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FLAMINGO

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SHE SELLS SEA SORES

By TIMOTHY RUSSELL DEWART

He lifted the small box into the front seat of the carriage. The cool summer air of the early morning had left the ground rather damp. The horse was impatient to get started, for there was excitement in the air. After climbing up into the wagon, the boy arranged the new crimson blanket which his mother had woven during the winter months. Next, he decided to put down the top of the carriage; however, he wasn't sure if he should or not—it was his first time going to the wharf alone as a buggy boy.

Just as he was picking up the reins, his younger sister opened the kitchen door of the farm-house and quickly skipped up alongside the carriage. She had hardly reached the buggy step before she realized that Gauchai was frowning down on her, trying to look so grown up.

"Ain't Pierre going to go along with ya?" she asked.

"Ah. Nah. Pa said I could take 'er down myself. Anyhow, I got them shells t' sell, too."

"Can I go along with ya, Gauchai?" she asked. "I can keep the hoss steady while ya look for them people. Come on. Please. I won't get in ya way. Honest, I won't."

"Well, I don't know. Mum won't let ya go anyway."

"Yes, she will," she cried as she ran toward the kitchen door. "Hey, Ma, can I go with Gauchai t'day?"

"Listen, Madl'in, you got t' help me with the wash. Them cottagers sent me lots of clothes this week. An' besides, I ain't feelin' too good either."

Madeline's round, dark face changed and looked like the depths of the near river with its mirror smoothness yet somber stillness.

"Marie can help ya," the little one answered. "Besides, Gauchai is gonna need someone to help him. It's his first time ya know."

"All right," the woman answered mournfully, "but be back after the boat leaves. I need ya help."

Quickly the little girl scuttled up to the carriage and jumped on to the front seat beside her older brother. "She said I could go. Come on. Let's go."

Her brother smiled at her and gave the horse the signal to move. The large spoke wheels of the buggy rolled heavily over the rocky terrain onto the gravel road which led to the village. Small birch logs were neatly piled up along the road in front of the wooden cow fences. Large, black crows flew noisily around over the dewy cow fences. Slowly the carriage moved toward the river. Soon the buggy rounded a small curve and was on the high bluffs of the clay cliffs which plunged steeply down toward the wide white beach below. From the top of these cliffs the two children could see across the wide river to the distant rolling hills with their little villages. The orange sun shone brightly on the window panes of the remote distant village houses.

Soon they passed into woodland. The combination of soft sand and dry gravel, plus deep water holes, made the journey a rough one. As they moved monotonously along, the young boy happened to see a large bird take flight from one of the King pines which studded this area of dense woodland. He poked his sister and pointed out the bird.

"Look, it's an eagle, Mady! Gosh, it's a gold one, too." The alerted bird rose quickly in the blue sky and then soared away moving towards the inland. Both children remained silent, impressed by what they had seen.

It didn't take too long before they arrived in the village. The narrow road was hilly and curved along the bay's coast. Small taverns and general stores lined the inland side of the road. On the carriage rolled.

The bay looked so still from up above where they were. They could see the small dory which belonged to their father. It was anchored off the edge of the shore. Gauchai used this boat when he went out to catch sea urchins. He still had a couple of prickles in his thumb from the last time he had cleaned the small animals. Sea urchins were always so slow getting down the side of the wharf when the tide fell; therefore, he had decided that he would catch a few of them — maybe even a starfish if he were lucky. After his catch, he had boiled them in his mother's big cauldron which she used to cook the Sunday roasts. Then, using his pen-knife, he had carefully cut open the bottom of the round animal and allowed the insides to fall out.

He had bought some red ribbon and sixteen gold safety pins at Ramond Cote's General Store. With birch bark, ribbon, and pins his sister and he had made the sea animals look like

souvenirs. They had written on the fringed birch bark which accompanied each shell, Souvenir of Lampter. Lots of the other boys and girls in the village made souvenirs, too, and made money selling them to the rich tourists who came off the big excursion boat which cruised along the wide Neuric River.

Not many villagers were up yet. Soon they passed the houses along the dusty road belonging to the summer residents who were called "cottagers." Gauchai's and Madeline's older sister had worked as a maid for a cottager.

Far ahead down the pine-lined road a horse and cart belonging to Francois, the dairy man, was traveling slowly toward them. The milk cans were knocking against each other as the vehicle rattled over the rough road.

They had not gone far along before they heard the deep bellowing of the steamer's horn. At the top of the next hill they could see the large excursion boat slowly turning around out in the bay and heading for the wharf.

