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Jean Stewart
Ursinus College

Charles Stahl
Ursinus College


William Lukens
Ursinus College

Sally Canan
Ursinus College

Joane Hamilton Black
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Jean Stewart, Charles Stahl, William Lukens, Sally Canan, Joane Hamilton Black, David Hallstrom, Philip G. Lewis, Marna Feldt, Jonni Graf, Joan Sapp, and William LeKernec

The LANTERN

SPRING ISSUE, 1957

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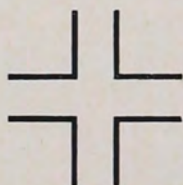
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The LANTERN

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"A Tiny Figure Tattered & Torn"

. . . a tiny figure, tattered and torn appears in the wings, dragging a large Irish mail, on the side of which is written "jazzy jokes, peppy patter, clammy cliches; juggles, balances, rides the one-wheeled bicycle; will travel, will not follow seal act, will not follow dog act; can keep eight Indian clubs in the air simultaneously, will not follow seal act, but will travel."

(Fade up sensuous blues, or perhaps off-beat bop.)

The time must be correct and proper, the time must be right and the setting done by a hand that is skilled, a hand that is practiced, a hand that has been around, a hand that has felt the places of smoke and haze, a hand that has lived . . . All things are completely relative—to a man who has had no coffee in years, a cup of coffee, though it was boiled four days before, is a good cup of coffee. And the clams on the beach are restless, while a few fiddler-crabs scuttle across the sand and a few land-crabs go seeking for prey . . .

As long as there is music, as long as there are songs to be sung, pages to be shuffled, odes to be read to one another, we shall not be completely lost, until, unless, someone reaches for the lights . . . and so the pseudo-ones shall be served, as long as there are those who will listen, those will fill the leather seats . . .

. . . ah yes, that's the way it is, and as it should be; some people have mastered it and some have not—the art of double-talk, that is. He's insidious, this man Shepherd, watch him! He'll lull you into a sense of false security with his soothing, inconsequential chatter. Then suddenly, before you're even aware of it, he'll start selling you records. Don't doubt it; we know how the man operates. He's subtle, but look out; he's trying to sell you something. In himself, he's really harmless, and we've really become rather attached to him, but he stands for something not quite so innocent. It's the double-talk craze. It's not sweeping the country; rather, it is just insinuating itself, very slowly worming its way securely into the American way of life. There are other manifestations that we've observed and no doubt you've seen them too. Christopher Fry, for example, often seems profound—ha! Seventy-five per cent double talk! Beautiful, yes, but just double-talk. There are the short stories of Truman Capote, which sometimes leave you with that just-got-off-a-merry-go-round feeling. Then of course, there is double-talk poetry:

There are three animals who follow me,
The lion, the leopard, and the chimpanzee.
You cannot twist the lion's tail, . . .
For brine's a brisker brew than ale.
(Oh where is the fury of the lion?
Oh comic monkey the might of Zion
Has reduced your part to the sale
Of hearts and the New Oxford Jail
And the leopard is the spotted whale.)

We're quoting from "Quentin Compson, a soliloquy" by David Clay Jenkins. The poem

appeared in *Poetry Magazine*, February, 1952. Don't examine this poem too closely; you may reach the conclusion that the poet is raving mad. He's not really; he's just expressing himself, and perhaps his childhood was blighted by a mad passion for a Spanish nurse who spoke nothing but an obscure Hindu dialect which he didn't understand. Anyway, you get the idea — double-talk is selling these days. If you think you're going bughouse, take time out to examine yourself and your world. We think you'll find that you're not in such bad shape after all.

And then there are the inarticulate. Now there's a word. It's quite a mouthful. It means those who cannot express themselves. We suppose it means voiceless, literally. It really has a much broader meaning, however, that of expression. He who is inarticulate lacks communication with those about him. Naturally, he's a rather lonely soul. Human beings are gregarious creatures, and to lack communication must be just about the worst thing that can happen to one of them. We all should have some means of expressing ourselves, of communicating. There are some gifted individuals who communicate by painting. Others express themselves by writing music or by interpreting the music of others. Still other people have the talent of writing poetry that speaks for them.

If we cannot be poets or artists or musicians, however, we have left to us the most universal and versatile means of expression — that of words. Conversing or writing, we are expressing ourselves with words, and it then becomes only a matter of degree as to how much or how well we express ourselves. The important thing is that we're communicating. We can share our emotions and experiences; then it's not quite so lonely. Some of us will unburden ourselves on paper, others will talk it out, and some people will do both. Whichever we do, we need people to share our experiences. As long as there are those to read what we have written or to hear what we say, we may express ourselves.

What of the diffident? the inarticulate? Must they forever go in silence, set apart from the rest? Why? Life is an important and interesting thing. It is meant to be shared and shared widely. The written word can reach far more people than the unaided voice. Everyone has something to say. Why must so many remain silent? Is it from fear of themselves or those about them? People are the same; they like to be liked. But how can we like someone who don't know? We can only know a few people by direct association; others we must know by what they say. For Pete's sake, say something so that we can decide what you are, who you are, and if we like you.

By which you are not to infer that we are in the market for double-talk. That's the sad part about the people who use it. They are not really communicating. They may be transmit-

ting emotion (sometimes even fail in this), but they're really not expressing themselves intelligibly. And there is the tragedy; that human beings, needing sympathy as they do, instead alienate themselves because people do not understand them or their means of expression. Human nature is such that when something is different or incomprehensible, we may fear or dislike it, and so flee it or attack it, reacting, at any rate, in a hostile manner. Give us no double-talk. Express yourself clearly and directly. We'll try to follow you.

If you've stayed with us this far, you've got the idea of this editorial. It's nothing more or less than a blast at the creeping horror, double-talk. Nothing we say can make you realize the viciousness of this threat, the dangers it may expose us to. Once infected, a victim finds himself unable to use any other means of verbal expression. There are no warning symptoms; one's speech just starts to become nebulous and becomes increasingly so until the victim's utterances become incomprehensible. Imagine what would happen if the whole country were infected, instead of just Congress, the newspapers, radio commentators, and a few literary figures. In no time John Donne would be given the lie, and each man would be "an island entire unto himself," shut off from life.

But not yet, we still have language, and we are still using it. We can still talk and we can still write; we can still laugh as we read and be pleased with words we hear. We have not succumbed. We can be pleased, as your editor has been pleased, by those who say nice things about a magazine he is associated with. We can be pleased when we read letters from people who express pleasure and interest in an issue of the magazine, as did someone who unfortunately signed himself only J.S. '54., thus preventing us from thanking him personally. Yes, we, the editor, and we, including all of us classified as people, can be pleased by words, whether written or spoken. We can also be angered, hurt, amused and bored.

And, since people can be bored mightily with words, it is best not to use an excess, for that's as bad as too few. But after all, this is a very special alley, you know . . . there's the garbage pail rustling in the sun, and there's a tiny wisp of smoke curling beside it, the blue wisp from a cigarette, perhaps, that was thrown there by someone we've never seen or ever will see . . . and so, there he goes, the tiny figure, tattered and torn, in his sack-cloth and ashes, with the ten-foot neon sign on his back; if you look closely you may discern the legend "jazzy jokes, peppy patter, clammy cliches . . . available for banquets, weddings, conventions, and private parties . . . by appointment only." It would seem, to the casual observer, that he's made good. . . .

