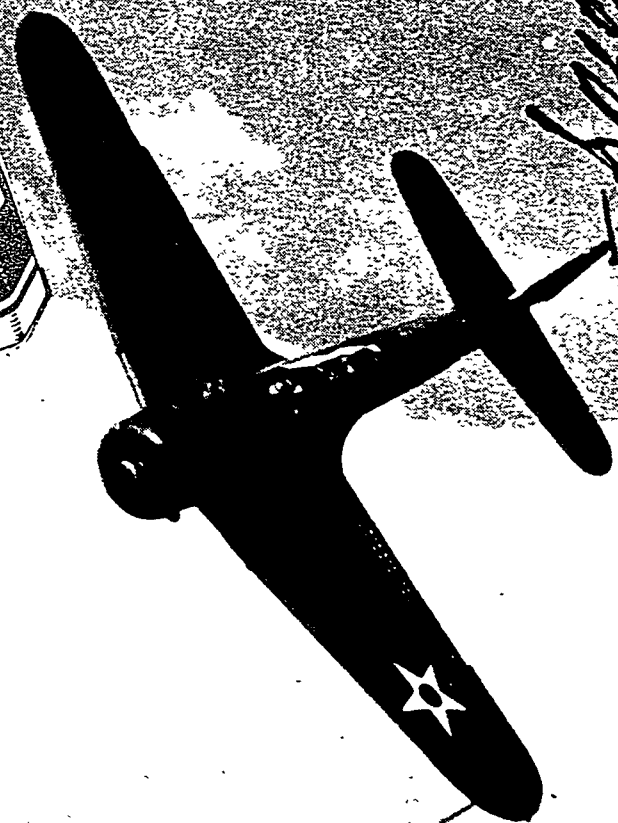


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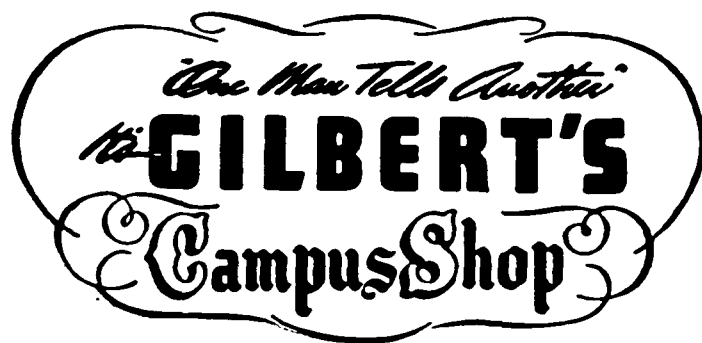
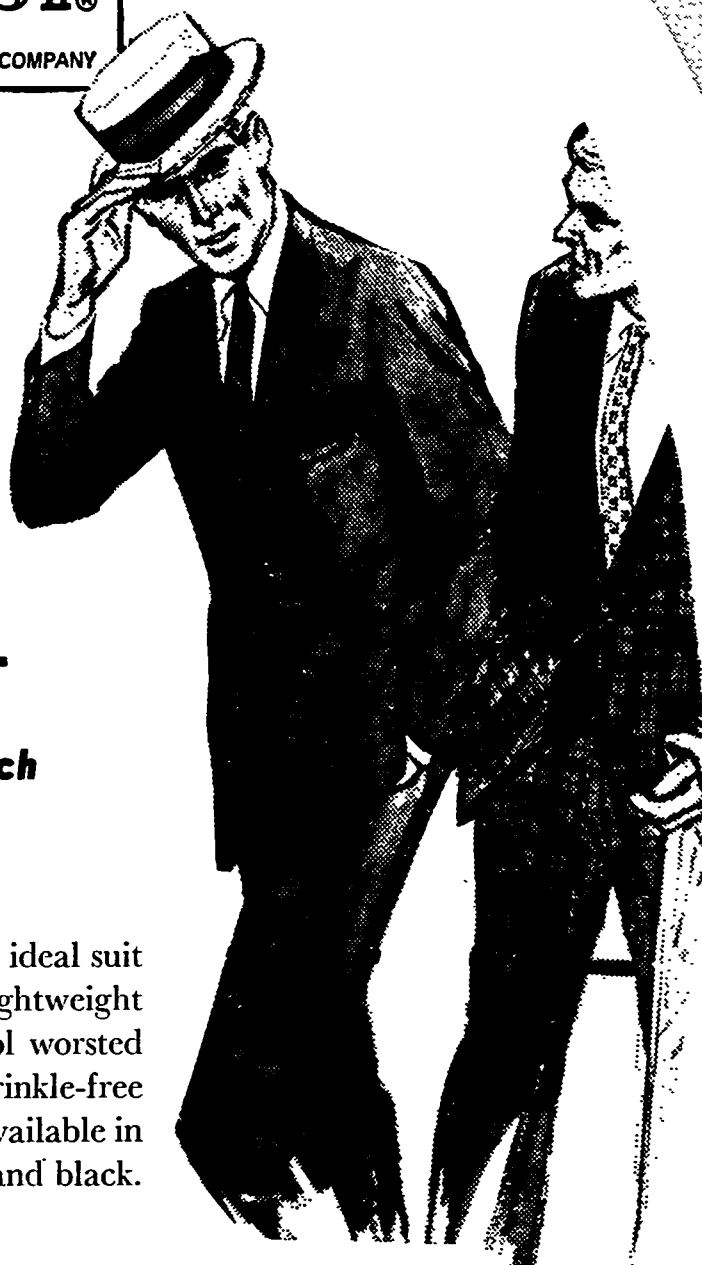
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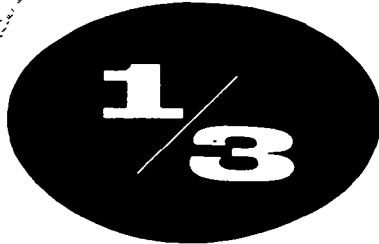
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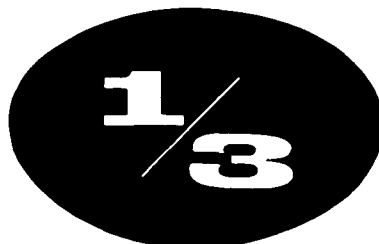


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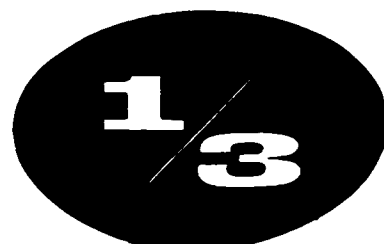
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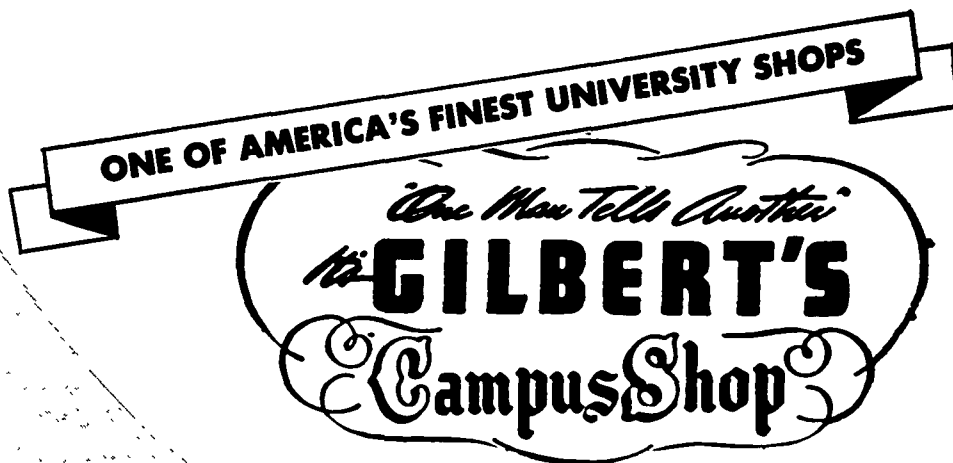


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# SCHOLASTIC

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*The Scholastic*

# Crime and the Campus

**T**HE CAMPUS of Notre Dame may be a community in itself, but can never be isolated from its environs. Our sheltered academic society lives side by side with a large urban population, which itself suffers from the usual social maladies; unemployment and juvenile delinquency are problems that ultimately affect surrounding communities. But while the citizens of the city are a permanent society with organized means of protection, the students of Notre Dame form a temporary society with little means of defense.

This vulnerability has become quite apparent in the weeks since Easter vacation. On April 11, there were two incidents of students being attacked and robbed — one of these included the slashing of a victim by razor-wielding toughs. April 12 produced an attack and robbery attempt on several students along Notre Dame Avenue. Late on Tuesday, April 14, an off-campus student was chased from a bus stop to his residence by a gang of five youths. A student was held up by four men with a pistol on April 17 and this took place *on campus* between the Library and WNDU's studios. The same weekend found locks on at least one building jimmied. Additionally, the guard in Alumni Hall found teen-agers wandering the corridors at night, while Fisher reported robberies committed by persons who entered rooms through open windows. Such a multitude of incidents, both on and off campus, amounts to at least a *minor* crime wave, and raises questions as to the protection of Notre Dame students.

Unfortunately a substantial number of upperclassmen must live in town over a widely scattered area. They seldom live in groups larger than two or three, and often must travel long distances to and from school. These people make extraordinarily good targets for roaming gangs of young hoodlums. Their protection must rest in the hands of the South Bend Police who have cooperated closely with the University in past years. Following last week's attacks, several officers in unmarked cars were assigned to clean up areas frequented by N.D. students, and this move may prove effective. But, if the safety of off-campus students is further jeopardized, the University may be compelled to furnish transportation for these people at certain times in the day.

A greater problem, and one which cannot be solved by South Bend, is the security of our own rambling campus. The armed robbery committed last Friday near the Library was quite unusual, and points out the difficulty of adequately patrolling so many acres of buildings and grounds. The University presently employs a Merchant Patrol service to drive around the campus perimeter several times each night, and uses a few of the campus security force to walk night patrol. But that these guards can be easily skirted has been amply demonstrated in recent days. Also, it is doubtful what a Notre Dame patrolman could do if he chanced upon a crime being committed by armed hoodlums. Most of our security force are past middle age, and their only recourse would be a phone call to the Sheriff's police or the N.D. headquarters.

It is true that incidents of crime on campus have been limited in the past, but South Bend's social problems are increasing while our campus is becoming larger each year. Father Collins, Dean of Students, admits that in a situation of increased crime or violence at Notre Dame, our present security force would be inadequate. Both he and Mr. Sokol, Chief of Security, say that greater expenditures would be necessary to hire more guards of professional quality. The force *has* been enlarged recently, but both men admit that further expansion would be necessary to meet any real crime wave. Consideration has been given to hiring an agency to absorb all Notre Dame's security work, but the estimated cost was prohibitive.

What is obvious to anyone is that students and property must be protected from hooliganism; people walking on campus at night must not feel compelled to run from building to building in self-defense. Regardless of expense, the University is responsible for the safety of its students and the integrity of its property. Hiring younger, better-trained patrolmen at more than the minimum wage may be necessary. Purchasing electronic-reporting devices for the guards and mobilizing them in University vehicles might be imperative. But such steps ought to be taken *before* an unhappy incident shocks the student body and paints the Administration as a negligent guardian.



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### COVER

Mr. William Green, a top fine arts student, contributes this week's cover, a pop art creation in the spirit of the literary issue, and obviously highly symbolic.

The SCHOLASTIC is entered as second-class mail at Notre Dame, Indiana, at a special postage rate authorized June 23, 1918. The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Advertising Service, Inc., 18 East 50th Street, New York 22, N.Y. It receives its covers including the four-color back-page advertisement from College Magazines Inc., of New York City. Published weekly during the school year, except during vacation and examination periods, the SCHOLASTIC is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year (including all issues of the academic year and the FOOTBALL REVIEW). The special subscription rate for St. Mary's students and faculty is \$3.00 a year. Please address all manuscripts to the SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana. All unsolicited material becomes the property of the SCHOLASTIC.

### CONTENTS

Editorial .....	5	A Generation of Overcomers	18
Letters .....	7	Crockett .....	19
Campus at a Glance .....	9	Making the Man .....	20
Baseball: Never Quit Hoping .....	12	Hans' House .....	22
Voice in the Crowd .....	13	Bridgings .....	24
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT:		A Night for Danny .....	26
Introduction .....	15	Confines .....	27
Sabre: Finale .....	17	Contributors .....	43



# Letters . . .

## JUGGLER REJOINDER

EDITOR:

We were most gratified to find that there is another party on campus which shares our concern for the literary problem at Notre Dame. However, we think your criticism, which we accept as honest and constructive, is plagued by certain misconceptions and oversights which we would like to attempt to point out.

Your over-all contention is that the *Juggler*, as it now stands, is unsatisfactory, that it stifles student creative effort by a cliquish and inward-looking attitude and by not affording sufficient publication space for creative work. You say that this must be corrected, that we must make some effort to build a literary "community," as has been done at Bennington, and cash in on the results of this community by publishing larger quantities of higher quality materials; in the absence of this, the *Juggler's* work would be supplemented by having the SCHOLASTIC resume publication of fictional material.

It should be pointed out firstly that the *Juggler* is not solely an outlet for creative writing. Indeed, when the staff was first gathered in the spring of last year, we expressed our intention of affording opportunity for publication to "scholarly" as well as creative writers. While we have never discriminated against fiction or poetry in the past two issues, we have remained true to this policy and have published some very worthy essays.

Secondly, one must remember that Notre Dame is a far cry from Bennington; while the latter is a small girls' college with a natural, highly developed sense of community, Notre Dame is a large, highly diversified university containing vast numbers of students who will never show the slightest interest in a literary magazine. We have made, and are still making, reasonable and sincere efforts to make the *Juggler* known throughout the campus, and by doing so we have, in a sense, created our own "community," a certain group of interested students who work in and through the *Juggler*. But the community is not a closed one. We have made use of a goodly amount of publicity, and we welcome any student

who shows sincere interest; we are open to the use of any student on this campus who would like to cooperate with us in having his work published; *he* is welcome to join our community. We entertain no vendettas against any creative writer, to our knowledge we have not frustrated any creative aspirations, intentionally or otherwise, nor, in correction of what was implied in your article, have we been so cliquish as to leave any editor's room crammed with unmeasured stacks of *Jugglers*. We humbly admit that there is room for improvement, though. Though we have made efforts in the past to let it be known that we are available to anyone, in the future we will try to make ourselves *more* available; we shall make a more concerted effort to reach the interested students here.

Lastly, insofar as the publication of fictional material is a prerogative of the *Juggler*, and insofar as we think the opportunities offered by the *Juggler* are sufficient to accommodate the needs of the student body, we don't consider your proposal that the SCHOLASTIC resume publication of fiction at all necessary or desirable. However, if the occasion should arise in which we would have on our hands more fictional material than we would be able to do justice to, we would be most happy to share it with you. This seems reasonable to us, in that the *Juggler* and the SCHOLASTIC exist for entirely different reasons and should not be engaged in competition in a field reserved for only one of the two magazines.

We thank you for your attention.

John Gaine

George Craft

Partial reply on page 15—ED

## FATHERLY ADVICE

EDITOR:

Last week's SCHOLASTIC printed letters from faculty members complaining of student criticism of University Theater productions and of the sophomore interview. Such response to student opinion has appeared in previous issues as well. Lest more letters become necessary, let me

—at this time—give the general faculty view on the question.

We believe that the student is at Notre Dame to learn, not to think.

His business is to learn demonstrated facts regarding Goodness, Beauty, and Truth from those of us who have been so abundantly blessed with these qualities. He should record our words in his notebook, repeat them on examinations, and then reverently shut up.

Should any student wish to indulge in independent thinking, critical judgment, or personal expression, let us remind him of his traditions. Remember, son, you are a Notre Dame man. Higher things are expected of you.

Daniel McDonald  
Assistant Professor

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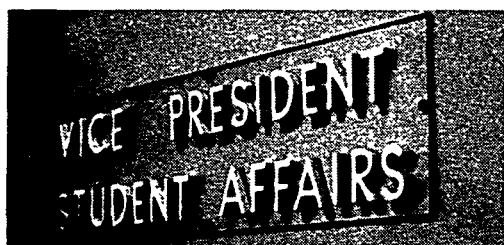
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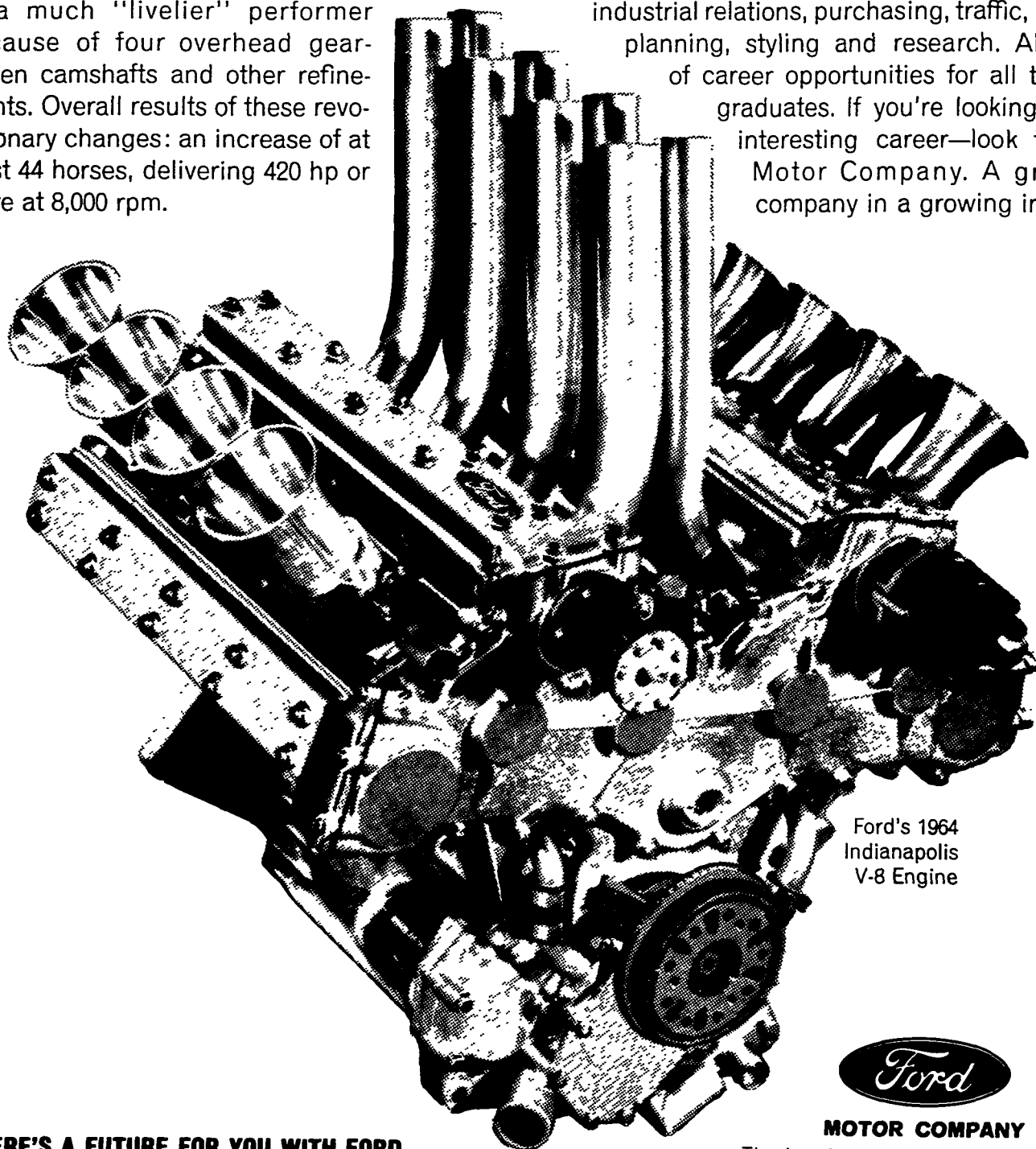
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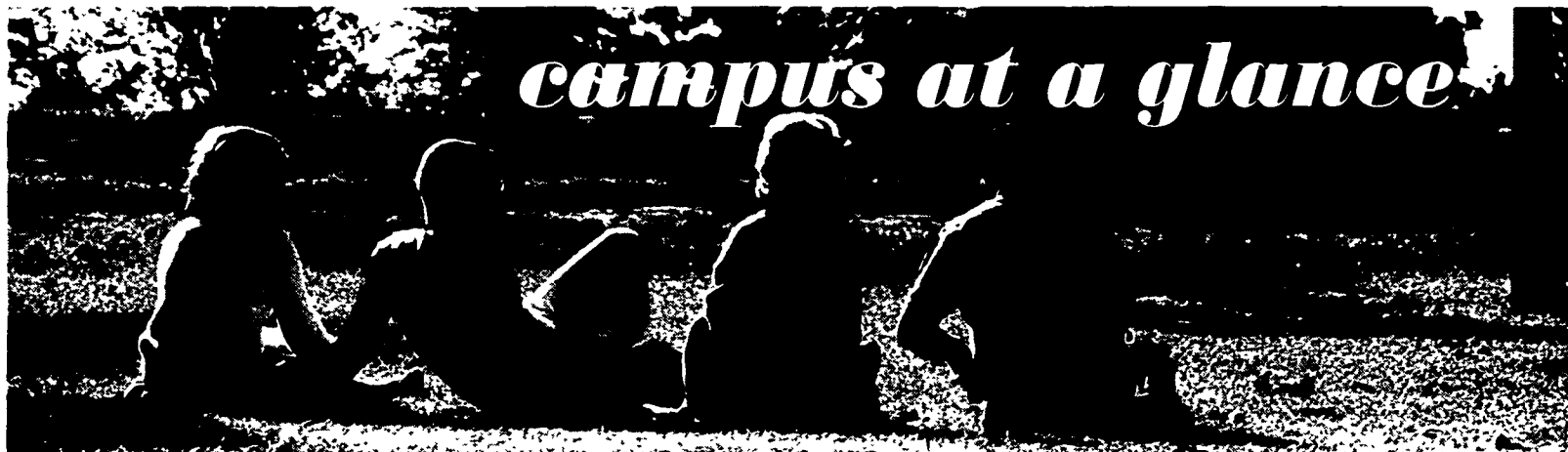


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# *campus at a glance*

## *Ease, Enthusiasm Add Votes*

This year's class elections sparked more than usual interest, with about 80% of the eligible students voting, as opposed to figures of 60-70% in past elections. Several explanations have been offered for the large turnout, and all are probably correct in some degree. The class elections were held separate from those for student government, focusing more interest on them. The number of candidates was greater than the norm (only two posts were uncontested), bringing out more student interest.

