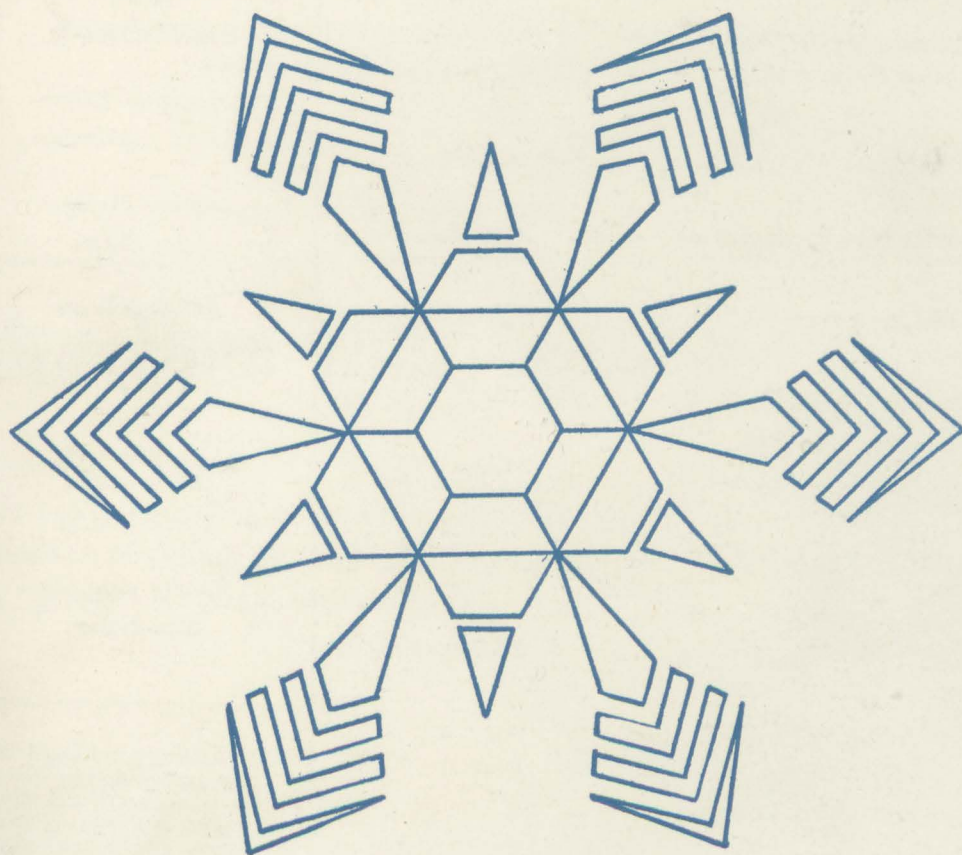


the IDOL

JANUARY AT UNION COLLEGE



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THE IDOL

the
Quarterly Magazine
of
UNION COLLEGE

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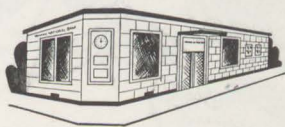
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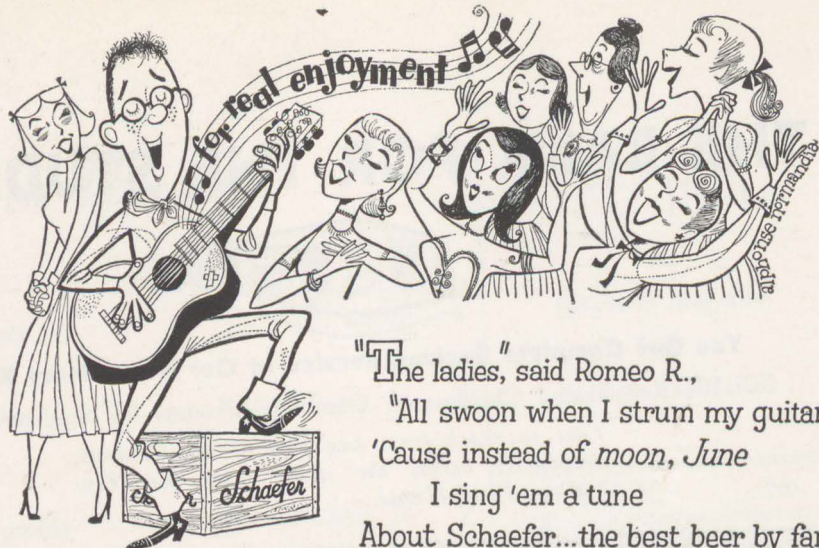
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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Kenyon is a junior, an English major and one of the most active writers on campus. His subtly surprising short stories have appeared in the *IDOL* before. The two printed in this issue are a product of last spring's work.

E. K. Bernadott is the pseudonym chosen, for some reason or other, by another member of the junior class. In real life he is engaged in the study of Engineering, but his stories are familiar to anyone who read the magazine two years ago.

Robert Schoenfein is an enigmatical sort of figure to write a note on, or maybe he's just lazy. He's one of the most promising and least active campus writers. His poem represents a different kind of writing from his usual forms and it is, we feel, extremely interesting. He is a junior.

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Alan Shucard has been writing mostly poetry for the past year or so, though he has written much prose. His *Albert Mueller* was published in the November IDOL.

David Seeley is one of the few Engineering students to contribute to the IDOL. Perhaps it is the Liberal Arts influence in his five-year program. He entered Union with the class of '57 and has the confused class status of all the five-year men. He is our cover artist this time.

Carl Mindell has never contributed to the IDOL before, though one might wonder why after reading his poem in this issue and considering the fact that he is a senior. He is also a pre-med and a Schenectady resident.

Theodore L. Smith has been a member of the IDOL editorial board for two years and one of the more valuable men on its staff. He will graduate in June with the rest of the editors.

Jerrold Hirschen and *Richard Lewis, Jr.* are members, as many know, of our editorial board. They will someday be publicly exposed as they deserve to be, but not in this issue.

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E d i t o r i a l C o m m e n t

AN APOLOGY

Though he hasn't started suit against us or anything like that, we still feel called upon to apologize to James Swan for our lack of precision in titling *Watchdog* "Van Orden Prize Story." Mr. Newman's fine story did indeed win a Van Orden Prize, but it was a story by Mr. Swan — still unavailable to us for publication — that was the *first* prize. We knew all along that *Watchdog* was not the first prize story and we hadn't meant to suggest that it was, but the identity of the story by Mr. Swan remained a mystery until well after publication. So, again, we're sorry.

THIS TIME

The magazine looks so much the same as last time, save for minor changes, as far as format is concerned that we feel called upon to note what we think are major variations inside. Of course, we've put the name of the Mohawk National Bank in their advertisement and little things like that. But the content itself is almost radically different. For one thing, most of the characters in the stories live through the entire story — and want to. Somehow the preoccupation with lonely and intellectual death is missing.

We like to think that the inspiration to write about intellectual suffocation is easy to come by at Union, but it is a hollow sort of satisfaction with which one views the truth of this thought. Since the serious-minded, at least, among the faculty and administration would be the last to suggest that it is the students who make the college what it is, one hardly could say it is the students who are asphyxiating their intellectual selves.

There seems to be a new surge of verse writing on campus as evidenced by the contents of this issue. We're glad of it, but what we'd really like to see is more prose writing. Prose or verse, though, we think the ideas in most of the articles and poems are quite some better than most of the thoughts drowned in Hale House coffee. The story, written under a pseudonym, called *Following Eagle* is one of the most interesting we've read (in the IDOL office, anyway). Not all of the editors were so interested as we were, but the story still has merit. It is not a slice of imaginary life as so many such stories are.

A CALL TO BELIEVERS

With the membership and activity of the various religious groups on campus continually increasing and all appearances of vigorous life being maintained, we are somewhat dismayed at the total fruitlessness of it all. Of course, this bareness is just a surface picture too, but it is still surprising

that the many meetings and discussions, the hours of study, even the years of belief have not in some four months produced some germ of an idea which even one person sought to offer for publication.

We have no desire to taunt anyone into print who doesn't have anything to say to the rest of the college. It only seems curious that all these serious people, working hard with considerable energy and intellectual ability at their command, have not in a long time had a thing to say.

THE CHARLIE BROWN APPROACH

You read in the *Times* nearly every week something about the growth and change going on in American colleges; all over the country the question of policy to satisfy the growing demands for "a degree" is a lively topic of discussion in the faculty and administration levels of undergraduate schools from the great to the ordinary. We infer from those reports we've seen that quite a number of places have decided on some course for the future, some plan to preserve the essential spirit of their college in face of increased enrollment and changing student attitudes. What this usually amounts to when seen from an outside viewpoint is that colleges all around are being compelled to define themselves. It has become necessary — if ever it was not — to determine with some precision the ideals and spirit of an educational institution.

