



Spring 1959

The Lantern Vol. 27, No. 2, Spring 1959

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Recommended Citation

Sherman, Bruce P.; Koff, Marvin; Roberts, A. D.; Williams, David; Piper, Sandra; Crump, Filmore Z.; Combe, Timothy H. C. R.; Foard, Linda B.; Herman, George R. Jr.; Moyer, Roy; Swinton, John; Carpenter, Carolyn; Adams, Judy; Springer, Nancy; Lewis, Elizabeth; McKown, Archibald; Williams, Tama; Facchinetti, Marcia; Lee, Linda; and Hudnut, Charles, "The Lantern Vol. 27, No. 2, Spring 1959" (1959). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 67.
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/67>

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THE LANTERN



spring 1959



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THE LANTERN

URSINUS COLLEGE

VOL. XXVII, No. 2



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The Quill

THE CASE FOR A STRATIFIED SOCIETY

One of the most necessary elements of a successful civilization is a stratified society. By a stratified society I mean a social structure of a pyramid, with the aristocracy at the top, naturally, and the working or drone class at the bottom . . . naturally. In size, of course, these groups are limited to their respective optimum capacities as clearly illustrated by the pyramidal shape.

Stratified societies are natural, self-initiating, and eternal. They exist and they existed in the most primitive tribes, like the American Indians, and their heavy influence can be traced throughout history. Unfortunately, these societies had their characteristic flaws, the greatest of which was rigidity. This led to their downfall. The past stratifications were usually political, then financial, not to mention birthright. Today, the classification of social position is designated by financial power, intellectual standing, reputation, character, and birth.

Now that we are assured that they exist, how can we be sure that these social strata are beneficial to society as a whole? It is, of course, obvious that nothing could be done about the situation, short of actual revolt, should we be ultimately convinced that they are evil. One hackneyed proverb which is often not given enough serious consideration is that "an army with all officers and no privates wins no wars." If our industrial society had no great proletarian mass to do the manual labor in the factories and on the farms, we would have no great industrial society. However, if we had this great mass of workers making the prime decisions of our economic, political, and defense policies, we might have a situation strongly resembling the one at the Pentagon last year. Granted that a democratic vote is the morally right way to make a decision concerning the people, but look at a country like France prior to DeGualle's intervention! There was picture of utter chaos when important decisions had to be made quickly. A one-man, or better still, a small body government is swift and efficient, and the policies derived are carried out and obeyed without confusion or rebellion. But if you still feel that there should be equality of classes, look now at the country clubs, once the haven for the aristocracy, now overrun with the *nouveau riche*, blun-



dering clods who try to affect aristocratic living and decor. Their very existence makes a travesty of our once carefully calculated social system. But you may say now that the view from the top of the register is fine, but it is a bit crowded at the bottom. What happens when you may be a lowly proletarian, or even worse, a miserable middle class climber, struggling futilely to join the Social Register set? Nothing happens! The psychologists who surround you and attend your every need are bent upon one purpose. That purpose, before mortgaging your soul for mechanical conveniences, is to put you in one social class and make you happy enough to stay there. Climbing is frowned upon.

Climbing is frowned upon. That phrase is the key to the success not only of our social system, but also of our civilization. It is that phrase, which does not say that climbing is forbidden, but just that it is frowned upon — but allowed. It is this flexibility which enables men to rise today where fifty years ago they could not.

But there is even a deeper note of interest in this flexibility, for, coupling this modern quality of stratification with the inherent property of natural existence of social classes, we may find the major reason for the

downfall of any socialistic government.

True, a strong dictatorship can exist this way, but a nation that proposes equal rank for all men is doomed by the inherent social competition in Man himself.

—Bruce P. Sherman

The author wishes to state at this time that, being of a fixed mind and frail body, he will not accept any counter-arguments to his theories above stated, no matter how sagacious or cogent they or their perpetrators may be. — BPS

EDUCATION COURSES

Regardless of what one thinks the goal of our educational institutions should be, he usually feels that those methods which go furthest towards producing his particular goal are the ones that should be adopted and, if possible, improved upon. Keeping this fact in mind, it appears obvious to me that although one might be extremely critical of the way in which particular individuals go about teaching education courses, he will have a difficult time disregarding the need for giving prospective teachers courses dealing with the methods of educating the youth of America.

In spite of the fact that the need for teaching methods of education is obvious to me, I have met many well educated and capable teachers who feel — as many non-teachers do — that *all* education courses are “a waste of time.” Many people consider the subject matter of these courses as “common sense.” I wish it were. However, that which is “common sense” to one individual is not to another; thus, there is really no such thing as “common sense.” An individual does not think in a vacuum; he is dependent upon his experience for his thoughts; therefore, before one can think about a subject — let alone come to a reasonable conclusion — he must have an experience which stimulates thought on the subject. Relating the topic of thought and experience to education courses, I believe that many new and important ideas and approaches to *real* problems can be brought to the attention of the prospective teacher through the education courses. To say that the prospective teacher should be acquainted with these ideas and methods without taking education courses is to avoid the issue, for all one has to do in order to see that many teachers are not acquainted with them is to watch classrooms in action.

