

Edward Conlon

Down in the Hole

Six weeks with the police in New York's subway tunnels.



Come back to the subways! But not to live! Only to go from one place to another! There's not much graffiti, and you're wrong about crime—it happens mostly during the day, not at night! The cops call it “the Hole,” but you don't have to! You can kind of tell if it's raining, or if it's day or night, even if you're deep underground! These thoughts clacked and pinged through my mind like slot-machine lemons for the six weeks I was lost on the subways with a friend of mine, a plainclothes transit policeman.

In the eyes of the world and the guts of Middle America, New York is the embodiment of urban nightmare. And the subway is where our bad blood flows. To begin with, the numbers: the 4,100 officers of the New York City Transit Police make up the sixth-largest police department in the country. Police from twelve districts patrol the 26 lines and 469 stations of the subway system which, with 740 miles of track, is the largest in the world. The annual ridership is over a billion. A billion! That's China! The population of Manhattan alone triples daily—to four-and-a-half million. Eight hundred thousand people pass through Grand Central Station each day. There were over one hundred thousand

robberies in New York City last year. And of the 23,000 homicides that took place in the entire country, the city claimed one in ten.

It began as a bet. My ride, that is, not the murders or the robberies, although much would be explained if that were the case. We were talking about the pressures on policemen and the manners of New Yorkers, and my friend told me I couldn't go two weeks without wanting to hit someone in the head.

“The public breaks you,” he said. “They tell

you to fix the turnstiles, they yell at you if the train is late. If one person a day said, ‘Thank you,’ it would be worth it. Little old ladies are good for that. But the harder you try, the more abuse you catch. When you catch somebody, always the last person to show up has to yell, ‘Why are you harassing that man!’ Or it's, ‘Where were you, you jerk?’ Except for when they need you, you feel like you're the enemy. A lady had a heart attack on the 4 train downtown, and it slows things up. I'm there and this yuppie, suit and tie, says, ‘For the delay this lady caused me, the least she could have done is died.’”

(I don't mention the cop's name because of a regulation prohibiting “adverse criticism” of the department, which is punishable by up to fifteen days “modified duty”—straightening files. “Adverse criticism” is a term of magnificent

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breadth, and can apply to statements as various as "Middle management often takes a cavalier attitude toward Fourth Amendment issues" and "That's the sergeant, the tubby bald guy over there." Also, police work is a twenty-year civil service job, and the bosses have long memories. I will call my friend John and give his colleagues other, more imaginative pseudonyms.)

Transit cops go for an extra week of self-defense training after the normal six-month stint in the Academy. Cops in uniform usually work alone, and the radios are unreliable underground. And when a cop is in trouble, help has to wait for the next train. Many criminals know this. The periodic terror and routine abuse undo some people over time, and others virtually instantly. The brutality of the subways has led some cops to respond to the public in kind; less conspicuous are the punishments they visit upon themselves. The divorce rate is extremely high. Alcoholism is common. When John told me that the Police Department averaged eight suicides a year, his partner added, "That's just the obvious ones."

But police work, being work, is mostly dull. By day, the cops serve primarily as information booths. By night, they are scarecrows, a "visual deterrent" to whoever might be after more than a ride.

Some plainclothes cops want to look tough, to wear the same hard face they do in uniform. The problem is that the bad guys can spot it in an instant, and it frightens decent people off the train.

For the first week, we were on a "Quality of Life" assignment, which the cops call the peddler detail. John and his partner for the week, a woman named Robin, were to chase the panhandlers and vendors from the platforms and trains. The peddlers were given summonses for \$50; the panhandlers, unless particularly menacing or persistent, were simply escorted from the train.

New York City's shelter system can hold a maximum of 30,000—lower than even the most conservative estimates of the city's homeless population. Around 30 percent of them are mentally ill, a population that overlaps with the 25 to 30 percent who are substance abusers. "There's an incredible concentration of discarded citizens here," John said. "They all gravitate to the hole. Mental patients, alcoholics, crack-heads, they all get out of the hospital and go straight to the hole."

