

the 1961  
**BUFF and BLUE**



**LITERARY NUMBER**



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## Editorial

THE BUFF AND BLUE LITERARY NUMBER, which is published twice a year, is here with us again. Included in it, besides the literary contents, is the customary editorial. But stop here! Nowhere in this editorial will you find the literary editor's habitual wail aroused by lack of good contributions. This year's literary editor is singing a new tune, a happy tune, since this winter issue has been unusually well-fed as compared with recent issues. However, my readers, do not allow this piece of good news to put you into a satisfied slumber—to the point of lessening your literary output.

This issue is something, I strongly feel, to be proud of. Therefore, dear contributors, keep it up. Your next aim should be an even fatter Spring Issue.

# *Introspection*

*By Linwood Smith, '65*

Serenely I sit here and wait wondering of what is to be.  
Thinking of what is to be my fate and what is to become of me.  
It's just a waste of time to think of things that hold no cheer.  
There's no need for me to worry if I wasn't meant to hear.

What does it matter if I stand alone.  
I cannot change my destiny.  
I'm not ashamed if I cannot hear,  
For others cannot see.  
Many cannot talk  
As others do today.  
And still many others cannot walk  
Or run about and play.

Yet, I wonder why people try to undo what's been done.  
Their love and sympathy only make  
Another pound upon the ton.  
What God has made cannot be changed,  
Unless it's changed by Him.  
He's the One who caused the birds to fly above and fish to swim.  
Have I ever lost a fight because I could not hear?

Though I am deaf, my deafness is a thing I do not fear.  
I don't worry about tomorrow  
And the things that are to be.  
I only worry of today  
And what today demands of me.

It matters not how close you are.  
I'm thankful for the things you've done—you've done your best.  
But still I'm deaf, and so the battle is not won.  
But still you stood beside me  
When certain things went wrong.  
Your love, your faith, your gratitude gave me hope to carry on.

I trust myself and now I find  
All men are doubting me.  
But I will make allowance for their doubting (wait and see).  
And, I have dreams, but they are not my master; thoughts, but  
they are not my aim.  
To triumph, to lose, to win, to suffer, it's all in the game.

So there's no need to worry 'til your brain begins to swim.  
There's no need to panic  
If your hearing's growing dim.  
The deafness will live with you forever, yes, forever and a day.  
Until your life is humbled, and then vanishes away.

## The Old Oak

By J. E. Haynes, '63

The darkness trips over the grass—  
And the wind, unmerciful,  
Blows round  
Where the old oak stands  
In the solitary field.  
The somber shadow of night,  
Bringing rest,  
Has come  
Where the old oak stands.

This old oak could be a symbol  
Of a man.  
A man who would face *Truth*  
Unafraid.  
A man who holds in his hand  
The key  
That sets him free from the fear  
Of today,  
And of tomorrow. . .

# The Gray Eminence of France

*By David Hearty, ex-'62*

SOMETIME during the last years of the 16th Century, a gray-swathed prelate entered the royal palace of King Louis XIII of France. With dignity and calmness, this slightly-built priest walked down the halls of the palace. On his shallow, pointed face, there was an aura of dignity and the pride of a nobleman. The shallow complexion and the thin, pointed beard and mustache heightened the effect. As he walked down the halls, the barons and the dukes of the kingdom drew away fearfully from him. When he entered the throne room, Queen Regent Marie de Medici, sitting on a throne to the left, stiffened at the sight of him. Louis XIII saw him and quickly whispered to his wife, Anne of Austria: "C'est le Cardinal de Richelieu."

Cardinal Richelieu! How this name rings across the vaults of history to today! How much the imagination of a scholar is aroused at the mere mention of this man. So many have heard of him and so few really appreciate him. Many have derived ideas of him from books like *The Three Musketeers*. History is not very laudatory about this man. Just what sort of a man was he?

Born of François de Richelieu, a nobleman, and Suzanne de La Porte, the daughter of a fine bourgeois family, this man was destined to rule and he grew up with that aim. During his growing years he was dedicated to the priesthood in order to occupy the Bishopric of Luçon for family reasons. He went to Rome at the unusual age of 21 years to become bishop. For him, it was a mere stepping stone to power. After a period of administration in his diocese, he went to Paris and worked under Marie de Medici as an advisor. In this way, he rose to power, only to fall with the Queen Regent. As fate would have it, he rose to power again under the favor of King Louis XIII, the Regent's son. He rose to become the equivalent of a prime minister and one of France's most powerful men.

To rule effectively, Cardinal Richelieu had to forfeit his

humanity. As a result he was cold and detached in his dealings in governmental problems. The only warmth he expressed was with his family and he loved his family dearly. During his lifetime, his beloved niece, Madame de Cambalet lived with him; this was proof of his love for his family. He fought against his feelings in order to maintain an outward discipline.

To understand the cardinal better, we must realize that he was living in a time of turbulence and of political chaos. There was a struggle between two Catholic powers—those of the Habsburgs and those of France. They were bitter enemies. In addition to this struggle, there was a struggle between the monarchy and the nobility for power. It was also a time of crumbling feudalism. For that reason the nobility fought against the king.