Getting specific, I feel that the subject of human conceptual patterns should be taught to every prospective teacher. All human beings do *not* think in the same way. Some think in terms of objects; other think in terms of word description; others combine these first two ways. In order to make ideas clear to all students, a teacher *must* understand these varying conceptual patterns so as

to adapt his methods to all types of students. On this same subject, different individuals are able to have varying degrees of abstract thought; these gradations must be recognized by each and every teacher in order to be effective. A knowledge of the learning process in general is most important. The amount of work that normally can be handled by certain age groups is valuable information. In today's complex, industrial society it is becoming more and more important for public school teachers to have a theoretical knowledge of child psychology. Granted it would be better if the teacher were only a teacher and not a disciplinarian, but here we must be realistic and realize that today the teacher is faced with a double burden in many localities.

Aside from these areas there is the important, specific area of student motivation. The inspiring teacher is an asset; what is equally important is that type of teacher who provokes thought, has the student doubt and search, and makes the student bring his knowledge together to a somewhat meaningful philosophy or a search for one. This type of teacher impresses upon the student the need for education and the particular contribution of the course being taken. There are all too many teachers who discourage the student, make him dislike a subject, and divorce education from life, although the teachers in question do not desire these results.

Many teachers give the impression that their course is the only important one or the most important one. While this attitude is understandable, its expression should be discouraged. Other teachers are so concerned about their subject matter that they fail to understand their relationship with the student and fail to see the student's overall educational needs. To me, however, one of the most important errors — it is prevalent and serious — made by teachers is their inability to separate the important from the unimportant, relatively speaking. They emphasize unimportant details and skip over the important principles and theory; they develop memory and forget the thinking mind; they stress historical development of their fields and then forget concepts and relationships; in short, they turn out quiz contestants, not educated people. I realize that the teacher will not and can not be expected to truly educate every individual, but a maximum of effort can and should be made. If an education does not have one evaluate and re-evaluate his relationships with others, his place in the world, life's meaning and other important ideas it has failed. To see that some teachers do produce thinkers and others do not is to realize *thinkers can be made*.

Now, again getting specific, I hope to show how education courses can produce teachers who in turn will produce thinkers. In attending a course in which the teacher lectures

and tests, but in which discussion is absent, one loses much. He loses the opportunity of getting many and varied approaches to a subject—here I am referring to the humanities and to a lesser degree the sciences. One of the most important aspects of free thinking is the realization that an individual usually has certain thought patterns (to differentiate these with conceptual patterns it should be noted that thought patterns are dependent upon basic assumptions and goals) and that only by developing new thought patterns and seeing others' patterns can one hope to find truth and widen his views. There is no better way to do this job than by discussion and stimulating questions by the teacher—this is true in both secondary schools and colleges. All too often, however, the teacher does not see the need for provocative discussion. This need should be clearly shown in the education courses, and the development of techniques for stimulating discussions and keeping it both interesting and enlightening should also be taught. While it is true that provocative reading stimulates, in a discussion interpretation of the reading by many is a definite aid, and often points missed by some in the reading are brought out.

It is often said that these subjects which I have discussed as necessary to the education course curriculum are not discussed or taught in education courses and that unimportant and ridiculous topics are taught. To this statement I say that, if this situation is true, let us change the subject matter of these courses, but do not condemn *all* education courses because *some* or *many* are being improperly taught. Realizing the importance of the teacher in a democratic society, it is ridiculous to train him only in his subject matter and forget that he *must* be able to get his subject matter across. Far too many brilliant men are poor teachers; however, I am convinced that if presented with modern educational theories, they would make far better teachers.

—Marvin Koff



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O trees upon the golden hill
At your sight I oft times thrill
Yesterday glory, and praise indeed
Today, naked and stripped—a pauper in need.
Yesterday your garb—regal red,
Today your garment—brown and dead.

O trees, you stand and shiver now,
As wind and rain bend your bough
Soon the snows shall come to cover
And myriads of diamonds upon you will hover,
Then your garb is silver white
For God has blessed you in the dark of night.

Then spring shall come and life anew
The grass, the flowers, and even you.
Resplendent green on you shall grow
And all new life about you flow
Then your garb is green and full
Life has come to you anew.

Frost and fall, and green to gold
And now you stand, a monarch bold
Tall and handsome 'gainst the dying scene,
No longer suited in summer green
Then your garb is regal red
Tomorrow your—garment—brown and dead.

JUDY ADAMS

COMPLIMENTS OF A

A PHOENIXVILLE FRIEND

SOME THOUGHTS FOR GOD'S THINKING CREATURES

ON SYMPATHY—

from the Greek "suffering with"
Suffering with—
Go forth to know the world—
Rebuff, reproach, for doing good, for being kind—
But know that each is bad or kind by what things
shape his heart and mind.
Sympathy.

THOUGHT—

What matters
are the deep foundation-layers of thought—
excrescences are most all others.

GOD—

Everything,
Everyone,
All time,
All space,
All ideas,
and all actions
must be magic, non-empirical, spiritual, divine
(or whatever metaphysical epithet you may choose
to give them)—
BECAUSE WHO WILL EVER SEE TO THE ENDS
OF THE UNIVERSE?

