Having Faced the Music

By Jane Goguen

Under dimmed lights, a hushed "Parents' Weekend" audience had a fantastic opportunity to witness several fine performances last Saturday night in the Alumni Gymnasium. The occasion - the Parents Weekend Concert. The concert was performed by talented Bates' singers and dancers.

The program opened with selections by the Bates College Choir, under the direction of Marlon R. Anderson. The music ranged from the classical beauty of pieces such as "Jesu Dulcis Memoria" (Victoria), to the rousing rhythm of "Lebenslust" (Schubert), a German beer-drinking song. A brass ensemble from the College Band, as well as pianists, added to the richness of the numbers. The final selection, "Stomp Your Foot!" (Copland), was a fitting prelude for the next entertainment on the evening's agenda - the skill of the Bates College Modern Dance Company.

The group alternately amused, provoked, and amazed the audience, as the dancers twisted and twirled, playing with both fantasy and reality. The student-choreographed dances, under the direction of Marcy Plavin, were divided into two sections.

The first was a pot-pouri of warm humor, as depicted in the clarity of imagination in "Gimme Dat Ding"; nostalgia, as children's games were delightfully depicted; and thoughtful introspection, in "Freedom", where the fine balance between individuality was explored. The last "sketch" was a contemporary one, utilizing the simplicity of "Jonathan Livingston Seagull", by Richard Bach, as a medium for the grace and mood of the dancers.

The final half of the program was built around the rock opera "Tommy", by The Who. The entire company participated in this enjoyable chronicle, which followed the deaf-dumb-blind Tommy to greatness - and to abandonment.

Although I cannot begin to pretend I am a critic of either music or dance, the performances given by both the choir and dance company seemed to me to be outstanding. Judging from the large and enthusiastic crowd on Saturday night, I feel my opinions are representative of most of the audience. If, by chance, you missed this first opportunity to see some of our own college talent on stage, be sure you make a special effort to be at the next performance. It will be worth it!

LAWRENCE CHEM STANDS OUT

The Bates College chapter of the American Chemical Society has been selected for special commendation for their outstanding record during the year. Dr. Patricia A. Figueras, chairman of the Council Committee on Chemical Education, informed Bates President Thomas Hedley Reynolds that only 31 of 579 chapter 5 have been so honored.

The American Chemical Society encourages the formation of affiliate chapters in institutions which grant degrees in chemistry or chemical engineering. The college chapters seek to develop attitudes of professionalism among students with an interest in chemical careers. Dr. Figueras pointed to the excellent environment for science at Bates which made this achievement possible.

The Lawrence Chemical Society at Bates College, headed by President Janet Gross, is an active group on campus, which brings in outside lecturers who cover various topics in the sciences which are of interest to Bates students and the community.

The Chemistry Department consists of Chairman Charles H. Stauffer (Dana Professor), and staff including Professor William B. Thomas, Associate Professors Richard M. Briggs and James G. Boyles, Assistant Professor David S. Page and Carleton E. Morrill, Lecturer.
Professors often complain about the bright student who either out of laziness or indifference never realizes his full "potential": the existence of this student at Bates cannot be argued. But when the same must be said about the majority of a facility on campus that sees universal use, it is time for remedial action not tacit acquiescence. In short, the nagging business hours of the library fly in the face of several paradoxes. First, the library sees fit to shorten the hours of the circulation desk on Friday nights, as if ignorant of the lingering existence of Saturday exams. True, one can retire to the smoking study on the first floor for another two hours. But this hardly seems consistent with the opportunities afforded those faced with weekday exams, especially since many of the Saturday exams are in the social science and do not require extensive reserve reading.