An especially notable change was the procedure for voting by off-campus students. The ballot box was brought to the bus station, making it convenient for all, and the hours were extended to run from 9:30-4:00. An indication of the success of this change can be found by comparing the off-campus votes cast in this election, 150, to those cast in the honor system referendum, 47.

Whatever the causes, there is no disputing the fact that this was an exceptionally lively election, with an average of three men seeking each post. The results, as tabulated by the Blue Circle, were:

### SENIOR CLASS

President: Larry Beshel (4 Ballots)  
Vice President: Matt Lambert (First Ballot)  
Secretary: Jim Harnisch (5 Ballots)  
Treasurer: Jim Dwyer (unopposed)

### JUNIOR CLASS

President: John Phillips (First Ballot)  
Vice President: Hugh O'Brien (First Ballot)  
Secretary: Tim Gunn (2 Ballots)  
Treasurer: Greg Rust (5 Ballots)

### SOPHOMORE CLASS

President: Joe Perilli (First Ballot)  
Vice President: Don Potter (First Ballot)

Secretary: Nathan Gisclair (First Ballot)

Treasurer: Paul Freddolino (First Ballot)

### COLLEGE SENATORS

Arts and Letters: Tom Brejcha (2 Ballots)

Business Administration: Mike Murphy (Unopposed)

Engineering: Bob Stewart (First Ballot)

Science: Joe Lenehan (2 Ballots)

## *Concerted Dispersion*

In the hopes of being able to attend the first demonstration of the year, students found themselves taking a leisurely stroll last Thursday evening after dinner. Their objective was the mall in front of the Administration Building and a concert presented by the Notre Dame Band. They wished to see for themselves the result of bringing together several hundred students, at dusk, on one of the first warm evenings of spring.

As the students lounged on the usually forbidden stretches of grass (the priests and nuns in attendance showed more awareness of a certain directive posted at various points around the campus by showing preference to the steps of the Administration Building for their vantage point), the soft strains of the "Black Joe March" burst forth. The program that followed included two other marches, the "French Quarter Suite," "Autumn Beguine," Highlights from *West Side Story*, and a Glen Osser arrangement of the "Beguine Festival." Certain of the motley-dressed band members, a flute player in particular, were handicapped by music stands that kept turning in the wind and falling.

Until the final scheduled number, which could be none other than the "Victory March," the chances of a demonstration seemed scarce indeed. Hopes brightened momentarily, however, as the cheering throng, already

on its feet, seemed ready for some type of action after the final number. But music came to the rescue, the Notre Dame "Hike Song" was played, and all dispersed quietly.

## *Neutral Viet Nam?*

Dr. Samuel Shapiro spoke Monday on Viet Nam, presenting the second lecture in the four-part Young Democratic Forum. He offered incisive and revealing facts about that war-torn nation, and painted a lucid picture of our attempts at guerrilla warfare.

Dr. Shapiro pointed out that since 1946 the U.S. government has spent over \$5 billion in Viet Nam.

The country was formerly controlled by the French, who put the Foreign Legion and 400,000 of their best men on the field only to suffer a crushing defeat. The discussions at Geneva in 1956 about the future of the country produced the suggestion that general elections be held. However, President Eisenhower himself admitted that 80% of the people would vote Communist. Consequently, there were no elections; democracy is not quite as lustrous an ideal when it works against us.

He then commented on the string of optimistic reports emanating from various government sources, all rejoicing about the wonderful progress of the war. The actual lack of success tends to make one just a wee bit skeptical, since the Viet Cong guerrillas now control almost one-fifth of South Viet Nam. However, the area they control and the area of resistance is not where one might suppose it to be, on the North-South border, but rather in the southernmost part of Viet Nam, *very* near the capital of Saigon.

Dr. Shapiro asks the question: Can we win the war in Viet Nam? The French example is not too encouraging, to say the least. Neither is the present situation. The almost 600,000 man, U.S.-paid, South Vietnamese army is having an impossible time

with those 25,000 slippery Communist guerrillas. The 16,000 U.S. "advisors" — the term is used very liberally — seem but a drop in the bucket. Causes for the lack of success are not hard to find. The Vietnamese people have been fighting now for almost a quarter of a century, and they are a lot less than eager to fight for U.S. interests, especially when we herd them into what we call "fortified hamlets" — fancy concentration camps. We drag them away from their land, their crops, their homes, put them behind walls, and then expect them to be enthused about the U.S. cause. Weapons issued them have a tendency to wind up in the hands of the Viet Cong; indeed, most of the weapons that we do manage to capture have been made in the U.S. The growth of the Viet Cong forces is alarming, yet they would be helpless without the tremendous amount of support surreptitiously given by the South Vietnamese villagers; this is the reason we have put 76% of their people in barracks.

Dr. Shapiro offered four possible areas of future action. One plan is to invade North Viet Nam and risk the onslaught of the Chinese horde. Another is to win the present war, which is now costing us \$1.5 million a day. This might be possible if we sent in the U.S. Third Army — but are we that much better than the French? Thirdly, we could pull out regardless. There is a strong contingent in the Senate which has proposed this. Or fourthly, we could try to effect a neutralization. If it were handled under the aegis of the United Nations, we could conceivably limit the Chinese sphere of influence, since they are not represented in the U.N.

In closing, Dr. Shapiro pointed out that the U.S. doesn't have the unlimited power it used to. And since Viet Nam would require simply Gargantuan amounts of aid to maintain it, surrounded as it is by Communist countries, he concluded that a policy of neutralization would be the most realistic approach.

## Architecture — 1980

Mr. Charles A. Blessing, director of the City Planning Commission of Detroit, lectured on "Education for Urban Design" last Thursday in LaFortune Student Center. The lecture was sponsored by Notre Dame's Architecture Department under Professor Julian Kulski and Steve Stegich, a senior in architecture.

Mr. Blessing pointed out that "eighty to ninety percent of the people will be living in or concerned with cities" when present building plans are completed. He used slides, mostly of the city of Detroit, to show past,

present, and future urban design. They included a map of Detroit in the year 1980. Mr. Blessing said that the coming urban design would depend on three main determinants: 1) adequate street and thoroughfare systems, 2) recreational spaces, and 3) an architectural determinant, which includes the arrangements and structures of buildings and the eye-pleasing "greenways." He showed future Detroit as comprised of various centers such as a cultural center, a university center, and a medical center. In his slides he also compared certain views of mountains with the views of the Detroit skyline.

The Architecture Department's next program will be an exhibit and lecture in Stepan Center and the Architecture building by Mr. Paolo Soleri on May 4 and 5.

## Jazz Judged

In the Fieldhouse last weekend, Notre Dame's Collegiate Jazz Festival marked its sixth annual presentation. In the two-day, four-session competition, twenty-six young jazz groups displayed their talents before a panel of judges which included Julian "Cannonball" Adderly, Oliver Nelson, Charles Suber, George Russell, Gary McFarland, and Robert Share.

As expressed by Charles Suber, the chairman of the judges, the 1964 Collegiate Jazz Festival represented the best and the closest competition in the event's history. The judges needed several hours alone in choosing the participants for the finals held Saturday evening, and after much debate, the Northwestern Jazz Workshop Band, the Michigan State University Television Orchestra, and the University of Illinois Jazz Band were picked as the best of the "big bands." In the combo division, the Belcastro Trio, The Billy Harper Quintet, the Jamey Aebersold Septet, and the Jazz Interpreters were chosen as finalists.

After the final competition, the dis-

inction of being CJF's "finest jazz group" was given to the Jamey Aebersold Septet of Indiana University. The University of Illinois Jazz Band received the best "big-band" award, and the Belcastro Trio from the University of West Virginia was awarded a special commendation for small groups.

In recognizing individual performances, prizes were given in specific areas of instrumentation: Bunky Green, best instrumentalist and best saxophone; Dickie Washburn, best trumpet; Cleo Griffin, most promising trumpet; Brian Trentham, best trombone; Ron English, best guitar; Gary Miller, best drums; Willie Collins, most promising drums; Brent McKesson, best bass; Tom Hensley, best piano; Cheryl Berdell, best vocalist; Joe Belcastro and Guy Remonko, best original composition.

## Circle Aid for SB

On April 25, students from Notre Dame and St. Mary's will help foster good will in the South Bend area by participating in the Blue Circle's annual Help Week. Groups of guys and girls will spend an afternoon doing general clean-up work (e.g., washing walls, raking leaves) at nearby hospitals and institutions.

Help Week, a great success in past years, is an opportunity for students to do some charitable work, promote better ND-South Bend relations, and have some fun in the process.

Buses will leave campus from between O'Shaughnessy Hall and the Radiation Lab at 1:30 Saturday, April 25, and will return by 4:00. Would-be workers should contact their hall representative or write to the Blue Circle office in the Student Center.

## Education Aid Defended

Wednesday night the Academic Commission and the Department of Education of Notre Dame presented



Brass Jam — CJF

a lecture by Dr. Robert Brickman, head of the Graduate School of Education of the University of Pennsylvania. A very sparse audience of professors, students, and SMC'ers listened to "Federal Aid to Education: To All, To Some, or To None; Public, Private, and Parochial." Driving to the conclusion that there should be federal aid to all facets of education, Professor Brickman adroitly and humorously made the point that historically the U.S. has always supported private and religious schools; under the general welfare clause of the Constitution it should be able to officially continue this policy. Federal aid to anything has always been a matter of controversy because of the fear of centralized control, of education especially, but Dr. Brickman maintains that it is necessary for certain "blighted" areas — the "Black belts in our cities, and the migrant workers."

Aid to church-operated schools is the most controversial issue besides segregation today, but Dr. Brickman points out that the U.S. has a long tradition in this area. Town-supported schools and private schools grew up side by side, with the latter generally better, having a greater variety of courses. Gradually these dual systems intermingled. In the 19th century religious schools were the norm and the public were the experiments. Often the public schools were indistinguishable from private schools, and enforced the teaching of the King James version of the Bible. In the 20th century the Supreme Court final-



*Cobra with Detroit Club victims*

ly ruled God out of the public schools, but studies show that still the outlawed practices go on. This results in a basic problem: How do you define a public school? By its financial support or by what is taught? In Indiana the people have said public schools must be religious. Thus, if public and private schools are indistinguishable,



*Dr. Robert Brickman*

how can we say that we will only support public?

Dr. Brickman points out that in 1832 Congress voted land to a Baptist college in Washington, D.C., now George Washington University. To stop outbursts against this action, in 1833 Congress gave land to Georgetown University. The Northwest Ordinance of 1789 gave money to schools supplying religious training. In the 19th century a law of Massachusetts required religion in public schools for *all* who attended and no one protested. Following these prece-

dents, Dr. Brickman feels private schools should still receive aid. The idea of complete separation of Church and State necessarily leading to freedom is misleading. Russia has complete separation but replaces this with control; religion there cannot be taught before the age of 18. On the other hand England has no separa-

tion of Church and State. The Queen is head of the Church and yet England is a democracy. Today we are engaged in a search for quality and quantity in education. All standards must be raised, not just those of the public schools. We cannot neglect one facet and therefore we cannot neglect private schools. People cry that private schools are unpatriotic, yet ignore completely the contribution to general society by these people. Dr. Brickman's point is — "we who govern the U.S. from the Capitol, the state or the local governments depend on the development of *all* children and benefit from them. What do we give in return?" The question will be argued for years but few realize the consequences of a lack of funds for private schools — that they may have to close down, putting a burden on public schools. "Under the general welfare clause, every school doing a conscientious job, because of its potential and actual contributions to national welfare, should receive some type of aid."

### *Cars on Campus!?*

A sportscar spectacular, the first of its kind at Notre Dame, will be sponsored by the Detroit Club and held in the Stepan Center this weekend. Running from noon until eleven on Saturday and from noon until six on Sunday, the show will display over thirty-five autos — a display valued at more than \$350,000. ND students will have to pay fifty cents admission; profits will be used for a scholarship fund to aid future students.

The usual Detroit products will be markedly absent from this show; companies represented will be Aston-Martin, Ferrari, Cobra, Scarab, Arnolt-Bristol, Mercedes, Bandini, Lotus, the DKW Porsche (prototype), and possibly the Indianapolis Lotus-Ford. Notable exceptions to these Grand-prix-bred autos will be three GM styling prototypes, a 427-cubic-inch Ford Falcon, and the Monte Carlo Valiant.

There will be 1,000 door prizes given out (seventy dollars worth of books have been donated by Ford) and free movies will be shown continuously in the utility room of Stepan Center.

The so-called "sports" cars of Detroit, the compacts with consoles, will not be represented because they are not properly sporting autos. A sporting auto is a transportation device that is able to go quickly and efficiently between two points on any surfaced road. A proper sports car will travel a winding road faster and cheaper with an engine of half the size of its Detroit counterpart.

# Baseball: Never Quit Hoping

**J**AKE KLINE has big troubles, make no mistake about it. They began when commencement robbed his baseball team of all but five lettermen: three out of four infielders and four of five starting pitchers graduated. Then Tom MacDonald, with two years of infield experience, became ineligible by signing a professional football contract; Dick Sauget, a top prospect for catching duties, was limited to periodic action when he went out for spring football; alternate catcher Chuck Snow was hampered by an injured hand, and because of illness, Captain John Counsell had no practice before the season's opening day.

But these problems were all minor compared to those which faced the pitching staff. Despite graduation losses, Kline hoped for a strong mound crew. Ron Reed, as talented in baseball as in basketball, could have been the number one pitcher. Ed Lupton, who posted a 5-2 record and a 2.63 earned run average as a sophomore, was the only monogram winner on the staff. Al Cooper, who pitched 36 innings last year, and highly touted sophomore Dan McGinn were to round out the front-line staff.

The whole corps seemed ill-fated from the beginning. Reed became ineligible. Cooper entered the combination-law program and had to drop baseball. McGinn's performance was seriously hampered by his attempt to double in spring football.

Then, after the three-game series with Indiana, Kline announced that Lupton would be out indefinitely with a bad back.

The net effect was disastrous. Only three starters on the team are lettermen; only two, Rich Gonski and Counsell, are seniors. The previous college experience of the whole pitching staff adds up to eight innings. None of the ten pitchers came to Notre Dame on baseball scholarships.

These problems were especially noticeable in the early season. After winning two games against Keesler Air Force Base and the first game of a doubleheader with Loyola of New Orleans, the team couldn't come up with a win for the rest of the Southern trip. Losses to Loyola and Tulane, a tie with Tulane in a game called because of darkness, and

two losses to Louisiana State sent the Irish back to South Bend with a 3-4-1 record. Once home, they took twelve innings to beat Hope College, and the next weekend Indiana swept a three-game series.

It was beginning to look like it might be a very long season, indeed. Weak pitching kept men on base most of the time, adding to the difficulties of the inexperienced infield. The general feeling of uncertainty affected even the hitting, and the loss of Lup-



*Pitcher Lupton: lost indefinitely*

ton seemed certain to be an omen of bad days to come.

Such was not the case. The following Wednesday, Notre Dame faced Purdue, undefeated in its last six games. The Boilermakers started Bob Purkhiser, who had the Big Ten's best earned run average last year. The Irish hadn't beaten a Big Ten baseball team since the 1962 season, but their luck changed abruptly. Shortstop Gonski had four hits in four trips, two of them home runs.

Shaun Fitzmaurice went three for four. Junior Frank Karazim allowed only two earned runs in eight innings, and Notre Dame won, 9-4.

Buoyed by their win, the team traveled to Toledo for two games last weekend. Back-to-back home runs by Shaun Fitzmaurice and Tom Blythe and a third homer by Chuck Snow helped bring a 10-6 win over the Rockets. Hopes for evening the record at 7-7-1 were spoiled, however, when Saturday's game was rained out.

For all its inexperience, the team has improved. After a slow start Gonski has raised his batting average considerably; Shaun Fitzmaurice has set a torrid pace, hitting .370 and slamming four home runs; and Counsell is starting to hit his stride after recovering from illness. Sophomores Tom Blythe and Al Kristowski, at third and second, have shown considerable improvement in the course of the first fourteen games, and Karazim has been more effective in each successive turn on the mound.

In the seven days from the 23rd to the 29th of April, Notre Dame plays six games. Yesterday, the Irish opened the series at home against Big Ten power Michigan. They now take on Ohio University for two weekend games before facing Western Michigan, last year's NCAA regional champion, on Monday, and then go on the road to face Michigan Tuesday and Detroit Wednesday.

The schedule is tight and the opponents are loaded. Without an established pitching staff that can follow a regular rotation, and without the all-important element of experience, the Irish seem to be facing a six-team firing squad. But that is not the way the team has it figured. They have beaten a Big Ten team. They have gained valuable experience during the first part of the season. Their veterans are dependable and their newcomers scrappy. All feel that they can even their season record and keep on going.

This season has been one of continuous problems, and the future looks none too bright. But Notre Dame has had eight winning seasons in a row, and as far as the team is concerned, this will be the ninth.

—TOM BETTAG

# SCOREBOARD

**TRACK:** Notre Dame opened the outdoor track season with a strong performance in the Ohio State Relays. Mike Coffey won the open mile in 4:16, and Jerry O'Connor took first in the triple jump (hop-step-and-jump). The Irish placed fourth in the two-mile and third in the distance-medley relays, and Jim Bruch was third behind O'Connor in the triple jump. Record-holder Bill Boyle was kept out of action by a strained muscle, but should return for the Drake Relays this weekend.

## SCORES

### Baseball

Notre Dame 9, Purdue 4  
Notre Dame 10, Toledo 6

### Golf

Notre Dame 27½, Bowling Green 8½  
Notre Dame 28½, Toledo 7½  
Notre Dame 33, Dayton 3

### Tennis

Notre Dame 5, Western Michigan 4  
Notre Dame 5, Michigan State 4

### Lacrosse

*Notre Dame Invitational Tournament*  
Denison 14, Notre Dame 2  
Ohio State 11, Notre Dame 1  
Denison 11, Michigan State 0  
Ohio State 18, Michigan State 1

## SCHEDULE

### Baseball

April 24, Ohio at Notre Dame  
April 25, Ohio at Notre Dame  
April 27, Western Michigan at Notre Dame  
April 28, Michigan at Ann Arbor  
April 29, Detroit at Detroit

### Track

April 24-25, Drake Relays at Des Moines

### Golf

April 25, Northwestern, Illinois, and Northern Illinois at Evanston

### Tennis

April 24, Iowa at Iowa City  
April 25, Wisconsin at Madison  
April 26, Marquette at Milwaukee

### Rugby

April 25, St. Louis Bombers at St. Louis

### Lacrosse

April 25, Defiance College at Notre Dame

# Voice in the Crowd

**T**HOUGH A NUMBER OF FACTORS — individual improvement and injury among them — may alter the situation before next September 23, Ara Parseghian is right now working with the personnel upon whom he must depend to win or lose games in 1964. With spring practice half completed, the squad shapes up this way:

**Ends**—Jack Snow and Phil Sheridan, Dave Pivec and Jim Lynch, Paul Costa and Harry Long. Snow and Pivec each had six receptions last fall, second-best on the team, and Sheridan, Lynch, Costa, and Long are adept at defense; the return in the fall of injured Jim Snowden could improve the situation materially. There's no Jim Kelly here, but despite the loss of Kelly, Tom Goberville, and Clay Stephens, this is one of the best end corps in recent seasons.

**Tackles**—John Meyer and Mike Webster, Tom Regner and Alan Page, Mike Wadsworth and Kevin Hardy. Dave Humenik, Gene Penman, and Bob Meeker are all injured, but all should be available in the fall. Still, this is one of two critical positions. Some tackles are small but fast, others big but slow, and still others totally inexperienced. The problem is not a quantitative one, but the lack of one or two pairs of proven, topnotch tackles.

**Guards**—Dick Arrington and Jim Carroll, Ken Maglicic and John Atamian, Vince Dennery and Dick Swatland. Though Captain Bob Lehmann and Mike DiCarlo will be lost through graduation, the situation here is well in hand; Carroll, who had 59 tackles last season, may fall heir to Lehmann's All-American spot.

**Center**—Norm Nicola, Tom Kostelnik, Pete Thornton. Nicola (70 tackles) and Kostelnik, both with considerable experience, return from the 1963 team.

**Quarterbacks**—John Huarte, Hugh O'Malley, Tom Longo. This is the second critical position; whichever of the three wins the dogfight for the starting job will hold the destiny of the team in his hands. The problem remains the same as it has during the past several springs: no proven performer. Huarte has the most experience of the three, and last season completed 20 of 42 passes for 243 yards and one touchdown. Parseghian can ill afford to play what was, for the last five seasons, the annual game of musical quarterbacks.

**Halfbacks**—Bill Wolski and Nick Rassas, Dick Dupuis and Pete Andreotti, Tom Mittelhauser and Tim Wengjerski, Ron Bley and Tim Devine, Jim Garrison and Jim DiLullo. Parseghian obviously has *enough* halfbacks; the question, of course, is just how *good* are they? Wolski proved himself last fall, when he rushed for 320 yards in 70 attempts — a 4.6-yard average. Nick Eddy, out of school last fall and temporarily out of action at present with an injured knee, should be Wolski's running-mate — and has the potential to be the breakaway runner Notre Dame needs. Rassas, Dupuis and Andreotti are all relatively small but very fast, and Bley — if Parseghian can get him to play anywhere near his potential — could easily be the best of the lot.

