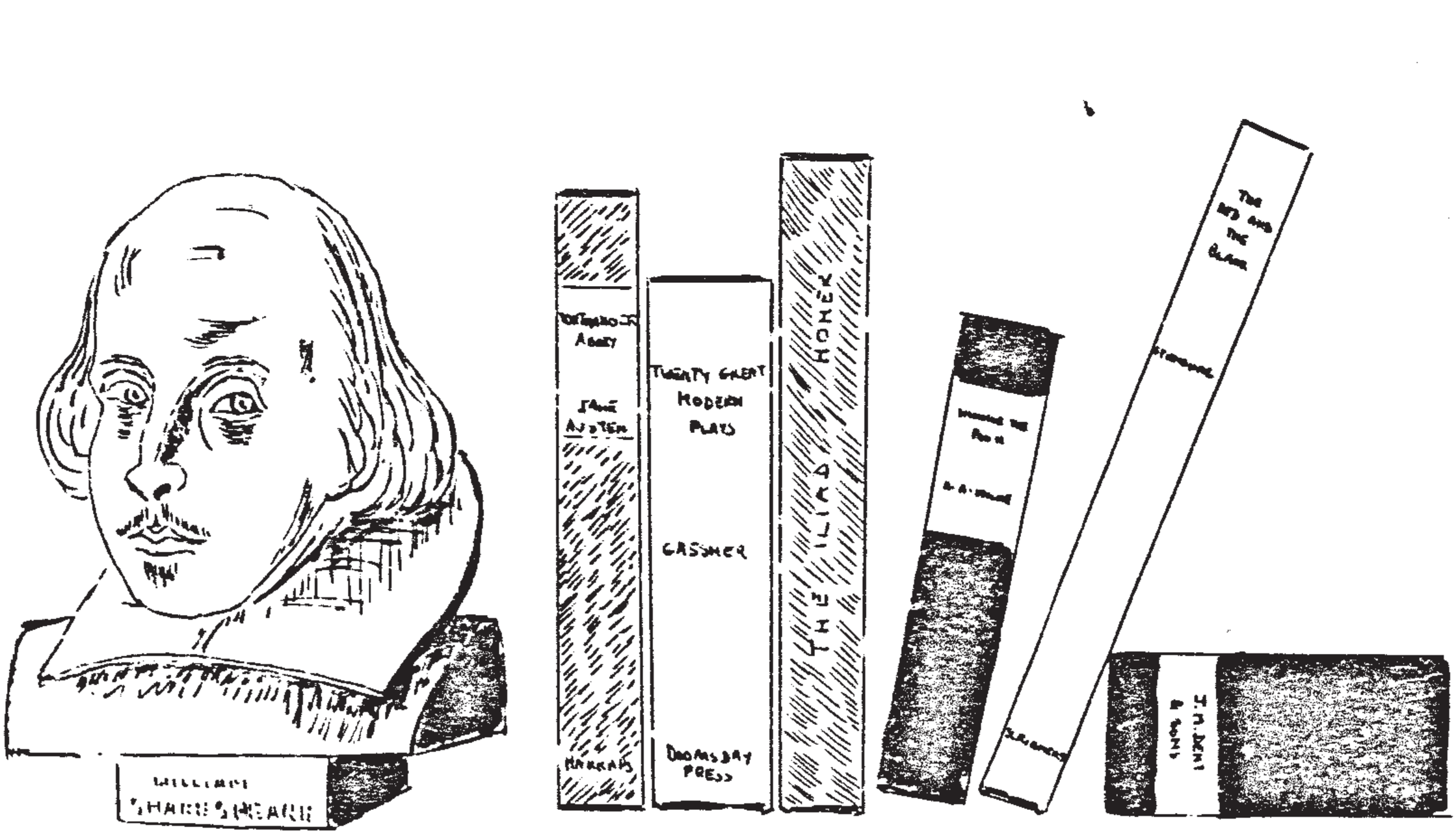
# THE BUFF AND BLUE

## Literary Issue




Winter 1960

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## LITERARY NUMBER

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## WINTER 1960

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# *Editorial . . .*

The habitual heart-cry of Literary Editors, especially of this magazine, seems to be, "Where are the contributors of yesteryear"? Perhaps this is not always fair. No one who feels himself responsible for the literary tone of a college can afford to be satisfied with what he offers as literature, and since the chief bases for comparison are former issues, it is natural that to him today's contributors seem to fall short of their predecessors' standards.