BILL LEKERNEC.

Trolley Travellers

*When the mist of spring is gentle
And the streets slide dimly by
We ride alone together,
The silent forms and I.*

*When the night is winter crystal
And the rails gleam sharp as knives
We freeze upon our faces
Distinct and distant lives.*

*The loneliness of cities
Is ours to keep or share;
It is as cruel or gentle
As spring or winter air.*

SALLY CANAN

Aubade

*When to the shining sun the moon gives way,
And cold and blue of night turn bright and red,
And morning sounds announce the coming day:
The things of nature leave their slumber bed —
When all the world gives life with love and light
And thus becomes the factory of our God
By throwing off the bleakened black of night
And raising sweet the wheat from rich fed sod;*

*Then pause, low whisper up a single prayer
For beauty that we mortals here enjoy;
The sunshine which is streaming everywhere
And never fails to thrill the waking boy.
Arise, enjoy this newborn morning sun
That lights our work and way till day is done.*

JOANE HAMILTON BLACK

To a Classmate

*I cannot say
That what today
I see in you
Is something new,*

*But only rare:
Such happiness
As makes me guess
There is a share*

*Of it for me,
Will you but be
In memory
What now I see:*

*Gay friendly air,
Beribboned hair,
Unvexed by care,
And smiling radiantly!*

DAVID HALLSTROM

Once upon a time there was a young girl named Linda Rellah who lived in a small town in a distant country with her stepmother and two ugly step-sisters, Agatha and Amanda. Linda's father had died when she was just a baby and left his two million dollars in a trust fund that she was to get when she was twenty-one. However, her mother was not too trustworthy with the trust fund, to say the least. For one thing, she had more or less falsified Linda's birth certificate so that, although she was actually nineteen, according to that document, her legal age was ten.

But even this factor had proved an advantage. Linda's two sisters were not exactly precocious, and they too had had a little trouble getting out of the eighth grade by the time they were sixteen, whereas Linda was president of her senior class in high school when she was eight. Naturally, this led to some contention in the family, and it was not unusual for Linda to go to tennis practice with blackjacks marks on her body.

But Linda was a good-natured girl and never complained of her plight. Besides, she knew better than to try to defend herself. She could still remember the time her mother had chained her in the cellar for three weeks for objecting to cleaning the cesspool. Even that wouldn't have been too bad if the cellar hadn't been the refuge for Agatha's poisonous spider collection. Fortunately, the bites weren't fatal.

One of Linda's greatest problems was clothing, since her stepmother, who was a buyer in a large department store and could have gotten some clothes for her at a twenty per cent discount, refused to do so. Occasionally Linda would find a piece of material and make herself something (she was an excellent seamstress), but she discovered that no matter how careful she was about sewing on a burlap bag, it still looked like a burlap bag. She had burlap blouses and burlap skirts and burlap pajamas and burlap underwear, which usually gave her something resembling dishpan skin all over her body.

However, one cannot feel too sorry for Linda because her stepmother did allow her to go out one night a week, and only last year she had been permitted to stop wearing black stockings and could now gleefully don flesh-colored cotton ones each morning when she arose at 4:30.

Each week Linda eagerly anticipated her night out. Agatha and Amanda were permitted to go out every night, and they invariably left about 11:00 o'clock to go to Joe's Slop-house which, they informed Linda, was a small exclusive club in the more elite section of town. Sometimes she could hear her sisters and their escorts coming home as she was getting up. They were usually quite noisy, and Linda would wait until they had gotten into bed and then go to clean up the bathroom floor, one of the chores her stepmother had assigned to her several years before.



Linda was more restricted than her sisters though, undoubtedly owing to the fact that she was younger than they, and her stepmother insisted that she be in by 8:30. Her sphere of activity was limited to visits to the church, where she could meditate for an hour or two, or visits to see her godmother, a kindly woman named Emily who lived quietly with her thirty-three servants in a mansion on the other side of town.

One night while she was visiting Emily, Linda happened to mention that the following week was to climax the nation-wide search for the perfect secretary, and that the try-outs were not yet complete, but it was almost certain that the winner would be from their town, since the best stenographic school in the country was located there. There was a great ball being planned in anticipation of the event.

"But, Linda, why aren't you competing in this contest?" asked her godmother. "You were quite good at typing and shorthand when you were in school, weren't you?"

"Why, yes," answered the girl. "I even got a certificate for it when I could type 175 words a minute, but my stepmother, who was afraid I would become egotistical, tossed it in the furnace and threw acid in my face when she heard about it. In fact, she was so angry that her aim was bad, and I only have a few scars on my shoulder.

Her godmother clucked sympathetically.

"Well," said Emily, "you could probably brush up on your secretarial courses and try it anyway. You wouldn't have to tell her about it."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," replied Linda. "I have to scrub the outside of the house this week. Besides, I don't have a typewriter, and I could never find anyone who could dictate fast enough to me — not at this late date, anyway; so, you see, it's impossible. And, dear Godmother, what could I ever wear to the ball if I did win?"

But her godmother finally talked Linda into trying out anyway, and it was agreed that Emily would borrow a typewriter which Linda could sneak into the cellar. After much debate on the subject, it was decided that, in order for Linda to practice her dictation, they could make use of 45 R.P.M. records played on a 78 R.P.M. machine.

After all the preparations were made, and Emily had said that she would have a gown made for the ball if Linda should win, Linda rushed home to help her sisters dress for their evening out. She realized that she was a few moments late and hurried faster than ever. It was only five miles from Emily's to her house, and, as her stepmother thought it led to laziness to take a bus and refused to give her the necessary ten cents, Linda ran. She made it in twenty minutes, but was still three minutes late. As she feared, her stepmother was waiting for her with the pliers to pull out another fingernail. She must be more careful in the future.

At 11:00 Agatha and Amanda left for Joe's. Agatha had a new mink coat — a gift from a friend who worked in the capital of that distant country — which looked very nice on her. Linda was rather envious, but tried very hard to conceal her ugly emotion.

After they had gone, and her stepmother had gone to bed, Linda slipped down to the cellar with the typewriter which she had been concealing under her armpit. It was easy to hide things under her burlap dresses as they did not fit too well.

She typed page after page of definitions from the dictionary, the only book she was allowed to read. By morning she had reached *fertilizer*, and she felt very tired, but she was determined. Even the rats and spiders crawling over her could not deter her from her goal.

Every day she worked on the outside of the house and every night she typed, and, if possible, sneaked over to Emily's and took dictation from the records. Both her sisters had also entered the contest and spoke of nothing else all day. They were already planning what they would wear to the dance. Each was sure that she would win.

And so the days sped by — Linda working all night and scrubbing the walls during the day, while her sisters practiced on their new portable typewriters and studied their Gregg Manuals.

It was the night of the contest at last!