ON CONVERSION—

There is a grave problem of changing a man for the better; and does any man every really break with his past character to put on an entirely new one; and if he does, even superficially, is there reversion to type and why and how and how often? Every person has to have a "raison d'etre" which he loves above all else since it is the thing which sets him apart from the rest of humanity in the midst of which he would otherwise lose his identity. Think then how difficult it is to make a man give up the one thing which makes him worth something, which makes him a king in his own right. Think how impossible is the task of reforming the criminal whose claim to distinction is his impudent transgression of law. He'll change his identity only if he can be convinced that whatever he's giving up his criminal reputation for will still leave him a "man of distinction."

ON THE MARXIST THESIS—

Poor starving stomach,
Know you not?
Until your starving soul be surfeited
Your starving stomach ever starved must be.

By A. D. ROBERTS

Sawdust To The Oats?

If you went, as I did, to the Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York the summer before last, you probably recall a singularly stark painting from Picasso's Primitive period. After squeezing through a group of mendicants dressed in berets, dirty tennis shoes, and N.Y.U. sweat shirts, I was at last able to study the works that I had traveled sixty miles to see. There, to the left of the painting which was to the right of it, was a canvas which bore the title — *Portrait in Profile of my Mother After Starvation Diet*. It was blank.

"With what economy of means has the Master executed this portrayal of his agony upon losing his mother!" exclaimed one aesthete.

"Quite," replied his companion condescendingly, "but let us proceed to dig, if you will, the previously unattained technical mastery of this canvas. Ponder on it. At last, in one daring stroke, has painting been liberated from five hundred years of representational garbage. It emotes man. Everything is left out but the emotional stimuli."

"He's found It — the TRUE synthesis! I mean like It, man — It!"

Ignoring for a moment the esoteric discourse that was going on behind me, I happened to notice one significant detail about the painting. Instead of the usual signature, i.e., Pablo Picasso, the painting was signed — P. Picasso.

I became curious. Soon I was pestering officials for a chance to speak to the Museum director, and with no little trouble, I succeeded in getting an interview with him.

"It was a hare-brained trick," he said shamefacedly. "We should have known that someone would get curious; it's just that he had us over a barrel."

I was bewildered, but I let him continue.

"We couldn't make a profit, you see, if we rented all of his paintings at his prices. As it was . . . Well, you know the parable about the farmer mixing sawdust with his horse's oats. By renting just one less painting, we thought we could add a little of our sawdust to his oats . . . or his sawdust."

By the way, one of the guards, who was himself somewhat of an art critic, had an orphaned nephew. His nephew's name? Peter.

DAVID WILLIAMS

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To Change the Things I Can . . .

A surge of ebullience welled up within Ron Woodward as his second-hand Ford, fondly christened "Izzy-Belle," rounded the familiar corner of Barton Street. In a matter of minutes, he and his fiancée Lea Franklin would be together again for the first time in the three months since Ron had been drafted into the army and sent to Fort Benning for basic. Ron and Lea had enthusiastically planned this, his first leave, in their once-a-day letters which bridged the miles between Georgia and Camden.

Ron had been on the road for a day and a half; he had been driving continuously except for a few short stops at meal time and a five hour delay in North Carolina for sleep. And now, only a half block away from Lea's home, Ron pressed his foot harder on the accelerator, and "Izzy" obediently gobbled up larger sections of the smoothly paved road. He shot a quick glance at his watch—8:35. He had made good time—less than an hour from Wilmington. Lea wasn't expecting him until 9:30 or so; he'd surprise her.

The starry night was clear and sharp, a perfect December evening. Ron felt thankful to be alive and young with a comfortable and happy future stretching just before him. He felt contented with the whole world. He leaned back in the seat, lit up a cigarette one-handed, and began to hum the chorus of "Oklahoma."

However, Ron's tranquil mood was sharply terminated when a darkly clothed figure heedlessly darted from behind a row of parked cars and into the street directly in front of the fast moving automobile. Ron banged his foot on the brake pedal and swerved the wheel sharply to the left; but even as he did so, he heard a dull thud and a muffled cry of alarm and felt the front fender strike the human object which was sent skimming toward the opposite curb.

Ron, dazed by the celerity of the whole affair, instinctively gave the brake a final jolt, bringing the car to a sudden halt. As he peered through the open window at the limp body in the road, a sudden panic rose within him, his only thought being escape. The dark, still street was empty of people, and Ron frantically sped into the night unnoticed. His brain was numb with shock and terror, and full realization had not yet penetrated into its innermost recesses.

Ron feverishly sped on and on, from one road to another, around curves, up a hill, over a bridge in a desperate effort to "shake" his imaginary pursuers. Through his fran-

tic mind raced questions with no answers. Had anyone seen the accident? Did anyone follow him . . . get his license number? What would happen to him if he were caught? Was his victim dead? Where was he to go now? What to do?

He finally found himself on a narrow, bumpy side road lined on either side with vast stretches of wooded area. He had no idea where he was or where he was headed. "Izzy" was groaning under the added burden of speed that had been forced upon her, and a low rattle burst from her front cavity. Feeling somewhat safer, Ron slowed down to 30. He loosened his death-grip on the steering wheel, and the blood oozed back into his white knuckles. He brushed the perspiration from his lean face with a sleeved forearm and ran his shaking hand through his close cropped hair.

