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The Ursinus Weekly, February 13, 1961

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Authors

Catherine A. Nicolai, Gail Ford, John Swinton, Robin L. Stevenson, David Williams, D. Newcombe, John B. Piston, Cynthia Morris, Susan Korte, Gerald Morita, and Marion G. Spangler

Jun Kawashima to Study At U. C. This Semester

Ursinus welcomes a new special student to the college community this semester. He is thirty-one year old Jun Kawashima from Sendae, Japan. Jun comes to us through the Board of International Admissions of the United Church of Christ. Sponsored here at Ursinus by the Campus Chest and various student organizations, he will pursue his study of English.

Jun has recently completed three semesters at Columbia Teachers' College. He holds a Bachelor of Arts degree from North Japan College, which is affiliated with the E. & R. Church. For four and a half years he taught English at the Attached High School of North Japan College. While there he met missionaries Reverend Rodney Henrie and his wife Nancy Lou, both Ursinus graduates, who encouraged him to come to the United States to study.

In 1958, Jun took the necessary written and oral examinations to qualify as an IBC Scholar of the United Church of Christ. In August, 1959, he and 12 other missionary school teachers were sent to the U.S.

Jun spent the summer of 1960 attending various church camps



Jun Kawashima

throughout the country. While at Fernbrook, he met Barbara Rupp, a sophomore at Ursinus, who suggested him to Mr. Schellhase and other faculty members as a likely foreign student for Ursinus. Thus Jun was able to fulfill his wish to attend a Christian College during his stay in the states.

Jun is staying at Leber. His tentative schedule includes composition, public speaking, English literature, nineteenth century English prose, and New Testament. His interests are many and range from music, art, reading and photography to swimming and ping pong. While he is here he hopes to share in interests and experiences with students and to learn a little more about Americans.

Jun will spend one semester with us at Ursinus. Before returning to Japan he hopes to attend more summer camps. Students will find him eager to talk about himself, his experiences, and his native Japan. He comes from a distinguished family of doctors, his father and two brothers hold degrees and his youngest brother studying pre-med. He has observed much about the American scene and is impressed by American candor and friendliness. He is sensitive to the old and new in Japan and particularly the changes during the post war period.

IRC Club to Participate in Model UN Meeting in N.Y.

The International Relations Club of Ursinus is participating in a model United Nations meeting to be held in New York City on March 24, 25, and 26. Our IRC will represent Finland in the UN meeting and will learn more about the functions of the UN itself as well as its various committees.

The six students who will participate include Jill Carter, James Hake, Frances McMeen, Dick Levine, Cynthia Morris, and Michael Boris. They will stay at the Hotel Commodore while in New York. Anyone also interested in attending this meeting should contact Jill Carter. The next meeting of the IRC will be held on February 27. Plans are now being formulated for the meeting.

Art Museum Presents Series of Art Programs

The Philadelphia Museum of Art, located at Broad and Pine Streets, announces a provocative series of discussions on vital topics relating to the art of our time, called "Conversations with Artists." These events will bring together many of America's major artists and art authorities.

The special student fee for this series is \$2 per event. Students will be required to present their matriculation cards for admission.

The first of this series was held this evening.

The next three discussions of this series of four will be held on February 20, March 6, and March 20. The respective topics and chairmen will be "Artists Craftsmen," Just Lunning presiding; "Artists As Teachers," Gibson Danes presiding; "Where Do We Go From Here?," Katharine Kuh presiding.

Pancoast, Sanders Appear on Radio; Discuss Politics

Listeners to WIBG's regular Sunday afternoon radio program "Young at Heart" yesterday heard an Ursinus professor, G. Sieber Pancoast, and an Ursinus student, Dick Sanders discuss with the program's moderator, Bill Jones, political science as it is taught in high schools and colleges and its importance in America today.

As part of his discussion, Dr. Pancoast emphasized the importance of each individual vote and stressed that important local and state elections are often won by tiny majorities. The Ursinus political scientist declared that the basis of voting should depend upon the amount of understanding the individual has. He debunked the old "if he's old enough to fight for his country then he's old enough to vote" cliché but pointed out that four states have given voting privileges to citizens under twenty-one.

Professor Pancoast stated, "It is the responsibility of each voter to prepare himself for each election." It is unfortunate, he continued, that so many intelligent citizens lose interest between the time they graduate from high school and they are old enough to vote at twenty-one.

Dr. Pancoast, who is currently a candidate on the Republican ticket for the state legislature, expressed concern that apparently so few talented youngsters wanted to seek political careers. Sanders, a freshman at Ursinus, offered the insecurity of politics as a possible reason for this situation.

Near the end of the half hour program Dr. Pancoast wished aloud that more high school and college students would take an active role in partisan politics. Declaring oneself politically is necessary in Pennsylvania in order to participate in primary elections.

As part of the program format the increasing quality of high school students was stressed. Dr. Pancoast urged that the student go beyond his work in the classroom to familiarize himself with our political systems and institutions.

Spring Festival Replaces May Day

The W.S.G.A. has inaugurated a Spring Festival to replace the annual May Day Pageant. The new production will encourage participation from both men and women students at Ursinus in a campus activity. A Spring Festival Queen and her Court, elected by the entire student body, will preside over the affair. Elections will be conducted on February 13.

A committee headed by Joni Meszaros has been working on the theme of the festival for several weeks. The story will be in a contemporary setting, following the adventures of a couple sight-seeing in New York. Original dances, skits, and numbers can be derived from this theme.

The Spring Festival fills a need for a campus production which will stimulate the interest and encourage the participation of the entire college community. In the past few years there has been diminishing interest in the May Day Pageant.

Mr. H. Lloyd Jones Helps Plan Conference at Lafayette College

Mr. Jones, assistant director of admissions here at Ursinus, served as a member of the committee arranging plans for a Financial Aid Conference which opened today at Lafayette College. The three day conference is co-sponsored by Lafayette and the College Scholarship Service.

Mr. Jordania to Play His Own Piano Pieces for French Club

On Thursday, February 21, the French Club will present Mr. Jordania playing his original piano compositions. The recital will be held in the Studio Cottage; everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Rev. Mrs. Kriebel Will Speak at Annual Color Day

The Rev. Mrs. Martha B. Kriebel will be guest speaker at the annual Color Day exercises which will be held Thursday, February 23, at 5:00 p.m. in Bomberger Chapel. Mrs. Kriebel, an alumna of Ursinus, will speak on "What It Means to be an Ursinus Graduate." Color Day is a traditional event at Ursinus to present the Ursinus colors to freshman women and to install freshman representatives to the W.S.G.A., Y., and W.A.A.

Mrs. Kriebel graduated cum laude with a B.S. in chemistry-biology in 1956. A consistent dean's lister, she was a Whittian and winner of the Dutterra Prize for Church History and the Philip H. Fogel Prize for outstanding work in the Department of Religion. Mrs. Kriebel was very active while at Ursinus. She was a member of KDK, Chi Alpha, and the Pre-Med Society. She served three years on the Student Worship Commission of the Y and as a senator. Curtain Club, Messiah, Chapel Choir, and Meistersingers were also among her many interests. In addition she played tennis and intramural basketball.

Mrs. Kriebel graduated from Lancaster Theological Seminary in 1959 and was ordained the same year. While at Lancaster she was editor of the 1958 yearbook. In 1958, she also served as supply pastor for the Grace Church at West Point. In July, 1959, she became minister of the Palm Schwenkfelder Church. She and her husband are currently co-pastors of the Palm Church.

Color Day is among the finest of Ursinus traditions. All women students are urged to attend the exercises. Nylons and flats or heels are appropriate dress.

Lorelei Will Be Held on Feb. 17

The annual Lorelei, sponsored by the WSGA, will be held at Sunnybrook Ballroom, Friday night, February 17, from 9 to 1. This year's theme is "Cherry Blossom Time." Arlen Saylor and his orchestra, Sunnybrook's own band, will provide the music. Highlights of the evening are the announcements of the King of the Lorelei, elected by the women of Ursinus and the new members of the Whittians, junior women having outstanding scholastic records. Barbara Bogel is chairman of the decoration committee and Bunny Cressman is chairman of the publicity committee.

The name of the dance is taken from Heine's poem Die Lorelei which is a legend of a beautiful woman who lures sailors to their death by her singing. The annual turnabout is based on this idea.

Y to Sponsor Ash Wed. Candlelight Service

On Wednesday evening, February 15, at 10 p.m. in the West Music Studio, the Student Worship Commission of the Y will hold a candlelight Ash Wednesday service. This inspiring service will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Schellhase and Mr. Jones.

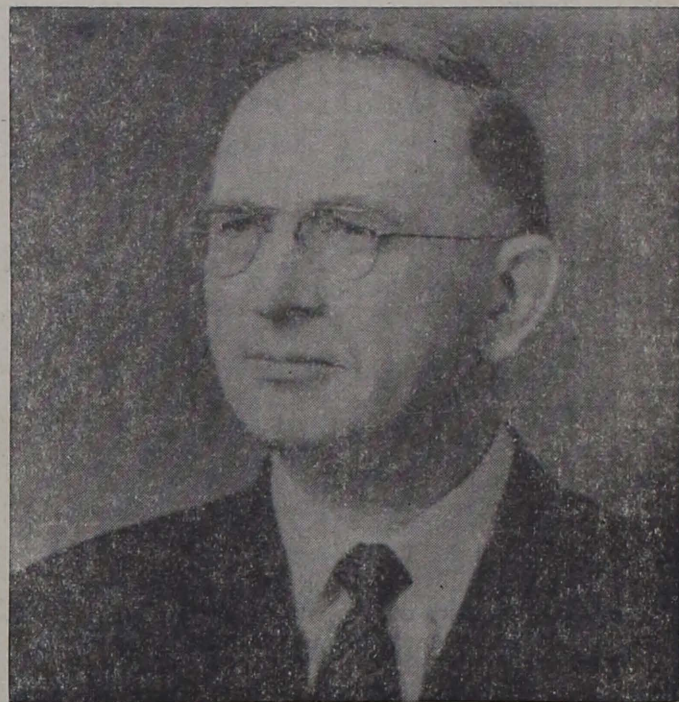
In conjunction with this Lenten program, the S.W.C. will hold Morning Watch services every Monday morning from February 20 through March 20. The theme for these meditations will be "The Seven Last Words of Christ" The first Morning Watch will be held on Monday, February 20 after breakfast in Freeland reception room.