The whole town gathered to witness the event. Linda had even made a new dress out of three discarded dish towels. What made the entire event even more exciting was the fact

that there was to be a talent scout in town from Super Gigantic Colossal Films, Inc. who was taking this opportunity to check on the town's assets. Two wonderful goals for which to strive!

Many long tables were set up in the center of the town, and the bleachers had been erected surrounding these. They were thronged with people. The judges' stand was in the very middle. As Linda sat down at her place, she felt the touch of brass knuckles on her shoulder and turned to see her step-sisters standing behind her.

"What," they asked furiously, and in unison, "are you doing here?" Why aren't you home preparing our gowns for the ball?"

"But I have them all laid out, and I thought you wouldn't mind —"

Fortunately at the moment the signal sounded for the girls to prepare themselves for the test of their skills, and Agatha and Amanda had to take their seats. Several speeches were made, the rules were explained to the contestants, and, as the climax, the talent scout, Maxie Jenkins, was introduced. The crowds went wild, and Linda fell madly in love with him as soon as she saw him.

She would redouble her efforts. She must meet this man! She realized that he was the only man in the whole world she would ever be able to love.

When the results were announced, it was discovered that she had broken all previous world's records. Before anyone could even congratulate her, however, her godmother had whisked her away in a long, black limousine.

"I knew you could do it, Linda. Now you must see what I have for you." And in a few moments, Linda had been transformed from a drab, colorless girl with ugly, lusterless hair into a magnificently groomed, beautifully dressed, fascinating woman.

At the ball, Maxie was captivated with her loveliness; he could pay attention to no one else. And while they danced together, close and breathless, he whispered tenderly in her ear, "Come with me to Hollywood, and we'll knock 'em for a loop. We could really clean up, Baby."

So the next day, while her stepmother gnashed her teeth, and her step-sisters plucked the keys out of their typewriters one by one and threw them at her, Linda said farewell forever to her home town, and she and Maxie boarded a chartered plane bound for Hollywood. Everyone had gathered at the airport to wish them luck and to wave them off. Linda's arms were laden with gifts; the one from her sisters was discovered in time and was dropped from the plane. It exploded in mid-air, and no one was injured.

As soon as they reached their destination, Maxie took out a twenty thousand dollar insurance policy on Linda, and they were married.

She made-up and made over; mantled and dismantled; modeled and remodeled. And so it

began — the miraculous story of Linda's rapid rise to fame. Every picture she made was a success, and within five years she had reached the apex — she had written, directed, produced, and starred in a movie.

"It was really nothing at all," she told the press the morning after the premier. "Someday I shall write, direct, produce, and star in the greatest motion picture of all time —," she paused dramatically; "it shall be the story of my life!" and then with a touch of natural modesty, she bowed her head and sipped her triple shot of Scotch.

In all that time, she got only two letters from home. The first one read like this:

My dearest step-daughter:

We are well and hope you are the same. The weather has been fine, and everyone misses you very much. Agatha is engaged to a very nice older man who is a teller in the First National Bank. You may remember him as he has been behind the first window on the left as you go in the door for about thirty years. We are all happy about it.

Amanda has a very good job as a secretary to Mr. Hermann, the man who owns the hardware store.

That is all the news there is.

We all miss you.

Your Mother.

P.S. We are a little short of money and wondered if you could send us a dollar or two.

P.P.S. Your lawyer tells us that, undoubtedly because of some mismanagement on his part, there is only \$9.32 left in your trust fund. We cannot understand how this could have happened.

Love from all of us.

The next one was as follows:

My darling daughter:

We are well and hope you are the same. The weather has been fine, and everyone talks about you all the time. Agatha is married now and is Superintendent of the Sunday School.

Amanda is president of the Ladies' Aid. She is with us at home to keep her old mother company, and I am very proud to have her with me.

There is not much more to say.

With much love,

Mother.

P.S. Due to unforeseen circumstances, we are a little short of cash, and we know that you will be only too glad to send us just a bit to help us in our hour of need.

P.P.S. Your godmother died two months ago.

When another one finally arrived, she refused to read it. She told the newspapers that it made her too homesick; she told Maxie that she couldn't stand the bad news, but, actually, she drank quite heavily, and it was rarely that she was in any condition to raise the paper to her face, let alone read it.

Linda was happy. She was leading a full, rich useful life. She had started out loaded with ideas; now she was just loaded.

Her demise was sudden, happy, and most important of all, it occurred before she'd had time to fade from the public eye. She slipped one day while searching for a hip flask hidden in the chandelier, an idea she had gotten from B-movie she had seen. The doctor labeled the cause of death "Acute Alcoholism", and the papers were very cooperative about suppressing the news.

Two weeks later Maxie deposited twenty-thousand dollars in the bank and married an up-and-coming young starlet.

Agatha and Amanda lived happily ever after.

Substitute

*The sun heeds not the squinting eyes
In which it shines.*

*The light it gives, it has not power
To retract.*

*The life it lives, however great, it
Cannot call back.*

*And man is like the sun
And has his race to run
But he may choose to go where he will,
To deep low valley, or top of hill.*

*The sun keep smoving.
So does man. Until he dies.
The sun keeps moving.*

PHILIP G. LEWIS

Recital

*Reason strains as music flies away,
And we with it are carried far from now
To some forgotten eerie-sounding world
In which the empty mockings of the trilling
notes
Reverberate upon the ringing ear.
And still we hear . . .*