The horn had awakened the whole village. Soon other brightly painted buggies were rapidly moving toward the open sea wharf. The horses hoofs clopped lightly along, hurrying over the pebbles.

Little mongrel dogs barked at the carriage's large spoked wheels as they whirled along over the dirt road.

Soon the children's buggy was on the narrow road which led out to the wharf. A slight north-west breeze was blowing down the river. One could see the pine trees swaying gently along the edge of the bay.

Gauchai wondered if he should put up the top of the buggy. Those tourists were funny — you could never tell what they wanted.

"Hey, Mady, do ya think we ought t' put up the top of da buggy? Them peoples might get cold."

His sister couldn't see why the travelers could want the ratty old canvas top up — it rattled so. "I don't know, Gauchai. I ain't ever done it before. But let's get a move on. Them other carriages is creeping up on us. We can be first in the line if we hurry."

The rickety old buggy sped down the road along the water. As the carriage drew up slowly on the wharf, the long gang-plank was slowly being lowered by a few native dock hands who were pulling the chain pulleys which controlled the height of the heavy gang-plank.



As soon as the two children had parked the carriage as close to the gang-plank as they could, they hopped out onto the wooden wharf.

"Get them shells," Gauchai said to his sister. "You set y'aself right down here beside the edge of the wharf and sell them things. I'm gonna be busy driving them people around the countryside, if we get any business."

"But, Gauchai, I don't wanna just set here and make a fool of myself. I'm coming with ya. Ya can't make me stay here and freeze in the wind. Ya know, we might have one of them rain storms and . . ."

"Listen, Mady. It ain't gonna rain. Pa said it was gonna be a nice day, an' he always knows. Look, I'll give ya this here blanket Ma made."

The girl tearfully looked up at her older brother. "But how can I sell them shells when I can't count money?"

"Look here now. Just set y'aself down and look grown up, and they won't gip ya."

The girl carefully took the small box out of the front seat of the carriage and put it in front of her as she sat on the edge of the wharf.

Sailors in blue bell-bottomed trousers, black sweaters, and white caps were rushing about the ship, helping to get the boat docked. When the ship was thirty or so feet away from the wharf, four bellboys threw lead ropes to the "habitants" on the old wharf. The hissing of steam and the thrashing of the two docking propellers moved the boat closer to the wharf. Big, golden manila ropes were attached to the large iron posts on the dock.

Madeline looked down at the people on the boat. She thought that the tide was extremely low. Sometimes the decks were way up above her. Well, she must not look at things like that, for the tourists would be coming off very soon. But, the water looked so dark and scary as she looked down on it. She took the top off the box and spread the boiled purple shells out carefully on the sawdust and hay which covered the wooden planks of the wharf.

The salty river air blew Madeline's short hair back from her little ears. It was getting quite cool. Madeline opened up her new blanket and hugged the ends of it around her neck.

Her brother had succeeded in getting some customers. This was lucky, because his buggy was the worst one in the long

line of carriages. Gauchai tried to look so business-like as he pointed out the carriage to his patrons, two plump- middle-aged women. Both of them immediately giggled when they saw what they were about to ride in.

They scraped their sandals along with their pedal-pusher-covered legs. In their hands they carried big white pocket-books. Both of them wore pastel sweaters buttoned down the front.

"Look at the old hoss. What a poor thing," said one of the women as she walked up to the horse. "What dirty old teeth you've got there," she said. "You sure don't use Ipana, fella." She bent back and laughed showing her false dentals. "He, hee, ha, oops! Ah well, boy shall we start?" She tottled over to the little step on the side of the buggy with her friend.

They both look like "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," thought the little girl.

"Hey, boy, will this thing hold us? Hee, hee, what 'cha say boy. Eh? What a riot this kid is, huh? What ya say, Katy? Ya, I left it in the cabin. Heh, boy, is that hotel up there in the mountains any good? What? I can't hear ya, kid. Speak up! O.K., then, why don't ya take us there?"

As the two heavy women got into the bugg, the boy walked around the horse to where his sister was sitting. Madeline was looking glumly down at the little souvenirs.

"Mady, what's the matter? Why don't you take the blanket off you? You ain't gonna sell them things that way. Come on, Mady," he coached.

As the boy bent over the little girl, the vociferous woman in her high seat saw the pair. She was impatient to get started, but she was very amused with what she saw.

"Oh, look, Katy, 'Shells sea sells down by the she sore'. Oop, ha-ha. I mean, 'She sees she sells', I mean, ho-ha-ha-ha, 'She sells sea shores . . .'"

