

# Manuscript



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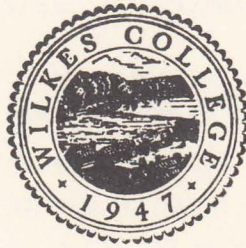
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# Manuscript

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# *Invasers From Beyond*

T. R. PRICE

The morning sun poked probing fingers over the frost-tipped peaks and felt its way into the valley and down the long cause-way, groping its way into the buildings of the Capitol.

Climbing tiredly through a window, the inquisitive beams fell on a mass of tumbled bedclothes heaped together and shoved to one side of the bed.

On the other side of the bed sat a Leader. He had not slept well the night before, not well at all, and as a consequence was decidedly weary. He opened his eyes rather tiredly away from the sunlight, blinking as they watered in protest. He rumbled his hair with an uncomfortably dry hand, then passed his fingers dully over his brow. He winced.

In rubbing his forehead he had touched his bruise, and it was still abominably tender. It was not at all a nice wound, and when touched had a tendency to commence throbbing. It commenced throbbing now. The Leader thought of swearing at it, then recalled that profanity did not befit a Leader.

Not, he mused dully, that he was a Leader any more. He had ceased to be a Leader long ago, when those weird beings who now ruled his house and him had arrived.

He thought drearily that he had probably not been much of a Leader, and more of a fool, but it was too late to think of such things, and too trying.

Well, he had been a fool. He had permitted those fantastic beings out of the East to enter the nation and the Capitol. Undeniably he ought to have hearkened to the advocates of slaughter, but no, he had wanted to be decent about it. And, besides, there was the religious aspect . . . Well, on the other hand he would have his subordinates and the majority of the people with him.

The Leader shook his head to drive away the throbbing, and leaned back on the bed, trying to capture some of the rest that had eluded him the night before. Time passed.

The sun crawled over and past the tumbled bedclothes, over and past the patiently folded hands and up the somber face.

The Leader slowly closed his eyes to it and savored its warmth on his bruise. The heat seemed to be drawing some of the ache from it, though the Leader could not be too sure of that. It occurred

to him that he had not been too sure of many things for some time now.

He grunted gently, rolling his breath quietly past his nose and under the roof of his mouth in an expression of weariness. He had had some relief by sitting up part of the night before, but every time he had begun to doze, his head would touch the pillow or the bed, and the throbbing would begin again.

He began again to condemn himself within his mind. No, he thought, I have not been a good Leader. To be a good Leader, one must be a good leader, and I have not done well at all.

Nor had it been any easier with his brother stirring up the people against him. Well, he thought, I suppose I have at least made it easier for him; he could never have used the people if I were not such a poor Leader.

The Leader tugged at a bedcover as a cloud passed the sun and it became chilly in the room. He shivered briefly, then fell back listlessly to his old position as the sun swam out again. He sat quietly, feeling the warmth on his face, and was still. The bruise had begun to ache again.

The sun crept past his face, and the Leader shifted to get back into it, adjusted his position slightly, then subsided once more into immobility.

And to think, he thought, that I was the Leader, the man to whom the people looked, to whom they bowed, to whom they gave their plaudits, to whom they gave the attributes of a god—to whom, that is, they bowed, when hailed and deified before the advent of those beings of another world.

And of another world those beings were of a certainty. He had not believed at first the reports (I would have, he thought, if I had been a better leader, and therefore Leader.) of their fantastic craft. Still, what sensible man could believe in such huge white-winged visitors from the eastern heavens?

What sensible man could believe, he mused, as he moved again into the comforting sun, was not the point. The point was this: one should have.

He settled again into passivity, and thought on this for a while in stolidity. His movement had started the ache again, and he waited patiently for it to subside.

The sun climbed higher on the Leader's face and on the flat plaster wall behind him. In the distance came the muted sounds of the city, then quiet.

Yes, he thought, I should have had them exterminated, and the problem would have ended right there. As it was . . . .



He sighed gently. With hindsight it was always so easy to see what one ought to have done. Certainly he should never have permitted those beings to enter the Capitol, but they had been irresistible. With their strange protective covering, their weird and horrible weapons, and those hideous half-animal creatures that some of them were, how could he or his people possibly withstand them?

Resistance had been attempted by some of the neighboring states, and what had happened? They had put forces into the field vastly outnumbering the invaders, and the invaders had annihilated them without mercy.

The Leader paused in his musing to listen to a distant report. Action along the wall, he concluded, action that would never be going on if these creatures had not taken over the Capitol and him with it. So now they were all penned up in it together, while the populace beyond the walls waited for their heads.

The people—well, the people had had more sense than he had given them credit for. It was they who had revolted, who had made his brother Leader in his stead, it was they—and the Leader felt a twinge at their ingratitude—who had inflicted this wound upon him who tried to speak to them from the wall. That he should be stoned like a thief of the streets . . . .

The people, it occurred to him, had presented more of a problem than he had ever expected. Doubtless they would have presented no problem at all if he had acted differently. It is a hard thing, he thought, and turned again to face the sun, sighing quietly.

The Leader sat silent for a few minutes before he was disturbed by a noise in the hall. It was a clanking. Presently it drew to his door, and two people stood there, pausing at the threshold. He looked at the intruders, and his stomach was touched briefly by a small finger of disquiet.

As he had thought, there were two of them. One was the chief of the invaders who were ravaging his land, and the other was the woman who had betrayed her people for his favors. The invader spoke to her and she stepped closer to the Leader.

She is acting as his interpreter, as usual, he thought. Well, let us see what they want, and perhaps then we can get some rest. What is she saying?

The woman spoke gently, with quiet respect. "My master," she said, "bids me give you a good morning, noble Montezuma".

# I See Red

MARGARET LUTY

In reading the newspapers recently, I was pleasantly surprised to note that the testimonial of a friend of mine was being used in an advertisement for Tenderleaf tea. I found it hilarious that this was a tea ad, for my friend had been one of the gang who staged the "Boston Tea Party." Jerry has been dead now for over 120 years — killed in the War for Independence. When I saw that picture of Jerry, now a ghost, delightfully sipping tea, and saying, "The flavour **haunts** me," my thoughts roamed back to my meeting with Jerry, and then tenderly I recalled Myrtle, who introduced us. Myrtle was also a ghost. I shall never forget the night I met Myrt.

I had just finished reading a book of ghost stories and was pondering the question of whether or not there were such beings. I reached the conclusion that it is possible that they exist, and that if something approached me and declared itself to be a ghost, I probably would not scream and have a nervous breakdown on the spot. No, I would very calmly shake hands and introduce myself. No sooner had I propounded this gay little theory than I heard a squeaky, timid, small voice behind me say "Hello."

I turned around, and what to my wondering eyes should appear but—Rudolph? No—something not too far removed, though. It **did** have a red nose, and it looked rather forlorn; but it wasn't a reindeer! Its shape was more like that of a human being—sort of . . . .

I said "Hello," and the Creature looked relieved. "What—are you?" I asked.

Then I was sorry I had not said "Who," for it looked hurt and said sadly, while blinking its nose in an absurd fashion, "I knew it; nobody ever speaks to us ghosts personally, but always as though we're inanimate objects. Please, won't you ask **who** I am?"

"All right," said I obligingly, "**Who** are you?"

Puffing out its chest importantly, the thing said, "I am your own, personal ghost."

"But—I'm not dead yet! How can I have a ghost?"

"Don't ask me how or why these things are arranged. I'm not the 'Big Boss'. All I know is that I've been appointed as your ghost. Now, don't get excited; everybody has them. The trouble is that very few people know their ghost, for we can't introduce ourselves



to folks until they believe in us, and very few people believe in ghosts these days. My name is Myrtle."