Peering harder at the road ahead, he saw that he was coming out near the fork in the main highway only a few miles from Trenton. He recognized the Circle Diner off to the left of the fork, and eased the car to a halt in front. Some strong black coffee and a few minutes of rest were what he needed. He had to collect his thoughts and decide his next move.

Ron pulled his lanky form onto the stool at the far end of the counter. A few seats away sat the only other customer, a short, stodgy, overall clad man with a line of thin, grey hair fringing a shiny scalp.

As the waitress approached Ron for his order, the man, betraying the loss of two front teeth, shouted, "Hey, Sweetheart, get me a piece a coconut pie to go with this coffee flavored lye, will ya?"

"Make mine coffee, black," called Ron after the young blonde who had hurried away to satisfy her rude customer.

Ron gulped the steaming, day old coffee and pushed his cup forward for a refill. The same thoughts were still spinning in his brain — what if there were observers to the accident? He had seen no one, but then there could have been someone in one of the parked cars along both sides of the street. Then, too, he had been so frightened that he might not have noticed anyone who was there. Fool, he struck out at himself, why had he run? He had not been at fault. He was inside the speed limit. The figure had shot out from behind the parked cars without looking. Had he stayed at the scene, they would do nothing to him, but now he had committed a major crime — leaving the scene of an accident. Leaving? No! run-

ning, cowardly fleeing. Had he stopped and owned up right there, things would not be so bad. Stupid coward! Ron mentally shot accusations at himself.

He pictured again the limp body sprawled at the curb, and an icy shiver went through him. He leaned his elbows on the counter, supporting his head on his palms, and closed his eyes. The man down the counter broke into Ron's thoughts.

"Name's Ben," he shouted in an unnecessarily loud voice. "Ben Holten. Own a little pump station up the road there. Not much, just one pump, but do an okay business. Have a couple small cottages in the back for folks traveling through—nice, clean places and nice for folks with kids—keeps them off the big road; you know how kids are. Not much, but do an okay business for me and Sal—she's ma wife—and the kid. Need any gas? Give ya a good deal."

Ron looked at the man disinterestedly. "Umh," he replied and turned to his third cup of coffee.

"Anything the matter, mister?"

"No!" Ron retorted sharply.

Ben threw Ron a curious look, shrugged, down the remainder of his coffee, and threw a quarter on the counter. "Nearly 9:30. Gotta go pick up the old lady from work. See ya tomorrow, Toots."

Ben's parting words roused Ron from his absorption. Nearly 9:30—Lea would be waiting for him. He glanced around for a phone, and found a pay station concealed in a corner. He had to let Lea know that he wouldn't be able to see her tonight. He'd have to fabricate some excuse; he certainly couldn't tell her what he had done, not here and now, at least. He'd say that he had had car trouble. Yes, that would do. Lea knew that "Izzy" was temperamental; she had been with him in the past when "Izzy" acted up. That would suffice for a while until he decided exactly what he was going to do.

The silver jingled into the coin slot, and Ron dialed the number. For a long eight rings or so, no one answered. Ron was about to hang up and try again when he heard the throaty voice of the Franklin's maid. She recognized him immediately.

"Oh, Mr. Woodward, it's you. No, Lea isn't here just now. She wasn't expecting you till 9:30 or so. Said you were always late, anyways. 'Bout an hour ago she ran across the street to the Hardy's. Said she'd be back before you got here. She should be here any minute, Mr. Woodward. Want me to go across to get her? You know how she and Janie Hardy are when they get together, talk, talk, talk. Want me to . . ."

"Listen, Amy," Ron broke into her chatter, "when she gets in, tell her that I'm having car trouble. I'm outside of Wilmington and they won't have the car for me until tomorrow morning. I'll call her again later."

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OAKS

PENNSYLVANIA

Ron replaced the phone on its hook and returned to the counter.

"How much for the coffee?"

"Thirty."

He flipped a half dollar onto the counter and left. The crisp, clean air felt refreshing against his flushed face. His mind was working feverishly. What was he going to do now? What a sap he had been to leave the car parked in front of the diner. If anyone had seen his license number, it was sure that it would have been broadcast to patrol cars by now. He had to hide the car. He would need a place for the night, too; he thought of driving on to Trenton for a room.

As he turned "Izzy" toward the highway, Ron remembered the boisterous man in the diner. Hadn't the man mentioned something about renting cottages? It might be safer for him there than in Trenton. He went back into the smoky diner, and from the waitress secured the information he wanted.

In a few minutes, Ron pulled up before the "pump station" of a surprised Ben Holten and secured one of the end cottages for the night. Displaying a toothless grin, Ben pointed a grimy finger toward cabin number four and shoved the key into Ron's hand.

Ron flicked on the dim overhead light and closed the door behind him. The cabin was clean but drab. Arranged in erratic fashion were an old iron bed covered with a spread of deep maroon which matched the curtains and contrasted gloomily with the brown walls, a time worn dresser of a size too enormous for the room, and an unmatched night table holding two dated magazines and a small radio. He tossed his overcoat on the bed. He surveyed the room a second time and mentally attributed the furnishings to low class bad taste.