Dean Rothenberger Talks To Bible Class On European Tours

Miss Rothenberger, Dean of Women at Ursinus, recently entertained the Adult Bible Class of the Jerusalem Lutheran Sunday School in Schwenksville with an illustrated talk on her travels in Europe.

Before coming to Ursinus, Dean Rothenberger was Dean of Women at LaSalle Junior College near Boston for twelve years. For six of those twelve years she accompanied student groups on eight week tours through various parts of Europe.

Dr. Harold K. Schilling To Address Forum At 8



Dr. Harold K. Schilling

Ursinus College has had the great privilege of having present on its campus Dr. Harold K. Schilling, Dean of the Pennsylvania State University Graduate School and a distinguished churchman in the United Church of Christ. Yesterday Dr. Schilling met with the members of the Ursinus faculty at 4 p.m. in the Fellowship Room of the Trinity Church here in Collegeville. The faculty heard a discourse on the subject, "The Role of the Christian College." At 5:30 this group attended a buffet supper in the Fellowship Room also. At 6:30 the group engaged in a free discussion with Dr. Schilling as resource leader on the subject "The Implication for Ursinus College."

Throughout today Dr. Schilling has also followed a full schedule of appearances on the campus. At 9:10 this morning he addressed upper-class students, particularly those taking courses in science, philosophy, or religion, in S12 of Pfahler. The noted churchman spoke on the topic "Religion and Philosophical Implications of the New Science." Then at 3:00 p.m. there was a Kaffee Klatsch in the Student Union where an informal discussion was held.

This evening at 8:00 p.m. all Ursinus students will have the pleasure of hearing Dr. Schilling address the Ursinus Forum in the Chapel of Bomberger Hall. At this time the subject of the address will be "Religion Re-examined by a Physicist."

Ford, Genter to Direct Annual Senior Show

Plans for the Senior Show are now being decided. As has been tradition, the senior class joins together to present to the student body its annual production. This year the Senior Show will be presented on March 10th and 11th. Directing the production will be Gail Ford and Fred Genter, aided by co-producers Sue Scherr and Carol Heffelfinger.

Heading the various committees will be: costuming—Cathy Harrelson and Sharyn Sands; tickets—Dot Hagerty; programs—Adele Statzel and Su Pontius; ushers—Jill Carter and Larry Habgood; publicity—Cindy Benner and Susan Korte; props—Dotty Lamm.

Ardith Mumbauer to Show Her Costa Rican Slides on Feb. 20

A business meeting of the Spanish Club will be held on February 20. Ardith Mumbauer, club president, will show slides of pictures she took in Costa Rica during her visit there last summer.

NOTICE

Students are requested not to enter the chapel after the speaker has begun. All students are urged to come on time. A student's entering late is not only disturbing, but also shows a lack of courtesy to the speaker.

IN MEMORIAM

Ursinus College mourns the passing of John C. Boyer, a sophomore here at Ursinus before his accidental death on Thursday, January 19, 1961.

The Ursinus Weekly

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WEEKLY THOUGHT:

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."

—Henry David Thoreau

EDITORIAL

Policies

The arrival of Mr. Levine's letter (see Letters to the Editor) might have been called—to use an old, worn, even trite cliché of which we are reputedly notoriously fond—was the proverbial straw.

One becomes tired, they annoyed, then quite riled by the constant criticism offered the WEEKLY. I, therefore, after much reflection, have decided to state formally the policies which guide me as editor-in-chief of the URSINUS WEEKLY. Before we go into policy, however, let's define, and keep in mind, the duties of an editor. According to Mr. Webster (I trust we can use him as a reputable authority) an editor governs the policy of a newspaper—in plain words he decides what to print. As for editorials, they are articles explicitly stating opinions held by the editor.

Now, let's begin from there. First, we shall take the editorials. These do reflect my opinions or thoughts on subjects. I offer these ideas to you for what they are worth. I am not telling you as readers that this is the map to follow down the primrose path of success; use it. Rather, I say: here are my ideas; now you draw your own conclusions.

It has been my policy to endeavor to always present both sides of an issue, from whence you should draw, as I said, your own conclusions. I feel that our coverage of the presidential election reflected this. With a staff comprised of almost 100% Kennedy-followers, it would have been easy to have the newspaper one-sided. Was it?

What about contributions to the WEEKLY? No, you do not have to be a member of the staff to contribute. Anyone can—if the material offered warrants printing. What about signing articles? I as editor am responsible for every word printed in our paper; therefore, I want to know who was written every word. If there is a good reason for a contributor to want his name withheld, I am glad to comply.

Every week there are complaints about a lack of news or of the news being old. To the first, I plead not guilty. We print whatever news there is; the staff can not be held responsible for a dearth of news, nor can they invent any. To the latter charge I plead guilty. Yes, often news is old, but in a relatively close-knit college community where news travels like wildfire (to use another cliché), can this be prevented? And as for a gossip column, I will not have it; gossip is always trite whether heard through the grapevine or read in a column.

To the complaint that we will not print sorority or fraternity news, I say try us. No, I will not run a column similar to the "Greekvine" printed formerly. To run an article that is meaningless to all the members of the campus save the 30 or 35 members of a particular sorority or fraternity seems worthless to me. But, as for news, we welcome it—even encourage it. Thus, we have begun a new column "Greek Gleanings" in which all such NEWS will be printed.

The charge that my feature writers try merely to be clever journalists is correct. Yes, Misses Ford and Benner and Messrs. Swinton and Piston, along with the other feature writers, attempt to be clever. And quite often they succeed. I feel that the feature page should be entertaining as well as instructional. My feature writers try to be clever, and I would have them no other way.

As for the WEEKLY'S sports coverage, I feel that it is usually timely and accurate. And Mr. Morita gives earn-

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:: Letters to the Editor ::

Dear Editor,

I would finally like to make a statement to my critics and to my critics' critic. I feel there is an issue needing concern and application of principles. I never considered my own assailants as needing to be answered; justifiably I have been taken to task for my poor journalistic ability, and ridiculously for my impertinence, but does anyone consider the possible truth of any things expressed in the WEEKLY? Seldom. Please consider now what I am presenting.

I write for the same reason as usual: I see things I don't appreciate. Only this time I must offer an example in contrast to what I see.

Every time I read mention of people attacking others, criticisms of personalities, analysts, dissecters, individuals, or conformists, I make personal associations with these things. Anyone might; some more so than others. I have some special feelings for these subjects. In fact, I am looking forward to the day when an Ursinus history major does an honors paper on "The History of the Ursinus Weekly, 1951-1961." I have a naive belief that I will be given some credit in such a scholarly work for having had some influence on the temper of the paper itself and on the student body in general.

I must admit that the attention I have received has made me feel a little important. But if I do have any power, even to shock people, I have failed to make a full and proper use of it publicly. Famous or infamous or unknown as I may be, all the criticisms of the critics of the critics . . . I could do very well without. I know some principles which might be said to have some hold on me, though they are not absolute; I dare say they should have control over more people who write for the WEEKLY. See if they are not reasonable.

First of all, I write to present ideas, not to be a clever journalist. This insistence might have some bad effects on my writings, but I offer the excuse of saying more. This is my first purpose, to think and feel, and only afterwards to be a writer.

Secondly, I refuse to consider specific individuals or name specific groups. I am writing now about the tone of the WEEKLY; the reader must assign the proper responsibility to himself if the comments fit. I believe that to attack publicly a man and not his works is a carry-over from high school 'cutting-up.' I would welcome a change in policy or ethics, a reversion, I should say, to that whereby the only criticisms in the paper were of ideas. There used to be such a newspaper tone and student ethic; I should hope that it has not been my example that has changed it. If there were an increase in real criticism—of ideas—a writer would expect challenges for every misstep; he would have to be more careful of the things he tosses around—myself included.

Regarding the matter of intelligent criticisms, I have always been eager to debate with anyone who disagrees with me, to discuss with anyone who saw things differently from my view. But my early expectancies and later hopes are all gone, victims of frustration. I get only nasty letters, all unsigned. I know not of one comment on the content of my writings which was serious enough to merit published answer, and few that deserved any second thought at all. If I have ever felt a challenge to answer to readers, it is only now that I do so.

Thirdly, I give little thought for people who attack personalities and cowardly refuse to sign their names. What an extraordinary practice for individualists! Or maybe they are really reactionaries, scared that their own friends will find fault with them. Such a practice indicates to me that he or she is only act-

Chapel Commentary

by Gail Ford

Monday, Feb. 6—Mr. Schellhase
Short memorial service for John C. Boyer, who was a sophomore day student at Ursinus before his death on January 19. The service consisted of passages from the Bible and a responsive reading. Selections from John Donne's prose were also used, including the well-known: "Ask not for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

Tuesday, Feb. 7—Mr. Schellhase
Introductory talk for Harold Schilling, physicist and dean of Penn State's graduate school. He will be on campus February 12-13 to discuss the topic, "Science and Religion." Mr. Schellhase then emphasized that since science and religion complement one another, they should be integrated and not separated.