"Ho-how do you do, Myrtle?" I faltered, for despite my previous view on the subject of my reaction to ghosts, I was pretty shaken. "I guess you know my name?" At its nod in assent, I continued, fascinated by the rhythmic blinking of its nose. "Well, now that we're more or less introduced, I'd like to ask you a question. Why is your nose so red?"

Myrtle began to laugh. (Have you ever seen a ghost laugh? An impressive sight.) She explained that her peculiar redness of nose was inherited; her father had been an habitual drunkard, and her mother had always been allergic (to everything). Also, she herself had a perpetual cold. As for the blinking—with ghosts, blinking is like hiccoughs. Some ghosts blink noses, some blink eyes, some ears, and some just—**Blink**.

After an hour or two of chit-chat I was sleepy and, after excusing myself (while hoping that I wouldn't dream that night) I went to bed.

The next morning I thought I had imagined it all, for there was the same morning rush to get off to school, and I came to Economics class late again—all things seemed to be proceeding normally. Then, just as I was beginning to relax and stop waiting for Myrtle to make an appearance (this was about 3:30) I saw a gleam of red and, looking more closely, could faintly discern a hazy mist in the already too-familiar form of last night's visitor.

"Myrtle!" I moaned. Now, ordinarily I could explain this away by saying that I had just remembered something, but the moment before sighting Myrt, a Freshman girl had asked me what my nickname was. The result: the name stuck. I still haven't quite forgiven Myrtle for that.

After several weeks of making idiotic remarks in the midst of serious conversations, staring at doorways when no one that anyone else could see stood there, and being accused by my friends of talking to myself, I began to find being haunted a little less entertaining than I expected. In fact, I became annoyed. So did other people. I shall never forget the time I frantically caught at an instructor's arm and pulled him aside to prevent his walking right through Myrt, and then was unable to explain my action.

It was immediately after this experience that I decided to get rid of Myrt. If you've ever tried to "eliminate" a ghost, you know what I went through. I tried everything. Finally, in desperation, I started ignoring her. In fact, I even walked right through her several times! This treatment began to take effect, but not quickly

enough to suit me. I turned to insult, and insulted her nose, declaring that it was ridiculous for a ghost to have a red nose. White, certainly; blue, maybe; but **red!** Just too impossible!

Before I had even finished speaking, Myrt began her fade-out . . . Slowly, like the Cheshire Cat, she disappeared, leaving the nose till last, until it blinked its last blink.

Hooray! Raise the flag! I have at last succeeded in—Ye Gods! What's that red light blinking over there? Omygosh! Now there are **three** of them! Oh, no! It can't be . . . Hello, Myrtle. Yes, I think your new ears are lovely. Quite . . . lovely.





# Mexico

ANN LODGE HASKELL

Mexico is a land of warm and friendly people. It is also a land of strange conflicts and harmonies. Here, past and present, village and city, are woven together into a complex and colorful pattern, which includes peasants and businessmen, nationalists and aristocrats, monastics and internationalists. And there are all shades and all combinations of these primary colors. With the following simple sketches, I will attempt to illustrate two of my own impressions of these interesting contrasts.

A vital religion is in deep harmony with most of Mexican life. Although the church does not have direct political control over the government, the people of Mexico are almost entirely Catholic. This form of religious expression was transplanted here by the padres, who were an integral part of the Spanish conquest. Probably due to its emotional compatibility with the native Indian religion, this Catholicism took root and flourished. However, during this process, it managed to incorporate certain characteristics that are uniquely Indian, including some ceremonial dances and other ancient rituals. There has even been some fascinating juxtaposition of Biblical text and native mythology. At least one folk fable includes counterparts for Adam and Eve, and Jesus, as well as some monkeys, and has something of the plot of Jack and the Beanstalk.

Every peasant hut seems to have its own tiny altar. This special niche may include a small statue or picture of the well-loved Madonna and the symbols of the family's patron saints. Hanging near this is perhaps some example of individual accomplishment, such as a paper basket made by a child. And each local bus has its carefully arranged symbol of the driver's faith, whether it is a crucifix or even a bright red Christmas tree ball.

Some of the most richly elaborate cathedrals in the world are located in such cities as Puebla or Mexico City. Neighboring this wealth, and yet isolated from it, both by poor roads and way of life, are the villages with their single local church. In the Indian village of Tequexquahuac, this church is adobe, of gleaming white and bright royal blue. And in Huexotla, the old stone church is built, appropriately enough, onto the ruins of an Aztec temple. Here, in the surrounding fields of maiz and frijol, are the remains of pyramids. And among this hand-plowed earth it is easy to find



"idolitos", the tiny idols that once had such important meaning. These clay figurines of the gods lie broken and unheeded by the farmers, who continue, as they have for centuries, to work their communal ejidos with a sporadic diligence unhampered by any urgent pressure of time. Yet, the past did not thus passively disappear with the influx of a new God. Its power still lives and throbs in the heartbeat of these peasant Catholics.

One afternoon some friends and I were exploring the ruins of an ancient sacrificial temple located on the green hilltop above a tiny town. We were speculating on the drama of these tombs, which contained the hearts of youthful Indian men and women sacrificed in a heroic invocation to stop the plundering Spanish conquerors, when we began to notice a very peculiar and persistent noise somewhere near us. We could not locate the source of what seemed to be a persistent drum beating, accompanied by some other indescribable sounds. We hoped that time was not turning back 500 years, at least while we were in this rather awkward spot. Given sufficient suggestive circumstances, almost any fate can seem wholly probable. Finally, behind the village church next to this temple, a few feet from the edge of the cliff, we stumbled onto the three persons who were causing this strange music. We stopped in our tracks and could do nothing but stand and watch and listen.

An old and bewhiskered man with very bloodshot eyes was ceremoniously beating out a repetitious pattern on an ancient tomtom. Another man was solemnly blowing a simple horn from which issued forth weird bagpipe-sounding noises, while a small boy stood beating a smaller drum. We were transfixed by the grave spirit of this marathon performance and simply continued to stand there. The little group seemed unaware of our presence, intent, yet almost expressionless. Eventually they stopped and reservedly acknowledged our presence. The older man willingly explained to us that this was the traditional preparation for tomorrow's fiesta of San Esteban. In the meantime, the boy and the other man were silently filling two hollow, metal cylinders with white powder. We stared with curiosity and some apprehension as they hammered brick into them, lit a fuse, and set off two shaking explosions. This started a chain reaction of answering explosions which resounded two by two, up and down the enormous valley we were above. It is hard to describe the powerful sense of wonder and almost disbelief which filled me throughout this. One rarely stumbles into the position of objective observer of the tremendous power of ritual which men create, and which rules them.

This apparently was the grand finale, and the three seemed solemnly pleased with something like esthetic appreciation. They relaxed and took us to see the inside of the church. There, all was dark and hushed, and women were busily putting flowers around a dim candlelight. As we wound our way very slowly down the hill in the early evening, we all felt the deep meaning in the expression that there are idols behind these altars.

In contrast to the participants in this drama, there are the people of the cities. Mexico City is both modern and cosmopolitan, ancient and dignified, wealthy and poor. Here we find more conflict than in the countryside, and a less steadily patterned way of life and belief. For Mexico, as for much of mankind, the present era consists of a mortal struggle for national integration and a real place in the world. The most powerful and contagious manifestation of this drive is a passionate nationalism, as is demonstrated by the current situation in Burma and Indo-China. However, it is not only the turbulent countries of the Far East that are undergoing fundamental revolution, although they are much in today's focus. With less violence, but with as great a sensitivity and pride, the young Mexico is seeking its own self-realization. This has been a source of much difficulty and conflict for searching youthful idealism. And, as might be expected, some have joined their hopes with the dream of communism. This can be partially understood through the combined effect of two factors - Soviet propaganda and two important sources of resentment against the United States, racial prejudice and industrial exploitation of Mexican oil and labor.