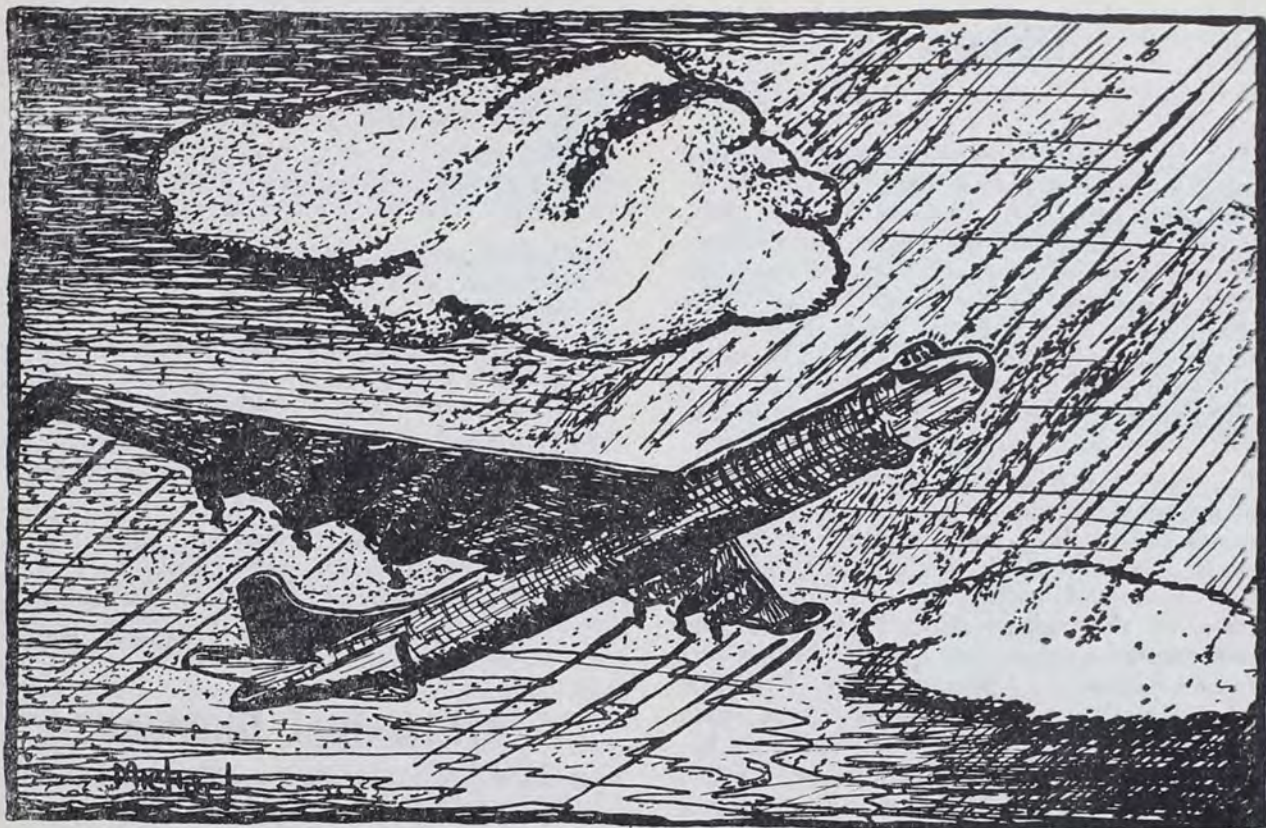
*Return, oh, haunted soul, come back.
Let not the frightened chords repeat their threat,
Let the runs of gently falling fingers
Soothe the aching spirit of the breaking heart.
But now again the notes bang clear,
And still we hear . . .*

*We cannot flee too far nor run so fast
As chasing notes which run forever faster.
The last post rushes by; we do not grasp.
Oh haunted soul, oh reason flown, forget.
Listen without feeling to the far and near.
And still we hear . . .*

*Command is not enough; the will is gone.
And underneath the spell the brain lies captured.
The hypnotising sounds mock all the desperate
tries.
And lifeless, we sit, in silent, secret pain
Of bodies floating free and facing fear,
And still we hear . . .*

MARNA FELDT

Airborne



One hundred tons of death and power
Strains but slightly
Then throbs into flight.
And puny men who
But brief moments past
Had passed beneath her wings
As ants beneath a leaf
Now rise as rulers of sky.
The wind, before called swift,
Now runs a feeble second
To the airfoil now bearing
Men and cargo to another place.
Leviathan clouds, the former
Masters of the skies, are now
Invaded
By men no longer impressed by
Water-vapor.
And now in higher, thinner
Atmosphere,

Higher than birds have flown
Higher than mountains rise
Or clouds drift,
Air is but a term
And pressurized cabins stand
Between men and freezing death.
Higher, ever higher
Confidently thrusting sky-miles
Behind them;
"We are the masters of the sky
And so the earth!"
They may believe it until the
Second starboard engine dies.
Then silence in the ship
For prayers and then
To earth
Where words of gratitude
Thank God,
And men are only men.

MIKE

Phantasy

MARNA FELDT

The long, echoing corridor of the museum flung the sound of leather heels on marble reverberating through my brain as I walked slowly down its solitary length. Grotesque shadows of prehistoric monsters loomed up into the murky darkness of the huge wing. The greenish-blue light shed an eerie glow over genus brontosaurus and diplodocus. The museum, product of the philanthropic urge of a manufacturer turned humanitarian, was deserted except for a dozing here and there.

I crossed a hall and suddenly found myself transported from the dreary atmosphere of a manless age to the oriental mystery of Asia in the time of the great Chinese oracle, Confucius. Bright reds and ambers lighted the life-like statues of the yellow-skinned peasants that stood, dressed in their native costume, in glass-enclosed scenes of a Chinese village. I stopped to glance at these and then continued on, down past the line of similar windows, each one becoming more colorful than the last, until I stood before a window containing statues of the nobility dressed in their royal garb. In one small window inserted below this last scene was a beautiful fan, fully extended to display the breathless beauty of hand embroidered silk executed by nimble fingers long since turned to ashes. The scene depicted on the fan was a Chinese garden with flowers in full bloom and in the background a tiny Chinese house lay nestled in the midst of the scented oriental blooms. A tiny, doll-like Chinese figure stood at the door of the cottage. I gazed at the fan, concentrating on its exquisite delicacy, and was carried into a dream world in which I smelled the blossoming buds of exotic flowers, felt the earth of a distant land under my feet and breathed the dry, sweet, foreign air. I dreamed I held a small yellow-skinned hand in mine and strolled through gardens, conversing in a sing-song language which I found myself speaking easily. We stopped at the door of the little house. I stooped and we entered a teakwood room of phantasy. We knelt on silk cushions and sipped green tea from fragile cups. I saw the furnishings of this tiny house through eyes that seemed accustomed to such scenes, and gazed at embroidered silk hangings as if they were as familiar to me as the sight of my own hand.

The gong announcing the closing hour sounded gently through the massive stone house of wonders and I returned from my dream world to a hard marble reality. I found my way out of the museum, down gray, tread-worn steps into the blowy rawness of the March twilight.

New England Summer

*Sun valleys filled with puddles of angels' tears
And billowing hills like waves of some deep
green*

*Ocean of pines. Needles of fir like needles of
spray;*

*Cool, dark, empty. Unending silence falling on
Nothingness, and we can only look and cannot
feel*

Or hear the majesty your depths conceal.

*An Unexpected curve of road, a breathless view,
And my heart stops as I behold the beauty
Of a mountain feeding itself on sun and brisk
fresh air.*

*If there were nothing else but this in life
I would like to drink my staff of health
From all the wondrous glory of its wealth.*

MARNA FELDT

Mississippi Summer

*Child of eight 'neath the willow tree,
How can you be so obstinate?
Quiet! Can't you see that we
Don't care for what you hate:*

*We care not for the sultry sun
That makes the willow 'round you
Blurred and hazy green, so run
Along and take your noises too.*

*Don't you hear me, child? I say
Be gone and leave my place;
You're young and fresh, but now obey;
Be quiet! Leave and never show your face.*

WILLIAM LUKENS

Western Wind, When Wilt Thou . . .

*The day is dull that
once was bright
The leaves once gay
no more delight.
Wan time weaves slowly
through the land
The fabric of the
conqueror's hand
And slowly, slowly
starts the reign
Of winter's force
with snow-white train.
And thus as world
sees season change,
My life sees mind
my heart arrange.*

JONNI GRAF

The control car was quiet. Amidst a maze of instruments, the crewmen worked methodically and efficiently. Lieutenant Commander Stephen Bowen, pilot and senior officer of the DX-1, sat at a portable desk, making notations into a logbook. When he had finished his latest entry, he rose and walked to the wireless compartment.

