

YOUR CLASS XI ENGLISH TEXT BOOK HAD A LESSON
WHICH SPOKE ABOUT EXEMPLARY GRIT & COURAGE !

CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE INCIDENT?

HOW DID THE CHARACTERS IN THE STORY FACED
THIS ADVERSITY ?

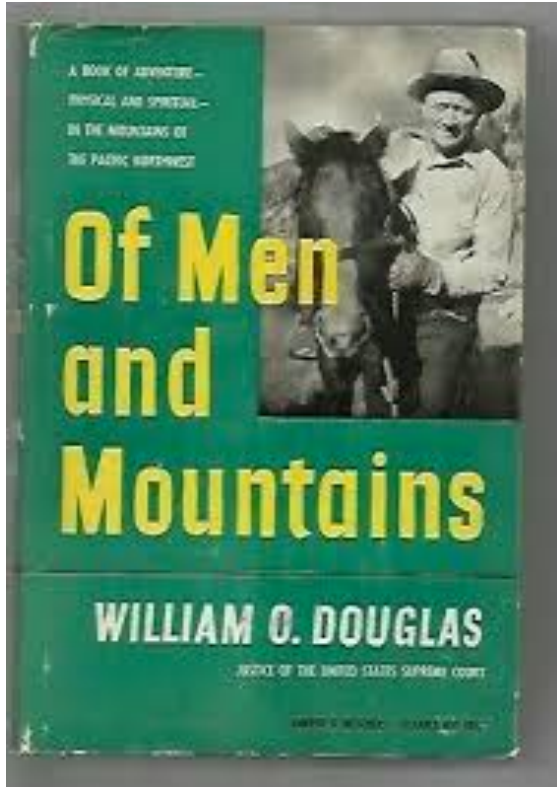


ABOUT THE AUTHOR – WILLIAM DOUGLAS

William Douglas, one of the most popular and powerful American Supreme Court Chief Justices in the history, had an enemy since the childhood. He tried to defeat this enemy in all possible ways. First he tried to overcome this enemy all by himself and later with the help of a trainer. Though he took years to defeat the enemy, finally Douglas killed his enemy. He was not arrested or sentenced for this murder, not because he himself was the chief justice, but because his murdered enemy was his fear of water!

ABOUT THE BOOK – *Of Men and Mountains*

BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS



Of Men and Mountains is a book of personal adventure and discovery of William O. Douglas. It is an account of the way Douglas and other men found a richer life in the mountains and how they found something else besides.