It must be said, however, that our contributions continue to diminish in quantity, if not in quality. The bound volumes of THE BUFF AND BLUE in the Gallaudet Room of the library testify to the output by former students, not only of poetry and short stories but of humorous, discoursive, and descriptive essays. The latter is a field which is neglected today and might be fruitful both for seasoned writers and for those who have hesitated up to now from a belief that only poetry or fiction are acceptable. It is our intention to be optimistic. Since this is the Winter issue (and if the pun will be forgiven) we will ask, with Shelley:

"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

# *After the Storm*

*by Donna Roult, '63*

The leaves faintly sway. Gloom hangs heavily. Clouds look threatening and seem to want to bring an evil omen. Suddenly the leaves shake furiously and open their hands for mercy. No answer to their moaning plea. The sound of the raindrops dancing is like the rat-a-tat of a drum.

The Omnipotent Hand gently draws the gray blanket away and uncovers the clear blue sky, almost blinding before our eyes. Dripping water brushes dirt away from the verdant leaves.

So pure. . . these leaves cry out with an exulting rustling and proclaim the world is good. An extraordinary bliss it is to us when we see and breathe all the freshness about us after bracing ourselves to withstand the depression of some gloomy day.

# *The Old Man and the Snow*

*by Loun-Pin Tan*

The sky was grey.
The wind was strong and cold.
The snow began falling.
In a few minutes the stone road had changed from black to white.
It was as quiet as the cemetery.
There weren't any living things to be seen except for an old man who was sweeping snow on the sidewalk.
He wore an old and wornout jacket.
It was as thin as paper.
His shoes looked as if they were found in a junk pile.
His head was almost all hidden in his jacket except for his grey hair which blew in the wind.
Several times he put his thin and wrinkled hands near his mouth to blow into them and then he rubbed them.
He bent his back slowly and swept the snow.
When he finished sweeping on the left, he started sweeping on the right.
But the apathetic snow kept falling on the left side again.
He swept and swept, but he never minded.
He didn't despair. . .
Oh! So grave old man. You were just like a good mirror for us.

*(Loun-Pin Tan is a special student from Viet-Nam, now in his second year at Gallaudet. "The Old Man and the Snow" was one of his first compositions here, the simplicity of his language serving only to accentuate the purity of his imagery.)*

*by Roslyn Goodstein, '62*

# The Earthmen

AT THAT moment I didn't know exactly what was happening. In fact, I thought that I was having hallucinations. It was Saturday afternoon and I was reclining in my backyard. I was then down, lying on my belly on the grass, watching a spectacular sight.

But it was no vision . . . what I actually had before my eyes was a small spaceship, about as tall as my knee. Fascinated, I watched its tiny inhabitants come out, one by one. To my amazement, they looked exactly like us except that the tallest of them was about five inches tall. When they all got out of the spaceship and looked about them, the six of them started to gesture to each other very wildly. I was taken aback by this strange method of communication because we get ideas across via the oral system. I stayed where I was, watching them and, since we Martians are gifted with a talent of picking up strange languages within a half hour, simultaneously learning their hand communication. They, as I observed, had unusually highpitched voices to accompany their weird gestures.

As I was watching them, I was getting snatches of their conversation. One of them, a redhead, (the leader, as I later learned) started to "talk" to the group. I translated his statements mentally as he spoke. "This here Mars. We not know what here. We now look for people. Maybe here have. Maybe not. What I want say is that we must stay in group and not afraid of something that here Mars, but try friend." Seeing that they were friendly, and since my curiosity was overwhelming, I let myself be seen. They became aware of my presence, looked up, and shrieked, "Look! Look! There Mars man! Mars man!"

