FALL-WINTER, 1964-65

*Literary Number of the*

# BUFF AND BLUE


GALLAUDET COLLEGE

Kendall Green

Washington, D.C. 20002

# *From the Editor . . .*

AS THE COLLEGE begins its second century it is my hope that new measures be taken towards making the Literary Number a magazine of broader scope and color.

Many students would like to write for the literary magazine but find it difficult to put their words on paper in a coherent and acceptable manner to meet the standards set by the literary staff. It is my opinion that when a student reads a poem or story written by some stand-out literary figure of the Gallaudet alumni or faculty he gets the general impression that such a work is beyond his capabilities and range. Mr. Robert Panara, Assistant Professor of English of the Gallaudet College faculty, summed up my thoughts in an article printed in the winter edition of the 1951 literary issue, titled "Pure Literature Is A Myth;" he says:

> ". . . As an instructor in English here at Gallaudet College I find myself in an ideal spot to learn why so many of these students shy away from writing for the college newspaper or for the literary magazine. They reason that they can't do so is simply because of the rigid set of requirements set by the editors. Thus, the editors become so many gods, having absolute and divine powers; anything put into print by them seems to savor of 'pure' literature, inasmuch as the printed page itself seems to be the work of some genius who was smitten by a divine fire.
>
> Under the spell of such a 'complex,' these would-be writers maintain that they can't possibly measure up to 'such high standards of creative writing.' Yet, and here lies a paradox, these same student writers seem to experience very little trouble with meeting the (shall I call them 'lowly'?) standards set for them in their English Composition classes . . ."

I must state here for the benefit of the success of future literary editions that we are not interested in turning out a professional magazine, but contributions submitted should be those which add interest and reflect the general format of the edition.

This year the literary edition has been blessed with an abundance of literary "gems" which I hope will glisten enough to make you aware of their value. For those who aspire to write for the Spring edition of the magazine, I wish to let it be known that we welcome your contributions in order to turn out an even better issue than this one.

Yours Literarily,

LINWOOD SMITH, *Editor*

# Table of Contents


From the Editor ---- 2

Invisible Trap, *Akira Kiyota* ---- 4

Sweet Genius and the Nincompoop, *Shirley Allen* ---- 17

Jukebox, *Alfred Hargreaves* ---- 17

The Dream Song of the Deaf Mute, *Linwood Smith* ---- 18

The Strike, *Wayne Sinclair* ---- 19

Philadelphia Night, *John Cowen* ---- 22

Man Trap, *Gerald Pettie* ---- 23

The Rendezvous for the Swimming Party, *Frances Parsons* ---- 27

Meditations, *Donald Bangs* ---- 28

The Indians in Parkman's "Oregon Trail," An Analysis, *Willis Mann* ---- 29

Hope, *David St. John* ---- 33

Players in the Dark, *David St. John* ---- 33

Kantian, *Linwood Smith* ---- 34

Connor's Revolt, *John Cowen* ---- 35


---

## LITERARY STAFF

Linwood D. Smith ---- *Editor-in-Chief*

John Cowen ---- *Illustrator*

John Schroedel ---- *Editor of Buff and Blue*

Mr. Daniel Nascimento ---- *Faculty Advisor*

# *Invisible Trap*

› AKIRA KIYOTA, '66

EDWIN THOMPSON was an ordinary man. It had been fifteen years since he started practice in a small town in New York Upstate. Dr. Edwin Thompson, —— the name plate must have been renewed several times on the rotten door. The color of the white letters, however, had faded out and there was silence about the entrance door, so people might as well expect few patients or none to come there.

An ordinary man, he has thought himself to be such a man. Although he will have his fiftieth birthday in half a month, his life was not checkered as yet. He stepped into his father's shoes to become a dentist, married Helen during college, and kept two children. That was all of his life. His elder daughter was already married; his second daughter was a typist fresh from high school. Helen was not so beautiful, yet she got fatter fatter these years and seldom showed womanhood. It followed that the Thompsons had kept a home as reasonably as they could since there was no reason why they should dare separate because they were married too many years. From force of habit—murmured Edwin. But it was only recently he began to murmur such a matter. Speaking strictly, it was not until he picked the decayed tooth of a middle-aged woman who was a cafe-owner.

The woman was widowed about two years ago. And still a widow now. He knew through her health insurance card that she was thirty-four years old and Greta by name. The name, though old-fashioned, sounded as though she were a friendly, elegant woman. Her figure was also as attractive as the name of Greta, he thought at least. He doubted the validity of the rumor that she was an ex-stripper. Her busts were popping out and smelt of the perfume of womanhood.

Her husband might have wished to live longer, Edwin thought each time he beheld her. Her husband was said to have died of gastrocirrhus. People imagined how unlucky it was that he had widowed his beautiful wife so young. Edwin would do his best not to die if he had such a beautiful wife, he thought.

"I wonder if that widow is still alone," one day Helen, his wife, began after Greta got cured and went home.

"I don't know," answered Edwin as if he had no interest, but that was indeed what he wanted to know about.

"It's been two years since her husband died."

"Has it been?"

"I bet it's been. Today it's about two years ago when he died. She's still young and lovely. I wonder if a man will like that type of woman. What do you think of her?"

"I think nothing of her."

"Don't you think she's lovely?"

"I don't think she's so ugly."

"Not so?"

"I never figure about this matter."

"Why so stolid? I think she'll remarry soon, because she has no children to rear, besides guys around here would not ignore her even if she doesn't flatter. Maybe she's in love with someone else. Maybe that cook, I felt so."

"——" Edwin listened without an answer. Although it was only on the surface that he was not concerned, his mind was not so calm as the surface. It was probably then that he first felt love for the widowed cafe-owner. There were two male cooks and five waitresses inside her cafe. The one cook was younger than Greta, and the other was energetic and forty years old. It seemed that the management was almost left to this man after Greta's husband died. It was no wonder that she who felt forlorn as a widow felt like depending on him. And it was a natural thing, if he should court her, that he should succeed her husband.

Thinking so, Edwin's heart ached like a decayed tooth. It was a sad pain. But how does it pay to be sad? What will become of him if his secret love gets known to her? Edwin knew that he could not make it after all. He had his wife and children in addition to the honor of being a dentist. He had not courage and passion enough to desert them in order to run after her. The pain of his heart was all the more pitiable as he knew it impossible.

Helen was unaware of Edwin's sadness. Of course, the widowed cafe-owner had no way of knowing that. And Edwin veiled his painful heart on the sly and had to await the day to come when his wound would get better as if he expected a violent storm to pass away.

It is not uncommon that an ordinary man gets involved by chance in a remarkable life. That was Edwin's case.

That was Saturday and off-duty. Helen visited her elder daughter's home just after lunch. It was a pleasure for her to see her grandchildren. As she is a talkative woman, it is usually not until ten in the night that she comes home once she visits any of her relatives. Although asked to go along with her, Edwin was hesitant to answer clearly, for he was scolded by

his wife's sulky remark "I see you don't like your grandchildren." Then Helen went out alone. Of course, the little kids are sweet and cute to Edwin. But even driving out with her bored him to being negative and he thought it an irksome thing that he had to stay put beside his wife until ten or later in the night. Meanwhile his second daughter was with friends on a trip and would be home tomorrow. Then he decided to eat dinner outside for this evening. It was a good chance for him to enter Greta's cafe. Although the complete cure that could have been expected in several visits for Greta's decayed tooth was purposely delayed to one month, her visit expired finally ten days before. Since then he had no chance to talk with her.

All alone as Helen went out, Edwin stepped down the stairs to a garden about a hundred square feet large surrounded by a wire fence. The herbs were in full blossom for spring. English daisies, pansies, snap-dragons, amaryllises—these flowers he had watered affectionately. He did not like to drink or play golf.

For a while he was satisfied to observe his garden, then went into his room to take a nap. It was rare that he was all alone. He took a great relief in disengagement. He felt himself free. Stretching himself out on a sofa, he watched the television set. Bing Crosby was doing the dancing and the singing. Edwin tried to imitate his singing, but he could never be so good.

Before long he got up to watch himself in a mirror. His beard had some white hairs. His head turned a little bald, too. The parts just under his eyes sagged, though its complexion was good. When he had spread a fingerful of shaving cream to his face, his face looked like that of an old man. His beard was shaved quickly.

It was at two that afternoon when he went out. His home town was once a quiet one and now booming with new houses to be built. Many were moving from New York City to settle there, establishing modest shops around Greta's cafe.

The nearer Edwin drove to the cafe, the harder he felt his heart beat. But it was too early for dinner. Passing by the gate, he looked through a picture window of the cafe for the figure of Greta, but she wasn't there.

He parked his car before he went to New York City, and went by subway to a flower shop where he often bought seeds and seedlings. He made friends with girls behind the counter, especially one of whom he used to kid intimately. A little girl of twenty. He had happened to run into her in the street and treated her to dinner. The nose against her white round face appeared cute and her lips were charming.

Once inside the flower shop, his eyes aimed naturally for her. But it seemed she took this day off, so he asked another girl for gladiolus bulbs, which were as large as pigmy onions and a bit too heavy for size. The glittering dry bulbs were said to be good ones.

"Is it gladiolus?" A voice came from behind. As he turned back, there stood a plain-clothes man, Hubert, of the jurisdiction that covered Edwin's town. He also liked gardening and often met Edwin at the flower shop. He was heavy-set and brown-tanned from being on the beat, though as old as Edwin.

"Yes." Edwin winked slightly and complained that a wild rat had eaten all the bulbs he had unearthed last year for the next planting.

"My bulbs were eaten by rats, too," Hubert complained.

Edwin bought twenty bulbs together with garden balsam seed and peony seed. He parted with Hubert inside the shop. The platform was crowded with many passengers as he returned to the subway station. The announcement was heard—WE ARE VERY SORRY TO HAVE YOU WAIT LONG DUE TO THE TROUBLE IN THE RAILS. PLEASE KINDLY LINE IN TANDEM TO TAKE A TRAIN. The trouble seemed to have been removed. Even if not so, there would be usually a crowd on Saturday.

He decided to wait a while and went back to a wall.

"Let's get a ride together," a sudden and unexpected voice came out. There was the shop-girl whom he had wanted to see.

"Why, you."

"Why didn't you notice me, though I was next to you?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I couldn't notice you just next. I looked for you, but you weren't working there. Are you off?"

"I didn't knock off. On leave. Two shifts on Saturday. I saw a movie today."

"Alone?"

"Of course," she looked upon his face. He was sorry to have asked her about nothing important and have heard of nothing important. As they talked, they were pushed by a crowd of passengers into a train. She said she would get off at the fourth stop ahead to visit her aunt.

The train started, full of the jammed passengers. The paper bag of the seeds and bulbs was quickly lifted as high as his shoulders; by the time the train began to run, he was all motionless standing face to face with her. He would have embraced her in a moment but he had no underlying motive to take such a posture. The talking caused both to be face to face so naturally that she would not veer away. Her busts kissed the

breasts of him, despite the quiet run of the train. Her busts, hidden in a red sweater, felt elastic to him. He turned a little sideways trying not to crash against her face, but instead her soft cheek touched his.