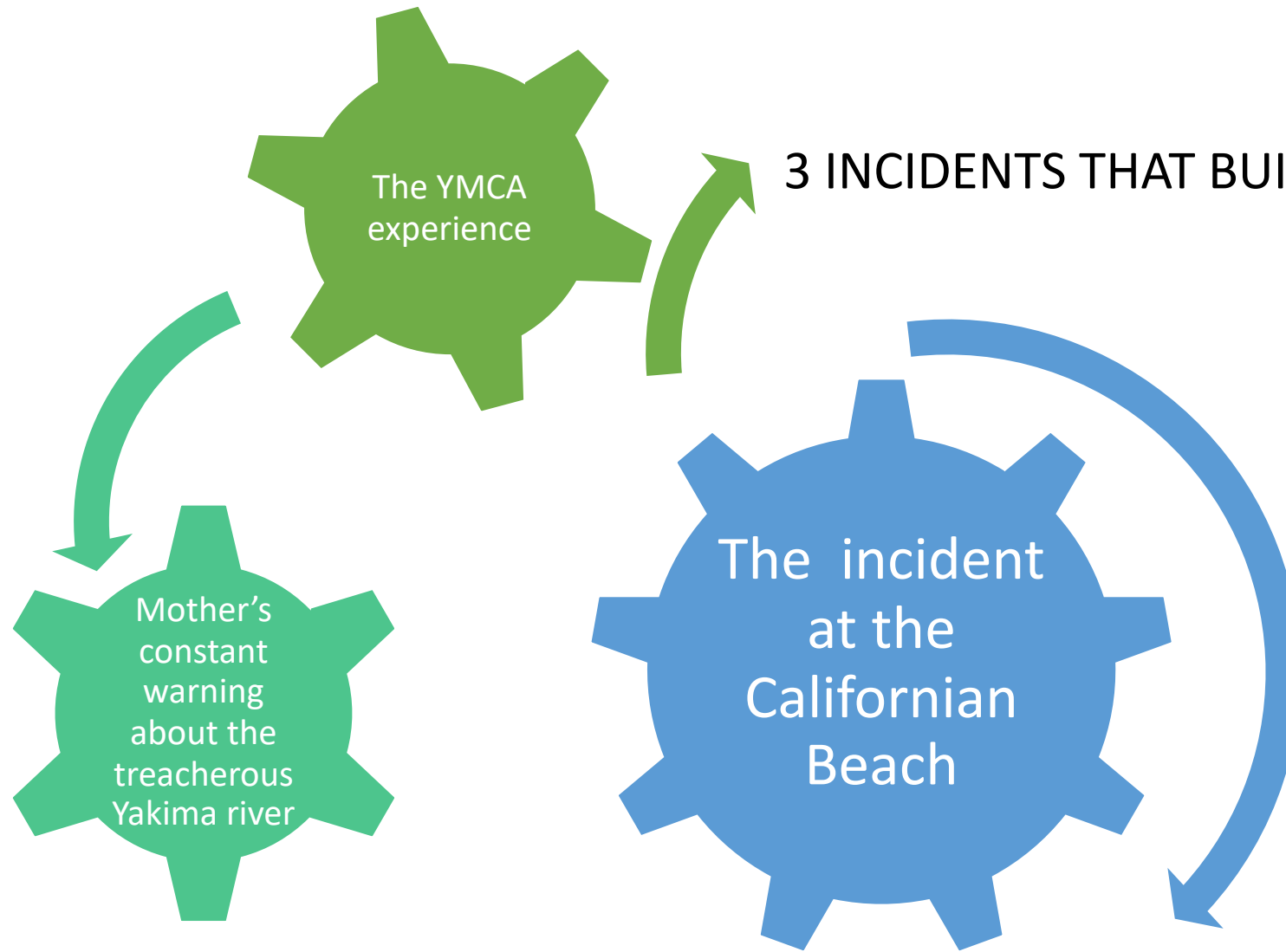
In such country Douglas has noted, "Men can find deep solitude and under conditions of grandeur that are startling, he can come to know both himself and God."

The men of the story are such legendary characters as Roy Schaeffer and Jack Nelson, and the shepherders, Indians, fisherman, and foresters who have learned to survive in the wilderness and enjoy it.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOLDS THE DISTINCTION OF SERVING ON THE SUPREME COURT LONGER THAN ANYONE IN HISTORY. DOUGLAS WAS APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT AND CONFIRMED BY THE SENATE ON APRIL 4, 1939. HE RETIRED 36 YEARS, SEVEN MONTHS AND EIGHT DAYS LATER ON NOV. 12, 1975



DEEP WATER – BY
WILLIAM DOUGLAS



3 INCIDENTS THAT BUILD UP FEAR IN DOUGLAS

YAKIMA RIVER (REASON 1)

- After some years he longed to swim in the Yakima River but his mother warned against that idea. the yakima river is treacherous.
- The Yakima river had been referred to as treacherous because it was very ferocious. Many people had drowned there while bathing and swimming. When the narrator expressed his wish to learn swimming in the river, his mother warned him against learning swimming in the Yakima river as many people had drowned there while bathing and swimming.