Union is engaged in an externally inspired evaluation program at the moment and it surely will do no harm, but it seems very likely that it will not do too much good.

Of course, we do not know every thought or good intention that occurs in trustee and administration minds, still the releases we do see suggest that not only is little attempt being made to clarify the ideals of Union concerning organization and educational policy but that the problem is largely unrecognized.

We all like the college to be good, we're all glad it is old, and, there seems to be an advantage in being small. Everyone is pretty happy, except perhaps for those few faculty members who are not paid sufficient money to compensate for their contributions to the intellectual life of the college. It could be we pursue a spurious argument. Union is a happy "small college" and let's leave it at that. The only thing is that we can't do it. We'd like to see Union be not only among the thirty or so oldest in the country, a position we're hardly likely to lose, but among the thirty best, a position we very probably do not hold right now.

Maybe the announced intent to increase very slowly to about 1200 men is all the planning necessary. We don't seriously question the college's smug confidence in its ability to attract qualified students; there seems to be such a plethora of "good" material that we are pretty sure of our share. But unless the retirement age is pushed past 65 we will begin to run out of faculty members; it can't be helped. The philosophy of "Charlie Brown," the round-headed little comic strip kid, that determined inaction will lick any of life's problems is one dearly espoused at the college and we are all happy with it. The question that faces Union College is how many exceptionally qualified young teachers are we going to attract with it. Oh we're stubborn all right, you couldn't eradicate the college without a century long struggle; but who shall be attracted to it, who shall be excited by it, who shall make his life the college that comes close to being dynamic only in the firm resolution of its inaction?

Richard Lewis, Jr.

A NOBLE THOUGHT ... ON STUDENT GOVERNMENT

"It's strange for a senior when he finally looks at the school he's been attending these last three and some odd years and realizes that no one has noticed the very structure of the place, with the exception of the administration, who have made clever use of the general ideology."

My friend and roommate looked up from his typewriter as I came into the room and started to hang my coat and scarf in the closet, which we had shared for three years. "Okay," he said, "I've gone about as far as I can with this thing, anyway — shoot!"

"You're a senior. You've been active in the political life of this place, and you've had a little sociology," I said as I tapped my pipe on the head of a statue of Faustus and reached for my pouch, "What would you say the general structure of the student body of this college is?"

"I'd say you would have to differentiate between the social and the political."

"And I would answer that, not only are the social and the political structures the same, but also the economic," I said, "and that they are different only in so much as seventeen fraternities are different."

"This sounds like one deserving a cup of 'Leweybuilt' coffee," he said and pushed himself away from the typewriter. I followed on his heels as he led the way down the back stairs into the kitchen of the fraternity house.

"Shall we discuss our most illustrious Student Council?" I asked. "I've just come from a conclave of the 'grand caucus of carcasses' and have a few memories fresh in my mind."

"You know?" he said, and faked a slam at the kitchen table with his fist, "I had a notion you might just be coming around to that subject, Senator."

"Well," I said, "as I sat there in Hale House lounge, I asked myself a penetrating question. What, I said to myself, is this thing? And I answered — a political body. This logic led me to the next question: If this is a political body, what group or groups does it represent? Supposedly, I answered, the student-body. And do you see: As soon as I had come around to the 'represent', I was in the realm of the ridiculous. This, I said, is the whole (or at least a lot) of the matter. It is the mis- (or better) unrepresentation that results from any Jeffersonian system in a recognized Hamiltonian society."

"But, how can you say it's a pure democracy," he said over the edge of the cup, "when the very system of election is based on the assumption of class faction?"

"Ooh! Not a pure democracy — heaven forbid! But an attempt to get as close to one as possible, so that the end result is about the same. And let's look at that basic assumption. I agree that is the assumption, but the hitch is in the little word 'class'. You tell me exactly what you think a class is (a class at Union College, mind you), and then I'll tell you what I think a class is; because I confess that my whole argument is based on recognizing the basic fallacy in the concept and ideological misconception of the 'school class'! If you won't swallow that we may as well go to bed now and let you make your eight o'clock."

"For the sake of argument, then, I'll follow the textbook definition. But I see what you're getting at all right. The next thing you'll say is that there are no classes at Union College."

"You have an ungodly knack of taking the punch out of my most dramatic statements. But good. That's' it exactly, and

I'll even be kind enough to temper it with two exceptions. The beginning freshman class is close, but it doesn't last quite a semester before they disseminate and come falling into the pigeon-holes of my definition. But, what's most interesting, is that during this period when they have the feeling that they may even *be* a class (with more time, of course) they elect their 'class officers and representatives', whom 'Lo and Behold' we see four years later as 'senior class representatives'. Now, what has happened I think we can see easily enough. *Why* it happens, anyone could see if they weren't all so busy ignoring it. But I'll admit, anyone would rather wallow in ideology than look ridiculous. Because the freshman election is the only actual election, mostly because they can't help it. They're all stuck down there (or most of them are) in Fleischman's Beanery and they're forced into some degree of what sociologists love to call social interaction. The result is that some of them actually know who's running for office at the time. And if they happen to remember again next year, they put a circle around the same name. And the result? Any man sitting on the council tonight represented nobody more than himself! No opinion he expressed on any question could be more than the opinion of one man, because most of the people he is supposed to be representing don't even know he's there! And so any decision, any opinion, any authoritative measure, even though it be by unanimous vote, means nothing more than this: Twenty odd people, meeting tonight in Hale House lounge, came to their own conclusion. As for me, I don't care a damn'. Of course it is worth a column inch or so, because it isn't often that more than three people meet together anywhere, outside the walls of a fraternity house much less come to a decision. But why should this group's decision be worth anymore than that of the Flying Club? No one there represented me certainly; in fact, I felt that most of them

probably resented my being there at all. For really now, who did I represent? I could speak for a mere forty men — and they all members of one fraternity. Of course I had the opinions of these forty men, but who was I in the face of these mighty leviathan? Any one of them would tell you they represent *a whole bloody class!* And if you pressed them, I bet they might even confess that, deep down within they knew that they represented UNION!"

"A most noble tirade, Senator! And now while you're wiping up the coffee you spilled all over the table with your hammy gestures, tell me — what was this other exception? You said we were almost a class twice."

"Well, noble Glaucon, you're quick tonight." I moved around the table and put my arm around his shoulders and gestured nobly toward the grease-spattered kitchen windows. "Ed, my lad, there will come a day in the spring of the year, when we're all seated on that 'Grand Old Seat O' Stone'; we'll pass that pipe of peace and tears will flow right into the mouth of the 'old brown jug'. And then, Ed my lad, for that fleeting instant, all the individual bonds will be severed; all the differences will be forgot', and we'll be united into one great big blob that is Union!"

"Dearest Plato," he said, altogether as hammy as I had been, (and he even threw in a British accent for the continental effect) "you do bring the tears to these ancient eyes. But what, pray tell me, noble mentor, shall we do when this most beautiful moment is passed?"

"We shall most likely retire ourselves to our fraternities where we shall most likely become as drunk as bloody lords!"

"A most noble hypothesis," he said, "and most nobly wrought!"

"Shall we to bed, then?" I said.

"To bed," he said, "indeed! We shall to bed!"

Edward Cloos, Jr.

COLONEL CLINE

... an IDOL profile



It takes all kinds of people to make up a college, and Cline is one of the kinds it takes. But don't ask what kind he is because there isn't any answer suitable. In just three and a half years he's been everything from a physics major to a pre-theology student and there's still a semester to go. It all sounds kind of familiar, but unlike so many others who've followed so disjointed a program this Cline has done everything well.

As far as being a student goes, his interests have been somewhere in Division II most of the time. At the moment, it is most likely he'd be called an "Eco" major and this is true enough, but there are those who know him and insist he is actually an ROTC major. Since he's best known on campus as Wing Commander and Cadet Colonel, it is easy to believe. He has reached the Olympian heights of 5.0 as well as the average-average of the "activities major" which he most certainly was — there was a time when he belonged to just about everything going. The IDOL, the paper, the radio station and others once counted him a member — and an active one at that. Now, as an aging senior, he spends his time in peace and seclusion at the Sigma Chi house amid his books and his imagination (which is remarkable). He does, however, participate serenely in the Canterbury Club and find time to write papers and to discharge with all of his characteristic enthusiasm his duties as top-ranked ROTC cadet officer.

For some reason or other, he likes people and spends quite a lot of time meeting and knowing them; his is not the College President kind of friendliness either. There is a sincerity about him that seldom is mistaken.