Here, in Mexico City, there are the broad, landscaped parkways with their heroic statuary of the Revolution, the quantities of rococo left over from the Diaz period, and the swarming markets where the American dollar is worth nine times its original value. In the palatial museums and other public buildings, it is common to see artists working at their great frescoes. Murals are a living art in this country. Full of bright, clear color, they speak their meaning with bold and direct emotion.

One day when I was looking at the murals around the balcony of the Presidential Palace, a young man came up whom I had met the evening before and recognized as Diego Rivera's assistant. He greeted me warmly and spent at least an hour eagerly explaining the sequence of these murals. They traced the history of Mexico from the independence of the Indian tribes to oppression by Spain, through the gradual but dramatic growth into a unified country, including the establishment of economic independence from the industrial exploitation of other countries. The final mural symbolized



a great day of awakening for the whole world. It was important to him that I should grasp the full significance of this art, and appreciate its truth and courage. When my ear for Spanish faltered, he would explain over and over again. I learned interesting sidelights, such as that one of the beautiful young Indian maidens portrayed was Rivera's wife.

This young artist then showed me his own studio, a one-room structure on the roof of the palace. His own work, as one would expect, was very much in the Rivera tradition. There was one large water color caricature - the head of President Truman with a cruel, diabolical gleam in his eye. Looming behind him were large guns, atomic explosions and other symbols of war in wild, clashing colors. He was quick to pick up my reaction.

"What are you smiling for?" he asked curiously, sensitively.

I tried to explain that my spontaneous amusement was at imagining a man of Truman's personality as satanic. He could not grasp this fine point, however, for his identification of these symbols of the United States was too firmly fixed.

"No one wants war," I said.

After a moment of silence, the young man said bitterly, "I am never going to the United States."

I was a little surprised at this gambit and asked him why. This released a rapid outpouring, the gist of which was that we bore prejudice against Negroes, and against Mexicans.

"I have heard such stories," he said.

I felt a certain hopelessness.

"Yes," I said. "Those things have happened. But it is not all that way. And it is something which is changing, and is more true of some areas than others. There are different problems."

He knew that I was in earnest, but he had no patience with such an inadequate answer. This weak point of the United States naturally has explosive, emotional potential to one whose friends have experienced discrimination. And any southwesterner knows that the term "pachuque" means a zoot suit Mexican with a concealed knife and evil intentions.

"I will never go to the United States," he repeated, although I told him with conviction that he had accepted a half truth, and that there was much more which he should see for himself before passing such final judgment.

"I am a Communist," he said, with a look of hope, proud and firm, for Merico. He told me where the other murals in the city were, wished me well, and we parted. And I knew only that however much we despaired of each other's understanding during that short



time, we had parted as friendly humans who trusted each other's sincerity.

And there is still the hope that there will be time. Time enough for him and for the world to learn patience, flexibility, and the power of love that must transcend national and political boundaries for human survival.

## *Exhortation*

You say you're giving up?  
Nay, linger but awhile  
For days are gone  
When far behind,  
And dark clouds go  
When comes the wind.  
Now smile.  
Don't say you're giving up;  
Dare you ask Time to cease?  
In years to come  
Though far you roam  
You'll find a heart  
That's found a home  
And peace.

—Frederick Krohle

# *The Bear Who Went to the Movies*

JEROME LUFT

A ticket-taker at a large, downtown movie palace was tapped on the back by a somewhat bewildered gentleman who seemed rather anxious to leave.

"Do you know there's a bear up there in your balcony?" he said.

The ticket-taker sneered and went back to his ticket-taking. "Screwball!", he growled to himself. A few minutes later, a woman emerged from the balcony; she looked frightened.

"There's a big brown bear up there!" she wailed.

After two more such reports, the ticket-taker summoned the manager, and the latter, accompanied by a posse of armed ushers, headed for the far reaches of the gallery. Sure enough, there sitting in the second row, fourth seat in, was a big brown bear, a veritable picture of contentment. He was watching the screen and talking occasionally to a man at his right. The irate manager addressed the latter.

"Is that your bear?" he asked.

"Well," the man answered, "he came in with me."

"But," the manager spluttered, "you can't bring a bear in here!"

"Why not?" the man said.

"Well—well," the manager stuttered, "it's just not right, that's all. After all, how do you know he likes it?"

"Oh," the man said, "he likes it. After all, he liked the book."

That, my friends, is known as a shaggy dog story. You've probably heard it, or one just like it, recently. For this whimsical bit of tomfoolery is currently America's favorite form of humor, the successor to the ancient Pat-and-Mike chestnuts which delighted our parents.

Who originated the shaggy dog story, or precisely when it began to tickle the collective ribs of fun-loving Americans, isn't known. Nor is the identity of the shaggy jokester who first told one of these things and managed to get a laugh. But whatever their beginning, the end is nowhere in sight.

One of the main reasons for the continued popularity of the shaggy dog story is that you don't have to be particularly good at story telling to put one over. You don't have to be good at accents,



or at acting out a sequence, or spellbinding your hearers with your golden voice. All you do is state the case, deliver the punch line, and wait for the resulting roar of laughter. If it ever comes.

For the shaggy dog story is tricky that way; it either brings the house down, or leaves its hearers stupefied, and wondering if maybe they've suddenly lost their sense of humor.

A shaggy dog story, despite its name, doesn't have to involve an animal of any kind, and rarely a dog, shaggy or otherwise. All a shaggy dog yarn does is build up a highly improbable set of circumstances, lead them to a climax—and then lower the boom. Like this:

A well dressed young man walked into a tavern one night with a stalk of celery sticking out of each ear. The bartender, who had long plied his trade, knew enough to ask no questions. The next night, the man was back, still with the celery in his ears. And a third and fourth night, and the business was repeated. On the fifth night, the man came in—with no celery in his ears. This time he had a banana protruding from each ear. The bartender's patience was at an end.

"Look," he groaned, "every night you come in here with celery in your ears, and now you come in with bananas. What's it all about? Why the bananas?"

The drinker looked up blandly. "Why, it's simple," he explained. "The market was all out of celery."

Get it? No sense to it at all. Just that improbable set of circumstances and the ridiculous, no-explanation ending. The kind of story that Grandpa, who prided himself on his sense of humor, would listen to, and then edge slightly away from toward a position of safety, muttering something about changing his will. So watch out for these grandpa types if you start telling shaggy dog yarns. You're licked before you start.

Although they don't have to involve dogs, or even animals of any kind, many of the very best shaggy dog stories do. Take, for example, this little classic involving mice.

Fellow came into a booking agent's office and said he had a great act for TV, a full, one-hundred piece orchestra all made up of white mice. The booking agent sighed wearily and told the fellow to put them on.

So the guy opened his bag, and out tumbled a hundred white mice, all in white ties, tails, and neatly manicured claws. They immediately set up their instruments and music racks, tuned up, and launched forth on "Beethoven's Fifth". They switched then to "Tiger Rag", and wound up with a stirring rendition of "Stars and



Stripes Forever." The guy turned to the agent and waited, beaming.

"Get 'em out of here!" the booking agent snarled. "Get 'em out of here, fast!"

"But . . . but, **why?**" the fellow wailed. "Don't you think they're terrific? What's wrong?"

"I'll tell you what's wrong—three of them violinists can't be a day more than a month old. You wanta get us all thrown in jail for violatin' the Child Labor Act?"

Shaggy mouse story.

You don't like mice? All right, how about horses, since horses seem to be the subjects of more shaggy dog stories than any other animal. Try this one for size.

Going into a bar for a pick-me-up, a man was astonished to see the bartender was a horse. The latter stood back of the bar, busily polishing glasses. Finally he came over, wiped his forelegs on his apron, and leaned across the bar confidentially.

"What'll it be, mister?" he asked.

The pa'r'on finally got his mouth closed, gulped, and stuttered out a reply. "N-nothing," he said. "I was just wondering what had become of the cow who used to work here."