Though the Friday night inconstancy is of no little importance, it is but one facet of a larger problem which simply expressed, is the lack of an all-night study. The amazing aspect of this deficiency is that the building was designed for just such a purpose. This is why access can be gained to the smoking study on the first floor without entering the library proper. But the capability is not utilized even though it would be a simple task to implement. First of all, the maintenance department is already committed to featherbedding economics, i.e., the assignment of three men to perform a one-man task. Take some of the "sidewalk superintendents" off the day shift, make them midnight perambulators in the vicinity of the library and the problem is solved. An alternate and more desirable solution in light of the inevitable "midterm rush" and finals would also create a financial windfall. Opening the entire library on an all night basis would solve the explicit problem as well as providing more student employment. It is done at many other colleges whose emphasis on academics does not come near academia batesiana.

Normally the appropriate forum to deal with such a situation would be the library student-faculty committee, but Librarian Iva Foster has expressed an interest through this committee to deal with the problem personally, on a one-to-one basis with students of the afore-stated persuasion. Though personal handling of campus problems is usually fruitful, it is also the easiest method of dumping the situation in the circular file, the present one being a prime example. It is hoped that the bi-nightly census currently being taken is not an attempt to provide a statistic to rebut this argument since such random "statistics are seldom meaningful. The college is small enough for public resolution of such matters; hence, there is no rationale for confining it to the librarian's office.

There comes a point wherein one must speak to a particular subject because it becomes a constant nuisance without hope of being bettered. Maybe what I speak of is not really a nuisance, but more simply just a biased view for which the majority never hear the other bias. This will hopefully set a few things straight and shed some new light or give some new perspective to those who allow themselves to be misled.

I would like to speak to the subject of 'student reviewing' for theatrical productions of any sort at Bates. I read each and every review in The Student during my four years at Bates and the last one I read, reviewing Dandalus Productions, Inc., has set me off. I don't really want to make exceptions, just John, because he is just symptomatic of some of those before him. These reviewers find themselves caught in the web of elitism espoused by so many of our modern intellectuals, especially those who are not knowledgeable, or shall I say competently knowledgeable, about that of which they speak, or review, as it were. Therefore, it seems to me that one of the first prerequisites required of someone reviewing theatre should be some knowledge and experience in that area, with an understanding and appreciation of what theatre and the art of acting is all about. Now, John may have some experience in theatre but I charge him as not having enough to allow him to write such a review. Because, from my biased viewpoint, his review was unjust and the production was, indeed, not one of "creative credibility." Now, John has the right to his own opinion, but what most fail to see is here is that the majority of the reader John's review will accept it as fact.
WEEKEND DEBATE

by Jonathan Smith

Small colleges everywhere breathed a sigh of relief last Friday night as the Bates College debate team successfully defended the future of the small liberal arts college from the onslaught of Harvard University before a partisan crowd of 200 Bates students and parents. The decision marks the successful debut of students and parents. The decision marks the successful debut of Harvard University before a college from the onslaught of small liberal arts against large.

At several points in the late stages of the debate the motion seemed lost for Bates (and the Batesies for that matter) by Jonathan Smith

place of the small college for the future of the small college. The Harvard team countered with the arguments that the country life of the small college kept the individual from life and therefore did not prepare him for it. Unfortunately, the Harvard team and (the Batesies for that manner) tended to become oriented Bates Vs. Harvard in their comparison of small liberal arts against large.

At several points in the late stages of the debate the motion seemed lost for Bates (and the Batesies for that matter) by Jonathan Smith

Among the more memorable floor speeches of the evening were Professor Law's confession that the days at the big schools may not have been so glorious and a statement by another that even if all small colleges die, their death will indeed be a future.

At the closing division of the House all the participants save two were on the Bates side including the entire Harvard team.

The Quimby debaters will be in action in tournaments at Dartmouth, Wesleyan, and the University of Toronto during the next three weeks.

by P. Karl, Jr.

In coordination with the dance sponsored by the Chase Hall Committee, the Bates Film Board is contributing their own little bit to the Bates weekend with Help and A Hard Day's Night. These will be playing Friday night at 7:00 P.M. and 8:30 P.M. in, of course, Schaeffer Theatre. Everybody has heard of both these movies, which did so well on the strength of the "shaggy quartet" that stars. Chances are pretty good that you saw them, too, back in Grammar or High School days. Now you get a chance to examine them through the sophisticated veneer of college.