The main goal of the cardinal's policies was to strengthen the monarchy in France and to destroy the fading power of the nobles. In other words, he struck a death blow to dying feudalism. In order to meet his goal, he had to destroy the power of the nobles. Eventually he became the nobles' worst enemy. In view of all these factors, we can fully appreciate why he had to be cold and detached. Unfortunately for the Cardinal, his former patron, Queen Marie de Medici became his worst enemy or, rather, he was her enemy.

Many people have condemned the prelate for using torture on his political prisoners. Before we can condemn him, we must remember that the use of torture was conventional in those days. Far kinder men than he have used these means to punish criminals. Our own means of punishment will most likely cause the people of the 21st Century to blanch.

Religion was not the deciding factor in the cardinal's policies. We should not be surprised even though he was a cardinal, because most of the rulers of that time did not include religion in state matters. A very good example can be found in the Protestant Swedes. Led by the famed Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedes invaded the realm of the Holy Roman Empire, then under the rule of the Habsburgs. Always eager to undermine the power of his enemy, the cardinal gave the Swedes financial aid. Even if the cardinal went against the French Huguenots at the siege of La Rochelle, it was not for religious reasons; it was merely political because the Huguenots refused to bow to the French king. Outlining the cardinal's maneuvers we can see that he was following his goal.

The Gray Eminence had one of the most remarkable wills and brains in history. He was a brilliant ruler and he ruled well though coldly. He was always a frail man with feeble health. Often, he was at death's door but his will always pulled him through. A lesser personality would have died under conditions the cardinal went through. There is no doubt that he was a genius. He could effectively match wits and win out in the midst of his enemies. But for his wits, he would have easily fallen under the assaults of his enemies, the nobles.

Paradoxically, the cardinal was very inefficient in matters of finance. He could not understand the matter of taxation, so he had to appoint someone to determine matters of finance for him. As a result, France suffered from one of the most inefficient taxation systems. This unfortunate factor probably led to the French Revolution.

The Gray Eminence brought France out of the state of dying feudalism and welded it into a strong, nationalistic state. But for him, France probably would have never emerged as the state it is now. Before his time, France was nothing but a conglomeration of states and duchies. Richelieu, with his iron will and iron rod, brought about the strong nation we know today. If we were living in his time, we must undoubtedly have said admiringly: "C'est le Cardinal de Richelieu—That is Cardinal Richelieu, the Gray Eminence of France."



# *The Nearsighted Cheerleader*

*By Elaine Engelstein, '63*

You little blob upon the wall  
I cannot make you out at all,  
Are you the basket or the ball?

It is really a problem.  
At least it is to me,  
For how can I shout "Rah, Rah, Rah!"  
When I can hardly see?

It's not so bad if we wear white  
And if they wear buff or blue,  
But if we wear white and they wear gray,  
Then what shall I do?

Well, first I know if there's a hush,  
And then the spectators scream,  
That someone has made a basket,  
But the question is, "Which team?"

I quickly look to the left and right.  
If other girls are screaming,  
I raise my voice, "Fight, Fight, Fight,"  
And set my smile to beaming.

But if there's silence in our group,  
Then I can easily tell  
A peppy cheer is in order now,  
And so—the Gallaudet Yell!

At certain times I see quite clearly,  
Especially in my classes,  
But who in this world has ever heard  
Of cheerleaders with glasses?

# The Train and the Mouse

By Donald L. Rosenkjar, '63

## *Prologue:*

At the stark hour of midnight, a black steam locomotive roars through Ratsville. The old locomotive pulls two decrepit cars. They are a coal tender and a passenger car. The train is going at unusually great speed. In the blackness of the scene, the redness of the hot wheels stands out. Besides these two colors of the *Inferno*, whiteness shines from the windows of the passenger car. The white light silhouettes a single figure.

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The train quakes and the seats shake; I tremble and, in the loneliness, I am afraid. The emptiness of the passenger car gives me an awful feeling.

What is this? . . . I seem to see an apparition. It seems to be in front of me! What is it?

I shout. And I scream, "Who art thou? . . . Speak! SPEAK!"

Oh, almighty God! I see a head over there! Am I crazy?

Once more, I croak, "Come hither, for I am lonely. Come hither, or am I crazy?"

An ugly face finally appears out of the murky gloom . . . so ugly a face that it would make any ordinary mouse vomit. The face is very big. Its mouth is large enough to swallow a lion's head. That . . . that face looks so much like that of a mouse! A creature with hairy flesh! It has a pair of ugly bloodshot eyeballs and a smashed nose. No, no! I cannot describe its features any further. It is too ugly . . . it is too ugly! All of a sudden, a pair of ugly hairy hands and arms creeps slowly out from its head. There is only one finger to each hand. Slowly and gradually, while the whole wide world shakes and quakes for a split second, a huge tail five feet long emerges from his head. The tail! The gray tail! The odor! No! NO! I cannot stand it any more!

With this monstrous mouse on board, the train quakes more and more. The seats now slide to the left and then to the right and back to the left. The whole train is now careening from side to side. The world shakes and shakes and shakes.

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## *Epilogue:*

I tremble no more. I am lonely no more. It is only a night-



mare. Only a nightmare, buddy! As I turn my head, there is my wife, lying calmly beside me. Her eyes are closed. Her beautiful lips are smiling. Well, I'll be darned! She must be having a good dream.