You see? I's the switch. The reverse twist. The perverse philosophy that makes a fellow tell you about the frog who reported hoarsely to his mate that he thought he had a man in his throat. Or the philosophy behind the yarn about the kid in the bakery who . . .

But you get the idea. All you need to tell a good shaggy dog story is a good audience, plenty of time, and a working set of improbables. And if your hearers are as shaggy as you and the joke are, you're in.

Good hunting!



# Centers of Jewish Learning

ESTHER H. GOLDMAN

*This essay is submitted in dedication to the father and teacher who made the topic live so vividly.*

On October 25, 1953, the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, sponsored by Jewish University, held its ground-breaking ceremonies. What is the significance of this event in the annals of Jewish learning? The answer may be found in a brief, historical survey of the centers and emphases of Jewish thought.

## I.

Until the destruction of the Second Temple in Jerusalem, Judea was the home of the Jews and their learning. Their houses of learning were known then, as they are now, by the term Yeshivoth (singular: Yeshiva). When total destruction by Rome seemed imminent, Jochanan Ben Zakkai, then chief Rabbi of Jerusalem and head of the Sanhedrin, had the foresight to see what these academies could mean to Jewish survival. He decided to use his wits to secure a guarantee from Vespasian that at least one house of learning would be left the Jews.

Legend has it that young Jewish radicals who advocated rebellion against Roman domination had besieged the city of Jerusalem, and refused to allow anyone to enter or leave. Jochanan, in order to leave the city, devised a plan whereby he had himself declared dead and placed in a coffin. Since all the cemeteries were outside Jerusalem, his students were allowed to carry him out. He thus reached Vespasian who welcomed him, for the Roman general knew that the Rabbi was one of those who opposed revolt from Rome. Vespasian urged him to make his request.

Yavneh was already a center of learning. Jochanan Ben Zakkai asked only that Yavneh and its scholars should be saved and guaranteed the right to learn. This was granted. Naturally, the Roman military leader, soon to become Emperor, could not comprehend the importance of this cultural center of Jewish learning as a focal point for the national existence of Jewry.

The Oral Law, which is believed to stem from Moses, who passed it on to Joshua, who passed it on to the Elders, and sons,



was studied intensively in Yavneh. Many of the well-known "fences" around Jewish law were promulgated in this epoch. The reason for these fences is interesting. The promulgators foresaw the dispersion of Judea that was to come, and realized that only The Law—something bigger than mere nationalism or mere religion—would be necessary to keep Jewish spirit alive. The Oral Law was written down as the Mishnah (which means "repetition") by the scholars of the period around the year 210. Rabbi Judah Hanassi is generally given the main credit for this great codification.

## II.

Now it is necessary, before following the thread of our narrative, to recall the Babylonian exile that occurred after the destruction of the First Temple (586 B.C.). Even after the return to Zion was effected under Zerubbabel and later Ezra the Scribe, many Jews remained in their adopted homes.

With oppression under Rome, a gradual second exile to Babylonia developed. There in Babylonia, while the Yishuv (settlement) in the Holy Land grew smaller, Jewish learning flourished. There the Talmud or Gemorah (which means "completion") was completed. This voluminous work, which is commentary on the Mishnah, comprises, on the average, twenty large size encyclopedia volumes. Rav Ashi compiled this work. Sura and Pumbeditha were the great Talmudical academies of that day.

(Actually two Talmuds were composed. The Talmud Yerushalmi was composed about the year 310 by a smaller group of scholars who had remained in Jerusalem; and the Talmud Babylonia referred to above was completed about 470. However, the latter is the agreed-upon authority in all matters of controversy.)

It is of importance to our study in Jewish learning and its varied emphases to realize that the Talmud was a virtual repository of all the learning of the time. Medicine, astronomy, agriculture, and all the known branches of knowledge were treated. Although the focal point was on Jewish life, it has always been felt that no knowledge or science can be disregarded in building the harmonious, integrated Jewish existence.

The period following that of the Talmud compilation was the epoch of the **Gaonim**, both in Babylonia and in Judea. **Gaon**, meaning "genius", was the appellation given to certain great scholars, the heads of the academies. This period, lasting three hundred years, evidences further commentary on the Talmud.



## III.

Seeking funds for Babylonian academies, a commission of four men were beset by pirates and scattered to four points in Spain and North Africa. There they remained to found new academies. Except for a brief period in which Jewish learning flourished in Egypt, this was the first attempt to found a Jewish center outside Asia.

Gradually, through the ever-present impetus of persecution, the centers of Babylonia and Judea spread to southern Europe and northern Africa.

As exemplifying this new focus of Jewish learning around the Mediterranean, let us look at Spain. During this era, commonly referred to as the Golden Age of Spain, the Jews were extremely well-treated. It is said that when the world thrives, anti-semitism dies; (and this fits in quite well with the current "scapegoat" theory of anti-semitism, which is used to rationalize the Nazi ideology. That is: the Nazis selected the Jew as a scapegoat for their nation's economic difficulties). Medicine, philology, and astronomy flourished. A multiplicity of interests reigned among the intellectuals. Solomon Ibn Gabriol with his liturgical music for the Synagogue, philosophical works, and erotic love poetry, is probably one of the best examples of the society of the time.

Moses Ben Maimon, more commonly known as Maimonides, was also born in Spain. He, however, did his major work in Egypt, where he was chief physician to the Sultan. His great clarity of mind in systematizing Jewish Law has led to the often-heard comment, "From Moses (the Law-giver) till Moses (the Law-systematizer) there was none such as Moses." It is said that he knew the entire Talmud by heart. His **Guide to the Perplexed** is the best known analogy to Thomas Aquinas's work in reconciling faith and philosophy.

As differentiated from the Jewish point of view in Babylonia and Judea, which encompassed all knowledge within the scope of Jewish learning, the Middle Ages offered secular learning to the Jew in a separate sphere. He could partake of the scientific and philosophic knowledge of the age, and also study his already well-defined Jewish heritage.

## IV.

The thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries were difficult ones for Jewry. Their freedom of movement was limited. Because Europe developed unevenly, the Jews were welcomed in some countries, while ousted from others. In Spain, the Inquisition and general terrorization of Jewry, which necessitated such secret Judaism as

the Marranos practiced, finally led to the expulsion of 1492.

The Jewish centers moved from southern to northern and eastern Europe. Political oppression and the denial of opportunity for university education resulted in a renewed concentration on Talmudical learning. The Jew, confined in a physical ghetto, built for himself a spiritual sanctuary from his ancient traditional materials. During this time, many great Yeshivoth were founded in Lithuania and Poland. The names of Slobbodka, Telse, and Voloshin were on the lips of every Jew; and his highest aspiration was to have his son attend such an academy. Such scholars as Rabbi Isaac Elchanan, in whose honor Yeshiva University in New York City was founded, were the most esteemed members of their respective communities.

This was true up until the Second World War and the holocaust catapulted by Hitlerism.

## V.

Now, with the destruction of all that had meaning in continental European Jewish life, the centers of learning have diverged in two directions with different emphases: United States with its emphasis on synthesis; and Israel with its European emphasis on separation of the secular from the sacred. The freedom to enjoy the fruits of all cultures is open to both.

In the United States, the emphasis on synthesis is well illustrated by the existence of Yeshiva University. In this institution one can receive both a Talmudic and a secular education under one roof and in the same environment. The school incorporates a liberal arts college, various graduate departments, and even athletics, as well as its theological seminary. As stated at the outset, the groundwork has been laid for the completion of a medical school. The expressed goal of the school is the development of a harmonious Jewish personality, well-versed in Torah and conscious of the culture in the world about him. Whether or not this synthesis is possible might well be the subject of another exposition.

In Israel, on the other hand, we find the Hebrew University, which is secularized, and various traditional Yeshivoth, the truest carry-overs from the Eastern European centers. Even the names, Slobbodka, Meer, and Kaminetz, are of the old proud heritage from Lithuania. There, he who concentrates on Torah does not receive a secular education; and the converse is likewise true.

