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## The Lantern Vol. 19, No. 2, Spring 1951

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*The*  
**LANTERN**



SPRING ISSUE, 1951

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# THE LANTERN

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS

This issue of THE LANTERN is one of the largest to be published on campus in recent years. We hope you will enjoy it.

It has been often suggested that THE LANTERN should be so altered as to become a humor magazine. Granted, it would be good to have such a publication on campus. We are not averse to publishing humorous or satirical articles, but we do not believe that this magazine should be merely a joke book. THE LANTERN, as originally instituted, was designed as a means of expression for campus literary talent.

• • • • •

A great deal of the material submitted to our editors for judgment in recent months has been of a morbid variety — so much, in fact, that it has unbalanced the selections we have printed. We do not find it strange that people of our generation, having grown up through a period of depression and war, should, at times, view the world “through a glass, darkly.” But neither do we believe that this predilection to gloominess on the part of some of our contributors is completely sincere, though they may think so themselves. Rather, we think that this preoccupation is an indication that these people have, as have we, become aware that this life is not eternal. Now perhaps they, like ourselves, feel what the poet Andrew Marvell felt when he wrote these lines:

“But at my back I always hear  
Time’s winged chariot hurrying near.”

• • • • •

At the beginning of a new semester, it is often necessary to fill the places on the staff left vacant by members who have been graduated. Beginning with this issue, Aubre Givler takes up the duties left him by Joan Verburg. Another new staff member is Ron Frankel, who joins our Art Department. In the past Ron has contributed several fine illustrations for our stories, and for this issue illustrates both the cover and Robert Jordan’s story *The Departure*.

Now . . . on to page four!

EMILE O. SCHMIDT,  
*Editor-in-Chief.*

[We of the staff, who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Titus deliver the Commencement oration to the Class of 1950, feel that the address is of such note as to be interesting and of definite worth to all members of the student body. Mr. Titus was so kind as to lend us a copy of this address, which follows:]

I have been introduced to you as a manufacturer — and I am humbly proud of the title. We people who make things have been kicked around mightily freely—and vigorously by many of those who don't. And I assure you a few kind words won't spoil us.

My subject is going to disappoint you — I hope — pleasantly. I am not going to lecture you on Business Law, Economics, Labor Relations — or Public Relations. Nor shall I take this occasion to warn you of the insidious encroachments of Communism. Of burdensome taxation — or the incredible National debt. I won't even damn New Dealism or Fair Dealism as such. And I promise you I shall not talk (why should I, Norman?) about Pennsylvania Politics.

Now what is left for a Manufacturer to talk about? Plenty — because we're a pretty human lot. We don't always have to speak of our own affairs — or our own problems. I would much rather discuss with you the affairs of this Commencement Class — matters that have not yet become problems. I need no crystal ball to see what is uppermost in many of your minds. I know what is — for I have been where you are — myself. The most important thought before you is a question. And it's the same question that is in the minds of thousands of others throughout the land — in graduating classes — just like yours. And there's nothing new about it. It's this —

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE."

Once upon a time — not too many years ago, I spent a rough, cold day on the waters around Nantucket — south and east of Cape Cod.

I remember coming — shivering ashore — to the home of a good friend. And I remember stretching out — flat on the floor — in front of his warm fire. As I melted out — I looked with half-opened eyes — at the mantel over the fireplace. It was cut from a solid piece of fine old oak. On its face — carved in deep clear letters — were these words —

*"Earth's filled with flowers —*

*And every common bush afire with God  
Yet only he who sees, takes off his shoes."*

I sat up — rubbed the salt out of my eyes — and read it again — for I did not think I understood it. But there it was clearer than before —

*"Earth's filled with flowers*

*And every common bush afire with God  
Yet only he who sees, takes off his shoes."*  
The verse has been with me ever since.

Ever since that quiet night on Nantucket, when I thought I understood at least part of what it meant. It has in it, so much that is fundamental — so much that is everlastingly true. Assurance of the abundance of opportunity — Availability of that opportunity to us all — Promise of beauty in the Universe — for all who can look — and will see.

You've already placed the quotation — Elizabeth Barrett speaking to her Browning.

And you have already raised the question — "What has all that to do with something simpler.

"Where do we go from here?"

Well — it has a lot to do with it.

For who would start on a journey — as you are now starting without trying to find out something of your destination — or something of the country through which your paths may lead you?

Few of you know your exact course — from here on. And not one single member of our graduating class — knows his or her precise — ultimate destiny. And that is as it should be. Any goal that you could see now — and see clearly — would be too modest to bring out the talents that have been given you by your Maker — and made more useful by your education here at Ursinus — Destiny — is over the Horizon. Sure enough — luck and guidance will play their part in pointing out your path. But beginning tomorrow — decisions will be largely in your own hands. Approach them with confidence.

When I was a freshman — my father sent me, in one of his precious letters — a quotation from the introduction to the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. It ended like this —

"A frank and somewhat headlong carriage —

Neither looking anxiously before —

Nor dallying in maudlin regret over the past —

Marks the man well-armoured for this World's work."

I liked that kind of advice. I guess that is why I do not hesitate to ask you to approach your first decisions — with confidence — in your own judgment. Perhaps that's also why I ask that you do not underestimate your own capacities. Nor the extent of the fields that lie before you.

Earth's filled — literally filled with flowers —

Flowers of opportunity.

Waiting to be picked — by those who can look and will take the trouble to see.

In every field of human endeavor — there are unsolved problems by the score.

In education and teaching — agriculture — medicine — surgery — merchandising — manufacturing — and home building.



Let's take a short look into the past. I was born before the turn of the century. That's a long time ago to you — And, by golly, it's a long time to me — too. But it's only a half a ripple on the sea of time. Then — there were no electric lights — no telephones — no airplanes — no radio — no television — AND — no lipstick — no safety razors — no permanents — no cokes — no hybrid corn — no hybrid chicks — no tractors — no modern combines — no side-delivery rames — no milking machines. No common use of X-Ray — no insulin — no penicillin — no streptomycin — no aureomycin — AND no one pretended to have a cure for the common cold. There were no paved highways — no automobiles — no slot machines — no traffic cops and no aspirin. Yet before I was born — now hear this —

A young man gave up his job in the Patent Office — because — as he put it — "There's nothing left to be discovered."

Now, if you think you're tired of hearing this partial list of things that didn't even have a name — a few short years ago — Think of the poor Class of Ursinus 2000! Fifty years hence. Think what they'll have to listen to when some one tells them of the accomplishments of your generation.

"Earth's filled with Flowers" was true when it was written. It was true in 1900 and it is true today. And it will be true — when you come back to your twentieth — your fortieth and your fiftieth reunion. The flowers of opportunity are abundant and will always grow.

In recent years a fast-growing weed — called "Guaranteed Security" has sprung right up in their midst. The weed has an attractive blossom — a sweet soporific smell. It picks easily and it wilts quickly. You'll find flowers — and weeds — on both sides of any path you choose to follow.

Seek soft security — if you will — Security — the unearned kind — will be offered you right and left — as a kind of anaesthetic soothing syrup. Silver-tongued songsters — will try to sell you big doses of this syrup — guaranteed to give you something for nothing. It's easy to take and will guide you to the pleasant path that leads to nameless and soulless anonymity.

Who do you suppose wrote "Nothing ventured — nothing won." That was written many times — in many forms — by many men. They who wrote it left footprints where they walked. Who gave us "Faint Heart ne'er won Fair Lady?" The very same kind of men. They too were very human. Our Nation has been built by men and women who have had the courage it takes to stand by their convictions.

Tomorrow — in addition to your own welfare — you will have the welfare of your country in your hands. Don't forget that — without the kind of a country that is your heri-

tage you cannot enjoy the Rights — that are still constitutionally yours.

Rights to live — to enjoy Liberty — and to pursue Happiness. And don't forget that these very Rights — given you by your forefathers — are yours to preserve. Let me tell you a short story — the story isn't mine — it was written by Edward Everett Hale — about a "Man without a Country." I've read it a dozen times — you've read it too — and we'll read it again.

The story was about a Patriot — one Philip Nolan. He had become involved — inadvertently — in the schemes of ambitious Aaron Burr. Haled before a military court — in a moment of rage — he roared out — "Damn the United States — I hope I may never hear of the United States again." There was a long — tense silence — Then Nolan was convicted — sentenced to have his own wishes fulfilled. The Navy carried out the sentence. Nolan was kept at sea for forty years. The Navy carried out the sentence. Nolan was kept at sea for forty years. Treated always as an officer — and a gentleman. He never heard of — read of — or saw his country again.

The climax of the story came one quiet afternoon — The convict officer read well — He was reading aloud to a group of the Ship's officers. Reading from Sir Walter Scott's "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*". He came to this immortal passage and read —

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead —  
Who never to himself hath said —  
This is my own — my native land —  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand —  
If such there breathes — go mark him well  
For him no minstrel raptures swell —  
High though his title — proud his name  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim —  
Despite those titles — power and pelf —  
The wretch concentrated all in self —  
Living — shall forfeit — — — —"

And there the old man stopped — rose in silence — cast the book over his shoulder into the sea, and went below into his cabin.