Wednesday, Feb. 8—Dean Pettit
Talk centered around school loyalty. Students were reminded that if they represent U.C. poorly, they are not only being disloyal to the 1,000 people now connected with Ursinus but are also doing a disservice to the 5,000 graduates. The character and the reputation of the school is in our hands, to do with as we will, and we must remember that destroying its reputation destroys our own as well.

Dean Pettit then made it known that 16 students were dropped this semester. Members of the faculty asked the Dean to advise the student body that "school citizenship" was a factor in many of these decisions, no matter how hard faculty members tried to separate academic ability and conduct.

Thursday, Feb. 9—Dean Pettit
Same as Wednesday.

Friday, Feb. 10—Dr. Creager

Dean Harold Schilling's visit was announced. Following this announcement, Dr. Creager told briefly the plot of a novel in which a man is confronted with what he will be 20 years hence. It was suggested that students consider themselves in a similar situation, and in order to find out what they will be like, that they project lines they have already set down. An extension of our traits and habits of today might prove to be frightening.

ing to preserve his "share of borrowed integrity." If someone wishes to challenge an idea, let him make possible a debate by giving notice of who he is. And I think that this principle should apply to writers of articles as well. There are but few subjects which would invite administrative reaction.

Fourthly, and most importantly, is a personal refusal to write editorials instead of analyses. I write to work out for myself an understanding of what is; I offer the fruits of my labors to others for whatever they may learn from them. If there is implied in my writings a criticism of things as I see them, it is in reference to my philosophy of what should be. I have lately become aware of the need, and am henceforth trying to provide 'constructive criticism'! One cannot honorably attack something without showing how it might be improved. I call for some understanding of esthetic theory in all would-be critics. There is a reason for this need. Knowledge of the art of appreciation is needed in making meaningful analyses in reference to the intentions of works of art. The starting point of an article is a sense of what is, followed by personal reaction, to produce an image of what should be. A conscientious philosopher will proceed then to a plan of action, for moving toward his ideal. A sensible editorial should follow

(Continued on page 6)

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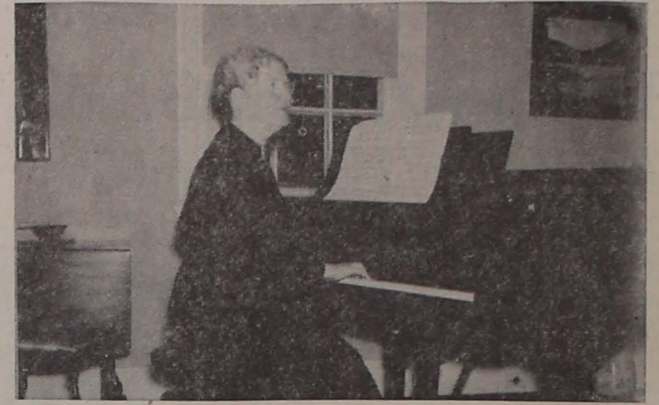
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SATURDAY—FEB. 25—

"THE BAND OF RENOWN"
LES BROWN

SEVEN WEEKS ABROAD AT MUSIC FESTIVALS



Miss Marion G. Spangler at her piano in the Music Room of Studio Cottage

by Miss Marion G. Spangler

Some writer has said, "Every one has two countries: his own and France." After a week in each country, may I add, "Austria, Switzerland, Germany, and England." The keynote of this loyalty is the word: "light." The trip was not a Tour but a series of Illuminations.

The twelve hour plane delay in leaving New York caused the arrival in France at night and the darkness of d'Orly Field and the outskirts of Paris started a growing excitement that rose to fear during the two hour coach and solitary taxi drive to Hotel Astor: a lone woman able to speak only a little French and to understand less, in a strange city—Paris at that—welcomed by no one and trusting a taxi driver to land her safely; gradually fear rose to anger along those shadowy streets.

When suddenly we entered an immense open square as bright as midday, I as suddenly recalled having read "A traveller in Paris should never fail to see the nightly illumination of historic spots." Here I was on the very spot where Marie Antoinette and all the martyrs of the Revolution were beheaded by the guillotine. Leaning forward I asked the driver, "Est-ce La Place de la Concorde?" "Oui, oui, Madame." By this time before us stood a perfect Greek temple of gleaming white marble: "Est-ce La Madeleine?" "Oui, oui, Madame," of course the famous church. Without warning a deep calm enveloped me. All fear and anger vanished and I determined then and there never again to be angry traveling but to drop all American prejudices on the

floor of that taxi-cab and keep my eyes open and my mind wide to the new world around me. That night's ride gave me my first "Illumination."

Before twenty-four hours passed the second one immersed us. (I had found my traveling companion at the Hotel Astor.) Entering the Paris Grand Opera House, reputed to be the largest and most beautiful in the world, the brilliance of the huge foyer, with wide curving marble stairways and shining crystal chandeliers, blinded us and we halted to gaze at such lavish magnificence; the opera was "Faust," excellently presented with elaborate ballets. During the intermission we were enticed to that gleaming foyer just to stand on those wonderful marble steps.

Stairways and steps are a marked characteristic of Europe. Everywhere in streets and buildings, in towers and houses: steps, steps. The most striking setting steps provided revealed a perspective we least expected: approaching a sculpture gallery in the Louvre we saw at the far end a broad high stairway and above it the lone statue of "The Winged Victory," so tall and slender at that distance, and so poised as if to take flight, even the flowing garments seemed to move. In another gallery the "Venus de Milo" was placed in a similar perspective. Ah, there was the solution to the charm of Paris: PERSPECTIVE. No monument nor arch, no cathedral nor chateau, no palace nor park, no statue nor fountain, but there must be an open "Place" or space to give the eye a vision in true perspective.

(Continued on page 6)



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Special Feature Section

"Village of the Damned"

by John Swinton

So many movie houses these days have become cluttered by similar third horror and/or science fiction pictures that you can almost predict the cast of characters and the cliches. For example:

"Good grief, professor, it CAN'T be!" the Watson-like stooge gasps as some slimy, green, multi-eyed, plastic creature, presumably from Mars, snatches a pretty half dressed heroine and slithers happily off to the cave he calls home.

Too often Hollywood contents itself with the use of trick photography or the manufacture of bigger and better monsters. Too often Hollywood assumes that the harder it tries to frighten its audience, the closer its product comes to quality.

A short time ago a little black and white English import began unassumingly to circulate in the local theaters here. Although favorably reviewed, it created no public stir and accordingly played second fiddle to inferior American technicolor musical or Biblical cavortings.

Just before examinations began, a dorm mate found himself at a theater which offered as part of its double feature this picture, "Village of the Damned." A somewhat hypertensive soul to begin with, he returned to the dorm that night staring in wide-eyed disbelief.

"Those kids, those fantastic little kids," he exclaimed over and over. His subsequent description of the film was more than a little disjointed, and about all that we gleaned from his narrative was that a group of children had somehow imposed themselves upon a small English town and had managed to develop among them one mind to the twelfth power. This innovation had obviously left everyone else's puny mind (to the first power) far behind.

During the semester break I too found myself, more by design than by accident, at the local theater which had subverted "Village of the Damned" to a dull romp through the underworld by Yul Brynner and Mitzi Gaynor. Once we got Mitzi and Yul happily and honestly married, the second feature began.

George Sanders appeared in the opening frame talking on the telephone. Judging from the diplomas papering the wall behind his desk, George was playing a good grief! — professor and, as it turned out, a darned good one. All of a sudden, while we watched him, George fell asleep. So did everyone else in town. Cars and buses ran off the road. A plane crashed, its pilot overcome with slumber. Cows fell down in the pasture.

No one could penetrate or communicate with the little town of Wentwich, but a few hours later everyone woke up and continued where he had left off, albeit a little bewildered. All went well for a couple months until suddenly, and for no apparent reason, every woman in town capable of it (a total of twelve) found herself mysteriously pregnant.

The dramatic possibilities of this incident are fully exploited in the film. Young girls swear before God, their minister, and the kindly town practitioner that they have remained completely untouched. One husband returns after a year's journey to find his wife expecting. He turns to drink. Even George Sander's beautiful wife surprises him with the bittersweet news of the coming of a long despaired of heir. George makes her comfortable, then broods darkly. Pickles and strawberry jam sell like whiskey while the old crone behind the grocery counter gossips without end.

Then the babies come. All are four months premature but all are perfectly developed and, except for their sex, identical right down to the straight platinum hair and strangely luminous eyes.

The children grow rapidly and, at the age of three months, have the appearance and intelligence of normal eighteen month children. Furthermore, as Professor Sanders discovers while conducting intelligence experiments with a piece of chocolate hidden within a Japanese puzzle, "What

Did You Know . . .

that Ed Myers, a freshman here at Ursinus, served as the President of the Pennsylvania Future Teachers of America (P.F.T.A.) last year? The purpose of this organization is to acquaint high school students with the teaching profession. Through participation in this organization students get to know more about the profession — the rewards and problems connected with teaching. This position is a great honor, as those people familiar with the Student P.S.E.A. know. In this capacity, Ed represented all the local P.F.T.A. groups in the entire state. He met in Harrisburg with noted persons in the educational field — such as Miss Lucy Valero, State Consultant to the Student P.S.E.A.-P.F.T.A.—to help formulate the policy of this organization. Ed traveled extensively during his year as president of this group. He spoke to many high schools and even addressed teachers' conventions. Those Ursinus students who attended the state convention of the Student P.S.E.A. at Lebanon Valley College last spring will recall that Ed spoke there. One of the highlights of his term in office was his attending the White House Conference on Youth and Children called by former President Eisenhower in Washington, D.C. Out of this conference came an intense interest for Ed in the problems of the youth of minority groups and the prejudices these young people encounter. This interest has led Ed to do much research in this field; consequently, he still does speaking on this topic, especially to different community and civic groups. He also spoke on this topic at a recent Governor's Conference in Harrisburg. Another of the highlights of Ed's year in office was his addressing the national convention of Future Homemakers held in Washington, D.C., this past summer. (This conference was made more memorable by the fact that he was the sole male at a gathering comprised of some 1,500 girls.)

