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Spring
1963

Flamingo





Seadeek

Spring, 1963

Volume 47

The *Flamingo* is the Rollins College literary magazine and is published three times during the academic year.

Flamingo

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Preface

This is the FLAMINGO, and it attempts to capture the literary pulse of Rollins College. The issues combine the colors of nature, the emotions of man, and the freshness and purity of incipient, creative genius to portray various segments of life.

The works on these pages are not by masters, but they do represent the enthusiastic efforts of promising students, gifted alumni, and skilled faculty members. Their capabilities differ, but they are together in their belief that the FLAMINGO is coming of age and is soon to take its place among all other fine, college literary magazines.

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Sings The Sea, Vainglorious

I breathe in the sea-oats a path with my body;
I fold, I breathe in the sea-oats, slanted sheaves
And see my bare bronze foot
And see my bare brown foot
Muffled in the flour;

I bend down the heavy olives.

And here I look in the entrance,
And I bend full into the stout prickle
And the stinging salt,
The empty canvas, blue and bellied out,
And thunderheads exploding hugely puffed,
Illumined, planar, red—the sun is neon—
And vast and sounding reaches.

And here the ocean rolls on its broad sides
And crashes down its palms on the piano,
Spilling out the soaking chord,
The wet glass chord,
And shatters it in spray among the rocks,
In liquid glances higher on the beach,
In sheer slices running backwards on the shore,
Boiling, sliding, and abandoning
Weeds and matted shells and froth shimmering—
Blasted into fragile globes, as from a bubble pipe—
Running out to meet another.

Another chord, another scream shot out
Into the eagle's dominion,
And my foot already slipped in the weeds
And pausing—
Pick up the shell and listen;
The sound—it is what you think it is.
Ovation? Is it ovation?
Nor consider it the noise of idiot laughter
(Ten thousand fell by the wayside)
Nor how the wind shaves backwards
Through the grain, like a knife—
In a minute all you were an hour in coming.
And the girl—where is the soft white girl
 that dived for the pink shell
 and held it until it was warm
 and cried so afterward?

The girl is naked, lying
On a bare floor upstairs in Chelsea
And has put a bullet in her head.
You stand to the thigh entangled in her green hair,
And sings the sea, "Vainglorious!"

I *will* be coronated,
And I shake off the net slippers
And run ankle-deep in spilt flour,
Running to write my name in foot-high letters
On the Great White Way.

A Night Calling

Sometimes, when the night sea-wind is wild
And moans and issues at the window drape
From room to room and leaves the doors agape
With restless, lost impatience—like a child—
I am infected with its raw unrest
And walk with its unease from room to room,
In whose still vacancy we two presume
In vain on unknown things to come abreast.

My books fall down abandoned at my feet
Unheeded, as I pause upon the stair
To mark the doleful horn that falls on me
In labyrinthine summons that will bleat
Its riddles until I fall sleeping there,
And wake, and find the wind blown out to sea.

CLAYTON SEADEEK



To Sonnets

“A sonnet is a little song,” I say
To students’ faces, all politely stark
At start of day, at half past eight, and gray,
When ’tis the nightingale and *not* the lark.
I rant and roam on images and rhyme
And catalog the poet’s timeless themes:
Of love’s delight and love’s dismay, of time,
Of youth and age, and nature’s rage, and dreams.
The faces sit, and then I shake the spear
Of jibe to jar a Mona face to smile.
The time of man ticks on from year to year;
The Avon and the Thames both flow the while.
And does the flow of song flood up to swell?
Or die in mud? The faces never tell.

WILBUR DORSETT
Associate Professor of English

EGO

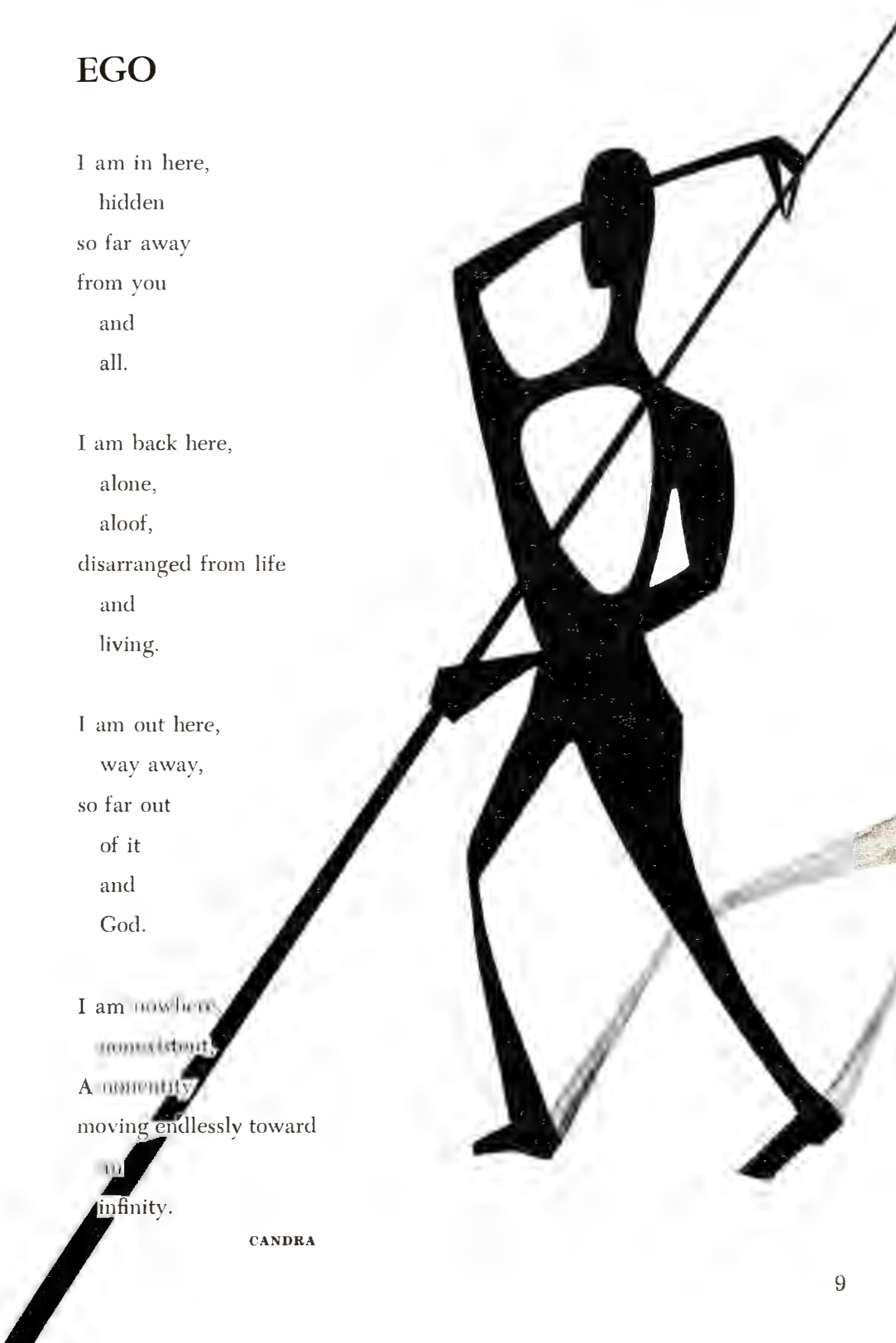
I am in here,
hidden
so far away
from you
and
all.