"Have you received any word from the base, Evans?"

"No, sir. For some reason or other I can't raise them. I can't understand it, but there's a lot of interference," the radiomen said, shaking his head.

Bowen frowned, but said nothing as he walked out.

The big airship passed lazily over the forelands of the Appalachian range, and the rays of the afternoon sun were reflected at weird angles from her sleek, duraluminum hull. An autumn breeze bowed the foliage, each leaf colored differently after successive frosts. Except for scattered, fluffy cloud formations, the sky was a clear blue, making the visibility from the airship perfect. The spire of a small-town church appeared in the distance, and a stream meandered through the wooded hills to a quiet valley below. The serenity was broken only by the roar of the motors.

Ensign Crane turned as he heard the approaching footsteps. His eyes brightened when he saw his superior officer, and he recoiled his cap at a jaunty angle.

"Hello, sir," he said cheerfully. "Have we received the latest weather report yet?"

Bowen shook his head: "No, and frankly I'm worried. This weather has held out surprisingly well for this time of the year. Now Evans tells me that there is a lot of static on the wireless. That can mean one of two things. Either the mountains interfere with our signals, or there is a storm brewing somewhere. Are you keeping on the course, Mister?"

"Yes, sir," Crane said, glancing at the compass. "We should reach the coast by 1850 if this tailwind keeps up."

"How is our fuel holding out?" Bowen said as he took his place at the controls.

"Chief Johannson says we still have a full tank amidships," said Crane. "He just went back to check the rear engines."

Bowen rubbed his mustache with the end of his finger: "The way I figure it, we still have enough for eight hours of flying time. If we follow our experimental course, we should reach our mooring by 2000 hours."

"Has the flight proved satisfactory, sir?" Crane said with anticipation. "I mean have we shown that helium can be used in place of hydrogen gas?"

Bowen glanced at him: "What do you think?"

"The ship handles easily, but our rate of ascent seems to have decreased," Crane said seriously. "Nevertheless, we don't have to worry about fire."

"I believe that we both realize the importance of this flight," Commander Bowen reflected. "It's up to us to show that the airship can be a safe means of travel. It can be used as an effective weapon during wartime, and perhaps someday we shall have transcontinental dirigibles. Yes, a lot depends on us."

The men turned to the controls. Both wore khaki uniforms and fur-lined leather jackets. Bowen's black hair, greying at the temples, offered a marked contrast to the flaming red hair of his junior officer. Hardened by years of experience with the Navy, Bowen carefully scanned the horizon while Crane prepared to take a reading with his sextant. He broke the silence as he opened a hatch.

"I think I'd better shoot the sun while I have the chance, sir. You never can tell what kind of visibility we'll have later on."

Bowen grunted his approval.

As Crane put the sextant into its case, Evans, the radioman, came forward.

"Sir, I still can't make contact with the base, but I picked up a weather report from Norfolk. They say a gale is moving rapidly in from sea in a northwesterly direction. Sea warnings have been issued, and all small craft have been ordered back to port."

Bowen cursed under his breath. "Ensign, go amidships and tell the crew to prepare for some rough weather," he said brusquely. "And Evans, keep at it, man. Try to pick up some more reports, and see if you can raise our base."

Immediately the dirigible became a scene of feverish activity. Bowen made a check of the controls, while Crane followed Chief Johannson, the engineer, along the catwalk. As they entered the rear compartment, Crane lost his usual carefree attitude. The crew gathered around him expectantly.

"Men," he began, "it looks like we're due for some rough weather. Norfolk has reported a gale coming in this direction. At the rate it's traveling, it may reach us at any time. We've lost contact with the base, so we're on our own. I don't know if or when the storm will strike. Prepare yourselves and the ship for the worst. We have enough fuel to reach the base if everything goes well, but in case we don't reach our mooring in time . . ."

The men looked quizzically at Crane and then at each other. The compartment buzzed with whispered conversation.

A crewman stepped forward: "Sir, what happens if we don't reach our mooring in time?"

"I don't know," Crane said apprehensively. "Pray that the storm misses us. In the meantime, work like hell and place your trust in the skipper if the gale hits us."

The men went to their respective stations. Each had received special training for this flight, and each knew his duty. As they scrambled along the catwalks, checking gas valves, cables, and water-ballast bags, Ensign Crane, satisfied that they were performing their

work creditably, proceeded back to the forward control car. On the way he met Johannson.

"How are the engines, Chief?"

"Everything is running smoothly, sir," the older man said respectfully. "I opened the valves on the amid-ships tanks. We may need the extra fuel if we have rough going. I don't know why I should feel this way, but I'm afraid we may have some trouble."

"I'm scared, too," Crane confided. "I haven't logged many hours in airships, and frankly I don't know what to expect if a storm hits us."

"I know how you feel," Johannson said, a grin creasing the corners of his blue eyes. "I had the same thoughts when I was your age."

"How long have you been in the Navy, Chief?" said Crane.

"Twenty-five years," Johannson said unaffectedly. "I joined after I got out of school back in '99. They didn't have any aeroplanes or dirigibles in those days, but I entered the air service as soon as it was formed."

Crane looked admiringly at Johannson and said thoughtfully, "With men like you aboard, Chief, I don't think we've anything to worry about."

"Thank you, sir," Johannson said as they left the catwalk.

The tapping of the wireless key offered a somber reception to the men as they entered the control car.

"Any word yet, Evans?" Crane said, peering into the wireless compartment.

"Not yet, sir," the radioman said worriedly, without interrupting his persistent tapping.

"I'm going to check the instruments," Johannson said as he went forward.

"Right, Chief," said Crane, glancing after him.

Commander Bowen stood before the instrument panel as Crane crossed the deck.

"Everything all right, Mister?" he said, looking straight ahead.

"Yes, sir. The men are all at their duties."

"We're bucking a strong headwind now," Bowen said as he pulled at the controls. "What was your last barometric reading?"

Crane picked up a clipboard containing navigation charts and neat notations.

"30.6, sir, at 1200," he said when he found the page.

"What time is it now?" Bowen said.

"1454, sir."

"Take another reading," Bowen said curtly.

Crane opened a wall locker, adjusted the thumbscrews on the instrument, and took a reading on the vernier. A frown furrowed his brow. Quickly he rechecked his work.

"Sir! The barometer's fallen!" he said loudly, with a slight inflection.

"What's your reading?" Bowen said unemotionally.

"26.6!"

Bowen became tense and the blood vessels in his muscular bull-neck stood out prominently. As he peered out of the observation windows,

he saw that the sky was blackening. Only small patches of blue were visible among the thunderheads. Eddies of fresh wind slapped loudly against the hull of the airship, and every cable groaned under the strain. The usual sonorous sound of the motors had changed into a high pitched whine as the propellers ground into the air with increasing fury. The wind gauge on the instrument panel, usually overlooked on normal flights, now became the center of attention. Its needle jumped erratically between the numbers until it found an unsteady mark at fifty-eight miles per hour.

"My God, sir!" Crane screamed above the roaring tempest. "Can she take it?"

"Plot our position, Ensign," Bowen said calmly, giving his junior officer a look of stern disapproval.