Water wings - A pair of inflatable waterproof bags designed so that one can be attached to each arm, especially of a child learning to swim

Skinny – thin

Subdued – to overcome

Aversion –

Surf – wave of the sea

Knocked me down – threw him down Bruiser - a person who is tough and aggressive and enjoys a fight or argument

Specimen – example

Skinny – a thin person

Ducked - push or plunge someone under Summoned – gathered

Spring – push

Bob – jump

Flailed – waved his hands

Choked – unable to breathe

Expending – losing, giving out

Throbbled – felt pain in a series of beats

Dizzy – faint, unsteady

Strategy – plan of action

Strike out – extend

Thrash – hit with force Cable – thick rope

Slack – to reduce

Deep Water – the text begins

- It had happened when I was ten or eleven years old. I had decided to learn to swim. There was a pool at the Y.M.C.A. in Yakima that offered exactly the opportunity. The Yakima River was treacherous. Mother continually warned against it, and kept fresh in my mind the details of each drowning in the river. But the Y.M.C.A. pool was safe. It was only two or three feet deep at the shallow end; and while it was nine feet deep at the other, the drop was gradual. I got a pair of water wings and went to the pool. I hated to walk



- naked into it and show my skinny legs. But I subdued my pride and did it. From the beginning, however, I had an aversion to the water when I was in it. This started when I was three or four years old and father took me to the beach in California. He and I stood together in the surf. I hung on to him, yet the waves knocked me down and swept over me. I was buried in water. My breath was gone. I was frightened. Father laughed, but there was terror in my heart at the overpowering force of the waves. My introduction to the Y.M.C.A. swimming pool revived unpleasant memories and stirred childish fears. But in a little while I gathered confidence. I paddled with my new water wings, watching the other boys and trying to learn by aping them. I did this two or three times on different days and was just beginning to feel at ease in the water when the misadventure happened. I went to the pool when no one else was there. The place was quiet. The water was still, and the tiled bottom was as white and clean as a bathtub. I was timid about going in alone, so I sat on the side of the pool to wait for others. I had not been there long when in came a big bruiser of a boy, probably eighteen years old. He had thick hair on his chest. He was a beautiful physical specimen, with legs and arms that showed rippling muscles.

- **Aversion** – dislike
- **Stirred childish fear-**
- **Water wings** –A pair of inflatable waterproof bags designed so that one can be attached to each arm, especially of a child learning to swim



- **Aping-** imitating
- **Timid-** easily frightened
- **Big bruiser-** a tough guy

- He yelled, “Hi, Skinny! How’d you like to be ducked?” With that he picked me up and tossed me into the deep end. I landed in a sitting position, swallowed water, and went at once to the bottom. I was frightened, but not yet frightened out of my wits. On the way down I planned: When my feet hit the bottom, I would make a big jump, come to the surface, lie flat on it, and paddle to the edge of the pool. It seemed a long way down. Those nine feet were more like ninety, and before I touched bottom my lungs were ready to burst. But when my feet hit bottom I summoned all my strength and made what I thought was a great spring upwards. I imagined I would bob to the surface like a cork. Instead, I came up slowly. I opened my eyes and saw nothing

- Ducked –lower the head
- Wits –keen intelligence



- but water — water that had a dirty yellow tinge to it. I grew panicky. I reached up as if to grab a rope and my hands clutched only at water. I was suffocating. I tried to yell but no sound came out. Then my eyes and nose came out of the water — but not my mouth. I flailed at the surface of the water, swallowed and choked. I tried to bring my legs up, but they hung as dead weights, paralysed and rigid. A great force was pulling me under. I screamed, but only the water heard me. I had started on the long journey back to the bottom of the pool. I struck at the water as I went down, expending my strength as one in a nightmare fights an irresistible force. I had lost all my breath. My lungs ached, my head throbbed. I was getting dizzy. But I remembered the strategy — I would spring from the bottom of the pool and come like a cork to the surface. I would lie flat on the water, strike out with my arms, and thrash with my legs.

- flailed – wave or swing wildly



- Dizzy



EXPERIENCE AT THE CALIFORNIAN BEACH(REASON 2)

- William Douglas had great passion for water.
- He longed to learn swimming.
- When he was three or four years, he was taken to a Beach in California by his father.
- While surfing on the shore, a huge wave knocked him. He feared water. That was his childhood fear. The experience bred a permanent fear of water in the child's sub-conscious mind.