"It's bad when it rains," added Robin. "They all come underground."

On the first day, it rained. We ate lunch at a diner in the Village. Two young Hispanic men sat down in the booth next to us and listened in on our talk of homeless crack-heads and police suicide. We noticed their absence when the waiter brought two steaks to their empty table; they left twenty dollars and decided to eat somewhere else. As it happened, that day we were a bit more popular with the criminals. John and Robin work well together and, like most male-female teams, are difficult to spot as police. Minorities

and women have a natural edge in plainclothes work. Both cops are of medium height and solid build, and both are from Brooklyn. John is Italian and Robin is Irish. John has a ponytail and wore jeans and a gray jeans jacket, a white turtleneck and Timberland boots. Robin had a gray hooded sweatshirt, jeans, and running shoes. Both wore black nylon waist pouches for handcuffs, paperwork, and extra rounds. The guns are in hip holsters and the new radios can fit in the back pocket. (The old ones were the size of cinder blocks.)

Working the Seventh Avenue line, we had four ejections and one peddler summons in an hour. The peddler was a Haitian woman who sold Nike sweatsocks from a platform on Penn Station. I don't think she spoke English; she said nothing and her eyes welled up with tears as Robin wrote a summons for the name on her Human Resources Administration ID card. For an ejection, the officer asks the person for a name, age, address, and marital status, and writes down a brief

description for a more-or-less informal record. Though the person rarely has any identification, a real name is often given out of pure indifference. Even if a panhandler gets a ticket, collecting such fines is a low priority. If a face becomes too familiar—"Look, this is the

third time today I've had to chase you. If you do not have the decency to at least move to another station . . ."—the threat level ascends, but unless someone is an actual menace, an arrest will not be welcomed at the station: *What's this, a bum? On the trains, you say? There may be a medal in this for you, O'Reilly, keep up the good work.* Mercy and economy mix well in keeping such cases from clogging up the system.

At West Fourth Street, we ejected Kandi Jackson, age 30, undomiciled and unmarried. She was a pretty, slim black woman in a long, dirty, pale-blue down coat, in jeans and sneakers and with a floral kerchief on her head. She sat on newspapers, and had a duffel bag with other pairs of sneakers inside. She stood as John flashed his badge.

"It's Kandi, with a *k* and a *i*, remember that. What's your name?"

"Officer."

"I ain't gonna call you Officer, I'm gonna call you 'Mr. Officer.'"

At Penn Station, we moved Thomas O'Brien from the stairs. With his long hair and scurvy beard, his leatherette coat and brown-bagged malt liquor, Thomas is a ringer for Mickey Rourke in *Barfly*. In his late thirties, he is also probably in his last years. He was pale as a drowned man, and could have been a derelict from central casting except for his gleaming gold fingernails, each an inch long, and what looked to me like wedding rings on each finger of

his left hand. John thought they were tinfoil; I hoped so.

We also met Ann Conkel, a heavysset white woman of "about thirty," by her own estimate. She spotted us from her post beside the token booth, smiled weakly, and pretended to drink from her coffee cup of change. Ann wore bright red lipstick, and her eye makeup—black and green and deep brown pancake in broad concentric circles—made her look like a rabid raccoon. A red-spangled fortune teller kerchief, blue gauchos, and sailor sneakers completed the outfit. She gave a Bronx address unnervingly near my own.

Times Square brought us to Diane Warden, a 40-year old black woman, broad-built and placid. She wore baggy, tweedy, sooty men's clothes: a blazer, canvas pants, and heavy leather shoes. She shouted a preemptive "Hi!" when she saw the badge, and continued the interview after the questions ended: "And I got two kids, and—"

"You just can't stay on the stairs, Diane."

"All right. You know I wasn't harassing anybody, or after a purse..."

A friendly, almost collegial tone was typical of exchanges between cops and the homeless. There was a recognition that everyone else on the train would be gone soon, would be at work or dinner or home, and only the police and the street people would be together underground for the hours and years to come. One man said to Robin as she sent him from the Christopher

Street station, "Hey, don't I know you? Yeah, you threw me out last week, remember?" The man laughed and was slow to leave. "Last week—you remember me!" It was a wise-crack, but with a plaintive undercurrent; here, for a moment, was someone to talk to.