## *Little Girl (After Whittier)*

*By Ernest Hairston, '61*

Greetings to thee, little girl,  
Cute lil' thing with a cute curl,  
With thy long, long ponytail,  
And thy leaning on the rail.  
With thy eyes, so very brown,  
Shining like Elizabeth's crown,  
Reflecting the innocence,  
Probab'y due to ignorance,  
Which I very much do doubt.

Let us sometime do go out,  
To a place so quiet and free,  
Happy there, you'll surely be.  
There'll be birds on every tree  
Singing songs for you and me.  
You'll have pop and I'll have wine.  
Everything'll be so great and fine.  
You could sing a melody,  
I would feel so fancy-free.  
Barefoot'd we would wade the creek.  
We could dance with cheek to cheek,  
'Till the sun in Western skies,  
No more greets us with its smiles.  
Homeward we would go at last,  
Wonderin' why Day went so fast.  
Homeward bound we'd finally flee,  
Wonderin' what the penalty'll be.

# Life Among the Savages at Montrino

*By Robert Allen Geesey, '64*

EVERY DAY, from sunup to sundown, from June through August and the early part of September, a person has but to stop at the Valley Mill farm in Langhorne, Pennsylvania, to hear savage screams coming from the small plot of woods just on the opposite side of the creek from the farmhouse and pastures. These screams, although they may be savage in sound, are actually made by a group of youngsters from the nearby trailer parks and steel mill town.

It may not seem strange to many of us to hear a pack of young kids screaming while running around in a relatively tame patch of trees, falling in the creek, and such. But to the person who is really interested in what he hears; he who likes to hear little kids in baggy overalls and tattered tee-shirts squealing as they run about, and to listen closely to see if he can make out what they are saying, will notice that not one common everyday childish word is audible. Even if he were to steal down to the creek, or across it and up to the barbed wire fence which separates the pasture from the woods, he would still be unable to make out one common word among the screams and squeals, even though he can see the little kids just a few feet in front of himself.

Noticing this, he will wonder why it is so. Young children between the ages of two and ten love to talk a lot. In fact, their mouths are hardly ever closed except when they are in their respective beds, fast asleep.

The real reason for this amazing thing is that every one of these youngsters romping about is totally deaf. They are members of a kind of unofficial day camp, consisting of local youngsters with impaired hearing.

Converging on the small plot of woods they have formed the habit of visiting their second home daily. They make visitors think they are members of a real day camp, and it is surprising how they can take care of themselves. The youngest member is no younger than eight years, while the oldest member is no older than twelve. I myself was a member of this wild pack during my

early youth, and it is easy for me to identify each one of the "savages," as I will call them.

My name is Bill Miller, and I was born with normal hearing during the war days of 1942. I grew up in a hearing world until the winter of 1949, when I was involved in a sledding accident, in which I lost my hearing. The summer following my accident, I joined the savages of Montrino. It took me a very short time to learn their ways of communication and pleasure, and I was soon one of the crowd.

The savages called their playground Montrino, as I was to find out later, because one of the older members of the group was studying Thomas Jefferson, and had come across the name of his home, Monticello. In trying to tell the rest of the savages about it, he misspelled it, Montrino, and the others took it up, thus this name stuck to their paradise.

The chief source of the savages' pleasure came from invaders of the woods. Anyone who tried to trespass on our land was either stoned out, or chased to the creek and brought down with a splash. There were few chances for this kind of fun, but it was the kind we liked best.

One day during my hitch with the savages, we were up in a triangle of trees, building a tree house, when a group of Brownie scouts entered our territory. Thinking the girls were trying to chase us off our beloved playground, we stoned them out of the woods and they never came back.

There was a girl from one of the trailer parks who was a constant pest to us. One day we were putting the finishing touches on a fort which we had taken two weeks to build. Then this girl came down and tore the fort apart while we were in another section of the woods. She was still at work when we returned, and when she saw us, she ran, with the whole pack of us at her heels. When she reached the creek, she tripped on one of the slippery rocks, and we all jumped her. The after-effects were two beautiful shiners for her, and pride of victory for us because we knew she would never come back and she never did while I was with the savages.

Right in front of the woods on U.S. Highway 1, there is a state police barracks, and just behind it is a large picnic area sheltered by a small roof about eight feet high. We found this place one day when we decided to do some exploring. There was a small storage shed at one end of the area, and it was padlocked. Using a large crowbar, we pried open the shed and found

it filled with canned fruit, fresh potatoes, and frankurters. From what we found, it seemed that someone was stocking up for a big outing. Whoever put all this food there must have been a sorry sight on the day of his picnic. I would gladly give a thousand dollars to have seen his face when he saw the shed.

There was not much time to loaf around when you were one of the savages of Montrino. Something was always happening to keep us on our toes. We hardly ever went home at lunch time, and at night when we finally arrived home, our mothers would bawl us out for trying to starve to death. We never really went hungry, because we were right beside a potato patch, or whatever the farmer decided to plant that year, and our greatest find, a two acre crabapple orchard. With these to keep us content, there was no need to go home for lunch or supper. We would pick a large pile of potatoes when they were growing and put them in a large tin can we had found. After building a large fire, we would cook the potatoes until the water boiled over the top of the can and put the fire out, let the potatoes cool for awhile, and then eat the potatoes, skin and all. It was always good to eat baked potatoes at home, but we loved ours boiled.