I am back here,
alone,
aloof,
disarranged from life
and
living.

I am out here,
way away,
so far out
of it
and
God.

I am nowhere,
omnipresent,
A nonentity
moving endlessly toward
infinity.

CANDRA



Sonnet to Sweeny

The Blanche light is fluttering and alighting,
Come, enfolding death enfolding me in your oldie but goodie
naked arms which still have the only reality of muscle
a backbone I strum like my fifty mark guitar and I play
my death song on your back and it is my only song and it is
the sick wan swan with the thin arms and in the lamplight
downed with Walt Whitman of all sexes. Just call me J.C.
Oh, Medea, God killed me when I was 28 years old going on 2.
But O O O that rag and Athens was good to me, in its fashion.
Today people don't sin anymore.
I am a card-carrying member of the Breakfast Club.

BONNIE MILLER

Dreams

O lead me to the place where
flowers are strong
Where music plays and happiness
is a breath of scented air.
Take me quickly, for I love you
And want to forget.

ANONYMOUS

To Me Come Stranger Running

To me
Come Stranger running,
On urgent uncollected feet
Tired from a whole night's walking
Empty streets.

To me
Come quivering,
Perhaps in tears,
O soft white huddled kitten
In a too-big hat and raincoat.

To me
Come unashamed
Of you, O lovely nakedness,
And then hide in my shoulder
For the little resting of the dark.

To me
Come quietly
With knowledge of me;
Know, O when I touch you, many times
We passed each other in the rain.

CLAYTON SEADEEK

THE BORDERLINE

"Off to see your little hot tamale, huh, Jack?"

"You're just jealous, Sonny."

"Sure I am! Why don't you bring her around sometime so the rest of us could have a chance."

"Yea, friend, I can see me introducing her to my dear ole mother now!"

"Well, spic or no spic, she still sounds like a nice little piece of merchandise!"

"Can it, Ed!" Jack Leeland slammed the door of his patrol car and turned the ignition key hard. He swung the car into the traffic that was downtown Laredo at five o'clock and headed for the border. The faint smell of orange blossoms, periodically blotted out by the damp odor of the river, blew through the car windows. Leeland lit a cigarette and leaned comfortably against the back of the seat. This was the first time he had been off in two weeks. Temporary shacks for the pickers marked the edge of town, and the flat, beige countryside spotted with the deep green of orange groves spread out toward the river. Leeland threw his cigarette butt out the window and watched it hit the pavement through his rear-view mirror. "God, it's been two long weeks. Two, too long weeks!" The pleasant pain in the pit of his stomach that always accompanied the thought of Rosa made him smile. "Rosita, Baby, it won't be long now." He slowed his car down and pulled along side the customs booth.

"Hey, Frank, how goes it? Everything peaceful?"

"So-so, but if I see one more of those God damned wetbacks today, I may puke!" The heavy-set man leaned out of the window.

"Don't feel like the Lone Ranger, Buddy. Who the hell do you think is rounding them up and sending them along to you?"

"Well, remind me to do a favor for you guys someday. Oh, by the way, got a message from headquarters to tell you guys going over to leave your transmitters on. Guess they might be expecting trouble." He waved the car through. "Have fun, you lucky S.O.B. Kiss her once for me."

"O.K., Frank. Thanks a lot." Leeland moved on over the bridge and into the winding dirt streets of Nuevo Laredo. The smell of garlic, sweat, and sewage saturated the dusty air. Perspiring tourists, besieged by gangs of clamoring children, picked their ways through the streets, and dirty shop owners began to move in their "authentic" wares. Jack lit another cigarette and honked at the peddlers who were trying to take up the road. He wormed his way through the main part of town and down the back streets to the little curio shop where Rosa worked. Here, too, the aproned owner was pulling down awnings.

"Hey, Pablo, is Rosa still around?" he asked as he got out of the car.

"Si, Senor Trooper Leeland. Long time we no see you. She is in the inside. You want her me to call?"

"That's all right, Pablo, I'll surprise her." He ducked under the rotting awning and stopped a minute to get

his eyes used to the dim light. The little cave-like hut was littered with everything from bullfight posters to silver crucifixes. The pain went through him again as he caught sight of the girl.

"Say, *Senorita*, got something beautiful for a lonely guy?"

The full-skirted figure froze at the sound of his voice. A second later he had her in his arms, and the hot, sticky smell of her was almost pleasant. His hands pushed her softness against him.

"Rosita, Baby," he whispered into the back of her neck, "I'd almost forgotten just how good you feel. I've missed you, Honey."

"Oh, Jack, I, too. Why have you from me been gone so long?" He brushed the damp, dark hair away from her face and kissed the full mouth again.

"Been busy, Baby, but not now. Now, it's just you. All through?" She nodded. "Come on then. Let's get out of here. I mean to have you all to myself." He held the canvas up for her, and she ducked under his arm. The sight of her in the sunlight made him walk faster.

"Hasta la vista, Pablo," he called shutting the car door for her.

"Hasta la vista, *Senor*. Maria Rosa, seven o'clock de la manana a punto!"

"Si, Pablo, por supuesto," she called as the car moved down the street. Jack put his hand on her shoulder.

"Come on over here, *mi Querida*. Still love me as much as ever?"

She pushed her face against his neck. "Oh, yes, and more, for you been gone so long."

"That's what I like to hear, Baby."

He kissed the top of her head. "Where to?"

"Think better we go home first? Mama have the dinner all fixed, and you eat with us, no?"

"Now, Rosita, I don't want to be any trouble, and I'm sure your—"

"Oh, no," she interrupted, "they will all be so happy to see you!"