"Wow, a heavy crowd," he said so that the trembling in his mind should not be known to her.

"I don't care. I've been on a more crowded train to work every morning." And she seemed to push herself against him much more.

"Hey, I'm feeling choked;" he was indeed uneasy. He recognized the pain that he ought to be patient all the time, but not the pain that he could patiently bear. He sniffed her neck, which neither smelled of sweat nor perfume, but that of a young woman. He felt wrapped in sweetness. The smell which he had forgotten for more than ten years, or for more than twenty years. The very smell that he had forgotten even to seek.

"When will flowers come out if I sow balsam seed this month?"

"They will blow in July."

"What about a peony?"

"I'm not sure, but I think it'll blow earlier." Her hand grasped his hand. She must have moved her hand since he did not grasp her hand. Was she kidding? Did her hand happen to swing to catch his own as the train jolted? She would not let go of the hold. He got wet with sweat. His cheeks got hot.

"Was the movie interesting?"

"Not good."

He recalled the days of his high school. His recollection—he was grasped on the hand by a middle-aged woman in a crowded train on the way home from Yankee Stadium. It was in the time when he had just become an eighth grader. He flushed his drooping face and was too shy to look up until the woman got off. He had enjoyed her hold pleasantly in a sly way.

But Edwin was fifty, and she twenty. His position was the other way around. She was still pushing herself against him, half rubbing together between their thighs. He felt challenged. Why can't he dare grasp her hand in return?—he was hesitant. The temptation was too strong for him. He was at a loss what to do with his growing voluptuous desire.

After all, however, he did nothing. She did nothing more positively. The train got somewhat empty at the third stop. He whisked himself away from her. It would be a funny sight unless he whisked himself.

"Well, well, I'm feeling at home," he said with a sigh. There was a mixture of regret and relief about his sigh.

"It was fun to have ourselves jammed," she whispered, her eyes smiling meaningfully. She got off at the next stop.

It was about five when Edwin came home. The sky was still bright. He changed his clothes to go down to the garden. Beyond the fence, the neighboring housewife scolded her child. It was a hysterical voice. The Vinci's had four children; the married man, Wendy Vince, who worked as a gas engineer, left home for good two years ago. He was missing. They inquired at every likely place about his whereabouts and asked the police to search for Wendy. Yet they failed to find out. It was said that Wendy went as usual to work until the closing hour and disappeared without going home. Wendy's wife said she had not heard where he went and that he could have no reason to abscond. The Vinci's home was a satisfactory one and stable in terms of economy. "My husband was killed and was buried somewhere," asserted she. Edwin also agreed that this might be.

But now he felt as if he had found out why Wendy was missing as he heard her scold her child. Wendy must have planned to abscond. Wendy and Edwin were born in the same year. Wendy was slow to become a father. He had worked like a bee for forty years, and saw his life empty as soon as he got rich enough to be idle. Probably he thought it to be one daily repetition of going to work and coming home tired. Probably he absconded in order to enjoy the short life that was left to him.

He felt discouraged in reflection. What Edwin remembered about Wendy was as good as he remembered about himself. He imagined how much difference there was between his life and Wendy's. Edwin also repeated the daily routine, without hope, passion or delight. One day passed without a big event. Such was yesterday; such was today; tomorrow might be the same. Ten years was left for him to live or possibly twenty years left if he should live that long. Anyway, he would die in the end. Long before that, Edwin lived to pick people's decayed teeth, his friendly face smiling and without hope, passion and delight.

The next house became silent. The scolded child seemed to Edwin to have gone out cursing and swearing at his mother. Most of the recent children seemed revolting.

Edwin split the paper bag of balsam seed, and as he felt it was too cold for sowing the seed, he put the bag on the shelf and earthed the gladiolus bulbs. He had selected a sunny place to give fertilizer long before earthing the bulbs. He lined them at suitable intervals and earthed them two inches deep. They will blow in the first week of July at the earliest.

Working on the bulbs, he continued to think about Wendy. He envied Wendy's courage to have absconded. Probably he had a love and eloped with her. And they went to a remote country where none of their

friends lived to lead a new life. Wendy lived with his love as he pleased, free of his family bondage. Whether he had his love or not, it was enviable that he got free of his home. Edwin wondered if there were a job he could find to make his living, even after he quit his present one. Relieved from all the engagements that held him busy, he might take delight in retirement for the time being.

(I'm done for)—Edwin shrugged. He had no courage to desert his family. He could not grasp the hand of that flower shop girl in the train. It was because he thought of his family and of his reputation as a dentist, and so he let go the good chance.

But what would he do if he had no wife and children and was nothing but just a man? (I might have held her hand.) And he would court her gallantly. Of course, it was after he got off the train. (I love you. I've loved you since I saw you for the first time.) (Indeed?) (I'm glad.) (Me, too.) Her coquettish eyes were smiling. (I began to hug her shoulders.) She would not resist. (I'm too old for you. Don't mind? I'm fifty.) (A middle-aged man. Oh, charming age. A young man is not so interesting.) (Have you ever met any middle-aged men before?) (Never. I had longed.) Her eyes looked as if to dream of him, her eyes too coquettish for her age. They were driving murmuring in the car and arrived at the clearing. He motioned her out of the car. She shall not be flurried. He took her along holding her hand. She was silent. The grass beneath them felt smooth like a cushion. He began to embrace her waist gradually. She got nervous and flushed her face drooping as he told her (Come on! Come on!) She resisted a little rather than whisking herself up to him. He pulled her up to him. The zipper of her skirt opened in zig-time. (It's so bright—I'm shy.) (Why should you be shy? Nobody watches you.) (But you are watching me.) A woman who feels thus shy is attractive. The sunset still lighted the sky blue and they waited for darkness to come. He laid down her body. Her fresh-looking swollen white breasts were slightly vibrating. Far from wizened as those of Helen. Her hips were not so raw-boned as those of Helen. They were lithe and elastic to his push. (I like you. I love you. Hug me much harder!——) She sighed, shaking herself. (I got excited.)

——but, Edwin thought Greta might not react in favor of him so easily. He must take steps to gain her love. How—— "Doctor!" There came a voice calling Edwin. It was not until he was called and patted on the shoulder that he, who had immersed himself in sweet imagination, became aware. He was startled to look back. It was already dark and there stood a tanned and bald-headed man, who was peeping into the dark garden.

This visitor was Simon Ingham, who was his distant neighbor. He had a reputation that, in the period of the building-land boom, he had saved millions of dollars in selling his real estate, as the site of a factory district and housing area to a building society, and that he had kept three mistresses and a Cadillac. People said he was light-fingered, that he had once been arrested for usurpation.

Simon said his teeth ached, his hand on his cheek, his face almost crying. On his left hand was hanging a brown-leathered Boston bag heavily.

Edwin showed him to the dentist's room after he washed his hands slowly. "Do you have a health insurance card?" asked Edwin.

"No. I want my teeth made painless. I don't care whatever fee you charge. My wife sees a dentist, Dr. Anderson, regularly, so I went to see him but I found him not there because it was his off-duty day." His excuse was that he could not make it and so he came to Edwin's. Anderson's office was a magnificent and new one.

"Here's also no consultation today," said Edwin, a little angrily.

"But will you see an emergency case? I have my teeth aching suddenly. That's an emergency case."

"Open your mouth!"

"——" Simon's mouth opened, a big mouth that might have swallowed a baseball. The teeth seemed to have never been seen by a doctor nor polished, the front sides yellow and the reverse sides black. There was tartar among his irregular teeth; his mouth smelled. There were several decayed teeth. The moment Edwin knocked with a pincette the worst tooth, the patient jumped up, "Ow!"

"Very decayed."

"Please treat me out of pain," the patient pleaded ruefully.

"I just checked the worst tooth." The doctor decided to inject a local anaesthesia. "You'll feel a pain when I sting, but you'll feel painless soon." The doctor, making him at home, stung the root of the tooth.

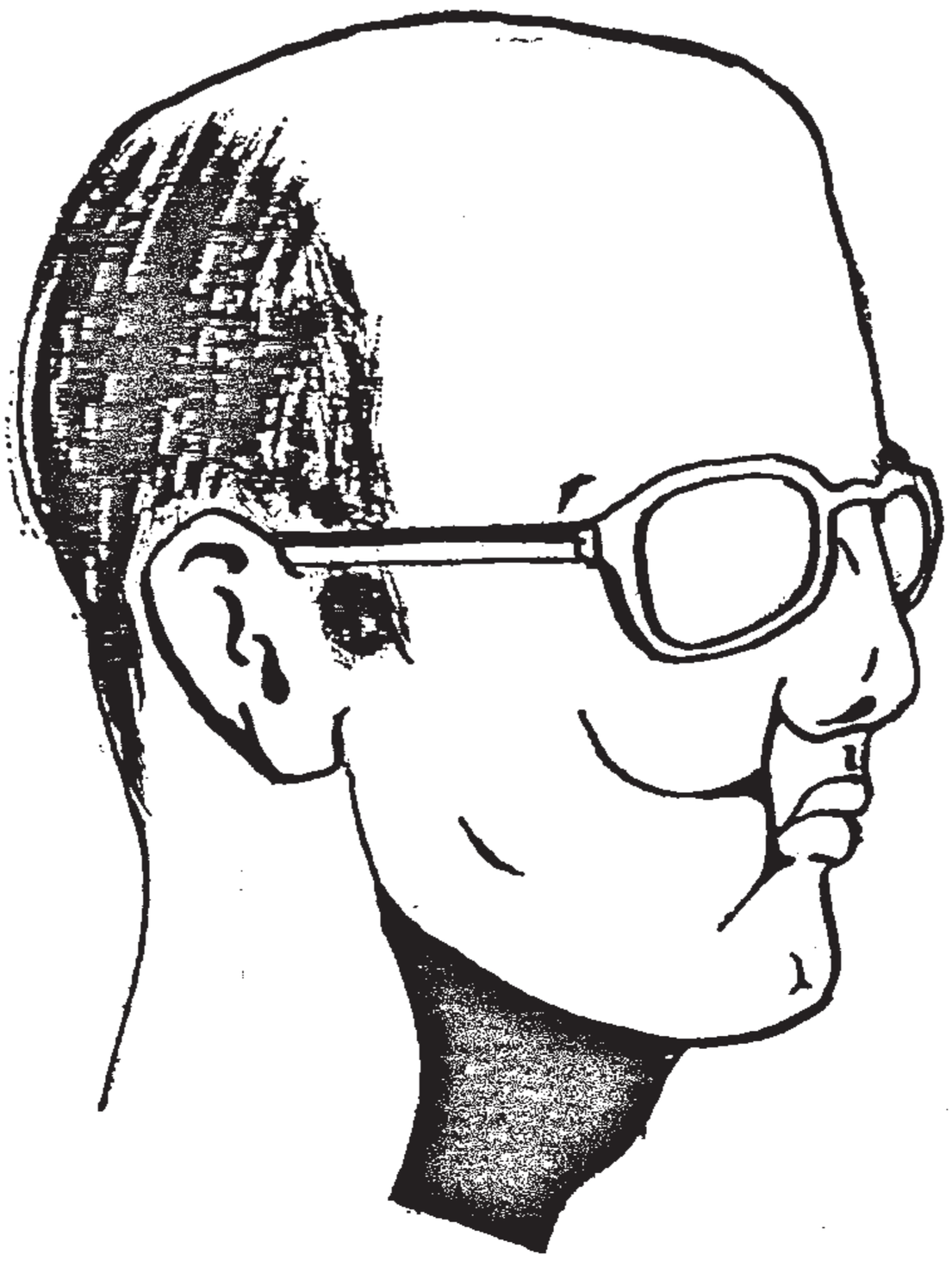
He paused until the drug did its work. "Are you busy?" asked the doctor in order to mitigate his tenseness. Simon was frowning as painfully as before and holding the Boston bag on his knees in which God knows what was.