\* \* \*

Much is being written about the possibilities of creative Jewishness in these two centers. There are those who say that the



cycle of history has at last completed itself: we began in Israel and now, with our return to Israel, only therein lies the possibility of a creative Jewish future. The majority, however, no longer feel that the United States is the Diaspora that life outside the Holy Land was so long felt to be. Instead, they look upon the United States as necessary for the survival of Jewry. Little Israel, the only bastion of democracy in the Near East, looks to the United States for its strength and democratic philosophy. Likewise, enlightened Jewry in the United States looks to Israel for inspiration in an intensified Jewish creativity.



# *Rudy Sommerhalter*

RALPH HARRISON

At first I was led to believe that Rudy certainly must be a misplaced individual. I suspected that his friendliness was a mask for frustration and his conformity a means of hiding rebelliousness. Circumstances had imposed this situation upon him and, on the surface, he appeared resigned to it. That was it. I was sure of it. Here was a man, although educated in American schools and colleges and aware of the modern way of life, living in a remote Swiss village and doing things just as his ancestors must have done them generations before him.

I caught my first glimpse of Rudy from the customers' side of the counter in his small jewelry shop. As he waited on a tourist clad in ski togs, I glanced about the shop, taking particular notice of the tone developed in the furnishings and decorations. Figures, largely abstract, geometrical, and symbolic, fashioned in bronze, wood, and simulated jade, graced the small tables and glass display cases. Paintings of flowers and flower gardens were affixed to black wall panels. Wicker and wrought-iron furniture of a distinctly contemporary design completed the scene.

Watching him as he wrapped a package, I noticed how his fingers, thick and muscular as they were, deftly performed the many operations necessary to complete the wrapping. His broad shoulders straightened and his ruddy, finely-cut features smiled pleasantly as he completed the sale and bade the tourist a good afternoon.

Business was slow and Rudy was eager to talk to a young American who was then a member of the United States Army just as he himself had been not many years before. Our first meeting, then, was a lengthy one that was informative and yet led me to draw a conclusion that, as it turned out, was very much in error.

Rudy Sommerhalter was born in Switzerland of Swiss parents, I learned, and was sent to college in the United States. He studied languages and landscape engineering among other things, graduated from Columbia University, and became a United States citizen. Some fifteen years later, with the onset of World War II, Rudy found himself an interrogation officer in the United States Army, a position from which he returned to his native Switzerland.

And so it was when I first met Rudy. He seemed contented and happy as he served the tourists of the little resort village of



Engleberg in the Swiss Alps as jeweler and watchmaker. However, I could not help feeling that something was amiss. This man was an intellectual; none of his physical or mental efforts was characterized by mediocrity. He knew political and social issues of the United States remarkably well and expounded upon them as if he were an American college professor. On subsequent meetings, we discussed corporations, motion picture studios, and American music.

Did this man depend upon tourists and his personal library for mental stimulation and endeavor? He was surely not situated among minds the like of his. He was equally remote from the theatre and the lecture hall. Perhaps he was biding his time, enduring all this until conditions would permit him to abandon his picturesque but dull storybook existence and return to the twentieth century and possibly America.

There, in the mountains, Rudy was living a daily existence typical of the other townspeople. He carefully shoveled the mountains of snow from his rooftop as it grew dangerously heavy, and corded wood to satisfy the needs of his gluttonous fire place. He traveled from place to place in a horse-drawn sleigh and entered the curling matches on the nearby ice arena.

Rudy was the object of severe criticism from some of the shopping tourists when, true to tradition, he interrupted work at two in the afternoon, closed shop, and went skiing in winter, hiking or swimming in summer.

Occasionally he took his meals in the seclusion of his apartment attached to the shop, but more often he dined alone in a dim corner of the dining room of the Regina Hotel hoping to see among the guests an acquaintance of a previous season or perhaps a vacationing soldier from his old outfit.

An ardent camera fan, Rudy delighted in capturing on film the beauty of the geraniums and azaleas he raised inside during the winter, as a hobby. His album contained pictures of everything from New England rock gardens to beaches that fringe the Isle of Capri.

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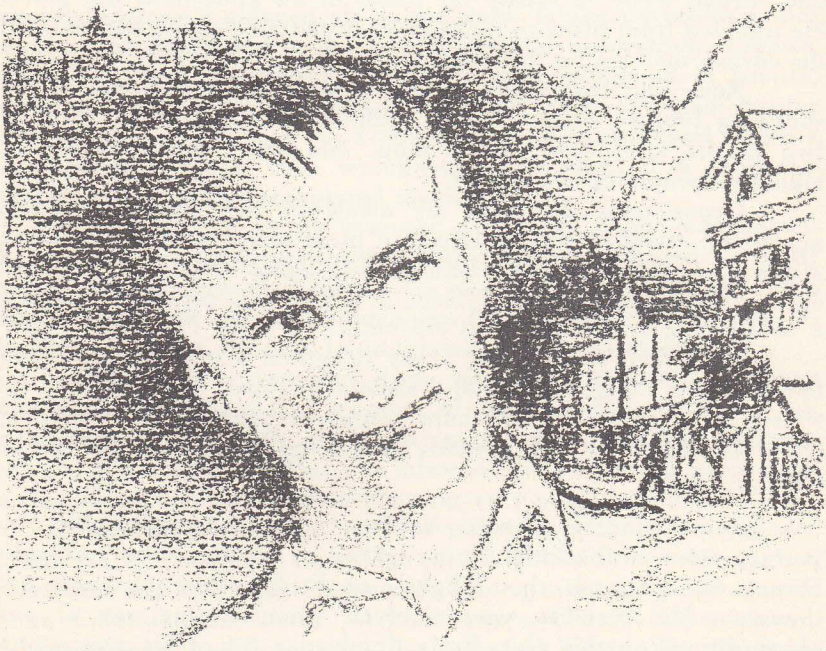
Some months elapsed before I had the opportunity to journey again to the little Alpine village to spend a short furlough. During the interval, the "plight" of Rudy often occupied my thoughts. My anxieties were resolved when, during one of our conversations on this visit, Rudy divulged a bit of his philosophy to me. He is very grateful for having had the opportunity to acquire a fine education and to spend some of his years in America and other countries; he is aware that his life is richer as a result of his education and his exposure to the modern world. His thinking,

his convictions, and his idiosyncrasies bear the marks of two cultures, two worlds.

There is visual evidence of his acceptance of some contemporary trends while he denounces others emphatically. He experiences a strong incessant desire to live the quiet, simple life of the Swiss villager. He wishes to be physically absent from the complexities of modern life, to be associated with them only through memory and by the media of radio and newspaper.

Such is Rudy Sommerhalter, a man in a position that no doubt many have wished to be in at one time or another, a position in which he is removed from things that he rejects, and in a position in which he can surround himself with all that he loves and accepts.

Ideal? I am sure the comments would be as varied as those who cared to answer. Nevertheless, the ideal appears to exist for one man, a man who vacations at Capri and lives, by his own choice, in the peaceful seclusion of another world.





# *Finiteness and Infinity* *in Architecture*

KATIA KARAS

A few years ago I found myself in a bouyant group of mostly young people, with a sack on my back and flask of water hanging from my waist, hopefully starting to climb what looked like an interminable and almost vertical stairway. We were going to spend the day at the Monastery of Saint Stephen, atop a huge rock rising abruptly about three hundred feet above the Thessalic plain. For four hours we had driven in a little open truck, packed uncomfortably shoulder to shoulder. By this time the sun was high, a little too high for the feat we were undertaking; but the air was fresh and clean, the plain around us was green, and the little towns far in the horizon were half lost in the verdure and the morning mist which was not yet dissipated.