Crane opened the hatch. A gust of cold air hit him in the face, nearly knocking him over. He peered into the skies, looking for something to take a reading by, but he could see only the darkness of a premature night. As he closed the hatch with trembling hands, his face became ashen.

"Visibility zero, sir," he said as calmly as he could. "I can't take a reading." Then he shook convulsively and screamed. "We won't make it, sir! The ship can't weather a storm like this!"

"Knock it off, Mister Crane," Bowen said sarcastically. "Remember that you're an officer. Plot our position from your former reading. I'm going to try to take her up another thousand feet."

Crane trembled with fear as he began to make his calculations. Bowen wrestled with the controls, but they didn't respond.

"Chief," he shouted above the howling wind. "rev the engines. We'll take her up one way or another."

The airship quivered as the propellers bit into the wind with new-found determination. Bowen quickly pulled on the controls, and the ship rose at a crazy angle. Then the gale hit them with all its fury. Like a monstrous hand reaching out of the heavens, the wind tossed the dirigible like a toy balloon. The men in the control car were thrown to the deck. Crane screamed as he hit a locker, shattering his leg. Suddenly, a deafening roar sounded as crosswinds clawed into the very soul of the ship, breaking it into three parts. The section containing the control car shattered violently. The lights went out. A broken cable lashed at a window, shattered it, and sent slivers of glass flying through the air. Wind and rain gushed through the aperture, and driving hail offered a staccato accompaniment to the episode. So black were the hearts of the clouds that no light was visible in the control car.

A low moan sounded. Commander Bowen grimaced as he reached toward his bleeding head. Trying to regain his senses, he gritted his teeth and dragged himself slowly out of the debris which cluttered the cabin. And then he saw Crane. He was lying against a locker.

babbling hysterically. Bowen swore to himself as he approached his junior officer, who had burst into tears.

"Get hold of yourself, Mister," Bowen said.

Crane didn't respond as he stared blankly into space. Bowen seized him by the shoulders and shook him violently.

"Calm down, Crane," said Bowen firmly.

The ensign groaned and lost consciousness. Bowen looked at him disgustedly for a moment and was about to leave him when he saw his leg. It was horribly distorted.

"Jesus!" Bowen exclaimed to himself. Quickly he secured a first aid kit to dress the injury. As he finished applying an improvised splint, Johannson staggered forward.

"The crew, sir!" he cried. "We're the only ones left!"

Bowen gave the splint a final adjustment.

"The ship!" Johannson continued ominously. "Has broken up!"

Bowen rose to face his engineer.

"We lost Evans, too, sir. He leaped out. I tried to stop him but I couldn't."

"Did he have a 'chute?" Bowen said as he gazed into the darkness of the oncoming night.

"No. And we don't have any either. They were in the rear compartment," Johannson said.

Bowen opened a locker and extracted an electric lantern. Outside, the winds had subsided, and a chill air had supplanted the rain. In the dimly lit control car Bowen appeared much older than his age, for his face was haggard and lined. Chief Johannson looked first at Crane and then at Bowen.

"What're we going to do, sir?" he blurted. "How can we get out of this mess?"

"We'll take her down, Mister," Bowen said calmly.

Crane regained consciousness, blinked his eyes several times as they became accustomed to the light of the lantern, and looked at the men standing above him. He recognized Bowen.

"We're going to die, sir!" he cried, sobbing.

"No, Mister Crane, we won't die," Bowen said collectedly. Crane became hysterical: "But we'll drift out to sea! I don't want to die! I don't want to!"

Bowen turned to Johannson: "He won't be much help to us, Chief."

"I guess not, sir. You never can tell who'll crack at a time like this. Do you think there's any chance of us being blown over the ocean?"

Bowen thought for a moment before he answered. "I don't think so, Mister," he said finally. "Stand by the valves and prepare to release the gas."

Both men took their positions by the controls, and as the gas issued slowly from the bags, the dirigible began its descent to earth.

When?

*Time stands still
if one must wait
The clock makes noise
as days gone by . . .
All thoughts combine
in formless freeze
And all is halt
...I hate to wait!*

JONNI GRAF

College, I Love It!

*I love the aesthetic,
The waxing poetic,
The prestige of a fine education;
But my funds dwindle low
And no formulae show
How x equals aught but privation.
And alas! I grow weary
Of heroes so cheery
Who prate about working thru college.
So I work for my learning?
I still find myself yearning,
For my tummy won't settle for knowledge.*

JOAN SAPP

Today!

*We're here!
To run's
No fun,
Let's stay.*

*Let's fight
For fun;
Have sun,
Today.*

*All thrills
Worry kill
Dulls the edge
Of wills.*

*Laugh! Whistle!
Dance! Sing!
Today! Today!
That's the thing!*

PHILIP G. LEWIS

The old Ford just doesn't seem to be enjoying the spring the way a Model T should. Warm weather used to mean a change in the attitude of the car toward running. No longer did I have to jack up a rear wheel to crank the stiff engine more easily; no more draining the water from a leaky radiator on a cold winter's evening so the engine wouldn't freeze. All these little battles vanished when winter disappeared.

But this spring afternoon is different. The Ford seems more inanimate than it ever was on a snowy, January morning. The license plates have expired, and the inspection sticker is lying on the floor-mat with a few brown pine needles. To complete this picture of immobility, the tires all need a few pounds of air. The paint is in shabby condition, and there are even a few rust spots on the trunk lid. But the leather upholstery is in good condition — not a tear in it — and the convertible top was new last summer.

So long as I've owned this Model T it's never been in a garage. When I bought the car in 1947 it was in fair condition, no rust on the body, and the engine smooth and tight. But I've used the car quite a lot since then, and it shows wear. This Ford is a 1926 roadster. It was one of the last Model T's made, and was a snappy — if you want to consider *any* Model T snappy — car in the 1920s. What really makes this particular car snappy is the wire wheels that are on it. By special order, and a few more dollars, it was possible to get your 1926 Ford with these wheels which had straight-side tires instead of the old-fashioned clincher type. (The clincher tires were back-breakers to change, and always blowing out.) To show that this Ford is a fair-weather car, it is equipped with the finest aid-conditioner I've ever seen: The windshield is in two pieces, cut horizontally across the middle; both pieces opening straight out to insure the riders of direct-blast cooling in summer. There are no windows or side curtains, so that no one ever complained that the car was hot or stuffy; far from it!

Friends used to ask me continually how my Ford was running, and for a long time I was able to reply dully that the car was still moving, although not very fast. After some months I began to detect insidious little chuckles and concealed smiles accompanying this question. Persons concerned with the welfare of my ancient wreck seemed to inquire about the machine's condition as they would about my grandfather's rheumatism. But I have not been beguiled by their innuendo, for I know the Ford is dying.

The first indication I had concerning the Ford's death was when the canvas top began to take wings last spring. The thread stitching had decayed through the years and resulted in a waving, flapping, tattered horror. In a roadster there is a vast expanse of canvas directly behind and above the seat; and when this flap ripped away at the bottom it was free to swing in the wind. Anyone riding in the car was conscious of pressure on his back owing to this



vigorous piece of material; on windy days it was necessary to resign oneself to a merciless beating, unless the flap was held securely at arm's length, or fought off in some way.