"But won't you rather have a hamburger or something?" he asked as his stomach sunk at the thought of what he was getting himself into.

"Please, Jack?" she looked at him pleadingly.

"Sure, Little One, anything you say," he answered her, heading in the direction of the Mercedes' home. The unpainted shacks and scraggly yards grew farther between as they headed for the outskirts of town. Here and there a lonely looking T. V. antenna stuck up into the graying sky.

"Why you been so busy, Jack?" she looked up at him questioningly.

"Wetbacks, Baby. People who swim the river trying to sneak over to follow the groves down the valley," he explained. "Don't worry your pretty head over it, though. It doesn't have anything to do with you." He pulled off onto the bumpy, dusty cow path that served as the Mercedes' driveway and stopped before the leaning house. Rosa pulled his face down and kissed him quickly.

"Everybody be glad to see you, not just me. You see." She slid out easily under the steering wheel as he opened the door and led him into the house. Again he paused as his eyes adjusted to the even grayer inside. A small bare room gave way to a brighter kitchen that smelled of on-

ions, grease, and burned cheese. A brown-toothed, shiny-faced woman waddled toward him, wiping her hands on the dirty apron tied around her round middle with a piece of cord.

"Mama, you remember Senor Jack, no?"

The woman nodded vigorously, beaming up at him. Jack involuntarily stepped to one side away from the decaying smell of her breath.

"Si, si, you eat, no?" she bubbled.

"Muchas gracias, Senora." Leeland said trying not to take a deep breath and following Rosa to the back door. "Rosa, are you sure I'm no trouble?"

"No, no, no trouble!" she brushed by him onto the porch. "Papa, vamonos!"

A bare-footed, undershirted figure came toward them through the mesquite scrub. "Buenas noches, Senor," he said passing the back of his hand over his mouth.

"You see, Jack, no trouble." Rosa flipped back into the kitchen. "We eat now, Mama."

Four slick-haired children appeared from nowhere and slipped into the chairs around the oilcloth covered table. Jack sat down across from the rough-faced man and stared at the plate of oozing cheese and onions.

"You not visit us long time, Senor Leeland. You get tired of our Maria Rosa?"

"No, Papa," Rosa answered quickly, "he been very busy with," she paused, "wetbacks, Jack?"

"That's right. We've been having a lot of trouble, Senor Marcedes. Many people think that they can sneak over

and not go through customs. Of course, a lot of them are people who would not be allowed to go through."

"I hear talk. Why do people go?"

"To work the groves as the crews move down the valley. Most of them just get caught though and get thrown in jail or deported back again. It's a nasty deal."

"Si," the man agreed, "people make much money." He wiped the back of his hand over his mouth again and leaned over his plate. "How many get caught, Senor Trooper?"

"Not all of them, of course," Jack answered, "but enough to be a lot of work for everyone concerned. That's why I can't stay long now. You ready to go, Rosa?" he asked, unable to touch the food in front of him.

"Si." She stood up and looked at her father. "We go for drive. I will be back later."

"Muchas gracias, Senora Marcedes. Adios, Senor. Hasta la vista." Leeland followed Rosa out of the room and into the dark, clear air to the car. His lips brushed the top of her head as she got in.

"You like my family, no?" she asked him when he was in.

"Sure, Rosita, they are very nice."

"They think you are very smart. They are proud of me, and they tell all the people about you. That makes them proud also."

"Good, mi Querida, I'm glad that they are happy," he said as he backed the car around and headed for the road. "How about you?"

"Me? Oh, I proud too."

"No, I mean happy, Baby." He looked at her in the light of the dashboard.

"Oh," she said leaning against his shoulder, "I could be more happy maybe."

"How, Little One?"

"If you were kissing me," she whispered, touching the edge of his ear with her tongue.

"Well, just sit tight, Rosita mia," he smiled at her, "and I'll see what I can do." He pulled the car onto a side road and shut off the engine. Putting his arms around her, he pulled her down against him. "God, I've missed you," he whispered against her mouth. "I love you, Rosita."

She sighed, slipping her arms around him, "You do make me so happy." She paused, "You also make me sometimes scared."

"Scared, Honey? I don't want you to even know the meaning of the word." He kissed her forehead. "Why, Baby?"

"Because," she looked up at him shyly, "because I am scared that you will forget me."

"Rosita, look at me. I'm never going to forget you, and I'm never going to give you up. Do you believe me?" She nodded. "Let me hear you say it."

"Jack loves me and will never let me go," she repeated burying her face against his neck.

"And don't you ever forget it, Baby. Everytime you feel scared you just say that to yourself and know that it's true." He pulled her closer and began kissing her again. Under the loose blouse his hands felt the damp softness of her skin as she arched her back to be closer to him.

"Car 514, calling car 514, come in."

"God damn it to hell!" Jack sat up and reached for the phone on the

dashboard. "This is car 514. 514 reporting in." He looked down at Rosa as she lay on the seat staring up at him. He leaned down and touched his lips to the hollow of her shoulder.

"Car 514. Hey, Jack, glad we caught you. Looks like more trouble brewing north of town. Need you there as soon as possible."

"Now, listen," he said, "can't you get anybody else? There must be someone closer to the place than I am."

"Fraid not. You know how spread out we are. You're the only one, Jack. Sorry old boy."

"So am I," he answered. "I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Make it quick."

"O.K., so long." He set the receiver back and took the girl in his arms again. "You know, that's almost enough to make me quit this job. If it wasn't for you, I might seriously consider it."

"Jack, do you have to go?"

"Uh, huh," he muttered kissing her, "but not now."

"But they get mad at you if you don't. I don't like anyone mad at you."

"You're right, Baby, as always. I guess we'd better go. Don't want to though. Come here, kiss me once more. That's my girl."

"What kind of trouble makes you leave, Jack?" she asked sitting up.

"Hell if I know, Baby. Trouble's just trouble, I guess. I'm sorry."

"I also," she pushed her hair back. "They have you more than I do, and I do no trouble."

"I know, Honey, but there isn't anything that we can do about it." He

switched on the lights and started the motor. "Hey, listen, Rosita, will you do me a favor?" She nodded. "If you hear anyone talking about trying to swim the river, will you tell them that you have talked to me, and that I said that they don't have a chance. We've just about had our fill of this business, and things are really going to get rough if it doesn't start slackening off. I know that you can't do much, Little One, but maybe if the warning comes from you, some of the people you know will listen. Just keep your eyes open, and if you hear of a lot of movement let me know. Maybe we can stop it before it gets started. Understand, Baby?"

"Si, Jack," she answered, "I listen and tell people no."