Next year? He'll be married in June, then spend some years in the Air Force — as a meteorologist "because they need meteorologists and it's better than sitting behind a desk all day." After that there's graduate school — Economics again, maybe. Then, to teach (or do something else).

John Kenyon

TWO STORIES:

THE CAPTAIN

It would begin at eight and it would end at four, but the Captain was used to it now and he did not care. The people would come aboard the little boat and they would stand on the deck and wait. The others would carry the liquor onto the little boat. The Captain did not like liquor. He had not tasted it since that day long ago, but he could remember it well, and how it had broken him.

As the little boat moved slowly away from the pier, the Captain looked up at the sky. There would be a storm today, he thought. Still looking at the low, gray clouds hanging overhead, he smiled. Today he would have another chance and again he would win, for there was no other way. The water was calm and it licked gently against the side of the little boat. The shoals were ahead. The Captain would be careful now. He must never run aground again. A tenseness turning almost to agony shrouded his face as he skillfully guided the little boat through the narrow channel. The bridge would soon open its gaping jaws, and the little boat would pass from the inlet into the ocean. The Captain idled the engines and the outgoing tide carried the little boat under the bridge and out past the jetty. When it had reached the point where the inlet folds into the ocean, the Captain raced the engines. The little boat was safe now and the Captain was glad. He would take the people and the others far out into the sea, and the people would fish, and the others would get drunk. But the Captain would watch the gathering gray clouds as

they came even closer to the little boat. He would wait until the wind began, and then the rain. It would not take long for the storm to begin and he was happy again.

It had been almost a year since the Captain had conquered the storm and the sea. He was anxious but he knew he must wait his turn. The Captain had failed once, but that was in the very beginning of his career. He had been old enough all right, but he had not known how to win then. The boat was gone, and the liquor had come and gone, but he was still the Captain.

The dark clouds were settled directly over the little boat now. The wind had not started, but the ocean knew that it was soon coming, and an empty hush fell over it as it waited. The Captain placed the curved-stem pipe between his teeth and waited. The water stopped licking at the side of the little boat.

The wind began and the rain was hard and driving. The Captain started the engines of the little boat and they caught. The ocean was fast becoming an endless network of fine white lace made by the tiny breakers as they turned over and over again, disappearing and reappearing on the throbbing blue surface.

The little boat would approach the inlet and then the battle would begin once again, and again he would win. It was all so important to him, and yet if he looked at it closely it became meaningless—nothing. He had done it so many times before, but it was the same each time.

The black jetty appeared as a great knife, always moving as the little boat moved and staying in its path. The Captain was not worried. He smiled instead, and was happy again. The backwash from the shore would soon come, and it would cast the little boat toward the wet shapeless rocks that waited for it in silence. He would make one attempt at the mouth of the inlet and then another if he needed to do so. The first attempt was not good, and the Captain

waited for the wave to come once more. The engines were off and the little boat lay still. The wave, in the shape of a great cupped hand pushed the little boat into the narrow inlet. The jagged rocks of the jetty seemed to come closer and closer, until the Captain felt as if he could reach out and touch their slime with his hand. It was almost over and he was not happy with that thought, but he did not hesitate. Now the little boat seemed to shake, as if it knew well the Captain's moment of happiness. With the left movement of his hand upon the wheel, it lurched suddenly away from the edge of the jetty. The little boat glided into the inlet and beneath the yawning bridge.

The Captain was happy now, but he knew that it would not last. He had come one step closer and that was all. He must do it once more and perhaps that would be enough, but the Captain could not be sure. He must wait for the next storm; then he would know. . . .

The Captain was awake now, and he yawned and rubbed his eyes. He bent to tie the broken lace on the worn-out shoe. The Captain got up from the edge of the pier, and walked away.

JUST A CHANCE

The key turned slowly in the lock, and then there was a pause. Finally, the door swung open and Peter Kurtz walked into the long and narrow room that was his studio. He stared at the key for a moment and then forced it into his pocket. It was early, and Peter Kurtz' first pupil would not arrive for another thirty minutes.

For the past two weeks, Peter Kurtz had come early to the studio every day. There was still a chance, though each day that passed made the chance seem even more re-

mote than it originally had seemed. He would wait for a few more minutes and then he would make the call. Peter Kurtz walked to the far end of the long and narrow room. He stooped low and picked up the case that was behind one of the legs of the piano. He placed the case gently on the top of the piano and opened it. The violin was there.

It was not a Stradivarius violin or even a Guarnerius violin, but it was a good violin and Peter Kurtz loved it and had grown old with it. He took up the violin from the case and began to play it. It was not the same. Peter Kurtz always played the violin with his eyes closed, but now they also knew that it was not the same. The eyes would not close.

"My beautiful violin," he murmured.

Peter Kurtz looked at his watch and saw that it was time to make the call. He dialed the telephone slowly and bent his head nearer the dial, as if he were trying hard to count the little clicking noises that followed each motion of his finger. When he was finished dialing, he raised his head and waited.

"Hello. This is Peter Kurtz . . . Yes, that's right. Peter Kurtz, the musician . . . On the corner of Main Street and Cookman Avenue, right above the big drugstore . . . Yes, the violin. That's right . . . Yes, of course. I'll wait." Peter Kurtz turned in his chair to look out of the window. His look became a stare, until he heard the voice on the other end of the telephone once more . . . "No, I understand . . . Yes, I'm sure that you are . . . Thank you. I'll call again tomorrow . . . Good-bye."

Peter Kurtz put the phone receiver in its cradle and walked to the piano. He stooped low again, and picked up the case that was further behind one of the legs of the piano. He placed it gently on the top of the piano and opened it. A single teardrop rolled down the cheek of Peter Kurtz. The violin was not there.

Theodore L. Smith

PROFESSOR

SAMUEL WAXMAN

. . . an IDOL profile

The longer one is on campus, the more the succeeding Founders' Days and Convocations seem to blend indistinguishably one with the other to a low murmur of speakers intermingled with rustlings from the pit and occasional harmonies from the organ. But one such ceremony refuses to blend. The mind's eye recalls a small gesticulating figure, wholly obscured by the lectern but for his frequent head-bobbings from side to side. His topic was not so diminutive as he rambled over France and America, languages and Benjamin Franklin, early twentieth century Paris salons and his own literary efforts. He brightly meandered through every conceivable Franco-American experience and so he passed the magic hour of 12:30. The hunger pangs of the assemblage nearly caused a minor riot, but the tidal wave of oratory ceased and Union's Convocation ended calmly.

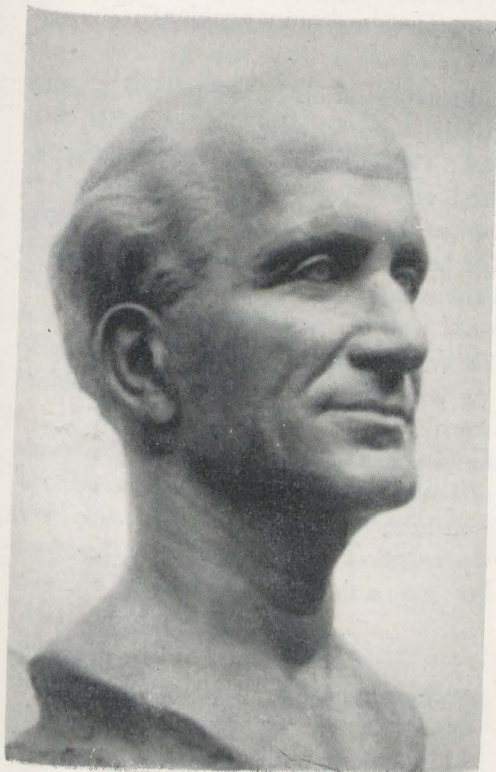
The barely perceptive student was soon aware of a dark blue beret-topped figure bobbing jauntily between the Language Building and Lenox Road, scuttling across Daley Field despite the weather and the mud. One was never quite sure whether he saw a daisy in the man's buttonhole or not, but regardless of the actual species, it was still a flower. All this is as much as most people know of Doctor Samuel Waxman.

His pupils can tell you far more, and though they number but a half-dozen, they have experienced enough to satisfy ten times their number. Their classes are gently defined as "Socratic discussions" by Doctor Waxman, and perhaps some new directions are actually sighted. The approach is unique as the subject matter of the course is treated

bust of

Samuel Waxman

by his wife



in its broadest intellectual context, for example *The Marriage of Figaro* is viewed both as a product of the eighteenth century French genius and a source of Mozart's opera. What better place to effect the illustration than in the Waxman home and then only after a meal with a professional touch? This is his contribution to the fine arts, prompted by an agreement with his wife. She was to devote her time to sculpture while he would take on the culinary endeavors. Boston is filled with Mrs. Waxman's—or as she is known professionally, Bashka Paeff's—work. Recently, she was commissioned to sculpt a bust of Louis Brandeis for Brandeis University in commemoration of the Justice's centennial year of birth.