All his listeners knew the anguish the recital had cost.

He never came on deck again — Died months later — with his father's Cincinnatus Medal — held close to his heart. Philip Nolan became a true Patriot — the hard way. He lived to find out what it meant to lose — the very liberties that are yours today.

Never trade your right to seek and find and develop opportunity — No matter what apparent gain is offered in its place.

"And every Common Bush afire with God."  
Here is promise of beauty in the Universe —

(Continued on Page 16)

"No, no, NO!" screamed Miss McVey, forcing a fat white hand through her fuzzy hair. "You're to put your *left* foot back and turn it twice. Twice; *Then* the other one! Can't you understand English? Stop shrugging your shoulders. I want you to learn this. It's all freemans and it's good to know. You'll be incomparable. Men will die for your attentions. Heavens—the record's over." Reluctantly giving up the tutelary grip on her pupil's thin shoulder, she went to the machine. "It's quite lucky there's no rug here. A person might trip herself. When I think of the way I used to do the maxixe backstage at the Haymarket with Norman Mercer, or Lester Zinnenberg,"—she started the old scratchy recording of *Dengozo* once more and turned toward the trembling Mamie — "I could *almost* hit you in the face! You are *exasperating!* Now do it proper!"

Marie squealed incoherently and Miss McVey lurched toward her shaking her clenched fist.

Mamie boo-hoed, "I'll do it! I'll do it!" and so Miss McVey drew herself together and for a few seconds watched her wave her arms and legs wretchedly in the air like a puppet.

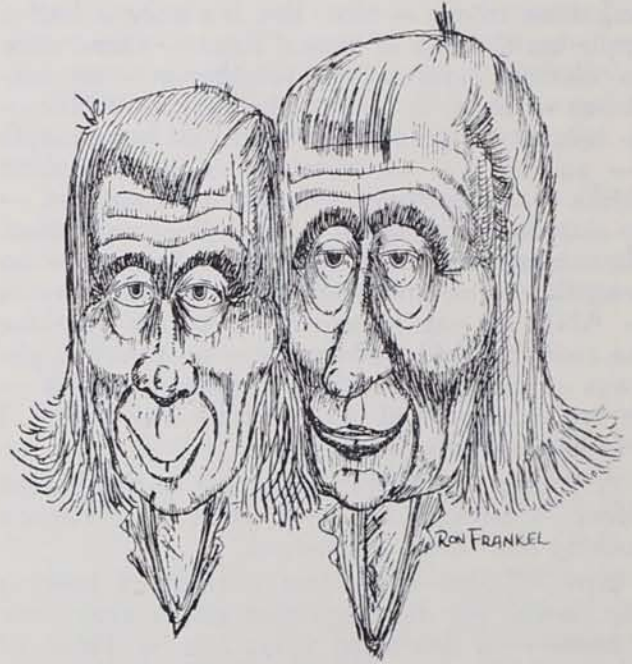
"More rhythmic!" admonished Miss McVey, beating her dainty size 8 on the floor in time to the music. "Bend at the waist! It ain't as if it was hard! Oh, my soul! Here!" And Miss McVey—tall, plump Miss McVey—launched herself into the most dramatic maxixe she could command. She shook all over, and waved her head, and rolled her eyes—those eyes! Mamie thought to herself. Why, they might fly through the window any time!

The record ended.

"Oh, that is good, Miss McVey!"

"Of course it's good," said Miss McVey, modestly lowering her eyes. "Now come try it again. Must be done with a partner, you know, you're to learn it, ducky, by six—tea time. They ought to call it grub-time—You really have to. Service is abominable. Now!"

She seized Mamie by one arm and started the record. Mamie looked for sympathy to old Mr. Keaton (who was sitting with a vapid and jejune expression on the bench along the wall behind them) before she was whirled into a torrid maxixe. Miss McVey, though she had been married three times during her highly colored career, retained her maiden name after the demise of each husband. Her third husband was still among the living, it must be confessed, but it mattered very little now whether she went by his name or not—"I expect he'd rather not, the old perisher," Miss McVey had said. He was reported to be returning to England by the next boat. "I'm that English through and through," Miss McVey often told Mamie (who was only an American from Kan-



sas). "Just let anyone try to tell me that merely because my father had an Irish name I'm Irish. My mother was a devotee of Gallic culture—my name, Josette—though she *was* English, but I was born and bred that genteel in Surrey, and didn't I have a position in London for thirteen years as assistant wardrobe mistress at the Haymarket?—and, I might add, a good chance at becoming a luminary of the stage, if I hadn't decided to sacrifice everything to marry my first husband."

Mamie could never entirely see the connection between the last statement and the object of conviction, but she had said three weeks ago, in a surge of affection betokened by a large and happy smile, that there was nothing wrong with being Irish—Mamie Flanagan, see?—whereupon Miss McVey had whopped her a stunning blow across the ear with the justifying observation "NOT Irish!"

The maxixe came to an end. Mamie, thrown aside, and with a commiserating look at Mr. Keaton, crept to a part of the long bare bench in a corner, as far away from Miss McVey as she could go. She suffered luridly related agonies at the whim of Miss McVey, having a fairly submissive nature—she had to, in consideration of her great friendship with her—but she did have enough firmly embedded conventional ideas that came to the fore without her exerting the least effort that the relationship was on occasion not what could be called smooth. Mamie knew that someday, somehow, she would be delivered from the greasy clutches of her friend Miss McVey, but little did she

suspect that Miss McVey herself might be the means. She was rather thin, poor thing, with a characterless face, and she walked with a mincing little step with her toes pointed outward. "Stand up *straight!*" Miss McVey used to roar. "Toes straight ahead!" Now Mamie was in her early thirties, but her hair was almost white; it was rolled up sloppily in back, and there was always a wisp over her forehead.

She watched Miss McVey sling the scratchy old dance record onto the rickety table holding the other scratchy old dance records, slam the lid on the wind-up phonograph so that the fringy lampshade rattled, and pick up one of the three 1938 magazines which she so loved to finger.

Her intention obviously being to improve her mind by a little reading, Miss McVey sat down in the blue-plush-covered chair. (The red one had an extremely fierce-looking spring protruding from the rear and was therefore not overly safe to sit in. Two weeks ago Miss McVey had dramatically flung herself into it in a magnificent display of feeling on the occasion of Miss Hamilton's suggestion that she confine her elocution exercises to something less stentorophonic than the narration of imaginary boxing exhibitions in Surrey. Miss McVey's only comment was that her interests were catholic.)

Edging toward the light meted out by the 40-watt bulb under the fringy lampshade, Miss McVey heaved a sigh. The panes in the window rattled. She looked around, first at Mamie, and then at Mr. Keaton, who was staring at her.

"Kick him," said Miss McVey, opening the 1938 magazine. "No—don't. He might speak."

Mamie assumed a quizzical expression. She got up and went to Mr. Keaton and whispered into his ear. It was a large ear, actually, and seemed more than adequate for auditory purposes.

"I think she wants you to go away. She must want to tell me something," Mamie whispered, and she stood back. She curled her right hand under her chin and supported her right elbow with her left hand. Mr. Keaton did nothing.

Miss McVey leaped forward and was on the point of pummeling him to death—he gurgled softly—when suddenly the door flew open. Miss McVey whirled round to see Miss Hamilton, all in razzle-dazzle white with a Hawaiian lei around her neck, bringing in a group of the most astounding-looking men and women imaginable, self-conscious and simpering.

"Oh, my soul!" Miss McVey muttered under her breath, clasping her free hand to her heart. "Visitors. Ah, yes. Like the poor, they are always with us." And she loosened her grip on Mr. Keaton's collar and threw herself back into her chair. Mr. Keaton left off gurgling.

Miss Hamilton said hello, and turned to those with her, explaining things in a confidential

whisper . . . manic-depressive . . . psychopathic . . . paranoiac. . . An excitable woman in the back of the group remarked to a friend that they might all be killed, but Miss Hamilton said, "No," and winked at Mamie. "Comparatively harmless."

Miss McVey sniffed audibly in her chair, her back to the group. The visitors and Miss Hamilton withdrew. It began to grow dark.

"September, you know," mentioned Miss McVey casually, "is such a *damnably* dark month. Mamie, close your mouth. Sometimes you act exactly like that fool on the bench." The reference was to Mr. Keaton, for whom Mamie had a secret admiration because of his refusal to say anything. Miss McVey plopped her magazine on the table. "I say, what this sitting-room needs is some more good revues—something with the—well, the more recent developments in art and fiction—that sort of thing. Not 'Seven Days on a 4-H Farm.' Stupid!" She jumped up and went to the long, three-paneled casement window to look out, leaving Mamie unsure if the last remark had been leveled against her or the 4-H Farm. "There's not one thing out there but that infernal farmhouse." She turned around. "I *may* visit that farmhouse some day," she said with a touch of innuendo. She peered out again. "There aren't even trees!"

. . . .