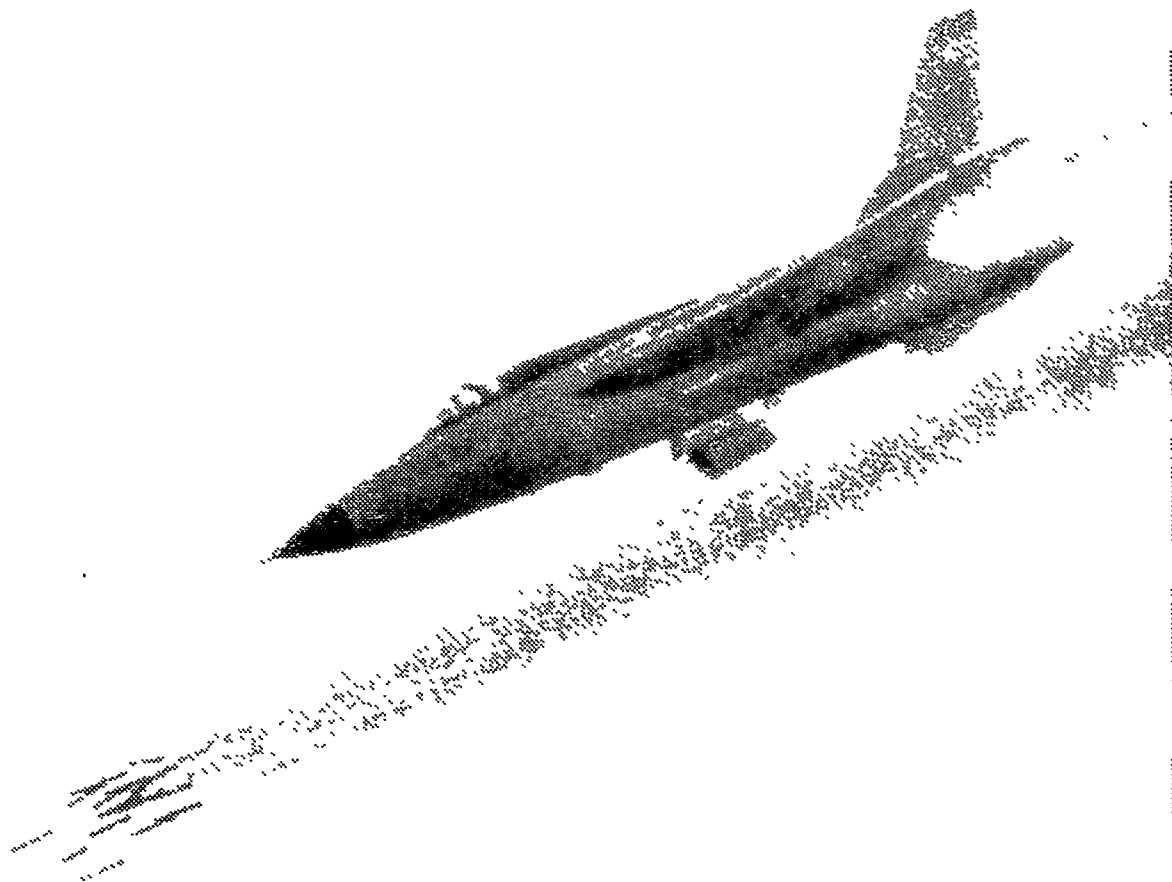
**Fullbacks**—Joe Kantor, Joe Farrell, Pete Duranko. All three fullbacks return from the 1963 team. Kantor was the team's leading ground-gainer with 330 yards in 88 carries, and a 3.8-yard average; Farrell had a 4.0 average and gained 278 yards in 1962.

**Analysis:** The Irish should be either adequate or strong at end, guard, center, halfback and fullback, but may have trouble at tackle and quarterback. It is true that Parseghian has the vast majority of last season's players returning — but they are players from teams that were 2-7 last season and 5-5 in 1962; it is true that several have looked outstanding in practice — but many, including several in key positions, are as yet unproven in competition. There is small doubt that Parseghian will have a considerable number of *good* players, but will he have the handful of *excellent* players necessary to spark a team to a successful season?

I believe that coaching makes a very decisive difference, and that if he can come up with a quarterback — as he always has — Ara Parseghian has the personnel to lead Notre Dame to its first winning football season since 1958.

— TERRY WOLKERSTORFER

USAF F-105, unleashing air-to-ground rockets at simulated enemy target.



## School's Out.

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## Literary Supplement: Introduction

IT IS REGRETTABLE that in undertaking a project like this "Special Literary Issue," we should be in the position of defending it to those who consider the idea of the SCHOLASTIC's publishing literary material unwise and inappropriate. The letter from the editor of the *Juggler* on page seven of this issue, while atypical of most of the criticism leveled at us in that it is not personally insulting, presents most of the objections to the SCHOLASTIC's entrance into the literary field.

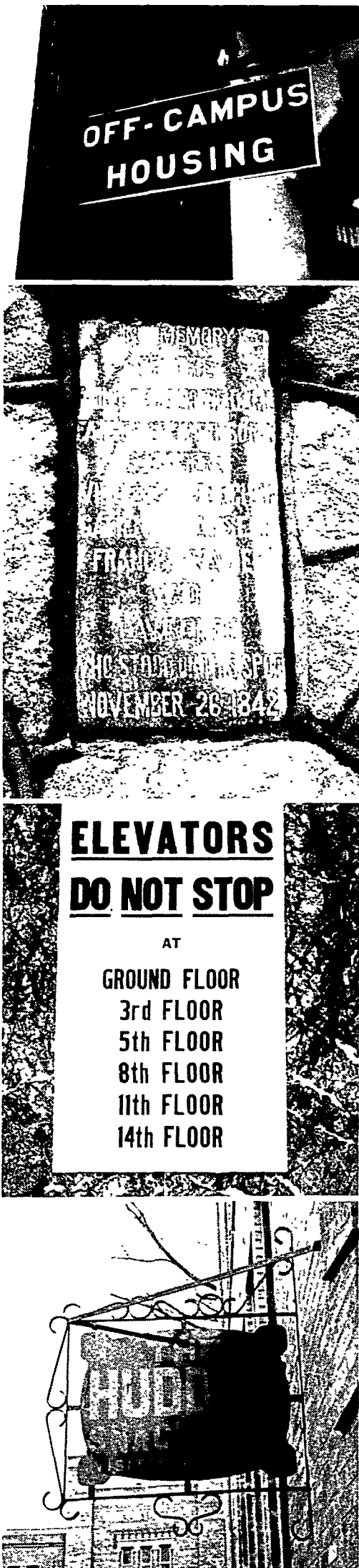
Essentially, these objections can be reduced to two: that there is not enough fictional material produced on campus to warrant additional outlets, and that the *Juggler*, not the SCHOLASTIC, is the "proper" outlet for literary efforts, simply in the nature of the two publications.

It is because of the first objection that we chose to publish a literary issue, rather than simply to begin to schedule occasional stories and poems as part of our regular issues. A great deal of effort was not required to find the stories in this issue; the brief announcement in our last issue before Easter and random conversations with members of the fiction-writing classes uncovered most of them. Yet we believe that all are manifestly worthy of publication, and the effect of collecting them in a single issue demonstrates that the space limitations of the *Juggler* would not permit publication of all of them, even over the course of the whole year. That the SCHOLASTIC open its pages to fiction and poetry should not be cause for concern for the *Juggler* editors — we have emphasized before that we do not wish to compete with the *Juggler* — because a second vehicle for fiction can only serve to discover and encourage more student writers than the *Juggler* could do alone.

As for the argument that the SCHOLASTIC was not "intended" to publish fiction, we need only point in our defense to the *Juggler* editors' mention of their decision last spring to provide "opportunity for publication to 'scholarly' as well as creative writers." The editors of the *Juggler*, like the editors of the SCHOLASTIC, decide what kind of publication they will put out. If the editors of the *Juggler* choose to expand into areas previously occupied exclusively by the SCHOLASTIC, surely they cannot object to the SCHOLASTIC's editors' returning the compliment, particularly when we do so without invidious intent. It is the possibility for change and expansion inherent in both publications that makes them vital. We congratulate the editors of the *Juggler* on their fine work of this year, and hope that they will sympathize with the SCHOLASTIC's efforts toward our common goal — encouraging student writers.

A WORD about standards is in order. What we looked for in selecting the stories to be printed was first of all, good writing. To be sure, good writing has many elements, many of them based on individual tastes, and for this reason the selection was necessarily a group effort of the editors, involving the reconciling of commonly divergent opinions. Ideas, themes, "points," were secondary — to the point of selecting a story that employed an obviously overused milieu on the strength of the quality of the writing and characterization — because the editors felt that mature and original and intricate ideas used as a basis for literature are still to be developed in nearly all college writers. A third, and most nebulous, consideration was the degree of innate talent indicated, if not actually present as a fully developed and controlled ability, by a writer's story. We felt this must be a necessary consideration in our decisions, if we were to remain true to our goal of encouraging and developing those who show strong aptitude for writing.

A critic in *Commonweal* recently made the observation that most college writers tend to be imitative of J. D. Salinger. We would respectfully argue that this is not so, and even assert that the stories collected in this issue demonstrate it is not, for it can be seen that the one thing our contributors have in common is an encouraging diversity of style and a cheerful originality that justifies this issue and makes it, for us, a success.







# SABRE: FINALE

MARY ANN KNEW some of the routine, but Sullivan none, so Thomas Morrell had to do most of the work himself. He set up the back-stays, ran the foot of the main out through the tunnel boom and attached the outhaul, then clipped the halyard on. Mary Ann would take care of the jenny, and Sully was carefully stowing the sandwiches and the beer, so it wouldn't take too long. The wind was from the southwest, warm, almost too hot for the morning, for the trees along the drive had turned and the nights were now longer than the days. There were some clouds up to the north — where they were going — high, towering cumulus; but no worry, they were being blown away, there would be no repeat of that early morning storm which had agitated Mary Ann's mother so. Nice day for this unavoidable journey — chute run all the way.

"What about the dinghy, Tom?" Mary Ann asked. "Are we going to tow it?" She looked at Morrell expectantly, even excitedly; foregoing her usual role of the aloof or the serene — or whatever it was.

"No. I'll borrow a dink and row out here and get it tomorrow." It would just slow them down. Funny about Mary Ann, she always wanted to tow that damned dinghy. Morrell dropped beneath the windscreen and grabbed the main halyard. "Ready, Mary Ann?" She replied that she was — she had to see that the luff rope went into the mast tunnel clear and did not foul — so Morrell began to haul away on it. When he had the sail nearly up he took a few turns around the winch and yanked it tight. He then scrambled back to the tiller and she went forward and dropped the mooring line into the dinghy. They were under way for the last time of the season, bound for Larsen's Yard up in Waukegan. It was time to put *Sabre* away, to unstep, to haul out and scrub the bottom, to stick her on her trailer, to tow her home and cover her up for the winter. It wouldn't be any fun, this sail; it would be a melancholy trip at best.

That was the one good thing about having Sullivan along. His sudden visit and unexpected presence on this trip would not only make things easier — Morrell had planned only on Mary Ann's company — but he was amusing, even funny, and he would enliven what had promised to be an almost depressing voyage.

"We're off, Tommy!" she shouted; he backed the main till *Sabre* fell off the wind, then he eased it. They fell off to the south-east, gradually picking up speed. The winds were always tricky in Belmont when off shore, they poured out from between the high rises at constantly varying angles. Going out wasn't so bad except in the instance where there was the danger of a jibe, but returning often resulted in a mass of fruitless tacks. Morrell worked his way from the harbor and out into the lake.

"Well!" said Sullivan, "This calls for a beer. Where's the key?"

"Not yet, Sullycat!" Mary Ann said to him. She stood in the forward hatch, the big Genoa gathered in her arms. "There's still work to be done." Sullivan was directed to the jib halyard; he quickly hauled it up and two-blocked it. Mary Ann tightened the downhaul, but waited with the whisker pole until they had turned off to the north-east, jibed and were capable of running wing and wing. Morrell took a look back, at Belmont Harbor, at the yacht club barge, and the distant, haze-

obscured skyline. It was over, this summer; the racing, the evening sailing parties, the afternoons bumming, it was all over. It had been a good one too, maybe the best of his life. It wouldn't, in all probability, ever be relived — not with youth anyway.

"Now it's beer time, Sullycat," Mary Ann said, laughing, leaning back against the boom, her hair loose and ruffled by the wind. It always amazed Morrell how quickly she got the boat cleared up and squared away without being told. He would have appreciated a little more wind — there were only about eight to ten miles an hour of it — but not so much more as to make things uncomfortable, as it was not a race and it was a day to be enjoyed if possible. He kept *Sabre* headed out rather than along the shore so that they would be able to fly the chute out where the winds were steadier and truer, and clear Wilmette point without difficulty.

"Tab tops!" Sullivan shouted from beneath the windscreen. "Wise policy, Thomas." He proceeded to rip three open. "Here's one for the prettiest chick I know. . . And here's one for you, you ugly old ogre. And there's one, of course, for me!"

"Thank you, sweet Sullycat!" She smiled down at him, so radiant, so alive this day. Morrell deliberately looked away from her and at the clouds to the north. Giant, towering, rain-filled cumulo-nimbus. Looks like 'em, anyway. Going away, though. Have to be.

"Take the stick, Mary Ann. I want to get a chute up." He set his course before she took the tiller, trimmed the main in, then the jenny, and then went forward. He preset the pole — topping lift, sheet and downhaul — and clipped one clew onto the sheet and the other onto the pole. It wasn't the sanest policy, but there wouldn't be any jibe this day. Attached the halyard. "Can you pull her up now, Sul? Quick now, we don't want to get her all wet!" While Sullivan hauled away Morrell pulled the sheet in. The big green spinnaker unravelled, then filled; the boat responded by heeling and driving. They were going nearly hull speed; they had picked up about two knots with the chute. Morrell dropped the jenny, unclipped it, and stuffed it down the forward hatch. He then set a little working jib that didn't shade the chute but still improved the flow around the main. It was time for another brew. The chute was pulling fine, but the main was flopping a little. It needed a vang—"go fasts," they were called around the club — which was somewhere, God only knew; evidently someone besides Mary Ann or him had stowed it. Won't have a beer till the vang is on. Must demonstrate *character*!

"THIS is the good life, Thomas," Sullivan said. "I wholeheartedly approve of it. Beats the Air Force any day." He sat in the forward of the two cockpits, beer in hand, foot braced against the lee combing. Mary Ann still had the hull driving, sliding through the gentle waves, heeled optimumly. The wind had dropped a little — not much — they were no longer near hull speed. *Sabre* was forty feet of racing machine, a light, but clean and stiff hull, the best machine that could be designed to sail under twenty-two square meters of canvas. Undersailed a bit, perhaps, but the boat to be on when the wind blew. *Sabre*, 22 U.S. 16, was Thomas Morrell's now, by inheritance; his father didn't care to race any more and had purchased a stink pot.

"This is about all I've done (Continued on page 28)



## ***A Generation of Overcomers***

**I**T WAS PAUL'S TURN TODAY.

"I don't want to seem accusing, Francis, but I . . . well, I think you had more than your share yesterday."

Francis did not respond. He just sat there uninterested, watching Paul's child-like fumblings with the package. What did he care if Paul took a little more today? He was old anyway. He'd just as soon stop eating so that he could end it all a bit quicker. He wouldn't do that though — he knew he wouldn't — he knew that for all his thought he was still as much a victim of carnal cravings as the rest of them. Anyway, Paul was much younger — about twenty years — and was well framed, being close to six feet tall and weighing at the least one hundred and twenty pounds. His body probably demanded more. Twenty-five years ago there wasn't as much as there is now, in fact ten or even five years ago there wasn't as much, so he knew that he wouldn't be the less for the extra Paul took.

"Look, Francis, see, I'm only taking this much more," Paul said extending his open palm to the bony, Buddha-like old man.

Francis nodded approval as he placed his bowl under the manna slipping through the well-worn yet strong fingers of Paul. It was dusk-time again. Soon he would have to be off to the nightly meeting. Every night since the new people took over there was a meeting. They ran things tight, no waste — hardly any waste, anyway. Each night all the women had to be checked. The ones that weren't okayed would have to stay the night at the wards, unless, of course, they were in their designated time.

"Come on, Francis, hurry up," mumbled Paul, cramming *(Continued on page 32)*

# CROCKETT

THE C&H SUGAR REFINERY lies on the south bank of the Carquinez Straits. Originally the land on each side of the straits was hill country, but in the 1840's a hardy race of men pushed the hills back away from the bank and erected a flour mill on the land that they had levelled off. Many men came to work the flour mill. Some were Mexicans that had found their way somehow up the California coast; many were Portuguese and Italians that had come to the frontier country of western America to seek new homes and great fortunes. Many were Anglo-Saxons that had migrated from the civilized East Coast in search of the adventure and gold that lay in the West. These men built a town in the hills in back of the flour mill. And they called the town Crockett.

Time and progress brought the establishment of many more flour mills on the West Coast. Soon the little flour mill in Crockett felt the competition of its numerous, and, for the most part, more efficient rivals. The citizenry of Crockett became apprehensive as it saw its jobs being threatened by the unyielding laws of business and economics. Fortunately for the people of Crockett, the desire of men for another food product saved their precarious jobs. An American sugar interest in Hawaii needed a site on the West Coast of the American mainland to deposit the raw sugar. There it would be refined, packaged, and distributed throughout the western half of the United States. The flour mill that was connected with the Pacific Ocean by the Carquinez Straits and the San Francisco Bay was an ideal site for such a refinery. In the 1870's the flour mill was converted into a sugar refinery for the California and Hawaiian Sugar Corporation.

However if a new industry had replaced Crockett's original *raison d'être*, progress did not completely efface Crockett's links with its origins. The building that was once a flour mill has remained essentially unchanged. The stores and bars which face the entrance of the refinery still bear the names of the descendants of the men that originally built and owned these establishments. The homes of the Crockett citizenry are still perched precariously on the hills that begin to rise as soon as one crosses to the south side of Main Street. The burst of industry that cleared away a plot of land for the flour mill never extended into the area used by the workers' families for living space.

And a ghost still lurks in Crockett. It slumbers beneath the brick-paved streets and it is passed on from generation to generation in the genes of the families of Crockett. I know that ghost because there was a time in my life when I saw it every day.

FIRST became introduced to Crockett in the summer between my senior year in high school and my freshman year in college. I worked in the refinery during those summer months, and I worked there the two summers following that original acquaintance. For myself, as for most of the students that worked there during the summer, the work became drudgery as soon as the

novelty of learning a new job wore off. The work was something that had to be endured for eight hours a day, ten days out of fourteen, three months of the year, so that four or five years hence we wouldn't even have to think of the repetitious semi-existence of the refinery laborer, let alone participate actively in such a life. When we walked down the widening wooden walkway into the maw of the plant proper — a dimly lit chaos of noise, heat, and the stench of the sugar process — we turned in upon ourselves and bore the awful monotony silently and thoughtlessly as if we were afraid to allow those eight-hour periods to become part of our real existence.

It was after my freshman year in college that I experienced the encounters I spoke of before. My job for that summer placed me on the top, the ninth, floor of the plant. Here the heat, the humidity, and the noise were the worst. You sweated continually here, and the sweat dissolved the powdery sugar that was a part of the plant air just as oxygen and nitrogen were. And the sugary dust dissolved and coated you with a sweet crust. There was only one other worker on the whole floor. It was a desert that killed a man's spirit.

I worked on a long wooden platform about eight feet in width that was a little lower than the actual floor level. My sole fellow worker operated the machines on the cement floor slightly above me. He was a big man approaching middle age and beginning to show the effects of the gargantuan consumption of beer and spaghetti that he often boasted of. For most of the day he paced up and down the concrete floor in front of his machines with a wrench in his hand, pausing now and then to cast a look of mock disdain in my direction. For myself I spent a great part of my work day in a well-constructed, wooden, throne-like chair that was elevated somewhat from the floor of the wooden platform. I was content to spend my free moments watching my more energetic workmate and struggling to keep alive the spark of life that seemed perpetually threatened by that steamy jungle of machinery. It was during one of those long periods of sitting-and-watching that I first noticed the spectre.

It was hotter than usual that day, and I had spent more than the usual amount of time in my chair staring with no little bit of resentment at my more vigorous workfellow, who, despite the heat, paced constantly back and forth in front of his machinery. He didn't seem to mind the sweat that dampened his T-shirt and kept the stubble on his chin glistening. Aware of my stares he finally stopped and turned toward me. He stared back at me with a mock sneer on his face. He rolled up his T-shirt and began to massage his stomach with both hands. The thick fingers kneaded the hairy flesh around his navel, tracing out a hundred intersecting circles. I knew that this was just the beginning of a performance that I had seen many times.

He rolled the semi-gray T-shirt down over his belly, and I noticed that the shirt stuck to his flesh at a spot just below his sternum. In (Continued on page 29)

# MAKING THE MAN

A COLD COLUMN OF MOONLIGHT streaked through the slit in the canvas which was the cabin's fourth wall. It penetrated the gossamer mosquito netting which hung like flimsy moss over Lester Olson's bunk. He was lying awake. He was twelve, but he looked no more than nine. Frail, shorter than average, he was pale from staying inside. His father thought he should get outside, so Lester was sent to camp.

"Camp'll make a man outta him," his father said.

"Wash, brush your teeth, and keep a blanket on at night," his mother said, "and don't fall in with the bad boys."

"Don't be afraid to get your hands dirty," his father said. "Pitch in."

"We'll tell the camp director to watch out for you," his mother said.

"Remember, you're on your own, so play it like a man," his father said.

Lester tossed in the bunk and tried to focus on the sliver of moon. But he didn't have his glasses on, and his eyes stopped where the mosquito netting began. It was like a ghostly white wall holding him in. He wondered if Billy Snyder, in the upper bunk, was awake. He hated Snyder.

On the first day, after his parents went off, his mother still talking to the camp director, Mr. Frigg; and his father with his arm around Mr. Frigg, like they were business friends; Billy Snyder came into the cabin.

"Who're you?" he said.

"Lester Olson."

"How old're ya?"

"Twelve."

"Ya don't look it — ya been sick a lot?"

That's when Lester knew he wouldn't like Snyder.

"No," he said defiantly, and began unpacking. He picked a layer of folded T-shirts up from the opened suitcase and revealed several small bottles of pills. He wished his mother had let him pack.

"Boy. What's wrong with ya?" Snyder said gaping over Lester's shoulder.

"Nothing."

"Shurr," Snyder said. "Com'n. Ya may as well tell me 'cause I'm gonna live here. I should know, in case somethin' happens."

"They're vitamins, that's all," Lester insisted.

He was lying. There were some vitamins, but there were also aspirins (colds, headaches), dramamine (nausea), iron tablets (anemia — take one every day), calcium carbonate tablets (indigestion — one after every meal, two after french fries or anything greasy), eye drops (every night), nose drops (at least twice a day while the cold persists), and a laxative (whenever compelled). He looked at Billy Snyder's round eyes, round

head, round body. He was bigger, much bigger, than Lester, and he knew Lester was lying.