I, trying to show them that I was friendly, gestured awkwardly into their broken language, "I Mars man. I want friend with you. Where you from?"

The red-haired man stepped forward and grinned, masking all, if any, possible uncertainess and/or fearfulness, at my height. "I glad meet you. We from Earth. (So I finally found out what Earthmen look like.) My name Max." He then pounded an "M"

sign on his chest, which I understood to be the way to say his name. "What your name?"

"Mars man no name. But have number. My number 635-650."

At this the earthmen and Max dropped their jaws (involuntarily, I suppose) and gestured among themselves excitedly, "Mars man no name. Have number! Real funny!"

"How long you stay? Why come Mars?"

"We curious what Mars like. So we come see for ourselves. We go back home late today. Must work Monday."

"So they go back to the grind Mondays, just as we do on Mars. But they have fewer Mondays, the lucky things; since they have about 350 days in a year, compared to our 680," I thought. I suddenly wondered how such people could have built a spaceship such as would enable them to fly a distance of 47,000,000 miles in about a day. "Wonderful rocket. Who invent? How make?"

"Real, other people (here Max pointed to his ear and nodded vigorously. I couldn't make any sense out of this, so I ignored it.) invent it before. They know that can be far fly to places. But afraid. We six brave and volunteered try. We made it. We here." (with a proud accent to his gestures, if such a thing is possible).

"You want look my home? I take you there." I held out my hand and they hopped on. With my free hand, I picked up the spaceship, intending to see how it really worked later.

One of the men said, "Look! His home!", pointing at my home which is a split-level, ranch-type house, with a large picture window showing a large living room inside. "Have same on earth, but smaller," he went on to say. The other spacemen jerked their heads up and down excitedly, indicating that they agreed with him. From that and comparisons of other notes, I learned that life on earth is just like that on Mars, except for the size, which was bigger proportionately on Mars. They had two cars in their garages and color television just like we do, they proudly declared. But their telephones were different, they pointed out, they had t.v.-phone, which had black and white showings. The food was also the same, except that it was, of course, served in smaller quantities.

Late that night, after giving me a complete plan of their ship and its machinery, and a tiny lock of Max's hair to remember them by, they departed into the darkness of space for home.

I was left alone to think over our strange meeting. I decided to write a book about it, but suddenly I realized that there weren't

any real differences between the Martians and Earthmen to write about. And since the reading of this period is largely dominated by science fiction, what Martian would believe that the Earthman is not a weird person who meets every detail of science fiction, but is in reality a decent little guy who is unable to hear?

## *The Dreamer*

*by Ruth Morris, '63*

Dreaming, dreaming
so quietly—
of brilliant beauty
once known;
of dreams that cherish
fond memories
of laughter bubbling
from merry lips,
seeing the future unroll
in the far distance.

Dreaming, dreaming
sadly—
of shining hopes that failed;
of soft clouds floating in
the sky,
that turned swiftly to rain.
of humble eyes lifted
up to the heavens
beseeching God to show
His tender mercy.

Dreaming, dreaming
hopefully—
of unseen, creeping, Light
bringing a healing
blessing
upon the toiling, working
heart,
of rich love given
without measure,
to those who daily weep
their silent tears.

Dreaming, dreaming
tenderly—
of sweet happiness
to come,
of clear voices singing,
of a loud trumpet sounding
the call,
of silent floating along
the waters,
giving a glad sense
of Rest
Through the quiet peace of. . .
Faith.

*by Dorothy Miles, '61*

# The Overdose

MY AUNT Blodwyn was a hypochondriac. I'm not condemning her, mind you. I'm merely stating a fact. I often think that it must be very useful to be able to say, with a conviction backed by long experience: "Well now, I'd love to do what you ask, but it's my neuralgia (or asthma, or whatever) *you* know." Maybe I will develop a useful ailment of my own when I'm old enough to have aches and pains without the need of a doctor's note. After all, even if people have the face to tell me it's all in the mind, they can't very well demand that I see a psychiatrist just because I won't move the bureau when they want to sweep under it.