The apple orchard was a constant pleasure to us and an even more constant annoyance to our parents. We would get hundred pound potato sacks from the farmer, fill them up, and drag them home to our mothers for apple pies. One thing which really troubled our parents when they saw us coming home with the apples at night was the poison ivy we would have. The apples grew in an orchard, all right, but the orchard and trees were covered with the poison stuff. It never bothered us until we began to itch all over. But despite our parents' warnings, we always went back for more.

Not all the apples were used in apple pies, and when you come to think of how many pies can be baked with a hundred pounds of them, you would wonder why we hardly ever saw more than four pies. When the trash collector came and we saw the apples running out of our trash cans and into his truck, we would run to our mothers with murderous looks on our faces, only to be calmed with king-sized slices of apple pie. Looking back on it now, I surely wish I could sink my teeth into one of those fat pies today.

The owner of the farm never bothered us much, except to warn us to stay away from the cows. He didn't want us to play Mexican bullfighters with his cattle. Once one of the younger

members of our crowd tried to anger one of the cows but the old bossy just stood there staring at him. Another time, one of the girls was going through the pasture with her bicycle, a young bull charged her. She got away in one piece but her bicycle was not so fortunate, being stomped to pieces by the angry bull. It was painted a bright red, and this was probably what made the bull so mad. He kept at the stomping until one of the tubes burst in his face, and then he ran.

One day the farmer's cat had kittens, and we went up to the barn to see them. The bull somehow got loose while we were there and chased us all the way to the woods. We were scared stiff every time we passed the barn after that.

One day just this last summer, I decided to visit my old playground. The savages who have taken over since the rest of us old savages left came up to me and asked me to tell them a story of my own days there. When I had finished my story, they said it was too fashioned to do that today, held a pow-pow, and then went off to do exactly what I told them I used to do.

Kids sure can be wacky sometimes.

## Society

*By Nancy Bloom, '62*

What is a society?

Society is a society

Don't you know that

whenever you do

What society doesn't like,

you're a pile of mud

Left on the muddy earth

to be trampled

Over as ants

are trampled

In spite of the fact

they're innocent.

See how mean

society can be

Trampling on everyone it sees

who does not conform.

Pity these untarnished souls wandering in a mist

wondering if society has any heart?



# *The Night Shift Sun*

*By Nancy Bloom, '62*

Sleepily the sun yawns  
And wakes us all up;  
Then he goes his way  
Walking the old beaten path  
Till he sees us all.  
He smiles and laughs,  
Then on and on he goes  
Till we all are tired,  
Till he reaches his bed of clouds.

Slipping through the sky  
Is the night shift sun  
So white, so silvery.  
A smile here, a wink there  
Signifies the moon  
That's slipping through the sky,  
Outshining all the stars  
A smile again here to say all's well  
A wink again there to say  
Old Sol is yawning.

# *To Act or Not To Act*

*By Robert Bevill, '62*

When he stands on the stage alone—  
Facing the sea of strange, blank faces—  
He thinks to himself:  
This act on the stage or in everyday life—  
Is there any difference?

To act or not to act,  
That's a good question.  
If he acts for a purpose,  
What'll they think of him?  
If he doesn't act to attain his goal,  
What'll they think of him?

If he tries to act,  
Will they respect him for his attempt?  
If he refuses to lie or fake,  
Will they regard him badly?

If he acts triumphantly,  
Will they praise him worthily?  
If he acts in failure,  
Will they expose their scornful faces?

If he acts successfully, with arrogance,  
Will they say, "It has gone to his head!"  
If he acts unsuccessfully with despair,  
Will they say, "He's a flop!"?

To act or not to act,  
That's a good question.  
The only answer is to act  
As long as it pleases them.

Success or failure don't measure much;  
It's how well he pleases them,  
But in his heart he knows that  
Acting in everyday life  
Counts more.

# Of Men and Meetings

By Shanny Mow, '61

"**T**HE MEETING will please come to order." The weary-eyed chairman pounded his gavel. The crash of wood against wood snapped Harmon Spouk back to life. The twelve hundred seconds delay had done its job too well; it had hypnotized Spouk into an effortless slumber.

Like a wet pup, Harmon shook his head, shifted his weight about his seat, and finished with a quick glance across the place. "About time," he sighed wryly. His spirits, however, were no more lifted by annoyance at the sparkling emptiness among the mass of the seats, a standard sight in the tiny auditorium that served as the assembly place of the Gobblegay College Student Council.

Harmon Spouk, class of 1963, had no contempt for such meetings. Neither could he under any circumstances be called an unpatriotic, disloyal, and indifferent student, who never gave a hoot about the weirdness of college life and the odd amenities it demanded here and there. Yet there was a sour taste inside his mouth—he felt a rumbling but cryptic ratatat in his intestines. After all, this was his fifth meeting in four days. Today was only Wednesday and it was getting on his nerves. Yesterday it was the Society for the Advancement of Literary Interests. The day before yesterday had been taken up in succession by the Debate Club and the Bird Lovers' Association of Gobblegay and the day before yesterday it was . . . "Oh, brother," Harmon sighed.