The overhead part of the top ripped so badly that one rainy afternoon last July a large flap blew directly across the windshield while I was roaring down State Road hill, and utterly blinded me for a few seconds. All at once I found myself fighting water, traffic, and canvas at the same time. To the astonishment of the motorists following me, I seized the guilty flap, and, ripping it where it hadn't already ripped, flung it from the car. Fortunately I had presence of mind enough not to show my fellow motorists that I was surprised or annoyed by the actions of the top, and therefore continued my roaring pace down the steep hill. I drove just as nonchalantly as though it was a usual practise of mine to rip off large pieces of the roof while driving the old roadster in the rain.

But all these recollections of past frivolities of the Ford only make me sad when I see the old monster sitting there in the afternoon sun. I suppose it's time to retire the old buggy and forget the past. I'll certainly miss not getting in late to German class, and having to make up a new excuse every morning. I'll also miss those wild and dim night-rides behind two yellow, flickering headlamps; not to mention the thumping, thwacking, clattering noises inherent in a Model T. Well — I guess it's time to turn the old T out to pasture. Easy does it!

"Mary Millford, I haven't seen you in a coon's age! Come on in and have a seat!" Lou Fletcher shouted from her bed in the cramped dormitory room. Her roommate, Joyce Miller, and her sorority big sister, Lois Fullerton, repeated the invitation with white-teethed smiles.

The thin girl with horn-rimmed spectacles hesitated a little in the hallway before entering. She occupied the single room next-door in the big Freshman dormitory. Lou had seen her last just twenty four hours ago, but one couldn't expect a popular girl like Lou to remember quiet people like her.

When she came in, Lou kicked a pile of dirty nylons off one chair, without getting up. Mary sat down with a shy adoring smile, thoroughly prepared for an afternoon of listening.

"I was just telling Lois and Joyce what a sweet kid that Joanie Hilton is," Lou began. "Say, you're a pretty good friend of Joan's aren't you?"

"Yes, I think she's a very nice person," Mary said, guardedly, conscious of Lois' and Joyce's respectful stares.

"Phil Malone and I double-dated with her and Dick Wilson last night at the Tau Gam pledge dance," Lou explained. "I couldn't help wondering why she didn't make a sorority this year. She looks like a pretty terrific kid. Very sweet and attractive. You know what? I'm going to try to get her in Tri Sig next year. How about it, Joyce and Lois, think we could swing it?"

"Sure thing," echoed Joyce.

"Why not, you're president of the pledge class, aren't you?" responded Lois.

Mary looked over at the three figures sprawled with cat-like grace on the double decker bed. She saw Joyce's shapely jean-clad legs hanging over the edge of the upper bunk and caught the saccharin smile of Lois' sophisticated face. The Sunday afternoon sunlight was streaming across the corsage-crammed bulletin board, illuminating the large red and white sorority banner. Mary noticed that Lou was still in her pajamas and that there were dark circles under the girl's sharp brown eyes. Her coarse blonde hair was caught behind a barbed fence of bobby pins; her square face was shiny without its usual powder. Mary remembered what Joanie had told her that morning at church about Lou's conduct on their double-date, and decided to change the subject.

"Did you have a good time last night?", she asked.

"Hell man, did I have a good time! Tell the lady, Joyce girl!" Lou shouted, kicking the springs of the top bunk.

Before Joyce could open her mouth, Lou was exploding a reckless account of her date, waving her arms around in appropriate gestures and rolling her large eyes. Lois groaned in mock horror. "Oh, no, not again!" Joyce whispered to Lois. "She's in a rare mood today."

Mary heard about the divine decorations at the Tau Gam house, about the neat band, about

Dick Wilson, the painfully shy football player Joanie was with, and, in more complete detail than anything else, about Phil Malone. "He's terrific!" Lou sighed, wriggling her whole body in ecstatic memory. "You know, of course, that he's the guy who made that 102 yard run in the Colmar game, and that he's prexy of the best frat on campus. A fellow really has to have something to be president of Tau Gam, and, man, he's got it. Everything! Money, brains, personality, and looks — why, God, his Adam's apple even looks cute when he's guzzling a bottle of beer!"

Lou showed Mary the orchids Phil had given her and the whiskey glass she had stolen as a souvenir. "He dared me to drink five shots straight from this," she explained, in her low husky voice. "Boy, did I get loaded! But it was worth it."

Mary listened with shining eyes, completely fascinated by the language Lou used and by the whole vivid glimpse into the smoke and liquor-filled frat house. The picture sounded like Heaven to her, although she realized vaguely, that after her Sunday school and Church Youth Fellowship social experience, it should sound like Hell.

Joyce yawned. She began scraping her long fingernails over the rusty bed springs, creating a tuneless, jazzy rhythm. Lois shouted for a cigarette, and in trying to stretch from the upper bunk to the loaded dresser top, nearly lost her balance.

Lou dug a pack out from under her pillow, but, before throwing it up to Lois, she offered one to Mary and got one out herself. It didn't take anyone in the room long to realize that this was the first cigarette Mary had ever smoked. She fingered the thin white object as awkwardly as a baby holds its first rattle, and when Lou gave her a lighted match for it, she didn't know how to blow the flame out with the cigarette still in her mouth. Lois and Joyce doubled up in bursts of hysterical laughter. Lou invited Mary to sit beside her on the bed, and patiently showed her all the proper techniques.

The afternoon blew away faster than the smoke which gathered into a cough-inspiring haze. When the supper bell rang, Mary jumped to her feet, as if suddenly splashed with a bucket of cold water. "Oh, my word," she exclaimed, "I'm supposed to be at the dining room now to wait on tables." The last thing she heard as she ran out the door was Lou's voice saying, "You're a sweet kid, Mary! Come in to see me more often from now on!"

All the way to the dining room, through the frosty autumn air, the possibility of Lou's friendship warmed Mary. Her mind leaped ahead, like a happy puppy, into all sorts of impossible conclusions. However, at nine o'clock that evening, when she faced her Monday's homework in the lonely light of her own very well-ordered room, the warmth faded completely.

Lou and Joyce and the five other Tri Sig girls in the hall were "cracking up", as Lou called it. They were doing exercises in the room next door and racing down the hall like young colts, yelling at top strength. Lou was teaching them a new song:

"St. Louis woman, she had a yen for men"

The harsh voice swaggered through the thin wall with a glorious, reckless freedom. Mary had to grind her hands against her ears in order to concentrate upon German verbs. Lou is a character, Lou is a terrific kid, she thought. She never has to give a damn amount money or studies. She's been around. She knows all the really important things: how to smoke and drink, how to make people laugh, how to swing her hips and command with her eyes, and how to make a football player like her.