"Okay. If you don't wanna tell me," Snyder shrugged, stuck a stubby finger in his nose and turned away. Lester continued to unpack. He vowed that no matter how violently the many possible diseases struck, he would take no pills.

"I guess ya want the bottom bunk," Snyder said.

"I don't care."

"Well, a little guy like you would have trouble gettin' up ta the top bunk, so I'll take it."

Lester hated Snyder. But Snyder had thought Lester should be grateful. "Look," Snyder said one night before taps, "I could beat you up any time I want. You oughta thank me for not doin' it." Lester was lying in his bunk. He wasn't feeling well. He had a headache, a cold, nausea, eye strain, was weaker than usual from his anemia, and he was constipated. He did not feel like getting beaten up.

"Why should you beat me up?"

"Because," Snyder pushed his fleshy foot into Lester's face as he climbed into the upper bunk, "you aren't thankful."

THAT same night Lester decided to start taking his pills again. He didn't want to be sick if he got into a fight.

Which he did. It was because of Mr. Frigg's snake. Lester was walking along the trail from the lake. The sun flicked through the treetops as he walked, leaves crackled with each step, and a faint breeze lightly feathered his face. It was Saturday afternoon — he had been at camp for almost a week. He had learned to swim, and was able to walk among the trees in freedom. His father would've been proud of him, and his mother would've shrieked, if they had been able to see him leaping carelessly into the water or walking listlessly through the woods. The problem of becoming a man was remote, forgotten. The problem of the myriad possible illnesses seemed remote too. All of his father's dreams and his mother's disasters were left behind as Lester's thick-framed glasses sparkled, reflecting the thin streams of sunlight which parted the leaves over him. The sudden (at least to Lester) fresh, green, clear youth of the world listened to and replied to him. It was summer, summer as he never before had seen it.

The end of the first week, tomorrow, was visitor's day. His parents would come. His father would put one arm around Lester's shoulders and call him a man. His mother would worry about his pills. But that was tomorrow, and today he was free.

The only problem was Billy Snyder's eyes. The round, flabby eyes that watched him at night—the silent eyes





that he turned from while he was undressing — the curious eyes of Billy Snyder. They were the only things which had regularly bothered Lester over the past week. Because he knew Snyder would be watching, he took great care to undress with his back to him. Lester wasn't sure what Snyder was interested in, but he knew it had something to do with the difference between boys and girls.

But he only saw Snyder at night. He conscientiously avoided him during the day; and Snyder apparently didn't care. So, while Lester was walking carelessly through the woods he felt that his first week at camp was perhaps the best week of his life.

The path opened out into the clearing where the cabins were built. All was quiet except for the cluster of boys around Mr. Frigg's four-walled cabin. Lester walked across the clearing to see what was going on. Maybe Mr. Frigg was changing the menu. Lester was tired of grainy potatoes and rubbery meat. Or perhaps there were some special events scheduled for tomorrow's visitors. As he got closer he saw Mr. Frigg standing amidst the boys. There were laughs and squeals. Whatever it was, it seemed to be fun.

Billy Snyder was there. He saw Lester first, "Hey, c'mere Lester, see what Mr. Frigg's got."

Darn it, Lester thought. But Snyder was only one of a crowd, and Lester was curious, so he peered and squeezed and pushed slightly until he could see what Mr. Frigg was doing.

And what Mr. Frigg was doing! He had a snake draped around his shoulders. "Who wants him now?" Mr. Frigg asked with a toothy leer creasing his fat, round face. He approached one of the boys, and handed him the snake. The boy took it and smiled. Lester was scared. Snakes darted out from hidden places and their fangs brought painful death to the intruder. They coiled menacingly,

their tiny yellow eyes fiery with anger and hate. They glided along the ground in slithering curves searching innocent victims. Lester had had dreams of dark nights and thundering herds of open-jawed snakes bearing down upon him while he stood fear-frozen. And now, there before him, in writhing life, was a snake. It was shiny black, about three feet long (which surprised Lester, because he was sure that all snakes were at least fifty feet long and as thick as phone poles). The smiling boy held it in both hands. The snake wiggled limply in his arms. Lester felt sick. Mr. Frigg took the snake from the boy; then, still leering, he faced the boys one by one offering the snake, "Who wants him now?"

"Lester."

Lester turned quickly in mixed fear and anger. It was Billy Snyder. Rotten, fat, ugly, dirty Snyder. He was laughing and shouting at the top of his fat lungs, "Lester. Lester. Lester. Give it ta Lester. Lester Olson." Lester turned back toward Mr. Frigg and the snake. The snake was there, right in front of Lester. Lester stared. The snake stared back, its evil eyes glaring, and its forked tongue spurted out in malignant delight. Mr. Frigg was holding it. "Here we are, Lester," he said, and brought the snake closer.

"No. No," Lester screamed and plunged backwards into the group of boys. He turned, blindly shoved the tight wall of smiling faces until he was clear of them, and started running back to his cabin. He went about thirty feet and Billy Snyder tackled him. They grappled until Snyder was sitting on top of him, his knees pinning Lester's arms, and his fist cocked for a death blow.

"Hold on there, fellas." It was Mr. Frigg. Lester sighed — help had come.

"Come on now, Billy," Mr. Frigg said. "Get off o' Lester."

Snyder got up. Lester wearily pulled

himself up and began to dust himself off.

"Now, let's fight square and fair," Mr. Frigg said. Lester looked at him in amazement. "Go get the boxing gloves hanging on the porch ta my cabin," Mr. Frigg said to one of the boys. Then he turned to Lester and Snyder, put an arm around each of their shoulders, and said, "We'll settle this like gentlemen. Take off yer glasses, Lester."

The gloves were big. They practically came up to Lester's elbow. But they didn't look so big on Billy Snyder, who now loomed at least a foot taller than Lester in a boxing stance waiting for Mr. Frigg's signal to start fighting.

"GO."

Snyder's gloves were a brown blur as they stung alternately on Lester's face. Lester futilely pushed at Snyder with his cumbersome gloves, but it made no difference. Snyder just kept hitting him in the face. Lester couldn't even see after a few minutes, and finally fell to the ground, dizzy and numb. Somebody helped him up. Mr. Frigg was patting Snyder on the seat and saying, "Good fight, son. Nice clean fight." Lester pulled off his boxing gloves. They weren't tied tightly, and his small hands slipped out of them with ease. Mr. Frigg and Snyder stood next to him. "Now I want you fellas to shake hands and call it square. Okay . . . Come on, Lester, shake Billy's hand. Don't be a poor sport now, Lester, shake Billy's hand. . . . It was a fair fight, Les. . . . Where are ya goin'? . . . Oh well, yer not a bad boxer, Billy."

Lester went to his cabin and cried. His whole face stung. He took two aspirins for his pains, and cried again. When his parents came they would be terrible. His mother would whimper over him like a frantic bird, and his father would be angry with him for not "getting in there and fighting like a man." He decided not to go to sup-

*(Continued on page 36)*

# HANS' HOUSE

**T**HE TALL, WELL-BUILT MAN paced back and forth across the breadth of the room. His leonine head carried a grimace, and his long red hair, spotted with streaks of gray, was rumpled from the running of his hand through it. He wore white shorts and a tee shirt and in one hand he carried a tennis racket, which he occasionally swished mightily at an imaginary ball.

The man's son, himself bordering on manhood, entered the room in a dilatory fashion, stopping in the doorway to glance around the room with the air of a suspicion of imminent assault. The youth inherited the man's head but his body had not yet developed, so that the head looked incongruous with the body and together they gave an appearance of top-heaviness.

Hearing the boy's entrance the man turned to face him. "Pablo, I want to talk to you about your behavior." He paused, obviously expecting a reply, but none came. "I sent you to Anaheim hoping that you might come home more a man. Instead you grew more childish. Your actions at dinner tonight were inexcusable. I shall have no more of it in my house. Do you understand?"

Again no answer came. Pablo stood quietly, casting his glance about the room but never looking at his father. Pablo had discovered long ago that the insolence of silence was the most effective method of parrying his father's wrath while retaining his token independence.

"I asked you if you understood me," his father shouted, his face achieving the same hue as his hair.

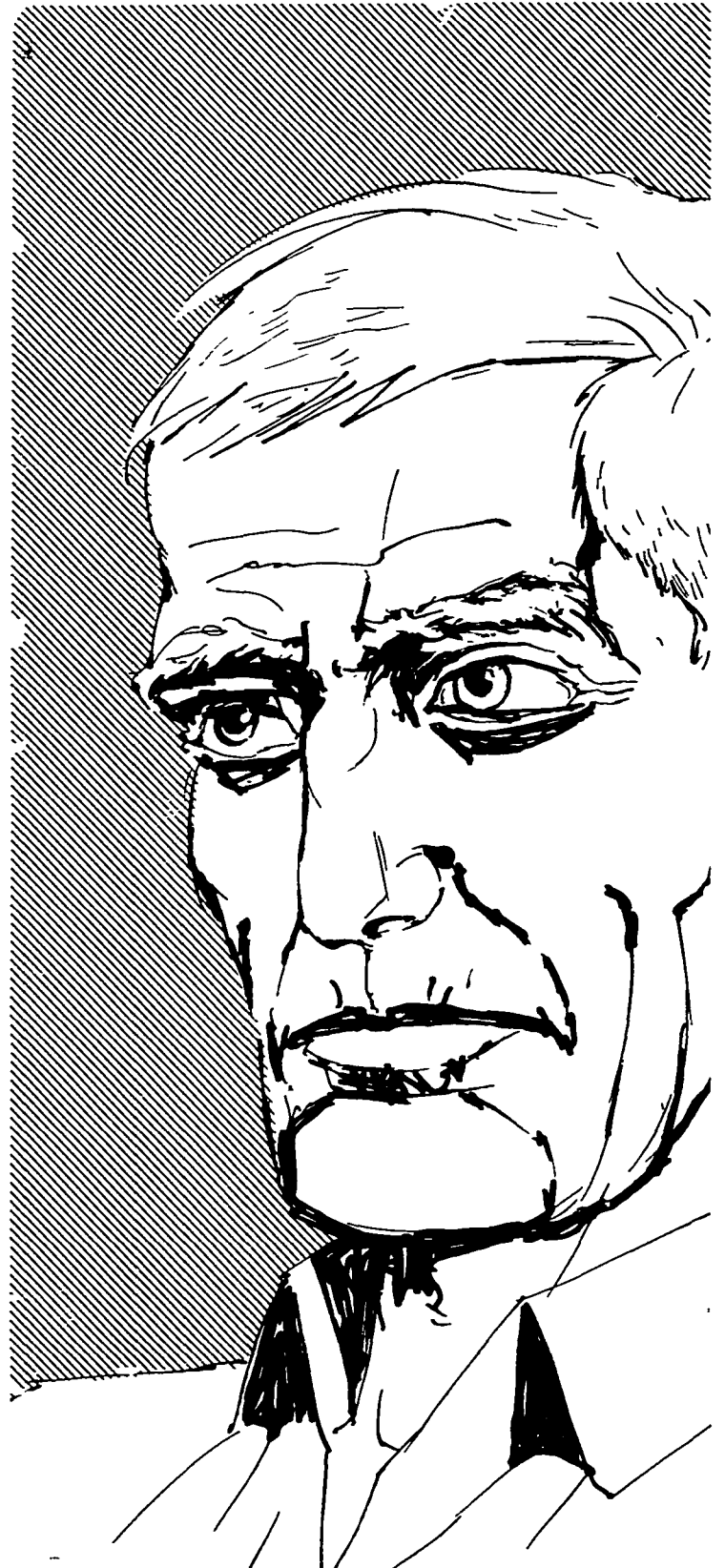
"Yes sir," Pablo said quickly, mimicking the militariness of Anaheim.

The man turned his back to Pablo and walked farther away. Pablo awaited the order of the day. "Tonight, at my mother's, you shall be on your best behavior. You shall do whatever she asks. Is that clear?"

A pause, and then another quick "Yes sir."

"Now go."

Pablo sauntered out to the car in an attempt to appear as nonchalant as possible. But inside him, stirred





up by his father's admonitions, his anger seethed and waxed. Pablo turned on the radio of the red convertible and backed quickly down the driveway. Once on the street he pressed his foot firmly to the accelerator. A voice from the radio intruded into his consciousness. " — a line of severe thunderstorms has been located by the radar unit at the airport. The storms are moving eastward at approximately twenty-five miles per hour and should be over western Jefferson County around 10 o'clock this evening. Repeating — " "God damn rain," Pablo rejoined, "god damn rain god damn rain god damn rain." Pablo stopped at the Gravois intersection for the light. A little girl, five or six, was crossing the boulevard. When she came in front of him Pablo revved his motor. The girl jumped in fright and glanced at him, the fear of death distorting her baby face. Pablo laughed guiltily, but the tension from the house was in part released.

Once on Gravois Pablo made good time. As he drove along he thought of his grandparents. He knew the evening would be boring, yet he looked forward to it with a certain pleasure, for these people treated him as though they liked him and appeared at times to understand his feelings. Neither talked much and both readily accepted his opinions. Grandma always made sure he had plenty of snacks and soda.

Pablo turned off Gravois onto Creek Road. Now he slowed considerably as the two-lane pavement curved often in following the meandering Gravois Creek. This part of the creek was spring-fed; it was clear and pure, not like downstream after the sewage had poured in. Driving through the dusk Pablo saw groups of small boys wading barelegged in the shallow water, leisurely searching among the rocks for crayfish. The stream itself looked small in the bottom of its huge bed. But when the rains came it often flowed over its banks and blocked the road, for it drained off many miles of the surrounding farm lands. It drained the land of Pablo's grandfather.

Hans' house was several miles after the road left the creek. Pablo braked sharply to make the turn into the driveway, then his spinning wheels shot quarter-sized gravel onto the asphalt. Pablo parked at the far end of the yard. Remembering the rain forecast, he put up the top.

Behind the parking area stretched Hans' eighty acres. Nothing grew on them except a few random corn stalks which had sown themselves during last autumn's harvest. The field lay flat, unplowed, with the gray color of rich earth unwatered. No weeds grew in the fields, except perhaps at the far edge by the trees, for nature respected a lifetime of hoeing and tilling.

Pablo walked across the lot and into the porch. Grandma held open the porch screen for him, and he nodded to her when he entered. He sat down on a sun-faded davenport and grandma sat herself in a metal chair.

"How is Hans?" Pablo asked dutifully.

"He's getting worse," grandma replied. "The doctor said maybe in five months it might be over, but it might be longer. At least he doesn't have much pain. That's something we can be thankful for. How is your family?"

"Pretty good. Mother was a little sick last week, but she's better now."

"I remember. Your dad was telling us about that last time here. He said she probably had a little virus infection. Tell me, how was your first year at college?"

"It's pretty good I guess. It's not as hard as I thought, but about the only thing useful I learned was Spanish. I hope to go down to Mexico toward the end of summer if father lets me take a car and if I can find someone who wants to go along."

"Did you make many friends at school?" grandma asked.

"Not too many," Pablo said, "it's sort of hard being put in with a bunch of guys you don't know."

The conversation lagged. Pablo studied the thin, old woman seated across from him. She had always been frail, but tonight, in the dusk on the porch, she looked more vulnerable than ever. Her cheeks had hollowed out and her complexion, in the past a raw red, had changed markedly to a soapy white.

Pablo broke the silence. "You look awfully tired, grandma."

"I am sleepy," she yawned, "and the sooner I get to bed the sooner you can leave. Come in the kitchen and I'll show you Hans and the cards."

In the center of the room, a large, old-fashioned kitchen, was the table. Hans sat motionless at it, his stare falling on his curled left hand which lay before him. A tomato bug crawled along his sweaty forehead and disappeared into a bushy eyebrow. The hair he had left was unkempt and one side of his mouth drooped. The cynicism and hopelessness of a rejected prophet had etched his immobile face. A white spittoon with a wide, dirtied rim sat on the floor next to Hans' foot.

Grandma went up behind him and laid a skinny hand on his shoulder. "Pablo is here," she whispered.

Hans turned stiffly, with a slowness proper to his age. He nodded unsmilingly in Pablo's direction. Grandma went to the refrigerator. "I'll make you some ice water before I go to bed," she offered.

"Don't bother, grandma," Pablo said. "I'll make some later myself. You should get some sleep now."

Grandma came over to Hans and pinched the loose skin under his chin. "Good night, Hans. You be good now, you hear," she said, smiling broadly into his face.

"All right, mama," Hans said with a slurred voice.

Grandma disappeared into the dark corridor which led to the bedroom, and after a few seconds Pablo heard a door click. Pablo seated himself next to Hans and began to survey the kitchen. Nothing had changed since last year, and this was a wonder to Pablo, who was accustomed to the constant revisions of his mother. His eyes quickly found the clock (Continued on page 30)

# BRIDGINGS

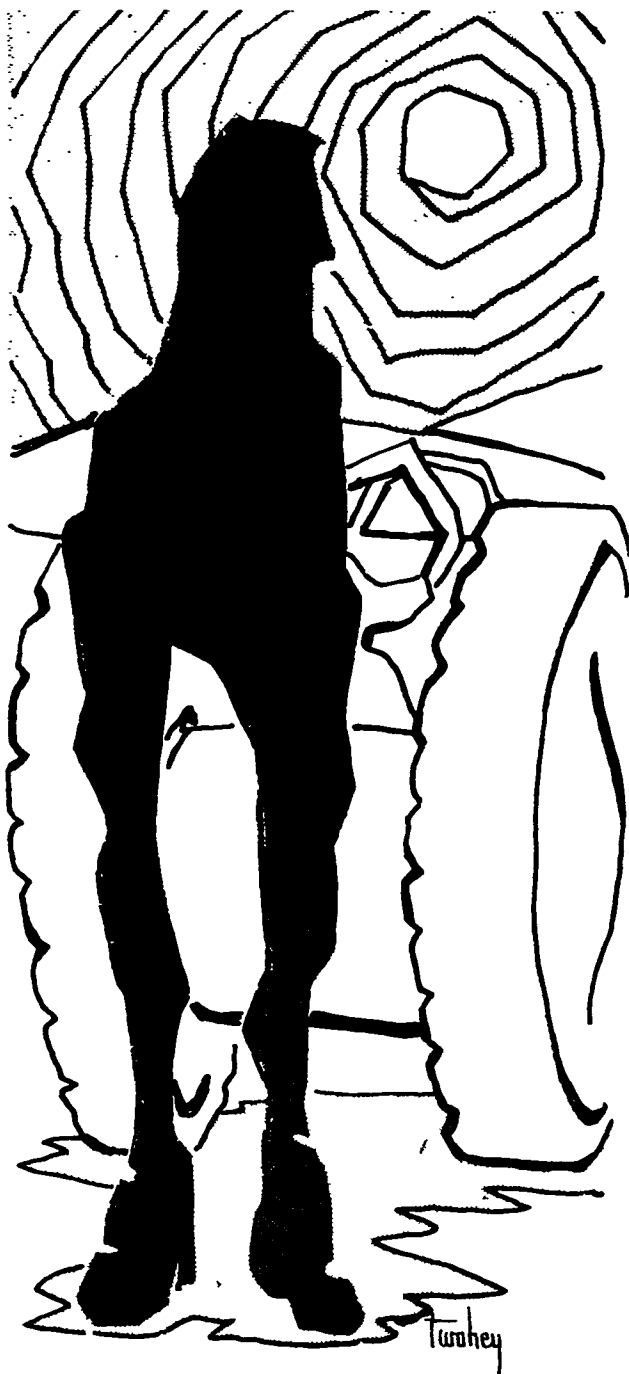
IN TIME THE RAIN CAME, and then it stopped, and it was quiet. And from his window he could see that now the fields seemed to stretch even farther, moving away as the whole panorama of his vision was converged on first one point and then another, until they faded indistinctly into the gray haziness of the morning horizon. He tapped his hand against the glass in front of him and watched as three or four droplets zigzagged their way down the pane, making very small puddles on the sill right below which remained undisturbed in the breeze that sifted into the room. It was early yet, but the sun had come up, as he could tell in marking overhead the first orange and golden streakings that moved into the overcast and were partially obscured by it. They came from behind him — from out of the East. The crisp freshness of the morning smell wafted in around him and he thought of how much better the rain made the country, at the same time wishing a chair were nearer the window — so that he could rest easy on one foot and look a little longer. Then, with the thought of movement, there was drawn up from deep inside him only the smallest awareness, once again, of the work that daylight always meant. And aided powerfully by a habit that drove and did not lead him, it began slowly to grab at his mind—to take more and more of it — until it flooded over everything else and all he would have preferred to keep close and protect, and he was forced to turn from the window. He put on his shirt, then opened the door and walked down the short hallway out to the back porch and toward the barn.

The day seemed now not so much different, in its beginning, than years of other days like it, especially for one who had seen them pass and had not noticed any interruption in their constancy. But it had rained, though lightly, and that in itself was enough to distinguish this particular day from the others of the past month or two. It was better, he thought, to have grass giving a little beneath every step and to know, in fact, that the grass was there, planted out in all directions from the house. The air was cold; it cut into him and stayed, although he hurried across the yard and tried to think only of getting to work. He checked the tractor-disc coupling hurriedly, then climbed into the seat to get the rig under way and out from the shadows that hung in about it.

In a moment, he brought all of it past the farm buildings, bouncing and rattling over the sunlit specklings that filtered through the trees, and moved on down the dirt road that stretched away up north. He had developed a pride that labor would not hinder, and driving the rig made him confident. There was a feeling — a touch — necessary for the mastery of it, and from what he had seen, only men with practice could be trusted. His father and his uncles were men close to such things — close indeed to the land, and as he had heard, to its society. They were men who knew and

did things well, who were kind and Christian and personable and just, but their names were to him only very hollow-sounding things, for he had not known them and his mother's words, after a time, seemed more closely to resemble reverie than truth. In fact, about all his father had ever given him was a name — Hollis Blair. And this stayed with him, in permanence, though most other things had blurred in the tracings of memory from the time ten years or so ago that he quit a small high school in the southern plains. He worked now at what he knew best and he worked for a man named Wharton, who would probably be in the fields about midday.

