

March 2, 1969

66.1

3/2/69

Dear Ed,

Thank you for your 2 letters and the enclosed article. There were many ideas in the article that were very enjoyable to read.

Towards the end he talks of "contagious examples" - models of learning and living together - are... needed". I think the religious orders are built along these lines in theory.

Here's a quote from a study of British Architecture. "The growing desire for privacy and comfort ... resulted in the break-up of this strong community life (the life of the medieval manor). Today such an existence would be distasteful if not intolerable. Yet in these early times when the great hall flourished, life must have been a constant struggle against the elements, famine, and disease. It is not difficult to see that the lusty camaraderie must have given some sense of comfort and safety to those engaged in the grim realities of existence".

We are apparently finding our privacy 'distasteful' if not 'intolerable', perhaps because we are aware that we have come to see that we are still engaged in the grim 'realities of existence'. Against these grim

realities, our lives provide no defense.

61.2

There was a remarkable article in last Sunday's N.Y. Times Magazine Section (Feb. 23, 1969) on the community of Oz, a wayout group that went to live in a farming area. It was very revealing. They did not get hung up on drugs, and they were eventually forced to scatter by their Christian neighbors. I have lent it out but if you haven't seen it, I'll send it to you after it comes back.

I lent it to one of the priest Jesuits I ever knew. He left the order about 3 months ago and ended up living  $1\frac{1}{2}$  blocks from my apartment on N. Hampshire and S'. To me he seems very badly confused. He's very idealistic but has lost his roots.

I myself am thinking more in the direction of getting into a closely-knit community rather than worrying about the type work I will do. I would be eager to join a 'contagious example'. But I have yet not the slightest idea where or how.

There are many things I could do to keep a live. But so far I have made no effort to contact others in these situations. But I probably will in the next month or two. I'm going to show Denker's article to Fr. Ciffi.

Meanwhile - Keep smiling!

Your friend,  
Father Sampson

December 10, 1968 57

12/10/68

Dear Ed,

It's always a joy to hear from a crusader. It's so pleasant to have everybody else's faults pointed out by such a clear-eyed saviour. You say, "This is a very important truth - to be continually in rebellion" - almost as important as the other plank of your policy - 'to be continually well-fed'. You can keep eating from the host's table as long as you keeps insulting the host. It's sometimes known as having your cake and eating it. You enjoy the best the world has to offer - what it offers to only about a tenth of the race - and yet you have no sense of guilt because, you verbally separate yourself from the 'bad guys'.

"Discipline can be forgotten, it will come of itself, when more important truths are sought by one

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students. They will discipline themselves - only they can let themselves be free, which discipline is meant to do - they only can chose freedom."

How simple and beautiful! How good man is and how capable! Is there no way one man can help another to be free? No. All he can do is let him be free. If he is only let alone he will be free. When he wants to learn to read he will willingly undergo the necessary discipline - this is pretty well confirmed by adult-education programs. And so on.

Now it's much later in the day. I am sitting quietly waiting for my next class to begin. We had headlines again yesterday: two more teachers quit.

As for me I was ready to quit back in November but I hung on, using up all my days of leave. I wasn't too well and even when I did come in I just tried to be friendly. It worked

ENGLISH EXAMINATION  
JUNE 4, 1970

FR. SAMPSON, S.J.

→ THERE ARE 5 (FIVE) [6?] SELECTIONS. DO NOT SKIP ANY. THERE IS NO CHOICE. (I'M FED UP WITH ALL THIS PERMISSIVENESS), DO THEM IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER OR ELSE: (1<sup>ST</sup>) THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO ME; (2<sup>ND</sup>) "AARON STARK" p. 186; (3<sup>RD</sup>) "BUFFALO BILL" p. 190; (4<sup>TH</sup>) WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING? p. 32; (5<sup>TH</sup>) SCORE ANOTHER ONE, CHOPPY, ON THE BITTO.

→ PUT EACH EVALUATION ON A SEPARATE ANSWER SHEET. YOU MAY WRITE ON THE BACK IF YOU HAVE MORE THAN ONE PAGE OF COMMENTS. YOU SHOULD, BY NOW, BE FAMILIAR WITH MY 'GROTESQUELY BIASED' MARKING SYSTEM, EVEN IF YOU DONT FINISH ALL FIVE, BUT YOUR COMMENTS ON WHAT YOU DO READ ARE FASCINATING, REVEALING A CREATIVE IMAGINATION, AN ALERT INTELLIGENCE, AN OVERHEATED EMOTION BOX, ETC., YOU CAN STILL GET AN 'A'.

→ SUGGESTIONS FOR MY FAVORITE STUDENTS ONLY (YOU OTHERS CAN TURN THE PAGE AND START WORKING NOW.).