But I was telling you about my aunt Blodwyn. Her husband, my uncle-by-marriage, was a wholesale stationer and a Somebody on the Town Council, and they were very comfortably off. (All my aunts on that side were comfortably off, not that it did me much good.) They had lost their only child, a boy some years my elder, when he was thirteen, and every Sunday, rain or shine, they made a pilgrimage to the village thirty miles away, where he was buried in the old family grave plot. There was something of a ritual in this weekly jaunt, kept up, no doubt, by my uncle's fear of bringing on one of Aunt Blodwyn's "turns" if he should ever suggest a more cheerful way of spending Sunday afternoon. Not that he would, as a matter of fact, he being a pillar of the local chapel, and Welsh Methodists being among the most God-fearing in the world. This preoccupation with the dead always struck me as ghoulish, but it seemed the only thing Aunt Blodwyn had to live for, over and above the state of her health.

You knew she was proud of her condition the moment you met her. If you asked her, " How are you?" or even if you didn't, she'd start right in telling you.

"Poorly I've been, very poorly since Christmas," she'd admit happily. "You wouldn't believe!"

You might, at that, because she had a pathetic way of wrinkling her forehead that made her look worried sick, but that was just a family characteristic, and I have it, too. In fact, I've been

plagued all my life by people telling me not to worry, even when I am just squinting in the sun.

In the sitting-room of the unpretentious house where my aunt and uncle lived, along with the neat oak furniture, the embroidered cushion covers, the polished brass ornaments (the Welsh go for brasses in a big way), and the portraits of the family dead, there was a wall cupboard stocked to overflowing with pill-boxes and medicine bottles. My aunt didn't actually open it for display, but it was hardly possible to visit the house without getting a glimpse of its contents, with her having to take this pill every four hours and that powder after every meal with warm milk, and so forth. It wasn't her old doctor's fault, because even before we had National Health he refused to visit her more than once a month, and kept warning her about the effect of too many different medications, so one can say he was trying to make a profit out of her. He wouldn't take her as a private patient, either, and it was only because he was the doctor who attended her when the boy was born that she kept going to him. No, the trouble was she kept buying different brands of patent medicine, not, of course, in the hope of finding a cure for her latest ailment, but so that she could declare mournfully, but with perfect truth, "Everything I tried for my bad back."

Well, I'm coming to the point. It so happened that when the old doctor was due for retirement, he sold his practice to a young Englishman. My aunt was disgusted to start with; Dr. Griffiths brought the young man with him when he made his last call, and Aunt Blodwyn took a dislike to his clipped English speech and his brisk manner. She didn't expect a youngster to have any sympathy for the sufferings of the middle-aged, either, and when he said brightly, on leaving, "Dr. Griffiths has told me all about you. We'll have you right as rain in no time," she thought her worst fears were confirmed. But the surgery was convenient, and she hated to break old ties, so when Uncle Parry persuaded her to give the young man a trial, at least, she agreed without much enthusiasm.

The young English doctor surprised her, though. When he made his next call he was a model of solicitious concern. He gave her a thorough check-up, listened attentively to the long history of her internal complications, prescribed a new medicine that had just come on the market, that she had been intending to buy in any case, and finally suggested the possibility of an operation.

"Well, I don't know, doctor," said my aunt flustered by all this attention. "At my age, don't you think. . ."

"Oh, of course," said the doctor quickly, " we mustn't take unnecessary risks. But if you should feel the need for drastic measures. . ."

My aunt was delighted to find someone other than Uncle Parry who took her seriously. Before long she was a private patient, paying for young Dr. Knight to visit her once a week, and faithfully denying herself any medicines but those he prescribed for her. She even conceded to feeling "a sight better" after a few weeks of this treatment.

"Not *well,* mind you," she would answer enquirers. "Even the dear young doctor won't promise that I will be my old self again for a *long* time. But better."