BLAIR had come to know that farming was not a particularly easy job; it was a demanding thing and very tedious, and after a time it could tempt a man into carelessness. It was not the type of work that made a man particularly watchful, and only those for whom it meant something to know the land — to take special satisfaction in and from it — were apt to concentrate for extended periods on the cultivation and care of it. Even these, running a rig down a half-mile line at five mph, inevitably came to a closer introspection — to a withdrawal from the labor that once begun simply required a cyclical repetition that seemed to slow considerably as it neared fulfillment. And when alone, Blair thought, and occupied with something that needed only the slightest effort to perpetuate itself, he always came closer to himself. Then, all the feeling and ambition of a life in separation seemed interwoven in the things that came and left him in the open air — repeatedly judged in memory were his own people, and towns and houses and faces that had managed to retain a special place among many numbers of their kind. But even these, after a time, could become very used and worn, especially the recollection of buildings and houses, since the more he thought of them, the surer he became of their essential likeness, and so they drifted further into obscurity. But the people he had known provided a nutrient for his thinking, because they had retained something individual unto themselves even as he remembered them. He knew people to be different from one another, but he had great difficulty in appreciating it, since he was not at ease with them. He had known only a few even fairly well, and it sometimes gnawed into his thinking that these were interested in him only because of his work, so perhaps he had never really known them at all. But gradually he became assured, just in his repeated reflection on it, that there must be something meaningful and important for him to take from others and to keep, and even now the inkling that they were needed to sustain him began to penetrate, although he knew with a certainty that first to meet them and then to advance into their society was very hard.



It was approaching midmorning now and the sun had risen higher overhead; Blair noticed the day was warming and that the trees and fields around him had all been brought to a clearer focus as the sky's early paleness turned to a deeper coloring. The land was active now. On all sides men and women were at work in the crop, irrigating and tending it. Blair moved slowly along another line, shielding his eyes at times when the glare got too strong, with a surer attentiveness now demanded of him, as the sun's spreading warmth beat more closely on the ground — so that it seemed nearly to saturate it, and draw forth a whole wavy spectrum of heat rising up from the earth. Toward the end of summer the days always got like this, and as the work was carried into the afternoon it made more of a demand, on the eyes especially.

Blair was edging his rig up near the end of a line now, and the ground lay turned and broken behind him. He was looking ahead, across the road and into the rich greenness of the field beyond, when something, for just an instant, stayed his eye as it swept through its normal arc — something irregular and somehow unexpected — so that its impression quickly forced a closer inspection, and he picked out four or five sombreros and then, drawing nearer, the shirts and overalls that made them men. They were small, all of them, and it would have been difficult, he determined while

moving closer, to have found them consciously against the background stretching away behind them. They were Mexicans, and it was obvious that they were waiting for him. In fact, one of them walked out a few steps toward him and Blair slowed, then idled his engine, just as he was beginning to turn on the end of a swing.

"You should get a hat," the Mexican said, half-smiling up at him.

Blair was surprised at the bracero's forwardness, so he took a moment to reply.

"Well, maybe," he offered, "but then, don't look like one's helped you too much." In saying it, he noticed the faded and stained T-shirt that clung to the Mexican's body.

"Alfa'fa es a hot crop, and I no like butterflies. They make you sweat, eh Martín?" A grunt came from a few paces behind him.

"Then how come you work in it?" Blair asked.

"When you come as far north on the plains as we do — you expect anything. This is not our land. We do as they tell us. But we kinda' like it, don't we boys?" The tone in his voice got them all to nod once in agreement.

"Where ya from?"

"From Sonora."

"Do they farm down there?"

"Some," was the reply. "But there are many hills there. They make it hard. There are few tractors, too — especially like yours."

Blair smiled faintly then. "This makes farmin' easy," he said, patting the steering column with his right hand.

"You plow a straight row, too — and that is part of it," the Mexican added rapidly, looking squarely at him.

"Well, I-a guess it is," Blair said, almost laughing. "You guys are doing all right, too. The day gets a little long in the afternoon, so make sure you take it easy." He groped for something else to say but nothing came, so he moved to open the throttle again, but the first Mexican, and his friends as well, waved to stop him.

"Have you got a little water to spare?" the one asked.

"Lord — what's wrong with me," Blair swore angrily. "Sure I got water — here, pass it around," and he gave them a canteen. After they finished, he turned on down another line, not quite knowing what to feel for having seen them.

The morning passed slowly, then, and lunch provided a respite that was hardly appreciated. Its relaxation was effective, though, in weaving into the first hour or so of the afternoon a continuum of itself, so that the time went much faster. Blair worked steadily, moving out of the west, with the sun once again up off his shoulder. He saw people in the distance and then a few ahead of him. (Continued on page 33)

# A Night for Danny



IN THE DARKNESS, Danny lay awake. The only sound in the room was the soft bubbling sound that Mary Ann, his wife, made when she breathed. Mary Ann didn't snore, Danny told their friends; she bubbled, like a goldfish or a guppy. Danny moved his arm and laid his hand on Mary Ann's stomach, which was swollen and heavy like the stomachs of the female guppies Danny kept when he was a boy. They had swelled up and had babies too, little bits of motion as thin as threads. His mother poured them down the drain.

Danny's hand roamed over Mary Ann's stomach. . . . It was wonderful, he thought, and funny. Every night, when they got into bed, he laughed because she looked so funny pregnant. Tonight Mary Ann had laughed too till the tears ran down her face. And she told him, "Feel it. Go ahead. Feel it." And Danny put one hand on either side of her bulge. He was careful then, worrying that he might press too hard and break something and that would mean still more trouble with the doctor.

It kicked when he felt it. Danny hadn't thought they really did. Mary Ann said hers kicked, but she wanted to think it did. Danny imagined she was having cramps or something, until he himself felt it kick. A real kick, no mistaking.

It wasn't kicking now, he thought with dreamy irrelevance; sleeping it was, with Mary Ann. Danny pulled the blanket up over them all (all three of us, he thought) and felt their warmth beginning to collect under the covers. Warmth that two, now three, made together was more intense than the kind of warmth his body made by itself under the covers, before he married Mary Ann. There used to be the feeling that his body was dissipating outwards into the dark room from the hot center of the bed, but now his warmth met another source of heat and combined with this new heat to turn back and envelop his own body: revitalizing, almost uncomfortably so, the source of the warmth.

And not only was the new heat more intense, it was of a different quality because the heat from Mary Ann had a distinct quality, a different smell. Danny lay and idly pondered the quality of the smell. Was it just a woman-smell, different to him only because he

had never slept with any other woman, or was it Mary Ann's own private, personal smell? He liked to think that it was a particular smell that she alone had, because then he knew he would always be able to tell her in the dark, in bed. He wanted to totally possess her in his mind, to enter her being so fully that he could know her with all of his senses, even by smell.

She slept easily, he thought, slipping into sleep quickly, smoothly as swallowing an oyster. She said she could fall asleep so quickly, because when he was there, she felt protected. That was the kind of thing she would say. But it was true. Look at the way he lay awake and thought about the baby coming, and her sleeping without caring.

The baby coming had caused some disagreement. Not an argument: it was satisfying to realize they had never had a real argument. One or the other almost always gave in immediately when they wanted different things. The disagreement was, he wanted her to have the baby at home. He realized that rationally that would be silly, and impractical, and possibly even dangerous. The possibility — the doctor pointed it out, *she* didn't — that it might be dangerous was what made him give in.

That was really their only incompatibility, he thought. She didn't have his sensitivity, and he couldn't always explain to her why he felt certain things. It seemed clear to him that having the baby at home was the kind of thing that, fifty years ago say, tied families together with a sense of love. If the life of a family centered about the home, there would be better families. Was there really all that much risk in having the baby at home? Danny didn't think so. Hospitals were just conveniences for the doctors. They didn't want to come to the people any more; the people had to come to them. It was probably more dangerous to move Mary Ann to the hospital than just to let her have the baby in her own bed.

Mary Ann believed the doctor. That was typical, thought Danny. No logic to women. They were either gullible or pigheaded. Mary Ann would fall for anything that had the trappings of a professional mystique. Doctors were supposed to know (*Continued on page 38*)

STEVEN WATCHED THE SUNSHINE through the window. A slight breeze played among the trees and disturbed the aged leaves, causing them to fidget in wild little circles, some to hang on to their thin ties and others to twist loose and float gently to earth. The neighbors' children gathered the fallen leaves and then scattered them by bellyflops and low dives and then gathered them again for a dime, or a quarter if they were older, leaving piles here and there which would soon be ashes.

Steven raised his hands over his head, waving them to and fro until the blood left them, and then he allowed them to settle slowly to his sides. The returning blood brought on a warm, tingling sensation and Steven repeated the process as soon as the throbbing ceased. All the time he hummed "Pop Goes the Weasel," emphasizing "pop" by a soft cluck of his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

He waved his hands and hummed and lowered them and hummed and felt the tingly warmth and hummed and raised them over and over. The door behind him opened. Steven became quiet and motionless and looked out the window. He heard an impatient foot tap behind him and a reprimanding click of tongue against teeth and the door close. His sister, Anne. Then voices forced their way under the door and through the thin wall, muffled but understandable.

Just staring out the window and being goofy by himself, he heard. I know, dear, but what can I do? His sister and his mother. But he never plays with the other kids. He's nutty.

The garage door opened and the car pulled in. The kitchen door opened. Got the groceries. His father. Where's Steven? Maybe he can help me with the incinerator. Out playing?

He's in his room by himself, as usual. Mother. Honestly, that boy. . . . Two fingers on Steven's right hand ran along the windowsill like legs. They ran and jumped and turned around. Three fingers on his left hand bounced along together and the finger-legs ran from them. Slowly, steadily the three bounded closer. *mother, father, sister-sister, father, mother.* Then the finger-legs turned on the three and jumped among them, kicking and stepping until the two hands lay woven together, tired from their efforts.

THE breeze dissipated to barely a whisper, giving the leaves a temporary respite. The children left the leaf piles hurriedly. Lunch time was near and to be late might mean being kept in all afternoon. Steven went out to the living room and settled himself on the floor with a crayon and drawing tablet. He drew a rough square. The phone rang. The square took on a third dimension and became a cube. His mother answered it.

Hello? Yes, this is Mrs. Allyne. . . . Oh, hello, Doctor. . . . Fine thank you. Steven drew a small stick figure within the confines of his cube. Oh, he's all right, I guess. But so quiet. *what would it be like inside.* Hardly ever cries and sleeps a great deal. *what would it be like.* "What would it be like. What would it be like," Steven chanted softly to him- (Continued on page 35)

# confines



## Sabre: Finale

(Continued from page 17)

since graduation, Sully, and it's all I care to do. It's the only way to live."

"Tomorrow morning's job time, Thomas," Mary Ann said. "Your summer's over and I don't think you should loaf any more."

"Maybe I'll become a hotshot jet jockey like Sully."

"Perhaps you should."

"Well, in any case, no sense worrying about it today, eh? Tomorrow's gonna come too soon as it is, and a day like today was meant for sailing. Too bad there isn't a boat race, eh?"

"I'm glad there isn't," she said. "No yelling, no screaming, and no sail changes. And none of your little lectures on promptness, alertness, and speed. You can become annoying, Thomas, dear."

"Well, I don't like to lose races because of your slowness in getting chutes up and down. Did you notice how fast I got that chute up and trimmed today?"

"We weren't rounding a mark!" Morrell laughed; she was right. It did simplify things when there weren't a pack of twenty-twos bunched together, everyone shouting about room and overlaps — scows were worse. They were off Winnetka now, maybe in Glencoe, almost halfway. It was afternoon, and the sun was actually hot. He dragged his hand through the water; it was pleasantly warm. He reached beneath the windscreen and grabbed a length of line.

"Tow time!" he announced. He tied one end through one of the jam cleats, ran it through an eye, then knotted the other end with an impressive number of half hitches.

"With a chute up, Tommy? What happens if you let go?"

Morrell laughed. "You figure that one out. We're only a few miles off, I can swim it."

"What about us, though? Sullycat doesn't have any idea what to do! You're crazy!"

"Drop the chute and come back, then." Morrell dropped the line astern, stripped down to his swimming trunks, then dove in and groped for the line. He found it, and was soon being dragged through the water, just below the surface. Whenever he needed air, he would roll over onto his back and pull his way up for a gulp. Twice he pulled his way up to the stern of the boat, then he let go and allowed the line to slip through his hands till he felt the knots, at which time he would grasp it and be off with a yank again. The boat was

at just about the right speed; any slower and it wouldn't have been any fun, and much faster and hanging on would have been difficult. The water he hurried through was cool enough to be invigorating yet warm enough to be relaxing. There was the constant pull on arms and shoulders, and he was aware of the water's clearness and its greenness and he had the feeling of cleanness. The best of all possible ways to spend the best of all possible days! He finally began the long pull back, and used the line to pull himself up on deck. Sullivan flipped him a towel, then handed him a beer. Morrell stretched out on the deck, using the towel for a pillow.

"That looks like fun!" Sullivan said. He had been so quiet this day! Unusual for Sully — he always said a lot. Must realize he's with the pros.

"It's dangerous, Sullycat. Don't be misled by its apparent easiness."

"It's more fun than dangerous." Morrell felt tired, tired from the strain and the sun. He had been chilled by the water and now was being dried by the sun. Content. He closed his eyes and listened to the bubbly sound of the hull through the water, the hiss. Towing was the highest value. Mary Ann could stick the boat, or even Sully could for the few minutes it would take her to do anything. Rare find, Mary Ann. Fine looking, intelligent, athletic, good family. Lucky for a change. Seems to care. Good ol' Sully! Glad he could make it. Oh, I'm tired! Must stretch. Sleep. Lucky about Mary Ann, all right. Should get up and grab a cushion. . . .

" . . . YEAH, I've known you a while, too, Mary Ann. Nearly as long as Tom."

"Mmhm. You're my Sullycat. My silly sweet Sullycat."

"What's he, your, ah, Tomcat?"

"No, silly! Watch your edge! Yank in hard, Sullycat! . . . Now ease. . . Gently. . . There. That's how you trim a chute, Sullycat!"

"I'll tell you what he is. He is one of those ugly, ugly things that live under bridges and steal little children.

A troll."

"And you're my Sullycat."

"Anyway, Mary Ann, you have to be the fair maiden which the troll had carried off. And even though he is a friend, I'll roll him overboard to save you. How's that sound?"

"Don't do that to the troll! You just be my sleek silky Sullycat for ever and ever!" Jesus!

"Ever hear the sound a troll makes when it climbs up the embankment to the bridge? A harsh, ugly, vulgar sound! Double bassoon ascending the scales in no recognized harmonic sequence."

"I know."

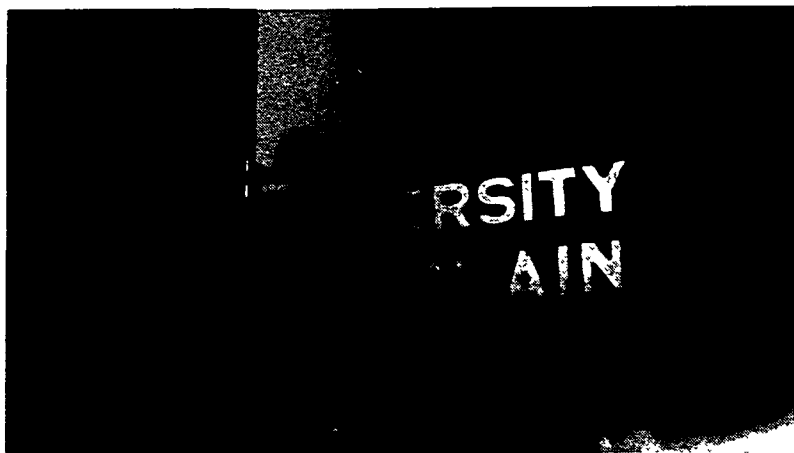
"So what are you going to do about that ugly troll?"

"Make him get a job."

"Yeah, I know, trim. Yank it in, then ease it out . . ."

**C**OLD. Need a blanket. Where's the blanket? Cold! . . . Morrell was awake, aware of Mary Ann's hand on his shoulder. "Wake up, Tommy, we're becalmed! It's getting dark." He looked around, the skies were heavy, gray, menacing; the lake a leaden blue. Off North Chicago. The main was drooping, and the little jib flapping, and Sullivan was aimlessly trying to shake some life into the chute. Where had the wind gone? Wind shift? Had to be! Morrell ran forward and ducked under the chute, and saw the new wind hurtling toward them from the north, stirring up the water and rolling the almost black squall line towards them. . . .

"Let go the spinnaker halyard, Sully! There! *That one!* Yeah, just let it go!" Morrell pulled the chute down, disconnected the pole, and threw the whole mess into the cockpit. He could feel the wind now, cold and strong, already pulling spray right off the waves. He unsnapped the boomvang, and quickly trimmed both sails in flat. He took the tiller from Mary Ann and tried to kick *Sabre* over off the wind before the wind flattened them. And all at once the boat leaned way over and began to drive, to dig to windward. The





*(Continued from page 19)*

# DO NOT OPEN

worst weather seemed to be inshore, so he tacked and headed out. There were twenty-five or even thirty miles an hour of wind — the gusts were a bit higher — but twenty-twos were tough machines, mad for the North Sea and going like this. No need to shorten sail, only to strap her in and to keep her driving. Rain was driven at them, and spray ripped over the rails and aboard; Mary Ann dug the raingear out and held the tiller while he slipped into his. Sullivan looked a bit worried; he evidently lacked confidence in both the boat and her skipper. "Drive, goddamit!" Morrell shouted, feeling the thrill of the thing. "Get your nose down and drive!"

THE jib lay neatly stopped on the foredeck; they came into Waukegan harbor under main alone. The rain had stopped, but they were soaked from it and the spray, and the autumn wind blew cold. Mary Ann's mother would surely be up at Larsen's, upset and angry. Mary Ann looked tired, and Sullivan quietly sipped a beer while he pumped the spray out, still not sure about the whole thing. Thomas Morrell had the tiller in one hand and the mainsheet in another, prepared for the mess of tacks it was going to take to get up the narrow channel. It hadn't been that much fun; he was glad to be in, even though it meant the end of the season and of the summer. He felt suddenly old and he was strangely weary of it — it was almost as if that squall line had swept down to steal his youth and then had fled with it. Youth and fun and irresponsibility and all of that were gone — it was time to grow up. Time to go to work, time to be sincere about Mary Ann. But then Morrell laughed; what if tomorrow dawned warm and bright and clear, and the lake sparkled so, and the call came, the appealing song of the gentle breeze?

— JOHN DRISCOLL, JR.

my mind I could imagine the basin of his heavy pectorals and the undisciplined flesh of his stomach hungrily sucking the cotton material down into its depths. He stepped toward the water fountain, but before he stooped to drink he turned his head to one side and let fly with a luxurious glob of spittle that landed neatly in a circular drain about ten feet away. I gave the expected sign of approval, and he began to rub the water from the fountain over his face and neck. When he had finished washing himself off, he straightened up in a jerky motion and took two short quick steps backward, away from me. His motions had suddenly become tense, expectant. I had seen this diversion many times before, but I still felt a sensation of alarm and fear whenever he began those intense, ominous movements. His right hand was poised a few inches from his side. His face seemed to mirror feelings of cruelty and scorn. His legs were comfortably spread and his knees were slightly bent in the taut half-crouch of the gunfighter. As I returned that contemptuous gaze, I could sense the machinery, the sugar bins, and the giant drive wheels fade from reality. There was only he and I, facing each other across a parched section of ground, and the noise crescendoing into a roar. Then there was that smooth, swift motion that yet evoked my admiration. And he was suddenly holding his flashlight in his right hand while fanning the barrel with his left. The light flickered on and off, and the flickering beam fell on a spot just below my heart. He relaxed, put the light back into his pocket, and then gave a high-pitched laugh. He was the survivor, and I was lying in some dusty street with a bullet in my chest, my soft unpracticed hand clutching desperately at the handle of the unfamiliar weapon still in its holster, the bullet hole and blood flowing from it marring the elegance of my expensive, eastern-made suit.

He walked down the steps onto my platform and sat down heavily on a sugar bin, the top of which was raised about a half a foot off the platform floor. He cocked his head to one side and looked up at me. He reminded me of a playful hound that wonders why you just hit him across the snout with a rolled-up newspaper.

"Boy, you look like you just lost your best girl."

"I don't have any best girl to lose," I replied.

"No best girl! Now don't tell me

a strong young fellow like you sleeps alone at night."

I didn't answer, and we lapsed back into silence.

Suddenly he grabbed a dangerous-looking wrench and pounded a spot about one foot to the left of my head on the wooden railing that fenced the platform. I tensed inside, but I didn't flinch visibly. I had seen the act before. He turned around and smashed viciously at the nude calendar girl hanging on the makeshift bulletin board that had been nailed onto the wooden railing. He turned around again and faced me. His body was hunched forward like an ape's. His face was scarcely a foot away from mine, and I could feel his hot breath and see the network of red veins in his eyes.

"Boy, I'm a mean son-of-a-bitch!"

He sat back down on the bin and took out his pocketknife. He ran his hand along the blade and then flipped the knife at the bulletin board. We both watched the knife stick somewhere in the battered nude's midriff. I felt my body tighten again. I relaxed and reminded myself of his hopeless inferiority in my world. He would never realize his legacy of glory.

"Say boy, what's your first name again?"

"Don."

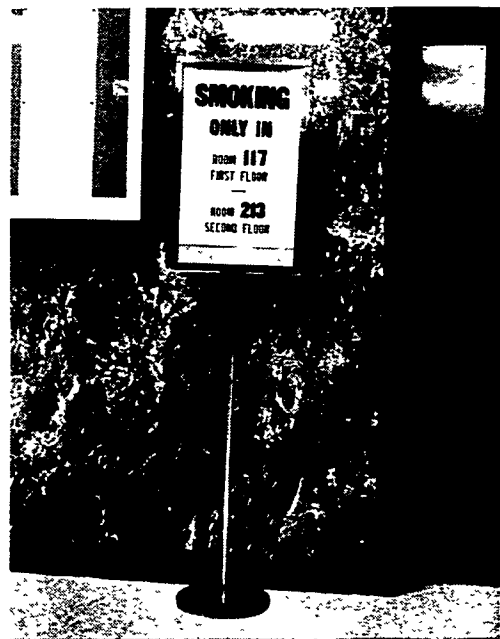
"Well, Don, why don't you take a break . . . it's about that time . . . okay. . . ."

"Yeah, I guess it is time."

He started up the steps a little in front of me. When he reached the top step, he wheeled around in that wonderful fluid motion and drew out his flashlight. He was slapping the barrel in a fanning motion, but the light didn't go on at all this time. I smiled appreciatively.