He sat down heavily on the edge of the bed, opened a fresh pack of cigarettes, lit one, and watched the smoke curl to the ceiling. The long trip from Georgia had tired him, and the added strain and emotion of the night's events had set his nerves on edge. Now for the first time did he relax a bit, and mounting waves of exhaustion swept over his entire body.

He forced his mind to function rationally. He had to get things into perspective. He'd be comparatively safe for now. "Izzy" was parked in front of the cabins, safely obscured from the main road. If only the whole affair were just a mad dream; he would awake and shudder at it, but then push it aside. He could then go to Lea and ahead to the comfortable, secure life that they had planned for themselves.

Lea—Ron's thoughts drifted in that direction. He was relieved that she had not been at home when he called; it might have been more difficult to explain the situation to Lea herself, for she had a habit of pressing him for details.

He recalled the phone conversation with Amy. Suddenly his entire body grew rigid, and a weak cry of despair escaped his lips. Amy had said Lea had gone across the street to the Hardy's " 'bout an hour ago"—about 8:30, then. He recalled having glanced at his watch just before the accident; it was 8:35. Could it have been Lea that he had hit?

"Oh God, no! Oh God, not Lea, dear Lea!" he cried out to the silent room.

He tried to push the horrid thought from his mind. It couldn't have been Lea. His mind was beginning to distort things. It was all in his imagination. That was it—all imagination. With little success, Ron searched his mind for something that would prove it wasn't Lea. But he had been only a half block from Lea's home when the accident happened, and Lea had been crossing the street about 8:35 . . . 8:35 . . . 8:35 . . . 8:35.

Ron could stand the silent room no longer. The clock on the dresser pointed to 11:00 as he flicked on the radio for the hourly news. He had to know. No matter what, he had to know. He felt his panic rise higher and higher as the newscaster droned on and on about the solving of a triple murder in Tennessee, the White House parley on nuclear warfare, the border nations' revolt.

Ron drew a sharp breath, closed his eyes, and silently prayed as the newscaster announced:

"Now we turn to news of local interest—earlier this evening, a young girl was the victim of a hit-and-run driver at the corner of Barton and Wilcox, on the outskirts of Camden. The girl, twenty-six year old Marlene Johnston of 729 Wilcox Street, was reported on her way home from a friend's house two blocks away when she was struck down. Richard Jefferson, also of Wilcox Street, returning from a neighbor's house, found the girl lying on the side of the road, and rushed her to Sacred Heart Hospital where she was treated for a minor concussion and bruises of the body. Her condition is reported as good. The driver of the car escaped without detection; the police have uncovered no witnesses."

At the announcer's words, Ron crumbled on the bed and sobbed with relief into the pillow until the remainder of his waning strength was exhausted and he fell into a blessed sleep. He awoke hours later to a singing commercial blaring from the radio. There was a dull throbbing in his head, and his body felt as if it had been stretched beyond the limits of its capacity. He pulled himself to a sitting position and gazed around the room. Where was he? What was he doing in this ugly room? Slowly the events of the past night came back to him. He remembered the accident . . . the diner . . . Ben Holten . . . the news report . . .

The tension had left his body and mind, and in its place was a feeling of emptiness, an utter void. He felt as if he were somewhat removed from the world, a mere spectator looking at himself.

Slowly his brain began to function. Lea was all right. The woman whom he had hit would live; there was nothing to do for her now. There were no witnesses; he was safe from detection. There was no need to worry now. He would go to Lea. She would smile at him in her usual way, and he would fondly pinch the end of her nose as was his habit. They would talk together of their wedding plans. Nothing had changed; everything had worked out. Last night was just a horrible experience to be forgotten as quickly as possible. His life must go on as usual.

At these thoughts, Ron felt his spirit renewed. He rose from the bed and stretched his stiff muscles. He went into the small bathroom and splashed cold water on his face. He'd have to get a shave before he went to see Lea; he sure looked like hell. It was 9:00 A.M.; the barber shop would be open by now. He'd stop there on his way to Lea's house.

He returned to the bedroom and picked up his overcoat. A quick swish of the comb through his hair, and he'd be ready to leave the cabin, and with it he would leave the memory of the events of last night.

Ron's outstretched arm paused in mid air, comb in hand. He stared at his own reflection in the mirror—his own severe jaw line, his own straight, narrow nose, his own clear, deep-set eyes. But could he leave his memories behind? Could he just step out of his conscience as he could an old pair of slacks and leave it lying in a heap on the floor? Ron quickly turned from the truth in his own eyes; he couldn't look back at his reflection. As he turned to face the wall, a small, white card with yellowed edges tacked there caught his eye. He scanned the lines:

"Give me the courage to change the things I can,

The strength to accept those things I cannot change,

And the wisdom to know the difference."