Then right in the middle of the general rejoicing, like a bolt from the blue, my Uncle Parry had a stroke in the office and died the same day. It wasn't really so surprising, he always had had more middle than was good for him, but everyone worried about the effect on Aunt Blodwyn.

It was Dr. Knight who kept her going, of course. She said so herself at the time. "Well, indeed, if it wasn't for the dear doctor I'd be gone to join our Parry and little Erwyn. A marvel, he is." Certainly he did what he could for her way beyond the call of duty. He attended the funeral at her side, and patted her shoulder sympathetically while she sobbed into his handkerchief. He engaged a nurse to be her constant companion in the days that followed, and found time to spend half an hour with her almost every day until she felt well enough to leave her bed. All this came rather expensive with Aunt Blodwyn being a private patient, but she could afford it well enough with the money Uncle Parry left, and there was no denying that after the first shock wore off she seemed to be enjoying life as a pampered rich widow.

Not that she became extravagant or flighty or anything, of course. She revered her husband's memory, and every day went to shed a few tears before his portrait, which had joined the rest of the family dead on the sitting room wall; and the Welsh have the same Celtic blood in them as the penny-pinching Scots, and don't have to be told to keep a tight hold on the purse-strings. But she loved being made a fuss of, and being encouraged in her game of make-believe, and I think she began to look on Dr. Knight as a replacement for her dead son. Whatever it was, she fell in with every suggestion he made, even making plans for a trip to Switzerland with him as her attendant.

It must have been this eagerness that misled the young doctor. Probably he didn't realize the significance of Aunt Blodwyn's fetish about her Erwyn, even though he accompanied her several times on her trips to the family grave at Llanperyn where Uncle Parry had been buried too, though as a matter of fact she no longer went every Sunday. In the doctor's place a Welshman would have been more patient and wily, but the English always go putting their feet in things.

No one ever heard exactly what Dr. Knight said to Aunt Blodwyn, except Aunt Blodwyn herself, of course, and she's not telling. All the neighbors knew was that one afternoon, six months or so after Uncle Parry had been laid to rest, there was a sudden commotion from my aunt's house and the doctor's voice could be heard almost shrieking, "Mrs. Davies, I beg you, I beg you . . ."

Mrs. Williams-next-door had just come to the front step to put the empty milk bottles out (so she said) and had the best version of what happened next. Out of Aunt Blodwyn's door came the doctor, hatless and clutching his bag. Behind him in the doorway appeared a wrathful figure, her arms full of little bottles and jars.

"After my money, is it?" Aunt Blodwyn was crying, her Welsh accent more marked with her excitement. "There I was thinking that you were like a son to me, and now you talk of marrying me, with our Parry hardly cold in his grave. Shamed I am, that I didn't see where your fine words and hand-strokings were taking you . . ."

The doctor made one desperate attempt to stem the rhythmic flow of wrath, and was returning up the path when a liniment bottle hit him full in the stomach and fell with a crash on the stone paving. The smell of rubbing alcohol pervaded the scene. A pill-bottle landed and broke on the same spot and its contents scattered wide.

"Liffer pills," said Aunt Blodwyn as she threw the container, "Stummack powders, iron tonic, wintergreen, corn-cure, cough drops . . ." She was still hurling them over the front gate when the doctor vanished round the corner at the end of the street.

He left town, of course. Maybe he found another rich widow somewhere, though I doubt if she'd be Welsh.

Aunt Blodwyn? She's gone back to making her weekly visits to Llanperyn, though she must be well over seventy now. She's never touched another pill since it happened, though. Says drug-taking is dangerous.

# *Pepper, Chili, Sugar and Diamonds*

*by Nancy Bloom, '62*

Staring into the sky
And beyond space
With the cards of ace
Dealt against her, and her cry
Of "What can I do
If the cards of ace
Are shuffled against me?"
So cries this face
Innocent of love and life.

Love and life—
Nothing but love and life
Can bring grief
To those unfaithful;
And yet this doll
Innocent of love and life
Knows grief,

All because she had her first taste
Of pepper and chili.
Love now tastes of pepper
And life of chili.