"That's it." He put his hand on her knee. "You'll probably be able to do more good than the whole border patrol put together." He stopped the car in front of her house and turned toward her. "I'll be back soon again, Rosita. Are you going to be good for me?"

"I'm good just for you always," she whispered as her open mouth met his. She lingered a minute looking up at him in the darkness. "I love you, Jack," she said and jumped out of the car and ran into the darkness.

Leeland lit a cigarette and headed the car back toward the border.

Rosa watched the red glow of the car disappear in the dust. Pulling up the edge of her blouse and straightening the wrinkled skirt she walked into the dark house and headed for the room that she shared with her younger brothers and sisters.

"Maria Rosa, aqui!" a man's voice broke the stillness.

"Dear God, save us. You scare me, Papa. Where are you?"

"In the kitchen we are." A candle was lit in the other room. "Come to us pronto!"

"What are you doing scaring me?" She walked blinking into the room. "Mama! Muchachos! What are you doing here? Papa? Have I something done wrong?"

"No, Maria Rosa," the man answered her, "we wait for you. We wait to leave."

"To leave? I do not understand," said the girl shaking her head. "Where are we leaving for?"

"We cross river like Senor Trooper said, to follow the groves. Much money to be made. We are large family, and we pick many oranges."

"No, Papa!" Maria Rosa's dark eyes stared at her father. "We can't. Did you not hear what else Senor Leeland said? He said that they catch everyone and send them back."

"No trouble, Maria Rosa. We go. Get another dress to take and hurry. We want to go soon so the sun cannot catch us. Vamanos!" the man shouted.

"Papa, you know what will happen to us if they catch us? They will put us in jail and then send us back so we can never cross the border again. You are all loco! We can not do such a thing. Mama, do something!"

"Your Papa has decided, Maria Rosa. We do as he wishes." The woman's tired face glowed in the candle light.

"Papa, I won't let you do this. I

promise the Senor that I let no one do it."

"Go, Maria Rosa, do as I say! And we go," the man shouted at her, waving his arm.

The uncovered light bulb swung hypnotically in the bare, cream-colored room. A fly buzzed against the window screen, lighting for a second here and there. A uniformed man slouched in a chair tilted against the wall cleaning his ear with his forefinger. Another man stuck his head into the room from behind the half-fogged glass door.

"Don't look now, Pete, but we've got some more for you."

"Just what I always wanted." The man called Pete slammed his chair back onto the floor. "Send them on in." The man at the door disappeared and a minute later pushed the door open full.

"O.K. folks, this is it. Get in there." He pushed a man into the room and held the door while two women and four children followed behind him. They looked like many of the rest that they processed, damp, muddy, and shabbily dressed.

"You people sit down there on that bench." The man behind the desk pointed to the wall opposite him. "You come here, Senor." The man walked silently up to the front of the desk. "All right, buddy, what's your name?"

"Marcedes, Rafael."

"That your wife?" the man asked as he wrote. Marcedes nodded. "All right, her name."

"Sonia Marcedes."

"And the rest? Children?" Marce-

des nodded. "Their names from the oldest to the youngest."

"Maria Rosa, Juanita, Glorina, Miguel, and Felipe."

"O.K., do you have a home? Where?"

"Nuevo Laredo," Marcedes answered. The man named Pete leaned tiredly back in his chair.

"All right, give me the story, and it had better be a good one. You folks are in a lot of trouble."

Marcedes shifted his weight from one foot to the other and back again and wiped his hand across his mouth.

"Senor!" Both men stared at the dark haired girl across the room. "Senor," she said again, "It is my fault. You see, I am married."

"Well, congratulations, Senora."

"No, no," she said jumping up, "you do not understand. I am married to an American."

"Well, that does make a difference."

"Si, I just want to be with my husband, and my family just come with me."

"Well, Lady, now why don't you just tell me your husband's name and we'll just check it out. You'd better not be lying."

"Why," the girl faltered, "his name is Jack."

"Jack what, Lady?"

"Jack Leeland, Senor," the girl said staring at him.

"Where does he live?"

"Here in Laredo. I do not know where."

"Leeland, Laredo, you do not know where," the man looked at her suspiciously. "What does this Leeland do?"

"Why, he he is a trooper like you."

"That's what I thought," the man said, putting down the pencil. "You're lying."

"No, no, I'm not. I'm sure, I'm sure if you ask him he will say yes," the girl pleaded.

"All right. We'll just see if we can get hold of him. Sit down and stay put till I get back." The man walked out of the room and slammed the door behind him. "Hey, Bob," he shouted down the hall, "will you keep an eye on this door for me." He walked across into the radio room. "See if you can raise Leeland for me. We've got a Mexican babe in there," he pointed behind him, "who says she's his wife. This is going to be fun!"

"Calling car 514, car 514."

Jack slowed the car down and reached toward the dashboard.

"Car 514. What now?" he asked.

"Jack, need you down at the station, Boy. Have a little matter that I think you can clear up."

"Don't you guys ever give up? What is it?"

"Tell you when you get here. Think you will enjoy this one. Make it as fast as you can."

"All right, you're lucky. I'm almost there now." Jack put the receiver back on its hook and stepped on the gas. "Christ, what'll it be next. If it wasn't for certain advantages, I'd can this bit and get myself a human job."

He pulled up to the curb and took the front steps two at a time.

"What the hell's going on, Bob?" he asked the man at the desk.

"Same old thing, Jack. Another bunch of spics. What do they want you for?"

"We'll soon find out," answered Jack as he reached the door to the interrogation room. He opened the door.

"All right, Pete, what's the—?" he stopped, staring at Rosa, "What in God's name are they doing here?" he finished in a faint voice.

"Same old bit, Jack. We picked them up south of here a few hours ago. Got a new story, though. The babe over there says she is your wife!"

"Jack," the girl jumped up, "I tried! I told them no, but they did not listen. I'm sorry, I had to." She stepped toward him.

"She says she is my what?" Jack sat down on the desk, passing a hand over his face and through his hair.

"You heard me right, the little Mexican says she's your wife," Pete answered.

"For the love of God," the girl cried, "tell him I don't lie, please."

"I can't," he said staring at her, "sorry, Pete, I've never seen her before."

"That's O.K., Buddy, you've been a big help," he called after him as Jack walked out the door. "All we have to do is book them now."

ROBIN ROBINSON



Cold,
Deadening
Poison
Vapor
Which once
Was filled
With gaiety
Seems to
Burn my
Nostrils
Lately.
For when we
Met, the
Blossoms of
Magnolia
Were in
The air.
And warmth,
And sweet
Grasses
Were present
Everywhere.
Then he
Kissed me
Gently
And crept
Into
The black.
And
Silver keys
He jangled
As he
Went.