Here at Ursinus, Ed leads a very busy life. When not speaking to some group off campus, he is attending meetings of the Student P.S.E.A., Alpha Phi Omega, or the Social Responsibilities Commission of the Y. In fact, he will be talking to this group on his experiences at the White House Conference on Youth and Children sometime in March. Ed, who is from Martic Forge, Pennsylvania, is also interested in tennis and judo.

When asked what he felt to be the most rewarding experience

(Continued on page 4)

one learns, they all immediately know!"

Quickly the children demonstrate, to the horror of the villagers, that they can read minds. They all begin to dress identically, travel together, and practice a kind of hypnotism with their ghastly eyes that renders others helpless before them.

One hapless fellow drives his auto into a brick wall after encountering a group of these tiny mesmerists. His brother, seeking revenge on these little fiends, winds up turning his own shotgun on himself.

The townsfolk decide to restrict the unholy twelve to a schoolhouse on the edge of town, and the children, all of one mind, obediently trudge off with Professor Sanders whom they have recruited to straighten them out on a few of the finer points of nuclear physics.

"Do you believe life exists on another planet?" he asks them off-handedly one day, and together their wide eyes lower to the floor. The professor's new son, David, now eighteen months old but behaving like a sophisticated collegian, explains that he and his eleven twins have come to — what else? — take over.

The problem for George Sanders is how to get rid of the neat, handsome little monsters without them learning of the plot. How he destroys them, or indeed whether he ever actually does destroy them, shall be left undisclosed, but "Village of the Damned", which Time called "one of the neatest little chillers since Peter Lorre went straight," is well worth sweating through to find out. It puts Hollywood science fiction and horror to shame.

Consideration of Costs

by Gail Ford

In these early days of second semester, there may be a number of us with time on our hands. May I suggest a mathematical exercise which has an extrinsic value of some sort and also a subconscious suggestion of another sort.

An Ursinus student taking 15 credits is paying about \$27 per semester hour. So we can set up this table of values:

1 hour\$27
2 hours\$54
3 hours\$81

Knowing that there are 16 weeks in a semester and ignoring cuts for the moment, we can set up the following table:

1 hour course—16 class hrs.
2 hour course—32 class hrs.
3 hour course—48 class hrs.

Now, combining these facts and employing a bit of simple division, we can conclude that it costs this student taking 15 credits slightly more than \$1.66 per class period, which is 50 minutes more or less. The longer classes (75 minutes) run about \$2.49.

We have not made allowances for those joyous first meetings when nothing is accomplished except the "pass-your-admission-slips-to-the-left" ritual. And there are times when classes adjourn early or professors come in late or, better yet, when classes are called off. Still, the 50 minute period costs \$1.66, which should make our other meetings even more valuable than \$1.66.

Our cutting system, of course, allows the student taking 15 credits to cut class 30 times. And if he cuts to the limit he is paying \$49.80 for lectures which he did not attend. This, too, makes other class meetings more valuable—an additional 23 cents if all cuts are taken. The question of whether or not the cuts are worth fifty dollars will not and cannot be considered.

One more aspect remains to be discussed. Since our tuition is a set rate and not \$27 per semester hour, then it is to our advantage financially to take more than 15 credits. If, for example, a student carries 17 credits, he is paying only \$1.47 per class meeting and not the \$1.88 he would have to pay for additional hours. The student with only 14 hours, on the other hand, is paying more than \$1.66 for each class.

Working on this basis, we can go on to compute other possibilities, such as how much each cut costs (it varies according to how many credits are taken) and how much it costs to fall asleep in class for five or ten minutes.

It is interesting to note that while chapel attendance is free, it receives more criticism than does class attendance. Since most gifts are received readily, this is indeed an unusual situation.

I suspect that it is better to treat this analysis as a mere mathematical exercise and to compute for the sake of computing. Otherwise, we might come to the obvious conclusions that it is costing us money to cut classes and that we should go to chapel as often as possible since it is free. Conclusions of that kind are annoying. Besides, whatever would happen to that wonderful old maxim: "Money is the root of all evil"? Dare we contradict wonderful old maxims?

A Tribute for Dr. Dooley

Several weeks ago the young missionary doctor Thomas Dooley died. His life was taken from him in its prime. He continued to work in the Laotian jungles knowing that it was only a short time until his death. When he first went to Laos, he had gone from a life of social activity and status.

That man laid in-state. He was thoughtful and generous. He was loving and kind to all people, and considerate of his friends. He had a smile and a word of kindness for those whom he did not know. He gave of himself and of his time to know people and help them. He placed other men before himself.

That man could also be you. Is he?

Book Review

Herman Wouk's "This Is My God"

by R. L. Stevenson

A casual question precipitated the writing of this book; the book admirably answers that question and many more. This work, Mr. Wouk's first of non-fiction, is an account of the Jewish faith; it is not a missionary output designed to convert all to Judaism. To quote Mr. Wouk, "I write for people who have at least an open mind on God, and who would like to know something about the Jewish way to Him."

There has been a controversy as to what Jews are—a race, a nation, a religion, or a sect? Judaism itself defines what Jews are. They began as a family and are descended from one man, Abraham, and one tribal house, Israel. Faith, not blood, is the criterion in this kinship. The Jewish nation came into being before it had a land. Therefore, the Jews are a "nation in time," and descent or faith determines who is a Jew.

Through the symbols of this religion run a meaning based on both the grateful worship of God and the celebration of Israel's singular destiny as God's witness in history. The Jewish Sabbath is the day that Jews celebrate the creation and give thanks to the Creator, once a week. The Sabbath also marks the establishment of the Jewish nation in the exodus from Egypt. The Jewish people worship the God of creation and the God who cared so about human history that He aided the people of Israel in attaining their nationhood by passing from slavery to freedom.

The observance of Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashana comprise a major event, the High Holy Days. The period from Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year, to Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, is called the Ten Days of Repentance by the Talmud. Atonement for any ill begins with repairing the injury; then God's absolution is sought. During the ten days devout Jews seek forgiveness from every person they could possibly have injured. Confession in Judaism is in formal unison; the entire congregation speaks the Atonement liturgy. A man's sins are a secret between God and himself; he acknowledges in his heart his past sins when he repeats the words of the liturgy which pertain to his own actions.

Herman Wouk has presented a fine elementary book in the study of Judaism. He is not impartial because the subject defies impartiality. But he has presented the aspects of his faith as he believes and practices.

Snowbound Thoughts

I always said how glad I was to live in Pennsylvania. It seems a well-located state, with its own farm country and mountains, and close to the sea resorts. It is comforting to know that Pennsylvanians, through Nature's will, escape tornadoes, earthquakes, and have only mild hurricanes. And here I sit, after the late movie, looking out of the window. I can see for blocks around, and everything appears in a lovely blue-white caste. It's beautiful, but it also means we're snowed in!

I'm really not complaining about the snow. Just because the cold water pipes are frozen, and the hill I live on hasn't been shoveled yet from the first snow in December. Who cares if you can't get out and no one can get in? Really, we're lucky we're not the men on the snow plows. This snow is good for the ski resorts which didn't have any snow a couple of years ago. I can't ski, but it must be nice for somebody.

What I can't figure out is why Alaska is having a heat spell right at this time. Maybe the world is changing weatherwise and someday the cold will move to Australia and the warm to Pennsylvania and Siberia. I don't believe in regeneration.

Still, Pennsylvania is fine. The snow could have been worse. It could have snowed three feet at once instead of all together. But I've been thinking. You know, southern California might be a nice place to live.

On The Theory and Practice of Inclass Sleeping

by Dick Newcombe

Almost every college student feels, at one time or another, that he should improve his in-class sleeping habits. If you are a typical student, you have probably worried about this yourself. The chances are that you have done little about your ineptitude, or if you have, your attempts have been haphazard, unsystematic, and downright dangerous.

It is a common observation that any fool can sleep in class, and that he usually does. Unfortunately for the fool, he is usually detected by the instructor, and summarily ejected from the class. Why is he detected? Simply because he was ignorant enough to dare the Impolite Doze, a technique which is easily detectable by any competent instructor at a range of one hundred yards. The Impolite Doze, or I.D., was once widely practiced, but the high flunk-out rate of its disciples has today limited successful use of this technique to the larger state universities where classes are enormous and academic standards are low. The University of Virginia is an example. At this institution all students sleep through all classes. Perhaps the somewhat unique success of the I.D. at Virginia State is due to the notoriously demanding social life there. We can pass beyond the I.D. without further comment as it is obviously inappropriate to the demands of Ursinus College.

Before entering into a discussion of the next technique, the Polite, or Studied Nap, I should like to make a few cautionary remarks concerning instructors. Do not be deceived by their pay scales; instructors are not fools. Most of them have committed their lectures to memory, and their notes are merely a blind, behind which lie experienced and searching eyes. There is one professor at Brown University who lectures on English Literature; every day he brings to class what appear to be thirty pages of typed notes. Actually, these are essays handed in by one of his English Composition sections which he corrects as he lectures.

A trap for the unwary is the P.T.P., or Page Turning Pause. Let me illustrate. Ed Gooch is sleeping through an archaeology lecture. Suddenly, the steady drone of the prof's voice stops. Gooch, fuzzily suspecting that all eyes are upon him, jerks upright, drops his pen to the floor, and his clipboard on his neighbor's toe. Gooch has risen to the bait. Professor Potter, though grey-haired and near-sighted, has long been aware that students sleep in his classes. Simply by pausing to turn a page in his notes, he has "psyched" Gooch into the hook. Gooch's attempt to cover by faking an epileptic fit will not fool anyone.