Chin up, says she,
And if
She bears the grief,
She says
She'll get life
To taste like sugar
And love to look
Like diamonds
That never cease shining.
In brief,
No grief,
But an undying love.

And she did bear
The taste of pepper and chili
And learned the sweet taste of sugar
And saw the world
In diamonds.

Howard L. Terry, ex-'00, is a successful writer of long standing, now residing in California. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, he became deaf at the age of eleven, but his handicap did not deter him from becoming, at twenty, a reporter and correspondent for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He has contributed articles and poetry to many magazines, and the Edward Miner Gallaudet Library possesses copies of his poetry collections, novels, and a drama. He achieved the distinction of inclusion in the 1946-47 volume of *Who's Who in America.* Last year he was awarded the Teegarden Award for Poetry from Gallaudet, and it was felt that it would be timely to include in this issue a few of Mr. Terry's poems, in recognition of his long career.

# Selected Verse

*by Howard L. Terry*

## *The Hollow of the Moon*

*(Reprinted from the March 1950 issue)*

I'm going to build a cabin in the hollow of the moon,
And fix it up all cozy, dear, and take you, pretty soon;
We're going to leave old Mother earth, with all its hate and wars,
We're going to leave this place of tears with all its ugly scars,
And live in that dear cabin in the hollow of the moon,
And you will be my angel harp and I shall be your tune.

It's going to have its flowers and a dear old-fashioned well,
A shady tree and a garden and a bossy cow and bell;
I'll fix a little kitchen where you'll make our cake and pie,
In that cozy little cabin in the moon up in the sky.
You'll get your things together, dear, we're going very soon
To that cabin I am planning in the hollow of the moon.

I'm sick of all the ravings of a world that's lost its love,
I'm dying for that cabin, with you in it, far above;
A place that's calling, calling, and waiting for us, dear,
Where it's clean and fresh and lovely every minute of the year.
I'm going to build a cabin in the hollow of the moon,
And fix it all up cozy, dear, and take you—pretty soon!

## *On Coming Upon a Fragment of a Meteorite*

From what far relam, O Stranger, have you come?
What tempted you to leave your high abode,
And headlong plunge into this lonely road
With silenced voice whose tales would strike us dumb?
You who have journeyed where the hot stars hum,
The essence of Creation, heavenly lode,
Once fire and life and beauty, to explode,
And leave us asking ever, Oh, where from?
You who helped make the beauty of the night,
While wise men turned their searching eyes on you,
Like lovers when their fair ones come in sight,
Seeking to understand, and never do,
Now rest with us who were so far and bright,
And, cold in death, our search for truth renew.

## *When Dolly makes Bread*

When Dolly makes bread oh, my heart's all aglee,
I stand on my head or I jump like a flea,
For I am as happy as happy can be
When Dolly makes bread.

The stuff that we get from the baker's bright boy,
A beautiful loaf, but it tastes of alloy,
When placed on our table it robs me of joy,
Not so when Dolly makes bread.

Oh! Dolly's the one who can mix the right stuff
For a loaf or a pie or a tasty cream puff;
I ask the boys in but they can't get enough
Of Dolly's fine bread.

So, here's to my Dolly, a bit of my art,
She gives me her loaf and I give her my heart,
And neither the gods nor the devil can part
Us two, when Dolly makes bread!

Oscar Guire, '21, should be well known to readers of the *Silent Worker* magazine, having contributed several articles of interest recently, including his current "Hawaiian Memoirs." He has also been a regular contributor to THE BUFF AND BLUE literary issue.

# Notes on Russian Literature

*by Oscar Guire, '21*

MY interest in Russian literature began when Alexis Rosen and I were classmates at Gallaudet College. He graduated from a school for the deaf in Moscow before immigrating to the United States. He came without knowing any English. He attended the Minnesota School for the Deaf four years before going to Gallaudet.

Rosen and I were good friends and allies in student politics. Only three students were known to be interested in socialism. Rosen and I were two of them. As an educated Russian it was natural for him to be interested in socialism. Russian literature was dominated by writers who advocated socialism and other forms of liberalism.