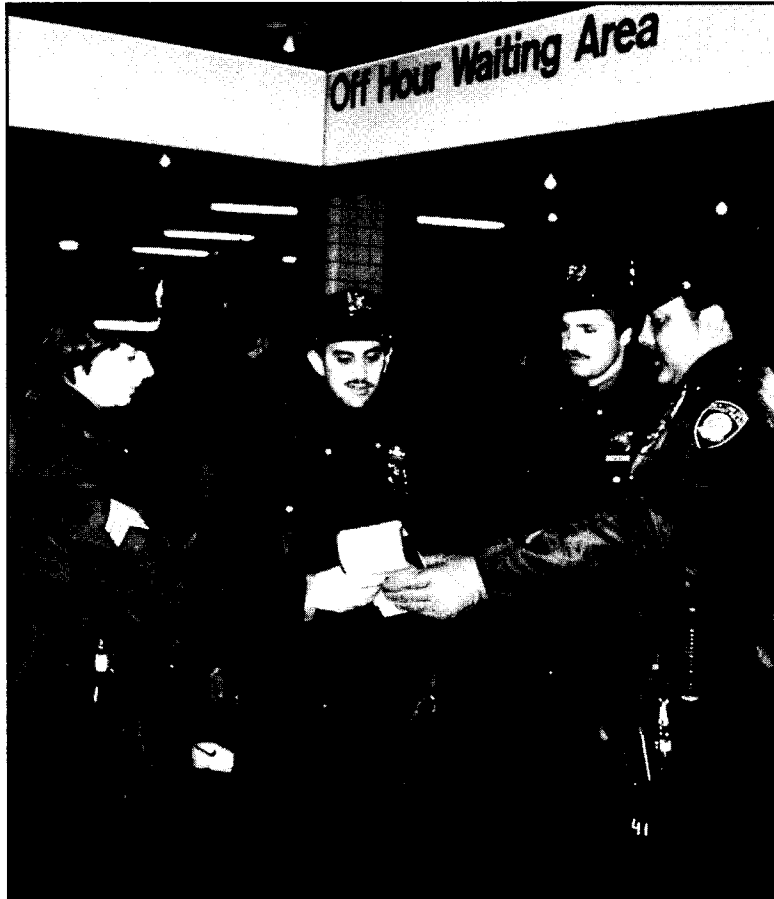
That first day was a relatively short one, as John and Robin had to meet the sergeant to get their memo books signed. "The scratch," they call it. The uniform is "the bag." Cop slang favors hard, abusive monosyllables.

"For an ejection, the assignment is to identify and correct the situation," John said. Another cop translated: "If they piss you off, you tag the skell and boot 'em."

Iwould meet John every day around noon, down the hall from headquarters. As the weeks passed, I was able to spot most of the undercover cops at about fifty feet. Too many of the men look like fraternity brothers or the fellas at a corporate softball game, with their Giants sweat-shirts and Mets caps, new jeans and white leather sneakers. The "casual but neat" look bespeaks the good homes they come from, but is demographically out of whack with the off-hour ridership of the trains. On hot days, the bulletproof vest is hard to conceal, even under an oversize shirt. It sticks out over the shoulders and chest like some kind of medieval training bra, especially on the very thin, the muscular, and the obese.

Some plainclothes cops want to look tough, to wear the same hard face they do in uniform: that blank, angry, no-

nonsense mug behind mirrored shades that terrified Hitchcock. The problem is that the bad guys can spot it in an instant, and it frightens decent people off the train. But other cops get around it. One wears a three-piece suit with a bowler hat, a kind of Fiorello LaGuardia costume. And John, something of a thwarted actor, has a variety of disguises. There is the construction worker with his tool belt and concrete-dusted boots, the messenger with a knapsack and lycra shorts, and the tourist with baggy Hawaiian pants, subway map, and video camera bag. He has a false cast and sling for his arm. Most ingenious is the "sixties guy" outfit, inspired by the Kiefer Sutherland character in *1969*. With his



non-prescription granny glasses, pre-torn jeans, and black suit vest over a T-shirt, John is as convincing an out-of-town has-been as I've ever seen. He is looking for sandals and love beads. His partners have expressed the hope that he doesn't find them.