"Boy, I'm a fast son-of-a-bitch!"

— MIKE FREEMAN





## Hans' House

(Continued from page 23)

above the sink, and above that the mahogany brown stain on the ceiling, which had been caused by the carelessness of some upstairs tenant long since moved. Its darkness was the one blemish which grandma couldn't cleanse, the one fault she had to accept in her kitchen. Pablo found relief in it, for the dullness of the room's pastels in some way revolted him. He glanced out on the porch and found it lighted by the full June moon. The fields were lighted, the porch was lighted, the kitchen was lighted; all was light except the mahogany brown above the sink.

Then Pablo noticed Hans, who was staring him in the face. "How have you been, grandfather?" Pablo asked uneasily. The old man nodded his receipt of the question but his gaze clung to Pablo's face like a cocklebur to a sock. He sat very still, his chew stuffed in one side of his mouth, while his dull, powerful eyes worked on Pablo. Pablo tried to think of something else to say but he found nothing until, glancing down, he saw the cards on the table. "Would you like to play cards, Hans?" Pablo asked as he started shuffling the cards. Hans shrugged his shoulders and emitted his groan of acceptance. His eyes turned from Pablo's face to the cards Pablo was mixing.

Pablo stopped shuffling and laid out a row of seven cards, the one on the left turned up. On these, in turn, he laid out a row of six, starting on the second card from the left of the top row and the first one again face up. Then a row of five, then of four, laid out in the same manner, then of three, then of two, then of one, which lay exposed by itself.

Pablo gave the upturned cards a quick glance, then picked up the rest of the deck and counted off three, looking at the third one. The old man had lapsed from Pablo's mind. Pablo played the red six on a black seven and under the red six was a black five, but the third card was useless. From



time to time Hans bent over his spittoon and dropped a brown deposit. The game proceeded satisfactorily. When Pablo was stymied he looked at the clock, as though the clock held the answer, and in the end he completed the game with success. The faces of all the cards were exposed.

At the moment of victory Pablo noticed Hans' hand lying motionless next to the cards. "This is our lucky night, hey Hans?" he joked heavily. Hans said nothing. He did not turn his head but his baleful eyes shifted slowly from his hand toward Pablo's face. Before they could complete their journey Pablo rose. He wished that Hans would stop his staring and say something, though he remembered that the old man — and in the length of his memory Hans was always an old man — had never said much, not only not to Pablo and his cousins, but not even to Pablo's father and uncles. Walking about the room now, Pablo speculated that the old man seldom spent more than a dozen words a day on grandma herself.

Pablo decided to make some ice water, but when he opened the refrigerator he found half a dozen bottles of beer. He put his hand on the neck of one and it was cold. He took it from the refrigerator and searched out an opener from the top drawer of the sink cabinet. Then he sat down again. When Hans saw him begin to drink he held out his good right hand. Pablo started to give him the bottle but took it back. "Wait a minute," he said as he got up and went back to the refrigerator. He felt the other bottles and they were cold too. He opened one of these and gave it to Hans.

They sat drinking a while. Pablo watched in fascination as Hans raised his bottle in little jerks, both of Hans' eyes watching, guiding the bottle into the toothless mouth, so that when he moved his head back to swallow, his two eyes almost crossed looking down his nose at the bottle.

After Pablo had replaced his first bottle he began playing cards again. But this time fortune did not smile, and often Pablo looked at the clock. Finally he gave in and gathered up the cards. He sat dejectedly, finishing his beer so he could get another before he started the next game.

Hans had fallen asleep. His short, stocky body slouched in the chair, expanding and contracting with the rough regularity called life. Hans' chew was stashed in one cheek, and Pablo wondered what he had done with it when he had drunk the beer. The old man's head had fallen forward and a brown spot was growing on his white shirt where his chin



rested on his chest. The spot was the same color as the stain on the ceiling, but grandma would destroy this one on washday.

Pablo got his third beer. He dealt out the cards, but in the initial run through the deck he could not make even one play. Halfway through the second run he realized the futility of the hand and stopped, leaving the unplayed cards scattered across the table. He sat back, relaxed, and looked at Hans again. Pablo's imagination began to conjure up a picture of Hans as a young man. The moon-bathed fields outside suggested a dull-faced peasant with sweaty underarms. Instead, Pablo pictured a ruggedly handsome man with wavy brown hair, a serious face, and flashing eyes. Young Hans had excited the farm girls at the Sunday night social with his steady, inviting gaze.

THE NIGHT SKY FORMS swept in from the west. They closed entrance to the moon and cast darkness over the thirsting fields, and the darkness overswept the porch of Hans' house. The darkness drew Pablo from the side of the sleeping man, for Pablo learned long ago it was best to be alone in the black, alone where one was not seen and saw not those not alone.

Pablo stayed on the porch a long time, looking out to the west where the horizon was lighted by the reflection of unseen lightning. The wind stirred up, and after a while it bore the damp smell of rain to Pablo's nose and the fresh taste of it to his mouth. These sensations excited Pablo and forced the protection of the darkness' caress from him. He waited impatiently for the wind and the rain, his nose pressing against the screen like a child's. Then he heard the unspoken cry of Hans' shuffling feet.

Hans stood on bent, bowed legs at the far end of the table, the light of

an early panic burning in his eyes. His left hand fought fiercely to hold the table's edge while his free arm swung in a slow, desperate arc, attempting to find support.

Pablo rushed in with long, awkward strides, and in his anxiety he kicked the old man's spittoon. The metal pot rolled noisily across the floor, spewing its brown filth over the linoleum, echoing its loud, tinny, accusing voice off the walls out into the fields.

Anger and confusion boiled up in Pablo. "Can't you hold it, Hans?" he shouted as he grabbed the old man under the arms, his fingers pressing hard into the cool, moist shirt. The weight of the old man was great and Pablo held his body close to his own.

The commotion awakened grandma. She came into the kitchen with curlers in her hair. "I'll take him," she said softly as she glided between Hans and Pablo. She steered him into the bathroom, and Pablo was left alone to seethe at his uselessness while the noise of the pot still echoed in his ears. His anger increased again when he surveyed the corruption on the floor. Some of the filth had stained one of his pants cuffs and it did not come out when he washed it with a wetted towel.

Grandma brought Hans back in and sat him by the refrigerator. Then she went to a closet and got out a bucket and filled it with water. Outside, the clouds began to drop themselves with loud thuds on the porch roof. "Did you get any on yourself?" grandma asked. "No," Pablo replied, too embarrassed to mention the spot on his trousers. Grandma got down on the floor and began mopping up the slop with paper towels. "Let me help," Pablo offered, himself already on his knees. "I'll take care of it," replied grandma, intent on her work. Pablo felt he had been rebuffed. He stayed on his knees, waiting for the anger to come, but instead was surprised when the desire to help grew stronger. For a long time he watched the old lady work, her gaunt hands pasted with the tobacco-saliva mixture. "L-Let me help, grandma," he finally stuttered. She looked up in surprise. "What did you say?" "Let me help, please," he repeated. "But, Pablo," she said, "I'm almost done." It was true. She had begun rinsing the floor.

Once again on his feet, Pablo walked back and forth, wondering at and nursing this new urge. Outside the rain grew heavier and occasional bolts of lightning flickered in the window. Grandma finished washing the floor and sat down next to Hans. Pablo took a chair and sat next to the doorway to the porch, where he could smell the fresh, rain-laden air. The

three formed an odd triangle; Hans and grandma formed the narrow base, and far across the room, a room's length away, sat Pablo, representing the third corner.

"You had better go when the rain slackens some," grandma said, "or else the creek might overflow and you won't get through."

"That doesn't worry me," Pablo said. "If it rains that hard I can stay here tonight. Why don't you get some more sleep?"

"I had pretty much today. Besides, I can't sleep with all that thunder and lightning going on."

"Mama, rub my hand," Hans pleaded, holding out his left arm. Grandma took it and rubbed her thumb deeply back and forth in his palm. Slowly Hans fell asleep. Outside, the rain endured; hundreds and hundreds of drops pinged off the shingles of the porch roof, filling the kitchen with a low rumble.

"Do you want a beer?" grandma offered after a while.

"No, thanks, I've had a couple," Pablo replied. "I found them when I went to get the ice. I gave one to Hans too. He seemed to want it."

"O that devil," grandma laughed quietly, he knows as well as me he's not supposed to have beer. Well, one won't hurt him anyway. I was going to tell you about them before I went to bed. I wasn't sure if your dad let you drink yet."

"He doesn't mind," Pablo said.

The rumble of distant thunder entered the kitchen. Hans awoke from his short doze.

"Did you play cards?" grandma asked.

"We played some. Hans and I got lucky and won the first game."

"Mama," Hans said, "he don't know how to play the game." Another round of thunder invaded the room, this one louder and nearer than the first.

"You forget, Hans," Pablo smiled confusedly, "we won that first game."

"No," Hans said, "no, you don't know how to play the game." Then he laughed an old man's laugh, muffled and cryptic and certain. A tremendous roar shook the house; the light on the ceiling blinked off for a second but no one noticed, for a huge, sustained flash illuminated the kitchen and the porch and the rain-swept fields. Pablo twitched unwillingly in his seat from primal fear, and all the while, above the roar and through the intense, blue-white light, he heard Hans' uninterrupted laugh.

After this great outburst the night subsided into a weak drizzle. Feeling there was no reason for his staying, Pablo rose to go. Grandma accompanied him to the porch screen.



She turned on an outside light, which illuminated the mist and gave it the illusion of blowing snow. He went down the steps to the yard.

"Tell your father we'll be looking for him next Tuesday," grandma said. "Good night now."

"Good night," Pablo said, without turning to go.

Grandma switched off the light and started back in. Hans had wandered to the kitchen door and stood there now, silhouetted against the light from the kitchen, his legs braced into the floor and his arms spread clutching the doorposts above his head, standing there like a monster about to fall upon the frail woman before him, or like a prophet dying on his way to exile.

"Come on in, you silly old man," giggled grandma. Hans put his arm on her shoulder and she put her arm about his waist. Then they walked in. Pablo started up the steps on the instinct that grandma could not hold Hans, but the ease of their progress stopped him abruptly. Now he knew he could never help these people. Yet he wanted to help, and he felt lonely and useless. The wind caught up again and the rain beat hard into him. Cracks of lightning burst the night. Pablo stood still, waiting for the anger, but the anger did not come. Instead the rain softened him and the wind cut and molded him. He had come a long way, and had a long way to home. He would drive along Creek Road next to the swollen stream, but the little crayfishermen long ago had tramped home. They had been tucked into bed by their fathers, and so had the frightened little girl. Pablo would drive home, slowly on Creek Road through the rain, then faster on Gravois through the rain, then finally up his own driveway. He would go in and say good night to his father.

—CHARLES SIEBERT

REVIEW OF POLITICS  
M. A. FITZSIMONS, EDITOR

## Generation of Overcomers

(Continued from page 18)

the last piece through his cracked lips. "Let's go, we don't want to be the last ones, the water is always warm when you get there last. You coming? Well, dammit I'm going, I don't want any of that god-damn warm water."

Francis just looked at him. His eyes followed Paul down the dust-clouded road. He could see others walking in the road too. Men, women, and children — not very many children though — all of them slowly walking towards what was left of the sun. How he'd like to stay at his torn canvas home and lie on that carefully preserved patch of greenness, closing his eyes and never opening them again. He knew he couldn't do that, as soon as his eyes would reopen — which seemed to him as inevitable as the rising of the sun — they would be filled with some grey-shirted supervisor lecturing him on how important this was and that was. So he unwillingly pulled himself to his feet.

"Gotta go, and that road goes there," he thought as he started moving those half-dead, large-veined legs.

A COUPLE of thousand forced steps later his eyes caught the water tower. Underneath it — where they gave out the portions — there was nothing but shadows. He was late.

"No water for old Francis tonight," he thought, rubbing the callous skin of his fingers over those two parched reds covering what was left of his teeth.

Reaching his goal quicker than he expected, he pulled on the rusted metal screen door forcing a small opening through which he immediately passed.

"611789."

"Here."

"611790."

"Here."

A rather plump, squatty man peering through his glasses was reading the list loudly, looking up from the paper each time he read a number and returning quickly to his neatly typed list as soon as he heard the expected response. Francis couldn't find an empty seat, so he just remained standing in the back of the room.

"611791," the voice echoed through the room once again.

"Here," answered a surprisingly clear voice, obviously one of the more recent ones.

"611 . . .," trailed off the call from the front.

"You, in the back, what are you doing? Why aren't you sitting?" the voice once again boomed.

"I co-couldn't find a seat," Francis replied with an unavoidable crack in his voice. "I, I didn't want to disturb the mee. . . ."

"Never mind, why are you late? Your number has probably been called already. Why do some of you people always stop the machinery, don't you have any responsibility? Damn, come on, what's your number? We must get on."

"611657," answered Francis as he found a seat.

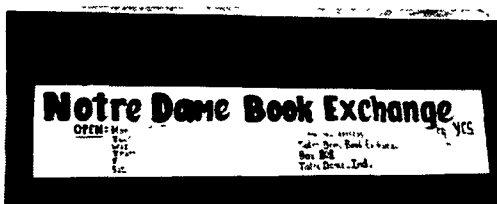
Another two minutes and the last number had been called.

"Well, I have some very good news to report to you all tonight, news that we all can be most proud of," the list-reader began to address the people. "I met with a representative of the Committee today. He related to me that the Committee was very pleased with our last report. They wish to express their thanks to you. I am very pleased to announce to you — my fellow citizens — that our community had the lowest birth rate of any in the 108th district. In the past six months only 27 new ones, 27, were recorded in our community. Let me personally congratulate you on your dedication to the cause, so truly exemplified by the results. Now, as if that isn't enough good news, I want to tell you that we are making headway throughout the world. Positive signs are beginning to show. The plan, because of the people's dedication and work, the plan, I proudly and thankfully announce, is working. It is working!"

This praise had little effect on the people. A few cheered, but most remained stoically in their chairs. Francis had expected this, he knew the people. They were never moved by words which didn't have an immediate, practical effect. Didn't he try?

The man in the front began to speak again, "As a result of the forward planning of the experts, this community — number 2017 of the 108th district — our community, in the future shall have meat once every two weeks. Starting with tomorrow's meal!"

This is what they wanted to hear. Everyone was now on their feet, they turned to each other, some smiling, others embracing, and still others crying. Progress was possible, their faces screamed to each other — progress was possible.



"Go now and remember when these trials of ours seem insurmountable — remember that we are making progress. We are winning!" preached the man from the front of the room.

Francis looked for Paul but couldn't find him.

A lone journey back to home, thought Francis as he pushed the screen door, and as earlier it once again yielded to his scarcely capable effort.

As he moved slowly from the meeting place towards the water tower, his attention was cornered by the women being checked. There were five lines of them — maybe 15 in a line — all waiting to be marked, either A for safe or B indicating they were designated. The men waited in small groups for their women.

THAT soft patch of greenness greeted Francis' frail, chafed body with a soothing coolness. Past-time soon engulfed his thoughts. Charity, twenty years dead, brought a visible though faint smile to his insignificant face, not insignificant enough, however, not to be red-dry. They had been together when the old regime was a power. What happiness he had was she and her results, Innocence and Useful. There were moments with Charity and the Littles when it was all real, when there was something. Innocence never saw light, and when Charity ran dry, Innocence was no more. (The new people didn't do that now.) Useful still is, but not in 108 — somewhere north — they had need up there. It was bad, Innocence's fate. Charity cried out, but no one heard except Francis. He didn't cry. It hurt him, but he knew, he knew that it was better than what they are doing now.

Now-time repossessed Francis. Paul sat beside him.

"Even our unpragmatic ancestors couldn't hold us back, even as hard as they tried. We're winning!" Paul triumphantly exclaimed.

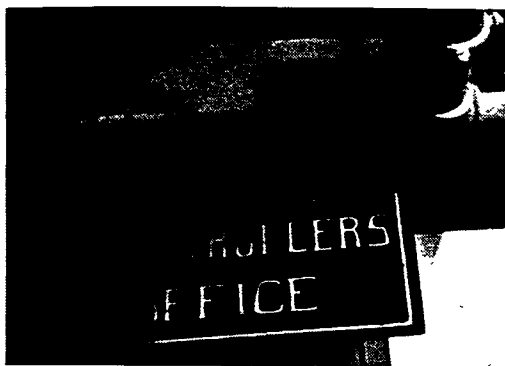
Francis could always tell when Paul had been talking to them. Each time when he came back it was the same.

"What's there to win, Paul, what's the prize?" asked Francis, letting his hands drop aimlessly to the dust floor.

"What's there to win?" shouted Paul, puzzled at Francis' ignorance. "Everything, Francis, everything. Did you know there are, there were 78 million fewer new ones the last two halves? It's working, it's really working!"

"Who are you, Paul? Do you know who you are?" Francis sighed.

"I know who I am and I know that I will be," Paul said coldly. "I'm me, this individual, this one right here, that's who I am. And I want to stay



me, I want my individuality. I want to be an individual but I have to exist to be one."

"Yes, exist or to have existed," replied Francis half to himself.

"The new people have the answer, Francis," continued Paul not hearing what Francis had mumbled. "You don't see any more fighting or killing, nobody has guns anymore. Do you know why it's working? It's working because we, all of us, know that there's no other way. You know what happened during the other plans, killing and fighting, fighting and killing. No progress, never any progress. There's a union now, a union of all. One purpose and all working for it the same way. No China, no Britain, just the All. This is the way, the right way, the only way. No one's forcing this way on us, it's the only thing and for the first time we all see it clearly. And it is working, there are signs telling us that it's soon going to be like it was 100 years ago. There's signs of progress. We're winning, we'll be well soon. We're overcoming the sickness, this plague. I am one of the overcomers. We are the generation of overcomers."

Francis was asleep.

**DAWN-TIME** came faithfully.

Light, you're here. The same light, all the time the same light, thought Francis as he woke.

Paul was already up. He was outside waiting. Francis crawled out of the tent and stared at Paul's face beaming in the old sunlight. A small tornado of dust soon appeared on the road. The truck was speeding towards them.

"Get on," a voice ordered Paul as the truck slowed to a stop.

There were about 20 others in the truck, all around Paul's age. They were going to the fields. Going to the sepulcher of their salvation. They would raise their saviour again today.

Francis' day-time was filled with packaging. Too weak to work the fields, he packaged the portions along with the others of his kind. It wasn't far to where the work was and the

way was along Big Gap ("progress hole," as Francis called it) which was the long-time-back river drained by the new people because the precious nectar-liquid was being wasted. Francis liked to walk this way, he felt akin to the dying willows lining the banks of Big Gap. He slowly moved along Big Gap thinking of future-time and after that.

Existing is hard, it's dirty, it's mean. It's got to be, but it can't always be, thought Francis. Existence after existing, why can't that be now? I've tried, they don't see, they will never know. What is there to say against nothing, against their frenzied clinging to nothingness? And it is nothing, existing is nothing next to Existence. Begging you, Existence, grab me now! I can't do anything for the before-new-ones.

A new blanket of green was spreading over the brown. Francis had not seen it before, but he saw it now.

"It's your turn today, Francis," Paul said anxiously.

There were two packages today. The promised meat was there. Francis began the necessary tradition of tearing the grey seal and then proceeded to awkwardly rip the paper package.

"Hurry, Francis. I'm hungry, we really worked hard today," moaned Paul.

"Here, Paul, take it, take it all. I don't want any, I don't want to eat any," Francis replied, surprising himself even more than Paul.

"Francis, are you sick or crazy — this is MEAT!"

"I don't want to eat, Paul. Take it, it's yours, all of it."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

Paul had no trouble with the unusual amount. Finished, he just stared at the empty packages with thankful amazement. Things were getting better, better than even he had expected.

The road was again filled with dust clouds. Francis was walking with Paul this time. He was in time for the water but he gave his portion to Paul. They were among the first inside the screen door and easily found a seat. Soon everyone was there and seated. The list-reader waddled in front of them across the room to the table, pausing to review them all before calling the roll. The numbers and their complementary "heres" began filling the room.

"611657," called the voice.

"Here," answered Francis.

Francis was still there. His hot, dry mouth confirmed it. Francis was still there and he was hungry.

— JOSEPH E. FAHEY

## Bridgings

(Continued from page 25)

But as he came nearer these few seemed to divide among themselves and to separate, one from the other, taking on the shape and form of more individuals, about nine or ten. They were not well clothed, and they were dirty besides. There was a man, his wife, and children — all down on their knees near the edge of the field, searching their way over the ground. They were intent — only the two smallest even looked up when Blair drew close. They were careful — Blair noticed them all using their hands just as much as their eyes in passing slowly from one area to another. He stopped and called out:

"Can I give ya a hand?"

At first no one answered. Then the man, near the center, lifter his head to reply. He had no hat and his hair hung down close to his eyes and ears.

"Naw, that's okay. We gotta find somethin' here."

"Looks like you're concentratin'," Blair said. "Sure you don't need any help? How about a drink?"

"Thank you," the man answered, "but we'll be tendin' to our own. Shouldn't take us too long now."

"How long you been?"

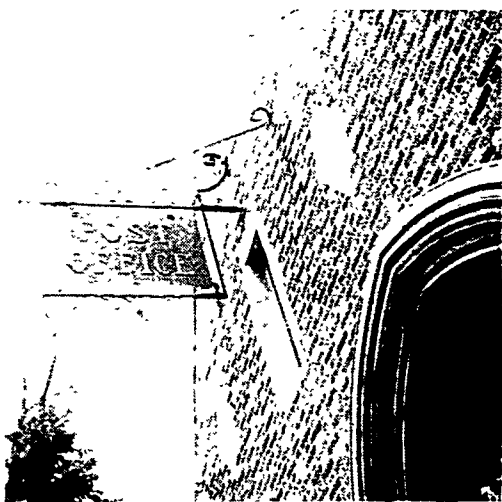
"Longer'n we like as it is. But it's somethin' we have to do. We have to find it." Then he added, "We need it."

"What is it that you're lookin' for?" Blair asked.

The man shifted his gaze slightly. "One of my boys lost a dime in through here this morning."

Blair didn't know to say anything, then, so he just nodded, and went back to work. But it all drew a tightened feeling into him that wrapped around the muscles in his legs, stomach, and jaws and constricted them. And he felt uncomfortable for a few minutes, and didn't like it, even though he thought that he'd seen these people before and knew them now a little better.