Guilbert Braddock, '18, was a brilliant student in a literary way. He took library science and had wide knowledge of world literature. *The Buff and Blue* depended on him for comments on literary publications from other colleges. Whenever the editors were hard pressed for something to fill an issue, they could depend on him to produce a short story on short notice.

Braddock wrote a play which was considered to be good. He refused to allow its publication or production. He took the position that a deaf person cannot write a play that sounds good when spoken on the stage. I did not read the play. I was informed about it by Kelly Stevens, '20, who, in dramatics worked closely first with Braddock and then with me.

Under Braddock's direction the Saturday Night Dramatic Club presented Gogol's *The Revizor*, which is a most famous Russian play. He changed the play a little to make effective use

of Rosen. It was customary for Russian civil officials to wear uniforms. Rosen stayed behind the scenes until the very end. He entered in a revizor's uniform. He stood and folded his arms. With a frown he looked at the other characters who stopped and stood open-mouthed. The curtain closed with great applause. Thus in a Russian play a Russian stole the show without saying anything.

Josif Stalin's writings are considered to be a part of Russian literature. About ten years ago he went on record as approving of the use of a sign language by deaf-mutes. In the last volume of *The Cavalier* of which Alan Crammatte was editor I reviewed the circumstances which led to Stalin's statement.

I have observed in Russian literature a peculiarity which I have not seen outside Russian literature. It is the use of the word "freemason" or, for short, "mason" as an insulting name. I have seen about four instances. One in Pushkin's *Evgenii Onegin.* Others in prose . . . I do not remember the titles or authors.

The Russian government considered the masons to be subversives. The Russian Orthodox church looked on them as heretics. My impression was that the writers were not hostile to freemasonry but were making fun of the name-calling which was common among the people.

It has been said that five thousand years of civilization have produced only three great national literatures: Greek, English, and Russsian. There can be no doubt that the history of Russian literature, from the viewpoint of writers' lives, is more dramatic than that of any other literature.

Feodor Dostoevskii is well known to American readers. Many of the Russian writers were amateurs in the best sense of the word. They had other sources of income and wrote to promote nonconforming ideas. Dostoevskii was a professional. He mismanaged his financial affairs and worked hard to pay his debts.

Dostoevskii is considered to be a reactionary or at least a conservative, which is unusual for a Russian writer of any period. This specialist in abnormal minds is published and read in the Soviet Union but, for political reasons, his memory was not honored. In *My Russian Journey* Rama Rau tells how happy her guides were to show what there was to see and know about Pushkin and Tolstoi, and how she had trouble looking for Dostoevskii's home.

Dostoevskii was different in his youth. One of my sources of information says that he was a revolutionist. Another says that

he was judged guilty only because of his association with proved revolutionists. At any rate he was condemned to die. He was standing on the scaffold and the hangman was ready to put the rope on him when a messenger arrived with an order from the tsar which changed the sentence to four years of exile in Siberia, to be followed by compulsory military service for the rest of his life.

When he returned from exile, he wrote *The House of the Dead,* which stirred the people and led to reform the exile system. It seems that he somehow avoided long army service. He lived in St. Petersburg many years and wrote many novels and short stories.

# IF YOU'VE NEVER

*by Marshall Wick, '62*

If you've never owned a puppy dog
With such beguiling ways
As chewing shoes, chasing balls,
And tailwagging all day;
With snooping here, sniffing there
While tearing up the flowers,
As jumping fences, chasing leaves
And fighting with the Towser's:
If you've never owned a puppy dog,
Of any kind or size,
Loved, seen love
In two brown eyes,
Well, sir, I sympathize.

# *Villanelle*

*by Dorothy Miles,* '61

Time has ravaged the heart of the year;
Out of the rayless caves of Night
Wintry Death is drawing near.

Bleak are the heavens that drop a tear
Over the hapless Summer's plight;
Time has ravaged the heart of the year.

Hushed are the trees in sudden fear;
Trembling, the leaves are poised for flight.
Wintry Death is drawing near.