Maybe something interesting would come up this time. "Lawd, on second thought, it had better," Spouk murmured. For the events of the past few days still haunted him. At the Society for the Advancement of Literary Interests, the five members attending had argued away for one and half hours on the damn question of whether *The Comedy of Errors* or *The Fall of Troy* was the better play. "They could have achieved much more with a W. C. Fields Fan Club, with Mr. Eugene O'Neil as president," Harmon once remarked to his roommate. The day before yesterday the Debate Club was thrown into a frenzy when one of its members turned Benedict Arnold with an extraordinary con-



fession in the middle of the debate that his opponent was right. And the Bird Lovers of Gobblegay were dramatically summoned to an urgent session to approve the purchase of a bag of French's canary moulting food at the request of the treasurer who (under threat, to Harmon's suspicion) refused to do any purchasing for fear he might be accused of tampering with the club funds. The day before yesterday the . . .

"Mr. Vice President, please proceed with your report on 'The Students' Committee for a Petition for the Reduction of 100 Watt Bulbs to 60 Watt Bulbs in Campus Lamp-Posts'," the chairman announced impassively. Spouk was far from listening. Instead, he was absorbed in profound thought, completely lost in a pathless search for an answer to this strange universe of anticlimaxes. A curious question popped up in his mind: What is a meeting or what is the nature of a meeting? Everything has a beginning, he rationalized, thus bringing history into the picture. One could go back to the dawn of man, to the prehistoric glories, when man first discovered, much to his amazement, that two brains were more effective than one. No, that came after man realized the other man was more than an ape, kin or no kin. He then developed a sensible vocabulary and soon was on his way. Paradoxical as it may seem, the cranium of *homo sapiens* possessed greater capabilities than those of the sabre-tooth tiger or the mammoth; still he needed to convene with other persons in order to stay in this struggle of the fittest. "We are a race of weaklings," Harmon thought amusedly. The noble Greeks, under the leadership of Pericles, refined this art, no doubt, but not without spilling some hemlock first. The Romans, despite their grandiose shows at the Coliseum, found it likewise fascinating. And there was the House of Commons and, in other places, the beer putsches.

The nature of a meeting or whatever it is, however, suffers more complexities. Much depends upon the intentions of the mind, or rather the emotion: the substitution of group action for the inability of an individual without embarrassing questions. The magnetic draw of positives and negatives. The showplace of traditions and perhaps the cold wars—all because our cave-ancestors gathered to decide who got the tail after each kill. And it centers around some kind of forum where the citizen is invigorated by the full democratic privilege of interjecting his own democratic values into discussions. The more brains, the better, and the soup is ruined.

“New business is now in order.” The chairman carried on his eternal calls of order. Here Harmon decided his private thoughts could wait. This now ought to be good—the keenest minds of Gobblegay College, the gems of Gobblegay College, and the life and soul of Gobblegay College at their few moments of brilliance.

Several arms rose, but a pair from the next-to-the-last row won the acknowledgment of the chairman. Wearing a self-assured grin that Harmon took to be a symbol of poise and confidence born of years of experience, the owner of the arms addressed: “Mr. President . . . where . . . oh . . . Mr. Vice President, Madam Secretary, Mr. Stingy Treasurer, Mr. . . .” “And Mr. Christopher Columbus,” Harmon growled. He could not recall a more neurotic piece of eloquence. Unchallenged by five Senator Fred Van Ackermans. “. . . and fellow members, friends, and enemies,” the speaker finally settled down, “I move a motion be made that the Student Council write to the President of the College about the possibility of . . . .” All of a sudden, out of nowhere came an ear-splitting, “No, it should go to Mr. . . .” The chairman’s gavel silenced it, but not until Spouk felt his lips bubbling. “Never saw such a blatant waste of genuine enthusiasm,” he thought.

Without any further incident, the motion was carried. No one cared any more. An acquaintance of Harmon took the floor. For the first time in the whole evening, Spouk felt excited. “Come on, show those bush-leaguers how it should be done,” he uttered a silent cheer. Raising his hand high, palms flat, the person cheered began dignifiedly. “Fellow students and Gobblegay citizens, lend me your ears . . . .” Harmon choked. *Et tu Brute*, he stared coldly at the person who was once his friend. He had been an ardent admirer of Shakespeare; a cheap imitation of a piece of art such as this was too much. It aroused his frustration to a point of no return. He never got the time to collect himself. Another no less ambitious spirit took the platform with an equally impressive performance. Of Mark Anthony, no doubt. This guy couldn’t even woo Cleopatra’s maid, Spouk winced.

Despair and defeat overcame Harmon. His arms hung down like dead weights. Why did I get myself into this comedy in the first place? At his own stupidity, he cursed disgustedly. It could not have been mere curiosity nor a sense of duty. Neither could it be the school-community spirit. Maybe a combination

of all three . . . it had to be. All his life Spouk had been keenly interested in politics, Robert's Rules of Order, civic affairs, and such. This interest had rewarded him with a wealth of experience, this experience introducing him to the erring ways of the human beings which he had come to accept, but not this. He could not believe such a thing could happen in such a place at such a time. If this was possible, then it was possible for a blind man to see with glasses and a deaf person to hear with a hearing aid, he figured. After all, every martyr has to pay.