We started to climb. An hour later we were still climbing, silent, exhausted and out of breath, stopping frequently for a drink of warm water from our flasks. At every step the precipice grew deeper and deeper; the rocks were getting warm from the sun and mercilessly reflected the bright light on our faces.

When we reached the top, the trees were casting no shadows. A monk came to greet us as soon as we entered the monastery. He wore a long black robe and his hair and beard were white. He welcomed us heartily, with penetrating eyes and a warm, benevolent smile; before long, we were in the 'xenon'\* where the blinds were closed. The monk, with characteristic hospitality, brought us cool water and a frugal but delicious lunch of dark bread, goat cheese and ripe fruit. He stayed with us while we were eating and talked to us about the first monk who climbed the rock alone and founded the monastery, about the prosperous times of scholarship and generous bequests, about the treasured relics and the old mosaics that we were going to see. Impatient, we finished eating and begged him to show us the monastery.

He led us through dark corridors and long abandoned cells that smelled of mold and had small, high windows that rattled in the long winter nights when the winds were blowing. He showed us beautiful hand-copied Bibles and books with delicate miniatures and brown corners. He let us talk for a few minutes to an aged monk who was living his last years in seclusion and meditation; he knelt down quietly and prayed for a few minutes, serenity and conciliation in our hearts; the old monk lifted a trembling hand to bless us.

\* *Xenon*, in Greek, means guest room.

Last, we saw the church. It was a simple, unpretentious building from the outside, made of grey stones; between the cracks herbs were hectically growing. The monk opened the door and we found ourselves in complete darkness except for some light that came through the stained glass windows near the dome. He quietly started lighting the oil lamps that were hanging in front of the icons, little vascillating colored lights appearing at all corners of the church. Now we could see imposing columns that merged into arcs and domes, intricate wood carvings, polished marble, and very old murals and mosaics. Stern, drawn faces looked at us from the walls, eyes austere and yet mild and understanding, angels with golden hair and peaceful expressions eternally flying and yet immobile within the cold stone. The mosaics reflected the light from all directions; the atmosphere was one of deep mysticism and spirituality. I turned to the monk to ask him a question and I saw him looking at us and holding a thin candle in his hands, his eyes like coals burning with an inner flame. I remained silent, and for a single moment we all became a part of the past.

By the time we left the church the sun was close to the horizon. We assembled our sacks and made ready to leave, because we wanted to climb down while it was still daylight. We lingered a while on the rock, however, looking at the other monasteries on the other rock across the draw bridge, at the windlass and the nets that the monks had used in the past to climb up and down the rock, at the fertile land below and the winding Peneius River toward the south. Then we put our sacks back on our shoulders, bade the monk good night and kissed his hand in reverence, and started the descent. A little later we heard the bells ringing the vespers above us and the faraway echoes of other bells in the distance.

This was Meteora.

Two years later, I went alone to visit the Acropolis in Athens. I went up the mounting hill one afternoon past the last houses, past the massive Propylaea and stood in front of the Parthenon. The white marble, scarcely changed by time, was bathed in bright sunlight.

A sense of power, of rhythm, of pride, emanated from the temple. There were Doric columns, gleaming against the deep blue of the sky; there were plastic anaglyphs of riders with wind-blown tunics and of magnificent but yet human Gods and Goddesses; there were pediments resting in perfect balance on the cornice. An elating idea of finitude, of controlled power, of human intellect and pride expressed itself in perfect simplicity, symmetry, and harmony of lines through the ruins.



Temples and theaters, the white city below, the pale blue mountains to the north, the sea to the south - none of these could educe the emotions elicited by these few pieces of marble. I went and sat at the end of the cliff overlooking the city. Images of the Parthenon, as I saw it every day unexpectedly as I turned a street corner, came to my mind. In the day it stood half suspended in the air, full of changing colors, like the sky on the eve of rain; in the night, illuminated, like an unbelievably beautiful hallucination.

And yet, in spite of all its perfection, the Parthenon was cold, impersonal, uncommunicative. It could evoke no warmth, no religious fervor. What had made it so? And what was present in the atmosphere at the church of the Monastery of Saint Stevens that the Parthenon did not possess? These questions were not answered for me until years later.

It was one of those evenings that somehow became detached from time and space. The Professor had collected us around him and from his mouth flowed milk and honey. He was one of those few fortunate professors who possess that magic gift of persuasion and knowledge and mellow expression: breathless we had been listening to him for hours, not daring to break his concentration. His head was white but his eyes were black and deep. His clothes were of no importance; his hands moved incessantly in the air, giving form and almost substance to his ideas.

That evening he had talked about the philosophy of history, about the pragmatists, about literature, about Eros, the tender son born to Foolishness and Poverty. But we were still hungry for his word and he was only too willing to impart it. He continued by analyzing the expression of religious ideals in architecture.

"Man," he said, "has two wondrous abilities that accompany his intellect. One is the ability to lose himself in admiration of anything he likes, be it a tree, a rock, an animal. Man can identify it through conscious contemplation; for a precious moment he can become one with it, he can recognize and possess its qualities. And after the moment is gone, he still carries within him the vivid image of its feeling.

"The other ability is that of creativity. Man can give material form to these memories; he can reorganize them, mold them anew after the external world, or make them express his ideal and abstract notions.

"Architecture partakes both of the nature of an art and of a practical skill. As an art it expresses human ideas as well as human limitations. As a skill it is useful by giving man his houses, his temples, his stadia. Architects of all times have sought to materialize

in stone and marble and wood the philosophies and the religions of their time.

"In the age of Pericles reality was intangible. Only Socrates and his students questioned the transcendental. The Pantheon had been lifted from the impersonal level of forces and spirits only to become fixated at the level of anthropomorphism: the individual Athenian had no need to exert himself in order to comprehend divinity: his relations with the Gods were formal and cosmopolitan in character. There was no insecurity in life; there were only human limitations.

"The architects of the time took the idea of finiteness of the universe and solved the problem of its expression by building temples that were simple and perfect like a mathematical equation; but most of all, they built monuments the whole of which could be seen at once from any position within the monument.

"The problem faced by the architects of Byzantium was greatly different from that of the architects of the Golden Age. Christianity, together with teachings of brotherly love and of equality before God, introduced such intellectual concepts as the existence of an all-powerful God, who was perfect and infinite. How were men to mold ideas far from their comprehension but close to their hearts from the mason's materials? How were they to emulate God in trying to render perfection and infinity while being imperfect and finite themselves?

"The solution to the problem came to them only after generations of search. It was a simple solution: they started building churches in which from no position could the whole of the included space be seen; there was always a dark corner, always an unseen dome, always a refuge for the human imagination in which to hide its mysticism."

The Professor had finally stopped. But then, as an afterthought,

"And to think that human faith would have to have an escape!"

The night was falling rapidly on the city. Almost in the dark, we were lingering without talking, each one with his own thoughts. Fleeting visions passed hurriedly through my mind of Satyrs and good-looking Gods; and of a lonely monk, holding a thin candle in a dark cold church, with whom, in days long gone, I silently communicated.



# *The Restless Souls*

WALTER CHAPKO

The watch on my wrist read 10:52 as I stepped onto the concrete bridge which carried traffic over the freight yard of a large eastern railroad. I stopped as I reached the second iron stairway on my right, switched on my lantern, and descended into the freight-yard. Some of the stragglers from the second shift yelled to me as I passed them on my way to the office. I walked through the locker rooms of the red brick, one-story building and reached the office in the rear.

The crew clerk snapped at me, "Just in time, Buddy, 10:59. One more minute and you would have lost a shift by signing in too late!"

A slap on the back told me that O'Brien was behind me. "Hey, gold-bricker," he shouted, "are you still stealing the railroad's money?"

O'Brien was about twenty-six, of medium build, very white complexion, black hair, with laughing blue eyes. He lived in Long Island but took the train to Newark every night to go to work. He had often told me he was just working to make enough money to go to California. He was separated from his wife, had no children, and felt free to travel whenever he had the urge.