A Hard Day's Night is supposed to be an average Beatles day, at least an average day back in the Beatles-mania of 1964. This includes such ordinary doings as packed press conferences, television appearances, hundreds of moaning, screaming, hair-tearing female fans and about 15 of their classic songs. The film also includes a cast of masterful English back-up comedians and some of the worst one-liners you've ever heard, which somehow seem funny when given in optimists say could be made public as early as June 1977. News Bureau leaks have revealed the following potential contenders and their relative chances:

Robert D. Bamberg, Dean of the Faculty—came to Bates as Dana Professor of English as well as chairman of the department. Brilliant, hard-working and also enjoys good student rapport; nevertheless thought to face a tough confirmation fight in light of tacit Presidential ambitions for '77. (the end of the Thedley decade.)

Ralph A. Balivet - ex-assistant dean of students and last years Women's Awareness bra-burner in the Administration. Supporters say she would set the tone for sexual egalitarianism at the college in spite of the positions held by Ms. Thompson and the recent appointment of Ms. Douglass which the feminists see as tokenism. Chances: nil.

A radical theory has outgoing President has expressed an inclination, albeit weak, to consider a student candidate, but as usual the RA can't get it together to hold a caucus.

present condition of diminishing applications so his position is secure. However, it seems as if the trustees have put pressure on the Prez to appoint a sidekick to "insure a continuity of the Bates superior education" pending investigation of the ransacking of the Dean of Faculty's office at Bowdoin.

Escewing exposure on campus, an unusual move, reliable sources say President Reynolds has flown to his Freeport floating retreat to make his decision — one which

In the wake of still heated rumors of resignation, Dr. Emmons is seen as a possibility as well but everyone knows that Bates is insulated from wrongdoing and a pistol-packing Veep just wouldn't do. Besides, this guy named Wallace from Alabama has expressed an...
After watching coach Gatto and his team show improvement with each game this reporter stated last week that Bates' football had reached the level of respectability and that the team could effectively compete with any team on its schedule. That judgment must now come under serious question as the Engineers consistently defeated the Cat's defensive linemen and twice were able to succeed as fourth and short yardage situations. The next time W.P.I. obtained possession tailback Ron Texiera swept around left end untouched and went 76 yards to make the score 28-6. The first half ended as quarterback Dysenchuk was tackled in his own end zone for a safety with only 1 second remaining in the half: a fitting conclusion to a dismal first half performance by the Cats. A good indication of the dominance of W.P.I. in the half is seen in the total yardage; 332 yards for W.P.I. compared to 82 for Bates.

W.P.I., on its next series of downs, continued to move the ball at will as the defensive unit was unable to apply any pressure to the Engineers passer and the secondary was in a state of confusion. Mixing the passing game with some consistent running the Engineers quickly scored to make the score 4-0 with less than 5 minutes gone in the first quarter.

Despite the ineptness of both the offensive and defensive units the Cats were still in the game thanks to an impressive 60-yard run by freshman Marcus Bruce which made the score 14-0. That run late in the first quarter was to account for two thirds of the Bates' total yardage.

W.P.I. answered that score with a 15 play scoring drive which consumed over seven minutes making the score 21-6. The Engineers consistently defeated the Cat's defensive linemen and twice were able to succeed as fourth and short yardage situations. The next time W.P.I. obtained possession tailback Ron Texiera swept around left end untouched and went 76 yards to make the score 28-6. The first half ended as quarterback Dysenchuk was tackled in his own end zone for a safety with only 1 second remaining in the half: a fitting conclusion to a dismal first half performance by the Cats. A good indication of the dominance of W.P.I. in the half is seen in the total yardage; 332 yards for W.P.I. compared to 82 for Bates.

