

給孫兒女每月一信 (monthly letter to grandchildren, May 18, 2002)

上月廿二起, GRANDMA 害過一場相當嚴重的病. 你們中有多人來過電話或電子郵件慰問, 冬冬和她父親曾在4/27[6] 來洛杉磯參觀書展之便來看病中的 GRANDMA. 現在算是完全康復了. 在給你們父母的每月一信中有較詳的說明. 你們如需了解, 可向他們詢問.

上月提到我參加這裡老美 社區中 "作家圓桌會" 的事. 此後 我每一星期都有一篇文章提出. 到現在已有十篇之多. 上次提過一篇給你們看, 這次再給你們一篇, 是敘述我 1953 年來美國一次歷險記. 按所出題目以 '雪' 為主題. 命題說明可以為真事, 也可為杜撰. 但我所寫的是至少有百分之九十九的真實. 百分之一的不夠真實是在對話的字句可能和實際不盡相同.

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題目提示: [寫一篇關於 "雪" 的文章,---- 描寫出它予人的感覺,味道,形狀等---- 對你有何特殊意義, 回憶你為雪所困的往事, 內容可真可假], 我所寫的譯為中文如下:

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“ 雪予人的感覺除了 "白 " "冷" 和 "覆蓋大地" 之外, 它還有寧靜, 穆肅, 和清潔的聯想. 雪放進口中像沒有甜味的冰淇淋, 看起來像棉花但祇有冷而毫無暖意. 雪為 世人所 熟知, 但世上有終生不曾親眼看見過接觸過雪的人 .

“ 我生長於湖南, 童年時見過玩過約六寸厚的雪地. 1949年到台灣, 1986年到洛杉磯 在這兩地不曾見到真實的雪景. 我 1953 年在美國俄亥州, 德頓城 柏德遜 空軍基地受六個訓練時, 曾經歷隆冬多雪的季節, 有一次歷險, 幾乎在大風雪中送掉性命.

“ 那是在一次週末, 班上有位飛行員的同學, 因按規定需要定時作 "熟習飛行", 邀一美國同班一同飛行, 邀我們五位"盟邦同學" (意大利和 希臘各一, 台

灣三), 搭便機玩耍, 便中到他母校 (西點軍校) 參觀訪問. 坐的是 C47 運輸機, 他兩在駕駛艙中, 我們五在後艙. 平常據告祇需一小時左右, 當時飛了很久而到了夜晚, 我們從窗外觀看, 見老是在原地區盤旋. 心知有異. 忽然一人從駕駛艙開門衝出, 大聲呼喊. "迷航了, 油快光了, 大家趕快準備跳傘!" 隨後匆忙告訴我們如何穿戴傘具, 如何在跳出機門後先數 "一, 二, 三," 再使勁拉扯傘具上的 繩索把手 以打開保險傘, (延時避免傘張開掛在機尾. 的意外). 天哪! 我以往那曾受過跳傘訓練, 現在這樣大雪風暴的夜晚已看不清地面, 跳落下去很可能掛在樹上甚至高壓電線上, 或墜落凍死在雪中. 完蛋了! 想“必死無疑.

“ 正準備打開機門, 一個接一個往下跳時. 突然駕駛艙門打開, 另一人喊道, "且慢, 快停, 信號連絡上了," 意思是告訴 找到了機場, 可以降落了. 我們從窗外往下一看. 果然跑道燈顯示一明亮的跑道. 隨後安全降落. 乘車去西點軍校的招待所食宿, 次日去參觀訪問, 取道紐約玩一陣, 乘巴士在星期晚上回到學校. 結束了那次驚險而有趣的旅行.”

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這月的每月一信寫到這裡。

Dear Grandchildren:

From 4/22 to the present, grandma had suffered a serious cardiac sickness now fortunately almost completely recovered. During the time,

I had kept all our family folks constantly informed with emails. Both

Tingling

and Tingen, as representatives of other brother and sisters, arrived here

to attend and take care almost immediately after knowing the situation.

Some of you had called or emailed us expressing their concerning. Dondong

and her father came to see us on 4/28[7] taking advantage of their

prearranged

trip to LA for seeing a books exhibition here. You all should have been

aware this matter earlier. If not you can ask your parents for the detail.

The following is another of the 10 prose I recently wrote as a member of the "Alhambra Writers' Roundtable 2001-2002 ," hopefully you like to read.

ASSIGNMENT for May 1st. 4/24/2002 by teacher Jane Priewe

"Write about SNOW--How it feels, tastes, and looks-What it means to you-Recall

a time when you were surrounded by snow, Fact or Fiction."

COMPOSITION 5/1/2002 by Seymour Wen

Besides the feeling of white, cold and ground shrouding, SNOW gives implication of quiet, serenity, stillness and cleanness. Snow tastes like ice cream without sweetness. It looks like cotton but can never keep warm but chilly. SNOW is well known to most people in the world. But I dare say there are still a lot of people never see and contact snow in their lives. I was born in the central China, where I experienced seeing and playing with mild snow up to about six inches thick on ground in my boyhood. I had never seen any real snow since I moved to Taiwan in 1949 and to Los Angeles in 1986. However, in the year 1953, when I was sent to the United States for a six months schooling in Dayton Ohio, I did experienced a heavy snowing season and incidentally an almost deadly situation surrounded by snow.

I never forget the frightened occasion during the time in a weekend flight from the Wright Patterson airfield to an air base near WestPoint.

The C-47 airplane carried us a group of 7 riders almost sent us to be buried in the snow when the flight was strayed in a night of heavy snowing. The plane was piloted by two of our classmates who were USAir Force flying officers

concurrently in need of "proficiency flight" once a certain period of time, kindly invited us the five allied student classmates, one Italian, one Greek,

and three Chinese officers from Taiwan including myself for a week end entertainment

flight. Normally such a flight takes only about one hour or so, but that time it took more than two hours, while the plane was still circling above the same area.

Suddenly one of the pilots came out from the cockpit shouting, "took parachute, get ready jump out the plane ... signal doesn't ' work to turn on the runway lights. Gas runs out! Hurry up! My God. I never got parachute training. In such a heaving snowing night I thought I would be certainly dying by hanging up on a tree or power lines. Or frozen to death.... We quickly learned the process of parachute jumping, including counting one, two, three after leaving the airplane door, then pull the string handle to open the chute.

Just about open the locked door to jump leaded by one of the pilot for demonstration, biding us to follow one by one, another pilot came out of the cockpit shouting "stop, stop, signal working now." Thank God. We all got saved. The plane landed safely guided by the runway lights. We accomplished the rest of the trip joyfully aftermath and returned to the school on the following Sunday afternoon.