"I'm busy running around. I'll be a big businessman."

"Are you starting a business?"

"First I'll establish a taxi company. I have a plan to expand a sightseeing area and set up something like Disneyland."

"It's a big plan, but you'll worry about capital."



"Money will come together if I carry a definite plan. Doctor, what sum do you think this bag has?" Simon pointed to the bag with his eyes.

"You mean this bag has some money?"

"Nothing except money in this bag. One hundred fifty thousand dollars in one hundred notes."

"One hundred fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes. Exactly speaking, one hundred fifty-eight thousand dollars, which I got in exchange for my real estate."

"Is it not unsafe for you to carry such an enormous sum around?"

"Nothing for me to be afraid of. I have confidence in my arms. Just one hundred fifty thousand dollars. It's not worth surprising a big big man.". The patient appeared to be elated, feeling no pain from the injection. One hundred fifty thousand dollars, that doesn't amount to too much for him? Edwin felt angry. He had half a tenth part as much as Simon's savings. The doctor opeend the mouth again to treat the upper left second molar for the start.

His head was laid down on the pillow of a medical chair, his face looking frightened, his eyes closing. This bald-headed and stupid patient rode the Cadillac, idling and bragging he owned his forefather's fields and forests, and said that one hundred fifty thousand dollars didn't amount to

too much for him. Edwin had worked like a bee and finally bought a second-hand car.

He got angry. If Simon thought little of the big sum, then the loss would be nothing for him. An idea suddenly occurred in Edwin's mind. The Boston bag appealed much to his sight. (I can leave home with one hundred fifty thousand dollars)—his mind expanded. He thought he might idle outside all his life once he had such money. He would be able to do anything he pleased. Los Angeles or Tampa would do for destination. He would go to somewhere strange and live freely. Without being bothered by his family and job, he could eat when he wanted to and nap when he wanted to. He would love her whom he happened to like. There must be a new life for him. In either case, his life was short. Then he would have a wonderful life rather than living as usual. He would live in favor of himself, not in favor of other people.

"Ow!" Simon screeched.

"Did you feel a pain?"

"A pain in my head."

"Well, you need some more dope. Your teeth are too ruined to remove," the doctor remarked calmly. The hydrochloric acid procaine solution is usually used for local anaesthesia. The injection the doctor applied this time, however, was a powerful medicine he could use to make the patient sleep for good.

The offense was easy. Simon fell asleep quickly and his breathing stopped in five minutes.

Edwin found himself surely in excitement; he took precaution. First he gathered the bundles of notes stuffed in the bag and concealed it all into the other side of a ceiling. Edwin had no more leeway to think of Greta. He worked without a rest before he put the body into the trunk of his car and started. Needless to say, he was careful not to be noticed by his neighbors. No worry to catch one's sight in the dark night, he buried the body in a bush fifteen miles away and came home at ten.

A strong hunger seized him when at rest. If he ate outside that night it would make a question for his wife. This would not be good. He gave up a restaurant dinner and was content with bread and milk brought in. He may well lie to Helen that he ate the other time. He was in a hurry to take a big mouthful of bread and to swallow a bottle of milk.

Helen came home at about eleven. Her daughter's family was reported all fine.

Nothing happened that night. Nothing happened the next day, nor the day after that, nor a week after. Simon's family might be in search for him. They did not come to inquire of Edwin about the missing Simon

since they knew little of him. It was at night when Simon visited the doctor, and it was also under the cloak of the night that Edwin had buried the body. Although no one had caught a glimpse of his overt act, someone else might exist who had happened to witness Edwin driving to desert the body, but the witness might see it as a sick visit. If asked where, Edwin might have said he took a one hour's drive. No one could perceive the body in the trunk.

Edwin led the same life as before. He planned to be idle and wait a half a year before he decided to abscond. The body would get all rotten in half a year. No one could conjure up the relationship between Simon missing and Edwin's abscondence. Edwin was pleased thinking of the notes hidden in the other side of the ceiling and imagining that a liberal life would be possible for him.

It was in the evening of ten days after the crime that the plainclothed man Hubert came. After treating patients, Edwin had been sowing the garden balsam seeds in the garden.

"What are you sowing?" asked Hubert.

"Garden balsam. The seeds I bought in New York City the other day. I thought I might sow them after it got warm. It's warm today. I'm sowing."

"Yes, it's just as warm for the seeds as today, I think. I sowed pot-marigold seeds."

"Well, don't you think that the contents of a seed bag have lessened recently? They lessened the seeds instead of raising the price. The price is so cheap we cannot complain about the contents—"

"Well, by the way—" Hubert changed the subject, "Have you seen Mr. Simon Ingham these days?"

"Mr. Simon Ingham?" Edwin was startled. He felt his breasts had flurried since the time he saw Hubert's face, but never thought it possible.

"Do you know Mr. Simon Ingham?"

"Yes, I know him by face."

"He is gone. He is missing since about ten days ago carrying one hundred fifty thousand dollars with him.

"Where did he go?"

"To find out where, I'm looking. His family were anxious to ask the police to seek him."

"Oh!" Edwin pretended to be surprised.

"Didn't you even see his figure?"

"Not at all."

"We know that he visited Dr. Anderson in the evening of the day he disappeared. But we don't know what happened to him after that."

"How do you know he visited Dr. Anderson?"

"He saw the doctor's door closed, so he telephoned to see if he could see the doctor. He found him not home and went out. Reportedly he complained that his teeth had ached suddenly. So I think he probably had visited you from Dr. Anderson's. That's why I ask you about that."

"No, he didn't come here. Didn't he visit Dr. Ottoman?" Edwin said.

"No, I think he didn't." Hubert had already inquired about Dr. Ottoman.

"Wasn't he killed by a burglar?" asked Dr. Thompson.

"No. If so, we could have already found the body."

"Can't you think of abscondence?"

"Abscondence?"

"It has been two years since my neighbor Wendy left home."

"That's right." the plain-clothed man made a big nod. He knew well of the missing case.

People dream different inferences about why Wendy was missing. A report about Simon's abscondence became predominant. "I will leave home if I have one hundred fifty thousand dollars," the plain-clothed man said expressionlessly. Hubert seemed to smile when he talked about abscondence, and talked again about flowers.

"Do you know what the flower-language of garden balsam is?" said Dr. Edwin.

"I don't know." Hubert shrugged.

"It said 'Don't touch me!' The legumina of garden balsam split open when ripe and spit out the seed. If you finger the ripe lugumina, the seed will zoom out. That is how this plant rejects your touch, saying 'Don't touch me.' The amorous flower language."

Edwin was pleased to remark in a positive tone because of the relief that he had deceived Hubert. Although afterwards Edwin thought it was a dangerous joke, Hubert seemed not to heed the joking. He appreciated the beautiful flowers Edwin had reared laboringly, and went home pleasantly.

July came when the flowers making spring were colorfully shed. In these three months, nothing particular happened to Edwin. Simon's body was not yet found. Afterwards Edwin met Hubert twice in the street and once at the flower shop. Hubert seemed to forget about Simon's case and only that Simon's family had given up. The family believed that Simon had left home to live somewhere.

Edwin lived everyday calmly. His love for Greta had not changed, but it was not a violent love. He gave up the girl behind the counter of the flower shop because there was no chance for him. He would be unable to see the girl and Greta once he left home anyway. It might even be better to find another woman instead in some strange place. When his family was out, Edwin peeped into the other side of the ceiling and found the bag still there. He planned to abscond gallantly this autumn. He was pleasant with the expectation and could not help enjoying everyday to come.

Since Wendy was still missing, his wife became more and more hysterical.

But ——, Edwin wondered if Helen would ever become hysterical. She might feel rather easy and get fatter than ever after Edwin left home. Her children would come of age and she would have no difficulty making her living. Edwin had better leave home without her knowledge.

To suppress his buoyant mind, he went out to the garden to behold the flowers whenever possible. The gladiolus flowers were now in full blossom. The yellow of sunflowers that glittered right under the summer sun was a beautiful color, but Edwin rather liked the red of gladiolus flowers that seemed to be burning. He liked the bright red of salvia best and never ceased to water salvias every summer. The colors of most of the summer flowers are bright. He also loved the elegant figure of a garden balsam together with the sweetness in the pink and white of a peony.

He might never give up gardening even after he absconded to live somewhere else, he thought observing the flowers which competed in blooming. The flower demands nothing of the man. It only blooms silently in beauty. And it will dry up quietly. He thought he loved that kind of woman.

Edwin observed the flowers thinking such things when Hubert appeared again in the garden.

"We found Simon's body." Hubert said as soon as he looked at Edwin's face. "His body ——?" Edwin turned pale. So suddenly reported that he could not be ready to begin to talk. He told himself to be cool. If the body was found, there was no evidence that Edwin had killed Simon. The body could be rotten and there was no way of finding that the violent medicine was injected into the root of the tooth, even if the police made a post-mortem examination.

"Yes, we found it in a bush fifteen miles away."

"Who found it?"

"I did. Pretty garden balsams blew among the grass. And I picked them up and went home when ——" the plain-clothed man showed a

complicated smile and continued, "The light-fingered Simon must have stolen some garden balsam seeds at his visit. The seeds I think, spilt from the pocket when Simon was buried. Simon's pocket contained a small pincette which a dentist would use."

"——" Edwin's head got dizzy. His heart was almost broken to pieces as if the ripe legume of the garden balsam was going to split open.

## SWEET GENIUS AND THE NINCOMPOOP

SHIRLEY ALLEN, '66

Sweet Genius and the Nincompoop
Were settled on a stump.
Said Sweet Genius to the nincompoop,
"How far there can you jump?"

The nincompoop, he looked around,
Then aimed his eyes in front.
He said he couldn't jump away
'Cause he settled on a stump.

Then, Sweet Genius looked about him;
Saw the nincompoop composed.
Can you really see the difference
In this poetry or this prose?

## JUKEBOX

ALFRED HARGREAVES, '66

A juke-box scarred with years of time,
plays drum beat dances for a dime.
The bongo dance,
the guitars forlorn,
beat through the room,
on floors well worn.
Drum and cry with a long repeat,
measure the tread for the dancer's feet.
The twist, the waltz, the twist again.
While spectators clap to a long refrain,
Bebop from the jukebox in rhythmical rhyme
Drum beat dances for a dime.