O'Brien was changing by his locker when I walked out of the building and up to the bunk house on the Hump. A large, red-faced man was sprawled on the cushioned bench of the lean-to next to the bunk shack. A few shoots of yellow hair stuck out from under his white railroad hat and his eyes twinkled in the darkness. He raised a beer can to his lips and took a long swig. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I discerned other cans strung on the rafters of the lean-to.

"Hi, Junior," bellowed Gus. I returned the greeting and sat down beside Gus. "Have a can, Junior. I have plenty more," offered Gus.

Boo Boo was on the job early that night. The fat man strolled over to the open door of the bunk house and said, "Come on in, Junior. Juicy minute steaks and hot pork roll on the menu tonight."

Boo Boo might have been a handsome fellow in his younger days, but his triple chin, ponderous paunch, and his jellyfish face more than offset the sparkle of his blue eyes and the sheen of his

curly black hair. Although he was the conductor of the "pushers" on the C track, Boo Boo did not do much besides fry hamburgs, make sandwiches, heat coffee on his little electric grills, and push his merchandise on all the brakemen and trainmen who loafed in the bunk shack between trains. This human jellyfish cared little whether the cars of coal, coke, cowguts, fruit, beer, trucks, and lumber were stored on the proper tracks. He ran the "concession" in the bunk shack on the Hump and also took bets on the horses at the NYC tracks.

Lockey came in at 11:10, early as usual. "Put some coffee on and a minute steak, Boo Boo," chirped Lockey, "I'll have a couple of these buns too."

While Boo Boo went to work on the order, a couple of brakemen came in, yelled for coffee, threw their brake sticks on the floor, put their lanterns on the shelf, and began to study the racing forms. Lockey drew a deck of cards from his shirt pocket and plopped it on the table. All present agreed there was time for a quick game before the first train came in. Boo Boo looked enviously at the card players for a moment but the dollar signs lit up in his eyes as he saw more brakemen entering the shack and he busied himself with the coffee.

College boys from Altoona trooped into the shack and soon became part of the knock rummy game. The man who knocked successfully (threw in his card with the lowest number of points) won a quarter from each of the other players. If he went rummy, he won a half from each player. If he knocked and was not the lowest man he was forced to pay each man playing a quarter. This game was more popular than pinoche and usually ran off and on all night.

The college boys had attended a large university in the western part of Pennsylvania. Summer jobs were as hard to get in Altoona as they were in Wilkes-Barre. The boys had taken a liking to the life of a freight brakeman and had decided that they would not return to school in September. One of them had been an outstanding cross-country man at college, but he was sick of training and preferred to drink and play cards.

At 11:30 we heard a brake stick tapping out a tune on the fence along the pathway to the Hump and figured it was McCann coming to work, late as usual. The door opened and I was surprised to see a new face. My eyes travelled from the sailor hat to the black, slicked-back hair, to the long scar on the face, to the sagging shoulders covered with a T-shirt that had once been white, to the dirty, striped cotton pants, to the beat-up slippers on the feet. There



was something especially intriguing about this man. It might have been his old face on a young man's body, it might have been his cocky walk, it might have been the respectful greetings most of these tough brakemen gave him. Russ Brady took a cup of coffee and sat down. You could tell from looking at him that he would not sit for long; he was too restless. He sniffed at the card game a couple of times and then took a pair of dice from his pocket and began to smack them against the wall.

"Here they are, gentlemen," yelled Lockey. "Let's get out there and get on them quick so the pushers don't have to stop the engine."

I picked up my lantern and brake stick and strolled out to the lean-to. Red dots of light gleamed from among the figures sitting on the benches, as if to say, "Go ahead, Junior, you're a young man and more able to ride those cars than I. I'll be with you as soon as I finish this smoke." I grabbed hold of the ladder on the first car and began to climb with my feet toward the middle of the car as I had been taught at the training yard in Jersey City. I swung myself to a seat at the top of the car and dropped from there to the platform. I did not need my club on this type of brake, so I placed it and my lantern in a niche at the connection of the platform with the car. I waved the okay signal to the cut-off man as the train pushed my car to the top of the Hump and I saw the cut-off man pull the coupling pin. I had a single-car cut and I knew I had a long ride because most of the storage tracks were empty. This was the first trainload of cars that had come into the yard to be stored on the twenty storage tracks on the other side of the Hump. My car zoomed down the main track as I released the brake wheel; it slowed up as it passed over the switches taking it to number nine track and, as I applied the brake, it stopped gently against other cars on the track.

I put a good brake on my car to tie the track down, so later cuts would not start the cars rolling when they coupled. As I climbed down the car I saw other brakemen on their cuts, some with one car, others with as many as five cars, and long cuts of seven, eight, or more cars with two brakemen riding them. Some brakemen rode very slowly and cautiously; others rode recklessly, endangering the lives of those in front of them riding cuts. I was somewhere in between. I noticed that Brady did not apply his brake until he was about to couple; he rode down the tracks like a hot-rod kid. I trudged very slowly up the tracks (as I had been taught by the older men) and saw that the last cut had been taken and the engine was at the top of the Hump, ready to back down, go around another trainload of cars and push them up the Hump.

Russ Brady had surrounded himself with a gang of men and was shaking the "bones". There were twelve men working as car droppers and most of them were in the dice game. Usually there was not much money in the game, but last night had been pay day and the fives were flying tonight.

Brady threw some bills on the floor and sang out, "Eight bucks. Who'll take it all or any part of it?"

The college boys were fascinated by the bones and had left the card game to invest their money in the game which saw bills changing hands instead of change. Brady made his point, scooped up the money, and threw down two fives. I watched him make his point twice more, and then I picked up a discarded newspaper and looked up the score of the Yankee game. Four of the card players were still playing and I could not help overhearing their conversation.

"Well, looks like Miller got himself bumped off A track and he should be coming on nights with us next week."

"Yeah, Morgan quit his day-shift job so he doesn't want to work nights any more, so he bumped Miller."

"You think that's bad? I remember when I started on the railroad ten years ago. Jobs were scarce then. I worked about three months in each yard in the New York Division; each time I would be bumped to the next yard. Imagine, bumped right out of the yard."

I remembered a recent incident when some young fellows were bumped out of another yard and had been given jobs here. Two of them were married and talked of moving their families here as soon as they were sure of staying. Although this yard was hiring, things were bad elsewhere throughout the Division. I thought, "What a lousy set-up this railroad is, when a man can take the job of a fellow worker any time he pleases, just because he has more seniority. Come to think of it though, a fellow must be pretty rotten to bump a guy off his job after he had been working at it for a couple of years and had arranged his life to fit his working hours." I felt a little sick at the thought. The noise of the dice players grated on my ears.

Gus was cut-off man tonight, so I knew he would be drunker than usual. His boozing buddy, McCann, had finally arrived and was drawing a can of beer from the rafters of the lean-to when I came out.

Lockey, a little brakeman who was filling in as conductor of the car droppers for Jonesy, the regular conductor, was sitting beside Gus. He greeted me and turned to McCann, "About time



It turned out to be Brady. An eyewitness told us that the shock had thrown Brady off the car and he was in a bad way. Gloom hung over us for the rest of the night. One of the old boys remarked he was going to church this morning, even though he hadn't been inside a church in ten years.

That night Jake came in with a report of Brady's condition. Jake had not been too friendly with Brady, but feeling that someone should go to see him, he went. Jake told how Brady looked, covered with bandages and the small patches of skin that showed all black. Jake said that Russ would have to lose an arm and possibly one foot. There were no card games that night, maybe because Brady had won all the spare cash, and maybe not.