Tuesday morning at 10:30 the heavy door to the Sewing Room of the Steinberg Home for Convalescents, with its ill-fitting latch, swung open, and Miss Hamilton's pink face was seen. It smiled and turned and smiled again and the rest of Miss Hamilton appeared. After her a troop of visitors—it was the Ladies' Auxiliary Circles #3 and #7 of the First Methodist Church of Fort Dooley on a joint activity—filed in.

In a hushed tone of voice Miss Hamilton talked about occupational therapy—these sixteen harmless women sitting at these sixteen indestructible sewing-machines from nine to eleven Tuesdays and Fridays, sewing Attractive and Useful Articles. The visiting organization shuffled around the edge of the room. A little old dried-up woman named Liza was at the far end of the room and Miss Hamilton stopped and asked her what she was making. All the other women at the sewing-machines stopped their work and became interested in Miss Hamilton and Liza—except Mamie, who happened to be sitting next to Miss McVey, second from the door, and went stitching on, having been urged all morning to do so to save extra pieces of cloth.

"It's my wedding dress."

"Your wedding dress?" ventured Miss Hamilton, pretending not to be surprised. "How nice!" she added when she could think of nothing else, and the group moved on. Miss McVey

grumbled to herself as she endeavored to extricate Mamie's forelock from the sewing-machine needle, around which Mamie had succeeded in catching it in a too diligent attempt at keeping her tea-towel straight, which act seemed to necessitate putting one's face very close to the apparatus in motion. "Don't pull! Keep still. There! Now get those"—and she lowered her voice to a solemn whisper—"three lengths of rug-braid—quick!—and pop 'em into your pocket—jolly good, old thing! I'll get the other four. Don't let on you've got them. Act as if you didn't care about a thing. And finish that towel." Miss McVey returned to her own work, which everyone thought was only a tea-towel, but which was actually the beginning of another Fascinating Adventure. Miss McVey was famous at Steinberg's for her adventures. Every now and then she reached out agilely—zingo!—and stuffed into her own pocket any hardy-looking scrap from a neighboring table, and kept incessantly burbling and poking at Mamie to do the same.

Dreamily Miss McVey thought of the enchanting Dakota scenery surrounding the Steinberg Home for Convalescents on every side. The only other building in the nine miles to Fort Dooley—the nearest town—was Mr. Lundy's farmhouse. The trees all around had been somewhat burnt down several years ago in a forest-fire. Miss McVey was still burning with ambition.

• • • •

"See here, idiot. You start at the top, leaving some extra in case we have to tie it to something, instead of just hooking it, and then at distances like this"—and she held her index fingers a little more than two feet apart—"you make a knot, which will be a *step* to step down on. Do you see? I think I've explained it exceptionally clearly."

"Well," said Mamie doubtfully, "I suppose so."

"Suppose! Of course you see! All you have to do is follow *my* instructions. Do just as I say and keep quiet. Now this will take some time. Let me see . . . What day is today?" She looked at the yellowed calendar, with a page for each day, hanging by the door. Someone had left off removing pages three-and-a-half years ago. "July fourteenth." It was January. "Hmmm. . . . Filthy unseasonable weather! At any rate, we should be ready for our—our venture—by the middle of August. It should be warmer out then. You're attending, I hope?"

Mamie smiled most distressful, and sat down on a bench.

"Miss McVey, what if Miss Hamilton doesn't want us to have these bits of cloth? She *mightn't*, and I shouldn't want to distress her. I think . . . I think she's *very* nice, and—"

"Of course she won't want us to have them!" shouted Miss McVey so violently that Mamie was sure her teeth rattled. "Sit up straight." Miss McVey paraded up and down in the grand manner, slapping the table for emphasis every time she passed it, so that the lamp jumped and the fringe on the shade did a short hula. "Miss Hamilton and her associates—and the thirty-five or whatever-it-is other paying guests"—she began in a very soft and serpentine manner through her teeth—like that—"are absurdly jealous of our company. They would *not* want us to go away. No word of this"—raising her voice—"must reach Miss Hamilton." She rolled her eyes at Mamie, who was holding her breath. "Not *one* *WORD!*" she roared, clinched her admonition with a demoniacal cascade of laughter, and was at once a decorous lady again.

Mamie was spellbound. After a suitable interval had passed and the room returned to right-side-up she appeared to have another question.

"Very well, Mamie, what is it?"

"I wondered," faltered Mamie, "if—now I know I'm terribly stupid to ask this, because I just can't go at these things as fast as you do—I hope this isn't too silly—you're so much better at—"

"The question," whispered Miss McVey with closed eyes. "THE QUESTION!"

(Continued on Page 18)



**JONES MOTOR CO., INC.**

SPRING CITY, PA.



## "WHAT WILL THE NEIGHBORS SAY?"

When most girls need a guiding hand  
For one cause or another,  
They look for inspiration to  
An understanding mother.  
But mine is either uninspired  
Or never trod the way,  
For all she ever counsels me is,  
"What will the neighbors say?"  
I never follow fashion fads,  
No matter how appealing;  
In mother's mind they're too severe  
Or else they're too revealing.  
So, be my choice Victorian,  
Be it decollete,  
Instead of compliments, I hear,  
"What will the neighbors say?"  
In matters academic I've  
Been properly encouraged;  
The midnight oil and research work  
Have never been discouraged.  
But do I seek for wisdom  
Or the glory of an "A"?  
No! Should I bring a failure home,  
What would the neighbors say?  
I realize my talent's small  
For musical endeavor,  
But now and then I like to sing  
Or think my playing's clever.  
I'm barely perched on wings of song  
When comes the usual bray,  
"For God's sake! Quiet down a bit—  
What will the neighbors say?"  
At evening when I go upstairs  
To brush my hair or read,  
I'm warned to pull the shades because  
The neighbors might stampede.  
And if I wear my housecoat to  
Bring in the milk next day,  
It's, "Get in and get some clothing on—  
What will the neighbors say?"  
And when it comes to choosing friends—  
A personal decision—  
My list goes up before the board  
For neighborly revision.  
No matter who I bring around,

He's shortly scared away  
When mother audibly expires,  
"What will the neighbors say?"  
If anyone is staunch enough  
To ask me for a date,  
The neighborhood clock declares  
That ten o'clock is late.  
Just how the neighbors spot that smudge  
Or see my disarray  
I'll never know—at any rate,  
There's scandal the next day.  
In spite of all, I've found The One;  
The neighbors heard, and so  
They prophesied it wouldn't last  
(That was six years ago.)  
We hesitate to make our plans  
Or choose a wedding day,  
For after all, with all they know,  
That's for the neighbors to say.  
Perhaps I should observe a bit  
The neighbors' view of "Good",  
But can't you see how dull must be  
The pet of the neighborhood?  
And where's the glory in it,  
For when I am gone someday,  
They'll cast their eyes on someone else  
And find something else to say.

AUDREY HARTE

## SPRING AIR

There is no color in the air  
That makes the earth turn green;  
There is no guessing at the shape  
That presses warm and clean  
Against our faces and our skin;  
There is no knowing why  
Our hearts should open up because  
Of simple air and sky.  
There is no questioning of Spring;  
We can but feel and stare  
And throw ourselves away upon  
The memory of the air.

SALLY CANAN

BILLY BURKE'S  
PROP ROOM

COME OUT AND SEE THE OLD GOAT!

THE INDEPENDENT  
COLLEGEVILLE

# MY FIRST NIGHT IN "LA VIE BOHEME"

DOUGLAS MACMULLAN

The installation in an apartment of a household—myself and a pregnant cat—was taking longer than I had imagined. Continually interrupting us was the artistic Miss Mary Scott who was "Just too, too upset about all this moving. And although she needed the money she'd never sublet again." While she fluttered about and protested in small squeaks, "I can't simply do a thing when I don't have a brush in my hand," the thought that my first evening in THE Greenwich Village was going to be spent packing a frenetic's suitcases filled me with a sense of despair. I hoped she would be gone soon.

Contrasting my own annoyance and gradual infection by Miss Scott's nervousness, Cleo, the cat, had installed herself on a large red sofa similar I think to those you might find in a bordello. The piece of furniture (much leeway given to the use of the word) was a carmine shaded monstrosity in the proportions of the "Titanic" or the "Normandie". It lay along the one stretch of pallid green wall to the right of the door, and filled me with suspicion that some morning I should be found dead, clutching in one hand a bottle of Absorbine and in the other a woman's garter, with the faint fragrance of cheap toilet water rendering the atmosphere of the room both carnal and tragic. But Cleopatra did not seem to mind and mewed softly, a form of speech I mistook for contentment and did not realize to be the harbinger of labor pains.