For the peddler detail, we would ride a particular train up and down the line, waiting for people to come through the train hawking fortune cookies, wallets, *Street News*, or whatever else they had. Perhaps three times a day, we would go through the big stations—Penn Station, 59th Street—and clear out the people working the platforms. On the normal anti-crime detail, we would spend more time at

the stations, at smaller ones earlier in the day to write summonses for farebeaters, and at the busier stations later on, where we would watch for more serious crimes. Catching farebeaters is easy enough in uniform; people hop the turnstiles with a contemptuous lack of concern. In plainclothes, it is shooting fish in a barrel. The energy with which the cops wrote summonses so early in the day led me to ask a foolish question:

"Do you guys have some kind of quota?"

"Um, there's no quotas but . . . allocation of resources is based on volume and there is . . . a friendly competition between districts."

Most of the young cops and almost all in the specialized units tend to be "buffs," dedicated and enthusiastic. And the traffic of farebeaters is so huge and regular that if a cop routinely comes home empty-handed the sergeant may presume that the officer is spending the day in the doughnut shop. When a call came over the radio of a robbery or an assault that was too far away to respond to, the cops would complain in a real sore-loser tone of voice, "Why can't that happen here?"

We began one day on the Lexington Avenue line and caught nine farebeaters in just over an hour. The station was full of angry people: an old black man banged his cane on the special-entry gate: four, four, and five sharp metal-on-metal cracks. "Would you open the door, you son of a bitch!" A young black man in a business suit went through the turnstile, cursing volubly. When John picked him up, he protested, "They wouldn't take my money! Look here, I got it, they wouldn't take it!" He paid his fare and returned sheepishly to the train. A drunken white laborer wandered around the station, growling "All's they do is rips ya's off!" We stayed close to him until he got on the train. And a young black woman in neat street dress paid her fare and waited by the turnstiles through two trains, calling out "Watch it, the cops!" to a number of people who might not have otherwise appreciated the presumption that they were petty criminals.

"She'll be the first to bitch when the fare goes up," John said. "If she stays through another train, I'll throw her out."

Keith Thomas, a white teenager from Queens, slipped through as John was writing up someone else. "What is wrong with you! You see I'm a cop, you see I'm right here, and still you go through!"

"Well, I had a token but I need another one to get home. I thought I could get through since your back was turned."

Tara, a tough, athletic blonde from upstate, is John's regular partner. Her generally cool demeanor was a few degrees chillier when she stopped a middle-aged man who

squeezed in behind his friend, two-for-one on the token. A dapper dresser in black patent leathers and gray flannel slacks, oxford shirt and tweed cap, he responded to Tara and her badge as if she were a girl who was willing to go to absurd lengths to get his phone number. He walked up to the train, already in the station, and laughed as he called to her, "I'll give you one, two, three, four—there you go, see you later!"

Even after she stopped him, it was a few minutes before he could take her seriously.

"Step over to the wall. Let me see some ID, sir."

"Sugar, would you please . . . if you feel that way, I will just get a dollar. Sugar—"

"Do you have ID?"

"But sugar, sugar baby—"

Officer Sugarbaby made no particular haste in writing that summons. Policewomen bear an additional set of burdens, from the fit of the vest—with their generally shorter torsos, the holster pokes up on the side—to the kind of dis-

respect described above. John, I think, has never been told that he was "looking pretty juicy today" by someone he was slapping the cuffs on. Like most cops, Tara takes it well enough but there is, perhaps, a gradual toll on the sympathies; in any case, her partner is a far

softer touch. One afternoon, John worked alone in uniform and let three people through the gate in less than a minute: a homeless man, a woman who said her wallet was stolen at work, and a middle-aged woman in a housedress, who sobbed and chattered in Spanish as she proffered a handful of dimes.