## THE DREAM SONG OF THE DEAF MUTE

LINWOOD SMITH, '65

*Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better . . .* —Carlyle

Because I'm here and
you are far away
and cannot visualize my
restless hands
moving inwards and outwards into space saying in so many ways . . .
I Love You.
Because our ears weren't made for telephones
and lonely nights and endless days
have led our thoughts through a
dark, vast, maze
to teach us the definition of
Separation.
Because of all these things I send you this . . .
Dream Song.
Because each fleeting split second adds
another slither of pain to my sensitive heart, while tears fall
jet-propelled
in
a
thankless tempo
offering neither sympathy nor recompense for your
absence.
Because the dawn stars far above
are deaf to human pleas,
and cannot understand
the foreign language of my hands.
My state of mind made me send you this . . .
Dream Song.
Because my mute, aphonic lips
can barely utter words of love
and after my futile, passionate, pantomime
of how much to me you mean,
in the soundless night no answer comes
from you soft, sonic hands
to satisfy the dark, moonless, void of the shores of space
within my heart.
And now while all is the same
as you and I,
mute
as
a
meteor streaking through the night,
I send you my love
within this . . .
Dream Song.

# *The Strike*

› WAYNE SINCLAIR, '66

TUESDAY, JULY 13 at 11:00 a.m. We stopped working. Strike! The B.C. Ice and Cold Storage Ltd., and the union couldn't reach an agreement. That's why we were on strike. So we marched out and left the company property. Mr. Caldwell, the company president, didn't do a thing. He just left us alone. So did Butch, our foreman. Fish left lying on the processing table. Some left in the boats. Some left on the carts, waiting to be unloaded. This was the beginning of the strike.

Mario, the shop steward, yelled at us, "Which one of ya will do the picketin?' " None of us volunteered. We wanted to go back to work, that's all. Me too. I needed money for college. At 11:15, we returned to work. Yeah, working and striking at the same time. Had to do that. Who wanted to see those fish wasted. Had to freeze them so we could go on strike, a real strike, not this "strike". But we had to give up twenty per cent of our earnings to the union. So it could support the picketers.

But that's a paradox. We had to give up our 20% so that we could get 4½% which the union demanded. But that's life, I guess. No objections, just as long as I could get some money.

We worked one week until there were no more fish. Other fish we would not handle. They were caught after July 13. They were hot. That's what they told me. Said one John: "You don't wanna get your hands burnt, eh? EEEE' 0000! Understand me, eh?" I am deaf. I said, "EEEE! 0000!" Then the boys laughed. Lots of laughter. The boys drank. Celebrating the real strike. Some dead drunk. Me? I took some rum. Just to keep myself warm in this "winter." Twenty below. Ooooh! That was cold. Was glad to see the sun. No more cold.

Mario screamed at me: "Yee, you deaf-mute, you's gotta picket on Saturday, from midnight to eight. Understand me, eh?" I understood him. But I did not tell him. So he had to write.

Saturday came. I went back to B.C. Ice. Dad permitted me to take his Galaxie. O boy! Sleep while picketing. I enjoyed that idea. But I found I was going to have company. His name's Wayne Smith, an ex-American. Now naturalized Canadian. Mario and John are Italians. Smith wore those boots and Texan hat. Talked for hours. Not really talking, for we wrote most of the time. Told me about his girl friend in Victoria.

Missed her. Planned to marry her, he said. Then Mike Feduck came. My worst enemy. Big head. He's son of the Ukrainian immigrants. Said he: "I got some wine for you." Smith and I were 19, but we drank it anyway. It was good. I did not tell my mother about this. Nor did I tell her about the rum I had previously. She would be disappointed.

Feduck began to brag. "You know my Lincoln back there." Yes, it was a Lincoln. An old car. About fifteen years old. I was tired of him. So was Smith. So I got out of my car and headed for his Lincoln. Keys there. Started the motor. Drove the car away. Saw him getting out of the car. Running real hard. I stopped the car. Feduck was angry. You

should have heard him. He said: "You're lucky you don't have to listen to me." Then he left. No more worries about him.

At 7:30 on Sunday morning. Smith was awakened by the roar of the train. It was "The Dominion." Slow moving. From Winnipeg. He woke me up. We saw an old lady coming toward us. Iona, she was very fat. I still do not understand how she got into those tight clothes. Ugly looking. Unlipreadable. Lots of yellow broken teeth. Smith told me what she said. She said: "You're supposed to be picketing, not sleeping." We wanted to sleep. It was 8:00 a.m. Good. I started the motor. We said to her: "Have fun." Drove off.

That was all I had to do in that strike period. The union demanded persistently that 4½% increase. It would not accept that 4%. The company offered that. The union was controlled by the Communists. We the "proleterats" were being exploited. The government forced them to meet. The government was worried about the fish industry. This seventy million dollar industry was too big to lose. So the company and the union met. The Communists handed out a sealed envelope. The offer was in that envelope. The union said: "Now you accept our contract before you open the envelope." The company could not do that. So the strike continued. That's what I learned in the newspaper. No more money for a while. That's life.

The fishermen were getting tired of this strike. So they demanded the acceptance of the company offer. The union was becoming too dictatorial. But we, the workers, forced them to yield to our demands. We won. We returned to work. The fishermen were happy. The tendermen were happy. We, the shoreworkers were happy. Everybody was happy. The strike was over.

Now Mr. Caldwell could make profits. Butch could now yell at us to get to work. His real name is Adolf. But Hitler embarrassed him. So he changed his name.

The business was now on the go. Everybody was busy. John glazing the fish. Mario was upstairs, unloading the cart. Smith was in Room One, trimming those halibut. Feduck was pretending to be the boss. But he could not make me do what he said. I is deaf. Said he: "You're lucky you don't have to listen me." I lipread him. But I did not tell him.

John said: "No more EEEE! 0000!"

I said: "No more hot fish." Then I pushed the cart loaded with frozen cold fish. Brrr!

The strike was over. Now we're making 4% more after losing 20%. Then I piled up those fish. Feduck helped me. I told him so. He obeyed me.

# PHILADELPHIA NIGHT

JOHN COWEN, '67

"Would you care perhaps for another drop of Medoc, my dear?
Good wine, like life, should be appreciated, not wasted."
You, daywalkers, what do you do at night?
Have a steak dinner with cocktails? Attend the theater?
Or do you sit quietly with wife and kids, hypnotized by
the TV set of your warm apartment? Your domain is a small one.
Elsewhere,
icy sleet and bitter winds howl
through deserted canyons
patrolled by armed, leathern sentinels.
Sailors and old children queue up in front of the "Troc",
11th and Arch streets, to see Blaze Starr, still working
the circuit.
Gay fags haunt the Pennsylvania and Reading RR stations.
Down Market street you can pay 50¢ at the "Family Theater",
and sleep in a seat all night,
if you can stand the stink.
Below the city,
in the subway's catacombs, are the
ostracized saints of society.
What is night to them?
"Move over, man."
Night is limbo, the bottle's last drop,
the snick of halved matches,
flame squinting shut eyes
burning for sleep,
yet;
dispersing the primordial
dwellers of the unknown,
nagging voices and images
from the abysses and fens
of the id,
sweat and bugs,
the muttering of bewhiskered winos,
the hideous hallucinations of hopheads,
reeking tunnels beckoning to
unknown avenues.

# *Man Trap*

› GERALD PETTIE, '66

THE MAN coughed as his senses returned to him. He could not figure out where he was for a few moments, for he felt groggy, and then with a thought which un-nerved him and brought him to full consciousness, he learned that he had lost his scuba gear. In the next moment he remembered what had happened, and the thought left him shaking with fright . . .

His hobby was the sea, and with the aid of his scuba gear, he often descended to the depths of the nearby ocean beaches to poke around and study the fishes and marine plants. Lately, his diving-buddy and he had been frequenting one particular and fascinating place, where an unusual and odd-looking octopus lurked in one deep underwater cave. Contrary to his partner's warning, he went diving alone to attempt to persuade an octopus to follow him around and perhaps make him dance. He had heard somewhere that if one tried long enough, an octopus would begin to dance, so he was determined to try. He had found an octopus and successfully persuaded it to move about in a rough form of dancing, leading it through varied slithery movements. Time after time the eight-armed creature would glide away and hide by camouflaging itself among the multi-hued rocks on the bottom. Soon he tired of this activity. He was just beginning to return to the surface when he spotted another large octopus slithering along the sea bottom, moving from rock to rock. He chased it until it tired and soon it gave in to his attempts to lead it to dance. It followed him around, but when he wasn't looking it darted behind a rock and was out of sight. The man looked around but could not locate the cephalopod. He had an eerie feeling that he was being watched. Glancing around uneasily, he spotted it trying to sneak into a small cave in a cliff rising from the sea bottom, somewhat smoother than the other caves nearby. This stood out in his mind because the other caves he had explored in that area were slightly rough.

He remembered swimming into the cave; that was all. It was at this point that he must have lost consciousness, for he could not remember anything else. Perhaps he had run out of air. Why then was his scuba gear not on him?

He began to shiver in his damp and cold surroundings. It was more than the cold which made him shiver though. He again had that feeling of being watched.

He remembered being startled, momentarily, by a rock splashing into water, although it added more to his curiosity than to his fear. If the rock splashed he must then be above water! But where? He must be in the same cave he entered but in a subsea cavern above water. In this case he had nothing to fear, for the thing out there was probably just the octopus he had chased? But how did he get in here and where was his equipment?

He remembered feeling his way around the dark cave and coming to a pool of water he knew he was sure to find. This must be the end of the tunnel that led to the entrance of the cave. He could try to swim out through the tunnel, but he knew that he would never make it without his air supply. Instead, he continued to feel his way around the rest of the cave.

To his dismay, he found another pool near the other one. Which tunnel had he entered? Where did the other one end? Could he dare try to escape through one of the water-filled tunnels?

He figured he would have to try because if he remained here he would only die of thirst or starvation. So, on the impulse to at least try to get out of his predicament, he took a deep breath and slid into the first tunnel.

He had to swim slowly along to keep from scraping himself on the sides of the tunnel. He had swum along the tunnel for about a minute, and it was all he could do to hold his breath, to keep from gasping for a breath he knew was not there. His hands pumped the tunnel wall directly ahead of him. "This must be a dead end," he remembered thinking, "and it sure will be for I can't turn around." He searched frantically on both sides for a way to continue, but there was none. Then a miraculous thing had happened! In his frantic gyrations, he had felt with his hand over his head and discovered there was no wall to stop it. Not wasting any time, he had quickly shot upwards, breaking the surface with a splash and filling his lungs with gulps of stagnant air . . .

It was dark, and the air was anything but refreshing, but he was not about to complain. He must be in another cavern or else he had been swimming in a circle. As he crawled forward, his hand came into contact with a cold, round object. He felt it and discovered it to be his air tank! The valve was turned off. He put the tank on, and turning the valve, found that he still had some air left, but how much he was not sure. Groping around some more he found his mask and fins. Excitedly he donned mask and fins, slipped into the water, and entered the tunnel after some groping around. He was not sure whether this was the right tunnel but it was either this or a slow death in the cavern. He started swimming, his tank clanging against the sides of the narrow subsea tunnel. He swam steadily

on and saw a small speck of light in the distance. He speeded up and the light became larger and brighter and at last he emerged from the eerie tunnel.