Trail by 24 at halftime the Cats came out in the second half seeking to salvage their pride. However, things didn't change much as W.P.I. scored another safety making the score 32-6. The offensive unit put one impressive drive together led by the combination of Dysenchuk to Shapiro. The drive was capped by a 6 yard touchdown pass to Bruce from Dysenchuk who was subjected to a tremendous physical beating all day long but still completed 14 of 26 passing attempts.

Coming off such a disheartening performance against W.P.I. the Cats must be questioning their own abilities. They travel to A.I.C. for their next game which is their toughest of the year, If they are not ready to play and repeat this past week's performance then all progress that has been made this year will be lost. The quality of the effort the Cats put forth at A.I.C. this weekend will be a good indication of just what kind of character this Bates' team possess.
TRAVELING VOLLEYBALL

by Wendy Ault

Can you imagine traveling 200 miles just to play 17 volleyball games in 6 hrs? The female Bobcats began wondering about that when they arrived at an exciting Machias campus offering volleyball movies and a big-time dance. However, under the guidance of Alyson Trico, who proved to be quite a mover (on the court), the girls had quite a time circulating the dance floor 'til the late hour of 11 hrs.

Coming away from total defeat at the hands of UNH earlier in the week, the Bates team showed great signs of improvement. The Varisty team never did get much going that day and while the JV's showed signs of at least one victory, they couldn't keep the momentum going. One might say that everyone was psyched out by the UNH team's ability and unfortunately disappointed the gathering crowd of football players.

Too bad they and three weirdos from Tumwater weren't at Machias to see us play. We started out the day against UMPI managing to win 1 out of 3 games but at the same time looked like individuals playing, the day ended with a TEAM helping and coaching each other against another team (UMO) and we actually showed signs of handing them the biggest upset of the day. Between those two games, we worked at beating Machias and Farmington's second teams. During those two games, Mrs. Lachapelle had a good chance to develop scots, with matches bring to us out to 3 games and neither easy victories.

Despite the day ending with a losing record 2-4, everyone gained experience in playing the game which will contribute to victories in upcoming games. Scoring was our captain for the day, and although she never won the toss, she got some good serves against Farmington to aid in the victory. By the close of the tournament, Bates had begun to look united and Debby Lyons was setting up the front line for spiking while Debby Cagenello were working at saving the balls that seemed to bounce in the wrong directions. Everyone was moving to get the ball over the net.

This weekend we're travelling to UMPG for yet another 6 hrs. of volleyball, but this weekend will show the results of the experience gained at Machias and the hard practices we expect after "piggling" it the entire time away.

### BOBCATS TIE TOUGH ONES

by John Willhoite

The varsity soccer team concluded the very tough first half of their schedule last week with games against two more of the top teams in New England. Last Wednesday they travelled to Hartford where they tied 2-2 with the University of Hartford. Then last Saturday they met Williams at home in the annual Parents' Weekend game and battled to a scoreless tie. Both the U. of Hartford and Williams have been ranked among the top ten teams in the weekly New England soccer poll for most of the season. In their first six games the Bobcat booters also met the University of Bridgeport, currently ranked No. 2, and twice played the University of Maine. The Black Bears received honorable mention in the weekly rankings. Taken in that light the Bobcats' record of 1-3-2 at the halfway mark is somewhat deceptive. The Cats have actually been playing a pretty good brand of soccer - it's just simply that the competition has been awfully deceptive. The Cats have actually showed signs of handing another team (UMO) and we had a good chance to develop them the biggest upset of the day. Between those two games, we worked at beating Machias and Farmington's second teams. During those two games, Mrs. Lachapelle had a good chance to develop scots, with matches bring to us out to 3 games and neither easy victories.

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Photo by Joe Gromelski

### Two For Tennis

by Dee Dee Grayton

Last Tuesday, Plymouth State College took a ride to Bates for a tennis match. Hopefully the foliage was on the way, otherwise the ride must have been a bit frustrating. Jill Grayson lost to Karen Jacoby 0-6, 0-6. But, Ann Dougherty won rather easily over Sue Todaro, 6-1, 6-2. Bates suffered another lapse when Plymouth's Betty MacDougal defeated Kathi Jean for the second time in a row.