Silver Moon

*The moon shone down through swaying moss,
And lit the palms' green fronds.
A bittem wailed into the night,
Which deep and velvet cloaked,
Gave back no cry,*

*Gave back no cry.
A Seminole led down his maid,
Along a marshy trail,
To stand at last beside a lake,
Where trees and silver waves,
Contained no eyes,
Contained no eyes.*

*He dived amongst the lily pads,
And plucked one scented bloom.
"A blossom for my love," said he.
"Whom I shall call till death,
White heron love,
White heron love."*

*A feather from his headband drew,
But one of three white plumes.
"Each time that I come home from war,
I'll give you one till last,
I'll leave no more,
I'll leave no more."*

*First battle won, he started home,
Where lay the silver lake.
His heart sang true with love divine.
"I'll go across the lake,
To see my love,
To see my love."*

*The maiden looked across the lake,
Then heard his heron call.
She echoed back the heron cry,
Which seemed to say to all,
He has returned,
He has returned.*

*When next he left two plumes had she,
And fear was in her heart.
"Be careful my bronze heron love,
That I may hear again,
Your safe return,
Your safe return."*

*"I'll call to you when moon is bright."
He said in tender tones.
"Fear not for me my heron white,
Just wait on shore until,
The moon comes up,
The moon comes up."*

*That night before the moon could rise,
She left to reach the lake.
Her lamp black hair was in a bun,
With two white heron plumes,
That would be three,
That would be three.*

*The night was dark, the wind blew soft,
With scent of lily sweet,
And stroked the heron plumes so white,
Reflecting now the moon,
Which silver glowed,
Which silver glowed.*

*Her feet trod down the darkened path,
And stepped on fatal band.
She felt the deadly fangs bite deep.
"This cannot be," she wailed.
"My love is due,
My love is due."*

*She shook the band from throbbing leg,
And madly fled away,
Till stumbling, falling by the lake,
She softly answered back,
That could see all,
That could see all.*

*Again he heard the heron's cry
Alas, a bird indeed!
Which flew from lovers' meeting place,
White as the shining moon,
Like silver waves,
Like silver waves.*

*It flew above his upturned head,
Who saw in one white wing,
One feather missing like his own.
In fear he called again.
No answer came,
No answer came.*

*No need to call bronze warrior bold,
No need to paddle more,
Just sit and watch the heron fly,
On wings that beat against,
The silver moon,
The silver moon.*

TED BRADLEY

OCEAN MOODS

Of course, everyone knows the ocean. Some people know it intimately; others are only slightly acquainted with it. Everybody knows of its never-ending voice, the roar of its waves completing their journey to the shore. These waves are beautiful in their way of showing off the ever-changing mood of the deep, dark blue.

People who are just acquainted with the ocean do not realize how many moods she has, how beautiful, cruel, loving, serene, kind, warm or cold she could be without warning. When in her serene mood, her translucent complexion of deep, dark, never-ending blue reveals beauty; beauty in the motion of the smooth, soft-flowing rollers that just loaf along in their quest for a sandy shore to lie down on. This is the contented ocean. Although beautiful, the rapture of this mood does not come up to the standards of yet another mood, the angry ocean.

The angry ocean is a symphony of all the terrifying forces of nature combining in their wrath. Although frightening, this beauty increases with the anger. The angrier the ocean gets, the more beautiful she becomes. The terrible beauty of the mountainous waves being picked up and thrown about by the screaming wind is a breath-taking sight. The foam and the spray form a beautiful dance, flying into the air and falling back down, only to be thrown into the air again and again until the symphony is over and the ocean's mood changes again. . . .

BRUCE S. HASNAS

The Night Is Long

*A chilling wind,
soft and lonely,
a streetcar clang and crowded people.*

The city breathes.

*Murders and benefits,
concerts and screams,
gourmets and bums,
the streets are full.*

*Some eat and expand,
others eat.
Some talk, and strengthen vocal cords;
others smile.*

*Museums are endowed,
many learn in the alleys.
Cherry blossoms are fragrant,
hospitals also smell.*

*The streetcar clangs,
the wind is cold,
people walk huddled,
the lights glow in the night.*

And the city breathes —

RONALD ATWOOD

FIRST SNOW

Old Walt could see Charlie waiting for him in front of the Mariner's Hall. Walt's eyes watered in the biting cold, and he shuffled and stamped his feet on the frozen ground to keep them warm as he watched a humped figure pass Charlie and nod a hello as he entered the smoke-filled room. The muffled noise from the crowded hall drifted down the street.

