

## TOASTS FOR THE LOST LIEUTENANTS

For Karl the Cornell rower,  
who wore the medals he deserved.

For Grogan of Brooklyn, who left  
no memory worth mentioning.

For Foley, who married the commandant's  
daughter though nothing came of it.

For Clasby, who wanted out,  
and when he could, got out.

For Schoen, who married, stayed in,  
thickened, and retired a major.

For Chalfant, who bought a sword  
and dress blues but remained Chalfant.

For Billy Adrian, the best  
of punters, legless in Korea.

For Nick Christopolos, who kept  
a luger just in case.

For Soderberg, who taught us  
songs on the hot Sundays.

For Dahlstrom, the tennis king,  
who starched his dungarees erect.

For Jacobson, who followed me  
across the worst of all creeks.

For Laffin and the gun he cracked  
against a rock and left there.

For Nathan Hale, who really was  
descended but shrugged it off.

For Elmore, buried in Yonkers

five presidents ago.

For Lonnie MacMillan, who spoke

his Alabamian mind regardless.

For Bremser of Yale, who had *it*

and would always have *it*.

For lean Clyde Lee, who stole

from Uncle once too often.

For Dewey Ehling and the clarinet

he kept but never played.

For Lockett of the Sugar Bowl

champs, and long may he run.

For Lyle Beeler, may he rot

as an aide to the aide of an aide.

For Joe Buergler, who never

would pitch in the majors.

For Kerg, who called all women cows

but married one who wasn't.

For me, who flunked each

test on weapons but the last.

For Sheridan, who flunked them all,

then goofed the battle games

by leaving his position, hiding

in a pine above the generals'

latrine until he potted

every general in sight, thus

stopping single-handedly the war.