- Then I would get to the edge of the pool and be safe. I went down, down, endlessly. I opened my eyes. Nothing but water with a yellow glow — dark water that one could not see through. And then sheer, stark terror seized me, terror that knows no understanding, terror that knows no control, terror that no one can understand who has not experienced it. I was shrieking under water. I was paralysed under water — stiff, rigid with fear. Even the screams in my throat were frozen. Only my heart, and the pounding in my head, said that I was still alive. And then in the midst of the terror came a touch of reason. I must remember to jump when I hit the bottom. At last I felt the tiles under me. My toes reached out as if to grab them. I jumped with everything I had



- But the jump made no difference. The water was still around me. I looked for ropes, ladders, water wings. Nothing but water. A mass of yellow water held me. Stark terror took an even deeper hold on me, like a great charge of electricity. I shook and trembled with fright. My arms wouldn't move. My legs wouldn't move. I tried to call for help, to call for mother. Nothing happened. And then, strangely, there was light. I was coming out of the awful yellow water. At least my eyes were. My nose was almost out too. Then I started down a third time. I sucked for air and got water. The yellowish light was going out. Then all effort ceased. I relaxed. Even my legs felt limp; and a blackness swept over my brain. It wiped out fear; it wiped out terror. There was no more panic. It was quiet and peaceful. Nothing to be afraid of. This is nice... to be drowsy... to go to sleep... no need to jump... too tired to jump... it's nice to be carried gently... to float along in space..

- Stark terror –terror that knows no understanding
- Ceased –bring to an end



- Float along

- tender arms around me... tender arms like Mother's... now I must go to sleep... I crossed to oblivion, and the curtain of life fell. The next I remember I was lying on my stomach beside the pool, vomiting. The chap that threw me in was saying, "But I was only fooling." Someone said, "The kid nearly died. Be all right now. Let's carry him to the locker room." Several hours later, I walked home. I was weak and trembling. I shook and cried when I lay on my bed. I couldn't eat that night. For days a haunting fear was in my heart. The slightest exertion upset me, making me wobbly in the knees and sick to my stomach. I never went back to the pool. I feared water. I avoided it whenever I could. A few years later when I came to know the waters of the Cascades, I wanted to get into them. And whenever I did — whether I was wading the Tieton or Bumping River or bathing in Warm Lake of the Goat Rocks — the terror that had seized me in the pool would come back. It would take possession of me completely. My legs would become paralysed. Icy horror would grab my heart. This handicap stayed with me as the years rolled by. In canoes on Maine lakes fishing for landlocked salmon,

- Oblivion –a state of being unaware
- Haunting – stirring
- Exertion –physical or mental effort
- TIETON RIVER



- WARM LAKES OF GOAT ROCKS



- bass fishing in New Hampshire, trout fishing on the Deschutes and Metolius in Oregon, fishing for salmon on the Columbia, at Bumping Lake in the Cascades — wherever I went, the haunting fear of the water followed me. It ruined my fishing trips; deprived me of the joy of canoeing, boating, and swimming. I used every way I knew to overcome this fear, but it held me firmly in its grip. Finally, one October, I decided to get an instructor and learn to swim. I went to a pool and practiced five days a week, an hour each day. The instructor put a belt around me. A rope attached to the belt went through a pulley that ran on an overhead cable. He held on to the end of the rope, and we went back and forth, back and forth across the pool, hour after hour, day after day, week after week. On each trip across the pool a bit of the panic seized me. Each time the instructor relaxed his hold on the rope and I went under, some of the old terror returned and my legs froze. It was three months before the tension began to slack. Then he taught me to put my face under water and exhale, and to raise my nose and inhale. I repeated the exercise hundreds of times. Bit by bit I shed part of the panic that seized me when my head went under water. Next he held me at the side of the pool and had me