Despite the fact that he has been here only a short time, he has observed a few directions of interest. His students largely have a desire to continue their studies beyond the graduate level, yet though competent, they have difficulty in entering the schools of their choice. The students outside the humanities, particularly the pre-medical students, have a pathetic eagerness for balance in their studies and seem to be quite successfully achieving it. For a conservative school, the student body is extra-ordinary in its eagerness in tackling intellectual and esthetic fields of endeavor as exemplified by the scope of the Mountebanks production, the tone of the *IDOL*, and the enthusiasm attending the introduction of a greater number and variety of music and art courses. The surroundings seem conducive to free expression and Samuel Waxman, who from the outset has shown where he stood on any issue, is taking advantage of it.

After sitting on the cold stone step of the library for a while, it began to seem that the world was, after all, really quite as perverted as it seemed. Not that there was any proof—for the moment anyway. It was 1:30 in the morning and not a human being was in sight; even so, as the slightly expanded feeling of his head began to translate itself into a pressing pain, Greg was pretty well confirmed in his feeling.

Steaming tea and *pernod*, a combination that had seemed rather exciting not more than half an hour before, now became reason for sitting there on the step in the cold dampness that would soon be frost cursing milkmen in the earliest morning. But Greg cared neither for milkmen nor the idea of remaining on the step and continuing to explain humanity to himself. Besides, he'd had enough of Dame Nature.

"Damn nature, damn night, damn *pernod*, damn friends, damn everything!"

Reflecting on his curse he thought, "Sufficiently inclusive, all right, but hardly dramatic enough considering the tradition behind such things." On the matter of the *pernod*, he wasn't ready to retract his curse but he was inclined to allow the liqueur an easy room in hell. He had pronounced each word with the precision so characteristic of his every utterance—a manner of speaking which had inspired no end of unkind remarks by his classmates and a reputation not founded entirely in fact. He was aware of both, but his abundant store of personal indignation and a certain satisfaction with the attention he received kept either from becoming a threat to his vanity.

His exuberant outburst had by now been pretty well qualified, and as his thoughts reached the "damn everything" which he had rung down with nearly personal vindic-

Edward Cloos, Jr.

G R E G O R Y

tiveness upon the desert library, his wrath had about spent itself and he wished his oath had gone unsaid. No, it was not, as some of the others might have said, because it included his mother, but because it was a generalization and a display of unrestraint. These caused him far greater discomfort than the implication of universal damnation — on his mother, himself or anyone.

Without another look at the vine covered edifice, "the Ivyed Orifice," the students affectionately labeled it, he accepted the sidewalk sloping gently toward the dormitory where he lived as his road.

"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—

I took the one less traveled by,

And that has made all the difference."

He recited to himself as the "road" turned to avoid the huge tree that had some time ago been removed because of disease. There was no depression where the tree had been, so Greg was able, in his intensely preoccupied state, to continue in a straight path and to cross the place without falling. The lines had for a long time appealed to him though he hated Frost as a poet. He hated all successful poets, though he too wrote poetry and published a little here and there. Greg had little liking for poets, himself among them, but he was able not to let this stand in the way of appreciating really good lines when he came upon them.

"You have really to know something well before you can hate it properly," he emphasized bitterly to himself. That he hadn't anything to be bitter about and that he knew it hardly served as balm for the hurt this bitterness caused within him.

The problem this night was not, however, poets or poetry; it was the self-admitted

unfounded bitterness, and it was a very large problem. When he had left the noisy little room the "equipment" still played the readings that had occupied most of their attention for the evening—along with the *pernod* and tea, of course,—he felt about the same as always. He liked to be heard, but he was aware of the fact that they didn't usually listen to him — not on nights like this anyway, and certainly not when they were all together. He had learned to accept this — not easily, perhaps, but not entirely because he had to either. No one had acted differently, least of all his friend. It seemed to him that he had just become tired of the whole thing. But, neither was this a question to be answered tonight.

The picture of Richard continued to pass through his free-floating conscious. Reclining there against the headboard of the bed, his eyes swollen slightly with need for sleep, the soft figure around whom they had gathered became again more vivid in his mind. His head resting on his breast, his eyes closed just a little more than by the swelling, and never speaking except, perhaps, for a word or two about the record or the apparatus, the important figure of Richard became as real again to Greg as the frost that was beginning to nip his ungloved fingers.

He never seemed to move except to supervise the proper preparation of the drink — it wasn't even his *pernod*, but it was accepted that he should know best how it should be done. Certainly how something like this should be done. His own cup was nearly always empty and he fingered it absently as he listened to the voice changing parts on the record. He drank the mixture quite rapidly once it had cooled enough so that it did not burn his lips too much as it touched them. *Pernod* or no, he would never drink tea that was not truly hot.

That was all he did — and little less than everyone else, Greg among them. Yet these evenings never ceased to be exhausting. They prided themselves on their conversation, their literary ability and their anti-Semitism. The Jew among them shared their feelings. He found his own feeling in this respect so satisfying that he suggested this particular aggression to several of his friends who, as might be expected, were not able to see the advantage he was so obviously enjoying and they called him a hypocrite. This satisfied immensely the Jew as anti-Semite but he might have been happier had they joined him.

An image of the strong, garrulous, tousle-haired Jew gained momentary control of Greg's thought, then it passed without comment.

He'd left the room early and abruptly. As he thought of his leaving, he saw himself hurling his cup at the blanket which hung on the wall farthest from where he had been sitting and calmly, with enormous effect, telling them that they were wrong. But he always knew fully that he had no real idea of what wrong was. As he recalled passing through the door he heard himself call them, all of them, the meaningless name they knew so well — though no one ever said it. He heard the word fall on the group as the cup had hit the wall, with a sound more nearly visible than audible. But the cup and the word were not nearly so sublimely satisfying as the impression of profound, if tacit, shock his actions had produced.

In fact, Greg had only left. This he remembered as well, but neither so clearly nor so dramatically as the events he had fabricated in his mind. The group hadn't registered the profound shock and dismay he would have gloried in — he hadn't even

thrown the cup — but they were more than mildly annoyed and quite insulted. Of course, Greg knew this too; he wasn't the first to leave early, not he, and he'd been at many such evenings. This reality was pretty well suppressed, but it caused a current of melancholy to run under the exhilaration of his imagined exit which now tossed him through the cold late night in a wild state of intoxication.

He hadn't had much to drink, but wildly intoxicated he was. If some person out in the night had seen the figure in such a delirium of self satisfaction he'd have seen not more than a slender young person walking slowly and steadily toward the almost dark dormitory. But Greg walked at inhuman speed over ground made, somehow, as resilient as dry moss.

His walk, continuing, passed the dormitory with no more than an unusually severe invective and continued on to the narrow and dark little street that was the shortest way to the second or third rate neighborhood business district which specialized in displeasing the University trade. The prospect of the hill, small as it was, must have asserted itself somewhere in the mind still wildly reeling in an unexplainable euphoria. He stopped walking.

It was a moment before he'd realized he'd stopped, but when he did he took up his direction without hesitation. All this time he never seemed to look where he was going nor to think about it. But the way was very familiar and he'd done enough looking to last for this time too.

He crossed the deserted street, again without looking or seeming to, and came to an uneasy rest before one of the community of dull wooden buildings. The two front windows were painted half-way with black, opaque except where it was worn away

around the edges and finished at the top with a silver line. In the same silver paint

Lunches

Dinner

Steamed Clams

The place looked pretty much forsaken but a glance through the open blinds covering the unpainted half of the window showed the bartender uncordially caring for three bar customers. As Greg passed through the wooden door which slammed heavily behind him he saw two incongruous couples occupying small areas of two of the five booths that lined the wall opposite the bar. If there was anyone else in the place, Greg did not see him.

Though he had been to this place many times he had never visited it at so late an hour or in such a state of excitement. Now it was the romantic place of getting drunk so familiar — though surprisingly unfrequented. Now it was a new and strange place and he did not like it.

Many times Greg had come here and drunk until closing, he passed into that state so favored by his friends at school. It was common practice, he said to himself. But this was all, of course, in his thought. He had never sat at a bar until closing (or nearly) and never experienced that fabled state of mind. He was, however, experiencing it now and the bar had no part in it.