Mary was suddenly conscious of the wall between her and Lou, not of the yellow plaster one which the college had erected, and which was too thin to keep out the loud singing, but of the closer invisible wall which she had built for herself out of fear and prejudice and insecurity. She could shut her German book and go out into the hall. She could go into Lou's room and watch as she sang, but the invisible wall would go with her and she and Lou would still be worlds apart. So Mary stayed where she was, reinforcing her private plaster with the fear of a German test while the voices in the other room kept on yelling. For, somehow, this afternoon, a small hole had crumbled in her defenses, and now, because she cared whether or not Lou liked her, she feared her dislike more than ever before.

Mary couldn't understand her friend, Joanie Hilton's opinion about the popular girl. They had an argument about her the next morning on the way to English class. She tried to convince Joanie that, under the circumstances, it had been perfectly all right for Lou to get drunk Saturday night. She said that Joanie had an immature, church outlook upon such matters. Joanie opened wide her beautiful brown eyes. "Lou Fletcher," she said, so emphatically that her dark curls shook, "is not worth defending. She's nothing but a party-party girl who makes a fool of herself at frat houses."

"But she's more than that," Mary protested. She's kind and generous and sincere. To prove the point Mary quoted parts of the Sunday afternoon conversation. "Lou thinks you're a terrific kid. She's even thinking of getting you into Tri Sig next year."

Joanie merely twisted her lips into a little knowing smile. "Oh?" she said slowly. "That's very interesting. Incidentally, to change the subject are you dated up for Homecoming this weekend? I have an idea if you aren't . . ." The idea opened up a flood of sparkling possibilities. By the time the two friends had reached the white cement stairs leading into the literature building, Mary had completely forgotten

about Lou.

It was Wednesday afternoon before she entered again the small room next door to hers. The same people were there as on Sunday afternoon. Lou, who had asked her in for a "drag", appeared to be just as friendly, but there was a knife edge to her voice, and nobody laughed at Mary's attempts to enjoy the cigarette.

They all seemed to be sitting in a stagnant pool of boredom. Lois, who was draped over the chair near the window in her tightest black cashmere sweater, flipped the pages of *Vogue* magazine idly with one hand. Joyce was curled up like a kitten on the back part of the lower bunk. She was scratching Lou's back.

"You know what the guys at this college are, Mary?" Lou exploded suddenly, crushing out a red-tipped stub in the already full ashtray. "A bunch of duds — every damn one of them, they can't hold a candle to any of the fellows in my high school class. There was Bud Bridges, all-state football player, scholarships to two colleges, and too good for any of them. He wanted to marry me once but I turned him down — to come to this damn hole in the wall and get an education. Hah! Hah! That's a laugh! That's a good one, isn't it, Joyce? There's his picture over on the desk. He still writes to me."

Lou turned around with a new light in her eyes and clapped Joyce upon the shoulder. Say kid, that gives me an idea! I'll ask him up for Homecoming and get him to bring Red Mansion up, for you. You'd love Red," she continued, more dreamily, lying down on her back and staring up at the bare springs. "He's a terrific kid, tall, cute, and brother, can he dance! I'll never forget the night we jitterbugged at the Blue Angel. Ever been there, Lois? It's a neat joint."

Lois was looking aimlessly out the window where, it seemed to her, the pale sunlight was shining only on monotonously familiar buildings. Suddenly, she exclaimed, "Hey Lou, there's Phil!"

Lou swung slowly over to the sill, making every movement deliberately casual. She saw the tall, broad-shouldered football star, the president of Tau Gam, walking beside Joanie Hilton. Joyce followed and looked over her shoulder. Mary knew without getting up who Phil was with. Through the silence the radiator gargled and hummed.

"You know what?" Lois said finally. "It's rumored that he's actually taking that dud to the Homecoming Dance."

"What in the world does he ever see in her?" Joyce exclaimed. "No personality, no figure."

Something suddenly snapped inside Mary. "It's no rumor," she said quietly. "He is taking her, and I think it's swell. She's very happy about it."

There was an odd strained quiet. It seemed to freeze around Mary, slowly, like a cold block of ice.

Suddenly, Lou shrugged her shoulders. "Oh

well," she said carelessly. "She's not so terrific and he's not so terrific either, so they make a good couple."

"That's true," Joyce agreed eagerly.

"You were smart discouraging him when you did," Lois, carefully lifting a cigarette out of her smart gold case.

Lou said nothing. She sat stiffly on the bed, her face a white mask of scorn, its thickly coated red lips turned down at the corners, and its too-dark eyebrows arched with studied care.

Mary rose to go, feeling as if she were quite out of place in the room. She looked around at its banner and bulletin board, and at its occupants as if she were leaving them for the last time. Suddenly, as if illuminated by a clean burst of sunlight, the whole situation became clear to her. Lou hadn't meant at all what she was saying about the boys at college being duds. She liked Phil Malone, had even loved him enough to agree with him upon the sweetness of the girl with whom they were double-dating. And now that Joanie was with Phil, Lou was hurt and putting up a front to her friends. Lou was neither a terrific kid to be worshipped from afar, nor a party-party girl who wasn't worth defending, but an insecure college freshman like herself, trying to find her niche in the world, and capable of making a fool of herself at frat parties until she did so. The wall had crumbled.

As Mary left to get ready for the date with Dick Wilson, which Joanie had fixed up for her, the couple beneath the window walked by laughing. "Hell," Lou said loudly. "Where is that goddam address book?"

Daily Things

*No room below, no room above,
No room to spare, for one in love,
A heart that's full of flowers and rhyme
For daily things just hasn't time.*

MARNA FELDT

The Wily Old Philosopher

*"Go out by the light of the ancient moon,"
The old one said to me,
"And find the saucy speckled bird
Awake in the white-ash tree."*

*"For that little bird has a way, I've heard
Of finding out things and knowing
If spring is ready to come again
And when west winds are blowing."*

*But what he knew, that saucy old bird,
He wasn't for setting it free;
Just shifted a feather, and I don't know whether
He winked at the moon or me—*

*"Well, ask again by the ancient moon,"
I heard the old one say,
"For things and springs are made like men—
By day, by day, by day."*

JOAN SAPP

Modern Verse

*Such a mind
wandering
mid poetry's wild
spheres;
Gold blood and crying
harp
singer of songs old
told by mystic
men . . .
Sharp contrast with
The throbbing motor
Of the world.
Such minds that hold
Both worlds—
Two men in one and
Each at war with
one.*

JONNI GRAF

Faded

*I walk in the street
And the music of feet
Of the people I meet
Have the metrical beat
Of my dice as they cheat.
The dice tumble down
and
Two snake eyes are found
That are small black and round
And my ears hear the sound
Like the feet on the ground
On my feet I now stand
With my dice in my hand
They are not in demand
Everyone has been panned
And I've lost my two grand.*

ANONYMOUS

Have You Ever

*Have you ever seen the sun go down
Behind a giant tree,
Or watched the gulls go dipping
In a blue and salt-spread sea?*

or

*Have you ever had the feeling that
The world was all in rhyme?
Or that the troubles of the day
Have sped with passing time?*

*Just watch a bird in speedy flight
Or watch the sea by full moonlight*

or

*Even watch the break of day;
The world is right, in every way.*

JOANE HAMILTON BLACK



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No. 15...THE SWORDFISH



*"They had me
fencing with
fancy facts!"*



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