His eye returned to the first line—" . . . to change the things I can . . ." ". . . to change the things I can . . ." ". . . the courage . . ." ". . . the courage to change the things I can"

Ron stared for a long moment at the blank wall. Then he took the key from the dresser and locked the door behind him. He paid his bill to a young, pimply faced replica of Ben and walked out to the main highway. From where he stood, he could see the Circle Diner. Parked in front of the diner was a police car, and two uniformed men were talking beside it.

Ron took a deep breath of the fresh air and walked toward the patrol car, his head held high.

SANDRA PIPER

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

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Vignette



They huddled together in small groups, not even realizing that they were thus split up. Each group seemed to be the exact duplicate of any other particular group with the exception of certain variations in sizes and arrangements. The party was in a rather advanced stage, and since martinis were the predominant drink, there was very little artificiality present in the demeanor of the guests. Good will and joviality were almost universally expressed in the beaming countenances of the drinkers, and here and there throughout the crowd lay the first casualties in the never-ending battle with Bacchus. These innocent victims were causally draped over a wide variety of objects, like fur pieces around women's necks. The party was rapidly approaching the stage of the gay abandonment of the Dionysian revels of classical Greece. The pleasant smile yielded to the lusting leer; the thump on the back to the pat on the derrière; the roving eye, to the roving hand.

The groups began to diminish in size until they had dwindled into separate clumps of couples. A solitary soul would suddenly appear at odd intervals in the crowd as if he were not in the least intrigued by the spring-time call of nature. With the further passage of time, civilization regressed more and more. The male animal assumed the pose of the dominant half of the species, which would have appeared ridiculous even to him while he was sober. The female of the species became the hunted instead of the hunter,

and the heroes drifted off into the sunset, momentarily forgetting their faithful horses.

Suddenly a tall figure appeared almost miraculously at the keyboard of the grand piano that had been jammed into one corner of the large room. It was apparent that he had been drinking, but he did not seem in the least uncoordinated. He began to play slowly, with a confidence that comes only with years of practice. At first, the crowd ignored him, then they began to listen with increasing interest. There was no doubt in their clouded minds that the man at the piano was good; in fact, he was very good. Sex gradually retreated before the subtle charge of aesthetic beauty. The haunting melody of Rachmaninoff filled the room with solemn beauty, which was soon, however, replaced by the wild, carefree quality of a gypsy melody. Eyes flashed and hearts beat faster as the fingers of the pianist flew across the keyboard. On and on he played, and wilder and wilder became his music. The guests were entranced; they were slaves to the power of his music. He reached up and took a sip from his martini, set the glass down gently on the piano, and just as gently, he passed out.

—Filmore Z. Crump

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TWO POEMS

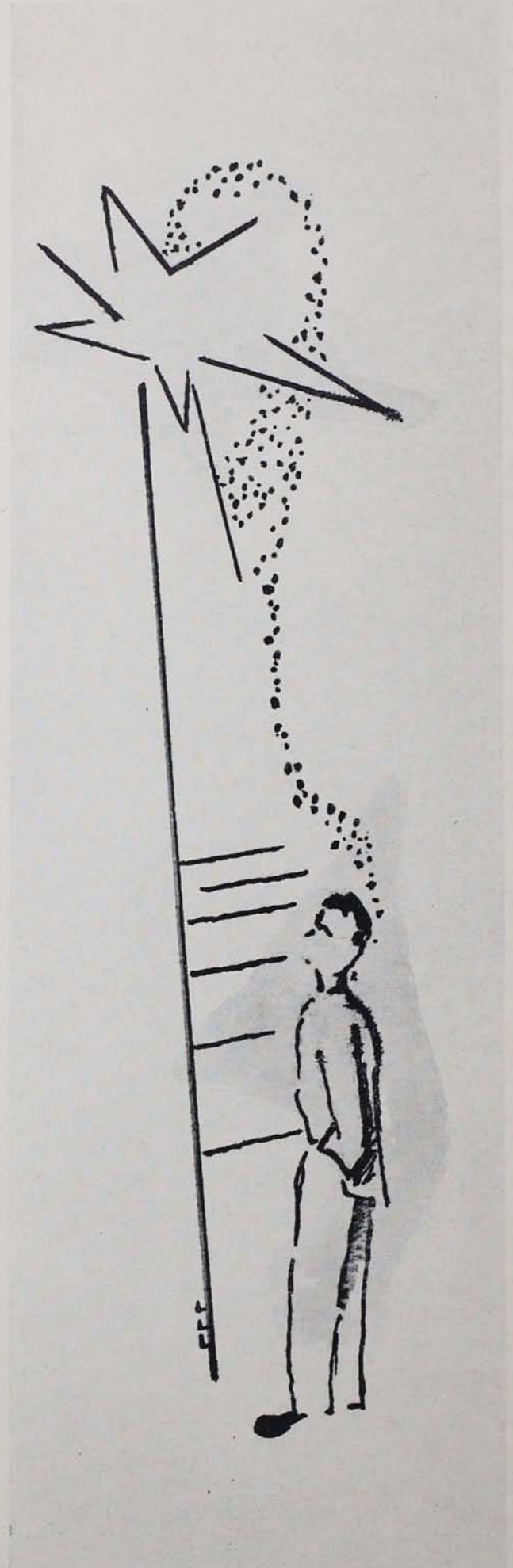
He is two houses away and sounds as if he were
singing
in some great open space, an amphitheater not
there in the daytime,
before a crowd I can't see behind the houses, sitting
hushed,
hugging their knees. It is very rich singing,
this mockingbird song; it is filling a void at two
in the morning: there are no other outdoor
programs—
no tread-singing trucks, and not the rushing
and the tar-strip lapping of fast cars.
He may have wished to speak in this still May night
because there are no other voices, the other fliers
are
foot-clamped to their perches. Most of us sleep now;
in other places some do the things which seem to
need doing
without stop—make the glassy wire-gutted tubes,
make the
slim rockets which rise on tall flames, make the steel
that
makes everything else, guard slow-burning fires on
vast dumps
at cities' edges. All of the making of philosophies,
the
shaping of minds, the easing of the several hungers
has been done by this time.