I continued to place the few volumes I had brought home on the table. One was of Shelly and one of Byron. It was my opinion that when one went Bohemian he should always have a few of the more rakish of the classicists in evidence. With the last of my literature lined up neatly and in what seemed small splendor against the mammoth expanse of wall, I stood up and looked about the room with mixed feelings battering at my heart. The studio was in itself a classic. On a clear day you could see the ceiling. Other times the dirty grayness some twenty feet above blended into an opalescent shadow, creating the illusion you were possibly in the ark stranded on top of Mount Ararat, on the first rung of Jacob's ladder. At the one end of the room were two windows. One was a more or less conventional size and was placed in a more or less conventional manner. The other was of dimensions that led you to believe the floor unhinged itself after dark and all went sailing through the cavern crying "Shazam" or "Beware enemies of purity, the Batman is abroad". I had been cautioned by Miss Mary "Queen of Scotts" to be careful with this bit of glaziers nightmare, since the glass in the upper lights was antique. She need not have worried. A high hurdles champion at Yale could not

have reached the window sill, let alone breathed steam on the upper reaches.

Between the two windows was a mirror, framed in antique gilt, that ran from floor to ceiling. They used to call them pier glasses, I believe. The bottom of this "Lewis Carroll De-Luxe" as we later called it, was blocked off by a chest of thirteenth century Flemish oak. Unfortunately I never did manage to conjure up a proper respect for this bit of antiquity, since it looked more like an extra large bit of pressed wood that had provided a holiday for some vagrant and less discriminating worm.

On the adjacent wall was a fireplace—Adams style. When I later lit my first fire in it, I caused near bedlam throughout the upper sanctums of the house. The draft was uncommonly good, and there hadn't been a fire in any of these particular fireplaces since the house had been built one hundred and fifty years ago. Naturally when I unwittingly broke the record with a small wood fire, the holocaust-like roar that echoed up the flue almost drove the tenants on the fifth floor to throwing their more precious articles out of the window.

As you traveled to the left hand side of the fireplace every other piece of furniture in the room got progressively larger. The culmination was a gigantic armoire and a piano that could only be described as a baby grand suffering from a tail end collision with a Mack truck. The armoire was so large that if you sat in any chair on that side of the room you were given the impression of being at the foot of the Jungfran or Mount Everest. The piano was not without its merits either. In addition to having its strings shortened into some scientific method of cutting down the harp's floor space, the sustaining pedal when pressed emitted a sound similar to the proverbial crack of doom. When you played a waltz the result could be paralleled to the scene in "Madam Bovary" where they knock out the windows as she and the Count go dancing by. Only, when you played this piano it sounded like you were knocking out a wall on every third beat. In the future the piano was given over to the Queen of the Nile, who would bury herself under the harp cover and accompany a ballad of cat calls with muted strummings of the piano wire.

Beyond the main room lay two smaller rooms. One contained a kitchen arrangement, and the other a bathroom. The tragedy was that the bathtub was too small for me to fit my six feet into and still get my knees wet, and the sink was too small to wash in. So I washed the dishes in the bathtub and took out a membership in the Park Sheraton Hotel Swim Club.

Finally somewhere between the hour of eleven and twelve, Cleo's mewings became more insistent and I came to the conclusion that my girl's hour was near. The situation at the best



was difficult. I had said that Cleo was my sister's cat and was leaving on the morrow for her lying in somewhere out on Long Island. To allay any imminent fears that Miss Scott might have had about the cat's girth, I attributed it to a recent operation which often produces increasing obesity. Therefore when dear Cleo began to show signs of unmistakable fertility I knew the time for action was at hand. I bundled her into one of my suitcases and placed her on the fire escape while Queen Mary was in the other room. With the last benediction of "Pax Vobiscum" I slammed the window and sat down to the piano to play Chopin in a manner that would have rallied the dead in legions of protest. As Cleo's cries became louder I played more robustly. By the time I got around to the "Polonaise" the plaster on the walls was quivering and two pieces of dust on the uncarpeted floor had been blown the full length of the room by the vibrations. By midnight when Miss Scott finally said goodbye, we were both in our own way, weary and enervated.

I hauled Cleo in from the fire escape and counted three times before I realized the phenomenal fact that she had given birth to not one, not two, but seven kittens. So while I looked through the "Mount Palomar" window at my first New York dawn, and heard the sucking of new life at my feet, it struck me that I had fallen into the widest rut of Bohemian domesticity.

### LINES

*Why should the burning heart  
Be quenched in bitter tears,  
When fire would soon depart  
In the mystic file of years?*

*Because the fragile vessel,  
Untempered, could not stand  
To hear fate's garments rustle,  
Or bear her heavy hand.*

DAVID HALLSTROM

Johnny Hoffman's

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The Sea-Spray Arms Hotel reposed securely one block from the ocean, a moderate-sized old gingerbread building covered with weathered shingles of a deep brown, built on a modified square plan with a long porch across the front and a few special porches opening from some of the rooms upstairs. All around it were brilliant flower-beds planted with the flowers which one sees nowhere but at the seashore.

The general impression created by the Sea Spray Arms on such an overcast day was that of a box of discarded daguerrotypes. Inside the box, however, there sat disinterestedly a number of middle-aged and old persons, all somewhat alive, and a few younger ones, not so disinterested and a good bit more animated. Most of them were at present occupying the drab dining-room with its awful dirty gilt woodwork, and a dull buzz of conversation hovered over the room like a thin layer of smoke — not enough to be annoying, but still there.

Among the others in the half-filled dining-room was a heavy-set older woman, with a face like a knobbed pink balloon, who was wearing a yellow print dress covered with large black horses, quite inappropriate to her age and weight and entirely at odds with her complexion. This was Mrs. Quinlan.

Mrs. Quinlan was thinking about her birthday. From her tiny table-for-two at the wall away from the doorway she carefully watched all the movement in the dining-room, which was precious little. Her birthday—today was her birthday. Yes, she was now sixty-six, and so what? Here she was alone at the Sea-Spray Arms and it was her birthday and nobody knew about it. Well, perhaps *somebody*. She had the vague impression that Flora, her regular waitress, might know about it.

Mrs. Quinlan's only reason for staying at the Sea-Spray Arms was that her younger daughter, Rose-Ellen, was in the hospital having another baby and found it inconvenient to have her mother visit her at this time. Her three children took turns having her as a guest for several months at a time during the year, since the family home in Buffalo had been broken up when Mr. Quinlan died. She knew it wasn't that Rose-Ellen didn't want help managing the house and children while she was in the hospital; it was just that Rose-Ellen thought a month at the seashore while the spring weather at home was so uncertain would be restful. Rose-Ellen was the only one who *did* look out for her health. Somehow her two boys had other things to think about and never bothered to ask her if she was taking her pills, or having her blood pressure checked, or eating the right food.

Unfolding her fresh napkin, she watched Flora at her other table taking care of the family which had arrived before her that eve-

ning. All of them, father, mother, and two daughters, were having the same thing — devilled crabs, French-fried potatoes, and succotash. Next to their table a lonely elderly man was asking his own waitress for oyster stew instead of raw oysters. He was red-faced from sitting on the sun-deck, and Mrs. Quinlan wondered if he was staying at the hotel for his health. . . .

Finally Flora was free and brought over the menu. Perhaps the choice of dinners would be especially good for Friday evening. Mrs. Quinlan was hungry, and besides—it was her birthday.

"My, you look nice tonight, Mrs. Quinlan!" Flora exclaimed, "And another dress! I hadn't seen that one yet."

Flora was so thoughtful about noticing things. That's funny, Mrs. Quinlan observed; I've had this dress for—let's see—nine years, if I've had it a day. She pulled at the gathers of the dress stretched across her thick, sloping shoulders. She was fairly certain now that Flora knew about today being her birthday. She *thought* she had told her about it one of the very first days she had been at the Sea-Spray Arms. Oh—and yes, she had also told the chambermaid one morning since then. (Really, she hoped the two wouldn't go to any trouble for her birthday. They were so likely to plan something together since they were good friends.)

Mrs. Quinlan put down her menu as if to prolong the pleasure of writing down her order. Wasn't that woman dreadful to let her children eat those indigestible orange fritters? My, they looked good!

Her eyes drifted across the dining room, taking in all the weekend arrivals. The father at the adjoining table said something and they all looked over and smiled at her. Mrs. Quinlan returned the smile graciously with a slight nod, like a *grande dame*. To think that so many people knew!

Today had not amounted to much. She went out at around nine-thirty in the morning to the drug store two blocks down the street to buy some tooth-powder and a couple of candy bars. On returning she stopped at the hotel desk to pay her bi-monthly bill. She walked through the lobby to the solarium so she could look into the little pool at the goldfish. She sat on the small built-up tile wall around the pool for perhaps half an hour, watching the tiny creatures, diverted to a degree.

The rest of the day she passed sitting in her room, reading at women's magazines or embroidering, or merely staring out of the window thinking about her birthday. But her days *never* amounted to anything. One day here was quite like all the others. She rarely went



out of the hotel since she was rather heavy and inclined to tire easily. She never went to the beach. Occasionally she parked herself in one of the rockers on the porch. She usually sat silently observing carefully the comings and goings of the hotel people.