As he was leaving the tunnel he noticed something odd about the sea-bottom. Scattered all over were large lean-to shaped structures, much like lean-to's seen in the woods. "What sort of strange creature could have built these?" he thought as he swam towards one.

As he drew near, he saw a long, reddish colored, suction-cup-covered arm withdraw quickly into the lean-to, pulling a pile of shells and sand over the entrance. It was an octopus! Looking cautiously around he saw an unwary octopus constructing one of these strange structures. It would lift a stone up a few inches and place a small stone under one end. The octopus would then lift is up a little more and place another small stone on top of the other. In this manner the octopus had built a ledge a few feet higher than the level of the sea floor, one end higher than the other.

The octopus then scooped sand from underneath the ledge until it had a depression dug out fairly deep. The creature piled shells and sand around one side of the ledge and another one on the front, leaving just a small, man-sized hole to enter. Suddenly the octopus sensed his presence. Before he knew it, the monster began to pile sand and shells around the entrance, so as to block out any attempt to enter. He found that he was

running low on air so he started swimming for the surface. As he was ascending he noticed a large sea-bass swimming alongside the cliff. The fish swam underneath a ledge jutting from the base of the cliff. Swimming down to it he found the ledge to be a crude form of fish trap. It looked like one of the odd lean-to's he had seen, with small stones holding up one side. The sea-bass, swimming along, had accidently bumped the pile of small stones while swimming under it and was trapped. How he wished he had his underwater camera to record this unusual sight!

As he swam away he failed to notice an innocent-looking ledge near the first one, directly above him. Nor did he pay any attention when his tank hit a small stone wedged into a crevice. His next sensation was one of pain. He was filled with anxiety when he saw the heavy ledge on his leg and realized at the same moment that he was nearly out of air. He struggled to free himself but to no avail, and soon all went dark.

At about this time the man's partner began to get worried too, for he had been down almost an hour and had lost track of his air bubbles. It did not surprise him when he lost track of the bubbles for the man often explored caves underwater. Surely the air in his friend's tank would soon be gone. He shouldn't have let him go down alone in the first place. What if he had gone into a cave and had run out of air? No, he was too careful for that. He had better go down and make sure that nothing had happened to him.

The man's partner strapped his tank on, put on his fins and adjusted his mask. When he had inserted his rubber mouthpiece, he plunged into the water and finned his way to the bottom, keeping a lookout for signs of his friend. After swimming along for a short time he came to a cave in the cliff. Could this be the cave he had entered? He noticed at the same time that there were a number of other caves along the face of the cliff. It would take hours to search all of them. He finned himself towards the surface with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach.

Exhausted, he pulled himself into the boat. He would have to give up his search this evening, but he would try again tomorrow as soon as daylight came.

In a little bay, not far away, some highly intelligent octopuses were discussing the day's happenings while eating two fresh kills taken from their traps. What they were saying is for humans to guess but could it be that they were discussing the ironical turn of events that had happened that afternoon? They had lured the oddest looking of their victims into two traps. The man had gotten away from their more complex trap and was on his way to freedom when he stumbled by accident into the crudest trap of all!

# *The Rendezvous for the Swimming Party*

› FRANCES PARSONS, '68

THIRTEEN little Indians met on the beach.

Daddy, who was never a Neptune worshiper, balked and strode to Mr. Seen's house, leaving 12 little Indians.

Mr. Deerling felt he was a bit too old to face the rough water and backed out, leaving 11 little Indians.

Mr. Gilbert, the artist, preferred a yarn about painting to swimming and joined the men, leaving 10 little Indians.

Mr. Matine, seeing the majority of men trooping toward Mr. Seen's house, preferred the stag party and ran, leaving 9 little Indians.

Mr. Keith quaked at the predominating number of women and vamoosed, leaving 8 little Indians.

Mrs. Keith, never out of her husband's sight, followed him, leaving 7 little Indians.

Mother changed her mind at the sight of the crashing breakers and retreated, leaving 6 little Indians.

Mrs. Matine invented the excuse that her arm had suffered a recent injury and she couldn't very well swim, so she made a beeline after Mother, leaving 5 little Indians.

Mr. Seen, noticing the growing number of guests in his house, decided to play the role of host. He apologized to us, leaving 4 little Indians.

Mrs. Seen gingerly stuck one toe in the water. Brrr! She departed, leaving 3 little Indians.

Mrs. Forrest looked at us twins uncertainly. She figured she would enjoy herself more with the adults and waddled away, leaving 2 little Indians.

My teeth rattled when my inquisitive foot felt the cold water. I backed out, leaving 1 little Indian.

The last little Indian booed at my qualms and with her jaws set, she waded knee-deep. The unwelcoming cold sea sent her tornadoing inland.

And then there were none.

# MEDITATIONS

DONALD BANGS, '66

Spare me no awful fact about my God,
But let me see—
Destruction raging mightily,
The hurricane, the storm, the rain,
Violent weathers breaking cane;
Breaking seas, breaking sod,
Oh, spare me no awful fact about my God.

Let me not miss the violence of the sea.
Let feel some more,
Its awesome, terrifying roar;
The breaking of the potent tide,
And the hurricane, let it ride;
Showing a turbulent majesty,
Oh let me not miss the violence of the sea.

Preach to me not that God is merciful.
But let me know,
That He can deal his mighty blow,
Whenever his fancy be displeased,
Ever his temper be so teased,
That He thus roar in thunder breath,
Voice that is both life and death.
Oh, preach to me not that God is merciful.

Let me believe, out of love, and out of fear,
Fear and respect.
Let each soothsayer surely not detect,
A weakness and a pity on a soul,
Committing deeds and knowing they are foul.
Instill in each mortal soul to fear and brood,
Like our forefathers did, for they were good.
Oh, let me believe, out of love and out of fear.

# *The Indians in Parkman's "Oregon Trail"*

## (AN ANALYSIS)

› WILLIS MANN, '67

"THEY were thorough savages." Thus did Francis Parkman describe the members of the Ogillallah Indian village with which he lived and traveled. But his words were not ones of revulsion as the reader might think. Instead, there was a curious mixture of fascination, excitement, and desire to see more in the descriptions Parkman gives concerning Indian life. In this paper we shall discuss Parkman's account of his experience with the Indians, showing his attitudes and reactions. We shall also attempt to explain how he judged them and how he could remain objective in discussing them. In order to do this, it may be advisable to discuss various aspects of Indian behavior, such as how they acted when congregated in large numbers, their hunting methods, and family life rather than trying to discuss the Indians in general. Just as Parkman was objective in his discussion of the Indians, so shall we attempt to remain objective in our discussion of his observations.

Parkman went to the West for the express purpose of observing the Indians and writing his account of what he saw. His accounts of Indian life should be considered unparalleled since he writes from personal observation, as we have already learned, and there is no trace of anything fictitious in his writings. There seems to be a common misconception, even today, regarding the Indian's behavior when congregated in large numbers where cooperation should be the rule. This misconception deals with the Indian's banding together for making war. Parkman has shown that cooperation and harmony under these circumstances is not always the case. In fact, Parkman has revealed something that, hitherto, was probably unknown. He observed that within one tribe, and indeed, within the same families, bitter enmities may exist. A fine example of this may be found in the chapter titled, "The War Parties," in which Parkman describes with striking clarity the disastrous results which follow the Indian's coming into possession of whiskey. A group of emigrants, finding their supply of whiskey too great for efficient transportation, have sold the residue to two villages of Indians. Parkman said, "It needed no phophet to foretell the result; a spark dropped into a powder magazine could not have produced a quicker effect. Instantly the old jealousies and rivalries and

smothered feuds that exist in an Indian village broke out into furious quarrels. They forgot the warlike enterprise that had already brought them three hundred miles. They seemed like ungoverned children inflamed with the fiercest passions of men." With these words, Parkman exploded the myth of unity among the various members of the same tribe. In addition, he showed that whiskey was the red man's greatest weakness, a weakness which eventually led to their downfall. Parkman's reactions and attitudes towards the Indians were not exactly enhanced by his observations of such behavior. While he does not openly express an opinion, the reader cannot help but arrive at the conclusion that Parkman regarded their behavior as customary and had been expecting it all along.

At this point, a few words will be in order on another common misconception dealing with the subject of a common leadership among members of the same tribe, but from different villages, banded together for war. The belief that the Indians automatically came under the authority of the greatest and most influential of the chiefs was shown to be false by Parkman. For example, in Chapter, XI, "Scenes at the Camp," Parkman

gives a sterling example of exactly what we are discussing. "Characteristic indecision perplexed their councils. Indians cannot act in large bodies. Though their object be of the highest importance, they cannot combine to attain it by a series of connected efforts. The Ogillallah one had a war-chief who could control them; but he was dead, and now they were left to the sway of their own unsteady impulses." Parkman observed that the Indians had no central government and acknowledged no common head so we can consider it a safe assumption that he was not surprised by this lack of central leadership.

Since such a great deal of Parkman's writing in the second half of the book deals with the Indian methods of hunting, we will do well to consider his observations here. Parkman was well aware of the tremendous importance placed on the buffalo by the Indians, and consequently, his reactions and attitudes are registered in considerable detail. Without the buffalo the Indians could not exist for they depended on the shaggy beasts for food, clothing, shelter, and fuel. Accordingly, it was no surprise to him that the Indians were skilled hunters and riders. During one of the chases in which he participated, Parkman was aware of a sense of admiration for the skill and determination with which the Indians carried out their slaughter. An example of this admiration will be found in Chapter XIV, "The Ogillallah Village." The quotation is as follows: "A shaggy buffalo bull bounded out of a hollow, and close behind him came a slender Indian boy, riding without saddle or stirrups and lashing his eager little horse to full speed. A moment more and the boy was close alongside. He dropped the rein and jerked an arrow like lightning from the quiver at his shoulder. The bull sprang again and again at his assailant, but the horse kept dodging with wonderful celerity. At last the bull followed up his attack with a furious rush and the boy was put to flight, the shaggy monster following close behind. The boy clung to his seat like a leech and secure in the speed of his little pony, looked around towards us and laughed." One can readily see that Parkman was thoroughly impressed by the spectacle and came to regard with great interest and admiration the workmanlike precision with which the Indians worked at their hunting. Had he not been aware of the importance of the buffalo to the Indians, he might undoubtedly have regarded it instead as cruel sport.

The discussion of yet another aspect of Indian life, that of family and tribal life, should now be brought into consideration. During his travels with these nomadic people, Parkman was fortunate to have been able to observe so intimately the intricacies of their existence. His observations are both serious and humorous. For example, it is with amusing candor that Parkman describes a family quarrel and its result. The illustration he gives serves a dual purpose: that of showing who carries the

authority in the family, and the Indian's ability to maintain a stolid calm under a great variety of circumstances. An Indian squaw, beside herself with rage, has berated her spouse and maddened by his look of total unconcern, jerks out the poles supporting their lodge and brings the whole thing tumbling down on his head as he sits in the center. "He pushed aside the hides with his hands, and presently his head emerged, like a turtle's from its shell. Still he sat smoking as before, a wicked glitter in his eyes alone betraying the pent up storm within. The squaw proceeded to saddle her horse, bestride him, and canter out of the camp. The warrior now coolly arose, tied a cord by way of a bridle around the jaw of his buffalo horse, broke a stout cudgel, about four feet long, from the butt-end of a lodge pole, mounted, and galloped majestically over the prairie to discipline his offending helpmeet." As we have mentioned before, Parkman describes the scene with such candor that we become aware of a distinct impression that he fully expected and approved of the action. His ability to describe such scenes so graphically are the marks of a true writing genius.