Such mistakes are easily avoided by students of the Polite Nap. In the Polite Nap, as opposed to the Impolite Doze, the student goes to great lengths to look awake. As you may imagine, there is considerable subtlety and great breadth to the P.N.

For instance, there is the prop method. The student props one elbow on an arm rest and supports his nodding head in his hand. To achieve a realistically alert appearance, the student may insert a few books between his elbow and the arm rest. Thus he can look directly at the professor, perhaps agreeably nodding his head from time to time, and yet be blissfully asleep. A word of warning: do not use books with glossy covers; they slide. If the student sits fairly close to the lecturer, sunglasses may be utilized to hide the student's closed eyes. It may prove necessary to feign blindness and carry a cane to cover for the sunglasses. Another variation is where the student wears a Halloween mask. For best results, the student should carefully check the expression on the mask before wearing it to class.

A word or two should be said about some problems that may arise.

Beware of dreams. One of my best friends was brought to

grief in a Biology lecture when, in deep and undetected sleep, he began to dream about a recent date. Somehow he aroused the ire of a coed sitting next to him. With brutal force and unbecomingly malice she slammed an elbow into his solar plexus. The rest is too gruesome to relate.

Be careful when turning over a page of notes, as some clipboards have excessively strong springs. They snap shut with a considerable bang. Fingers have been lost in futile attempts to muffle this bang.

Do you snore? Snoring is to in-class sleeping as the common cold is to medical research. For long years it was the bane of all inclass sleepers, both expert and amateur. Recently a brilliant young student at M.I.T. came up with the following idea: it is impossible to snore with one's mouth full of jellybeans. In addition, jellybeans are harmless if swallowed, and make a reasonable nutritional substitute for breakfast. It is only fair to admit that some fieldworkers have reported difficulty in falling asleep while in this condition.

Remember, in classes as in drama, that a good exit can mend a miserable performance. Suppose that you have done so poorly that you are sure the instructor knows that you have been dozing. As the bell rings, jump from your seat and charge to the lectern. Then ask one of the following three types of questions: What does the pro-

(Continued on page 6)

Spanish Sketchbook THE MARRIAGE SITUATION

by Dave Williams

The marriage situation in Spain is a case in point when one considers the adverse and positive effects of national tradition. In Spain, every girl aims at a single goal: to be well married. All feminine education, from early childhood to college age, has marriage as its end. That is why Spanish girls cultivate so carefully the charms which I mentioned in my previous article. That is why they make faithful and dutiful wives.

Being a housewife is the only suitable profession for a Spanish girl. In a country which still firmly believes that a woman's place is in the home and in which there are not enough jobs even for men, the unmarried woman is quite definitively lost. This explains the large numbers of prostitutes and nuns.

Also indicative is this common sight: a pretty, well dressed eighteen year old girl walking arm in arm with her paunchy forty plus husband. I see nothing, short of an economic miracle which can correct this situation.

(This is the third in a series of Spanish Sketches by an Ursinus senior who spent his junior year in Spain.—ed.)

Welcome Back!

Friend:

Did you go home for vacation in the snow again? You wrote the weatherman a poison-pen letter?

Well, friend, how was your vacation?

Oh! Was it that bad? No friends were home? Your brother was there, and he still won't share the car?

You left home? Oh, the days your marks were to arrive. Only you misjudged, and came back the day they came? Poor friend.

The finger you sprained last vacation is better? But you broke your toe when you drop-kicked your biology book? And the doctor said he could either put your whole leg in a cast or go barefoot? And the snow made your toes turn purple?

Friend, did you say that you decided to work ahead over vacation? And the chapters you read aren't on your syllabus? Friend, the faculty is against you.

You're changing your major? You want to be undesignated all four years?

You returned to school late again? They didn't shovel your road for three days?

Well, friend, it's nice to have you back!

POOMER

by R. U. Guestin

Six o'clock on the last Friday of finals our adventure began. Two cars left Fetterolf loaded with boys and sleeping bags, girls and suitcases, food, one uke and a scruggin' banjo.

Maryland saw our first casualty. One car threw a rod. Four boys went back to Pennsylvania in it to pick up another car. We were heartbroken over our first misfortune. All the girls and their luggage were loaded into one car, along with two boys to do the driving. We made cheese sandwiches at the gas station stops. There are mustard stains and potato chip crumbs on the tops of gas pumps all the way to North Carolina. (That's where we got tired of these sandwiches.)

One of the places to hit on the trip is South of the Border, just over the South Carolina line. The ceiling of the dining room is covered with hats of assorted shapes and sizes. We pulled in for breakfast just after narrowly missing a head-on collision. Shortly after leaving South of the Border we had two more near head-ons. I'm quite convinced that the citizens of the Carolinas believe in driving on the lefthand side of the road.

The day was spent in observing Dixie from the "beautiful" Route 301—The Dixie Highway or Tobacco Road. The ice coating on the trees slowly disappeared as we traveled south and the signs of segregation increased. For the first time I saw motels and restaurants labeled "colored." I saw entrances to the same building — one saying "white" and the other "colored." I saw an old truck with "nigger" painted across it in white letters, parked in front of an old shanty.

Somewhere we had a flat tire and while the gas station attendant repaired it, our group of seven got out, stretched our legs and had a short scruggin' party.

At 7:30 on Saturday night we drove through a row of palm trees—the first of the trip. We were in Florida. After an orange juice stop when the girls called their respective parents, we traveled on. That was the longest part of the trip. We went across the Jacksonville bridge three times, at fifteen cents a throw. I think that the third time around the toll takers sensed that something was wrong. Our crowning accomplishment was traveling north at 60 miles an hour on U.S. Route 1 South. It's the oddest sensation to be riding on the wrong side of a dividing strip. Cars bear down on you blinking their lights, blaring their horns; people hang out of the windows as they wave frantically and point across the highway.

Somewhere around Vero Beach we all went slightly crazy. In fact, one of our drivers was climbing a coconut palm tree at a gas station stop. I guess five women babbling in his ear for thirty five hours was enough to set him off.

After getting lost in Fort Lauderdale we pulled into the Egret Apartments at 5:30 in the morning — a bedraggled, tired, hungry, cramped but happy group. The tropical breeze had awakened us. We were here.

We woke up our landlord. As we stood in the motel office we heard him dressing. When he came out to the desk he looked at the clock and grimaced. I felt better; he looked worse than we did.

First thing we did was to make grilled cheese sandwiches and coffee. We all took showers and slept. We awoke to the sound of bongos.

"Who the devil would be playing bongos at this hour of the morning?"

But it wasn't morning, it was four o'clock in the afternoon. No wonder the other guests around the pool looked at us oddly as we wandered outside and cheerfully greeted everyone, "Good morning." We discovered that the bongos belonged to a group of fellows from Illinois who were staying in the next apartment. They had been beating our alarm clock for three hours. In the other apartment were some girls from Michigan. We all got acquainted and from that moment on, our Ursinus apartment became the base of operations for parties.

Later in the day when everyone was sitting around talking, playing bridge and generally relaxing, we heard a call.

"Poomer."

The rest of our Ursinus group fell through our door. We fell on their necks and they collapsed. We fortified them with coffee and listened to the story of their trip. Our two drivers stopped back to our apartment. They were happier to see the rest of the group than we girls were. (I think the motive was purely selfish—safety in numbers.)

That night we had a party on our patio — 19 boys and girls from Illinois, Michigan and Ursinus, one set of bongos, a strummin' uke, a scruggin' banjo, singing voices and refreshments. (Mr. Bliss, our landlord, is tops.) Our vacation had begun.

Some aspects of Lauderdale life:

The boys in the next apartment had rationed themselves to two scoops of peanut butter per day as their diet. They had had to spend their food money to get their car fixed. We fed them some cold leftover franks and some slightly odorous potato salad.

An Ursinus man caught a 6'7" sailfish. We had 14½ pounds of smoked sailfish meat.

Water skiing is expensive and it makes one black and blue.

An Ursinus girl learned the difference between a Chrysler and a Chevrolet early one morning. She walked the length of Fort Lauderdale looking for our car.

We had a birthday beach party for one of our girls. By the way, Fort Lauderdale doesn't have any bakeries within walking distance of the Elbo Room. Evenings at home are quiet. Parties begin at midnight.

Never try to get rid of leftovers in a meatloaf. The smell is overpowering.

Seagulls are not timid. A whole flock of them hovered over us on the beach for longer than was comfortable.

The Fontainebleu is the only hotel in Miami Beach that doesn't advertise its name to the passing public. By the way, for those of you who watch "Surfside 6," there is a houseboat anchored across from the Fontainebleu.

We watched one of the television programs especially designed to teach English to the Cuban refugees who flood into Miami every day. It was very different.

We were close enough to Cape Canaveral to consider a trip there to watch the chimp shot into space. We never quite made it, though.

You can have a steak dinner for \$1.69 in Miami Beach right on the fabulous "strip." The steak comes directly from the cattle raised on the Everglades grazing lands. We saw the cattle grazing among the palm trees on our return trip.

In Fort Lauderdale the police don't give you a ticket for speeding, just a warning. The second time they skip the ticket and just throw the offender in jail.

The ratio of boys to girls down there is ten to one.

As I sit here with snow blindness and frost bite, all I can imagine are graceful palms, rolling waves, tropical flowers, long stretches of beaches, warm soft zephyrs and easy living.

Yes, we found out where the boys are and that's where five girls want to be again.

"Good-bye, Mr. Bliss, we'll all see you next year."

"Okay, kids. Wave as you go by."