Gus walked into the shack, sober for once. "Cheer up, you guys," he urged. "Old Henry on the day shift worked for twenty years after he lost one arm in an accident. You all know old Henry." Talk about men who had been injured and had continued to work took up the rest of the night. In the morning, Boomer, the union official, took up a collection for Brady and everyone of us threw in a buck. We all agreed that Russ Brady would be back with us soon and we would all help him feel like part of the gang again. But Russ Brady never saw any of us again!

That afternoon he left all his worries behind on this earth. Jake told us the bad news. Boo Boo did not sell much that night because no one felt like eating. Jake had picked up scraps of information about Brady and he passed them on to us. Russ Brady had been married and had three children, though you never could have guessed it, the way he gambled in the bunk house and worked recklessly at his job. Jake told us that Brady's wife had just got a divorce a couple of days before the accident. She had been to the hospital, though, and cried for him when he passed away. Gus was sober again this night and he talked of giving up the bottle. "You know," he said, "I might be a conductor and even a yardmaster by this time if I had lived a sober life. I worked in this yard for eight years as a brakeman, then I worked road service as a baggage man because I wanted to travel and do things. I only have a year's seniority now because I only started back here last August. Think of it I might have fourteen years seniority now. Instead, I have one. Drink did it all for me." McCann piped up, "Oh, you won't quit drinking on me now, Gus." "Yeah?" answered Gus, "After all you've done for me." O'Brien chimed in, "Pipe down, you guys. Think of it, Brady's wife got a divorce, yet she went to see him and cried while she was there. I wonder how my wife is lately." I heard one of the college boys talking to his buddy, "Yeah, I think I'll write my old girl a letter, maybe another to my family. I think I might go down to Altoona on my nights off this week, just to see



how the old town is."

The next night everyone was logy. None of us felt like working or even laughing. We were all batting rocks with our brake sticks as we walked around the lean-to, waiting for the cars to come up the Hump. Lester came striding up and we knew we were in for a bad night. Lester was the yardmaster at the Linded Yards but sometimes came down to our yard to work on his nights off.

"All right, you guys, Lester's here and you're going to work tonight," he snapped. He ranted on, "No early quit tonight and no hiding down the tracks until you see the last car go or I'll come down looking for you."

"You do and I'll have a brake stick ready," muttered one of the men.

No one told Lester off to his face, though. Everyone hated Lester and we all knew that it was a bad night for him to appear. We all felt down in the dumps and did not want anyone pushing us. Lester raved on at some of the men who did not bring their lanterns, at others who did not wear safety shoes. Someone pulled out a deck of cards later in the night just to pass the time in a friendly game, no money. Almost as soon as the cards were out on the table, Lester stuck his ugly face in the door and yelled, "Aha, now I got something on you guys. You're going to work till seven o'clock now, with not even enough of a break to wash up. I might even turn some of you in for playing cards." This angered the men, who were used to an early quit and had come to expect it as part of the job. True to his word, Lester worked us eight hours that night.

Next night Scofey was back on the job, and soon came in to break up the card game. A couple of the guys told him to get back behind the desk where he belonged. When he threatened to fire the men, they told him he could not fire them because he had not hired them. Scofey was unsure of his position and retreated to his office in defeat. For the rest of the night the card games and dice games took on new players and grew unusually boisterous and loud. Someone went out for a couple of cases of canned beer, and a party ensued. The boys opened a trap door in the ceiling of the shack and threw the cans up there. There must be cans up there from beer that was drunk twenty years ago! The college boys were talking over their beer in the corner. The track star said, "You know, I sent my coach a letter telling him I would be out for practice in September, but I think I'll send him another letter tomorrow." They all laughed at this and resumed their drinking. A general feeling of lazy comfort pervaded the shack that night . . . . Brady was completely forgotten.



# *Just Doggin' It*

JOHN D. CURTIS

I remember one of the old Pete Smith Specialties, movie shorts, about man's canine counterpart. Pete ended his narration about brother dog with "Dawgs is the craziest people."

Now, I'm not picking on old Pete — I simply want to give Rover a plug where he deserves one, and, at the same time, agree with the canines who twist Smith's old proverb until it reads, "People are the cwaziest animals."

Maybe you'll agree, if you decide to read further. For we have a dog story—mind you, not a shaggy dog story—but a little evidence to show that besides being man's best friend, Rover is sometimes smarter than his human friends. At least he often surprises them.

Not too long ago this tale was presented to us with sworn affidavits. It happened in a fairly large eastern city.

For the sake of identification, let's call our hero "Schlepperman", for reasons which will be unfolded as we go along. It seems that the psychological effects of one modern ballad had rubbed off on old Schlep, prompting him to become a canine "Happy Wanderer", even though he had never heard of Frank Weir. It was Weir's soprano saxophone that drove him from the house, barking "faldaree" to the top of his lungs.

He started out one bright and sunny winter's morning and just kept on going. As most dogs do, he made the usual stops, detours, etc., but around six that evening he wandered into a front yard in a city some eight miles from where he had started.

A friendly cuss by nature, Schlep stayed for a while—you see, he was "dog tired"—and played with the kiddies who pranced gayly about him. As dusk approached, he had practically forgotten that horrid song, but he had also forgotten his way home. So, he stayed on.

A connoisseur of fine children, Schlep became attached to the little ones who invited him to sleep in the kitchen that first night. Another day came and went, and still he remained. By now he hated the thought of leaving.

Feeling for sure that someone was certainly missing such a fine dog, the parents of the children made a close investigation of Schlep, and came up with a license on his collar. Through the

politicians and Dog Bureau, they were able to trace the identity of Schlep's owners, some six miles away.

As the children waited anxiously, knowing that Schlep was bound to go, the head of the house—the wife—phoned the dog's home.

"Yes," came the reply, "our dog is missing." "Yes, he's a police dog, but what is he doing at that fire?"

"Fire?" the housewife asked.

"Well, aren't those sirens I hear wailing in the distance?" said the other end of the line.

"Oh, no," the mother of three answered. "My children are crying. They feel so badly that they're going to lose the dog. They've become so attached to him."

Since Schlep's family no longer had any small children at home and since the crying was so unbearable to the heart and ears of an older woman, the owner suggested that the dog's newly adopted family keep him, if it was all right. "He seems so happy around tots," she added.

All was happy again and the fire drill ended immediately.

But complications set in. Now firmly entrenched as a member of his new family, Schlep discovered that all was not a bed of dog biscuits. He had to take orders from the "little woman"—it happens to men and dogs alike.

For some reason he didn't respond to the commands, however. He wouldn't even eat, nor would he move when spoken to. In all respects, he acted like a typical henpecked Casper Milquetoast (or Walter Mitty, if you will) who had finally gotten up enough courage to put his foot down "for once and for all!"

A late-evening fireside session with Sigmund Freud produced nothing. No neurotic tendencies were evident in old Schlep, and anyway, Freud wasn't primarily known as a dog expert, the family decided.

So, a hurried call was made to friend dawg's home early the next morning.

It seems that Schlep had been very close to the grandmother of his former household as he grew up from puphood into doghood. "Mama speaks nothing but Yiddish," was the explanation, "and Schlep doesn't understand any other language."

Here we stop and give old Schlep that familiar "pat on the back," so familiar to dog and man alike. He proved himself wiser than most dogs and many people. For as it turned out, he had meandered into the right yard that fateful day. His new family was Jewish too.



Though the members of the family were young and spoke only English in the home, their early backgrounds had allowed them to learn Yiddish to a fair degree of fluency. Now they too could talk to Schlep in his native tongue.

A few sharp commands in Yiddish and Schlep jumped like a second lieutenant bucking for first. The problem was no more.

At last reports, Schlep was happy and understood; in fact, everybody was happy. And now he was enjoying the canine heaven on earth with a steady diet of sour cream, matzoh balls and gefilte fish—and on holidays, even an occasional bowl of borsch.

Naw, dawgs ain't the cwaziest people. People is the cwaziest animals!