The shrill wind moans a requiem drear
Above the scene of conquering might;
Time has ravaged the heart of the year.

Long fled the birds, their matins clear
Faded beyond the southern height;
Wintry Death is drawing near.

The dying Summer cannot hear
The promise of Spring's renascent light;
Time has ravaged the heart of the year,
Wintry Death is drawing near.

*by James Kundert, '60*

# On Washing A Car

FEW chores in this quick, hectic pace of modern living offer relief from tension, or the cares of the day, as much as the physical activity involved in washing a car. Any car will do, whether one's own or a neighbor's. Car washing, as a rule, is unpremeditated. Few can predict accurately the turns the weather will take beyond the morrow. Because of this factor, car washing is contingent upon a whim. There is a sudden felt need for physical activity, a desire to lose oneself in a task that places no premium upon thoughts, to abandon one's self physically, mentally, and spiritually to a few hours of engrossing activity. Since car washing at best is a leisurely and absorbing chore, in which a thorough cleaning can seldom be accomplished within an hour, the time spent in removing the film of dirt, of rubbing at stubborn specks of tar, or encrusted bird droppings, polishing the chrome, scouring the white walls, whisking the upholstery and floors, is gratifying to an overtaxed mentality. Business and other professional men for whom mental strain increases proportionately with their incomes, are becoming increasingly aware of the soothing effects obtained through washing their cars. Most reserve this chore for the weekend so as to devote themselves thoroughly to it. Others attempt it after a strenuous day at the office. All find in these hours spent in cleansing their cars an anodyne to mental strain.

The establishment of commercial car washes attests more than any other modern innovation to the breakneck pace of modern living. Though such establishments cater to the driver on the pretext that they conserve him time that he would otherwise use to better advantage, in truth they do him a great disservice. Patrons of such service centers are cheating themselves. They have only to wash their own cars to find out how rewarding it can be. A husband who snaps fretfully at his wife after a tense

day at the office will find his disposition restored. The same for a frustrated professor. Both will find that insomnia, the peculiar scourge of the professional, no longer disturbs them. Moreover, they will find that physical exhaustion restores the equilibrium in their bodies that was distorted during their hours at the office or in the classroom. For when the body yields to physical exhaustion, the mind picks up the cue and likewise surrenders all its cares.

Let us analyze some of the steps involved in washing a car. First of all, no one would willingly attempt this task except when the weather is at its best. This means that the day will be warm, a light breeze astir, with sunshine optional. There will follow a change into comfortable clothing, dungarees and T shirt, or baggy pants whose use we foresaw for such a day. The linen closet will be exploited for whatever cast off dish towels or torn linen can be spared. Bucket, car shampoo, whisk broom and hose will be assembled. These preliminaries suggest an imposing project. They form a ritual as delightful, if not more taxing, than assembling data for a grand reseach project. Then, there is the sudden exhilaration of a job about to begin.

In rapid succession the hose yields a spray of water, bathing the car in crystalline globules, the cloth is applied and the film of soil is washed away. The arm moves at varying speeds, slowly when the dirt is easily dislodged, faster when obdurate spots refuse to yield before the cloth. Every muscle in the body is suddenly responsive. The back stretches at every bend. The balls of the feet tingle with the weight of the body as an arm extends across the top of the car. The heart begins to churn as the worker abandons himself luxuriously to physical activity. There is the slap of water as the cloth is applied to the car and tiny rivulets cascade to the ground. There is the exhilaration, the sudden catch of breath, on seeing the enamel glow and the chrome gleam.

Then the final rinsing, a soft profuse spray, the feel of it as a gentle wind wafts it towards you; the sight of tiny globes of water as they grasp the sunshine and reflect it iridescently as they fall. Afterwards, with the body already pleasantly exhausted, remains the task of rubbing the car dry, polishing it so that the highlights appear and the car once again resumes its pristine glory.

The sodden rags are collected, the hose is coiled, a last drop of water is wiped and, his body tingling with the exertion of the past few hours, the car washer ambles slowly away.