NUMBER 1

What use is it to struggle and to fight,
To work and starve to live another day,
When man gains nothing from his daily trials,
And labors patiently for nothing more
Than just enough to buy his daily bread;
For shelter to protect him from the storms,
A place to lay his head to gain his strength
To rise at dawn to start another day
Of work to live a few more hours?
What does man gain, what deeds will live to show
That he was born and lived and worked and died?
What things will prove that it was not in vain?
—Sulu

On the Movie Scene

by John Piston

Not so long ago Hollywood reigned supreme as world movie-maker, and foreign films attracted little, if any, attention. In the past few years, however, foreign movies have become increasingly popular with critics and public alike, possibly due to the lack of really good American productions. By no means are the following four movies, which this writer has recently seen, necessarily the best of foreign film producers this year. The list should be considerably longer, but these four are currently playing in the Philadelphia area.

Ingmar Bergman has taken a medieval European folktale and transformed it into a brutal Swedish film entitled "The Virgin Spring." The legend tells of a young girl who falls victim to a rape-murder in the forest, and of her father's retaliation when the three murderers are foolish enough to stay the night at his farm. Bergman's treatment of such a theme is outspoken and often crude, but always powerful in its impact. The rape-murder scene is brilliant to the last detail, so brilliant that the mass murder scene of the father's revenge to follow is almost anti-climactic. The photography is excellent, and adds to the feeling that the viewer is actually intruding on the privacy of these farmers. Bergman will find it hard to better his reputation in future films.

In a lighter vein is the Greek film "Never on Sunday," the story of a woman of ill repute in a seaport city of Greece. Maybe such a subject is a matter of individual taste to the viewer, but there is a yet deeper problem in this film which is in itself a matter for discussion: a clash between the happy, uninhibited life of the sensualist and the more philosophical morality of the "civilized" world. The American visiting this Greek seaport, who incidentally is portrayed in an often disturbing light reflecting the popular foreign conception of the American tourist, attempts to convert his newfound friend away from her physical life toward a more cultural and spiritual one. But he overlooks the fact that this prostitute is more than satisfied in her own world and faces a rather rude awakening when Homer, the American (his parents loved anything Greek), asks her to accept a new way of life with new standards of morality. In such a story as this Melinda Mercouri is engaging in her characterization of the free-loving Greek woman. The film leaves us with one consolation, or should I say triumph: after Homer gives up in his experiment to change his female friend's way of life, he openly admits that his motives have been mixed. Again, dear reader, a matter of taste?

"The Grass is Greener" is an American-produced British film, photographed in England with three British-born stars, so it can fairly be classified as a foreign film. This nonsensical study of the modern British nobility has been called by some the greatest thing in light comedy since "The Philadelphia Story." Let's not be too sure, for the movie does have its drawbacks. The script is often downright ridiculous, and the characters seem just a shade unrealistic. But to its wit and fine cast "The Grass is Greener" is deeply indebted. Little can be said of Cary Grant that hasn't already been said, so here we can only add another affirmation that he is a master of sophisticated humor. Skipping along we find his wife, Deborah Kerr, hopelessly caught up in the middle of the whole thing. A zany Jean Simmons and an unruffled Robert Mitchum, the stray American, round out the cast. By the way, whatever happened to the olden days of British nobility with its legitimate dueling?

"The Savage Innocents," a rather misleading title for such a brilliant sociological study, is the joint effort of several countries. This part-dramatization, part-narrative of the Eskimo unfolds a little-known way of life at the top of the world. Child-birth, the old-age problem, morality, survival against nature—all are dealt with in this story of an isolated people. The underlying purpose of the entire motion picture is to point out the large part that tradition and environment play in our lives, and the fact that a meeting of two different cultures often leads to open conflict. There is an everpresent subtlety in the

Thoughts at Broad and Locust

by Susan Korte

The dirty slush of city snow and the threat of slippery highways did not prevent 35 Ursinus students from attending the third in the series of Philadelphia Orchestra Senior Student Concerts. The inclement weather did show its effect in many vacant seats in the Academy; however, those music enthusiasts present were once again warmed by the cordial, friendly greeting of Eugene Ormandy.

In introducing the first number of Monday night's program, "Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla" from Wagner's *Das Rheingold*, Mr. Ormandy explained that this particular work was seldom heard even though he felt the moment of the "Entrance of the Gods" was thrilling and stirring. The violins and flutes took a brilliant and sparkling role in this particular number. On the whole, however, I could understand why this number might have remained unheard in musical circles, since I found it lacking in the color and true emotion that Wagner is so capable of producing as evidenced in such works as the Chorus from *Tannhauser*.

Patti Jean Thompson, a soprano, and Rodney Steinberg, a baritone, contributed to the program by singing excerpts from Verdi's *La Traviata*. Miss Thompson, a post-graduate student at Curtis Institute, sang "Ah! fissa e lui" and "Simplice libera." In the first piece the young soprano showed her talent in her ability in good phrasing and voice control. Her promise as a potential coloratura was displayed in "Simplice Libera" where she sang runs with clear precision and ease. The higher notes of her range seemed strained and unnatural . . . the kind that make the audience hold its breath in nervous anticipation and sympathy.

The baritone, Rodney Steinberg, sang "Di Provenza il mar" from *La Traviata* adequately but certainly not outstandingly. His voice lacked the richness, power, and warmth that baritones usually possess; however, there are some who disagree with my astute, brilliant, professional comments (namely those who awarded him the Belle Isle Vocal Audition Prize in 1954 in Detroit).

Both artists were received and appreciated enthusiastically by the audience and both show promise with more guidance by their teacher, Mme. Eufemia Giannini Gregory and a few more years at Curtis Institute.

To me the icing that topped the cake was the second part of the program, excerpts from Tchaikovsky's ballet *The Sleeping Beauty* Op. 66 with the Julliard Dance Ensemble. Although it didn't quite measure up to the perfected standards of a group such as the Royal Ballet, the ensemble did a very fine job in dancing this gay and charming work.

The outstanding dances were the waltz, "Aurora's Variation" with a very talented young dancer, Chilko Kikuchi dancing the solo part, and Floristan and his two sisters. The part of Horitan was danced by Mr. William Louther who was by far the most gifted, agile, and graceful male dancer in the Ensemble. His talent was so outstanding that I thought it too bad he wasn't given more of a part in the program. Two alumna of Julliard, Ilona Hirsch and Jennifer Mosley, helped highlight the program along with the aforementioned Miss Kikuchi and Mr. Louther in their respective roles in "The Blue Bird

film when it studies the contacts of the Eskimo with the white man, for there is a strong suggestion that the white man is the victim of his own civilization. The film focuses upon a murder, purely unintentional, and the conflict which results from two different cultural interpretations of justice. There is rather convincing evidence that the white man comes out on the short end of the stick.

These four foreign films are an indication that Hollywood is no longer dominant on the motion picture scene, and that foreign films are gaining in stature and reputation. Granted, there are some American films worthy of critical appraisal, and the best of all these countries is proof that the making of a fine motion picture is not a lost art.

Meal Time Mess

by R. L. Stevenson

Perhaps feeding a baby ought not to be called a process, but I find it to be a laborious one. Books on child care give rules to follow in getting nourishment into the young child; however, they say nothing about the nourishment that remains outside the child—for instance in the hair, the eyes, and even at times, in the ears of the child; on the walls, the floor and on that valiant, tragic figure of the one who stands in the direct firing line, persistently attempting to FEED the child! Having a fourteen month old brother, I have had some practical experience in the process of feeding a baby, especially my brother Bobby.

The first thing to do is attempt to prepare the meal without Bobby seeing it. If he does see the jars of baby food, or me handling his food, he immediately tries to speed up my preparations. Naturally, his hugging me around the knees only hinders me. The only thing to do with Bobby after he has seen me preparing his food is to put him in his chair and endure his loud protestations. If I have been lucky enough to escape his notice, he ambles contentedly around the living and dining rooms with a deceptive innocence.

After warming his strained carrots, beef, and pears (notice the color combination which must be appealing to his eye), I put the food in his plate and go to get him. After a slight struggle over fastening his bib, Bobby sits quietly in his chair and we are both ready to proceed. No, the bib is not tied to the chair, although this appealing idea has often occurred to me. Another idea would be to tie his hands down at this point, but all pediatricians say that this restraint would inhibit the baby and make him feel unloved. I really do not see why the child feels love when he is allowed to wash his hands in his meal and then smear the meal all over himself, his table—everything in his reach.

Bobby is such a good boy, he even helps me feed him. One small hand comes out to grab his spoon; the next thing I know there is a blob of pears on the wall and Bobby is triumphantly waving his spoon in victory. Gently, I pry his fist from around the spoon and start over. Spoonful after spoonful I place in his mouth. I am amazed when some actually goes down the natural channels.

When Mother comes in to survey the damage done to her darling son and her clean breakfast room, she is stunned by the disarray we two can accomplish in a half hour. It also is remarkable to me how she is able to tell what I fed Bobby; she looks

at him, at me, and at the floor and says unerringly, "Did you enjoy your carrots, beef and pears?" Bobby looks up innocently and beams at her as if to say, "Oh yes! And did I ever exasperate my sister." At that point, I am exasperated.

The last step is difficult. Bobby has finished his meal and wants to get out of his chair and play, immediately if not before. I cannot comply with his wishes until I wash his hands and face—a job which takes a long time. Of course, he does not cooperate. As I finish wiping one hand and start on the other, Bobby carefully places the clean hand in a spot of food on his table. I have thought of cleaning the table first, but then he places his dirty hands on it and smears. I do manage after great effort to clean him and the table, and my work is not in vain. It is satisfying to know that in the end I have won the round with Bobby. Of course, in four short hours, the clock will chime the start of another round in which I might not be the victor but the vanquished.