1. RELAX; AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY THE FINAL, ETC,
2. READ THE 1<sup>ST</sup> THREE SELECTIONS THROUGH RIGHT AWAY. THEN REREAD ALL THREE. THEN REREAD ALL THREE. THEN REREAD ALL THREE.
3. COMMENT ON THE FIRST ONLY. IF IT'S 9:30, YOU'RE DOING FINE,
4. READ THE SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH THROUGH RIGHT AWAY,
5. REREAD THESE THREE AND REREAD THEM.
6. COMMENT ON THEM IN THAT ORDER.
7. THE FIFTH IS AN ORIGINAL GEM BY A MASTER OF STYLE WHO PREFERS TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS. IT WAS WRITTEN SPECIFICALLY FOR THIS TEST, I KNOW YOU ARE GOING TO LIKE IT. YOU MAY ACTUALLY RECOGNIZE THE AUTHOR BY HIS VIVID IMAGERY, CLEVER PHRASING, AND POWERFUL DRAMATIC TECHNIQUE.

IN ANY CASE, MAKE YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT. AFTER ALL, THAT'S WHAT THE COURSE WAS ALL ABOUT.

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THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO ME

I have done things and had things happen to me and nobody knows about it. So I am writing about it so that people will know. Although there are a lot of things I could tell about, I will just tell about the jumping because that is the most important. It gave me the biggest thrill. I mean high jumping, standing and running. You probably never heard of a standing high jumper but that's what I was. I was the greatest jumper ever was.

I was going to high school and I wasn't on any team. I couldn't be because I had to work for a drugstore and wash bottles and deliver medicine and sweep the floor. So I couldn't go out for any of the teams because the job started soon's school was over. I am used to crab to the fellows about how old man Patch made me wash so many bottles and so they got to calling me Bottles Barton and I didn't like it. They'd call me Bottles in front of the girls and the girls'd giggle.

Once I poked one of the fellows for calling me Bottles. He was a big fellow and he played on the football team and I wouldn't have hit him because I was little and couldn't fight very well. But he called me Bottles before Anna Louise Daniels and she laughed and I knew it was her I should have taken the first poke at. I was more mad at her than the football player altho ough it was him pulling my nose and sittikg dn me.

The next day I met Anna Louise in the hall going to the ancient-history class and she was with a couple of other girls and I tried to go past without them noticing me. I don't know why but I had a funny feeling like as if somebody was going to throw a rock at me or something. Anna Louise looked at me and giggled.

"Hello, old Rubbenose," she said.

The girls giggled and I hurried down the hall and felt sick and mad and kind of like I was running away from a fight, although nobody'd expect me to fight a girl. And so they called me Bottles sometimes and Rubbenose other times and always whoever was near would laugh. They didn't think it was funny because Jimmy Wilkins was called Scrubby or Jack Harris was called Doodles. But they thought it was funny I was called Rubbenose and Bottles and they never got tired of laughing. It was a new joke every time.

Scrubby pitched for the baseball team and Doodles was quarterback on the football team. I could have pitched nohit games and I could have made touch-downs from my own ten-yard line. I know I could. I had it all figured out. I went over how I'd throw the ball and how the batter'd miss and it was easy. I figured out how to run and dodge and straight-arm and that was easy too. But I didn't get the chance because I had to go right to Patch's drugstore after school was out.

Old man Patch was a pretty good guy but his wife she was nothing but a crab. I'd wash Bottles and old man Patch he would look at them and not say anything. But Mrs. Patch, old lady Patch, she would look at the bottles and wrinkle her nose and make me wash half of them over again. When I swept up at night she'd always find some corner I'd missed and she'd bowl me out. She was fat and her hair was all straggly and I wondered why in the dname old man Patch ever married her, although I guess maybe she didn't look so awful when she was a girl. She couldn't have been very pretty though.

They lived in back of the drugstore and when people came in at noon or at six o'clock w either old man or old lady Patch'd come out still chewing their food and look at the customer and swallow and then ask him what he wanted.

I studied salesmanship at high school and I figured this wasn't very good for business and I wanted to tell them but I never did.

One of the fellows at school was in waiting for a prescription and he saw me working at some of the things I did at the drugstore; so when another fellow asked him what I did, this fellow he laughed and said, "Old Bottles! Why, he rates at that store. Yes, he does! He rates like a dose of codliver oil."

That's about the way I did rate; but I was planning on how if I'd someday own a real, modern drugstore and run the Patches out of business, so I didn't mind much.

What I did mind was Anna Louise at school. She was the daughter of a doctor and she thought she was big people and maybe she was but she wasn't any better to me. Maybe my clothes weren't so good but that was only temporary. I planned on having twenty suits some day.