One other aspect of Indian life which we shall devote some time to is the relationship between an Indian couple and their children. Parkman must not only have been a writer of great talent, but he must also have had a sort of instinct for what we now call sociology. He observed that the Indian children seemed to be the forerunners of our present-day juvenile delinquents on the basis of their behavior towards their parents. About one of the chiefs, Parkman relates: "Both he and his squaw were very fond of their children, whom they indulged to excess, and never punished, except in extreme cases. Their offspring became sufficiently undutiful and disobedient under this system of education, which tends not a little to foster the wild idea of liberty and utter intolerance of restraint which lie at the foundation of the Indian character." This quotation from "The Hunting Camp" lends weight to the belief that Parkman did not approve very strongly of this in the least, and considered it one of the basic reasons for the uncivilized state of the Indians.

In conclusion we might also add that Parkman was not easily swayed into making hasty decisions regarding the Indians. As we have learned before, he considered the Indians the only rightful inhabitant of the prairies and regarded the white man as an unwelcome invader. The literary world can consider itself fortunate to be able to claim such a work as Parkman's among its masterpieces, for without his talent and perseverance, the most descriptive, authoritative, and complete account of Indian life might never have been printed.

## HOPE

DAVID ST. JOHN, '66

Familiar sounds;
There is no hope;
There is hope.

Shifting sands of thought;
Impulse,
Desire?

Hope; burning low and
Crouching
With fire-rimmed eyes—

Leaping up with added fuel
To gain new strength
And impetus.

Hope: the unborn vision
Of dreams within the night.

## THE PLAYERS IN THE DARK

DAVID ST. JOHN, '66

The music sounds,
The dance begins,
The cards are dealt;
The sinner wins;

The token falls,
The shadows breathe,
The crier calls,
The smoke-wisps wreathe,

The bluff is high,
The count is down,
The money's on the line;
The explosive frown.

The players in the dark are we,
The end is near and yet we see
Not how we shall begin—with stones?
Nor yet how we shall win.

## KANTIAN

LINWOOD SMITH, '65

*Gewohnlich glaubt der mensch, wenn er worte hort,*
*En musse sich dabei doch auch was denken lassen.*—Goethe

*If only words they hear, most men suppose,*
*That with the sound some kind of meaning goes.*

Expectantly,
waiting in a translucent room for your voice, I grow disturbed
for the never of the everness of your coming.
Listening,
to sounds of the wet night . . strange . . and accented by the trickle of rain.
I sit,
and stare from a chair near my window
hoping and wanting to feel your static hands
run through my hair. But in this silent as a forgotten melody room
I only feel the slow, sad, staccato jazz beat of my heart.
And the fingers of the rainy night play tones which seem like vague patterns
of funeral music.
Waiting,
I cogitate over unknown reasons for the never of the everness of your coming to lighten and brighten my seemingly dark as futurity room and the empty emptiness of my heart.
I try to reason why, I am often silent when we meet, and why tonight I have exhaustless words to say when I hear the familiar arpeggio of your feet on the stairs sending you to me fleet as a dream, to ease the trembling octaves of expectancy in my heart.
Alone,
I look into the wet and lustrous carbon paper night
my eyes absorb people hollering and running left and right
down to the corner as an explosion like a flourish of trumpets
sends a message to my brain of an . . .
ACCIDENT ! ! !
someone was hurt . . . a voice yelled . . . "Call an ambulance . . . "
another cried . . . "Who is it . . . ?" and the reply . . .
"Let's try to get this lady up out'ta the rain"
sent my heart into a stanza of slower and different rhythms.
I
rushed
down
my
broken
stairs
into
the
street
and the rain and darkness caused me to feel and hear . . .
strange . . . imminent . . . imaginary voices
giving possible reasons for the never of the everness of your coming.

# *Connor's Revolt*

› JOHN COWEN, '67

This book is to be neither an accusation nor a confession.
*All Quiet on the Western Front*
—Erich Maria Remarque

AT 6:30 A.M., Connor was awakened by the dawn light diffusing through the ivy-cluttered window of his narrow room. For a few brief moments, he allowed himself to linger in that pleasant twilight state between unconsciousness and wakefulness. With a sigh, he propped h mself up in the old, painted iron bedstead and reached out for a cup of cold coffee, prepared the night before, from the adjacent, book-lined desk. As he drank it, the radiator in the corner began steaming, dispelling the twilight chill. Outside, the morning mists of early winter rolled about the frozen mud of the soccer field and the woods of the Maryland countryside. It was Saturday, game day. Connor would fight against his old school, Mandon. That he should now be under the aegis of Saint Ames was a matter of circumstance, not of choice. He finished his coffee and stood on the cold, wooden floor. Connor dressed quickly in the required suit, dress shirt, tie, and polished shoes. Out in the corridor, he greeted his fellow fifth-form hall residents and they filed silently down the stairs of the infirmary whose second-floor sick-rooms were their privileged dormitories, unless evicted by students stricken by the annual plagues that regularly swept over the school like the avenging four horsemen of the Apocalypse. These rooms had real beds, were singles, unlike the doubles in the main building with their swing-down iron "hammocks." They entered the building to join the thundering mass of students entering the refectory for breakfast. Popkins-Schmidt, master of the sciences and mathematics, stood by the door, glaring critically at both his gold-plated pocket watch and the boys filing past him to take their assigned places at table. The daily student waiters brought up steaming bowls of oatmeal from the kitchen. At precisely 7:05, Popkins-Schmidt closed, respectively, his watch and the doors. Any student who came in late or who overslept (his absence being noted by the table master who would send a student to fetch the miscreant) received demerits. The headmaster, Reverend John Tower, brought his fist down on the bell, bringing silence throughout the refectory. He blessed the food and was answered by a muttering roar of

"Amen" and a scraping of chairs. Connor was assigned to sit at Master Mavis's table. This ex-graduate of St. Ames and an ex-army MP was his soccer coach. They got along well with one another, but Master Mavis had one very interesting past-time. Should a luckless student forget proper deportment and rest his hand on the surface of the table, Mr. Mavis would lunge at it with his fork. If your reflexes were not good enough, you got a painful jab. It wasn't wise to bait him though, for if he realized you were playing cat and smart mouse with him, you got five demerits for impertinence, requiring you to perform two hours' hard labor on the week-end. Mavis arched his eyebrows at Connor, and Connor replied to the unspoken question, "I'm ready." Despite the master's laconic gruffness and amusing hobby of stippling the table-top, he was otherwise a decent person to eat with. He did not use up some twenty napkins per meal as did old "Dribbles" Baldwin, teacher of the romance languages, who drooled incessantly or old "Geech" Hall, who had the opposite problem and sucked continually at his sinuses with interesting nasal effects. At one memorable breakfast, "Geech" hawked so assiduously that a glob of yellow phlegm flew into the unserved oatmeal. Never one at a loss, Mr. Hall spooned out the offending sputum, and dished out oatmeal as usual to students who'd suddenly lost their appetites. Each master had his well known idiosyncracies, and many legends concerning acts of present and past masters circulated during the infrequent bull-sessions.

The spartan fare being quickly downed, Father Tower again rang his Pavlovian bell, bringing incorruptible silence. Announcements were given by the masters, and the students then were excused to clean their rooms. By 7:40, Connor had had another cup of coffee, cleaned his room, and memorized a long list of Spanish idioms for a test, for there were half-day classes on Saturday, as on Wednesday, the afternoons being reserved for the waging of war on the athletic fields against other private schools. The senior hall prefect answered Connor's call of "Inspection!" He saw that the floor was mopped, all surfaces dusted, the bed made and the wastebasket emptied. The prefect also answered Connor's usual question by saying that there had been no announcements at breakfast that Connor had to worry about; Connor being half-deaf, never could tell what was being said. Because Connor, through his literary bent and love of books, had a nightly job as librarian, he did not have to go to "jobs," the cleaning and maintenance of the school from 7:45 to 8:00 A.M. He then walked down the hall to visit a friend who also was not required to go to jobs. As he opened the door, Brown's record player greeted Connor with a nasal *"Sieg!"* followed by a thunderous *"HEIL,"* then a long since dead and disbanded stormtrooper band, living on only as grooves cut on wax, rendered Horst Wessel's stormtrooper's battle song.

As Connor stood looking out of the window, Steve shut off the record player and called to him. In order not to be overheard, Steve kept his head up, mouthing the words so Connor could lip-read him.

"You know, Connor, in five years, I am going to come back here, dressed up in a German Army uniform, completely armed and disguised; I shall climb that tree in front of his house, and when he goes to hold early morning Communion, I will leap out of that tree and brandish my bayoneted Mauser rifle at him!"

Connor answered him, "And do you know what Father Tower will do? He will say, 'Steve Brown, why are you dressed up like that?' Then he will whip out an M1 carbine from beneath his priestly robe and shoot you neatly between the eyes." Brown collapsed in helpless laughter. Connor bade a pleasant fare-well to him and left his room. For a second, Connor wondered about Brown. Father Tower, as it was well-known, had been, long before he had become an Episcopalian priest, a Captain in the Rangers during World War Two. A year before, Connor had been recovering in a hospital from an appendectomy, and Father Tower had kindly visited him and reminisced about his war experiences.

"Two hours before dawn, we crossed the river in rubber boats. When we were half-way across, the Germans opened up with flak and machine guns. Few of us made it to the far shore . . .

"I reached the doorway and looked back for the Lieutenant who'd been running behind me. He lay in the street with half his face shot off . . .

"I remember one of our men who, though a coward under fire, would, when safe, be very brutal to the prisoners. These Germans were brave soldiers; this man was not."

That was it. Father Tower was a "brave soldier" and a man of the cloth. Steve Brown was not. How Father Tower had never been nailed by some Kraut sniper was a mystery to all, for he was a huge man, almost seven feet tall, a hard-faced man with a slit for a mouth. Connor also recalled a showing of color slides taken by Father Tower during his recent summer trip in Europe. He showed his river and he also showed the ovens at a place named Buchenwald, near Weimar.

Connor was himself guilty of cynicism and possessed a great contempt for sentimentality: two habits that constantly dismayed his teachers, who probably would have been happier had they realized that Connor was cynical and unsentimental because he was really sensitive and sentimental, two traits that do not fit well in boarding school life.

Connor then walked into another boy's room. Noel Macton was, as usual, working on his designs of an immense castle, with turrets, dungeons, torture chambers, and the like. It was a unique castle, a sort of super

prep-school. Such was Noel's escape-hobby, a castle in the clouds. Macton ignored him, so Connor spoke up,

"Hey Noelsie, you still mad at me?"

"Yes, I am; you nearly killed me!"

"I'm sorry, I wasn't mad about your bragging about getting room-study while I didn't. I just wanted to scare you. I didn't know the bannister would break. Anyway, what's griping you; I pulled you back before you fell, didn't I?"