For as the doubles teams, Pat Daniels and Sandy Peterson continued their usual 6-2 first set style - only this time they won! They continued their performance in the second set to sweep Liz Ouellette and Donna Feist 6-2, 6-1. Julia Holmness and Linda Herrmann followed in winning form, giving Bates the victory, with their 6-2, 6-1 win over Pat Ritorian and Bonnie Cunningham.

On the next day, the girls faced U. Maine Portland-Gorham with a new singles line-up, and won the match 4-1. Ann took the loss, playing a hard-hitting Hilda Hinds, 1-6, 4-6. Pam, moving into the second position, successfully dodged Tina Jeffery, 6-0, 6-0. Dee Dee Grayton, filling third singles, swept through 6-0, 6-0. Sandy and Pat brought the win to Bates with their 6-1, 6-3 victory over PoGo's Sue Thorston and Donna Chase. Linda and Julia, who could do no wrong at the net (well, almost anyway), finished the bill, defeating Carol Davis and Nancy Hill 6-0, 6-2. Thus far, Julia and Linda have not lost a set in match play. With four regular matches remaining, the team is looking good. Good luck to those playing in the New England Tennis Tournament this weekend!!
and, indeed, it is a very persuasive notion which will make many way of attending Bates' productions or those sponsored by any organization for performance at Bates. I don't consider Dandelus Productions, Inc. a Bates' blunder at all, but, instead, a very worthwhile and wise choice as a source of experience or entertainment or whatever for any who venture into the theatre. I must take exception to John's review because I feel it was a far better production than John indicated. Now, I am no authority in the field, but my experience and involvement in theatre is substantiated by several years of experience on the amateur stage; attention to most many productions - amateur to professional, Broadway to Old Vic, London to Stratford, England; and I am presently a graduate student in acting at Brandeis University. I simply feel I am better qualified to judge it a good production than John is to judge it as a bad one and one that is "just another blunder on Bates' part." And I can feel the creative way now that I am just as much an elitist -- so be it.

My apologies also for using John as an example, but I have never been able to express myself on this matter before in this manner, because my proximity to Bates' productions was always such that I couldn't have worried much about that now, being a graduate, so I felt it was time to make a plea for responsible reviewing by at least presenting both sides, if bias there be, such as was done in The Student in the September 24, 1971 issue, where the comedy revue was reviewed by two people, pro and con. It's time to eliminate such biased reviews as John's, or Bev Heaton's review of The Devils last year, or the review several years ago of The Importance of Being Earnest, without including the opposing view. These past reviews are ones that tend to drive people away from the theatre; theatre, which, for the most part, can prove to be very enlightening, entertaining, cathartic, relaxing, engrossing, or any one of a number of emotional evocations. One proof of course of Bates' unqualified and incompetent student reviewing can be seen simply by comparing professional reviews to the same shows reviewed by students, which is not to say that I expect professionalism out of students, though some are capable of producing it. The reviews are very different and students might do well by studying the professionals, or as an art student would have it -- studying the Masters. It is time that Bates had responsible reviewing of the merits and demerits of a show, based on knowledgeable value judgments of what is good and bad in theatre.

The only helpful suggestion I have at the present time is that the Robinson Players might consider forming a reviewing committee. After all, who can write more objectively about theatre than those who are intensely involved in theatre and learning more and more about it all the time? Pool everyone's thoughts about a production until a fair review is achieved; either that or choose one person who didn't care for the production and one who did and have them write two reviews. Only in this way will the theatre be fairly represented.

I apologize for being dogmatic in my didacticism but I feel strongly about this issue and if anyone learns anything from it, then it has been worthwhile, but then everything has worth as there is much to be learned from both the good and the bad. It is a whole new year for theatre at Bates with a new director and new thoughts about what theatre and the art of acting is all about. From what I understand, the approach will be a bit more classically oriented than in the past. I urge all to see the shows -- I'm sure you won't be disappointed.