The eyes which had lifted only momentarily as the young man's figure entered now gazed almost intensely at him. He'd been standing silent and unmoving for nearly a minute in a position not quite half the distance to the bar and feeling the compulsion which had forced him here leaving his body. It seemed the drive had been a part of his body and not merely the mental thing it had by now been reduced to. The bartender's "What'll it be son?" sort of slapped

him back to reality—or what seemed real to him in this trembling state. Without being able to mumble even a word or thinking to blush, Greg left the room, stumbling just a little as the door again slammed heavily behind him, this time closing with his direction and half throwing him toward the street. It slammed with a noise which caused him to wonder why he hadn't heard it on the way in.

The decision of what to do next would have been a difficult one had he to make it. But before he could concentrate on the problem he was off at a brisk pace, on a way which seemed different from any he'd taken before, back to the dormitory. Imagining himself, for no reason, an English person out for a bracing turn about the countryside, he was back to the room before he knew he was going there.

The room, though his own, was dark and unfamiliar. It was empty — or would have seemed so had he not run into the desk twice, the chair once, and half fallen onto his bed. There was a bottle of brandy in the closet which Greg thought hard upon but did not seek.

He lay bolt awake, completely sober, and thinking wildly. His mind's activity kind of excited him but he could not hold a single thought or be certain he was thinking at all. It seemed to him he lay awake nearly all night, but it was more likely a matter of minutes until he fell asleep.

In the morning, a cold dark ordinary morning, his damp clothes were uncomfortable and he was stiff all over. He kind of wished he'd at least undressed and gotten into bed.

He did not think about the night before and by noon when he saw his friends at lunch he had forgotten the night before.

Alan R. Schucard

S O N N E T
(On Accumulation)

The grey-green winds, that from the mountains blow
Chilling pipe notes in solemn reprimand,
Played me a highland tune, a Life ago;
A dirge, to which falling leaves shuffled and
Prating squirrels, scared by bird roars, sang till
The endless, snow-clouded eternity
Of the dead in a churchyard on a hill
Shivered in the stark heath, and came to me.
There is such deep music in the highlands:
Of the masses who follow a secure smile,
Bend in social pains, bleed in all earth's lands,
And die, not having lived, even a while.
The wind's pipes wail of Time-stamped love and hate,
And laugh: "Only the dead accumulate."

Carl Mindell

THE CITY

Upon the island there once was an irritant
And Man shone as white as the sweetness of honey drawn from a wasp's nest.
The irritant flourished and gorged with the
Atrophied honey-glands of its mother,
Lodged upon the Acheronian strand of countless souls;
Crawls into the sky.
And the walls came tumbling down.
An ineffectual god of the netherworld
Fashioned by Babel worshippers from the sweat of their beds;
Constructed by Prometheus from the spiritual incest of concrete and steel;
Carrying upon its back the grasshopper burden of a
Pandora's box.
And the walls came tumbling down.
The bleary eyes of the red neon signs,
The bleeding of the theatres,
The hollow screech of the subway in the dark streets,
A viscous autoclave of souls.
And the walls came tumbling down.

Richard Lewis, Jr.

BIRTH OF CAIN

Think now that life is in you, Mother,
Before the searching light invades the black
And tortures pierce the night within the sack.
It's safe, the life in blackest tomb dependent;
The babe attached and drawing from your blood;
The fetus which is life and death organic.
Well? Shall we draw it forth with rubber gloves to light with metal tongs?
Shall we snip the parasitic flow and slap it into life with us?
The world's out there!
I tell you this but you'll do as you must.
I should not care.

Richard Lewis, Jr.

DID PETER WALK

and where do I walk now
out the door of home and down the step to where
follow follow feet that walk the street
that walk the street that walk the street
with hollow beat they walk the street
so follow
follow feet

out the street of home and right they turn
look up
the moon is new
the moon in dark and dirt streaked sky is new and full and bright
(turned right)
for spring with vernal equinox
Is Come

think not of spring
think not of moon
for you've had springs and moons before
(and will again and will again

how soon again how soon again)

but you are here
and streets lead down
into the town

the many windows of the shops reflect your image
many closed on Monday night
early closed on Monday night
clock in window ice cream parlor near eight-thirty yet they're busy ice cream cones for
waiting children in that car with motor running drug store open Sunday papers one day
old people buy 'em read 'em next week what's the difference high school darkened one
light burning three short years and many married mother tells we writes in letters mary
whosis had a baby seven pounds and fourteen ounces named him robert susan hayward saw
the picture Friday night colored eggs and chocolate rabbits rabbits rabbits sexy habits
Easter Sunday must remember order flowers

Behold
the center of the city
the four corners of the city
bustling booming thriving city
coffee shop
used to lunch with
wonder if
that advertisement in the paper — wanted — girl to work on
switchboard James and Norton didn't notice
mother read it brought it all and
back again
brought it back so feet are walking
forty-seven monger street

across the street the window
there a girl with dark black hair but not the same
coffee cigarettes she'd rather smoke than eat
but on my feet
go down the street

the kingsboro I see the lights
how many nights how many nights
how many sweaty summer nights
the four of us with freddy near
to bring another glass of beer

(turn left)
darker dimmer darker street
but there the moon behind the cloud and hiding in the muddy sky
and muddy dirty puddled street
muddled mind
puddled eye

how long ago
a winter day vacation
cold with colored lights and ringing chimes
a Christmas present
birth and death about the same

why had I gone there
office candy she had left
and a scarf he said was hers
together in a bag to bring through sharply biting streets
at five o'clock to meet her there
but not for coffee cigarette or two in used to be
just leave it at the switchboard
say goodbye and be so finally dramatic
see a face of white and red
the vivid slit
that thank you said

Phoebee!
man across the street there calling dog that's sniffing snowbanks come when ready other
dog there guess he'll wait awhile before she'll come
Phoebee!

residential
sidewalk never shovelled people beat it down with workbound feet many years ago we
lived down here seven maybe then but funny I remember houses brown one there a
doctor whassisname that operated on appendicits had a dog a cockerspaniel floppy ears
and barked alot

(turn right)
I've walked this street at night before oh many times before
(ring bells)
and counted midnight bells before
and one and two o'clock
just up this Hill
(nine o'clock seems longer since I left)
yes there it is the next one on the left so dark
her grandmother is old and gone to bed
without a light
to wait for her tonight

when was it maybe mid-terms at the kingsboro her friend sat down across from me and
staring in my beer with confidential pity speaking low so those around us loudly couldn't
hear us in our secrecy

gone there for a rest, a minor nervous breakdown. oh, she'll be back again as good as new. she seems the same to me, a little quiet maybe. doesn't talk much like she used to do. I have her address. would you like it?

no. what could I say?

you sure you wouldn't like to write? I'm sure she'd like to hear from you.

no, no. what could I say to her?

she's lonely there.

I know. it must be lonely there.

three times her eyes were on my eyes were in my beer
and knew the waiting New Year's Eve
with cigarettes to light the turning of a year
that never came

but now you're here what did you hope to see tonight
to pass her on the street somewhere
or see her in the window there
that was the end of January
this the end of March

have you counted sixty days
the sixty cold and winter days
or did you sleep the winter nights
and dream the nights
and see the nights
the whitened face
and blackdark hair
the two red lips
that met you there
and thankyou said

to see her
yes I wanted to
to see her back again from there
to see her hear her laugh again and smile again
and walk again
be certain nothing was destroyed
that once she had
but darkness here
so come again

and look
the moon is out again
so turn and walk the street again
the moon shines on Schenectady
where I should be
where I should be

Robert Schoenfein

THE SON

Cold, massive, imposing,
Threatening and horrifying it was as well.
Into this setting he entered.
Through the rotating doorway too far,
He went around again — slightly more determined.
Again around . . .

"Hello, little man," said six feet of grey uniform and a
Gun in a holster
How *real* that gun was!
"It's a bit after three, boy. Closed now."
The gun spoke not too gently.
The boy was afraid.

Mother said not to fear . . .
Daddy was there, but at the Office he wasn't
Called "Daddy". But he *was* Daddy anyway.
"My Daddy's here," the little voice spoke out.
Then, in recognition, the gun pointed inside.
"Through there, sir."

How much bigger it all seemed, while with
Frightened awkward little steps he moved
Inside.
" 'Sir', he called me 'sir', and I'm not at all,"
He thought as he
Further entered.

To the right, in dark stained and polished wood,
A high partition forced over it the efficient
Sounds of typewriting and quick steps and deep voices.
Down past the sounds were marble walls with barred windows.
All shut and stiff but one. Then it too dropped and sealed.
An old woman turned from it, closed her handbag with a snap, and left.