Tara was never such an easy mark. Miguel Duenas found that out when he went through the gate. A slender 30-year old with a childish aspect, he giggled at her questions and his eyes wandered up and down the platform. He was also, plainly, both sober and reasonably intelligent.

"Where do you live, Miguel?"

"On ah, on ah, on ah, Nealand. Lealand. You know."

"I don't know. You living there or me? What's the address?"

"It's ah, seventy-five, seventy-five, seventy-five, ninety, ninety-five."

The auction ended at ninety-five. Tara looked through his wallet until she found an address. I picked a business card from the paper-shuffle and took it from her; it was from a psychiatric social worker at the discharge planning unit at Bronx Municipal Hospital. As it was the first day I had worked with her, a public contradiction was out of the question, but I told her he was a mental patient as soon as he was out of earshot.

"It's a tough call sometimes," she said. "Last week we

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got a big group of Hispanic girls for fare beating. While we were writing them up this white guy goes through, you could see he was retarded, and we just let him go. They made a lot of noise, said that it was race preference. Stuff like that happens a lot."

I watched uneasily the only time John showed some temper. A homeless black man went to hop the turnstile as the TA clerk was taking out the tokens, and the clerk chased him away. Startled, he left and went through when the clerk was back in the booth. He was tall and gangly, sweaty in his greasy, red down jacket. His cuffs were rolled up over the ankle to reveal an open, waxy red, baseball-sized ulcer. When John ordered him against the wall, he explained how annoyed he was because he mistook the clerk for a policeman.

"He challenged me, you know, and—"

John cut him off, barked back in his face:

"He didn't challenge you. He works for the Transit Authority, he tells you not to go through, you don't go through. It's that simple, you understand that? What's your name?"

"Donald Willis."

"What?"

"Donald Willis."

"Take your hands out of your pockets. If somebody tells you not to do something and you're wrong, you don't do it. It's that simple. You do not take it as a challenge. You understand what I'm telling you?"

"I know—"

"—because Donald, right now all I'm doing is kicking you out. If I see you again, because of what you just did, the disrespect you gave this man, I will have you in jail so fast your head will spin till next week. Do you understand that?"

"But you know, what I'm saying—"

"Shut up. We are not having a discussion here. You are gonna give me the information and you're gonna leave."

"All right. . . . You know why they come down on freaks in Mexico?"

"Are you married?"

"Anybody that looks—"

"Are you married?"

"A freak is automatically discriminated against."

"Are you married?"

"No, I'm single. Just because of the way I look, and don't have any money, that's the only—"

"That's not discrimination, sir, what happened is you weren't paying your fare. You're supposed to do it. He works for the Transit Authority, he told you not to do it. You waited till he turned his back, then you went through anyway. See what I'm saying to you?"

"Yeah, yeah."

"Okay. You're getting off with a warning this time. All I'm gonna do is tell you to get out of here. If I do see you again, Donald, I will lock you up. That is a promise. It's not a threat, it's a promise."

"I just want to say that in Nicaragua, the rich, they discriminate against all the poor."

"Okay."



"Just because they're poor. They could be a freak, too."

"Okay, Donald. Back outside."

I told John that I thought he had been a little rough on him.

"He was sick, he was crazy—did you see his ankle?"

I was surprised to hear him agree:

"Yeah, and there was no way I was ever gonna get close to him. I'd rather break my own fingers before I'd touch that guy."

Though unpleasant to watch, it had been the right play: Donald was someone who could take advantage of a situation. Though he was likely physically weak, he was bigger than either of us and not of sound mind. He broke the law and got a browbeating for his

trouble, and several million people were able to take the train that day without having to hear from the self-appointed spokesfreak for the oppressed south of the border.

After the steady activity of catching farebeaters, the watch for more serious crimes was generally dull. We would go to a station, often near a school, and wait. The high-crime hours are between three in the afternoon and nine at night, which is to say between the final bell and "Doogie Howser, M.D." Though the students have free passes, we watched

dozens of others hop the turnstiles without making a move.