Sincerely yours,
Rick Porter '73

CAMPING TIPS

In the past decade hiking, camping, and outdoor activities have experienced a surge of popularity. Along with this increase in interest has come an accrual of problems of overuse. Much more important than this dilemma is the critical problem of misuse of our great outdoors. If only a few people were using a particular campsite, trail, or a stream, improper practices might not be exceedingly harmful. As it is with so many people enjoying the fruits of nature, it's essential that anyone going out into the woods think about and follow certain environmentally sound guidelines. If each hiker or camper would consider the impact of his presence upon the environment and modify his behavior in a way to make his impact as small as possible, the woods need not suffer from our enjoyment of them. But a few practical things to think about.

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1) Camp in designated areas: do not clear a new campsite
2) Camp below timberline
3) Wash dishes and oneself away from existing water supplies
4) Carry out all trash
5) Never dispose of anything in streams or ponds
6) Use a portable stove (or charcoal)
7) Don't cut boughs for bedding

HIKING

1) Keep to existing trails
2) Hiking in the early spring is especially detrimental to trails
3) Limit the size of your group
4) Make water bars to divert the flow of rain water
5) Bridges over streams to reduce tear and earth by hikers on the banks
6) Stabilize steep banks by placing logs across them
7) Avoid cutting through bogs

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Cohen to Speak

Chase Hall will open its doors this fall to students of the Bates College community, welcoming the students to the campus and introducing them to the fall season. Bates students will be welcomed to the campus with an open house on October 5th. The event will feature an informal session and a special guest speaker, Congressman Cohen, who will discuss the political issues perplexing Maine's 2nd district representative, William S. Cohen.

Congressman Cohen, a Republican member of the House of Representatives, will be the keynote speaker at the Bates College open house. Congressman Cohen will address the students and faculty of Bates College on the issues facing Maine and the nation.

Zerby Returns

Just a reminder that on October 25 the Campus Association will present the Zerby Lecture in Contemporary Religious Thought, held each year in honor of Dean Rayborn L. Zerby. This year's speaker will be the Rev. Sallie TeSelle of the Vanderbilt University Divinity School. The title of her lecture is "Parable, Metaphor and Theology." This will be held in the Chapel at 8:00 P.M. with a reception following in Skelton Lounge. Next week's Student will feature an article providing information concerning her current work in the fields of religion and literature.

Nathaniel Bowditch

Sail from picturesque Bucks Harbor at 5:30 Friday evening. Return Sunday noon.

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It's that firm crack of the snow with the step, that warmth, ethereal glow of the setting sun, the disjointed cloud formations and the violent pink and purple emanating from them, that recalled that day, the day of my last visit. I remember my vibration, my exultation at the ability to walk on temperature-hardened water. It was winter in all its briskness, just the same old story. And yet, as I look today at my feet, I think of Old Paps, my mind in turn greets the memory of Old Paps.