CANDRA



A Private Heart

The habit is to edge desire with lace,
As if an antique valentine were meet
For a comparison, or else defeat
The notion altogether in the face
Of the coarse-mouthed story-teller. "Place,"
Still others say, "desire upon an altar seat,"
So as to keep the mystery replete;
They clutch their Byron, stare in empty space.

But I come home when all these are asleep
And lie awake and listen for the birds
And know that I am made a man apart
In naked knowledge—like a cup I keep
Between us closer, warmer yet than words,
That stirs inside me like a private heart.

CLAYTON SEADEEK

THERE WAS A MAN

There was a Man
Who went to Hate
With an open wound,
And Hate took salt and sand,
And heaped it high upon the gash.
Man, delirious, fled to Love,
And Love bathed the wound
And made Man clean.
Then Man was pure,
So he returned to Hate.

S. L. SCHRUMPF

On Wind Swept Seas

On wind swept seas
There are men who dare
The watery expanse

There are men who fish
Beyond others' wishes

Canvas billowing, timbers creaking
Ropes straining
And life hanging in the balance
Of the swells

The smell of that salt sea air
And the feel of that spray
On that weather-worn face
Of others' prayers

These are the wishes
Of all men who
Live and die on the water, their life.

APPLETON BOUGH



.diego

I Wander Lonely

I wander lonely.

I see the child and mother sharing laugh and sigh.

There is no need for many words; they know each other's heart.

Sunlight playing on the wall, molds them into one, they want no third
companion.

I wander lonely.

I see the sandy beach where all the children play.

Their running footsteps slap the ground, with sharp, retreating beat.

They go, but I remain; they need no third companion.

I wander lonely.

I see the boy and girl, sitting hand in hand

Sharing secrets and thinking all is born anew.

One life becomes a life to share; they see no third companion.

I wander lonely.

Not child, nor mother, nor boy and girl in love, no, not I.

No group is mine with which to share deep secrets; like the tree, I stand alone.

EDWARD MAXCY



Saturday Night in Central Florida

Tiny, pudgy, buttered popcorn fingers
excitedly fumble the golden puffs
that are spilled in a shower of
startled delight, when thundering hooves
trample the bed roll of

Tom Mix—

BRAINERD HENCKEN



Hakku

See the sun drowning,
Reaching red arms toward
the clouds.
The birds mourn his death.

Spears of icy sound,
Liquid tones and brittle
pulse,
Song whirls within me.

THOMAS O. FELKINS

MEMORANDUM

COTTAGE COLLEGE

From: Professor Durable

Date: February 10, 1963

To: President Muchness

Copies to: Vice President, Dean, Registrar, Chairman of Faculty, Chairman of English Department, College Archives, Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings

Pursuant to your memorandum of December 9, 1958, I hereby make application for college funds toward defraying my expenses in attending the meetings of the following learned societies:

Combined Annual Meetings of the
Society for the Conjugation of Irregular Verbs (SCIV)
and the
Modern Declension Association (MDA)

February 20, at the

Hotel Blatt, Clevago, Illiana

Degree of participation: Last year I was elected to the office of First Person Plural in the SCIV and have been asked to have an active voice in the officiating of the annual meeting, particularly since the man who has been serving as Past Perfect will be unable to assume his duties as Future Indicative. A great deal of structuring and restructuring

of the organization is being contemplated, and the 52 directors feel it imperative that I be there to implement the liaison procedure between the two Committees of the Whole and Working Participles.

I have also been asked to present at this meeting a paper on "Evidence of Irregular Conjugation in the Colleges of the Southeast, with Particular Preference to the Use of the Subjunctive with 'You All'."

It is widely felt that thorough research into this study may well revolutionize the approach to correlating the student's acquisition of relevant data with his coefficient of adaptability to new phenomena—to say nothing of his intellectual exploitation of meaningful significance. The brilliant work in this field by Burudowski of Budapest in the 1830's will immediately come to the minds of all.

Benefits accruing to me: Unquestionably I would gain academically and professionally by attendance at this meeting. College faculty members do get into ruts. (I know some who have stayed in the past tense for 30 years.) But of greater importance, my attendance at such a meeting will help me to see the student as a whole instead of as a fragment.

Benefits accruing to the college:

1. These two associations have at their disposal enormous sums of money with which they endow chairs.
2. Cottage College will become a byword among hundreds of educational leaders.
3. Possibly I can get a speaker for Commencement.

Attached please find copy of the program of the meeting.

JOINT ANNUAL MEETING
SOCIETY FOR THE CONJUGATION OF IRREGULAR VERBS
AND THE
MODERN DECLENSION ASSOCIATION
Hotel Blatt, Clevago, Illiana, February 20, 1963

Morning Session, Main Lounge

Presiding: Dr. Marshmallow Tonsils, Past Perfect, SCIV

9:00-10:30 Welcome by Vice President Flurp of the MDA
10:45-12:15 Welcome by Vice President Przlz of the SCIV
12:30 Luncheon, Grill Room
Entertainment: Singing by the First Grade of
Public School 21.

Afternoon Session

2:00 PM Meetings of Study Groups.

GROUP I

Leader: Dr. Kneehighmeyer Meomeister Hofenistenaaur,
Professor of Comparative Past Participology,
Mishmash University
Subject: The Subversive Complement in the Nominative
Dissolute
Place: Mezzanine, between the third and fourth palms
at the left of elevator.

GROUP II

Leader: Dr. Glogel Gargle, Professor of Broken English,
University of the North.
Subject: Palatal Pablums in Participial Yodeling.
Place: Southwest Corner of the Main Dining Room

GROUP III

Leader: Miss Seraphina Singular, Odd Member of the Committee on Optimism.
Subject: The Cerebral Optative in Compound Parenthesis.
Place: The Dandelion Room.

GROUP IV

Leader: Miss Millie Mayhem, Chairman of the Committee on Intransitive Onomatopoeia in the Vocative.
Subject: Practical Applicability of Elliptical Cacaphony.
Place: Main Storage Room, (Rear of Manager's office).

4:30 PM

Main Lounge.

General gathering to Synthesize and Categorize the Data Systematized by the Groups. An attempt will be made at Articulation by the Executive Committee.

5:30 PM

Meeting of Officers. Room 709. (Suggestions for restructuring may be handed in triplicate to Vice President Przlf.)

Evening Session

7:00 PM

Dinner.