"You're waiting to try again, ain't you, Charlie?" Walt thought to himself. "You've been trying for a long time, and you ain't convinced me yet, Charlie. None of you have!"

Walt started up the street towards the old brick hall. He carried a sack of mended nets in his right hand, his deformed left hand thrust deep in his mackinaw pocket. He had never forgotten the day of the accident. For a grand bank trip the fish had kept well. They were in a hurry to take out. Walt had been working the hatch. A guide line got entangled as the basketful of fish swung toward the dump-man. Walt leaped across the hatch, reaching towards the fouled line. He slipped on the slimy deck; the 300-pound basket crashed down on his hand. He had cursed fishing — fishing, the boats, the sea, the men on the sea. But he couldn't stay away from the water. He built himself some lobster traps not long after the accident, and eventually a boat. Now, even though he was in his late sixties, he was one of the top lobstermen in the city.

"Hello, Walt," Charlie called to him as he neared the doorway.

"Hi, Charlie, kinda cold," Walt nodded back as he started to cross the street.

"Want to talk to you a minute, Walt. Wait up."

Charlie limped over to where Walt was standing. He watched him coming.

"What are you gonna say this time, Charlie?" Walt was thinking. "I haven't given up yet like you and the rest of them. Sure I'm shot to hell, my arm is bad, but, damn it all! I haven't given up yet! Look at you, Charlie — your leg, mangled by a cable, your hands twisted, frozen with arthritis. That's how

all those years of trawling paid off for you and your friends. Now you all play crib every day — play crib and talk about the old days. I'm not done yet, Charlie, not yet ——"

"You're looking kinda tired, Walt," Charlie said as he caught up with him. "Finally pulling in your pots?"

"Yep, I figure there's some bad weather coming. Sure hate to bring 'em in. Price is good this time of year with everybody else laying off 'till spring. No sense in risking 'em — never can tell when a Nor'easter will hit."

Charlie stared at the sack in Walt's hand. "Big ring round the moon last night, Walt, and did you see the buoys laying 'gainst the horizon like they was floating in air 'stead of water? And the gulls, Walt, look at the gulls up there, even now — so damn high, sweeping 'round and 'round in bigger and bigger circles. Crosswind up there, Walt——"

"Okay, Charlie, I know — there's a bad one coming. I've been bringing in my traps for the last two days. Got most of 'em in now, just about twenty-five or so left over by the easterly reef. I'll get 'em tomorrow."

Charlie looked him square in the face. "Smells like a Nor'easter to me, and a real bad one at that. Why don't you come over to the hall in the morning, and we can play some crib? You don't want to break your back in a snowstorm for twenty-five lousy pots, Walt!"

Walt's face started to crimson slightly, and his eyes narrowed just a little —

"No offense meant, Walt, but why risk everything when you ——"

"Shut up, damn you, Charlie! You've been trying to get me into that hall for the last ten years. I ain't done yet, Charlie! You gave up like the rest of them, I didn't. And Goddamn it, I ain't gonna! Will you get through your thick skull!"

With this, Walt spun around and hurried down the street, leaving Charlie standing alone —

Walt stood on the dock the next morning. He could feel the changing air, the cold, crisp feeling of the approaching snow. But there was more than just the snow, and he knew this as he started across the bobbing fleet of lobster boats in the cove to the uncertain weather vane on top of the storm-warning tower. The flags weren't posted yet, but he pictured them in his mind — the red pennant over the square flag.



The wind was picking up and fanning the waves in the harbor beyond the cove. The storm was sweeping down from Canada. It was moving fast, much faster than predicted.

"Charlie was right," he thought. "He most always is."

He launched his skiff from the dock and sculled to his boat. This one he had built about twelve years ago. She was a sturdy craft, thirty-five feet long and as handy a rig as any in the

fleet. For these many years they had been an inseperable team, and he trusted her like a mother.

He climbed aboard, warmed up the engine, loosed the moorings and edged slowly out of the cove into the open water. As the little boat cut her way towards the easterly bank, Walt looked back over his shoulder —

“There goes the warning, pennant over the flag. Hope she holds off for a while. Lot of work to do today. Look at that vane up there — rigid as a nail, pointing right towards the ol’ nor’east. It’s gonna be a hell raiser.”

The wind was strong as it tore across the open water. Walt could hear the surf building up to a fury as he passed the last bit of protective land. The boat pitched and bobbed in the rushing white caps. The dull grey sky hung low and seemed to press all about him.