At long intervals she exchanged perhaps a few words with someone sitting near her, always banal remarks about weather, state of health, or the hotel. The few persons to whom she ever chose to address herself were polite, yes, but hardly eloquent. So Mrs. Quinlan sometimes sat for hours on that porch with the gray-painted floor, slowly and creakingly tipping herself backwards and forwards at a rate so regular that one could have set a clock by it; she would stare at nothing apparent and take cognizance only of the fact that she was by herself at the seashore and that her birthday was approaching. She always felt better if she was in her room when the chambermaid came in to straighten up in the morning. It wasn't that she was afraid of her stealing anything—not that there was anything worth stealing—or even that she wanted to chat with her. Usually she *did* talk with her, but she simply felt better if she was there when the chambermaid came in.

She began to write down her order. These were the most important decisions of her day—the long lists of entrees, salads, desserts—and she loved to take her time, mentally sampling each item before she wrote down her selection. Among the choices for each course tonight she found something which she liked. Why, it was as if even the kitchen staff knew! She'd have liked to try the raw oysters, even though they disagreed with her. But why shouldn't she have them *tonight*? In a slow hand she carefully wrote: 6 raw oysters. Her next decision was to be made between a kind of bouillon—she didn't know what those foreign words meant—and a cream of celery soup. There was no choice, actually, because she always was partial to thicker soups.

The most important selection was next: whether to have lamb chops, filet of sole, baked ham with raisin sauce, half a spring chicken, or roast turkey with oyster stuffing. It was only a question of ham or turkey, because she never ate fish when she dined out, and she thought there wasn't enough meat on lamb chops. She decided on turkey because it made a more festive meal.

The waitress was at least free of her other duties and came over to take Mrs. Quinlan's order to the kitchen. She glanced over it and looked in surprise.

"Why, Mrs. Quinlan, you're not having oysters! You shouldn't!"

"Just tonight, Flora," Mrs. Quinlan said with a touch of pleading.

"Well, just for tonight," Flora agreed.

Flora understood so well.

A fly settled on the slender glass vase which held three large, coarse zinnias. Mrs. Quinlan wasn't exceptionally fond of zinnias, but she graciously allowed that they did serve a purpose in this dark room. She brushed the fly away but it alit again immediately, this time on her water glass. There was a slight commotion in the kitchen—raised voices and sounds of dishes being dropped, or possibly thrown. Why, they know it's my birthday, thought Mrs. Quinlan with a slight and unexpected tremor of delight. They've thought up something special for me. But the disturbance stopped and nothing happened for the next five minutes. She sighed, and her expectations fell together in a heap.

"Nothing's going to happen," she murmured half-aloud. She was disheartened and depressed. Her instinctive reaction was to want to weep a bit, but, being withal a fairly sensible woman, she sat up straight and only cleared her throat. For a while she drummed her fingers on the table. She picked up a spoon and drew a design into the tablecloth with the handle. The red-faced man coughed a bit. She put one foot on the table-legs brace, and, finding it less comfortable, returned it to the floor again. Someone in the kitchen called for matches. Mrs. Quinlan shifted herself in her chair a bit, watched that nice young Miss Williams go out of the dining-room, and fell to drumming on the table again.

There was another call for matches in the kitchen. Matches! To light candles on a birthday cake, of course! That *did* sound like Flora. Matches! Certainly! She's going to march in with a birthday cake with candles on it. A cake—white-iced, no doubt—ablaze with candles, even though there wouldn't be space enough for one candle for every year, for she was sixty-six. Flora wouldn't know her age, anyhow. Well! She would ceremoniously cut the cake and offer a piece to everyone in the room—all these people with whom she was ac-

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quainted at least by face. She glanced around hastily. There were about nine persons left in the dining-room—yes, that certainly wouldn't be too many. Now, should she ask Flora to carry a piece to everybody or should she have her serve the whole cake around? Perhaps she ought to speak out in a loud voice—the dining-room wasn't *very* large, and there was little noise—and invite everyone to her table to take a piece of cake. It musn't be awkward, though—perhaps she should have Flora serve it around. Yes, that would be the best way.

Now the waitresses were hurrying in and out of the doors leading into the kitchen. Dishes were clattering, and through the noise Mrs. Quinlan heard someone shout, "Come on, let's get going!" They wanted to start the celebration as soon as possible. She flicked the crumbs off the table; Flora, in her excitement, must have forgotten them. She spread a wider place, pushing the remaining pieces of silver farther away from each other and her glass of water back against the wall.

The doors of the kitchen were swinging furiously. The waitresses all looked alike going in and out. But Mrs. Quinlan would know Flora immediately when she came out because she would be carrying the cake ablaze with candles.

The guests in the dining room had finished eating and yet remained at their tables. Mrs. Quinlan wondered how they knew she was going to offer them a piece of her cake.

Then she was conscious of someone coming toward her from the kitchen! Flora was headed straight for her table. No—it couldn't be. There was nothing burning brightly, casting a glow in her face, as Mrs. Quinlan had imagined. There was a small light. Flora was almost there. Now she could see—a single candle with a very small flame, sunken into a cupcake.

Mrs. Quinlan could barely manage to hold back her tears. She wasn't certain how long she could keep her composure. Surely everything had pointed towards what she'd expected—Flora's remembering, the bustle of the waitresses, the guests in the dining room, and the confusion she had heard in the kitchen.

Here was Flora.

"Happy Birthday, Mrs. Quinlan, and may you have many more," she said, and, with the brisk motion that set the small cake down on the table, the unsteady flame went out.

She watched the family rise from the next table and leave. The waitresses hurried to clear their tables, fold up the soiled linen, and put on fresh cloths. From the lobby she heard the four-piece orchestra starting to tune up for the nightly concert of old favorites.

Flora came out of the kitchen again. Now she stopped by the red-faced man's table and they exchanged a few words. Once they looked

across the room at her. Flora left his table and the man got up to leave. Mrs. Quinlan watched him and . . . yes, he seemed to be headed in her direction. She sat up straight in her chair, smoothed out her dress, and imagined how she would go about offering him a piece of the cupcake.

## SUNDAY AFTERNOON

*The winter breeze drifts through an open window,*

*Mingles with a violin concerto,*

*Touches my face, and dies along the wall,*

*Melting in itself the last faint dying note*

*Of a composer's sad dream, and then, remote*

*And frail, an echo in my mind, I hear it call:*

*"That is all . . . all."*

DAVID HALLSTROM

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PHILADELPHIA

## THROUGH THE GLASS

*I am sitting, quietly, looking through the glass.  
Looking out, through the glass, up into the face  
of the Great Sky.*

*Sky, why is it you wear those dark, heavy  
wrinkles on your forehead?*

*Could it be that you feel as I do?*

*Do you too know, in your vast and beautiful  
heart, what it is to wait—in quiet watch-  
fulness—for the coming of an inevitable  
sorrow, as I am waiting now?*

*Do you too find this waiting is in itself a sorrow?*

*Why do you shift your position so constantly,  
and twist the dark lines of your face?  
—Do you not know that it is childish  
and immature to show your anxiety?*

*See how you have made the evergreens bow  
their heads in sympathy for you!  
—Do you not know that sorrow is a pri-  
vate feeling, not to be forced on others?*

*How odd this waiting is!*

*A queer feeling; without hate,  
And without love.*

*A futile feeling; without despair,  
But without hope.*

*An uncertain feeling; not puzzling,  
Yet without explanation.*

*In all its uncertainty, it is very real. The sort of  
reality that tends to weigh gently on  
your mind, without realizing it, until  
it leads you off into a glassy-eyed stare.*

*But, Sky, I see you weaken, as you listen to my  
talk; you roll your lips tightly together,  
and you let your soft tears fall.  
A cloud whips out a windy handkerchief  
and smears them over the cheek of the  
glass.*

*I'm not going to scold you, though.*

*Perhaps you are right to cry silently,  
to yourself.*

*For you have a soul of nature—  
not governed by human practices,*

*Your way is not for me,  
as mine is.*

*I simply wait,*

*I know it will happen—maybe next year,  
maybe today.*

*And as I wait, I fear it will be soon.  
And as I fear, I hope it will be soon,  
—for that would relieve me of fear.  
But men and armies are so unpredictable.*

*Yes, you may cry, and eventually you will smile  
again.*

*But I may not cry, and it is hard to smile.*

*What's more, I cannot stay here watching you,  
through the glass.*

*For if I do, I shall miss the news  
broadcast.*

LOIS GLESSNER

## SO——TIRE

*I stand upon the brink of destruction—  
(And think how corny the very thought is.)  
Death is easy and beckons me.  
("Waiter, another—sloe gin fizz.")*

*I've reached the depths of human emotion.  
(The tears are weakening my fifteenth beer.)  
Love has cast me aside for another.  
(How'll I ever get home from here?)*

*I am a man beset on by fate!  
(My God, I improve by the minute!)  
Love is no longer a part of my life.  
("Waiter, this glass has too much ice in it.")*

*I speak with the tongue of ethereal beings;  
I write with the words of one inspired.  
(I wonder if they'll let me sleep under the bar  
'Cause I've never before been so — damn —  
tired —)*

JEANNE STEWART

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**ZIMMERMAN  
PAPER AND SUPPLY CO., INC.**

NORRISTOWN, PA.