Main Dining Room

Menu:

Chicken a la King, Watered Mashed Potatoes, Bullet Peas.

Presiding:

Vice President Flurp, Modern Declension Association.

PAPER

"The Hysterical Genitive, Some Vestigial Usages in Six Counties of Northern Michigan," by Miss Flossie Fluss, for 47 years Head of the Department of English, Bishwosh College.

PAPER

"Changes in the Funereal Dative, 1770-1830," by Professor Isnit Phooee, Acting Temporary Chairman, second sub-committee of the Fourth Study Group of the Commission of Investigation of Minor Declension Lapses, the Southern Branch of the Eastern Section of the Modern Declension Association (usually shortened to SCFSGCIMDLSEBESMDA).

CHARLES MENDELL
Professor of English



Words

Just a group of letters of a
Language
Put in order of a sound
As to be understood by
The speaker and the spoken to.

APPLETON BOUGH

A Summer Song

How godlike we were that summer,
She and I. . .
The satiny gleam of the sun
On our darkening bodies,
Drinking it in like a golden nectar.
The crystal depths along the sandy shores
Cooled our burning bodies
And we would come out,
Glistening
Like two golden fish.
With bare feet and bright colors
We laughed together—
The island's blue air
And pulsating sun
Blessing our union.
Ours was an idyl,
Suffused by the scent
Of salt and suntan oil.
I didn't know that
Summers too
Must end.



The Last Year

Together for nine,
Which seems for eternity
The fall and the winter creep
Slowly past
As one learns to harmonize
In good times and bad,
Then it is farewell, though thought not forever.

The friendships will not last
As the years slowly pass.
Only habits and ideals formed
Remain framed
Of all that once was:
A word, a thought, kindly or not so. . . .
Remembered.

APPLETON BOUGH

screaming and screaming

she

fell out of the sky to me.

and I hated her so.

my mind is three—

my hate of her

my waiting love

and the me everybody knows

I sit happy in the

middle way.

now and then rebelling

against the things life

faces me with.

now and then hating

her

and her influence on

me.

and of course, always

live loving

in the middle way.

F. WEDDELL

The Other Woman

Frozen daiquiries
In that cool, calm hand.
Scorn within those eyes.
Body brittle in black sheath.
Mouth distasteful from lies.

Chiseled face of granite block
Hypnotic, aloof, and serene.
Ah, yes beauty, you have him now,
And with him my only dream!

CANDRA



Two Flights Up

It is a room
Like any other.
It has four walls
Of butterscotch color.
It smells of smoke
And old shoe leather.
It feels too damp
In any weather.
It has a bed
With patch-quilt cover.
Which kept him warm
When he did slumber.
It has a door
Without a number
It has a floor
Of streaked-pine lumber.
It was our room
Each rainy summer
It's where he was
My gentle-lover.
If I stay here
I'll surely smother.

It's not the same
Without each other!

CANDRA

ON BEYOND ACT V

A Humourous Play in One Act

by

B. G. Hencken

Dramatis Personae

Sir Bertie Boggle-Bottom	<i>a pompous, arrogant, stuffy lord of considerable means</i>
Faunty	<i>son-of-above, spoiled rotten, an ill-mannered, unkempt boy of 17</i>
Albamarle	<i>"a gentleman's gentleman"— servant to Sir Bertie</i>
Wilbur Pit	<i>ticket seller at Globe Theater, a quippy talker, somewhat enamoured of Gweneth</i>
Gweneth	<i>An attractive bar maid of 20</i>
Vee	<i>a portly, friendly bar maid of 40</i>
Gibbs	<i>bartender</i>
Fodworth	<i>friendly cronies of</i>
Thaddeus	<i>Pit and professional</i>
Macauley	<i>sponges of anyone</i>

TIME: 5:30 P. M. Thursday evening 1597

PLACE: In the vicinity of London

This play takes place in the Pit-Bull Pub not far from The Globe Theater. The time is shortly before the expected arrival of the crowd from the Globe after a performance of "The First Part of King Henry the IVth." The pub itself has a warm atmosphere with soft lighting, supposedly coming from tallow candles and is panelled with rosewood of a dark hue. The entrance, a heavy, hard-wood door with a see-through grill, is at deep center stage. A long bar with padded leather elbow railing runs diagonally from a few feet from the door to downstage left. Several tables and chairs are neatly placed from center stage over to stage right. The tables are covered with bright cloths, and tallow candles, giving off a mellow light, burn in the necks of various shaped whisky bottles. There is a cascade of multicolored wax hanging from the bottles indicating a long term of service and adding greatly to the atmosphere. In the center stage, where the line of tables and chairs begins, there is an upright, dazed beam, rough hewn (as are the beams indicating ceiling structure) apparently acting as support. Several pots of ivy have shoots spiraling up the beam. Far up stage right on the wall, hangs a dartboard.

As the curtain goes up, Gibbs is seen behind the bar cleaning and stacking beer steins. Gweneth is crumbing the tables and straightening the chairs. Vee is sweeping with a large floor broom. Two or three men and a worldly-looking woman are sitting

down stage right and are conversing and laughing in silence with mild gesticulations. Gibbs eventually places a highly polished stein on the bar and turns to Gweneth.

Gibbs: Methinks this will be a rowdy night, Gweneth. We're low on keg ale and the simple folk get lit o' nights on whisky... me plannin' will 'ave to get better.

Gweneth: (Without looking around, but with an attentive air) Yes, most probable, Gibbs, but I'll say this much, if Will Pit so much as sloses a drop of anythin' upon my clean apron, it will be a sore head for 'im tomorrow morning... mark me. (Nods to herself for assurance)

Vee: (Looking over with a knowing smile) Be it his head or thine, it is of little consequence which aches in the morn for you will be here again tomorrow night to serve him again regardless.

Gweneth: (Wistfully) I suppose so Vee... oft times I've wondered on...

Vee: (In a motherly tone and now looking at Gweneth who has seated herself in contemplation) Oh, girl, now's not the time to be thinkin' 'bout changin' thy livin'; the long fingers of this trade grip too tightly... There's little scoff at a barmaid working in a respectable ale house such as this to have a few gentleman friends, and lass, think on't; there's no place to go but down... Besides, Vee knows, lass... Vee knows.

Gibbs: (Who hasn't been watching the pair and apparently has not overheard them, turns from polishing the mirror) And besides, gal, it is better to associate with people of your cut of cloth than swab floors for a thrupence a week in a gentleman's home, and clean the pablum out of 'is brats' ears, and wash the missus' fine bed linen, wonderin' why you was never born rich . . . Believe me gal, you're with your own people and we love ya. (Vee nods, and just as Gweneth is about to reply, the tavern door is flung open and in stride Wilbur Pit and his cronies. The people sitting at the table down stage right, look up with interest as this colorful and boisterous group enters.)