The afternoon, in its hottest part,





began to wear on Blair, and, as he judged, on the country and its people. There hadn't been too much water around the Platte this year. He remembered last night's rain as an exception. But now his eyes began to tire and when the wind was blowing wrong the dust hit him full face and caked around his body from the waist up, since he'd taken off his shirt hours ago. He stopped for a rest a little before four, he reckoned, and was just ready to start finishing up when down the road, rattling and clattering, moved an old pick-up, which left the dust behind it swirling into a solid funnel that broke and spread an eighth of a mile behind. Mr. Wharton was late, Blair knew, but only when he saw him coming did he realize it. Now he wondered what his business might be, this late in the day.

It took only a minute or two for Wharton to park and walk to the edge of the road. He spoke with a Stetson shadowing his face:

"How's it coming, Hollis?"

"Not too bad — I'm just about finished."

"Well, it's mighty warm out here. Pike's crew has already gone in from where they was working over yonder." At this he half-waved in the general direction from which Blair had come. "I was wondering, Hollis, if maybe you'd like to knock off?"

Blair was surprised, because it was fairly early yet, and Wharton had never asked this before. But he liked the idea.

"Whatever you say," he replied.

"I think you should," Wharton said, "Besides, I hear there's a bit of a dance in Lexington tonite — sort of an end-of-the-week thing. Will's been talking about it all day long, and you'd be welcome to go in with him."

"Well — it's been a while since I've been to something like that," Blair said, trying then to think of the last time, which wasn't easily remembered.

"Hell, it'd be good for you," Wharton shot back. "And ya never can tell — might meet somebody. The

girls in town aren't so bad and you ain't exactly an ugly cuss."

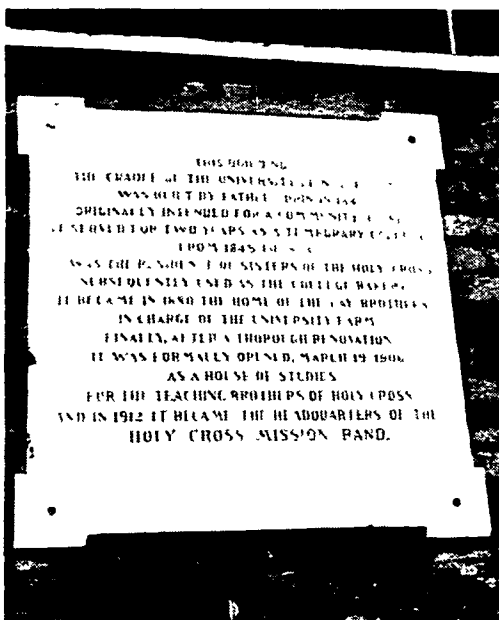
"But I sure ain't much of a dancer."

"You're going anyway. Hustle the rig back home, get some dinner and clean yourself up — and you both can go in about seven-thirty."

There wasn't anything more to be said and because Blair knew that he really didn't want to argue, he offered nothing. But in the next few hours, in doing the things that had to be done, he could think of only the people and the music and all the life that would be there, and these things ran in and out and back again into his mind so rapidly that he could hardly settle any one part of them to analyze and predict; but in all of this he let his thoughts and hopes take form in the construct of an evening whose prospects were very satisfying.

**A**N old barn was set off a few blocks from downtown Lexington. The paint on it was peeling, there were cracks in some of the back walls, and heavy winds had, a few years past, damaged a part of the roof. But in the dusk of a late summer evening, only the outline of the building could be seen, and so those arriving were not even made aware of its defects, but instead were conditioned mentally by the light in the windows, the sound of dancing, the company being swept inside and all the warmth that seemed to be there.

The whole atmosphere of the place caught Blair up in it and took him quickly toward the floor, where men in bright shirts and denim trousers whirled by with girls in plaid jumpers and hoop-skirts, to a music that was louder and softer at regular intervals, so as almost to invite partners to swing by once again. He stood and watched them — a flashing, happy, continuing movement of color and life,



and something of him went out to them. The hall was a large one and the lights overhead left only the corners in shadow, with all the brightness to reflect in the people and their mood. Crepe in orange and green and gold ran from high up near the ceiling and crisscrossed near the center, down low, so that it was right over the dancer's heads and kept them away from the middle and spinning around the outside, like so many wheels circling a hub. And there was a flag, a big one, up on the wall behind the band at the end of the building.

Blair looked around him, to the people who were near and standing. Some were old men, with a glass of punch in their hands and a blank look on their faces. A few were much too young, and all they did was point, then giggle and babble. He picked out two fellows about his age. They were whispering together a few steps down from him, against the wall. Their hands were up near their mouths and every few seconds the one would poke the other with an elbow in the ribs, and this latter would let a few teeth show between the fingers of his hand that curled around his nose and mouth and jaw. They're probably talking about girls, Blair thought, and then it occurred to him that they most certainly should be — since where was a more appropriate place than at a dance? And what was he doing? Just standing there, he reasoned, when perhaps he *could* be meeting somebody, and Wharton's words became his own.

It was in him to get away from the crowd around him and so rapidly he passed his inspection over the dancers — over the entire maze of their movement — and out of it, and so much that appeared the same, up against a taller fellow who wore satiny white and dark pants he picked out a girl all in yellow with black hair and a golden bow. She was being spun and twirled and danced away from him, but he was drawn to follow, down the other side of the hall. He had moved only a little way when the music stopped, and the sides were jammed with those who had gotten off the floor. He kept going in the same direction, even as he was carried in it. Those next to him were coming in an opposite one, while



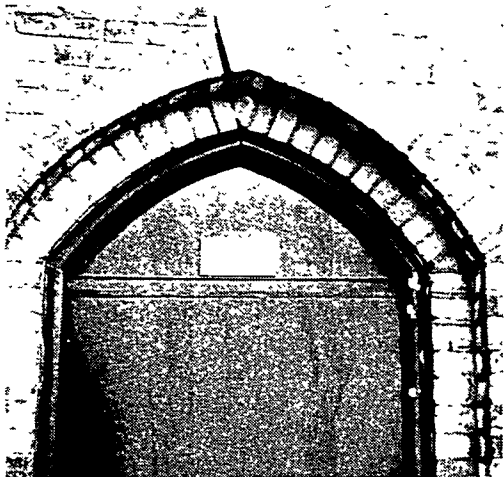
further over, to both right and left, lines of people were moving with him, so that the whole crowd seemed to be walking in a series of concentric circles.

By the time he'd reached the front, the band, with silk bandanas around their necks, had struck up another tune. He looked for her again, and thought he saw the hair and ribbon bob up in the midst of many, but they disappeared and he kept walking.

Blair was nearly back where he started now, with apprehension goading him into uncertainty. He was confused, and he thought he might leave. He was disappointed and he looked for another girl, so as even to ask for a dance, since this is what he knew he'd planned in the beginning, but few were free and none held the attraction of the one in yellow. He thought himself misplaced, and wanted a return to the land and the people to whom he'd given of himself — when the melody stopped, and his reflection was interrupted. He looked up into a group of girls directly in front of him — and she was there. He knew not what to do, except to look, for just an instant. Then there was movement, in which all his hopes and impressions were unified and at once fulfilled just in the asking of her, for he knew she'd accept. Blair danced with her then, and she was warm with her smell enclosing them both, and he got her name before they parted and he thanked her. She murmured something and smiled a smile that stayed with him as he stepped through the crowd, although even then he couldn't quite reproduce it.

On the walkway outside the evening was cool and the breeze felt good up against him. He noticed the light from one large window shining across the yard on an old sycamore, brightening it and making it seem taller and fuller against a glimmering background.

— CRAIG SIMPSON



## Confines

(Continued from page 27)

self. His mother talked. Excuse me, Doctor. Steven, will you please be quiet when I'm on the phone? I'm sorry, Doctor. . . . Yes, he eats regularly, but I worry so. . . . *what would it be like.* Steven continued the chant in his head. Yes, thank you. . . . Good-bye. His mother turned to him. "Why don't you go outside? Just do something." She disappeared behind the kitchen door.

Steven gathered his drawing material and returned it to his closet. No one was outside yet. He heard the soft whimpering from the next room and went there. "Hello, little baby," Steven said. The closed-fisted, open mouth baby looked up in his direction, trying to focus his pale eyes. Steven extended a finger toward the baby's knotted hands, but the child made no effort to grasp it. "Tickle tickle," Steven said. He couldn't tell if the baby smiled. Steven picked up a rattle and shook it quietly. "Steven." He stopped the rattling. "Steven, I've told you to leave that baby alone." Steven brushed his hand over the wispy lock of hair that was nearly the color of his own, the small bit of hair that hung limply near the forehead of the large, jaundiced, veiny skull, Waterhead, the doctor had said, and then left the room.

"There you are." His father confronted him. "Your mother told you to stay away from that baby." Steven said nothing. His father's tone changed. "Listen, pal, how would you like to help me rake the leaves after lunch?" "I . . ." Steven looked down at the carpet pressed under his feet. The carpet under his father's feet was squashed down much farther. "I don't know."

"Look at me when you talk." Steven felt a rough hand on his shoulder. "When are you going to learn to be a man?" The hand went away and he didn't look up. *what would it be like.*

Steven stood absolutely still while his sister raced in and around him, poking him in the side and laughing. "C'mon, Steven, time to eat. C'mon, goofy Steven." He made no movement until his mother's voice called sharply, then he walked slowly to the kitchen as his sister ran back and forth behind him, pushing and poking and saying "C'mon, goofy Steven."

He stood on the small step-stool and washed his hands and then took his place at the table. He picked at his food, but this brought no comment from his parents because he always

**DO NOT  
PARK IN FRONT  
OF DOORS.  
SUNDAY  
INCLUDED**

just picked at food. Only his sister spoke to him. "You eat like a chicken, peck, peck, chicken." His parents said nothing to her *only if I say something.*

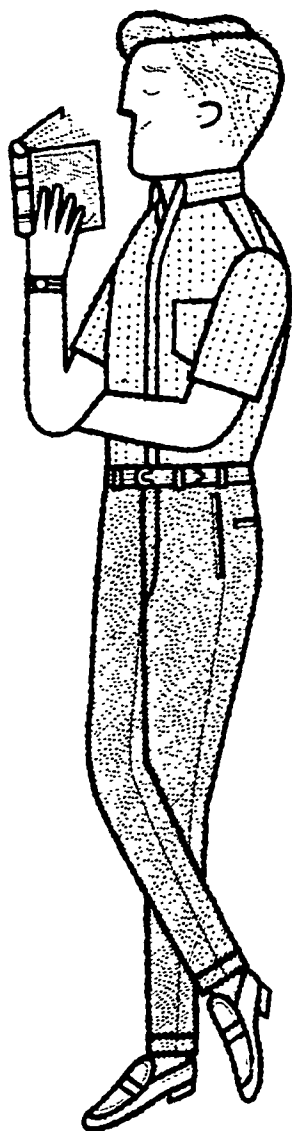
I saw Mariette and John at the market this morning. The wind was starting again. Steven saw the colored shadows move rapidly across the kitchen window. Wanted to know if we'd like to come over later for a little bridge. *blue, green and yellow shadows, but mostly blue.* We couldn't. Not with that . . . with the baby. That's what I told them. They said they could come over here if it wasn't too much trouble. *the colors on the window made it look like the colored glass in the church.* No, I don't want anyone to see . . . *no, not exactly like church. there it's mostly yellow and red.* They said that you shouldn't be hiding yourself. *it was warm in the yellow light.* I told them not to worry about us. We were doing just fine.

Lunch was over and the children were outside again. Steven saw his father stuff the leaves into the incinerator. His sister was helping him. He watched the small wisp of smoke roll itself around and around until it became large puffs, white.

Activity lessened in the waning afternoon. His father and sister were indoors. The children left in twos and threes. The low sun shone brightly through the trees and the rays, separated by the leafy shadows, were a brilliant gold. Steven went outside. He kicked leaves along the grass and watched them tumble away from his feet. He walked to the incinerator where the smoke was gone and opened the grated door near the bottom. The embers of a few twigs still glowed, but mostly there were ashes, dark in the center and white near their delicate edges. His hand was warm in the belly of the incinerator. *what would it be like.* The sun was nearly hidden behind the far off hills and the air grew chilly. He returned to the house.

His mother's voice . . . I wish

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he'd smile or scream or do something. He's so still. His mother was in the next room. The doctor said he didn't have much chance. I don't see how he hangs on, or why. His father too. It's a curse. Your family, it runs on your side. His mother was nearly shouting. My side? What about yours? Everyone says Steven takes after your side and look at him. Father. We're not talking about him. We're talking about this . . . this monster.

Steven shut his ears under the pillow on his bed. *what would it be like—would it be like this—quiet and dark and warm. who would know. mother and father? Anne? the baby? the baby. what would it be like.* Steven listened and heard no voices from the next room. From the living room the television made sounds. *how — with the pillow, soft and white.* He went out of his room and into the next very quietly. The only sound in the nursery was the asthmatic breathing of the baby. The child appeared to be sleeping. *what would it be like—will you tell me. you don't even move. . . . now you know and I still don't — you're lucky. what would it be like — I want to know.*

There was no sound in the nursery as Steven returned to his own room. He lay down on his back in the bed and pulled the pillow to his face. *nothing — is this what it is like.* His mother's voice, strangely calm, came through the wall. John. John, I think it's. . . . *what.* It is. Probably suffocated. Best for it anyway. Us too. I'll call the doctor.

Steven rolled over on his stomach and cried softly into the cool sheets. "I don't know. I don't know," he sobbed until he fell asleep.

—THOMAS A. DUMIT



## Making the Man

(Continued from page 21)

per — like everything else, the food was rotten, too.

Billy Snyder didn't come back until just before taps. Lester had undressed earlier in order to avoid the usual inspection, and was already in his bunk, awake. As Snyder came in he saw Lester in bed. "You hairless little chicken," he said.

"I've got hair," Lester said defiantly as he stroked his head.

"Not on yer head, stupid, between yer legs."

Snyder was right. Lester had no hair there. He hadn't even thought of looking for hair there.

"That's a sign yer a man," Snyder continued, "I got six."

"Six what?"

"Six hairs, you hairless little chicken. . . . If I knew ya were so afraid of a little snake, I'd of done it long ago."

The mention of snakes frightened Lester, "Done what?"

"Put one in yer bed. But don't worry, I'll do it one of these nights when yer asleep."

"NO!" Lester didn't mean to say it aloud, but the thought of a snake in his bed, slipping, winding around him as he slept, unnerved him.

"YEAH! It's in a box in front o' Mr. Frigg's cabin. I'll just go get it an' put it in yer bed some night. You little chicken."

"You little chicken," his father said the next day, "you can't come home now."

"Maybe he should," his mother said.

"I've got to," Lester said, "they're going to put a snake in my bed."

"Well, get in there and fight like a man if anyone even tries to. Show 'em yer not afraid," his father said.

"But I *am* afraid," Lester said.

"You little chicken. NO. You gotta stay," his father said.

"You know snakes aren't good for you. They carry disease. I don't want you playing with snakes," his mother said.

"I'm not going to play with any snakes, they're going to put one in my bed while I'm asleep," Lester said.

"Heavens! You know you're not allowed to sleep with snakes. Perhaps we'd better take you home right now, before you get very sick," his mother said.

"No! He's staying, and that's final. Somebody's gotta make a man outta him — you sure aren't," his father said.

THAT was this afternoon. The silvery moonlight had spread across the mosquito netting, forming a pallid,



glowing curtain around Lester's bunk. He parted it and carefully eased himself out of bed. He stood up, stiffly listening for any sign of wakefulness from the bulbous heap in the upper bunk — nothing but long sleepy half-snores. He patiently groped under the bunk for his sneakers. He took his glasses from inside his right sneaker. With his glasses on he was able to see clearly in the moonlight, and dress easily and silently. He tiptoed out one step at a time, stopping to check Snyder after each step.

The other cabins, and the ground itself, had a haunting grayness about them in the moonlight. The air was chilly. Lester had no problem finding his way through the dimness to Mr. Frigg's cabin. He saw the box. It had a screen on the top. The snake was awake. Lester could tell because snakes never slept — they waited. Lester was sure that life could never demand more from him than what he was about to do. But there was no other way. He leaned over the box, averting his eyes from the screen and what he knew was coiled tautly within, and picked it up. The box was heavy, his destination distant, and all the while it would be inside waiting for him to make a mistake. For an instant he felt vaguely heroic, like someone disarming a time bomb at the last minute. Then he felt sick, and began his journey.

The moon vanished behind the tree-tops, as Lester entered the woods. The path was narrow and almost invisible; the box grew heavier. He hoped that the snake was getting nervous, because he was. But the snake seemed quiet. It'll learn, Lester thought as the path rustled beneath his feet. He had to be careful. If the snake escaped it would probably seek out Lester in the night, its pointed, split tongue urging it on in its revenge. In the darkness of the woods Lester would stand no chance against it. He was scared, and the box was very heavy, and the woods' end far away. Lester felt heroic again, like a dying soldier staggering from behind enemy lines with the information that will win the war. The snake hissed. Lester started, and almost dropped the box. He felt sweaty and sick. The snake was angry. Lester walked faster.

The black ripples of the lake broke the moonlight and scattered its reflection. The swimming pier stretched darkly into the water, like a tense animal about to pounce. Lester carried his angry burden to the end of the pier. The snake was hissing violently, and scratching its muzzle on the screen in an attempt to lunge out at Lester. Lester dropped the box. It splashed loudly on its side, allow-

ing the disturbed water to flood through the screen. The lake made a quiet burping sound, gurgled, and swallowed the box. He stood for a moment at the pier's edge and looked at the frantic slices of moonlight set pulsating by the gentle wind. There was still something left to do. Lester was still nervous.

Lester knocked on Mr. Frigg's screen door. Only grunting, wheezing snores replied. He knocked harder. The snores only sputtered momentarily, then picked up their old rhythm. He kicked the door and set the screen humming. The snores stopped, something creaked, something muttered, and suddenly Mr. Frigg stood on the other side of the screen in his underwear. His hairy stomach hung like rising dough over the top of his shorts. He stared down at Lester with the blank expression of a disturbed, but basically contented, cow. "Whadda ya want, Lester? Ya know it's nighttime."

"Yes, Mr. Frigg."

"Yes what, Lester?"

"I know it's night."

"Oh. Well, good night, Lester," and Mr. Frigg started to shut the door.

"NO. Wait Mr. Frigg."

"Whadda ya want now, Lester?"

"I threw your snake in the lake."

"Oh. Well, we'll talk about it in the morn. . . . Why did you do that? It took me a long time to get that snake. Aren't ya grateful for my hard work on behalf o' you boys? Ya know a man never stands so tall as . . . as . . . Well, it doesn't matter, you little bastard. I'll give ya somethin' ya won't ferget," and Mr. Frigg swung open the screen door viciously. Lester backed away from the huge, flabby figure who suddenly looked like Billy Snyder grown into nightmarish proportions.

"Stand still, ya little chicken," Mr. Frigg said.

"I'll sue you, Snyder . . . Mr. Frigg," Lester said abruptly, still backing away. It seemed to reach the gray menace which was bearing down on Lester.

"But it was *my* snake," Mr. Frigg whined. "It's not square and fair. I oughta be allowed ta belt ya kids."

"Why don't you just take me home tomorrow?" Lester suggested with new assurance.

"Yeah! . . . No, yer father wants me ta make a man outta ya."

"But I'm only twelve, I'm not a man."

"Ya will be, dammit. When I was twelve I was the toughest kid on the block. I was a man."

"Well, I want to go home."

"NO."

"I'll do something bad every day until you take me home. The snake was just a beginning."

"You little chicken, I'd like ta . . ."

"You can't, because I'll sue you. I'm just going to do something bad every day until you take me home."

"I can't. I'm very busy tomorrow. How 'bout the next day?"

"NO."

"Come on, Lester, be reasonable."

"Have one of the counselors drive me home."

"Okay. But yer father'll kill ya, he's a pretty regular guy."

As Lester walked back to his cabin he looked up at the full moon. His father would be upset when Lester arrived home tomorrow. But he probably wouldn't do anything but grumble and swear for a while. If he tried to kill Lester, his mother would surely have a nervous breakdown — and they're expensive. So, his father wouldn't be too bad. His mother, of course, would be overjoyed at Lester's return. It didn't matter, though, because Lester was used to taking pills, anyway. And at least he wouldn't have to worry about a snake in his bed.

—LINDBERG GRENEK



## A Night for Danny

(Continued from page 26)

things other people didn't — because they dressed in white smocks, and used special instruments, and wrote prescriptions in Latin. Anything a doctor might say would be accepted childishly by Mary Ann.

Danny looked at his watch. The phosphorescent hands had dimmed, and he had to bring the watch practically against his eye before he could see that it was almost three. He slipped out from under the covers and groped with his feet in the dark, trying to find his slippers.

A few years ago, in college, he stayed up till four practically every morning. Sometimes he would study that late, more often he would be in an all-night bridge game in the dorm

or out drinking. Occasionally, he would just turn out the lights in his room and sit in the dark trying to find what stations he could get on the radio. He still remembered the pleasure of skipping across the country, attaching himself to various cities one by one while all the time looking out at the dim light over the back steps of his dorm. In this private little country of the radio band, only those cities with all-night, fifty thousand-watt radio stations had any existence: Boston, with WBZ; New York, with WABC; Cincinnati, with WLW; Chicago, with two, WLS and WGN; Minneapolis, with WCCO; even Nashville, with WLAC, the funniest, in a certain way, of them all.

Danny was thinking of those nights as he carefully stepped his way to the bedroom dresser, quietly slipped open one of the drawers, and groped

around in it for the small transistor radio, the only one in the apartment. Finding it, he took it out of the bedroom, down the short hall, and into their tiny kitchen. He turned on the fluorescent light over the sink.

The only pieces of "furniture" in the kitchen besides the small stove and refrigerator were a gray plastic-topped table and four chairs, more or less matching the table in style and color. Danny set the radio on the table, pulled out one of the chairs, then decided that despite the necessity of saving to pay the obstetrician's bill, their budget could stand the strain of a small extra snack. He browsed through the cabinets under the sink and found a box of cheese crackers. Opening it, he discovered there were just three crackers at the bottom of the box. Still, they were better than nothing, and he was about to eat them when it occurred to him that Mary Ann habitually munched on these crackers since she became pregnant. With a slight feeling of noble self-sacrifice, he wrapped tightly the wax paper lining, and put the box back.