"Well, you scared me all right. Go to H-Hades!"

"Okay, Noelsie."

The chapel bell tolled, and students from all over the school obediently marched into the small chapel, as they did daily. Connor halted before his assigned pew, bowed reverently to the altar, and, unhooking a prayer cushion, kneeled to pray. He then beseeched his Episcopalian God to look favorably on him during the day's work and during the game that would soon be played. The organ music swelled mightily and all rose to sing the school hymn, *Our Rock in Ages Past*. The day's lesson was read out by the Padre. As usual, Connor understood nothing of the man's droning monotone and allowed himself to rest in that part of his mind designated Cloudcuckooland. There was a final hymn and a long prayer. Then they marched out for morning classes.

Connor easily finished the test on Spanish idioms and with equal ease translated a paragraph from English to Spanish and answered questions concerning the *Siglo de Oro*.

Having then a free period, Connor walked back to his room to have still another cup of coffee, his one vice, and a famous one.

The school nurse confronted him as soon as he opened the infirmary door. She said, "Let's see your leg."

Connor obediently lifted his pants leg and the nurse clucked disapprovingly. A week before, a rival player had kicked Connor with the full intention of crippling him. The shin guard had absorbed the blow, and Connor had not paused so much as to say "Ow," but after the game had been won, Connor looked at his shin and noticed a cut. The next day, the leg began to swell and turned brownish-yellow. The school nurse had rushed him in her old station wagon to a town doctor who informed Connor that a blood vessel had broken and his leg was swollen with blood and lymph. Connor was then forbidden to participate in sports until it healed.

"You know the doctor said you couldn't play. He said you were in danger of losing your leg. You haven't been playing on it, have you? It doesn't look any better."

"No, Ma'am. I know. It'll be all right."

Connor left her and went to his room to memorize equations for chemistry.

After chemistry class, he went to the mail-room. There was a letter from his girl back home. It was a "Dear John" letter. So she couldn't be loyal to him when he was away but permitted some pimply high-school punk with an old car to charm her away. Very well, he didn't want a girl like that. Actually, who would blame her for dropping a half-deaf misfit like Connor who was not home three months in a year? Resignedly, he flung the letter into a waste-can.

After lunch, Connor had some free time before the game would start, so he checked out for the Station. He walked the half-mile to the country store by a railroad junction. It had been called the "Station" by generations of Saint Ames' boys and boasted a genuine pot-bellied stove. Connor bought a large jar of condensed coffee and chatted with class-mates who furtively puffed at cigarets in defiance of the school rules. Bidding farewell to the proprietor, old, ageless Mr. Schamel, Connor walked back to school.

The soccer boys drew their game uniforms from the manager and got ready for the game. Connor wrapped a rubber bandage tightly around his injured leg. The players, dressed only in cotton shirts, shorts, long socks, shin-guards and spiked shoes, clattered out to the field. It was cold, but the sun had melted the mud, forming glistening puddles of water here and there. An unkind wind whipped through the meager garments as the soccer-men performed basic calisthenics, thankful for not having to run five laps, do 150 jumping-jacks, and the other exercises required on regular practice days. The boys from Mandon arrived and walked confidently out onto the field. Connor recognized familiar faces, and they nodded with mutual respect. Winning the toss-up, Saint Ames lined up their offensive positions. Connor stood surveying the field, his heart pounding as it always did before the action started. With him and against him were the tough, drawn faces of the sort of boys who take winter soccer and like it.

His position was center half-back. The forward put the ball in play and passed it back to Connor. The round, rubber ball bumped, almost unpredictably, over the half-frozen muddy ruts and a solid wave of the enemy converged on Connor. He sent the ball flying over their heads to his left wing. The only spectators were Coach Mavis, the benchwarmers, some proud parents, a few teachers and students, and Father Tower, who sat shivering in the bleachers, his large black felt hat flapping in the wind. An hour later, Mandon had been beaten by one hard-won point, and

Saint Ames continued towards its goal of being champs in the interscholastic competition. Connor had been taken out twice, once in each half to take a breather, for the center half-back, of all players, is the runner. The victors gave their traditional cheer and gleefully shook the hands of the sullen boys from Mandon. The Saint Ames boys trooped off to the gym in high spirits. As usual, Connor's shoelaces were frozen together and it took some time for his numbed fingers to undo them. The uniforms were stiff in spots from frozen mud or saliva, and once in a while, blood. As usual the players walked straight into the shower, always cold because the inadequate hot water system held up only for those junior-varsity or basketball men who were excused before the soccer squad. Each piece of game equipment was washed out and then hung around the steam pipes to dry quickly but stiffly. When Connor unwrapped the bandage from his leg, he saw that it had been squeezed into disproportionate bands of swollen flesh. He held the leg under the cold shower spray until it grew numb and the swelling went down. Then he dressed for dinner, walking up to the main building with his fellow victors. They marched into the refectory while the rest of the school, already eating, applauded them.

Since it was Saturday night, Connor had a choice of taking town permission, watching an old movie in the study hall, or doing pretty much as he liked, so long as he did not break any of the rules noted in the school's voluminous handbook. He decided to finish reading *The Catcher in the Rye* with its bizarre version of prep-school and the amazing adventures of prep schooler Holden Caulfield. Then he would write out something for the meeting of the school's literary society on Sunday, a society enshrouded with secrecy, mystery, and open only to the chosen few.

He finished the book and reflected briefly on it. Would he write about his own ideas of boarding school? Connor thought not, for his life was hardly adventurous, as that of a Holden Caulfield. Interesting person, this Salinger. Well, Castro had taken over Cuba and Connor, who felt sure that there would be guerrillas against the Communistic dictator, decided to write about that. He would write the story in such a way as to give the climax, and the events immediately following and preceding the climax, leaving his fellow members to speculate on the "beginning" of the story and the "ending" of the story. That should make for a lively discussion. Connor dug out his ancient typewriter, and slipped a blank piece of paper into it. After sipping his coffee meditatively, he then set to pounding at the keys. The story was formed in his mind, and he rapped through it, pausing only to drink from the never empty cup of coffee.

As Ramon got up, shaking his hands with grief, Manuel walked over to the door and kicked it in. The woman lay sprawled face down on the dirt floor.

She raised her head, smiled and said, "Come in, come in, I'm all right. Won't you come in to have a cup of coffee with a poor old lady who lives all by herself in the *Sierra Maestra?*"

The three guerrillas looked at each other; then Ramon shuddered and walked in with Manuel and Diego following. Inside, they all seemed to fill the small hut, so they sat down against the wall and laid their weapons in a corner. Just now, she was brushing the dust, which had sprayed from the bullet-pocked walls, off her shawl. Miraculously she seemed unhurt, but the fact that her house had been shot up while she was in it did not seem to bother her much, for her wrinkled face was creased in a smile. She hobbled over to the fireplace and withdrew a coffee pot from the smoking flames. Taking three small cups, she filled them and laid each at the feet of the soldiers. Then she poured herself a cup and squatted down in front of them.

"Take up and drink! It is not often that handsome young men such as you come to call on poor old Isabel!"

Then the men laughed nervously and took up the cups, complimenting her. She laughed too, a dry chuckle like the rustling of bare branches in the wind before a storm. They talked, and she told them of how she came to be there, in the mountains of the Oriente. Isabel was so kindly and harmless; she preferred the peace of the hills to the commotion of the cities.

"What more would one want?" she asked.

They all laughed, and Ramon said, half-jokingly, "Well, *Anciana,* I should like to kill many of Castro's soldiers."

Diego said, "I would pluck up courage, for I am like a chicken."

Manuel said, "Ah, *Señora,* I ask only to be alive when this is all over."

The old one chuckled, and the men fell silent. Ramon glanced at his wristwatch and saw that it was two o'clock. They had to leave, so they then bade Vaya con Dios to her, and, shouldering their weapons, left. A short time later, the three rejoined the main body of guerrillas.

*"Arrén! Vayan!* We have rested enough. On to Cobre!" Ramon shouted.

The guerrillas arose, shouldered weapons and equipment, and fell in, walking in double-file. The sun was high and an odor of sweat and leather surrounded the marching guerrillas.

Manuel stared at the boots of the man in front of him, hypnotized by their rhythm. He was brooding. There was something strange about the face of the old woman in the hut they'd shot up. Then he remem-

bered! At the age of seven or so, he'd once been sick in bed. To ease the boredom, he had imagined a group of *brujas,* witches, who danced around his bed, muttering incomprehensible songs and chants. For many days they were with him, and he would talk to them mentally. Once, when he was looking into the bathroom mirror, one witch detached herself from the silent group. She came up to him and whispered, "Manuel, your destiny is yet to come!" Manuel told no one of his fantasy, and now he could not remember how long the witches had been with him, but he did remember that one night he conjured up in his imagination a sort of room in the moon-lit wall and forced the witches to go in there, and there they had stayed and been forgotten. But, *Madre de Dios!,* the face of the old woman had been the face of the witch who had whispered the empty prophecy into his mind's ear!

They were ambushed. At first, it was peaceful; a gentle breeze stirred the palm fronds, and only the songs of wild birds contested with the crunching of boots and rustling of equipment. Suddenly there was the coughing *palot-palot* of mortars, and flashing explosions sent sharp shrapnel flying, clipping down the palm fronds which fluttered lazily to the heaving, spewing earth, where machine gun bullets tore their frantic paths. Diego shouted wildly and raced toward the enemy, firing his carbine. He stopped as though he'd run into a stone wall and turned around slowly with a puzzled, hurt expression on his face; then more bullets slammed into his twitching body and he grimaced with the pain of violent death and fell.

Ramon had flung himself to the ground and emptied his haversack of its grenades. Jerking the pins, he hurled them frantically into the bushes from where the ambush roared out its lethal voices. Every grenade seemed to have its effect, but a machine-gunner zeroed in and fired a brief burst. Ramon rolled over, blood foaming from his dying lips.

Manuel stood, legs straddled, firing bursts into the foliage wherever he saw muzzle flashes. Then the ground was torn from under his feet as a mortar shell explosion hurled him into the sky. He fell heavily to the ground, a tattered, smoking and unmoving bundle.

The remaining guerrillas fled to the safety of the woods. The air was acrid with the smell of burnt cordite, and the hills sounded with the dying reverberations of combat. The survivors of the communist patrol came out of their nests and looted the bodies of their countrymen, leaving them for dead and to the inevitable erosion of nature. They lit cigarets, joked amiably, and then set out leisurely to track down the other guerrillas. Some time after, one man among the corpses of the fallen stirred.

The *labrador,* Rafael Lombera, shook his head sadly at the neglected sugar cane fields around him. The majestic *Sierra Maestra* lay off to his

right, and fertile plains stretched off to his left. There was no one in sight, and he thought that it might be a fine thing to supplement his lunch with a little beer. The man knelt down at a certain place and lifted away the rich soil with his hands until he unearthed his small hoard. With great care and fondness, he lifted out an amber bottle whose Indian-headed


label read *Cerveza Hatuey*. He looked up. Someone was stumbling along the fields toward him. As the floundering figure neared him, Rafael shouted out to his wife in the hut, "Teresa, come; here is a wounded guerrilla from the hills!"