—C. D. Hudnut

* * *

He had a fortunate slow introduction to fire
on his first trucked visit to the MLR:
a few spare rounds came over from the other side,
dropped unconcerned on the road up ahead.
Green to it, they crouched against a hillside
next to the stopped truck and watched and listened,
cataloguing rounds for future reference,
hearing only faintly at distance the building whistle
of large shells.
Short weeks later he heard them falling again,
sometimes pipping high above, intended for the
rear,
sometimes much closer,
making freight train noises, the sudden accelerated
rush
heard almost after the explosion, and the crash
and quick whine of shrapnel shredding air and leaves
and people in the way,
learning the great patience and calmness of soul
needed to wait in your place for each
impersonal round,
hoping always to hear its fall,
fearing silence among shells.

—C. D. Hudnut





DESPAIR

In the depths of self
I hide:
Here uncertainty recedes,
The probing lights dim,
And never fade
Away.

Then the purposeful ones ask—
Can you find yourself?
In echoing voids
I wail—
How, how?

—Nancy Springer

TOO LATE

Isn't it strange how time does fly?
We all have the best intentions.
The carefree spirit we feel for awhile
Soon changes to apprehensions.

The books to read, the themes to write
Too easily they slip by.
Until too late we realize
And begin to begin with a sigh.

Now you and I know we all resolve
To fulfill our scholarly dues.
The New Year comes and passes by
And still the lessons lose.

The plans we plan are but a hoax
Too easily they slip by
Let's face the fact that fun is fun—
Too late we begin with a sigh.

—Elizabeth Lewis

EDUCATION

Beneath the moon they paused and walked,
Beneath the shade they stood and talked,
And he, though young was wise;
He could translate a learned creed—
Oh, he was very young indeed—
And yet, alas, he could not read
The poem in her eyes.

They stood and talked of different things,
They stood and talked of cabbages and kings;
And, caught as in a net,
Beneath the moon drenched sycamore,
Hovered about forevermore,
And fluttered near and scarce forebore
Their hands that would have met.

And fearful of some cold rebuff,
He wondered if she cared enough
To yield a good-night kiss;
He knew a thousand other things—
He knew of cabbages and kings—
He knew of Rome and Saturn's rings—
But not a whit of this.

His happy wish was overborn,
He feared so much her maiden scorn,
He dared not even try;
For this lad was ignorant
Of all but Schopenhauer and Kant,
And the life history of the ant—
And that poor lad was I.

And that is why I deeply care,
Long years have passed, and still I bear
A grudge against the schools
That prisoned us thru years of youth,
And cram us full of facts uncouth
About the mastodon's front tooth—
And turn us out as fools.

Fools, in spite of cubes and sums,
Fools, till another teacher comes—
Like her whose voice I hear
From out the tragi-comic past—
With lips demure and eyes downcast,
Whispering reproachfully at last,
"Why don't you kiss me, Dear?"

I Meet Goliath

Taking its bearing on the Cathedral Tower, Canterbury's river, the Stour, bends and straightens through water-meadows. As it comes into bell range it divides; to the left, an arm of dark, still water, a jet mirror to city houses and bridges; to the right, streams and brooks through the lawns and flower-borders of the public garden, tunneling among the weeping willows. Among the latter, below a foot-bridge by a marginal trellis of climbing roses, brooded over by a tall willow, is a long, slow brook. In its green depths bright weeds bow to the current. It was here, last summer, that I met Goliath as the olives were hatching and sailing downstream.

By the trellis stood a woman with a pram, two boys and a man, all looking through those rose leaves that seem to congregate on the surface of brooks. None moved as I joined them and looked into the gleaming black water, raddled with the dusty rays of the sun. Lying six feet away, a foot below the surface was a big trout. He was about sixteen inches long, deep, strong, and of perfect proportions. The fish hung motionless, powerful in the slow current. Unaware of his admirers, he lay looking up into his bright, tree-hung mirror until a spidery bubble, which looked like a heat-winged olive, drifted above him. Falling back with the current and his victim, Goliath drifted towards the surface. A bend of the tail brought him curving up sideways, the jaws opened and . . . "flup" as he broke the surface. A vicious flip of the tail caused the sun to flash on a writhing, crimson-spotted body as he swung back to his lie.

"Cor . . . !! breathed a small boy, taking his mother's hand as Goliath's wave rippled against the bank at our feet.

