oh, my God."

I opened my bedroom door and walked on my tip-toes out to the top of the stairs. Then I saw that my sisters were already there and the older one turned to me and put her finger to her lips and said, "Shush, listen."

"It's not a thing you think about, Eve. It's an obligation."

"But what help can you be out there on a night like this?"

My sisters and I moved down the steps a little so we could see through the banister slats. Dad was getting his fish-

ing boots on and Mother was standing by the secretary rubbing her hands through her hair. She was in her night gown and she looked very worried.

"What's the matter?" I whispered.

"Shusssh, listen," they said.

"Ben, you have a family! Listen to reason..."

"For the love of God, Eve, don't be so dramatic."

"I'm not being dramatic Ben. You just can't do it! If anything happened to you I...I wou..."

The sound of the truck in the driveway made my father jump up suddenly. He went to the closet and put his big weather coat on. Then as the horn blew they stood there looking at one another. My mother was crying and she put her hands to her face. Then my dad came over to her and held her in his arms.

"Please, Eve, dear. A man has to do these things," he said.

Then he started to walk to the door and the dog came out of the dining room and yawned. Dad bent over and scratched its ears and for a moment we all thought that he was looking up at us. He opened the door and Mother rushed for him and grabbed him. The horn blew again and the wind and rain were coming in the front door all over the rug.

"Eve," he said, pushing her away. "I've got to go. They're waiting for me."

Then all of a sudden my older sister ran down the steps and grabbed hold of his arm. My other sister and I were right behind her and the dog was whining something awful.

He leaned down and kissed us all real fast and told us to behave Mother and that I should look out for all of them. Then his big boots splashed in the water as he ran to the truck. Mother put her arms around all of us and shouted, "Ben, you're too old to play hero games! You're too old to be a hero."

She didn't say the last part very loud because the truck was already pulling out on the road, and the headlights blinded us. I felt her fingers dig into my shoulder and we watched the truck drive off. My older sister finally pushed us all inside and closed the door.

"What's the matter, Mama?" I asked.

"What's happened Mama?" my other sister asked.

"Both of you be quiet," my older sister said.

Mother was crying real bad now and she looked down at us. I could see the big streams of tears come from her eyes. She took a big breath and tried to smile, sort of, and then she said, "Your Father is going out to save the lives of some

people," she took another breath, "who are in trouble on a big ship — somewhere, out on the sea." She swallowed. "He's a very brave, wonderful Father".

Then she cried something awful and my older sister started crying too and the dog whined and pretty soon they were all crying. And I turned my head into her tummy and she held it very tight against her body. And as the tears came into my eyes I wrapped my arms around her thighs and squeezed as hard as I could.

I slept till ten this morning and as soon as I woke up I went to their bedroom. I opened their door real quietly and looked in. Dad was asleep and I could see his big tan back move up and down in the white sheets as he breathed in and out. Over by the window Mother was staring out at the fog. She had a big bath robe on. I opened the door a little farther and she noticed me and got right up.

After she had pushed me into the hall and closed the door behind us she said, "Your father isn't to be disturbed. He's been through an awful difficult night and he needs his sleep. Do you understand?" She was holding me by the shoulders and shook me a little as she said it. She looked awful angry and I just shook my head.

"All right," she said. "Now go downstairs very quietly and don't make any noise. Laura will fix your breakfast. She's in the kitchen." She looked awfully tired and I did exactly what she said.

Laura fixed my breakfast and she was in a mood too. I tried to speak to her but she just looked at me.

"What are you so mad about?" I asked.

"Be quiet. Eat your breakfast and get out of the house. Mother doesn't want any noise." Then she turned around and started washing the dishes.

So that's why I was sitting there in the sand, letting the water come up and lick around my ankles. It was Sunday. It was foggy. Everyone was in a bad mood and even the dog had gone on back to the house. Nobody would tell me what was wrong and I just felt like lying down in the sand and crying. And so I did, I guess.

I must have fallen asleep because when I woke up Bobbie was barking and licking my face and then Dad and Mother came running up the beach.

"Well, this is where you've been all day," mother said.

I didn't say a word.

"Your mother and I thought we'd take a walk before dinner, and look who we find here on the beach." I

knew he was trying to be funny, but I didn't say a word.

"You know, little Ben, it's quite cold out here. Aren't you chilly?"

I just shook my head to her.

They looked at one another and Dad said, "Say, I'll bet you can't guess what we're having for dinner."

I didn't even look up at him.

"We're having baked ham!" he said.

"It's almost dinner time now. How would you like to walk back with Dad and me?" Mother said.

I got to my feet. Bobbie barked a few times and ran ahead of us.

On the way back they did all the talking and then just as we got to the top of the sand dunes a breeze chilled me and I shivered all over. Dad saw me shiver and he reached down and put me up on his shoulders. We were only a few yards away from the house then and the dog was already there barking. My sisters opened the porch door and came running out across the sand toward us.

"Are we really having baked ham?" I said.

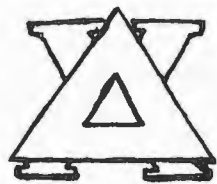
Mother grabbed Dad's hand then and looked up at both of us with a big smile on her face. And then, I don't know why, but we all started laughing. I was home.

MMC II

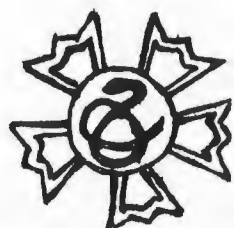
PIXIES

To the child
The rain dances like pixies
In an endless chain.
Where is the line drawn — so fine
That adults cease to see
Pixies
And see only
Pouring rain?