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## An Address

(Continued from Page 5)

Free to all who can look—and will see. Beauty in the Universe? — It is all around us. In our own backyards — along our highways — Upon our Pennsylvania Hills — and in the Heavens above.

Now — one of the main purposes of good education — is to develop perspective. To enable us to distinguish what is fine — from what is commonplace. That kind of education began when you could tell a dandelion from a daisy. And it will not — and should not ever end.

You could not have come here without seeing Beauty in our Pennsylvania countryside. And we could not go from here home without a prayer of Thanksgiving—for the Land in which we live. Look tonight at the starry skies. Have in your mind — “The Heaven declare the glory of God — and the firmament showeth His Handiwork.” The great star Arcturus will be overhead — To the East — Vega — To the South—Antares—Red Heart of the Scorpion. To the West a little a beautiful hazy group, called Coma Berineces. On every hand some lovely cluster of God’s Handiwork to fill you with reverence. And back of every constellation — a fascinating story — passed down to us from ages past. Stories of Pegasus — Andromeda — Draco — Orion — Aquila — Hercules. All ours for the seeking — and the seeing — and the finding.

Who am I — from a staid old New England University — to remind you — You who have enjoyed the privileges of co-education — that the starry skies — need not necessarily be seen alone — to be appreciated.

Remember a good book, titled *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* — of course you do. Remember Francie and her thoughts — as she stood with her little brother — looking at the stars from a tenement roof? “I need some one” — she said with her arms to the skies.” I need to hold somebody close. And I need more than this holding. I need some one to understand how I feel. And the understanding must be part of the holding.” Now — the view upward from the roof of a Brooklyn Tenement — is just the same as it is from the banks of the Perkiomen. And the need for the holding — with understanding is in both places — the very same.

A sunset — a landscape — a rolling surf— need not be on canvas — in a Museum to be inspiring. Beauty in common settings — is before us every day — and will be always.

“Ask — and it shall be given you — Seek and ye shall find—Knock and it shall be opened to you.” Remember though—you must ask— You must seek—you must knock at the door— You choose to enter —

Lastly — “Only he who sees — takes off his shoes.” Now for centuries past — the “Taking off of shoes” — has meant reverence. The Act — as any Churchman might say — is “An outward and visible sign — of an inward and spiritual Grace”. In this case — let it be a respect for the abundance of opportunity — For the appreciation of natural beauty. And for the recognition of common sense. Common sense means simply — the application of well-known natural laws — to our own problems and to our own behavior.

“Two and two are four.”

Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Euclid proved that to you before you came to Collegeville.

You know all about Archimedes’ Spiral.

The story of Gallileo and the Pendulum.

And I’m sure you’ve heard of Sir Isaac Newton — The apple that fell on his head — And the Laws of gravitation — that came from that very same apple.

I could go on and on and you could too “ad infinitum” and “Nauseam” — listing simple truths. Truths you have learned at home at your mother’s knee — or from your own experience — or from your teachers — in school — or here at college. But, I am not interested — nor are you — in long lists. We are more interested in the application of basic truths to our education and to our day-to-day life.

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During my last year in school — our class was given — among other things — the problem of designing a Punch Press. Now a Punch Press is one of the simplest — commonest and most useful tools in Industry. Having taken "Machine Design" — "Strength of Materials" and theoretical mechanics", I approached the problem as a hungry old fox — might approach a young rabbit. I polished off the stresses and the strains in the cast frame. The size of the bearings — and the power required to run the machine. That was all formula stuff. So was the weight of the fly wheel. But, I was stuck on the fly wheel.

I had figured its weight — but there wasn't any formula in the book — to set its face — or its diameter. Professor Joe Roe — making his rounds — came to my drawing board. He knew without my telling him I was confused. I had chewed the rubber off my pencil, and was doing well with the brass. "Bob" — he said — "What's your trouble?" "It's this confounded fly wheel — I know its weight — but I don't know its diameter — There's no formula for it." "Well" — Joe Roe said — "What do you think it should be?" My answer — "I have no idea." He asked quietly — "Do you think that the fly wheel should have a diameter of six inches?" "Of course not — I said — "that's too small." Then — "How about six feet" "No, sir," I said — "that's too big." He gave me a friendly searching look — said nothing — and went on. I have not forgotten — the eloquence of his

broad back — as he stalked solemnly away. And never — never since that day — have I dared to answer any question — saying — "I have no idea." Without sayin ga single word — Joe Roe taught me the importance of intelligent guesswork.

You've all had comparable experiences. I cite this one — only to remind you of many of the same kind, given you here — to remain with you always.

Now — what of Home Building?

What does that mean to men and Women of Ursinus — 1950? Does it mean — buying a plot of ground and building a house? Of course not. To "th'ose who see" — the creation and maintenance of a Happy Home — is the greatest of all human accomplishments. Strive — not necessarily to do great things. Strive rather to create an atmosphere in which great things can be done. Women of 1950 — seek a lone career — if that be your wish and your calling. At the same time — remember you cannot over-estimate your contribution to progress — if you choose to build and to maintain — and to keep a happy home. For all the many — many people — who can see — will "take off their shoes" and bow in reverence to your service to mankind.

Keep Ursinus' flag flying high — Hold fast to your ideals. Be proud of your heritage. Give back — something of what has been given you. See — appreciate — and make use of — the opportunities that are so abundantly yours.

# DAVIS

## COAT & APRON SUPPLY CO.

### PHILADELPHIA

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## The Departure

(Continued from Page 8)

"I wondered if — that is, how does — why won't Miss Hamilton *know* as soon as she sees all that cloth?"

"Aha!" chuckled Miss McVey knowingly.

"Aha!"

"Aha?"

"I have hidden them!"

"Hidden them?"

"Hidden them."

There was a short and marvellous pause. Miss McVey stood, hands on hips, and looked smugly at Mamie, who moved about a bit, uncomfortably, and then looked back at Miss McVey. Organizing her thoughts somewhat, Mamie went off on a different tack.

"Where have you hidden them?"

Miss McVey smiled again, baring her pearly-white canine teeth. "They are cleverly concealed, and I *defy*—I positively *defy* anyone to ferret out—"

The door opened and Miss Hamilton's head appeared. "Helloooo," said Miss Hamilton's head.

"Helloooo," said Miss McVey. Mamie waved her hand shyly.

Miss Hamilton came in with a group of—

"Visitors!" breathed Miss McVey, a little heavily. "After the Lord Mayor comes the dump cart. Filthy narks!" She sat down next to Mamie, crossed her knees, pulled up her skirt a little, and sat back with folded arms and a smirk. "Ought to have a jewelled garter," she added to Mamie from the side of her mouth.

The visitors with Miss Hamilton pattered in, and then they pattered out. As Miss McVey put it afterwards, "it was as if they knew where the door was." Further discussion was postponed.

. . . . .

One drizzly day Miss McVey came cautiously out of the room which she shared with five other women, carrying in her arms a bundle of what appeared to be laundry. And who should be coming gloomily down the hall at that moment but Mamie!

"Well, this is a surprise, Mamie dear. I haven't seen you for hours!"

Mamie looked at the bundle. "What's that?"

"Don't talk aloud here, goose," said Miss McVey in sudden irritation. "Come along." She swept off down the hall with her bundle on one arm and Mamie on the other. They arrived in the sitting room and—Mamie being breathless to a degree—sat down.

"These," said Miss McVey, when Mamie's fluttering heart had subsided sufficiently, "are the *means* of our departure." And she threw her bundle on the floor—hundreds of pieces of

cloth gleaned from unwary workers during the sewing sessions of the past six months. "You *must* help me to work on this—it must all be done today. How lucky you came along when you did. Are you engaged this afternoon? But"—and she gathered the pile into her arms again and turned half coyly to Mamie—"it must be done well. This will be part of our rope ladder."

Mamie sat and stared in great wonder. What new and exciting adventure could this portend? The hint of a question began to play round about her pale blue lips.

"Oh, my soul! What is it now?" asked Miss McVey, letting an impatient sigh escape her.

"Where—where did you have these?"

"I hid them, idiot. I told you that."

Mamie reflected a second—possibly two. That was likely so. "But where?" she said aloud.

"These I hid in my room."

"But all those other ladies—"

"'Women.' No breeding—coarse. Vagrants . . . You were saying—?"

"But didn't they see it all? Or Miss Hamilton?"

"Of course not. I put it under the mattress and in the wardrobes."

"Gracious!" said Mamie incredulously.

Miss McVey looked around hurriedly and spoke into Mamie's ear. "There's as much more

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up underneath these benchseats here. *That's* all finished. *I* did it in some of my spare time. It was a great deal of work, of course, but worth it. Just fancy how you'll profit by my effort. Be thankful. Now we must get to work on this and finish it before Miss Hamilton comes in with her—Lord preserve us—guests. Horrid people."

And they began to work in excessive diligence. After Mamie had tied together twenty-nine pieces of cloth—and she did tie fine knots in them—she unwound the cloth rope from her arms and neck and looked at Miss McVey.

"I'll be sorry to leave Miss Hamilton," she said dreamily, and then added earnestly, "I *like* her. She's so—so—well, she always says hello to me."