Walt thought about his wife.

“Bet she’s lying in bed now, praying for me. She wishes I was down in the hall with the others. It’d be easier for her that way. She’s too old to have to worry about me. But she doesn’t know what it really means. When we were kids, we used to play in the park sometimes. There we’d see the old fishermen sitting, always sittings, sometimes playing crib, sometimes just staring over the harbor. They were just waiting to die. I don’t want that, God knows that I don’t. I’m still good enough to make a living!”

The gulls were no longer circling overhead. They were huddled in the crevices and caves of the rocky shore. The surf was heavier now, rolling ominously in and crashing onto the black, jutting rocks, painting them a foamy, bubbling white. The wind rose in small gusts. The boat fought through the flying spray and speeding surf. Soon it reached the reef and Walt guided her through the channel to the cove beyond where his traps lay.

“Tricky undertow today. Look at the seaweed straining to hold onto the rocks. Don’t like the seaweed — don’t do nothing but lay on the rocks and stink when the tide is out.”

It wasn’t as rough in the cove, for the great rock broke the force of the wind. Walt came to the first of his traps and started pulling it in.

“God, the water’s cold! There’s ice on the niggerhead already. Can’t feel my hand. Didn’t take long to numb it this time. I hope it doesn’t cramp.”

Walt didn't seem to notice the gradual quieting of the wind. Thoughts of the crib games and the warm hall where the men were now gathered kept crowding into his mind. He didn't see the grey clouds faltering overhead, nor did he feel the first few virgin snowflakes that softly stole through the still air and settled white and clean on the black rocks only to melt a second later. He was coming to the last of his traps.

"Last one, thank God! Jesus, it's cold! The snow has started finally. It's getting to be pretty heavy. Hell, I can just about make out the rock. What a trip this is gonna be."

He quickly checked his engine before trying the channel. The wind was freshening, and the snow began to swirl. He moved slowly towards the passage. He could feel the pull and drag of the treacherous undertow, and the sound of the swift-pounding surf seemed closer. The gusts of wind sometimes clouded out the shoreline as the tiny sharp crystals of snow blinded him. He was in the channel, and more by memory than actual sight he steered through the passage.

The crests of the rocks were white, so sharply contrasted to the tossing, inky water beneath the boat.

"Oh Lord, my hand hurts so, Jesus it hurts. My fingers are so stiff I can hardly feel them. The snow is too thick, can't see a damn thing — listen to those waves. God, they sound bad. Should be able to swing out of here in a minute, where's the corner rock — ah, there it is, just a little more — the wheel, oh no, the wheel won't move — my hand hurts so —"

The snow closed in on the little boat as it blindly rushed across a seething milky path to the barren, waiting rocks.

It snowed for three days and three nights, the first snow of the year; and on the fourth day when the sun finally appeared, the men gathered in the heated hall and commented over their crib games on what a fine storm it had been and how it reminded them of the old days. All were there but one — Charlie was down on the beach behind the easterly reef watching the gulls who waded across the snow-covered rocks and fought to be the first to investigate the battered wreckage of a little lobster boat.

By RONALD ATWOOD

AFTERGLOW

*A moment, a calm exquisite time toward the close of day,
Of this good summer day,
Blessed both by storm-cloud and sun,
Rain, and the deep-bosomed wind, and white capped surges and
spray —*

*To clear at last, as the thunder
Rolling lingering cloud-wrack under
The West's dim rim of wonder:
A moment of sunset and peace, a tender and beautiful one.*

*Soon now, in a lamp-lit room, the plain, good discourse of friends
Over the coffee cups, of so and so's latest book —
Gossip of this and of that — shreds of beginnings and ends,
But here is the quick and completeness
Of very life, and its sweetness,
Caught up in a moment's fleetness —
Caught up in the look of your eyes that
Touch and leave my look.*

TINA LEVIN

*What people occupied the lonely room?
Amid the once warm cheery air, what words were spoken?
What actions caused the present gloom
That now within the room so bare, silence lies unbroken?*

*Do not hurt me, World,
Nor bruise my unscarred heart,
For I am small.
Show me no death, World,
Nor war, nor violence yet,
For I am afraid.
Do not tempt me, World,
With sly untruths of men,
For I am foolish
Treat me gently, World.
Teach me no despair,
For I am young.*

TINA LEVIN

Author's note: This story is an extract from a novel I am writing.

