Letter to the...

Jim Knox
St. John Fisher College

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Letter to the...

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Dear Sam,

Remember me, Sam? I used to be in your French Class, One day I was asked to interview a lady for the Angle. All I was told was that her name was Beebe and that she lived in Connecticut."

Cover Page Footnote
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Dear Sam,

Remember me, Sam? I used to be in your French Class. One day I was asked to interview a lady for the Angle. All I was told was that her name was Beebe and that she lived in Connecticut.

After some difficulty I located her, My first question to her was: “May I ask your first name Miss Beebe?” She replied: “Surely, young, college-type, man, It’s Phoebe.”

“And your middle initial?”

“B.—Phoebe B. Beebe.”

“Phoebe B. Beebe, How about that? . . . That’s cool, real west coast cool. That’s fun to say, all those ‘B’s”

Yes, I never got over saying it myself, Phoebe B. Beebe. It’s really a gasser.”

“What do you do for a living?”

“I own a canal.”

“That’s interesting, Is it an old canal?”

“No it’s a new canal.”

“What is it used for?”

“Canoes.”

“Phoebe B. Beebe and her new canoe canal! Phoebe B. Beebe and her new canoe canal . . .

“Stop saying it for a minute and return to subnormal, sir”

“Yes, Think you, I’m okey now. By the way, what town are we in?”

“Newgatuck. It’s near Sawgatuck.”

“No! Not Phoebe B. Beebe and her new canoe canal in Newgatuck near Sawgatuck, Connecticut,”

“Phoebe B. Canal and her new Connecticut near Beebe canoe . . .

The next thing I knew a doctor was adjusting my straitjacket and saying “It’s all right, son. You’ll be better in no time at all.”

Well, Sam, that was six months ago, and I’m still here. I’m afraid that if I don’t get out pretty soon, I’ll miss too many classes. So, Sam, please try and get me out.

Sincerely,

Jim

P. S. Drop into the office and tell them not to hold up the Angle any longer on my account.