Miss McVey was thunderstruck. The effect which the observation had upon her was wondrous to behold. Up she leaped. She cavorted all purple to where Mamie was sitting and stuck a puffy index finger into her face and shook it. "The *ideal!*" she exploded. "I've never heard such utterances in all my life!" She smote herself on the forehead and replaced her finger on Mamie's mere-smear nose. "Miss Hamilton is an evil, villainous woman, and never forget it!" She marched back to her seat and sat down and mumbled to herself for a few minutes, occasionally waving Mamie on with her work.

The piecing together and braiding was finished and neatly put away long before Miss Hamilton arrived.

• • • • •

Late one afternoon in the middle of February Miss McVey and Mamie were finishing their ladder. Mamie was holding out her arm so that Miss McVey could measure by it the intervals at which it would be necessary to knot the ropes to step down. She was bewildered but bent on going through with the departure because Miss McVey wanted it so much. She was rather sure that Miss McVey was good-hearted underneath. Just the same she stood trembling and Miss McVey finally became exasperated.

"Stop shaking, Mamie! I *must* do this accurately. Put your arm out straight. You know, of course, you're making a contribution of *considerable* value to this departure. If I didn't have your arm I'd never know where to put the steps on this ladder. Now hold still. Forget yourself. Think of something. Look at Mr. Keaton—filthy 'erb!—and be happy *he* won't be coming along."

So Mamie stared ahead and tried not to tremble and watched old Mr. Keaton sitting at the other end of the room. Then she looked at the yards of rope ladder around her on the floor and reflected on the hours of work spent in producing them (Miss McVey had done the greater part because she said she could do it better) and how cleverly it had all been hidden away from the other people around. Naturally it hadn't been necessary to hide it from Mr. Keaton because he was inordinately reticent anyhow and somewhat loath to move about. From the others Miss McVey would have hidden it even if it hadn't been necessary because, as she said quite often, they were such very coarse types—lack of gentility simply appalling! She tolerated Mamie because Mamie was rather pliable and often open to suggestion. Miss McVey had a precept which she worked very hard at dinning into Mamie in respect to attitudes toward the rest: "Be polite, Mamie, but *never, never* friendly."

Mamie stood heaped in thought and was measured and continued to think and was measured some more and finally had a question.

"Miss McVey, why are—"

"Don't put your *arm down!*" screamed Miss McVey.

Mamie raised it and took up her inquiry again.

"Why are we leaving, if it's only the other people here we don't like?"

"That's a *very* good reason, dear." Miss McVey smiled benignly and took several twists of rope-ladder over her arm. "Besides, it's the thing to do. Just think of the importance and

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fame you'll have here as an individual after you've gone."

"But—but then I won't be here to enjoy it."

"Oh, *that* makes no difference at all. You're not supposed to let on that you *enjoy* it."

"Oh," Mamie sighed. "That's right."

"Now just two more, I fancy. Take that end. Yes, that's it—not so tight. We're finished now—you see? *Now* take the other end and walk down toward Mr. Keaton and pull hard so that those knots will be tight as can be."

And so the cloth-rope ladder was finished and ready for the long awaited departure. It was a thrilling moment. Miss McVey threw open one of the three casement windows, which a careless attendant had quite by chance neglected to lock. After tying one end of the ladder in an enormous knot around the leg of the bench directly below the window (the benches were built in, you remember), she cast it (the ladder) out of the window. It went down the two stories just to the ground, and was neither too long nor too short, but exactly the right length.

"Now then, we're ready," announced Miss McVey.

"What about coats?" asked Mamie. "It's been snowing. I should think it's cold out."

"Ridiculous!" said Miss McVey. "Coats are cumbersome. We'll reach the farmhouse much sooner if we don't carry anything. Besides, Miss Hamilton might misconstrue our purpose if she saw our coats missing."

"Well, yes. You're always right. So we're going to the farmhouse? I don't think I want to go."

Miss McVey considered the situation. A surge of hate for this stupid Mamie suddenly forced itself upon her. She would have to make a concession now, but in the end—in the end she'd have conceded nothing—nothing at all! Then on the whole she'd had no trouble with Mamie, and expected none subsequently.

"Well, the fact is, I hadn't actually decided we'd go to the farmhouse. We needn't actually." Miss McVey had set her heart on it.

"I'd as soon we didn't," Mamie said placidly.

"Then we won't. Come along." Miss McVey climbed up on the window sill "Hmmm. We *must* hurry, Mamie. It's growing dark. Watch me." She turned around, pushed herself out, and with some difficulty managed to climb all the way down the wonderful ladder, her generous person going plop against the wall every little while and a succession of short oofs rising to Mamie along the way. There was a loud plop and then silence. The room beneath was luckily a store-room and no one was there to look out.

"Are you all the way down?" asked Mamie, leaning out of the window.

"Yes, quite." Miss McVey got up and brushed off the snow. "It's perfectly simple."

Mamie looked down harder.

"Climb out and turn yourself around," said Miss McVey. "Or turn yourself around and then climb out, if you can. I daresay it's more efficient that way."

Mamie climbed out and succeeded in putting herself on the first step, and then the second. Then she said "Heavens!" and stopped.

"What's the trouble?" asked Miss McVey impatiently. "You can come straight down now without any trouble."

"I forgot to say goodbye to Miss Hamilton!" said Mamie, and she climbed back up through the window, and went looking for Miss Hamilton to make her proper adieux.

## ECONOMY

*This day is a new coined penny  
Glittering clean and cold;  
Steel winds have etched sharp patterns  
Upon it's copper gold.*

*A coin collector's minting  
Remembered by a few,  
It's worth is very little,  
It's ring is clear and true.*

*Recklessly I'll fling it down  
For laughter or for tears;  
Bright coins should be for spending;  
Let dull ones keep for years.*

SALLY CANAN

## ABYSS

(An ode to  $\sqrt{-1}$ , and like matters)

*Oh mistifying mystery  
Of mystifying mist,  
The sureness and certainty  
Of a blank mind—you twist.*

RALPH ZEIGLER

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Katherine hurried down the street with the painting tucked under her arm. She smiled as she recalled each line and stroke of the young man's expression, twisted with poisonous jealousy. Her painstaking work, done secretly in snatched moments, was well worth all her efforts and anxiety. The painting surpassed even her prize-winning still life. Dr. Baker would be so proud when he saw it!

Feeling that someone following her, she glanced over her shoulder. Oh no! It was Harry! Horrified, she could see him crossing the street toward her, a determined look on his face. She broke into a run.

If I can just reach the art school, she thought in panic, I'll be all right. If I can just reach the school . . . Oh Harry, why do you do these things to me? I don't really need to rest. I only want to paint. Why did you make me stay in bed these nine long months? I'm not ill. I'm sure of it.

I was so terribly lonely all day until you would come home, Harry. No one ever came to see me, and that maid wouldn't talk to me at all. I wish we could get another, but you told me that maids are hard to find. But I think she is a bit strange, because she kept locking all the doors. At least, she locked mine. It was very annoying.

I was always glad when you came, Harry. You were so gentle with me. Sometimes you would read to me in the evenings, but only for a short while, because you were afraid you might tire me too much.

But after a while I began to notice a growing coldness in you. You seemed upset when I would forget little things; yet I always was rather absent-minded. Perhaps you were bored sitting in my bedroom every night. Your mind must have wandered as I chattered on, for suddenly you would look startled, and actually I had said nothing shocking at all. I thought that your love for me was diminishing.

As I grew better, my desire to paint again grew stronger, but you insisted that I was not well enough. To please you, I decided not to speak about it any more.

I finally realized there was more in back of your actions than a waning love. One day I asked you to hang my prize picture in the bedroom. You refused in a hurt, angry — no, jealous tone. That was it, Harry! You were jealous of me, jealous because my painting had won over yours. You couldn't spend much time on your picture, because you worked in the office all day. Yet painting is as deep a passion with you as it is with me, and your pride couldn't stand your not being the winning member of the family. Then I became ill, and you tried everything in your power to keep me in bed. For how could an invalid paint?

Oh, you were very subtle, Herry, and very clever. But in the end I fooled you! Secretly I painted your jealousy, a terrible jealousy that crept from your brain down to your high forehead, flashed momentarily through those keen eyes, and slid out of the corners of your mouth, twisted in a half-smile. My darling, in your effort to keep me from painting, you provided the inspiration for my best work.

The sight of the art school just ahead gave Katherine's weak legs new strength. She remembered when she and Harry were students there two years ago. Everything was so different then, she thought. We were so in love.

Katherine turned her head slightly. Her breath came in short gasps. He had almost caught up with her. Frantically she tore open the door of the school. Inside she stopped abruptly and watched in helpless despair as the elevator door banged shut. Wait, the stairs! She wheeled around sharply. Her legs felt heavy and wobbly as she stumbled in desperation up the steps.

Dr. Baker looked up from his desk in surprise.

"Well, Katherine," he said, "how nice to see—"

"Dr. Baker, I thought—I'd never reach you!" She could hardly speak. "The painting—don't let him—get it. He'll destroy it—jealousy—my best!"