By the open passage, near the partition, was a small desk.
High heels came from behind it and walked to the little man.
She bent down, her hands on her hips . . .
"Well now, what can we do for you?"
"My Daddy's here and . . ."
"And you wanted to visit him . . . That's nice. We expected you."

She went in beyond the partition, not understanding at all . . .
Not to visit, just to see,
Not to go inside, just to look — but he *was* inside.
Yet, somehow, in adjusting to the vastness of the hallway
His fear was lessening.
Then that voice again . . .

"So you're the son . . ."
Looking down at him was the grey uniform and the gun and
With it, this time, a smile — a hard, cold, grey smile.
The seconds passed as years before the woman in heels
Returned from beyond the partition.
She extended down her hand and, in awe, he took it.

She said something of encouragement to him as she
Led him through the partition into the
Main room. As they entered he withdrew his hand carefully.
There could be no encouragement.
He was led to a large desk in the corner before a closed door and
Seated in a leather-covered armchair.

The room seemed very dark despite the lights
Hanging from the ceiling.
The walls were all deeply stained and imposing.
Only a few secretaries were creating the typing sounds
Which before seemed so prevalent. The concern of those present
With their duties left him in pleasant isolation.

Another woman
With eyeglasses held by a string around her neck
Sat down in the swivel chair at the desk.
"Your father is in conference now. He'll be through in a little while."
She spoke kindly but not wasting a word.
Then, sensing duty more than feeling she spoke again . . .

"How is your mother?" she said, almost disconcerted.
"Fine," he answered and felt proud at not having wasted a word himself.
But pride soon gave way to curiosity . . .
"What are they talking about inside?" he asked meekly.
"They are discussing policy."
And then there was nothing more to say.

The door to the inner office opened and through it passed
Cigars and smoke and men in groups,
Loud talk, rough talk, and coarse laughter . . . policy.
As they went by, some looked at "the son" and smiled.
Through the doorway the little boy saw
His father.

His father's wisdom and softness still remained in the
Inner office behind his desk, but his eyes were tired and
They were not as he had ever known them.
The executive didn't see his son.
The last of the strangers passed by
They all had taken something of the essence of the tired man within.

The little sir rose and quickly moved away toward the
Opening in the partition, away from the noise and the smoke and
The horrors of policy. At the door the uniform and gun
Turned toward him and smiled.
The secretary, her glassees dangling from her neck,
Had efficiently followed him from the main room.

Then he was at the door and passed the gun and uniform
And the Secretary
And the snap of the handbag
And the efficiency and policy,
Home, he would see his Daddy.
Around, and around and around — then, escape.

E. K. Bernadott

FOLLOWING EAGLE

I knew Lawson Turner back when. Before the stocks, before the county fairs and Lucky Ira's troupe, before the road races with Gaza, before the grand prix tour and the fifty-two fractures. Before the castor-oil-slicked paving and the concrete retaining wall at Monte Carlo, and thirty-eight thousand dollars of funeral; gut-harness and white coveralls shroud, accordioned aluminum coffin, and the jiffy hot-with-nitro-fuel cremation.

We drifted down the hill into Harold.

Eagle had drawn first position and was up front in Lawson's '52-and-some-extra-guts motored '37 Buick coupe. Jerry Colburn was riding with him.

Lawson had the Spinster, Eagle's cool-rod . . . and me along. The Spinster was

a Ford that had been put together, even though '50 had been a change year. A smooth chop through the fenders and all around, channeling, and an Olds-bar grill had given her a prim "Victorian" look, so . . . Spinster.

Eagle had made a boast that he could beat Law on the Indian reservation even letting Law drive the Spinster. Law was taking him up on it.

I figured Eagle to edge out Law anyway. Eagle complemented the Spinster. She was a good car, but the coupe had a lot of bear, too. Law had ground up some gears finding that out.

Ralph Bergstrom, trailing us, had a car-full, girls and guys.

"I don't see Bergstrom at all."

"Yeah, Law. Guess he's along as a participating spectator . . . 'Girls, let's watch Eagle take Turner, and maybe we can give 'em both a little run.'"

"I can't see going fast with girls along."

"You used to."

"Barbara Sandquist, when I was hot for her, puked all over me and my upholstery on the road up from Scandaga to Prestonville. I got mad; she got mad; and you know Barbie mad."

"She gave you the you-must-not-care-for-me-very-much-if-you-are - perfectly - willing to-risk-my-life bit, I'll bet. That is a pretty curvy road up there—nice thrilling gosh-I-didn't-know-this-bucket-had-wings, too."

"Hell, I was only doing seventy-five on most of them curves."

"Maybe fifty."

"Well . . . sixty."

Eagle had gauged his speed so that we came into the intersection-light red. There was no opposing traffic visible down the first stretch, and Law pulled up alongside Eagle.

"It's a cool night. Look out for moon-glints in the road."

"Doubt if there's anything to freeze. Hope the moon does hold."

It was one of those nights with the clouds big and billowy and piled high, the moon as if it were in front of them. The smoke stack of the milk plant, the plant itself were silhouetted black against the billows. The eastern edge of the world was just behind that milk plant silhouette; no mountains, the fog had risen from the creek.

Lawson itched even with Eagle into the amber—the dead amber . . .

The light crept green. Lawson squeaked. Just a little bit. Then the blower whine. Even so, I could hear Bergstrom in back of us painting the road with his tires.

The four boulevard lamps tensed . . . and jumped behind us. Lawson threw up a gear. Eagle was a hood ahead.

Law searched a second for third. I could see the coupe's deck.

I wondered why the hell Bergstrom's tires were still squealing. I armed over the back of the front seat and saw the red whirl-a-gig light.

"Trouble, Law . . . in Stetsons."

"Yeah, Ken."

I twisted back around in the seat. My clothes didn't. I felt uncomfortable.

We were inching up on Eagle, sucking the second-growth along the road through our headlights so fast it made my eyes dizzy. My eyes felt like crossing. I made them, and the brush rained in on top of me through the windshield.

"You take care of that rear-view."

"Right, Law."

I almost ripped the mirror out of its socket. I got some raw headlight. The boys in gray were just even with Bergstrom, but they weren't pulling him over.

Both cars were dropping back.

"We're running 'em."

"Any day of the week. But they got that damned two-way radio." Lawson's eyes

were ahead, and he was talking tightly.

"Until we run along the tracks we got side roads."

"And we still got a chance of beating Eagle."

We were edging up on Eagle, all right. The hood was really bucking up.

"Road."

"Yeah, Law."

I had driven over a hundred before. The state lays bumpy roads . . . cracks between the molecules, you know.

We were about to the end of the first stretch. We had a little curve and a fair-sized dip, then straight flat road for a long way.

The troopers had nosed Bergstrom over. All we had to worry about was the two-way radio.

We were almost front bumper to back with the coupe, breaking over the crest into the dip beginning the second stretch. I could see Eagle's rear-view mirror turned up and down against our lights.

The back of the coupe wrenched sideways.

Soft tan dust rolled back into the right corner of our lights, and we were alongside the coupe, weaving almost into us. I looked at Eagle to see what was the matter, but he wasn't with us anymore.

I heard a burst of machine-gun fire — something that sounded like it.

I almost pitched through the floorboard, quickly and hard, grinding tight horrible shrieks out of the concrete.

I managed to get screwed around in the seat to try to see what had happened. There were no headlights in the road behind us. I wished violently for moonlight.

It yawned out from behind the clouds, the almost-day brightness, and crept up the road. The Spinster wasn't breathing hard; Lawson and I weren't at all. And I wondered where the crickets were before I remembered it was chilly. I shivered.

I could hear Lawson slipping the shift handle front and up. We backed up slowly.

I saw the guard posts first—or I saw one in the road and eight or ten not there. The machine gun.

And it was as if I had seen in the same glance the coupe, there on its side, still and dead, ploughed into the moon-rimed marsh grass.

The blower wailed. Like an ambulance. But an ambulance never used the siren for dead people. And the thought gave me a little comfort for the back of my mind.

Lawson stopped. "Maybe we better get out and go look. The hell with John Law."

"Yeah, maybe we had, Law . . . Hey, look!"

The door of the coupe was pulsing up and down.

"I'll go look, Law." I opened the Spinster's door, and the chilliness came in.

"Well, get goin'."

"Righto." I slammed the car door carefully, turning the handle, and stood up straight. I just didn't want to go to pieces there on the road. Maybe later, in bed.

I got my foot wet through the shoe stepping short into the ditch.

"You all right, Jerry?"

"Yeah, Ken. Yeah, I'm all right."