Might as well go back to my thoughts, Harmon L. Spouk mused. And mustn't forget tomorrow's all-important meeting at the . . . .

## I Believe

*By Ruth Morris, '63*

**I** BELIEVE that as a human race with its failings and misgivings we are not sufficient unto ourselves. A higher force must exist that rules the Universe—the name of this unseen force has varied from century to century according to man's beliefs.

We know that we are beings, we see our images, feel our solidness, know of what we are composed, yet nowhere in the body do we find the invisible spirit that rules us. We have feelings, but they do not govern us; thoughts, but they do not always inspire us.

I believe that there is a silent voice that condemns evil and approves good, not made by rules of Society or of Conduct, but given to mortals by someone greater than us.

In ancient days, men worshipped idols made of wood, stone, or clay, gave powers to them and implored their aid in battling Fate. In every ritual, every religious creed, there is a search for a Ruler—a knowledge hidden deep in our soul that someone exists who is the Supreme Ruler.

Today, the search is ever stronger. Man is worried, anxious, and fearful. He needs a reassurance that a force greater than the Atomic exists; a force more powerful than mortal might can control.

Who is this person? This higher force? This spirit? This Ruler? This greatness?

This person? It is . . . GOD.

# A Word in Your Ear

*By J. A. Pope, '62*

“**M**AY I speak to you privately?” We moved discreetly to a quiet spot and the questioning expression on his face with just that hint of hope told me all that I needed to know. How much? This time it was for five dollars. With a sigh I grudgingly fumbled for my billfold and reluctantly passed over the money. Is it, I wondered, worthwhile asking when it will be repaid me? You see, I’ve known a tomorrow to become at least a week and a week to drag on for months before the loan, or perhaps a few cents of it, is repaid. Sometimes I have been compelled to write it off as a bad debt, for all I receive is a comradely grin, a hearty slap on the back and have I a cigarette to spare? Indeed, on the appointed day when the debt is to be honored, I have not detected any enthusiastic eagerness to find me, no joyful bounding forward with out-thrust hand and pro-offered money. Instead, I suspect that I am being avoided. Was it my imagination that saw him skulking out of the door when I entered the room, and did my eyes betray me when I caught sight of him flitting round the opposite corner when I appeared at the side of the other? In these circumstances I gave him the benefit of the doubt, as possibly I was mistaken, or, if it was he, maybe he didn’t see me and yet again so trifling a sum as five dollars may have slipped his memory.

However, there comes a time when fate intervenes and quite unexpectedly we are thrown together, meeting face to face. Immediately he took the initiative and the ensuing topics of conversation consisted of the weather, classes, grades, vacations, dances, movies, TV programs, etc.—anything, in fact, that did not have a direct bearing on money. This light-hearted banter, this smokescreen of words bewildered me, but, after absorbing some of this pleasant chatter, I could not suppress the dark thought that rose and eventually dominated my mind. All this was a blind, a deliberate delaying action! I realized that perhaps it was unkind of me to think badly of him, but he *did* promise me the money within a week and that, I might add, was exactly sixteen days ago. With a cheerful wave of his hand he was about to depart, when I casually enquired about the whereabouts of the five dollars.

A cloud of gloom descended, his shoulders visibly drooped, whilst his downcast eyes gazed dejectedly at a spot somewhere between his two feet. Conscience stricken he stood before me, a forlorn figure, with hands thrust deep into his empty trouser pockets. Hesitatingly, brokenly, yet at an ever quickening pace he unfolded his tale of woe. Among other things, I learnt that an expected check never arrived, the bookstore bill had to be paid and, apart from an unforeseen date, there was a trip to the dentist. Having gallantly emerged from this welter of expense, he was finally overwhelmed by the girl-friend's birthday and a bill for repairs to his car. I must confess that I was taken aback, astounded, that so many unfortunate events could befall a person in so short a time. Furthermore, I was mildly surprised that this confirmed bachelor had a girl-friend and even more so that he owned a car without possessing an operator's permit.

Nevertheless, in the light of such distressing circumstances, I was more than willing to overlook these trivial discrepancies. Without doubt the fellow was a hero, manfully bearing his burdens without so much as a murmur, and in his hour of need my sympathy surged out to him. Both of us, like brothers-in-arms, were in straitened circumstances but he, above all, had been dealt blows and borne them where others would not have survived.

Falteringly he asked if he could repay me later? Would it be all right, say, sometime next week? To be precise, next Tuesday? He promised. I knew that his word was his bond and of course it was just sheer bad luck that had compelled him to break his first promise. How dreadful it must be to be so destitute, to be in such dire need and to be shamefully forced to plead for an extension of time. I quickly calculated that I could, with difficulty, eke out my own few remaining cents until Tuesday. It was worth it, a noble sacrifice for a noble cause. Thus, with a friendly pat and a moist eye, I readily agreed.

It is now six weeks since our last meeting and though I have had glimpses of him disappearing through open doors, scurrying up stairways, excusing himself from conversations each time I approached, I have not been able to corner him. Of course I may be mistaken by his attitude, but my acquaintances have assured me that he has been seen enjoying at least one movie where seats are priced at two dollars upwards and on one occasion he was noticed in Ricardo's consuming a full course six dollar steak dinner with, I was told, a bottle of red wine.