GOODIE BARNEY



THE EVOLUTION OF PINNING



A friendly smile, a casual wave and a warm atmosphere embody the spirit of Rollins where the stress is put upon human relations, or more specifically, relations between the sexes. It involves the process of the hunter and the hunted, the conquest and, finally, the everafter — maybe. However, the question of who does the hunting remains. To satisfy the male ego and ethical standards, this position is usually attributed to the male.

There are several locations from which one may begin the hunt. The most obvious of these is the Student Center, where, when sitting on the couch, a male may view with comfort the opposite sex passing on its way to the mail boxes. After concentrated study, the next step is to casually saunter up to the table at which the selected one has seated herself and start a scintillating conversation. Five minutes should be enough time to get sufficiently acquainted. Then Robbie's should be in order.

Upon taking her to Robbie's, the male may find that he isn't enchanted with his selection after all. His wandering and bored eyes will probably fall with interest on a girl sitting at the next table, undoubtedly deep in conversation with his heretofore best friend. A sardonic grin appears on his face as sly plans to oust his former friend are conceived.

From this point on, the hunting becomes an intricate art of subtleness. The male becomes very studious and practically inhabits the library from dawn until co-ed closing hours. A strategic location to study or doodle is the front, sound-proof, record-listening room. A dual purpose is served here, for one can listen to the library's entire record collection five times if necessary and eject sounds of joy or despair without detection.

Of course, it never occurs to the male to question the fact that the object of his interest spends most of her time studying in a most unusual way. But, perhaps, some people can concentrate better when running from room to room or sitting on a chair between the desk and the listening rooms. Instead, this pleases the male mightily, for it gives him sufficient time to gather the courage to come forth from his place of hiding.

From now on, wit, charm, and imagination are all turned to the big rush. The young girl is elated and flattered with constant attention and diversified dates, movies, Robbie's, Harper's, and Anderson's. It becomes a natural thing to meet at Beans, in the Center, in the library. Also, about this time, money becomes a non-existent commodity. However, this is very convenient, for it lends an excuse to invent things that don't call for capital, such as long philosophical walks on the pier, rides to Genius Lane to view the peacocks, excursions to the tennis courts from where the constellations can plainly be gazed at and trips to the rear of the Morse Art Gallery to study the growth of the plant life by moonlight. Such activities, while not costing money, are educational.

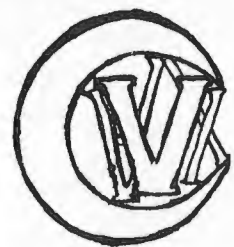
No romance can progress too far without a slight argument. The most common provocation is jealousy. She either talks too animatedly to one of his fraternity brothers, or he eyes too many gorgeously shaped females. And, presto, bliss is gone — and misery takes its place. But far more miserable than the young couple are their friends, commonly known as go-betweens. They spend long hours in consultation with either member of the estranged couple or in running back and forth from one to the other with pertinent reports. They

stay up long past midnight nursing the disparing young man's hangover or drying the tears of the frantic girl. They overflow with sympathy, encouragement, and then with relief and exhaustion as the couple once again become a common sight walking hand in hand on the campus.

Now as they are accepted by others as a couple, a certain sense of security follows. Viewpoints are aired and partially understood. Infatuation develops into something more whether it's springtime or not. The pearl diamond pin is removed from the position above his heart to a position above hers. (However, if the male is a pledge, it is strongly recommended he wait until he becomes an active.)

After the formality of a serenade has passed, life proceeds on to a temporary routine and apparently progresses along as it had before the big event. However, a trapped feeling still lurks someplace beneath the subconscious, and speculative looks are given to members of opposite sexes to make certain that nothing has been missed.

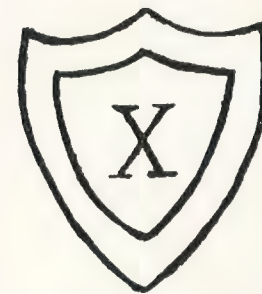
Finally, the male retires with the feeling of "Good work, boy. Well done," and a sigh of relief. Complete relaxation follows while he recuperates mentally and his pocket recuperates monetarily. It's time for the little woman to treat. In fact, if she wants to go out at all that's the way it has to be. At this point the male is in such a complete state of relaxation that nothing short of such a



It's a Western



Romeo and Juliet



revolution would rouse him. After a while it dawns on him that this is not such a bad way of life, and he's all set to be supported socially until he realizes that his mate is beginning to lend him his car keys, but only when the gas tank needs to be filled.

For the female this is a period of relief also, for the strain of chasing someone undoubtedly begins to tell after a while. She now has time to get reacquainted with her friends and can cart them around conveniently in her newly acquired car. And as far as paying for a movie or so goes, she reasons that it's only fair as long as it's not carried to extremes. It is said that love has to be fifty-fifty.

The scholastic grades rise now that it is possible to study in the stacks and to get Jim's help in science and Joe's help in German without arousing unfounded jealousies.

Yes, security is a great feeling, never wondering about a date for the weekend. The only trouble is that now there are no dates at all. Talk about chasing a boy subtly! Now it has to be out in the open. But the line must be drawn when he starts ordering her to call him, instead of vice-versa. Hmmm, security can be too much of a good thing. It is wonderful, though, to be so close to someone (in spirit anyway).

Since they are all set socially, the time has come for both pinmates to play cupid to their friends, which involves mapping out plans of attack, playing father confessor and overflowing with encouragement. Expert advice is on hand and taken as such, for, after all, didn't they manage to hook each other?

So it is, and so it will be. The conquest has been made. By whom is still a good question. But does it really matter?

JODY BOULWARE

*Pins by
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