Finding nothing else in the cabinets, Danny went to the refrigerator. It, too, was nearly empty, the only suitable thing being a half-full bottle of Coca-Cola. Danny took this to the table and sat down.

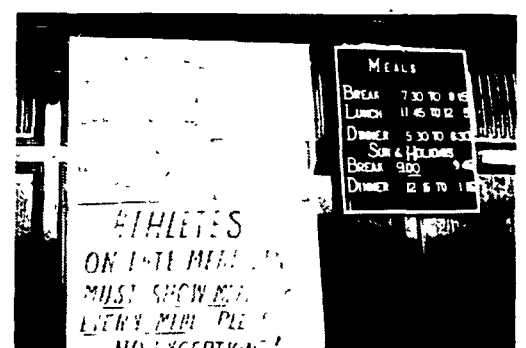
**A**FTER a drink of the Coke (which was flat and tasted a bit aged), Danny turned the radio on. The result was a frustrating silence, a condition that was not altered by further prodding of the radio. Finally, Danny took off the back of the case and discovered that the batteries had been removed. He stared irritably at the empty space where the batteries should have been, and wondered just what the hell Mary Ann had done with the batteries. Danny had bought some new ones just the previous month, so they couldn't have gone dead. He put the radio down and absent-mindedly brushed some imaginary dust off his cheek. He shook his head to break the spell of perplexed disgust which was growing in him as he continued thinking about the missing batteries, and, looking at the re-

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maining Coca-Cola, he decided it wasn't worth another swallow. He put the cork top back on and returned the bottle to the refrigerator. He closed the refrigerator door and left his hands pressed flat against it. Smooth, cool, solid, white; refrigerator doors always soothed him, briefly.

He walked into the living room and over to the glass doors which led out to the narrow concrete shelf that they called the porch. Up close to the glass, Danny looked out at the driveway of the apartment building, which widened into a blacktop parking area which in turn ran up to a much older stone wall. On the other side of the wall were the grounds of a long-ago luxurious estate, now unoccupied, that was gradually being sold for developments like the apartment building Danny and Mary Ann lived in.

The wall and a hill beyond blocked all view, on this side, of the stately huge house that formerly was the dwelling place of . . . what sort of people? Danny had constructed in his mind over the months he had watched the wall a secret modern Olympus where golden-cheeked youths romped in grasses growing above their ankles, while noble, beneficent elders looked on with sedate enjoyment. The amusements of this ethereal clan were, in the main, sensual, but were carried on with clear innocence and healthy tenderness. These were children of nature, privileged because they were rich, as Danny would be if he could ever get a break.

The scene — of the wall and the blacktop — as he looked at it now was faintly lighted by the moon and a few lights from the street forty feet to the right, out of Danny's direct line of sight. It was a picture colored in gray. The brown and green colors that spotted the wall in the daytime and marked it as a simultaneously living and corrupting thing were gone now, and the soothing illumination showed only as much of the wall as indicated it might be an everlasting monument to the people who built it and once lived inside its protection.

Danny envied the people who had lived inside the wall, because they had been able to fulfill their abilities. Sensitivity, he reflected, could only be fully realized in an age when sensuality was an accepted, an admired, joy.

"Danny," faintly came a voice, startling him.

"What?" he half-shouted in a voice in which anger barely prevailed over fright.

"Danny," again; he stood up shakily as he realized it was Mary Ann. A little panicky, he hurried down the hall half-yelling "What?" in staccato

bursts. He flipped on the overhead light switch in the bedroom, saw Mary Ann jerk her hand up to her eyes, and turned the light off with an awkward fillip backwards.

He bent over the bed anxiously. "What's the matter?"

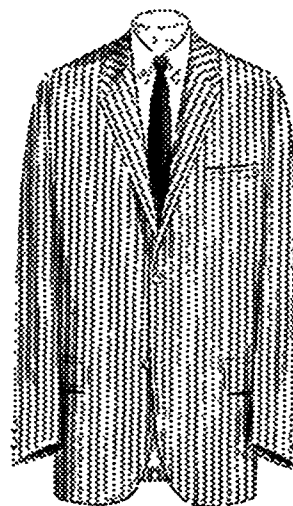
He could hardly see her in the dark, hearing her voice clear but strained as if she were buried under rocks: "I think I'm going to have it, Danny."

Incredulous, he struggled to be

reasonable. "Are you sure? I mean," (how did he know what he meant?) "how, maybe it's just a pain?"

"I think it really is. I'm almost sure." He felt her hand touch his arm. "Call the doctor."

They didn't have a car and the doctor had told them to call him when it was time. In the kitchen, Danny saw with some resentment for the hundredth time the number where Mary Ann had taped it on a little



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piece of paper above the phone on the wall. It wasn't that he might not remember the doctor's number, she said when she put it up, but somebody else might have to call. He took the receiver off the hook and then hesitated as the thought crossed his mind that she would have to have the baby at home if he didn't call. On the other hand, he realized, he didn't know what to do for her. He dialed the number with irritation that he hadn't thought to find out.

He listened to the ringing with satisfaction that the doctor would be inconvenienced — deservedly, for forcing this on Danny. The ringing stopped, and a voice said hello.

"Doctor Donnelly?"

"Yes." His voice was dryly alert. Wearing the mantle of capability, thought Danny.

"This is Danny Stebbings. Mary Ann thinks she's going to have the baby."

"How often are the pains coming?"

Danny closed his eyes, preparing to have his nose rubbed in his own ignorance. "I don't know."

"What makes you think it's coming now?"

That's what I asked *her*, he thought. "She says she's sure."

"All right, I'll be there in ten minutes."

He hung up without saying good-bye, Danny noticed. He went back in the bedroom.

"I called him," he said. "He said he'd be here in about ten minutes. Listen, close your eyes. I'm going to turn on the light." He turned on a small lamp on a bedside table and saw that Mary Ann's face was spotted with perspiration. For some reason, the little drops standing out on her skin made him feel nervously uncomfortable.

"He thought I was having the baby," Danny said. "He didn't want to get out of bed unless I could pass an oral exam on the symptoms of pregnancy. This is what happens the first time he has to do anything inconvenient."

"Danny, please don't argue with the doctor when he comes," she said without a hint of irritation, but rather speaking as if she were asking him to do a tedious little favor for her.

"I didn't argue with him, and I'm not about to. But it just goes to show you is all I was saying."

She spoke as if she hadn't heard him, looking at him dreamily. "Danny, just think if it's really coming and

I have to go to the hospital, it'll be the first night I haven't slept with you since we've been married. How am I going to stand it?" She smiled.

"Well, hell, that's all right," he said in a brushing-it-off tone, taking her question seriously. "I mean, forget it."

"Anyway," he continued, remembering, "you wouldn't even have to go to the hospital . . ."

"Oh," she faintly sighed, turning her face toward the wall. "No, Danny," she said quietly, "please don't bring that all up again. I know the way you feel, and I guess I'm a rat for not feeling the same way, but, well, you know I can't help it. I'm just your silly little girl, Danny."

Unwilling to argue with this, he stood pensively looking down at her. Suddenly, he sat alongside her on the bed, took a corner of the sheet and began to wipe her face with it. "You're perspiring all over, you know that? You look like you've been out in the rain. It just stays in drops all over your face."

As he wiped, she reached up and clasped her hands in back of his neck, pulling him down playfully. He ignored it until he finished wiping, and had surveyed the job critically; then, starting at her wrists alongside his

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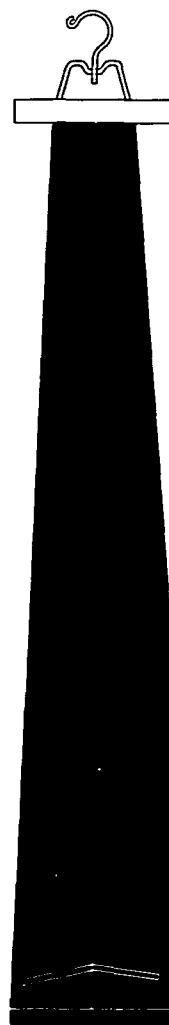
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neck, he slid his hands down her smooth arms to the fleshy part of her underarms. He began to tickle her lightly and she, giggling, let go of his neck and reached down to pull his hands away. He wriggled them inside the armholes of her sleeveless pajama top.

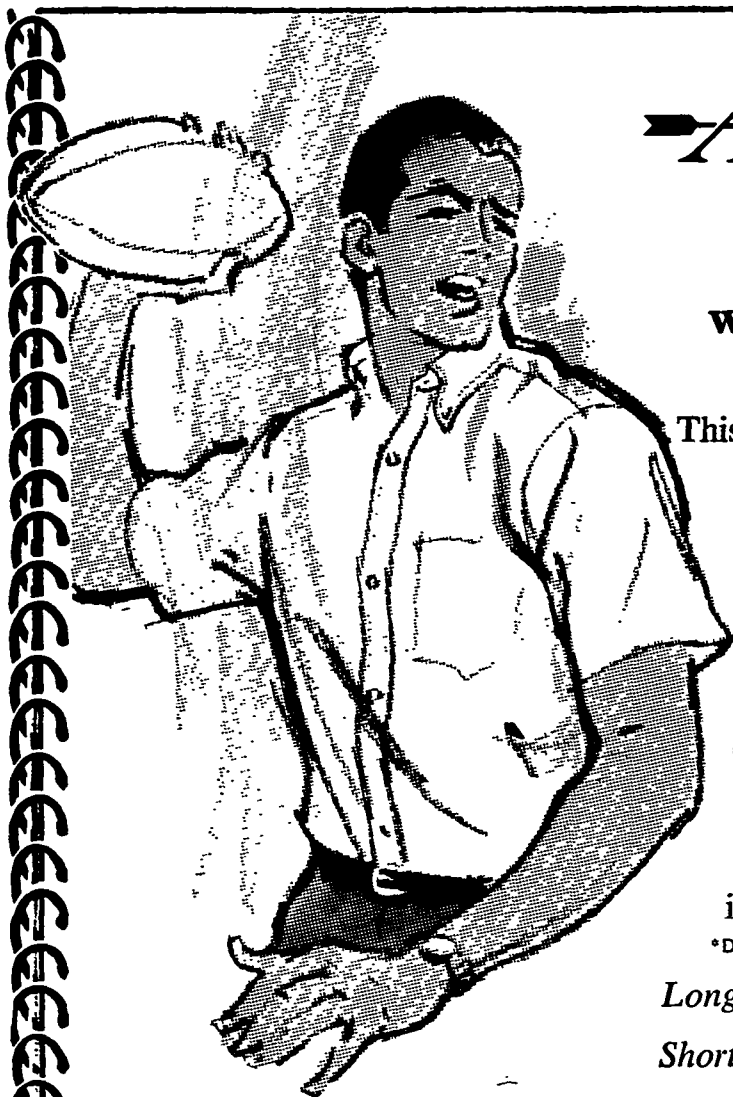
The doorbell rang. She looked at him with unspoken appeal, and he knew what she meant and, angry that she had to show it, rose up from

the bed and walked out of the room without a word. He went out to the door of the apartment and pushed the button which unlocked the lobby door. He opened the apartment door and listened to Doctor Donnelly coming upstairs, taking his time, scraping the soles of his shoes on each step. He thought with sullen disgust that the doctor was probably in worse shape than most of the people he called sick. Danny saw him appear at the

top of the stairs and come shuffling down the hall, short, paunchy, his black bag mismatched with his brown wrinkled suit.

"Sorry to bother you," Danny said without any particular emphasis.

Doctor Donnelly walked past Danny through the doorway. "On the first one, I get bothered every time you people have a gas pain." For the second time that night, Danny would have liked to tell him that it wasn't



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he who was having the baby or gas pains. He closed the door.

"Bedroom in here?" Donnelly asked, going in the only open direction, down the hall. Danny followed him into the bedroom.

Danny's clothes were lying across the only chair in the room, so he stood watching while the doctor examined Mary Ann, asking questions quietly, automatically, in a tone that demanded replies in kind. Danny was both held and repelled by the sight of the quick, thin fingers touching, tapping, poking, probing, working with the malleable flesh. The fingers were an impossible part of the body of the sluggish-looking little man. Surgical instruments, thought Danny, suddenly seeing shining finger-devices of cold stainless steel connecting the doctor and Mary Ann.

Danny felt no jealousy toward this man fingering his wife's body. It was a violation by a machine, and thus could not provoke jealousy, but was thus the more infuriating because a

machine was incapable of feeling pleasure or appreciating it. The disquiet Danny felt was, rather than jealousy, humiliation that his love for Mary Ann was disparaged by the doctor's indifference.

"I'll call an ambulance. I don't want to take a chance on taking her in my car." It was an announcement made to the room in general, in case anyone was interested.

"The phone's in the kitchen," Danny murmured after the doctor, who had gone out in the hall apparently expecting a phone.

"Come here and kiss me," Mary Ann called. Danny realized she was talking to him. He stepped to the bed, and she squeezed him around the arm he held out. "Danny, don't forget to call mother, *please*. And go over to Mrs. Homan's and get the crib. But I guess that can wait. Are you listening?"

"Snow White and the Seven Mechanical Dwarfs," he said enigmatically.

"What?"

"Nothing. What happened to the batteries from the transistor radio?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. Were you trying to use it? I glued them to the dining room table, I meant to tell you so you could get some more."

"Yeah, but . . . what did you say you did with them?"

She giggled, which irked Danny, perhaps unreasonably, he realized. "I saw this thing in the paper. You know how the wings of the table always get nicked when they swing down when you're not using them? Well, there's this column about hints and things around the home. And it said you could prevent those nicks by gluing — you have to get some specially hard glue — batteries underneath the wings. You can paint them or something, too." She seemed to expect him to be happy she had had such a bright idea.

He slumped a little against the bed. Confused thoughts occurred to him. There seemed to be no cogent comment he could make, nor, he realized finally, did there seem to be any reason to make one.

Half an hour later, Danny stood shivering even though he had dressed and had an overcoat on, watching two attendants slide the stretcher on which Mary Ann was lying into the back of an ambulance. Distorting his view of what was happening was the red light of the ambulance flashing on and off, moving around and around, spinning directly into his eyes. The scene flickered like an old movie, and the red made him think of blood. But he couldn't get away from the light; no matter where he stood, it followed him.

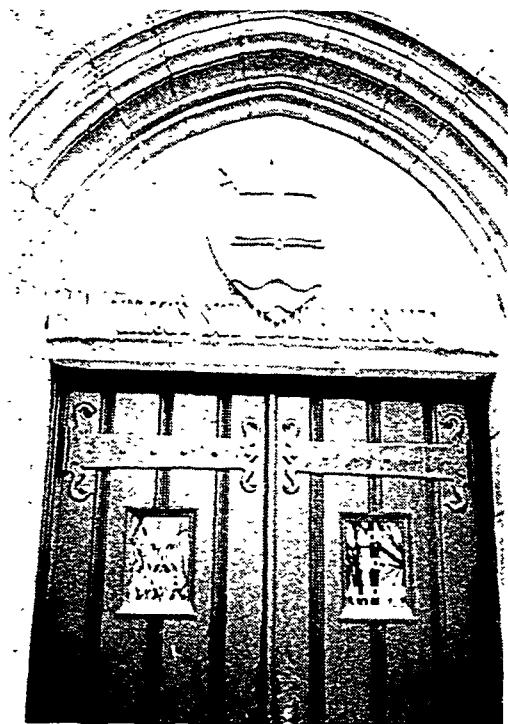
It seemed as if he ought to tell Mary Ann he was sorry for something, but he couldn't remember what it was he should have been sorry for. He remembered hearing his mother say to his father once that she had to go through all the pains of childbirth just to gratify his father's selfish carnal desires.

That was silly, to think about that in connection with Mary Ann, because she loved him. He knew she loved him; besides, she always told him so. It occurred to him that his mother must not have loved his father.

Driving to the hospital in Donnelly's car, Danny began to be nervous. Ever since he was a boy, he had disliked hospitals. Just the smell of them sickened him. There was some of that smell on the doctor even now.

"I don't think there'll be anything for you to worry about," said Donnelly without being asked. Danny remained silent. He had suddenly realized that he could have eaten the cheese crackers after all.

—TOM HOOBLER



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Lindberg Grenek is the pen name of a shy fifth-year student from Troy, Iowa. He informs us that he raises prize-winning forsythia for extra money.

Tom Hoobler is a senior English major from Cincinnati, Ohio. Notwithstanding rumors, he will be editor of the Scholastic for one more issue.

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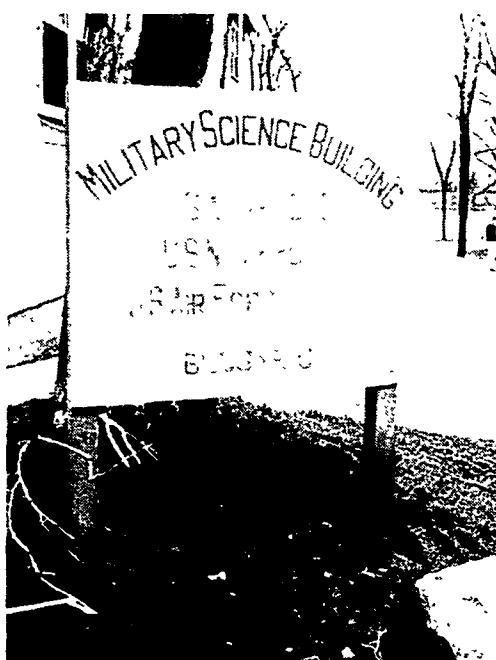
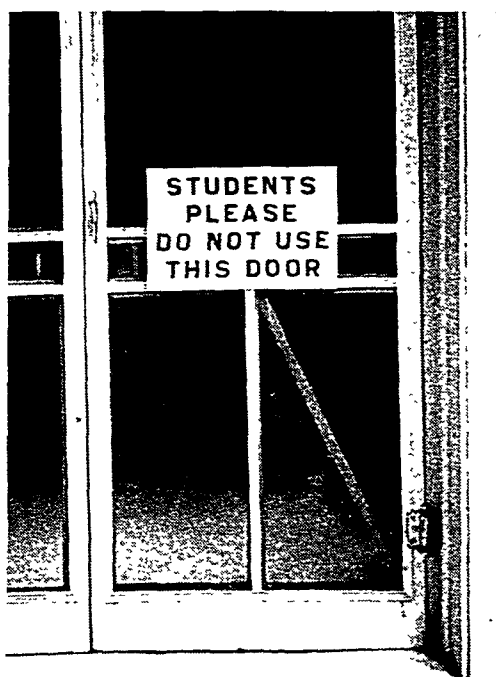


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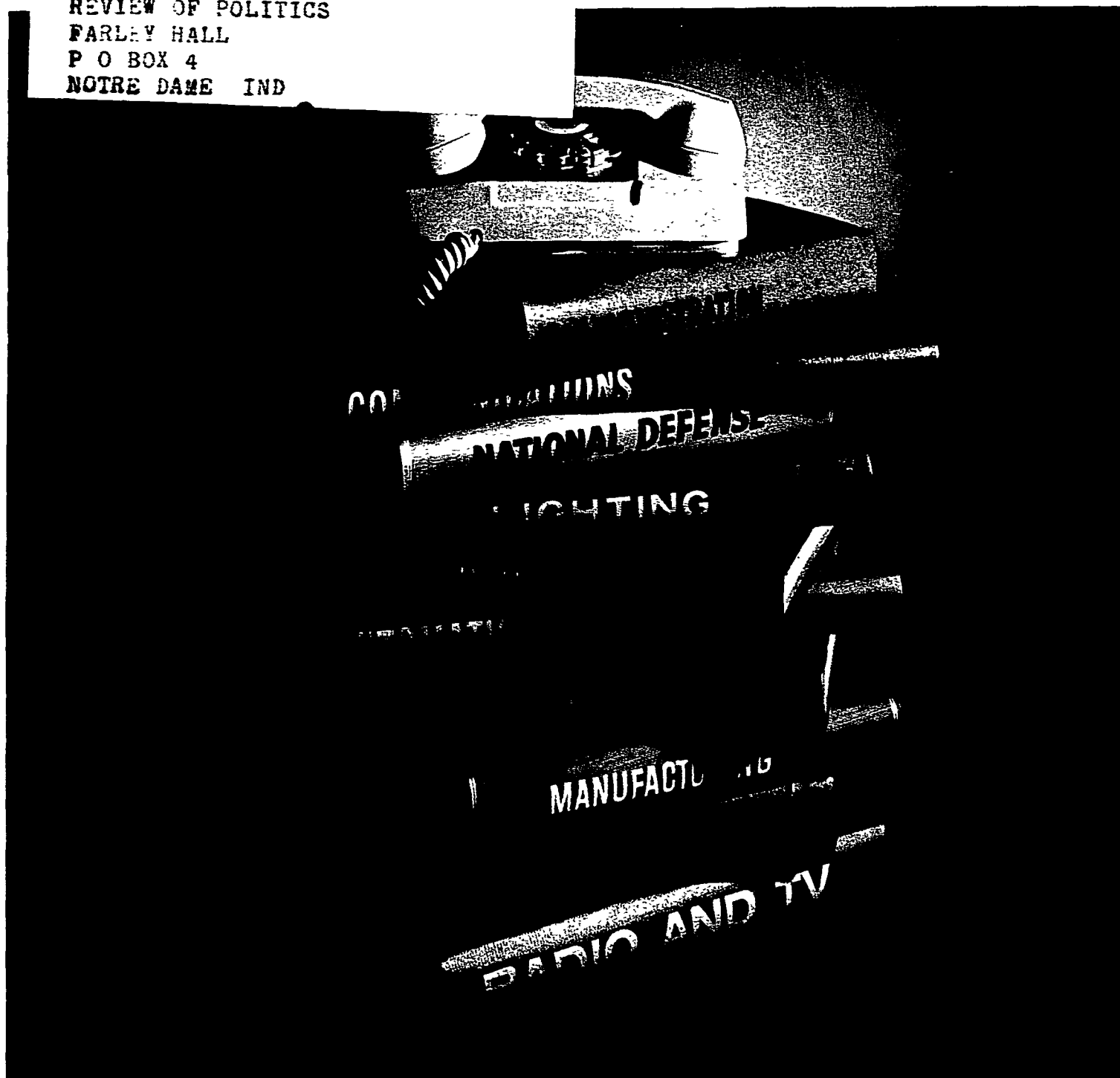


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