Naturally, one cannot believe all that one hears, but his new camera and accessories are greatly admired at the Camera Club whose meetings he attends, impeccably dressed, in a recently purchased hand tailored suit. In view of this evidence it is not unreasonable to suggest that for a person who is living a hand-to-mouth existence he appears to have rather extravagant tastes.

Though I do not begrudge him his happy state of affairs it does occur to me that it is all so grossly unfair. Here am I with the princely sum of twelve cents jangling in my pocket whilst he, with untold wealth, indulges in reckless and riotous living. If I could only find him I feel sure he would repay me immediately. Obviously in the flush of his new-found prosperity, he has overlooked this insignificant debt. One might say he is elusive, thus prospects of finding him are small. Consequently, I anticipate some difficulty in recovering my money. What is more, supposing, just supposing I did meet him and gently reminded him of his two broken promises, there is the possibility that by some slight off-chance, by some strange coincidence, he would again be poverty-stricken, what then?

Because of my chivalrous spirit my capital has been reduced to twelve cents, an empty wallet and faint hope of regaining five dollars. I am down-at-heel, my shirt collar is frayed and my hair last saw scissors six weeks ago. On the whole, I cannot expect people to be over-anxious to allow me credit. From now till the time I next acquire some money I shall be all but penniless. On the rocks. Broke. You will appreciate my circumstances. you will, I trust, sympathize with me and understand my plight. Possibly, you too have been treated in a similar manner, therefore we share a common bond. We are in accord. We *know*. Bearing that in mind, you realize how difficult it is to keep one's head above water, to obtain the daily necessities of life. Unlike ourselves, some people are inclined to be heartless when others are in trouble, but we are different. I'm glad you see things in that light. You are lucky in possessing such an understanding mind. "I wonder if you could spare the time, a few minutes maybe, as I'd like to speak to you privately. . . . "



## lent World

By Angelo Philip Aiello, '65

I am deaf.  
I am in the summer of life  
my deafness has come like the dark nimbus clouds that  
bear a summer storm.  
It has blotted out all things from my mind.  
The world is crashing down around me like the lightning of that  
summer storm.  
I am lost.  
I wander through the strange silence dazed.  
My feelings depart from my soul.  
I am drained of every thought and emotion.  
I weep uncontrollably, but even that solace abandons me.  
Loneliness and self-pity possess my being.  
I am alone

I have . . . silence.  
I want more shall I hear the voice of Man.  
I want more the sigh of the wind, whispering or wailing, telling of  
a greater grief than mine.  
I want more shall I hear the silvery raindrops, the roaring sea,  
the hush of falling snow.  
I want more the sounds of life—  
What stirs the soul more than a child's sob?  
What grips the heart more than a gasp from a dying  
person?  
What calms the body more than a church bell's peaceful  
chime?  
What excites the mind more than cry of joy?  
What exalts the spirit more than a word of praise?  
I want more are these treasures mine.  
My gift has been snatched from my possession.  
I write I am sinking, sinking—  
I am nearing the lowest depth of despair.



A sound.

A voice pierces the endless silence, shattering the wretched emptiness.

"Faith, my child, heals . . . believe and you will be healed."

My soul is filled with music sweeter than any earthly sound.

The choir that sings is ethereal, singing sweetly, tremulously.

I know the Speaker.

He heals when He speaks.

I shall never again hear the sounds of living beings.

Yet I am happy, for I shall hear a sound which human noise conceals.

My gain far outweighs my loss.

The day dawns dewy, joyous, bright, crystal, new.

I kneel.

## Vignette

*By Donna Roult, '63*

The student wearily buries himself in a pile of books. Opposite his desk, his bed looks inviting. He resists temptation still as the heavy black lines are being imprinted in his clutching mind. Gradually exhaustion and restlessness mingle surge and mount and stealthily touch his bored mind. All these emotions combined finally win a decisive victory over the defeated student who then climbs into bed. There darkness hinders the crying conscience within the sleeping boy until it ebbs like a frightened shadow. His awakening sensations cry out: "It is time for me to attend class!" At the same time his tingling feelings evolve into a sickening qualm of turbulent madness. His world explodes! Fie! Obviously he is going to have a beautiful "F" on his exams.



# To Byron

(An experiment in *ottava rima*)

By Ernest Hairston, '61

Byron, you wild and passion-guided one,  
Your poems are warm and moving in my blood.  
Your moods were prompted by the wanton sun.  
You did not think that deeds of men were good,  
Yet think of all the things that Man has done,  
And from your eyes remove that blinding hood.  
For men who are so blind with vanity  
Are lost and much in need of sympathy.

Your search for freedom was not all in vain,  
For peace of mind has come to you at last  
Through Death, False Sleep, for Death has deadened Pain.  
The world which you renounced, your hopes o'ercast,  
Sings songs in praise of you and in the rain,  
Or sleet, or dew, your devotees walk past  
Your grave and let a tear or two escape,  
Then turn their heads toward the dewy cape.

The snow-capped mountains and the ocean blue,  
With waves which beat upon the sandy shore,  
Inspire my pen as once they inspired you,  
And from my hot and ardent heart I pour  
These thoughts which are as sweet as honeydew—  
For years they were in store, but now they soar,  
And make me write this solemn poem to you—  
I always was your faithful friend and true.