I wanted to go up to her and say, "Look here, Anna Louise, you're not so much. Your father isn't a millionaire and someday I'm going to be one. I'm going to have a million dollars and twenty suits of clothes." But I never did.

After she laughed at me and started calling me Rubbersnose, I began planning on doing things to make her realize I wasn't what she thought I was. That's how the jumping came about.

It was the day before the track meet and everybody was talking about whether or not our school could win. They figured we'd have to win the high jump and pole vault to do it.

"Gee, if only we had old Heck Hansen back," said Gobbers MacMartin. "He'd outjump those Fairfield birds two inches in the high and a foot in the pole vault."

"Yeah," somebody else said, "but we haven't got Heck Hansen. What we got is pretty good but not good enough. Wish we had a jumper."

"We sure need one," I said.

There was a group of them all talking, boys and girls, and I was sort of on the outside listening.

"Who let you in?" Gobbers asked me.

Frank Shay grabbed me by the arm and dragged me into the center of the circle.

"The very man we've been looking for," he said. "Yessir, Old Bottles Rubbersnose Barton. He can win the jumping events & for us."

"Come on, Bottles," they all said. "Save the day for us. Be a good old Rubbersnose."

Anna Louise was the one who laughed the most and it was the third time I'd wanted to pop her on the nose.

I went away from there and didn't turn back when they laughed and called and whistled at me.

"She'd be surprised if I did," I said.

I kept thinking this over and pretty soon I said, "Well, maybe you could." Then when I was sweeping the drugstore floor I all of a sudden said, "I can."

"You can what?" Mrs. Patch asked me.

"Nothing," I said.

"You can hurry about sweeping the floor, that's what you can do," she said. There was a big crowd out for the track meet and we were tied when I went up to our coach. It was just time for the jumping to start.

"What are you doing in a track suit?" he asked me.

"I'm going to save the day for Brinkley," I said. "I'm going to jump."

"No, you aren't," he said. "You run along and start a marble game with some other kids."

I looked him in the eye and I spoke in a cold, level tone of voice. "Mr. Smith," I said, "the track meet depends on the high jump and the pole vault and unless I am entered we will lose these two events and the meet. I can win and I am willing to do it for Brinkley. Do you want to win the meet?"

He looked amazed.

"Where have you been all the time?" he asked. "You talk like you've got something on the ball."

I didn't say anything; I just smiled.

The crowd all rushed over to the jumping pits and I took my time going over. When everybody had jumped but me the coach turned and said, "Come on now, Barton, let's see what you can do."

"Not yet," I said.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I'll wait until the last man has been eliminated," I said. "Then I'll jump."

The crowd laughed but I just stared coldly at them. The coach tried to persuade me to jump but I wouldn't change my mind.

"I stake everything on one jump," I said. "Have faith in me."

He looked at me and shook his head and said, "Have it your own way."

They started the bar a little over four feet. Pretty soon it was creeping up toward five feet and a half. That's always been a pretty good distance for high-school jumpers. When the bar reached five feet seven inches all our men except one was eliminated. Two from Fairfield were still in the event. They put the bar at five feet nine inches and one man from Fairfield made it. Our man tried hard but he scraped the bar and knocked it off.

The crowd started yelling, thinking Fairfield had won the event.

"Wait a minute," I yelled. "I haven't jumped yet."

The judges looked at their list and saw it was so. Maybe you think it was against the rules for them to allow me to skip my turn but anyway that's the way it was.

"You can't make that mark," one of the judges said. "Why try? You're not warmed up."

"Never mind," I said.

I walked up close to the jumping standard and stood there.

"Go ahead and jump," one of the judges said.

"I will," I said.

"Well, don't stand there," he said. "Come on back here so's you can get a run at it."

"I don't want any run at the bar," I said. "I'll jump from here."

The judge yelled at the coach and told him to take me out on account of I was crazy.

I swung my arms in back of me and sprung up and down a second and then I jumped over the bar with inches to spare. When I came down it was so silent I could hear my footsteps as I walked across the sandpit. The Judge that'd grabbed at me just stood and looked. His eyes were bugged out and his mouth hung open.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" he said.

Our coach came up and he stood beside the judge and they both looked the same, bug-eyed.

"Did you see that?" the coach asked. "Tell me you didn't. Please do. I'd rather lose this track meet than my mind."

The judge turned slowly and looked at him.

All of a sudden everybody started yelling and the fellows near me pounded me on the back and tried to shake my hand. I smiled and brushed them aside and walked over to the judge.

"What's the high school record for this state?" I asked.

"Five feet, eleven inches," he said.

"Put her at six," I said.