THOMAS DiBACCO

Milton, Ohio, has a population of 5,621 people. Most Buckeyes would not be familiar with this town were it not for two of Milton's institutions: its university and its mental hospital, the largest in the state. The mental hospital is located on the top of the highest hill in Milton, and its clean white buildings and grilled gates can easily be seen by motorists who enter the town from the north or south. The hospital is by no means drab, and it is not unusual for visitors to mistake it for the university.

The university is situated at the bottom of the hill. Fourteen buildings, made of a dull red brick, compose the university, and nine of them are dormitories which house 290 women and 270 men, the great majority of whom are Buckeyes. Milton University (although truly not a university in that it has only one graduate school, the school of business) is an independent school, founded originally in 1892 by wealthy Methodists who wished their children to receive a "liberal arts education based on Christian truths." Although now the university is unaffiliated with the Methodist Church, it is largely attended by Methodist students whose fathers can afford to pay the \$1900 yearly cost.

The university and mental hospital are within walking distance of each other; so much so that on Saturday nights it is difficult to discern the wails and shrieks of drunken students from those of the mental patients. The students take full advantage of the nearness of the hospital, centering many activities around it. Fraternities often send their pledges to the hospital to obtain anywhere from fifty to a hundred signatures from patients. Once, Delta Tau Delta fraternity enrolled a drunken pledge in the hospital. He was there for two days, and then released only upon request of the dean of men, who had to swear under oath that the student was, to the best of the dean's knowledge, sane.

Then there was the time when one of the most brutal of the insane patients escaped one night. A general town alarm was sent out, and all the women's dormitories sat the university

were guarded by policemen, who finally captured the insane man at 2:00 a. m. on the roof of the Chi Omega sorority house. Eight Chi Omegas were treated for shock later on that same morning at the Milton Memorial Hospital.

It was at Milton University that Victor Marianno received a full tuition scholarship, and he arrived there on September 14, 1956, to pursue his studies.

"... Yes, Mom. I arrived on time. No, classes start the day after tomorrow. Don't worry. I can take care of myself. Yes, I'll write, Mom. We'd better. Otherwise you'll have a tremendous phone bill. Okay, I will. Oh, and Mom, will you promise me one thing? Please don't worry. Promise? Okay. Bye-bye, Mom. *Io t'amo.*"

Victor walked out of the phone booth into the dormitory living room. There were six fellows lounging and talking about fraternities. Victor had met all of them except one, who, he thought, must have just arrived. Victor felt that all of them, except the new one, were very rich, for they were all dressed in expensive-looking suits.

"I don't know which of the frats I'll choose," said one whose name was Jim Van Wilton. He was dressed in a Brooks Brothers suit and in one of the new Arrow shirts, which Victor had seen in a recent issue of *Life*. He had many pimple scars, and his teeth were heavily stained with tobacco. "I guess I can always go Sigma Chi, since I'm a legacy," he said. Victor did not know what *legacy* meant, and he did not dare ask. "What frats do you like, Sid?"

Sid was the fellow whom Victor had not met. He was big, red-haired, and extremely mature looking. He wore a checked shirt and a pair of blue gabardine trousers, both of which were very clean and neat. Sid looked healthy, for he had a clear complexion, was well-built, and did not slouch in his chair like the other fellows.

"I really don't know," said Sid. "I haven't given them much thought."

"Well, hell, you'd better. Otherwise you're going to be a creepy-deepy Indie," said Jim, starting to laugh. Everyone except Victor and Sid joined Jim in laughing. "What frat do you like, uh . . . uh, Tony?" asked Jim, looking at Victor.

"My name is Victor. Victor Marianno."

"Yeh, that's what I meant to call you."

"I don't know which one I'm interested in. I don't know that much about them," said Victor.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Jim. "I guess you two never learned a thing from your old man about frats."

"My father was never in a fraternity," said Victor.

"Neither was mine," added Sid.

"What were they then? Creep-deepy Indies?"

"Mine was a barber, who never went to college," said Victor.

"Mine, too, never went to college. He's a tailor."

There was a long pause. "Hey, what say we go down and get a brew?" suggested Jim. Everyone except Victor and Sid nodded and left.

"I guess we're the black sheep of this house," Sid said smiling. "My full name is Sid Bernstein."

"I'm glad to meet you, Sid. Say, you know, I think we share the same room, don't we?"

"I don't know, Vic. I haven't been to it yet. But the number is . . . uh . . . 413."

"Yep, that's mine, too."

"Well, roommate, what say we go take a look at our abode?"

Victor and Sid went to their room and started to unpack. They talked all the while, learning more and more about each other with each passing moment.