PULLEY & ROPE ATTACHED TO THE SWIMMER

- kick with my legs. For weeks I did just that. At first my legs refused to work. But they gradually relaxed; and finally I could command them. Thus, piece by piece, he built a swimmer. And when he had perfected each piece, he put them together into an integrated whole. In April he said, “Now you can swim. Dive off and swim the length of the pool, crawl stroke.” I did. The instructor was finished. But I was not finished. I still wondered if I would be terror-stricken when I was alone in the pool. I tried it. I swam the length up and down. Tiny vestiges of the old terror would return. But now I could frown and say to that terror, “Trying to scare me, eh? Well, here’s to you! Look!” And off I’d go for another length of the pool. This went on until July. But I was still not satisfied. I was not sure that all the terror had left. So I went to LakeWentworth in New Hampshire, dived off a dock at Triggs Island, and swam two miles across the lake to Stamp Act Island. I swam the crawl, breast stroke, side stroke, and back stroke. Only once did the terror return. When I was in the middle of the lake, I put my face under and saw nothing but bottomless water. The old sensation returned in miniature. I laughed and said, “Well, Mr Terror, what do you think you can do to me?” It fled and I swam on. Yet I had residual doubts. At my first opportunity I hurried west, went up the Tieton to Conrad Meadows, up the Conrad Creek Trail to Meade Glacier, and camped in the high meadow by the side of Warm Lake. The next morning I stripped, dived into the lake, and swam across to the other shore and back — just as Doug Corpron used to do. I shouted with joy, and Gilbert Peak returned the echo. I had conquered my fear of water. The experience had a deep meaning for me, as only those who have known stark terror and conquered it can appreciate. In death there is peace. There is terror only in the fear of death, as Roosevelt knew when he said, “All we have to fear is fear itself.” Because I had experienced both the sensation of dying and the terror that fear of it can produce, the will to live somehow grew in intensity. At last I felt released — free to walk the trails and climb the peaks and to brush aside fear.