"It'll blow our play for later," John said. "Every kid knows who you are once you start the summonses. It's tough enough as it is. I think they made us already, I don't want to give them any more breaks."

A few minutes later a group of teenage girls walked past, singing softly, "Undercover D's! Undercover D's!"

"They have to let you know they know, the wiseasses!"

We took the next train out. We rode for a few stops on the last car, the traditional after-school party car, and returned to the station. A dozen boys hung out at the end of the platform, waiting as a number of trains passed. Some left and others arrived, milling about. We took a seat at a hopefully discreet distance and watched them for half an hour. A group of four or five more boys passed us and joined them. John remembered that he had arrested one of them for robbery a month before. They took the next train and so did we, a few cars apart, and watched them. It was a downtown train, and as we rode John also recalled that the kid he knew lived in the Bronx. The group got off at Grand Central Station and waited, again at the end of the platform. We watched again as they drifted apart, with odd twos and threes taking separate trains, until the last stragglers departed.

Most calls like that end in lost trails and dead ends. More frustrating are the false alarms. One morning I worked the Lower East Side with John, Tara, and Keith, another cop whose partner was on vacation. We were at Delancey Street and got a call for a robbery in progress at East Broadway, one stop down. It was a humid day, and the transmission came over like a cheap AM beach radio, a laryngitic croak through a cloud of white noise:

"Be advised . . . armed . . . Oriental male . . . tunnel . . ."

"Central, which way is he headed?"

Two Oriental males, one in a black jacket, had robbed someone on the street and fled to the East Broadway station, possibly into the tunnels. One had a gun or a knife. If they headed uptown, they would run into us. We raced to the end of the downtown platform, and two uniformed cops waited on the opposite side in a similar attitude of anticipation.

"Central, which way is he headed? Either we're headed in the wrong direction, or they are. Jesus, we're in Chinatown, all they say is 'two Oriental males.' This is a situation where peoples' rights get violated."

The train came and we took it. We ran out at East Broadway to find an empty station. The call had come from the city cops, who do not use the same frequency as the transit police, and there is a three-to-four-minute delay in the relay of information. Central updated the story: it had

not been a robbery but some kind of dispute on the street, perhaps a family argument, which ended with one of the parties brandishing some kind of weapon before running away.

"It's a tougher collar down here," said Keith, a six-year veteran who is one of the most active cops in Manhattan. "The Chinese gangs, they go after their own kind. Other kids, too, they slip right back into the projects around here. Uptown, a lot of them come from the Bronx and they gotta get the train back home."

We grabbed slices of pizza and had lunch in Seward Park, a playground on Canal and East Broadway at the eastern edge of Chinatown. City Hall is a few blocks below. To the north and east is the Hispanic Lower East Side, to the west the mostly Orthodox Jewish business district that, while still bustling, has only a shadow of its former size and energy. Before this neighborhood

was Chinatown it was Jewtown, and before that Irishtown, and earlier in the century it was part of the most densely populated square mile on the planet. Grace Hall, the tallest building in the area, has a row of Hebrew letters below the cornice in the front, a string of Chinese characters trail-

ing down the side. A group of Chinese teenagers played a kind of human bocci game in the park; one would throw a basketball in the air, and the others would run till it dropped. Whoever caught it would roll it slowly toward someone, and if it hit them, they were "it." And so on. I began to understand the attraction of triads, tong wars, and opium.

As we ate lunch we watched the subway exit to see if anyone ran out. A lot of people run *to* the train, but those who run from it are often carrying someone else's purse. Keith complained that if the mayor closed the Central Park Zoo he would have to take his daughter to the beach "every goddam day." Tara talked about how her sister was going into the next class at the Academy. John told us about his standing in his bowling league, back in Brooklyn; he is ahead of Fat Joe but trails the Fish Twins. And then we got a call for another robbery in progress at Delancey Street, threw the food down, and ran back into the station.