Wil: (Spiritedly) Good even, good Gweneth.

Gweneth: (Composed) Good that it were better without your presence, Sir Wilbur.

Wil: Sir? . . . Gentlemen, she calls me, Sir. (Looks around gleefully, getting the expected laughter from his cronies)

Gweneth: 'Twas a slip of the tongue and meant in jest besides . . . You are no more Sir than I, Queen.

Wil: 'Twas a slip of the tongue e'er so costly? I've lost my knighthood and Gweneth her maidenhead . . . With apparent madness.

Gweneth: (Flushed and astonished) Dear Sir . . . I . . .

Wil: Again I am knighted and stand at thy service, Lady Gweneth.

(Gibbs and Vee both chuckle)

Gweneth: (Quite mad) You insufferable knave . . . You wilt sit in here and stand outside if thou so pleaseth, for this is a tavern not a hot . . .

(Cronies chuckle)

Vee: (Interrupting) Sit thee down, gentlemen, lest thee cause fair Gweneth an unbalanced temperament. Give me your cloaks.

(Vee takes their cloaks and they seat themselves; Gweneth stalks to the bar)

Gibbs: Ale all 'round gentlemen?

Wil: (Lighting a pipe) Yes, thank thee kindly, Gibbs . . . (Turning to cronies at table) Well, me friends, how think thee on tonight's performance? Was Falstaff to your liking? Like ye also the fashion of the ladies petticoats above thee in the gallery?

All: (Emphatically) Aye!

Mac: Aye, Wil, Kind ye were, indeed, to sneak us in on opening night, and fine indeed were the legs of the ladies . . . but not so fine the glance I received from Lord Boggle-Bottom for looking up his wife's gown, and not so fine the position of my present employ.

Wil: How do ye find your state, now, Mac?

Mac: Lord Boggle-Bottom caught me by the arm upon leaving the Globe this even and discharged me from me post as blacksmith in his stable. Good work and well paid I was . . .

Fodworth: 'Zounds, 'tis a most expensive peek . . .

Thaddeus: Yea, 'tis true, what will ye do now for bread, Mac?

Mac: I am goin' to so tool a key that it will unlock all the chastity belts in the world and love for a livin'.

Wil: Now, Mac, bitterness will not sweetness make of present plight . . . I will think on this problem and you will be shoeing horses on the morrow. Ho, Gweneth brings our beer.

Mac: Thank thee, Wil, thou art most kind.

Gweneth: (Good spirits, trying not to look at Wil) Your ale, gentlemen. (Wil receives his courteously and promptly proceeds to blow the foamy head upon Gweneth's breast, she in turn, explodes with anger) My last clean smock for the week! Fie upon ye, ye damnable, despicable creature! (She turns to go, but Wil holds her gently by the arm and says softly . . .)

Wil: Would that it were my thinking head upon thy breast, than that of senseless ale . . . sweet, sweet Gweneth.

Gweneth: (looking sheepishly and lovingly at Wil) Oh, Wil . . . ye make me . . . (Then regaining her fire and wrenching her arm from his hand) Knave of all tomfoolery . . . humph . . . insufferable knave.) She stalks haughtily away. Wil looks fondly after her.)

Wil: Will ye gents, in due accordance, drink to fair Gweneth, and health to us all.

All: Aye. Aye.

Mac: A truly pretty wench, Wil. Intent thee of marriage?

Wil: Oh, 'tis a thought I entertain now and again.

Fod: Her virtue has been tried and proven, and that I know for certain.

Wil: Oh, 'tis true she is a fine prospect . . .

(At that moment into the tavern step, Sir Bertie Boggle-Bottom, Faunty, and Albamarle. All three are dressed in the peak of fashion; all three give their cloaks, hats and canes to Vee and move to a table up stage right, directly across the stage from Wil's table. A moment later a few more people sift in and sit at the bar.)

Mac: There's the blighter now!

Wil: Who?

Mac: See him there (pointing toward the table) with his Valet and snotty son.

Wil: Oh, yes, he frequents the Globe now and again. He fashions himself after the Lord Mayor for social prominence . . . Quite a dandy me-thinks.

Albamarle: (Calling loudly and arrogantly across the pub) Barmaid . . . service!

Gweneth: Anon, anon, Sir.

Wil: (To Gweneth as she passes by his table on her way to Sir Bertie's) Swoon not over the ruby jerkined lad; he is not a day of eighteen.

Gweneth: (Softly for she is hurrying) Oh, ye devilish thing! (Then approaching Sir Bertie's table.) Yes, now, gentlemen, what will be your pleasure? (She lights the candle. Sir Bertie twittles his mustache and pats her tenderly on the rump. Wil, who is watching, starts a bit and clenches his fists. Mac calms him.)

Sir Bertie: (with aloofness) Well, two whiskys here and a ginger beer for the lad.

Gweneth: No ginger beer, Sir, and methinks the ale is dry now, too.

Sir Bertie: (With conviction) Then bring the lad a shot, and a man we make of him this even, eh, Albamarle.

(Albamarle nods his head.)

Gweneth: Very good, Sir, three whiskies. (Turns and goes toward the bar)

Wil: This ought to be rich! The lad is to become a man . . . Well, is he now? Excuse me, gentlemen. Perhaps me favorite pepper juice will put hair on the lad's tongue. (Wil leaves the table and casually saunters up behind Gweneth and starts to talk to her. As he does so, he carefully removes a small bottle from his pocket and pours some of its contents into a glass unnoticed and returns the bottle to his pocket. He then follows Gweneth to his table. He reseats himself, and she goes on to Sir Bertie's table.) If chance be with us gentlemen, and lady luck has been known to visit me before, the little one, upon tasting, will leap and

jump like a knave in the box. (Cronies chuckle gleefully) . . . Hush ye now, and see if fortune smiles.

Gweneth: Here is ye whisky, gentlemen. (She places the glasses down and returns to the bar.)

Wil: This is a wry joke, gents, on a young fry. Ne'ertheless a laugh is where ye find . . . Hush, he's at the glass.

Faunty: (Leaping to his feet, sputtering and gasping with gild gesticulations.) Ahhhhhhhh . . . water!

(Thundering laughter from Wil's table)

Albamarle: To his credit . . . He downed it at one draught.

(Sir Bertie nods, groaning a bit with dismay, both at his son's action and the jeering laughter.)

