

When it was apparent that the defenders were either dead or prisoners, I ordered Williams to head for the Company. I covered him for about thirty seconds and then crawled rapidly over the ridge line behind the foxhole. I had planned my course to take me away from the Chinese and bring me closer to the American positions. I did not think the enemy would be behind me, but for the second time that day I was proven wrong. As I crawled from behind a clump of bushes, the ground under my face suddenly exploded, and I looked up to see eight Chinese soldiers, dressed in the dirty rags that were common to them, standing in a half circle. I pushed my rifle away and looked at them until one of them motioned for me to stand up.

The leader of the group approached me repeating, "Friend, friend, no kill," and at the same time he began to stuff his pockets with my watch, camera, and other personal belongings. After carefully searching me, he allowed me to keep my Bible and wallet. Then he motioned for me to place my hands on my head. With a bayonet touching my back I began a march that was to last for two months and cover six hundred miles. For twenty-eight months I was to remain a prisoner of the Chinese, an experience that I shall always remember and that will always affect my life.

Oley

Robert Bussabarger

THE storm warnings were popping vigorously from their stays high above the drifting sand dunes in the abnormally blue April sky. The sky, a blanket of blue tapering uniformly from a light shade at its horizon to ultramarine directly overhead, was broken only by the brilliant but cold-looking sun. As I had nothing to do and because the day was unique, I put on my oil-skin coat and pants and, leaving the warmth and protection of my boat, started the half-mile walk to the jetty. Here I expected to further my aesthetic state by watching the green breakers dash themselves on the huge unyielding rocks that composed the jetty.

While I was ascending the jetty the surf spray had cut my visibility appreciably, and as I stumbled over the boulders I practically knocked a man down.

"Vell!" he said after a short time. "A thought A vas the only person in half-mile of here." Then he smiled and after a discussion and agreement that the fleet would be in port for at least three days, Alif invited me to his boat. As we were walking there, I could sense that something was bothering him, for he kept looking back at the jetty and sighing.

His boat, the *Cape Alava*, a forty-five footer and one of the best trollers on the Pacific coast of America, was one I had seen often, but I knew little about the men on her. As we boarded her, I met

Alif's father, Arvid, a tall, well-built man with a bronzed weather-beaten face that supported a thick, white, walrus-like moustache. I noticed that he too was in a despondent state. He also looked westward and sighed deeply. It was some time later when I picked up what I surmised to be a dog collar, while I was drinking coffee in the *Cape Alava's* immaculate galley, that the reason for their depression was uncovered.

"The collar belong to Oley—he vas a pet seal of ours," Alif explained. His eyes moistened slightly and were focused past any object in the boat. "Arvid and A shot Oley's mother yust as he was born. Ve could have got two bounties, but—vell, ve thought, yust for heck, ve vould keep Oley. So, A got a baby bottle and a rubber thing, and fet it canned milk."

Alif's father confirmed this by nodding his head and then interjecting, "Ya, and A put sardine oil in his milk too."

"Vell," Alif continued, "ve raised Oley till he vas full grown. He would yump out the boat and swim for five-six hours, but never vould he get out of sight."

"And all the time he vas getting in our vay ven ve ver fishink," Arvid again interjected.

"Ya, and all the time he vould beg for herring," Alif went on, as if this would justify what he was about to say.

"So yesterday, ven ve got news that a blow vas coming, Arvid and A decided to turn Oley loose for goot. Ve threw him off near Destruction Island, ran ten hours to port here." There was a long pause while Alif worried a piece of leather thong on his coat. Then he said quickly, "Vell, ven ve docked dere vas Oley." I felt a pathetic feeling of pride as these words were spoken. "Ya, and he vas so pooped he couldn't yump in the boat—ve had to drag him in," Alif continued. And then with deliberation he said, "He vas so pooped he yust die."

The wind was becoming more gusty outside, but still the solitude of the cold blue sky prevailed.

What is a Lever?

Don Meadows

A LEVER is a bar with which you do work; if you work in a bar, you are a bartender; a bartender often has to listen to a bore; bore refers to the size of a gun barrel; a barrel is the spool of a winch; when you use a winch on an object, you pull it with a cable; a cable is a telegram that has been sent across an ocean; an ocean is what a ship sails on; when a ship is away from land, it is asea; a C is what I usually get for a grade on a theme; a theme is a series of notes of music; music is what you hear on a juke box in a bar; a bar is where I sit and wonder if I'll ever get to know all there is to know about a lever.