The clerk called out "Pay your fare!" as we hopped the turnstiles and went down to the crowded platform. At that time of day, the crowd was a good sign: it meant a train was due. We waited as more information came on the radio:

"... three males, NFD . . ."

"Does that mean, 'No further description?'"

"Yeah—talk about rights!"

We waited jumpily for the train, asking people how long they had waited, looking down the tunnel. A minute, two

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assed, and there was still no train. John asked if we should get a car.

"One of the surface crime cars?" I asked. I hoped that they wouldn't get one, as it would likely mean that I would lose them.

"No. We'll commandeer one."

"Yeah, I think we should," I suggested. Alas, the train came before anyone could answer, and we arrived back at Delancey Street within a minute. Except for the cops, the station was empty. The most perfunctory of panhandlers worked the opposite platform, mouthing "Money, please," in a tepid monotone. The report had been phoned in to 911, quickly and without elaboration. The call was so sudden and insubstantial that John told me it might have been a fake; a smart crook might put in an emergency call to concentrate the cops in one area. The chance of running into the cops in the place he hits is therefore substantially reduced. But no second call came.

"You can commandeer a vehicle in any emergency situation," John explained. "I've taken cabs, hearses, UPS and delivery trucks, regular cars off the street. You can be arrested if you refuse. Sometimes cabbies run the meter. I tell them to send it to the mayor. The only problem I've ever had was with taxis, but I take them 95 percent of the time, and 95 percent of them have been great. Some guys are too good, speeding and going through red lights. . . . One guy scared me, I was gonna make him let me get out. He says—it was a robbery—'Gimme your off-duty gun, I'll go down with you!'"

One night on a robbery stakeout on the Lower East Side, I asked John and his partner, another young buff named Timmy, about a 26-year-old cop who was profiled in the *Times* after having been stabbed for the third time.

"Well, it seems to be kind of an occupational hazard these days," said Timmy in a tone of mild annoyance. He pointed to a three-inch slash on his biceps. "I got this last year. But they said he didn't cut me bad enough for a felony assault charge, and the guy was on the streets four days later."

But far more common than physical attack are ferocious assaults on the senses. It was a Friday night, and the temperature on the streets was over ninety degrees. A call for a cat on the tracks brought us down into the Delancey Street station. We were unable to find it, and John said, "If it went into the tunnels, the rats ate it by now." When I had asked John and Tara for the worst rat stations, the answers quickly escalated into a spirited bidding war:

"The tunnels in Grand Central—forget about it!"

"103rd and Lex, easy."

"34th Street, when they closed it for a while after a rape. The rats ran around like they belonged there."

"14th and Sixth, where all the homeless sleep, you can't even sit on the stairs. You see them go by, dragging pieces of pizza."

Even at the district, where cops can grab an hour or two

of sleep between shifts on benches at the back of the station, the nighttime traffic of vermin makes it an unrestful place to lie down.

While the removal of animal carcasses falls under the jurisdiction of the TA, "any [human] body parts found shall/must not be handled and should be reported to the Transit Authority Police." About sixty people a year are run over by trains. There are a few suicides and an occasional murder, and kids fooling around are knocked from the platforms or fall between cars. But most of the casualties are homeless people who live in the tunnels—between five hundred and two thousand of them. There are some semi-permanent camps, with populations of a dozen or more living in relative comfort, with televisions, hot plates, and refrigerators run on electricity pirated from the third rail. But most are among the benighted legions of schizophrenics and junkies who might roll over in bed, or walk in their sleep, or never really wake up to begin

Five Men Who Take a Chance at Pins

Here are five men who take a chance at pins

And hope to finish with the league's most wins:

One is a medley of volcanic passion,

Which makes him bowl in an indifferent fashion;

Another has a calm and easy style,

Which hardly makes his bowling worth the while;

A third would concentrate and, if you like,

Sometimes produce a spare, or even strike;

A fourth is an intense, well-meaning creature,

But, bowling, lacks a single saving feature;

The last one you would have to search creation

For someone to repeat his split formation.

Together they compose so strange a team,

Sometimes I query, "Do I wake or dream?"

—James Zwaska