Soliloquy

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Soliloquy

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Abstract

I walk through the house in darkness. My aunt asks, “Who is it?”...
listed men to sit down, yet if I choose I can do so myself. When on certain watches, I can have coffee brought me from the wardroom, but yet do not dare offer even the man who fetched it one little sip. On no watch may I permit the men to read material other than that pertaining to the job they are on, even if they have no duty other than to stand.

If I were the Executive Officer or the Captain I would have an orderly who follows me like a puppy dog. As long as I remained in one place the orderly would have to stand at parade rest; if I were to take a two or three-hour nap and not tell the orderly to “take off” he would have to stand that time outside my cabin, in one spot! Even Procrustes was no crueler!

If I should somehow become possessed with a superhuman will, I could remain humane in spite of the navy’s medieval customs. But not possessing that will, I can scarcely hope to do more than keep my actions from becoming flagitious.

Recognizing the need to change the Navy Regulations and to abolish these unwritten customs which allow such a system of tyranny is all that I, as an officer, can do. I cannot compel the Navy Department to change. It will take nothing less than an act of Congress. As a naval officer I dare not even write such thoughts as these to my Congressman, much less go out and recruit followers! The only hope for your son or daughter to fight for democracy in a democratic military service is for you as a citizen to do the crusading.

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**Soliloquy**

I walk through the house in darkness.
My aunt asks, “Who is it?”
“Me, Flo,” I reply.
But is it me or someone else who walks at night?
For who is me?
I do not know.