She pushed the painting across the desk and stepped back. Her head seemed so light. Dr. Baker was being swallowed up in a gray mist. From somewhere far off, Harry called, "Katherine, Katherine." Her knees buckled under her, and she fell, exhausted and sobbing, to the floor.

Harry rushed quickly to her and helped her back to her feet. As he took off his coat and wrapped it around the trembling girl, he spoke to Dr. Baker.

"I'm terribly sorry, Dr. Baker, if Katherine has disturbed you. I don't know how she managed to get away. Fortunately, I caught sight of her not far from here." Gently he pulled her close to him. "I can't understand it. She seemed to be getting so much better. She was even talking of trying to paint again. And now . . ."

"Perhaps she can still rest at home," said Dr. Baker kindly. "Is she reconciled yet to your winning the art contest?"

"I don't know," said Harry miserably. "I don't know."

Dr. Baker watched the young man lead the weeping girl out through the doorway and sighed pityingly. He sat down again and stared ahead. Before him lay the empty canvas, untouched by a paint brush.

**DOROTHY PARKER, PLEASE NOTE**

*Since you wrote about the lasses  
And the dearth of passes  
As a result of glasses,  
Times have changed  
And now the specs  
Serve only  
To adorn the sex!*

**HEROIC EPIC OF A**

**HANDSOME HIBERNIAN, WITH  
MORAL FOR THOSE WHO WILL NOTE**

*Danny McRafferty Shean O'Toole  
Fell for a lassie who made him a fool.  
She took his great heart and tore it in twain  
Alas! Poor Dan thought he'd go quite insane!  
But he took the two pieces and laid them away--  
"Faith a heart can be useful", he was heard  
to say.  
One would think that McRafferty Shean  
O'Toole  
Would have learned a lesson in such a hard  
school.  
Not he! He was stupid in this one class,  
So he gave each piece to a separate lass.  
Ah, the shame and the misery O'Toole did know  
When both pretty lassies gave him quite the  
same blow!  
Undaunted, he saved the fragments anon;  
A true doughty Irisher must go on.  
Now four fragments to distribute--  
By now he should be more astute.  
He gave them away to four different beauties  
And they performed their separate duties  
Of splitting in two the fragments they had--  
This O'Toole becomes a monotonous lad!  
And so it went on for many a year,  
A fragment was broken, O'Toole shed a tear.  
But the moral is here for all to read  
It's a bit of advice that some may need:  
'Tis far better to be like Shean O'Toole  
Than to die a lonely whole-hearted old fool!*

**BALLAD OF THE BLACK RITES**

*From out of the cities and villages too,  
Came the creatures which never had slept,  
And in all the world there were only a few,  
Who would meet in the dark of the moon.*

*Out of the seas and from caves they crept,  
For they had this tryst to keep,  
The ungodly things that never slept,  
Were to meet in the dark of the moon.*

*All the things that crawl and creep  
Came together for ghoulish delights  
And always honest souls will sleep,  
Though they meet in the dark of the moon.*

*Black sabbaths are held on gloomy nights,  
When the powers of darkness hold sway,  
Damnable prayers of vile acolytes,  
Are heard in the dark of the moon.*

*Orgies of evil and fiendish play,  
To honor the nameless one,  
What horrors occur no man can say,  
When they meet in the dark of the moon.*

*Night is short and so the sun  
Sends them scurrying back to hell.  
Daylight, and the sabbath's done,  
For they meet in the dark of the moon.*

*How long ago there's none to tell,  
But listening, you'll hear a devilish tune,  
For to this day, there's still the spell,  
That was cast in the dark of the moon.*

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## THE OLD LADY

There was an old lady  
Who swallowed a fly—  
I don't know why  
She swallowed the fly—  
Poor old lady!  
I thought she'd die.

Then the old lady  
Swallowed a spider—  
Way down inside her  
She swallowed the spider  
Which swallowed the fly—  
Poor old lady!  
I thought she'd die.

Then the old lady  
Swallowed a cat.  
Think of that!

She swallowed a cat!  
Which swallowed the spider  
That had swallowed the fly—  
Poor old lady!  
I thought she'd die.

Then the old lady  
Swallowed a dog.  
She went whole hog  
When she swallowed the dog.  
For it swallowed the cat  
That had swallowed the spider  
That had swallowed the fly—  
Poor old lady!  
I thought she'd die.

Then the old lady swallowed a horse.  
She died, of course.

(ANONYMOUS)

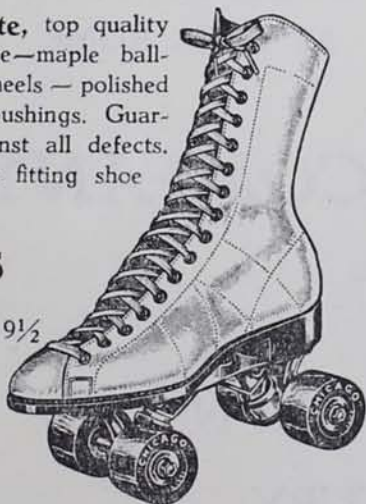
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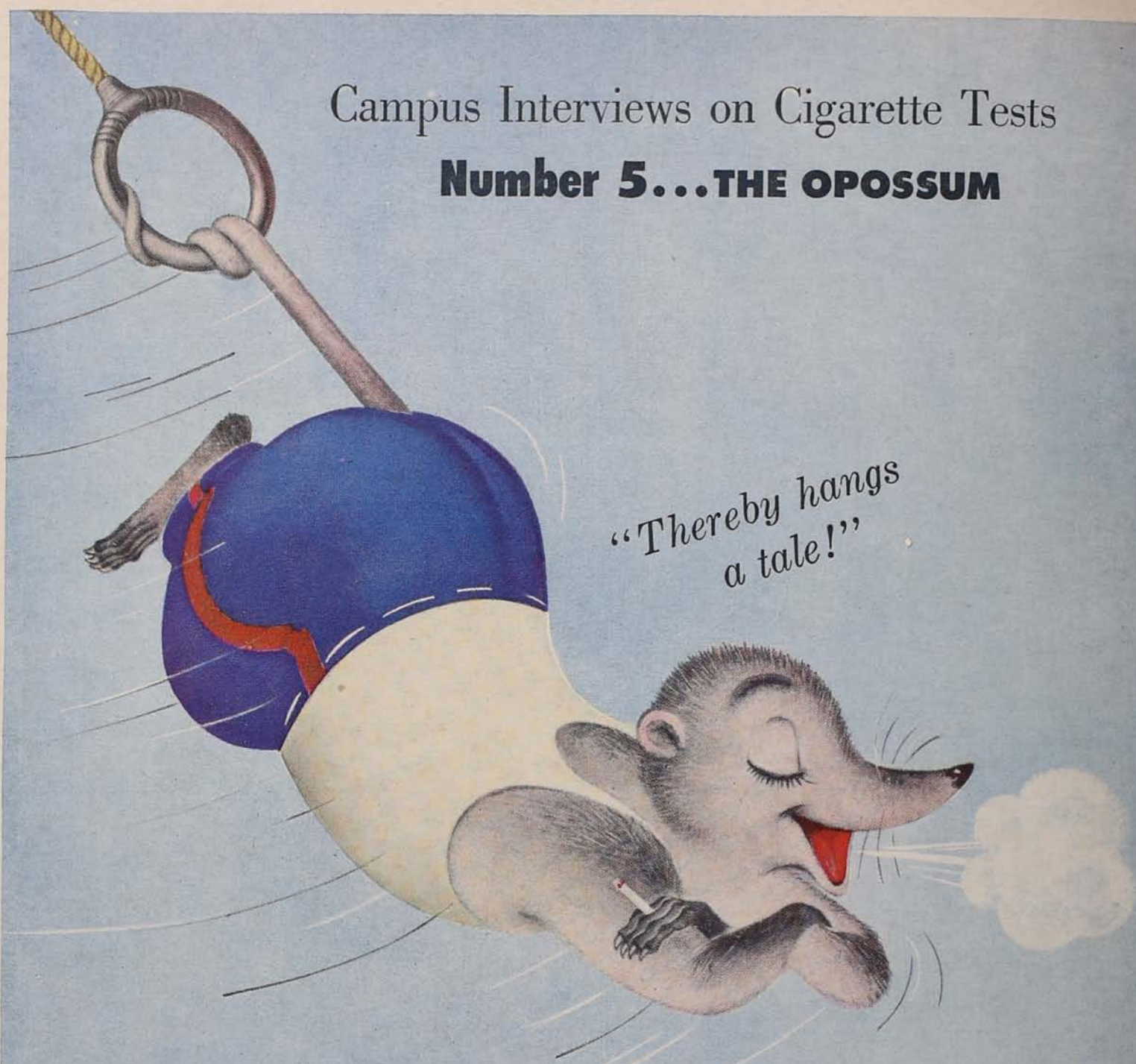
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URSINUS COLLEGE

# Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

## Number 5...THE OPOSSUM



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