Sir Bertie: All Boggle-Bottoms have held their liquor well . . . howe'er methinks we are of too much sport made at the present time to continue our drinking.

(Faunty utters "Thank God!" under his flaming breath.)

Here Albamarle, take this note to your cute waitress. (Albamarle starts for the bar.)

Wil: (fervently) Mark ye that, men . . . A note to my fair Gweneth goes . . . My mind must act on what my heart suppose. (He leaps up, intercepts Albamarle on his way to the bar, and wrenches the note from his hand.)

Albamarle: (totally surprised, but with accustomed arrogance) Fie, on thy rash, bungle-headed ways, knave! Hand back the note which thou most assuredly can'st not read.

Wil: Hold him, Mac. (Mac instantly slaps Albamarle into a hammer lock with a forceful flailing. Sir Bertie leaps to his feet, pointing a pistol.)

Fod: Duck, Wil! He's a pistol point-in'!

Thaddeus: Maybe this stein will cool him. (He heaves the stein at Sir Bertie, which strikes him in the chest and causes the shot to go wild into the ceiling.)

(At this, Faunty leaps under the table and shivers.)

(Everyone in the place is startled, Gweneth and Vee scream.)

(Gibbs shoulders a blunder-buss from behind the bar)

Gibbs: The next gun shown in this 'ere 'ouse will 'ave its master lyin' dead before you can say cock-robbin.

Wil: 'Tis under control now, Gibbs . . . and now we will see if I can'st read or no. (leaping up on to the table) Friends, (shouting) I 'ave 'ere a note as yet unread by myself which was purported to go to Gweneth, whom we all love and hold in high regard. It came from this lord yonder, and it is curious to me of what nature this note might be.

(There is a loud stamping and moving of feet.)

All: We will hear the note! . . . read the note!

Wil: (decidedly) Ye have coaxed me into the reading . . . let this fall heavily upon thine ears.

Sir Bertie: (standing) Stop! . . . stop! . . . a crown to all in the house if the note be left unread!

(milling and mumbling among the tavern folk)

Wil: (shouting) Can the name of fair Gweneth be slandered for 25 crowns . . . !

Fod: No!

Thaddeus: The note! . . . the note!

All: No! Read the note!

(Sir Bertie sinks into his chair)

Wil: Thus it is written:

To sweet, soft Gweneth,
'Tis in the courtly fashion
for those who write of passion
to let their would-be mistress
know. . . .

(Gweneth gasps audibly. Someone yells, "To the stock, to the stock, to the stock with the blighter!")

Fod: Let 'im read it, let 'im read!

Wil: Looking around for silence)

To let their would-be . . . know
By verse and metered rhyme constructed so
That in the heat of all emotion
Their words would steam up every ocean—

Thus, from my bed dear Gweneth,
I write

This sonnet, wishing you were
with me here upon it.

Virginity is quite the rage some
say,
So deeply loved by those blest with
its cover
Yet with all prudery's malcontent,
each day
Their virtue try in thinking of a
lover.
So oft is reason.

Sir Bertie: (pleadingly) I prithee,
sir, in all earnest, read not more
. . . yonder Gweneth weeps and the
note is unjust cause of her public
tears.

Wil: It is for her I stop, and her
alone, oh, callous wretch! . . . and
in recognition of your shame, and
unless news of this indiscretion
reach your wife, in these several
parts ye will abide by my terms.

Sir Bertie: Say on.

Wil: First, you will accept Macauley
back into your employ, for what
he did was pure happenstance.
(turns to Mac) Let that twerp
go, Mac! (Albamarle slumps to
the floor in almost a senseless stu-
por) Next, ye will buy all here a
whisky shot for the trouble and
concern you have caused them . . .
and of gravest importance, an
apology of flowing rhetoric to
Gweneth who is by your baseness
seated in whimpers at the present
time.

Sir Bertie: In consent. (walking to
the bar and laying out two pounds
Drink and be merry, rascals all,
for all have I offended. (then
turning to Gweneth) It was by
hot blood and not by conscience
that I see you now in tears. I never

thought of thee consenting but
longed for thy frame so well that
I composed a tempting line . . .
Forgive my foolish passion, ye are
a fine maid and maid thou art.
(turning to Mac) Mac, fetch up
Albamarle, and drag my chicken-
livered son from 'neath yon table,
lest your good name be tarnished
by our presence of a longer stay
here. To your health all, I bid thee
adieu.

Exit Sir Bertie, Faunty,
Albamarle, and Mac.

Fod: Wil, 'Twas kindly just with ac-
tions tempered so that words came
in place of ye fists . . . tend to
Gweneth, for she weeps not so
much from the insult as for the
tenderness of your touch.

Thaddeus: (addressing the whole
pub) Aw right now, tend, to ye
fortuitous drinking and think not
on the foibles of mankind, for ex-
haustive thought in a warm pub at
night yields little true in the cold
light of day. Drink ye and be merry.

(people turn back to sipping and
talking)

Wil: (walking over to Gweneth and
kneeling before the chair in which
she is sitting) Dear Gweneth,
sweet, sweet Gweneth, would that
thou were not subject to my read-
ing . . . for I did abuse thee further
by my own tongue . . . I am dread-
full sorry. 'Tis my most desirous
wish that I may try thy most cov-
eted possession by marrying you
Sunday next at noon. Accept this
short term of intermittent court-

ship, I prithee . . . for I am now as constant as my love, and my love for thee will never leave me.

Gweneth: (sobbing now in joy) Oh, kind, gentle Wil, I do consent to wed thee Sunday next . . . leave us go home and rejoice at Mother's house. (Wil nods lovingly)

(Thaddeus to Fodworth, aside)

Now the jig is up!

Vee: (Coming from behind the bar where she has been stacking glasses in silence, for the past twenty minutes) Home with ye, child! I'll to the cleaning tend . . . And, Wil, I'll box thine ears if ye unfaithful prove.

Wil: If I unfaithful prove, 'tis only ye who could take me from my Gweneth.

(laughter and smiling from all)

Adieu my friends and Gibbs, Adieu

Exit Wil and Gweneth

Gibbs: (walking from behind the bar and up to stage center)

Thus has been the brief traffic of our stage, and we hope a gentle lesson there from wrought, will find thee all in nunnerys or hermitage if the ways of chastity are not by thee sought.

FINIS
CURTAIN

Doxology

But you will not be long for me, and eyes of bitter
love
Will glance away and seek another
Come winging across the three-leafed clovers
And she will have knees green from gathering the gods.

ANONYMOUS