Then Rafael approached the soldier and asked, "Who are you?"

Connor smiled and lifted the sheet from the typewriter. That story should interest his companions and provide a vehicle for conversation and speculation. He stretched out his arms, yawned mightily, and saw that it had grown dark outside. A glance at his watch told him that it was 10:00, a half-hour before lights out. It had been a fair day. Connor had done what had been required of him. He mixed himself a morning cup of coffee, as he had done for almost a thousand previous nights. Opening the window, he looked out across the moon-lit soccer field and smiled with satisfaction.

As he settled down beneath his blankets, he reflected over his years of arduous training, from the third grade on. Then he suddenly wondered, "Why?"


Four years later, Connor was a student at Gallaudet College. It was Tuesday morning; Wednesday afternoon he'd leave and go home. This Thursday was Thanksgiving. He made the decision that he would return Thursday morning and have Thanksgiving dinner with his girl-friend. The morning mail came and there was a letter from his old buddy Jakstas. Connor opened it quickly for he'd gotten a card from his friend's sister saying that he'd had an accident. Connor, since he was going steady with the deaf girl, had stopped writing the sister, a TWA stewardess with whom Connor had had some brief affairs, but that was past. He read:

"Dear Jack,

Glad to get your letter last week. The reason I hadn't written you is because I've been adjusting to my one-eyed state; reading and writing make me cry. No ——, man, I'd start dabbing away with a handkerchief until it got sopping wet and then I'd say —— it. It happened when my uncle and I were digging a foundation for a chimney and I tried to break a rock with a sledge hammer. So like a John Henry, I smashed that stone, but a piece off the hammer the size of a cigaret ash smashed me right back in the old eyeball. So for the past ten weeks or so I've been like the Cyclops and will

take some time yet before I regain vision. Even if Seton Hall had taken me into its fold I couldn't have gone. Which frankly I think is all for the better because I really didn't want to go back to any college. I'd even taken my physical and mental exams for the Marines and passed both with flying colors. But then decided to go Army. More opportunity, I think. So once I'm able, I go to enlist. I even think to join the paratroops or the special service and if I like it become a pro at the business.

At any rate, when I recuperate from this damned business, I think we'll have to arrange a small reunion. But am in lousy shape now because I must refrain from much activity and riotous living. For the time being, therefore, I've nothing to look forward to but yet another hospital stay for my second operation. Which burns my —— no end, although some of the nurses are nifty little numbers. Even have a date lined up with one but can't drive a car yet. What the hell, though. So nothing more to say, old buddy, because ain't nothing happens to me lately—sit home like a little —— kid. Am alive but not kicking too much.

Jim"

Good old Jim, Connor thought, best of friends. What a time they'd had! Connor looked out the window at the students going back and forth between classes and thought back to another college.

On one Sunday in September of 1961, there gathered at Ursinus College, three freshmen, class of 1965. These roommates were: John Bradley from nearby Philadelphia, tall, handsome and affable; James Jakstas from New Jersey; and Jack Connor of Maryland. Connor complemented the other two. Where there are three, two will become friends. Connor and Jakstas were to become the best of comrades.

In the beginning, they kept pretty much to themselves, working hard in order to make good grades. Jakstas worked hardest of all, for his lamp burned far into the night. This was his undoing, for in the middle of October, he caught what seemed to be a bad cold which worsened. In spite of his roommates' entreaties, he refused to go to the college infirmary. He lay in his bed of pain, trembling with fever and peering soulessly forth from bloodshot eyes. Soon it was evident that he was seriously ill, so his roommates wrapped him up in a blanket and carried him off to the infirmary where an ambulance soon came to take him to a nearby hospital. He battled pneumonia for two weeks and although he survived he was so weakened that he decided to let the school year go and start again as a freshman. So he convalesced through the winter months, reading many books and growing a luxuriant beard. In March, he actually obtained a job as a door-to-door vacuum cleaner salesman, an experience interesting in its encounters but sadly lacking in munificence. With the coming of summer, he became a civilian employee of an army camp's officers' canteen. In September he came back to college and roomed with Connor,

who was then not doing well in his studies. Jakstas had lost his former fanaticism for learning. Thus began their revolt.

Their backgrounds, though different, had produced in each similar characteristics. They were no strangers to life; they were cynics with a gift for sarcasm, and they stood apart from their fellows as individualists, and they liked it that way.

A Lithuanian, Gintautas Augustus Jakstas was born in 1942 on the estate, near Vilnius, of the former premier of Poland, Jósef Pilsudsky. His mother was a dietician of sorts on that estate. His father was the director of education in Lithuania. Gintauta's Roman Catholic baptism was attended by German Army officers. His uncle, impressed into the German Army, was a motorcycle messenger. All went fairly well until the Russian Front broke. One night, Communists broke into their house, led his grandfather up into the attic and shot him for being a sympathizer. James says he remembers the convoys of retreating German soldiers: grim faces, clenched weapons, and regimental scarves flying in the wind.

There was that night when his parents separated. The father, who is now a postal employee in New York, gave his wife some money, bade her good luck, and ran off to save his own skin. The mother bribed a train guard, managing to secure passage in a box car for herself, James, and his two sisters. They arrived in Kassel, in the Black Forest, where they were eventually "liberated" by the Americans. The young Jakstas and his friends used to amuse themselves by placing discarded ammunition on railroad tracks before an oncoming train.

In 1949, the family came to the United States. The boy James, no longer Gintautas, preferred roaming the streets of New York rather than attending to the silly business of American public grade schools. He was a voracious reader and quickly mastered English. School was absurdly easy for him and he excelled, coming to Ursinus on a scholarship.

Once, when he and Connor were drunk in Philadelphia, they each bought a pair of glossy black riding boots. Jakstas got them in the spirit of his Don Cossack ancestors and Connor got them because he was a Texan by birth and ancestry. Those boots were to become symbols of comradeship and revolt against the way of things.

They spent many a pleasant Saturday in a local Italian bistro, pizzas in stomach, shot glass in hand, cigar in mouth, and boots on the table.

They often went to the "Troc" burlesque in Philadelphia and Jim had an intense desire to date one of the regular performers, but Connor and Jakstas always spent cold, lonely nights wandering the streets.

Once, after a binge, Jakstas was slumbering on the top of his bunk when Connor, drunk and thus playful, decided to brush up on his knife-throwing. An English Commando dagger thudded into the door jamb

about a yard away from Jaksta's head. Another combat knife hit the wall and sent a shower of plaster onto his peaceful face. Jakstas then got up with an amused smile, pulled out the dagger, picked up the combat knife and approached Connor happily, took an Italian switch-blade knife from Connor's hand, gleefully opened his desk drawer and deposited the weapons therein. He then wagged his finger jollily at Connor, and went back to bed.

In their sober hours, they spent more time reading novels than text-books; in fact, they spent a minimum of time on studies, a neglect which proved to be the downfall of each, and marked the decline of the revolt, especially for Connor who was a sophomore.

That lonely, cold January night, Connor drank a half pint of Courvoisier Cognac and packed his things in readiness for the long road home. Having learned he'd flunked out, he'd come a day earlier back from the Christmas Holidays to pull up stakes. Ironically, he'd flunked out of the same college J. D. Salinger had. Connor went to work as a grounds-keeper and warehouse man for a large furniture company. After some months of indecision, he began taking free sign-language courses at Gallaudet College two nights a week. Connor and his buddy still corresponded, for they were still rebels, although Connor was a far more subdued one. Having learned he'd flunked out, he'd come back a day earlier from the While Connor permitted the timeclock to regularly chomp a little card, representing all he'd accomplished thus far in life, Jakstas continued the revolt.

"Dear Jack,

It was good to hear from you, old Kamerad, but school is still progressing as usual. In fact, I'm cutting chem lab now, and am using the time to write. My dinner companions are worse than before: my roommate and that fat —— pig with whom you occasionally discussed Civil War relics.

Last Friday, after finishing my own bourbon and following up in the accustomed manner at Rocco's I went to Philadelphia. Featured was Blaze Starr; I had imagined her to be an old pro on her final round-up but was very much surprised. Very good, if she performs in Washington, I recommend you take her in. As it happened, I had something to eat and later realized that I hadn't enough bread to get back with. Luckily I had my check-book, but Pennsylvanians, being as friendly as they are, I couldn't get one cashed. I think those —— would first see a person starve. I then walked to Penn Station and nearby saw a little sign that said "Checks Cashed." I decided to wait till morning when I would probably have to pay an exorbitant fee for the favor. But, there were better things in store for me.

I was sitting on the bench reading a paper when a light skinned Negro came slowly by, mumbling God knows what. I inquired what

his problem was (I realized he was drunk) and he informed me that his return ticket was invalid. He couldn't find his spectacles and therefore asked if I would read him the time-table. All the while, he was muttering incomprehensible sentences of having something of great importance to do in Philadelphia, of having too much money in his pocket, of his former life in Philadelphia, etc. I asked if he wanted coffee, which he did. He then asked if I had anything to do, and when I answered in the negative, he asked if I'd keep him company till his train left (5:00 AM). Now this man was highly articulate and appeared quite intelligent. He assured me that he was no queer but felt a need to talk to someone. As you may imagine, I was at this point, more than curious, and gladly consented to go along. He even offered me twenty-five bucks plus expenses for doing nothing. (No question of his having it, for when he paid for the coffee, I noticed his wallet bulging with tens and twenties). I refused the twenty-five but let him know I was broke and would let him treat. We then took a taxi to City Hall, but all the eating joints were closed. Spying a bar, we walked in, he not too steadily, and the bartender refused to serve him. We took another taxi up Broad Street and found a bar which accommodated us. Old Joe was now sobering up somewhat and wanted to eat. The Negro barkeep recommended a place nearby and we went. Now this happened to be a Negro haunt, but I didn't give a damn. It was crowded as hell, and we sat in a booth with a stranger. We ordered food (Joe went back and got us each two double rums and beer) and ate. Our new companion was a rough-looking fellow, but quite friendly. He informed me that he was waiting for a choice piece. (Not steak, either). He further clued me in that the place was a hangout for pimps and prostitutes. He promised me that if I want, I can meet him there sometime and he'll show me the town. As soon as I can scrape together some dough, I think to take him up on it, some damned nice-looking Negresses there! After this, we went back to the station, my friend gave me five bucks and boarded his train with a "Don't sweat it, baby." One of his frequent expressions. I gave him my address and he gave me his phone number. As far as I could discern, he works for the Defense Department as an agent of some sort. He once asked me if I was a cop. Most of it was quite vague and I didn't feel he would take to my questioning. All in all, it was interesting and I wound up with a fin. Naturally Saturday I slept.

Nothing much else to say for the present so I'll finish this rambling, podner.

Jim"

Connor chuckled reminiscently. Their boots had clattered reverberatingly through empty streets. They had sought themselves and found no one. They had marched for miles in the night, searching for some light, only to be greeted by the dawn. That was a good experience, but following the advice of Socrates and Plato was hard on the soul and body. Thursday would be a good Thanksgiving. He decided to take his girl to Gusti's which would be a treat for both.