The whole program was presented by aspiring young artists not much older than we are at the onset of a promising career on the stage. This is what made February 6 an especially unique and refreshing night at Broad and Locust: students giving and receiving bound by a beautiful rapport of communication, appreciation, and reliance.

Man Over Beasts

by Cindy Morris

What is more desirable, the high plane to which God has elevated man over the beasts of the field so that he may seek out God, or the blindness of the beasts?

The doubter may feel that man is in no way different from the beasts of the field. He believes that the intellect is simply man's weapon for survival. Every beast has been provided by nature with the means to secure its own existence and to propagate its own kind. Man, instead of using claws and fangs, makes use of his intellect and with it has conquered the strongest beasts. Is there any proof that we are better than the beasts?

The greatness of God is known by His creations. If God had made us equal with the beasts, why has He planted in us the hunger and thirst after knowledge of Him? Why do we not eat our food contentedly and why do we not submit without question to being devoured by the stronger? When we seek God, we know God IS. The peoples of the world who make idols with their own hands and bow down to them have done this because they seek God and long for Him. Through their idols they worship the one living Creator. Even though they are blinded to the truth, their hearts long for God.

The doubter may argue that our intellect is not a virtue, but a defect, because it does not enable us to reach the truth. And in this respect we are like the beasts, because we shall never come to the ultimate truth. He believes that our reason is the only thing we have with which we can even attempt to find the smallest particle of truth.

The truth is hidden from reason and knowledge. There is only one faculty which enables man to perceive some truth from the vast unknown; that faculty is faith. The way to faith is shown by faith itself. The hunger for God is the apprehension of God. He reveals Himself to all who seek Him.

Did You Know . . .

(Continued from page 3)

once he had derived from serving as the state P.F.T.A. President, Ed, a psych major, said "meeting people—all of them, but especially the noted people in the education field."

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"THERE'S MORE BETWEEN US THAN MERE PHYSICAL ATTRACTION....THERE HAS TO BE."

the PRESSBOX

by Jerry Morita

Coach Warren Frey is in a Norristown hospital because of an unfortunate illness; we wish him well and a quick recovery. Ursinus' new mentor, Coach Handwerk, has taken over the Bears' Varsity B-ball squad as well as maintaining sway over his impressive Junior Varsity five, which ran their victory log to a 9-2 record with a win over Johns Hopkins. Protem-Coach Handwerk juggled the varsity line-up, used former J.V. standards, and experimented in general and it worked; the result was victory over Haverford, a team that "scomped" the Bears in the first semester encounter. Re-making the team that has shown little all season and by making the juggling work is impressive if not even amazing. Victories are supposedly a great nostrum for defeatist attitudes, and it was good to see Ursinus down its arch-rival, Haverford, and easily overwhelm the Hopkins' five. The team is beginning to look like a team; yet in the juggling process, was it necessary to drop two varsity members from the squad this late in the season? The "guillotining" does not seem to set right for all the time and sweat expended.

There is a problem that should be settled with respect to the varsity-intra-mural program. Under the present rules no individual who letters in a given sport may participate in that given intra-mural sport, and the rule is a continuous one that remains in effect throughout the individual's college stay at Ursinus. For example, if Joe Smith letters in football his freshman year, and because of studies, riding the bench, ineligibility, or for any other good, bad, or indifferent reason decides not to go out again, he is disbarred from ever participating in intra-mural football. The reason given for the rule runs through a labyrinthine gambit from just limitation in the intramural program to attracting players from the varsity teams. No matter what side an Ursinus student may take in regards to the validity of the ruling, the end decision emanates from the question, what is the purpose of intra-murals? Does the program exist for exercise, friendly competition, or for the benefit of the student body to take advantage of the program for whatever the individual's reasons? It seems to me, that if a letter winner decides not to go out for the sport, that is his prerogative, and the athletic department should not arbitrarily deny him participation in intramurals for his decision.

Of course some may say why the argument? Circumvention of the rule takes place all the time. This situation is true, for by consent of the opposition team any branded player may participate against the consenting team. Yet this courtesy has resulted in confusion, since it is contrary to the rule, there have been protests when benevolent teams suddenly find themselves losers and decisions have been known to fall on either side of the fence. This writer feels that circumvention of the rule is not the question but rather that the rule itself is wrong; the ruling makes a letter winner in this instance like the recipient of a purple heart—

(Continued on page 6)

Wrestlers Score Another Victory, Defeat E-Town

The UC grapplers downed the Elizabethtown wrestling team last Saturday by a 29-3 count. Losing only one match, the Bears rolled up their most one-sided victory in years.

Chris Fuges at 123 defeated Gary Taul 10-1. Chris was on top for virtually the entire match and just missed a pin with a cradle in the second period. Ted Zartman kept the ball rolling by pinning Jim Balmer in 2:59 with a body press. Ted's pin came just before the buzzer and UC fans felt that the victory was ours. At 137 Jeff Clark decisioned Joe Moore by a 5-0 margin. It was the first win in two starts for freshman Clark, who should do some valuable wrestling for UC in the future.

The best match of the night was a return engagement between Dick Dean and Jim Weaver. Despite losing consciousness



Dick Dean Decisioned Jim Weaver

in the final period, Weaver wrestled a determined match, reversing Dean in the final period. However, once again Dean knew too much and defeated Weaver 5-2. E-town then forfeited the 157 lb. match and Ursinus took a 19-0 lead.

Jim Riddle then pinned Larry Brown in 5:15 with a half and crotch. Jim's amazing strength stood him in good stead. At 177 Roy DeBeer dropped a 5-0 decision to Dick Long. Long had only lost one match all year, and had his hands full with the determined DeBeer.

Wil Abele then finished the scoring with a 2:17 pinning of Galen Lehman. Will used his arm bar to perfection in flattening his opponent.

The victory was a refreshing sight for the UC fans, as the Bears raised their record to 3-1, and showed promise of really rolling up a fine season.

Lassies Topple Strong Crusaders; Downed by Grads

Phila. Bible College Game

The varsity squad of coach Eleanor Snell marched the Crusaders of the Philadelphia College of Bible right into the pitfall of defeat to the tune of 69-54 in the opening game of this hoop season. Carrying the Ursinus banner was ace forward Anne Sansenbach, who chalked up 23 points. Lynn Crossley added another 19 and Lore Hamilton chucked in 13 digits for the day's work.

The Crusaders found trouble in scoring from the start as the defense unit of Carol Bentley, Winnie Miller, and Ace Burgoon broke up the would-be scoring plays. After whipping the host team in the first half of action by the log of 43-21, the Ursinus lassies retained a considerable lead throughout the entire game. Pat Hoehl led the second line of attack with nine points, while Gail Brinton and June Ritting collected with for another five markers. Guards Sally Andrews, and Carol Taney kept the Philly kids away from the basket long enough to wrap up the UC victory.

Gwynedd Mercy Game

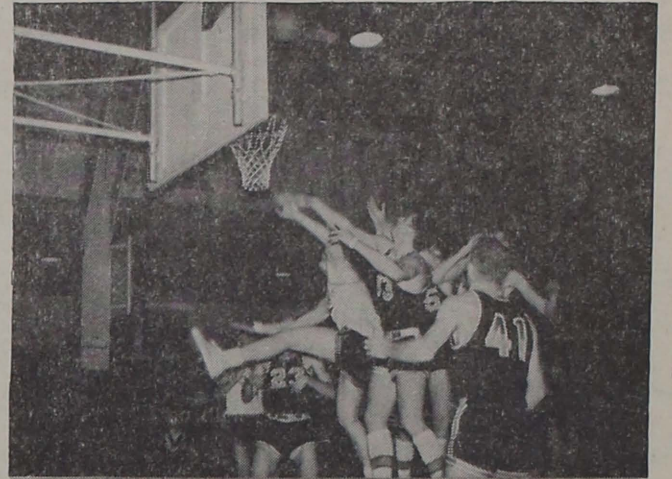
Gwynedd Mercy found the Ursinus unit too much to cope with as the J.V. team trounced the visiting gals 59-18 on the Collegeville hardwood. Defeat came swiftly as the U.C. gals poured on a host of baskets early in the first stanza of action. Big guns of the game were Gail Brinton, Susie Gerhard, Joan Fry, and June Ritting. Playing "heads-up" basketball from the opening whistle 'til the last basket, the U.C. defense put Gwynedd at Ursinus' mercy with Carol Taney, Sally Bastow, and Dolly Procak spearheading the anti-scoring campaign. Gwynedd chalked up 13 counters in the first half and could only squeeze five more in the second stanza. As the final buzzer sounded, the gals of old U.C. picked up another lopsided victory.

Following in the victory steps of the J.V. clan, the Ursinus third squad halted the visiting Mercy team by the score of 39-14. Jane Eyre, freshman forward, led the scoring punch by dumping in 14 counters.

Alumnae Game

The Ursinus alumnae returned to the Collegeville hardwood to teach the varsity squad a lesson or two in basketball as they pounded out a 68-41 victory. Vonnice Gros racked up 28 big points and last year's lead-

Varsity Five Overpower Johns Hopkins, Fords



Dryfoos Drives in for Another Goal

Johns Hopkins Game

The Ursinus Bears won their first home basketball game of the season by defeating Johns Hopkins University 83-68 on Saturday evening. The Bears, who are now 4-9 overall for the year, defeated Johns Hopkins by combining a steady offense with a strong defense. UC took an early lead in the game and were never in any real trouble. The Bears' offense did a fine job and scored more than forty points in each half.

The Bears did a tremendous job in the vital rebounding department. Denny Gould, Walt Dryfoos, and Pete Wise controlled the boards throughout the game. This proficiency enabled the Bears to get many easy baskets. Barry Williamson, an ag-

gressive backcourt operative, did noteworthy job on both offense and defense. Barry's addition to the varsity has made an improvement in the all-around play of the team.