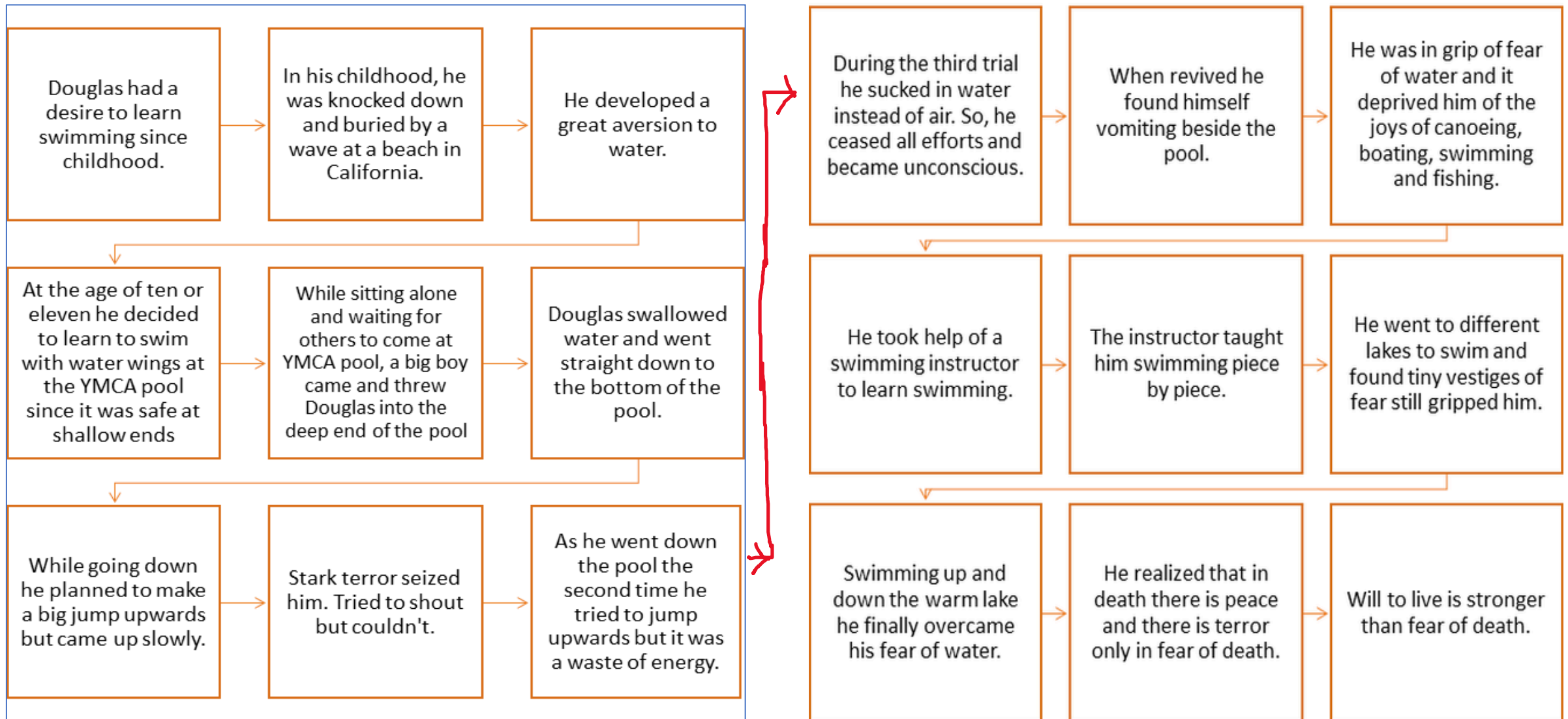
- TINY VESTIGES- A TRACE OR MARK OR VISIBL SIGN LEFT BY SOMETHING



- TRIGGS ISLAND



QUICK RECAP



MISADVENTURE : STAGE I

TOSSED INTO THE POOL

↓
Swallowed water
↓
went down - sitting position

SURVIVAL INSTINCTS COME IN ACTION

PLANS A COURSE OF ACTION

PLANNING

VS

REALITY

hit the bottom

↓
make a big jump

↓
This will help him
to PROPEL up

↓
LIE FLAT on the
Surface

↓
FINALLY - Paddle to
the edge

x it seemed a
LONG WAY

* 9 ft ↔ 90

* exhausted lung
capacity

* Tried to spring up
with his left energy

* came up - SLOWLY

* finally reached the
surface (only eyes & nose)

* legs almost like dead

* back to the bottom

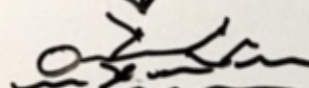
MISADVENTURE : STAGE II

PLANNING

VS

REALITY

↓
to SPRING from
the bottom of the
pool → come
up like a cork

↓

To lie flat on the
SURFACE of the water

↓
Would reach the
edge of the pool &
be safe.

↓ ↓ went down
↓ & down
↓ ↓ endlessly

↓ ↓
opened his eyes

↓ ↓
Water with
yellow glow.

↓
TERROR → seized
him

↓
SCREAMING FROZEN

↓
HEART POUNDING

↓
@ bottom

↓
tried propelling up

↓
BUT NOTHING MOVED

MISADVENTURE : STAGE II

- sucked air
- got water
- yellowish light going out

ALL EFFORTS
CEASED

AUTHOR
RELAXED

legs felt
LIMP

BLACKNESS
SWEEP T

floating in
space

NO TERROR
NO FEAR
NO PANIC

& wiped
out fear

CROSSED TO OBLIVION

UNCONSCIOUS

?????

STEPS BY THE INSTRUCTOR

- **Instructor**
- In October Douglas got an instructor for swimming.
- In three months, his fear began to fade.
- Bit by bit he shed his fears.
- The instructor engaged his feet and hands into swimming.

- **Getting rid of Fear**
- After the instructor was done, Douglas started a self training.
- He went to the following rivers and lakes:
 - Lake Wentworth (New Hampshire)
 - Triggs Islands
 - Stamp Act Island
 - Tieton – Conrad Meadows
 - Conrad Creek Trail – Meade Glacier

QUESTION & ANSWERS

How did William Douglas overcome his fear of water?

With an instructor and an overhead cable connected to his waist, Douglas began to learn to swim. He dipped his head, exhaled underwater, inhaled on surface, kicked with legs, and even swam in isolated or treacherous waters to overcome hydrophobia.

Describe the misadventure that made Douglas hydrophobic

Once, a bully pushed Douglas into the deep end of the YMCA pool. Gripped by paralyzing fear, in vain, Douglas tried to spring upwards to the surface twice. He almost lost consciousness before he was saved. This misadventure made Douglas hydrophobic.

“All we have to fear is fear itself.” Discuss.

Indeed, William O. Douglas’ *Deep Water* justifies President Roosevelt’s assertion that all we have to fear, is fear itself.