". . . so then I decided to come here since I did get a scholarship," finished Sid.

"That's my reason, too."

"What are you going to study, Vic?" said Sid, putting on his pajamas.

"Pre-law."

"And you're going to law school?" Victor nodded and reclined on his bed.

"Do you know which one?"

"Well, I hope to go to Harvard if I do well here and can get a scholarship."

They both lay in bed now, each looking toward the ceiling.

"Uh . . . Vic. You're . . . you're Catholic, aren't you?"

"That's right."

"Well, uh . . . you know . . . you know that I'm Jewish?" said Sid uneasily.

"Yes. One of my best friends back home was Jewish," said Victor, thinking of Shirley Boyer and her brother.

"Well, I did want you to know that I was, Vic. Because, well, you know how some people are and . . . oh, hell, you know what I'm trying to say."

"I have a feeling that we're going to be good friends, Sid," Victor said assuredly. Sid smiled.

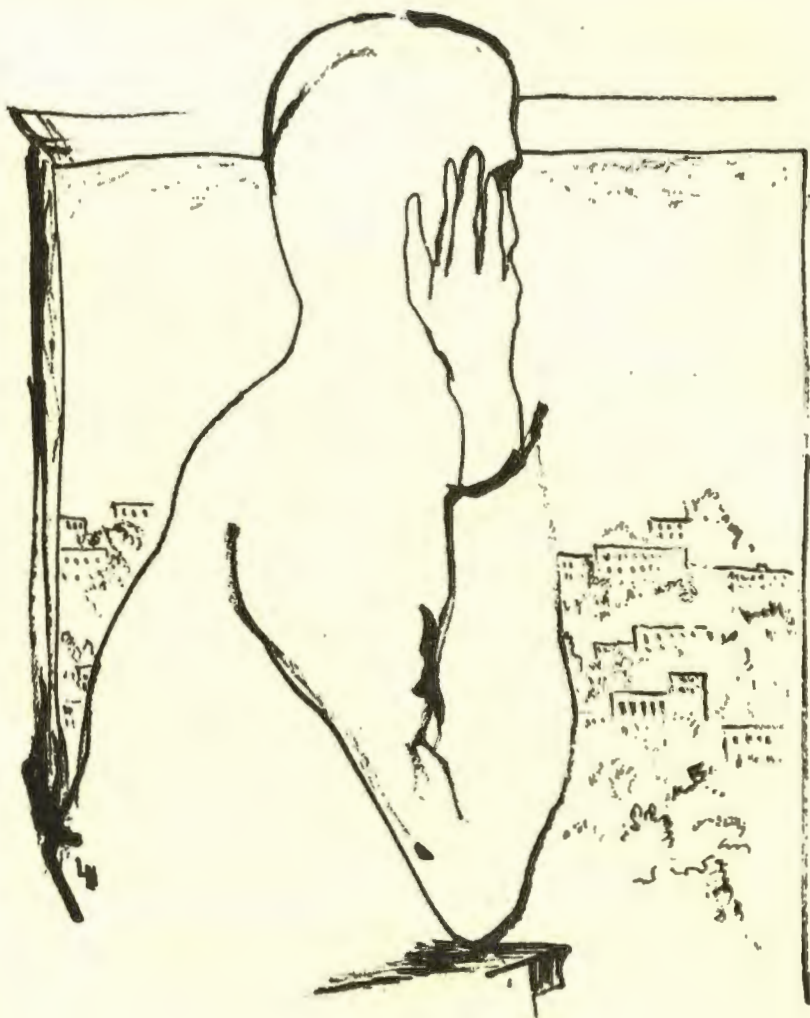
There was a long pause in the conversation. Victor turned off the light.

"Sid?"

"Yeh, Vic?"

"What's a legacy?"

"I don't know. I was meaning to ask you the same thing." They laughed and soon were asleep.



A Horse To Ride Upon

*Ride the wild horse,
Catch him quickly before he goes
and is gone forever.
The last chance — for tomorrow he is gone.
Can you ride him, can you quench the flame
behind his eyes?
His spirit soars, you must move swiftly
if you wish to catch it.
Take the golden bridle, make fast the head
of destiny;
Fear your steed, for he would dash you to
the rocks below;
But ride him well and he will take you
to the stars.
He is your hope; catch him before he
is gone.*

SALLY WARNER

INTROVERSION

*Beware of those who easily spill
Out each emotion, every thrill.
The feelings closest to the heart
Are those from which it's hard to part.*

DIANE DeSANDERS

Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

(As Vachel Linsey Might Have Done It)

Bright Star, Light Star.

