

still lives in his three towered house. The grass has grown tall in front of it. Mr. Adams has to walk to the factory now. His sons have moved away and the empty windows of their houses stare blankly at an unpeopled street. The Thomson's bungalow like most of the rest is forsaken. Billy Thomson's wagon his rusted and broken brown stalks are all that remains of the zenia bed. Mr. Thomson dug up his onions when he left. The Thomson's didn't even put a "For Rent or For Sale" sign in the front yard.

Mrs. McGinty who lives three houses from the Thomsons, has had the fence taken down between her yard and Mrs. Murphy's. She went over herself and picked up all the apples she had thrown into the others yard and sent roses to Mrs. Murphy's funeral. For Mrs. Murphy like many of the town's people died from the shock. Mr. Johnson, the undertaker, had to give up his filling station and grocery because he had so much business.

However he is the only one who pros-

pered by the fatal event. Most of the stores in the town square are closed. The Peabody Picture House still has a faded advertisement for a show popular in 1941 hanging partly torn from its "Now Showing" board. Though a great many of the people on the south side are still living in Buttonville they can't afford to go to a motion picture. Mr. Adams doesn't pay the laborers much and so they've let their roofs sag, their yards become mud and dirt and they seldom have curtains at their windows which are frequently patched with paper. The workers go grumbling to work each day in the fourth of the factory that is still running and pack buttons in boxes labeled "Klever Kiddies Klothes."

Mrs. Biddle has the buttons for the children's clothes added to her string. Just before they start she has a neatly clipped headline glued on the last overcoat button which reads:

Smart Style Dictates Zippers for Overcoats.

## Flamingos

LUCY KAUFMAN

Far through the jungle, bird cries mark night's end,  
Eastwardly the sky is streaked with pink,  
and near the water's edge black orchids bend  
beneath webbed-feet, as white flamingos drink.

Deep among the spindling silent stalks  
which border banks surrounding the lagoon  
wet reeds stir, and a tall flamingo walks  
infringing on the sleep of afternoon.

Flamingos showing silver in the night  
fly far above the jungle toward the west,  
and following a star's translucent light  
at length reach home, and white flamingos rest.