Jerry was hoisting himself out of the coupe window.

"I snapped my neck bad, nothing else. I think Eagle—" Jerry jumped down from the car. "Hell, I can swear it. He's dead, Ken."

"Oh, God, no."

Jerry came over to me. He had Law's .32 and holster in his hand.

"The steering post ploughed through his chest."

"You— you got a bad brush on your forehead." There was nothing else to say.

"Let's get out of here before John Law's on our tails."

"What about Eagle?"

"He's dead. They can't do much to him."

"I wonder what our folks'll say when we get home."

We hiked up to the car; it was hard hoofing on the hillocks of dry grass.

Lawson's teeth sounded like castenets when I pulled open the car door. Jerry crowded into the Spinster beside me and slammed us in.

"Now you know what sardines feel like. — Let's buzz out of here before them boys come over the hill . . . I cleaned out the glove compartment . . . registration . . . gun."

I was hardly ready when Law let out the clutch.

"What about Eagle? What about—?"

"Keep goin'. I think he was dead. And if he wasn't, the troopers can take better care of him than us."

"They must have a car comin' down from the other end of the reservation, or they'd've over the hill by now. They couldn't have helped hearing that crash."

"Maybe, maybe not. They were probably still blowing in on that goofball Swede."

"Don't knock us Swedes, Jer."

"Yeah. You maybe had better head in some Indian's driveway, and let Johnny Law by us, Turner. How long you figure it'll be until they get down to this end?"

"If there was a cop up at the other end, it should be a couple of minutes even if he's only hitting the high spots."

"Damn it! You passed up a good-looking driveway."

"With another car by that shack? Those troopers may not have much on the ball, but they know Indians aren't millionaires; and no young Indian buck horses around in a Spinster, either, I don't think. Besides, who wants a whole string of Indians coming out wondering who's company? Let Law do the thinking."

"They're goin' to have our tails on a string."

"There's that sideroad up just above where the railroad tracks swing in by the road. I figure swingin' onto that. The embankment will shield us for sure from any cops. We'll hole up until they come by, then drive back this way.

"See if you can stash that gun and the coupe's registration someplace. I'd hate like hell to get picked up without any permit."

Law was slowing down.

"Law, you went past the road."

Law bore down on the brakes, flipped the Spinster into reverse, and backed us around into the sideroad, up and over the crossing. He closed his door, flicked off the headlights; and we sat.

And waited . . .

"What happened, Jer? I saw the back end lurch over just before we went by you."

"I think it was the sway rod let go. The threads on the end of them let go sometimes. And this was one of 'em. She was weavin' an' pitchin' to beat all of hell and half of heaven. I guess Eagle couldn't hold her in the road. Maybe he was trying to rub some speed off on them guard-posts—everyone of them damned things jerked my neck almost off."

"You should bitch. You got off light."

"You know it, Ken."

"I crawled down under the dash—fell under, sort of. We spun around; the back end must have fallen in the ditch. It pitched us over and back. Then the car rolled onto her side. It was fast as hell—All of it—" Jerry snapped his finger. "—just like that."

"When she dove on her side she snagged something that put the post through Eagle . . . I don't know what kept me alive."

" . . . It's rough. I liked Eagle. A lot. A hell of a lot."

"I know, Law. God, we all did. Fabulous guy."

"Yeah. You got a pretty bad brush burn

on your forehead. Get the monkey cap out of the glove compartment."

"Monkey cap?"

"Eagle used to put it on his head when he worked on the car."

"Oh, yeah. I got it here."

"Look, Law, we really don't have to wait here for any troopers from the other end. If we get stopped, we'll say we turned in off this sideroad. If they have our license number, we're sunk anyway. Maybe they don't know about the accident either; we could tell them about it for sure. They wouldn't be very interested in us."

"Yeah, Law, they didn't pull us over, so what can they prove unless they got a gander at our plates?"

"I think they came off the Corners road, Law. I doubt if they could have read the Spinster's plates; we were on the wrong side. And the light isn't too good at that intersection."

"I don't want—"

"Hell, then, why didn't you just go up this road?"

"I wanted to see what they did about Eagle and the coup', I guess. I put a lot of work into that car, and Eagle was my friend. Ah! I guess you're right. You better drive, Ken. They'll check licenses; the coup's my car. Jer had better sit dead-man with that head."

We rearranged ourselves, sat there a moment with the motor running; then I turned on the headlights and drove up over the crossing.

"Better do a shade more than an honest fifty. Don't make it too honest."

Fifty-five was going backwards for the Spinster.

"We've probably been giving Sammy Stetson credit for more brains than he has in his little pointed head."

"Maybe."

"The road looks like elephant hide."

"You should write books, Ken. I mean it; you really should."

"There's the coup' way up ahead. God, we're creepin'. My old man goes faster than this."

"That Ford you picked up in California—there's the coup'. The troopers haven't gotten here *yet*."

"They're sort of poor."

"Yeah, Law. He weaves like a drunk rooster; I seen him drive. He doesn't let you handle the Lincoln at all, does he?"

"Afraid I'll scratch the paint. C. N.'ll have my ass for the coup', and I had to fight to get him to let me have that. The—he wants me to grow up a horse-and-buggy boy *today*."

"Yeah, Jer. His mother gave him the money for the '52 mill. It was three months before C. N. knew it." I didn't feel like talking about Eagle either. It was still too big.

"I passed C. N.'s lawyer's Packard on the lake road. I didn't know who the old duck was—he was rolling—"

"They've got Bergstrom, and there's a trooper walking out in the road. Take it easy, Ken."

"Yeah. Hey! hey, hey." I brought the Spinster up short, put a fear of God into the trooper; I had almost nudged him with our bumper. I looked back toward Bergstrom's car. "It looked like Joan Bailey."

"They must have been making out in the back seat."

"I told you that bunch that runs with Bergstrom is crazy."

"Sh!"

"Okay, let's see your license. You almost ran over me. Don't you know enough to stop when I wave you in?"

"There's a car off the road in a field back about a mile. I was coming up to Harold to see if I could get ahold of the deputy. I guess I was a bit nervous."

"And that blonde, too, officer. She's enough to make anyone—nervous, that is."

"What are you, anyway, a bunch of sadists? Making that poor girl come out in the cold, while some guy may be puking his guts out up the road."

"The license looks okay. Checks with the I. D. You look like a car that just come up this way."

"About six o'clock. Boy, you guys are birds. I tell you a guy went off the road back there. Broke off a whole raft of guard posts."

"The accident probably was earlier today, Ken. Probably the guy is up at Rose already."

"You kids are serious?"

"We sure as hell are."

"Another car is coming down. They'll take care of it. Probably another careful of kids dragging here tonight. How fast were you coming over that hill?"

"About fifty-five. As I said, I was nervous."

"Okay, beat it. And forget about the girl; she asked for it. That car up ahead'll get taken care of. Have fun . . . and keep it clean."

"Yeah. Good night."

"Go on. She's decent, half-way as far as clothes are concerned."

"She has a body . . . Slut, though. I skipped the sir routine. Remember that cop you sirred, Law? He thought you were making fun of him and hauled you up before the J. P."

"They were just hard up for dough. These jerkwater cops are paid what they can shake down."

"Want to stop at Filty Isaac's' and beer down?"

"Let's go over to the 'Burg. Nobody's up here, and I feel like sort of telling people about Eagle."

"Right, Law."

BOOKS AT UNION COLLEGE

At first we thought it to be impossible, but now it seems like a good idea to attempt a "Book" section without a single review. It is our policy to select for review or report only the literary publications which in one way or another seem to be of particular interest to Union College students. Of course, we think it might be said without sarcasm that if we were strictly to adhere to this code we'd seldom have a book to review. Anyway we try to keep close to this goal.

This time, besides two especially important recordings and a miscellaneous book or two, we've organized a collection of what we'd title "Disciplined Books," books of scientific thought or mathematical nature apart from text books and the like. There are a number of titles of which few of us have heard but which are of pretty general interest and available locally for the most part. John Mistletoe on Lark Street in Albany has nearly all of them in stock; we've seen a number of them at the Union Book Company down on State Street in town; and there just might be a few of the titles in the Union College Gift Shop in Washburn Hall—though they are essentially too academic for the "College Book Store" to carry.

The two records are most exciting and should come first. We've listened several times (we've even purchased it) to the new Caedmon readings from James Joyce's *Ulysses*. The side with Siobhan McKenna doing Molly Bloom's lyrical last sentence is one of the most exciting things you're likely to hear for some time. Miss McKenna gives us Molly's soliloquy in the soft Irish lilt so fitting to her thoughts (and so unlike her exterior self). It is a beautiful experience. E. G. Marshall, on the other side, reads a soliloquy of Molly's husband "Poldy" or

Leopold Bloom. Though it is really excellent, it accompanies something like greatness and we seldom play it. \$5.95.