# *The Last Man*

*By Simon J. Carmel, '61*

This very morning, I survived from the horrible bombs  
And came out of the strong protected cave.  
I searched for some one who might be alive,  
For I needed a companion.  
I strolled through many devastated places  
Seeking another person.  
After a few weeks passed  
None I found but hundreds of dead people.  
I learned that I was the last man.

Every night I cried and prayed to God,  
"Oh, Lord, our God, Thou hast promised to our Father,  
Abraham,  
That his children would multiply forever.  
I need a mate.  
I have shown thee my pure heart.  
Let me know your answer.  
Amen."

The next morning God fulfilled his promise.  
I perceived a human figure standing  
On the far distant hill.  
It sauntered down the plain  
Toward me.  
It was the second Eye.

Then I swore in my heart  
That I would design a better society  
For the future,  
Without having any corruption or war.  
At last I was no longer the last man of the earth.

# The Iliad, Book I (Summary)

*By Charles Walworth, '64*

**T**HIS IS the story of an angry cat, Achilles, big man in the pad of Peleus, whose anger made it hard for the Achaian gang when they were having a rumble with the Trojans, who lived over on the next block. Many a cool head kicked the bucket and went down where the fire and brimstone is.

Chryses, a priest of Apollo, came to the Achaian fleet with much gold with which to ransom his daughter. The people said, "Aw, let the poor guy have his daughter. We've got plenty of women here anyway."

But King Agamemnon stepped in and said to Chryses, "Scram, buddy, or the fact that Apollo is a pal of yours won't protect you. I'm keeping the girl in my pad. Get out of here, and don't provoke me, or I'll get my gang to stomp you!"

So the priest went home and prayed to Apollo for help. Apollo, hearing him ask that the Greeks pay for this mess, gleefully sat up in the clouds and shot holes through the Greeks' mules and dogs, thereby incurring the anger of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Not wishing to have *them* mad at him, Apollo switched to shooting the Greeks themselves.

Achilles, who was getting slightly nervous about everybody's dying off, came up to the king and said, "Big Daddy, leader of all, we won't seem like big heroes when we get back to the old homeland, what with this rumble and the Asian flu killing everybody off like flies. I think we'd better ask a preacher what gives before everybody in the whole gang is on a slab."

At this, a psycho-analyst (diviner of dreams) came forward and said to Achilles: "I'll tell you why the guy upstairs is so mad if you'll promise to protect me from the big bad men and the king, whom I'm afraid, will get mad at me."

Achilles promised he'd stick by him, so the diviner, getting brave because he had a tough guy like Achilles on his side, went and told King Agamemnon that Apollo was mad at him for not letting the priest's daughter go home to papa. The king retorted "Nuts!" and still refused to let her go, because he'd be the only guy in the gang without a girl if he did. "Look here, Big

Daddy," Achilles said, "Let her go, why don'tcha? If we can manage to beat up the guys over in Troy and make off with their lunch money and girl friends, you can have four of them if you wish."

There were heated words, ending in the king's threatening to take Achilles' fair maiden in exchange for the priest's daughter. Achilles debated to himself whether or not he should slice the king in half with his rusty—oops—trusty sword, but Athena, sent down by Hera to stop him, appeared just in the nick of time.

She stood between him and the king and told him that it was okay for him to cuss out the king, but it wouldn't be a good idea to let his blood out, because the janitor had just mopped up the floor. Then after peace had been restored by Nestor, a great orator and a fast man with a switch blade, Achilles said he'd let it go this time, but he added, "If you ever take anything else of mine, I'll chop you to mincemeat and feed you to my collection of tropical fish." Then he went home.

King Agamemnon sent Odysseus and twenty men to take the daughter of the priest home, and two of his tough goons, either to get or steal away Achilles' girl friend, Briseis. But Achilles met them and told them that he wasn't angry with them; however, if later the gang should need his help, he wouldn't give it to them.

After the men left, Achilles called for his momma, who was a goddess. She popped out of the sea, no doubt soaking wet, and asked what the trouble was. He explained, and asked her to go to Olympus to ask the aid of Zeus in helping the Trojans drive the Greeks back. He was so mad he was going against the gang.

Odysseus arrived safely at Chryses with holy offerings to appease the wrath of Apollo. The priest, happy to see his daughter back again, prayed to Apollo to save the Greeks from the pestilence. After this was done, and gifts were offered to Apollo, a feast was held at which the Greeks all got roaring drunk. All day long, the Greeks appeased Apollo with sweet music. Hearing this music, which was well punctuated with loud hiccups, Apollo decided to make them shut up, and obligingly blew the pestilence away. (It is hoped that he didn't forget to chew Sen-Sen first.)

Thetis, mother of Achilles, went upstairs to Olympus and asked Zeus to avenge her son, who had, as was explained earlier,

been robbed. Zeus promised to do as Thetis asked, so she left. Zeus' wife, Hera, who was obviously a nagging housewife, came in to scold him. Finally Zeus lost his divine patience and told Hera to clam up, or he would throw her across heaven. Honestly, is that any way for a guy to treat his wife?