William O. Douglas’ aversion to water began with his mother’s warnings about the Yakima river and a childhood sea holiday where he first experienced the power of water.

The misadventure at the YMCA pool, where a bully pushed Douglas into the water nearly drowning him, turned the fear into a phobia. However Douglas decided to challenge this handicap.

With the help of an instructor, and using a pulley connected by a belt to his waist, Douglas re-learnt how to swim in a pool. He learnt to dip his head, exhale underwater and inhale on resurfacing.

Even after the trainer declared success, Douglas tested his skill in treacherous and unfamiliar waters till his phobia vanished completely. Thereafter, William O. Douglas realized that once the ‘fear of fear’ disappeared, true success awaited.

Why was Douglas keen to overcome his fear of water?

Answer:

Douglas was determined to overcome his fear of water because this phobia had ruined his fishing trips. Moreover, he had also never been able to enjoy water sports like canoeing, boating, and swimming. He was determined to get an instructor and learn swimming to get over his fear of water.

Question

When Douglas realised that he was sinking, how did he plan to save himself?

Answer:

When Douglas realised he was sinking he was frightened out of his wits and it was then that he decided to make a big jump and come up to the surface. He thought of lying flat on water for some time and then to paddle to the edge of the pool.

Question

What did Douglas experience as he went down to the bottom of the pool for the first time?

Answer:

When Douglas is pushed into the pool, he at once goes to the bottom of the pool. The nine feet deep pool appears like ninety feet to him. He feels a sense of acute uneasiness and as if his lungs are ready to burst. Despite feeling absolutely suffocated he makes desperate efforts for survival.

What sort of terror seized Douglas as he went down the water with a yellow glow? How could he feel that he was still alive?

Answer:

When Douglas went down the water with a yellow glow it was a nightmarish experience for him. His legs were almost paralysed, his lungs were aching and his head was throbbing. He felt the thumping of his heart and the pounding in his head and these made him realize that he was still alive.

Question

Why did William Douglas develop aversion to the water when he was three or four years old?

Answer:

William Douglas developed an aversion to water when he was three or four years old. He stood at a beach with his father when a wave Swept over him and knocked him down. He was buried under water and became breathless. He was petrified and developed a permanent fear for water.

Question .

What misadventure did William Douglas experience at the YMCA pool?

Answer:

A misadventure at the YMCA pool wherein Douglas was thrown into the deeper end of the pool by a big boy made Douglas afraid of water. He went down into the water three times but failed to come up. Though he was ultimately saved, a terror of water developed in him as his lungs filled with water. His head throbbed and his legs felt paralysed thus making him fear water permanently.

How did the instructor turn Douglas into a swimmer?

Answer:

To 'build a swimmer' out of Douglas, the instructor began his training with extreme caution. He attached a rope to a belt and put it around Douglas. The rope went through a pulley that ran on an overhead cable. Supported by the cable, they went to and fro in the pool and practiced for weeks together. The instructor taught Douglas to put his face underwater and exhale and to raise his nose and inhale. He then taught him to kick in water for many weeks. Finally after seven months, the instructor told him to swim the length of the pool and Douglas' persistent fear started fading.

Question 18.

How did Douglas make sure that he conquered the old terror?

Answer:

Douglas went to Lake Wentworth in New Hampshire to test whether he still had any fear of water. After his vigorous swimming practice he was still not very sure if his terror for water had left him. So he wanted to try out his swimming skills at Lake Wentworth. He dived into the lake and only after swimming across the shore and back did he feel certain his terror of water had fled.

Question 19.

How did William Douglas's aversion to water begin?

Answer:

William Douglas developed an aversion to water when he was three or four years old. He stood at a beach with his father when a wave Swept over him and knocked him down. He was buried under water and became breathless. He was petrified and developed a permanent fear for water.

Question 20.

Why did William Douglas use the YMCA pool and not Yakima river to learn swimming?

Answer:

Douglas used the YMCA pool and not the Yakima river to learn swimming because the river was treacherous His mother continually warned him against it and kept the details of each drowning in the river fresh in his mind. On the other hand the YMCA pool was safe, only two or three feet deep at the shallow end.