Another Caedmon release is *Under Milk Wood* taken from a tape made at the Poetry Center in New York City in May of 1953. It includes Dylan Thomas himself as well as Nancy Wickwire and Roy Poole. Complete notes on the play and photographs of the author and cast in rehearsal accompany the two big LP's. They are \$11.90, the price of two regular 12" records.

Then, of more than usual interest, is a new book by Alfred McClung Lee, of whom we have never heard. Mr. Lee, a member of Sigma Chi, has completed a rather complete report on racial and religious prejudice on the campus. *Fraternities without Brotherhood* finds "Aryanism" in all its implications the annihilating defect in the fraternal system. Beacon, \$1.45.

Eugene O'Neill, *The Man and His Plays* is the only source book to date on the life and work of the dramatist up to 1947—shortly after the first production of *The Iceman Cometh*. It is by Barrett H. Clark; it is complete; and it is extremely valuable. There is a checklist of first editions of all plays, a list of first performances and a selected bibliography. Most happily of all, the author does not explain the man O'Neill to all of us once and for all. He doesn't even claim to have been the writer's best friend. Dover, \$1.00.

Stories in the Modern Manner (and *More Stories in the Modern Manner*) from the Partisan Review have recently been reissued by Avon. Among so many others that you'll wonder why you never read the publication you'll find "The Penal Colony" of Kafka, a one act play, "Human Voices" by Jean

Cocteau, and a story by Paul Goodman worth the lot of them. Each volume is 35c.

Most of Herman Melville is slowly finding its way into paperbacks, enough to make up an impressive list. Like this:

Typee: A Peep at Polynesian Life. Avon, 35c.

Selected Tales and Poems, Richard Chase, editor, Rinehart, 95c.

White Jacket, Melville's great book of the sea published about a year before *Moby Dick*. Grove Press, \$1.45.

Moby Dick is available in several editions about the least expensive of which is one with a gaudy picture from the movie on its cover and put out by Signet. It is a good edition and only 50c.

The Confidence-Man is his last book. Grove Press, \$1.25.

The value of Edith Hamilton's *Mythology* hardly can be overstated considering the dependence of so many of the writers of T. S. Eliot's generation on the mythological allusion. It is very complete and rigorously organized. Mentor, 50c.

A classic collection of French stories that was originally published by Random House is now available from Dell for 50c. Included in the *Bedside Book of Famous Stories* are Balzac, de Musset, Flaubert, Daudet, Zola, de Maupassant, Sartre and Collette.

FOURTEEN NEW SCIENTIFIC TITLES

Science and Imagination, Marjorie Nicholson. Considers the microscope, telescope and astrological discoveries and their effect on English literature — especially as concerning Donne, Milton, Swift and others of the 17th and 18th centuries. Great Seal Books, Cornell University Press, \$1.75.

Flatland, E. A. Abbott. A story of 2D space where women are straight lines and irregularity means execution. Based on advanced mathematical and scientific principles. Dover, \$1.00.

The Failure of Technology, Frederick Georg Juenger. A discussion of the threat to the spirit of the deification of industrialization.

Mathematics, Magic and Mystery, Martin Gardner. Over 115 diversions, phenomena, tricks and demonstrations of clairvoyancy based on probability, topology, etc. Dover, \$1.00. A considerable number of other such books are available should you happen to consider such things amusing.

Automatic Control by the editors of "Scientific American." A consideration of "Feedback" and its possible stimulation of a second Industrial Revolution. One of many publications in paper by this group. Simon and Schuster, \$1.00.

Trigonometry Refresher for Technical Men, A. A. Klaf. Tables and time saving calculation methods prepared by a prominent civil engineer for practical use. Dover, \$1.95.

Cultural Patterns and Technical Change, edited by Margaret Mead. A report on the adoption of technology by ancient lands. Mentor, 50c.

The Scientific Revolution, 1500 to 1800; The Formation of the Modern Scientific Attitude. A. R. Hall. Beacon, \$1.75.

Physics and Politics, by Walter Bagehot. Beacon, \$1.25.

Science and Moral Life, Max Otto. Mentor, 50c.

What is Life? and other science essays by Nobel Prize physicist Erwin Schrodinger. Anchor, 95c.

Analysis of Matter, Bertrand Russell. Dover, \$1.85.

The Rise of the New Physics, A. d'Abro. Dover, \$1.95.

The Common Sense of the Exact Science, W. Kingdon Clifford. Dover, \$1.60.

Sports at Union College

Jerrold Hirschen

11-0 Garnet Looks to NCAA



COACH CARTMILL, PLAYERS BERMAN AND CRUM

When the basketball team put together a strong second half rally to defeat Hamilton and extend its unbeaten skein to eleven, tournament talk began to be heard around campus. The early optimists who had spoken of an NCAA bid similar to the one extended Williams two years ago have given way to more energetic planners, those versed on a new institution known as the NCAA National Small-College Tournament.

A few short releases in *The New York Times* constituted our earliest inkling of its format and subsequent conversations with Art Hoefs of the *Gazette* and a gentleman named Willis J. Stetson at Swarthmore have served to fill in our knowledge.

Union is in an excellent position to receive an at-large bid to the Eastern qualifying round of the tournament. With the nation divided into four regions and each of these areas providing an eight team bracket in the earliest stage, we remain the only undefeated at-large team eligible to compete in the Eastern playoff.

This bracket will probably be filled by four conference champions and four at-large teams. They will be numbered arbitrarily from one through eight with the odd-numbered teams serving as hosts for the first round. A similar procedure will be employed for the second round, the two remaining teams qualifying for the quarter-finals in Evansville, Indiana. The semi and final rounds are listed for Kansas City.

Mr. Stetson is Chairman of the selection committee which will meet sometime around February 15 to consider schools for the Eastern round scheduled to take place during the first week of March. Thus, if we may look past the clash with Norwich, the games against Vermont and Amherst should tell the story on our tournament chances.

The Catamounts, currently sporting an 8-1 record, are loaded. On paper, they must be considered the best team we will face all season. Four sophomores from the finest freshman squad in their history are in the starting lineup along with captain Skip Burkhardt who averaged 15 a game last winter.

The current aggregation is built around sophomore Clyde Lord, an All-City selection from Boys High in Brooklyn. Scoring mainly on colorful, driving lay-ups, he tossed in over 20 points an outing for the '59 Kittens. Lord is an excellent rebounder for his 6'1" and handles the ball well from a guard post.

Two other New York City ballplayers will open for Vermont. Arnie Branch, All-Queens at Franklin K. Lane, throws up one-handed push shots from all over the court and makes use of a 6'3" frame under the boards. Out of Brooklyn Tech, where he was an All-City honorable mention, Charlie Isles scores consistently, 12.2 a game for last year's frosh, and is a fine defensive ballplayer.

Little Bob Kuchar, only 5'9", is deadly from the outside. An All-State choice from Dickenson High in Jersey City, Bob scored 19 a game as a freshman and has enjoyed several hot evenings already this season. Burkhardt shoots from the outside with either hand and drives well.

The Catamounts have depth also with a ten point scorer from their 1955-56 group relegated to the bench along with five or six other fine ballplayers. We do have a decided height advantage in the persons of Norm Baum and Drew Lawson and present a zone defense that should give Lord trouble all evening.

In Bill Warren, Amherst will present the

most highly touted player to see action in Memorial Field House this campaign. As a sophomore, Warren averaged over 17 a game, and he has improved on that mark to date. The Lord Jeffs have a 6-3 record, their losses coming at the hands of Yale, AIC and Springfield. Warren more than held his own against Johnny Lee, the Eli's celebrated "cover boy."

We saw Amherst squeeze out a victory at RPI. They were a sound ballclub who moved well, always playing for the good shot. Nothing flustered them, and that may have been the difference in the closing minutes of the game.

Meeting an RPI squad that had clearly improved since their December loss to Union, the Lord Jeffs threw up a three-quarter court press. They tended to give the Engineers three to four feet of room on the outside, a factor that should see Frank Crum shooting often early in the game.

Warren is a smooth ballplayer who shoots a lot from the right side of the court, almost always from within the foul circle. He wasn't too impressive under the boards though he is Amherst's big man. If on nothing but the strength of their victory over Holy Cross, our Little Three rival must be feared.

Amherst and Vermont entertain the same tournament aspirations we do, and both will be very tough. A split should be good enough to get a bid from Mr. Stetson's committee.



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