Walt Dryfoos (29 points) and Denny Gould (19 points) were high scorers in the strong Ursinus attack.

J.V. Game

The Ursinus JV's had to go all out to defeat a stubborn Johns Hopkins team. Hopkins led throughout most of the game, but the junior varsity rallied to tie the game 57-57 at the end of regular play. The "little" Bears eventually won the double overtime 71-65.

Chuck Schaal with 19 points and Walt Korenkiewicz with 17 points were the high scorers for the Bears. The JV's record now stands at an impressive nine wins and two losses.

Haverford Game

The Bears journeyed to Haverford on Wednesday night to take on the Fords in a return match in basketball. Despite a slow start the Bears emerged victorious 80-74. Haverford had been favored before the game by as much as 17 points.

The Bears started slowly and were soon behind by 19-5. At this point Bill Daggett and Larry Koch entered the game and the Bears seemed to perk up and started to peek away at the lead until they had narrowed it to 35-32 at halftime. Bill Daggett had very hot hands during the second quarter as he threw in shot after shot. He bit on our bounders and jump shots from all over the floor.

The second half was only a few minutes old when the Bears had forged into a one point lead. This had lasted only a short time as Haverford threw in two last baskets and regained the lead. Bill Erb started to come alive for Haverford. The Fords held the lead until 12:50 of the third period when Walt Dryfoos sank two fouls to give the Bears a lead at 57-56 which they never relinquished. It was at this point that Walt Dryfoos, high man for the Bears with 21 points, came alive. He started to hit on his fall away jump shot in the key and the Bears' lead mounted. Haverford stayed close, mainly due to Bill Erb who hit on everything he threw at the basket, but he had little help after Tom DeBello fouled out with two minutes remaining. From there in the Bears stayed comfortably in front until the final buzzer.

Barry Williams, playing his first varsity game for the Bears after two seasons of JV ball, looked very impressive as a playmaker. Some of the shots he threw up that went in the basket had his defensive man dumbfounded.

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Greek Gleanings

Here is what has been happening in the sororities and fraternities at Ursinus during the past week.

Zeta Chi

Saturday morning, February the eleventh, the brothers of Zeta Chi and the sisters of Tau Sigma Gamma held a Valentine's Day party for thirty orphans.

Congratulations to George Martin on his engagement during the Christmas holidays to Jill Childe, once a student at Ursinus.

Plans are being made for the first annual newsletter to be published later on in the month.

Those new bright gold and black sweatshirts seen on campus belong to Zeta Chi.

Delta Pi Sigma

Congratulations are expressed to last year's president of Delta Pi, Lynn Graburn on his recent engagement and also to Mills Jensen on his engagement.

A Memorial Fund is presently being established in honor of John C. Boyer.

Delta Mu Sigma

The brothers of Demas congratulate Jim Sandercock on his recent engagement to a coed from East Stroudsburg.

Last Friday night a bowling party was held at Ken's Lanes.

The climax of the raffle selling took place on Saturday night at the Beta Sig fraternity party when the winners of the contest were announced; there were Mr. James M. Miller, Jr., and Douglas Kuhn.

Sigma Rho Lambda

Members of Sigma Rho Lambda have collected a total of \$3,173.89 for the Sigma Rho Lambda Fraternity Scholarship.

Phi Alpha Psi

The sisters of Phi Alpha Psi extend best wishes to Georgia Alexander on her recent marriage to Joe Billger, a student at East Stroudsburg.

Beta Sigma Lambda

The brothers of Beta Sigma Lambda held a "New Year's Eve" party at the Eagle's in Pottstown on February 11.

Alpha Sigma Nu

Alpha Sigma Nu is currently making plans for money making projects for the Campus Chest.

Tau Sigma Gamma

Sisters of Tau Sig held an orphans party with Zeta Chi on Saturday.

Omega Chi

The sisters of Omega Chi give best wishes to three members of their group who have recently been pinned: Joanne Lewis to Guy Fink of Alpha Phi Epsilon, Pattie Whittick to Joe Piech of Rider College, and Jean McGill to Tom Wise of Alpha Phi Epsilon.

In the following weeks, members will be selling chocolate-assorted boxes of candy.

During the semester vacation, the group went to New York for lunch and a show.

Letters . . .

(Continued from page 2)

this same procedure, but most of the articles printed on page two consider only what we 'should do'.

If you would speak of respect for writers, for individuals by their actions and not by their persons, we must have principles to practice, to live by.

Dear Editor,

Upon reading B. Barrow's "Special Feature," which I found neither special nor much of a feature, I was motivated to write this letter.

On the Theory . . . (Continued from page 3) fessor, sir, think of subject A (the professor wrote his doctoral thesis on subject A); Doesn't the professor, sir, think that recent work in subject B (the class subject) will shatter (or support) contemporary moral (or religious) beliefs?

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Seven Weeks . . .

(Continued from page 2)

Leaving Paris we went to Toulouse, once the capital of southern France, now filled with old churches and castles and still called "La Ville Rose."

In Switzerland our arrival and departure were heralded by natural illuminations. For in Geneva the 400 foot "Jet d'eau" greeted us, rising like an American geyser from the Lake and pointing its spectral white finger into the sky.

(Continued Next Week)

Swimming Schedule

Table with 2 columns: Date/Event and Location/Time. Includes entries for Feb 15-22, Mar 6-8, Mar 14-21.

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Cindy Benner is R & B Contest Rep

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Cindy Benner is the Student Representative who is conducting the "Silver Opinion Competition" for Reed & Barton at Ursinus.

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The Press Box . . .

(Continued from Page 5)

both have to suffer an inconvenience to receive the award.

Ursinus grapplers looked like terrors on the mat against Elizabethtown. Although some decried that the E-town team members were "fishes" except for Dean's and DeBeer's men, the victory-slaughter was nonetheless enjoyable to watch, in a bone-crunching sort of way.

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One Semester

Eugene Andes, Joseph Antenson, Janice Dilliplane, Barbara Greim, Patricia Hill, Joan Kleinhoff, Jacqueline Kroschwitz, Caroline Moretz, George Rutledge, Lawrence Snyder, R. Susan Summers, Bonnie Willson, Herbert Woldoff, Sharon Canning.

Two Semesters

Stephen Connor, Marjorie Pefle.

Three Semesters

Marianne Kulaski, Judith Armstrong, Carolyn Baumgard, John Bean, Judith Benedini, Michael Bernstein, Michael Boris, George Brackin, Roger Brittain, James Daly, Murray Feldstein, Toby Gelfand, Elsa Janle, Ralph Johnson, Daniel Karsch, Clifford Kuhn, William Laverell, Marian Leahy, Anne Mendelson, H. Jane Mikuliak, David Norman, John Reynolds, James Ryan, Beverly Schill, Vernon Schurr, Gilbert Templeton, Carole Widmaier, Stephen Wurster, Elizabeth Yost.

Five Semesters

Margaret Oppenheimer, Lynne Crosley, Mary Dassler, Barbara Eichel, Bernice Facchinetti, Georgia Ferrell, Benjamin Fisher, Robert Fleming, Margaret Fry, Joan Grace, Donald Henry, Byron Hurwitz, Jane Johnson, Michael Kelemen, Charles Klie-man, Joy Kline, Marcia Kressler,

Diana Kyak, Richard Levine, JoAnne Lewis, William Mast, Beryl Matthews, Richard Maves, Linda Peiffer, Barbara Pietsch, Barbara Rachunis, Craig Reckard, Stephen Reso, Suzanne Richards, Arnold Rosenbaum, Susan Schnabel, Margaret Selgrath, Anne Sellers, Walter Schwartzkopf, Lawrence Test, Charlotte Vandermark, Robert Vannucci, Jane Walter, Caroline Weller, Patricia Whittick, Peter Wise, Jack McCrae, Suzanne Follett.

Six Semesters

Bruce Koch, Maryann Mazurek, Victoria Miller, Ronald Sandberg, Robert Shisler.

Seven Semesters

Georgia Alexander, Cynthia Benner, Carol Bentley, Nancy Brill, Joan Church, David Darley, Barbara Dean, Roger Eichlin, Sallie Eikner, David Emery, Christine Freed, Barbara Gattiker, Dennis Gould, Dorothy Haggerty, Rae Alderfer, Elizabeth Heale, Patricia Hoehl, Carol Lee Koffke, Dorothea Lamm, Richard Levitt, Dominic Misciascio, Vernon Morgan, Herbert Murphy, Jean Pettigrew, Eleanor Rankin, Gail Rice, Alan Rosenberg, Sharyn Sands, John Santosuso, Susan Scherr, Bruce Sherman, Glenn Snyder, Adele Statzell, Sandra Stevens, Walter Stickle, Gail Tripician, Patricia Tucker, Jessica Wetterau, Virginia Woodward, Lynne Yonker, Rita Banning, William Boyle.

Editorial . . .

(Continued from page 2)

estly and honestly his thoughts on topics relevant to the athletic program here.

What about the critical material that I allow to be printed? Yes, I do occasionally print articles that criticize some aspect of our college life, if these articles are just. Again, I attempt to present both sides of any issue.

Why should I have the privilege of judging material? It is my job. How do I do it? I depend solely on taste—mine, with the occasional advice of my staff.

These things then comprise the policy which I, and my staff, have followed and will continue to follow—at least until someone shows me a GOOD reason for any alteration.

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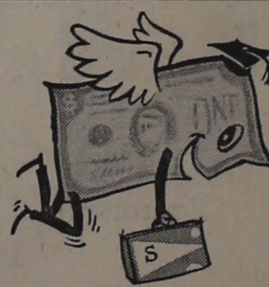
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