1. *On the vast distances of certain celestial orbs.*

*Out in the evening, navy blue,
Piercing the sky with a brilliant hue,
Shining, sparkling, giving light
Making an almost-day of night,
A pin-point dot gleams out of reach;
Reach for it, reach for it, reach for it, reach!
Reach for it, reach for it, reach for it, reach!
Reach for it on tiptoes,
Reach for it from planes,
Reach for it with space ships
Or carved handled canes,
Reach for it with kind words,
Reach for it with prayer,
Get a human cannonball
To reach it on a dare,
Reach for it, reach for it, reach for it, reach!
Reach for it, reach for it, reach for it, reach!
Don't stop now, don't fail, don't flinch,
Try again, try again, one more inch.
You can never reach it, you can never reach it,
You can never reach it, you can never reach it,
Never, never, never, never, never, never reach it.*

2. *On the excruciating temperatures of these bodies.*

*Far, far out in the black and blue,
Pristine, alone, white-hot and new,
Blinding, it's shining in the west,
Brighter than the sequins on a starlet's dress.
Fascinated, watch it, touch it, touch it,
Touch it, touch it, touch it, touch,
Better not.
It's hot.*

ANNE SILVERMAN

LONGING

*I shall never go the way
I went
When I was very young,
For the paths I followed
long ago
Have been lost into the sun.
I shall never love the way
I loved
When I was but a child,
For then my soul was light and free
And my spirit wild.*

SALLY WARNER

*Whenever there is music, it is you
Who comes between me and the sound of strings.
The cloudy portals part to let you through
Laughing, yet sad with long rememberings.
Your nearness gathers ghostwise down the hall
And through the pleading violins that play
There drifts the dim and delicate presence
That is you, come dreamily astray.
Behind what thin and shadowy doors you wait
That such frail things as these should set you free!
When all my need, like armies at a gate . . .
And in this hush of strings you draw more near
Than any sound of music that I hear.*

ANONYMOUS

ROUTINE

BILL BENTLEY

*Hip Hip Hurrah — a valiant cheer,
As college re-opens for yet one more year.
Serious freshmen, their beanies on high,
Are seen hither & thither with ever a sigh
As to why a professor — the first week wants work
And what is to happen should Joe Freshman shirk.*

*A word on the frats is ever the thing
When roommate to roommate starts arguing.
It's this one or that, but the topic, soon altered,
Turns over to women, and which ones are haltered.*

*This one is cute, but a little too rangy —
That has potential, if only less mangy.
The campus queen is brought into view
It's this one for John, and that one for Hue.*

*A problem has risen, as rumors go 'round
That ABC boys have invaded the town.
And what have we here, on the edge of the quad? —
An I.D.-peddling senior, collecting a wad.*

*The weather starts changing from not-bad to worse,
As the weight of one's studies becomes a dread curse.
In no time at all, as freshmen have seen,
All students are trapped by depressing routine.*

*Our scholar, up late, in class starts to lag,
Academics in sooth, become labeled "a drag".
But on strives our hero, the odds so agin 'im,
To better his mind — the objective within him.*

*At last God, with pity, takes pride in elation,
And delivers a boon, yes, the blessed vacation.*



L'INSTANT À LA CASCADE

Une goutte, une goutte qui tombe, qui tombe apeuré et vacillante,
d'une roche, hésitante à la laisser se glisser dans la
rivière de la vie.

Ce grain d'existence à la foi confu et détermine, s'affrenchit.
Que va t'il faire? Que peut-il faire!

Libre mail enchainée, elle combat la riviole qui est devenue un
torrent. S'en sortire? Helas! La rivière se moque
d'elle et de ses confreres.

Incessamment en avant, elle est entraînée sachant fort bien la
destination de son réseau fatal.

Le courant est devenu effrayamment rapide, et tout à coup à
l'horizon — LA CASCADE — le commencement de la fin, le
cauchemar du fleuve et de ses chauvinistes.

Le brouhaha devient assourdissant, l'exitement est partout, elle
est poussée, chavirée, bousculée — un enfer de chaos!

Dans un instant terrifiant la cascade émit un gémissement de
tromphe, et Pouf! Le trajet est terminé, la mort
l'attend sur les rouchers.

Dans cet instant a la Cascade, un moment éphémère de gloire
pour notre grain d'existence, et ensuite — le commencement
d'une éternité confue.

DANNY H. LAURANT





R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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