It was days like that I longed for my childhood, my ephemeral pleasures, my naivete. I yearn for my thoughts to be as clear and dry as the winter air, my motives as pure as the virgin snow in untramped forests. Oh, those days of unconsidered solitude and awe, the wonder of all life, the ephemeral pleasures, my naivete. I longed for that life, for the absence of social barriers, for the freedom to be myself and my feelings, and my visits diminished accordingly during that time. I was involved in living, and didn't really have time for the reduction of the flux of reality. His was a dream world, not important or rational, not conscious or profound, serving as a tangible reward. His recompense was my youthful exuberance and inquisitive nature, mine an inborn, natural, and without the calculation, his own self-wielded rewards. The visits didn't come to a halt, though. Summer saw me never stopped. I would view with joy the shack in the distance, double my efforts, run unconcernedly over the frozen foothills, and he had constructed over the stream that separated his property, his and Nature's, from the rest of the land, hasten to the house, and the knock would produce a knowing smile, an immediate entrance, and a warm fire. While thawing I would tell him of the beauties I had seen on my journey: the sun playing hide-and-seek with me through the trees, the snow-rabbits that had successfully dodged me, the crows that had barked their warnings of me to nearby friends. He would drink it all in, imbued with my youthful enthusiasm, and although he had heard it all many times before, and had witnessed it himself on countless occasions, he would smile in his sagacity, and nod thoughtfully. I would warm on the radiance of the man, much more than on the glowing embers and steaming Cambrick tea. The coldness would melt as I sat in rapt attention as he went about his work. He whittled constantly, creating a tremendous amount of invaluable trivia. His work as bagatelle to everyone but himself and me, but the value of our sufferance more than compensated for that of tangible reward. His recompense was my youthful exuberance and inquisitive nature, mine an inborn, natural, and without the calculation, his own self-wielded rewards. The visits didn't come to a halt, though. Summer saw me never stopped.

There are some benefits to be derived from age, I suppose. When I came of age I got my driver's license, and a valuable means of transportation. My trips became more frequent for a while, but still it was not a new, terrible, yet inexorable thing that had occurred. In my ignorance, I had learned too much. I no longer possessed a youthful wonder. I was too caught up in the maturation process. I was aging far too rapidly. I wanted the knowledge that adulthood brings me. I wanted to know. But in my haste I forgot to feel, I forgot the knowledge and language of youth, the naivete, the simplistic beauty. And Old Paps could sense it, although he never said so. I blundered along, not knowing, not feeling, not realizing just what I was doing. Now, in retrospect, I see my folly, and repent it. But such are the lessons of adolescence.

I went away to school, distancing my mind but disregarding my heart, and my visits diminished accordingly during that time. I was involved in living, and didn't really have time for the reduction of the flux of reality. His was a dream world, not important or rational, not conscious or profound, serving as a tangible reward. His recompense was my youthful exuberance and inquisitive nature, mine an inborn, natural, and without the calculation, his own self-wielded rewards. The visits didn't come to a halt, though. Summer saw me never stopped.

I rarely remembered the time. Well after the sun had moved to the next locale's succor I would hear the trampling of my father's heavy boots, then the creak of the bridge, and finally the knock on the door. He never angered, merely collected me and scooted me home. Old Paps would stand in the doorway and wave, his craggy, wrinkled features illuminated in good humor and gentle understanding.

Such was my life, my good, wonder-filled life, at eight. So simple. So happy. So total. But such are the lessons of adolescence. We moved our hearts having returned to their one with which to share it. We moved our hearts having returned to their one with which to share it.

After twenty minutes of sitting, our hearts having returned to their one with which to share it.
ordinary rhythm, we knew we could wait no longer. We had to find him. I knew those woods well, and what might seem like an impossible task could actually be rendered rather simple. We set off through the back door, through the garden looking about as my wife was a tourist, and I a curator of sorts.

Through the garden we walked, and I pointed out positions that would correspond to summer placements. "Beets here . . . Asparagus in that cove." She nodded and smiled at each comment. Then I glanced up, looking through the woods, to where the sun lay, expired, like the phoenix on its nest. It's reddish color glared at me, pushed itself into my brain, no longer playing hide-and-seek, but screaming at me. The color glared at me, pushed itself into my brain, no longer playing hide-and-seek, but screaming at me.

"Could wait no longer. We had to follow as best she could. I ran into the forest, its cogency. It brought to mind agonizing thoughts, thoughts engendered by a dying sun, gleaning its last joy in the rape of my mind.

I began to run into the forest, looking through the woods, to where only one had been. Brightly, leeringly, off two crosses where the sun lay, expired, like the phoenix on its nest. It's reddish color glared at me, pushed itself into my brain, no longer playing hide-and-seek, but screaming at me. The color glared at me, pushed itself into my brain, no longer playing hide-and-seek, but screaming at me.