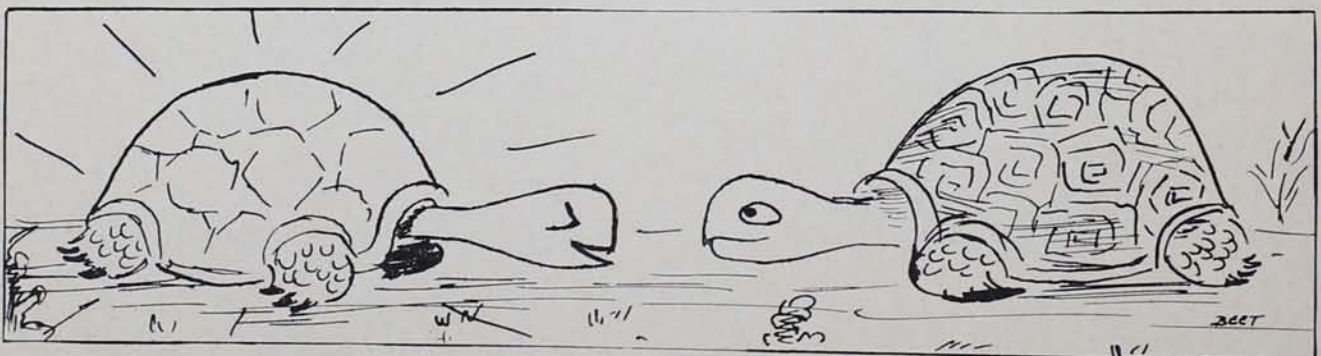
The hot weather went on, and in the evening, I came to watch this aquatic dictator taking his long and unmolested feed. Quite soon his image was drifting through my mind when other things should have been

there. Too often, at work, at moments of lull, the listening faces would ripple out of sight and mind behind the radiating circles of Goliath's rise. "Flup . . . hush . . . flup . . .," ripples washing the edge of the pool. Shut up! shhh! You'll disturb him!

My visits with Goliath became less disinterested. The arching trees were more than a proof of their planter's eye for a landscape. They were a perfect obstacle to the fly-fisherman. And the park-keeper, puttering about the lawns and paths began to appear remarkably systematic in his patrolling of the garden. Behind his sleepy facade I detected the experienced guard, the firm upholder of the city's rights, as published in discreet letters on the gate's notice—No Fishing. I observed his deceptively hap-hazard ramblings, and discovered his cottage, so well placed in the corner of the garden.

So obsessed did I become with the image of Goliath and the thought that someone else might have become obsessed too, that one evening I decided to catch the great fish. That night, as I lay in bed, I evolved a plan that I would put into operation on the following night.

A day has seldom taken so long to pass by and when evening finally came, I was in a fever of excitement and expeditation. By nine o'clock everything was ready, and so clad in my waterproofs and hip boots, I set off down the road. At each bend in the road I felt sure that I would meet the park-keeper or the arm of the law, but all was well except that I disturbed a courting couple by the pool itself. For half an hour I kept casting and eventually Goliath took my lure, and after a brief struggle, I had him in my basket. And so I retraced my steps through the undergrowth and onto the road again. Suddenly a car hove into view, the headlights probing the darkness ahead. I threw myself into a ditch, and then after much cursing, I continued on my way. The moon, which had been hiding behind a large cloud, suddenly elected to appear on the scene and I saw ahead of me the figure of a man. It was too late to turn around and run, or to throw



"It's Porcelainite."

myself into the ditch again, for the man was only ten yards away. I started to cross the road, when I realized that he too had the same intention. And when I caught a glimpse of his face. It was Ned, the village policeman.

"Good evening, Officer," I said boldly.

"Good evening, Sir."

"Lovely evening, isn't it?"

"Yessir — Goodnight, Sir."

"Goodnight, Officer."

Amazed at my good fortune, I continued on my way. Some inner sense made me turn around and glance after the vanishing figure. And then I chuckled to myself, for Ned had a fishing rod under his arm too!

TIMOTHY H. C. R. COMBE



"Any questions?—If not, I'll go deer hunting."

FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES HE WAS BALD

Oh a hair or two
Could still creep through
To lie askew
On his brow. But he knew
That, for all practical purposes, he was bald.

He used shampoo
But his hair withdrew.
Then he turned to glue
And to residue.
He wrapped his head with a turban blue
Affecting a Sikh or a stern Hindu.
But, for all practical purposes, he was still bald.

The hair on his arms in abundance grew.
On his chest and legs—well, it grew there too.
But on top there was hardly a trace in view,
And his crown was the hue of split bamboo.
So, when he looked in the mirror he could plainly
see to his total disgust that, for all practical purposes,
he was **still** bald.

Then finally one day
He bought a toupee
And paraded 'round town
In a triumphant way.
But the more he pretended, the more that he knew
That it wasn't the hair that he himself grew.
So he shrugged and he smiled and from his crown
drew
The false tuft of air. And he rent it in two
Deciding that, for all practical purposes, he was bald.

CONTRAST

Thousands toiling,
Warring,
Not to be done.
 why, for what purpose;
Metal hands maneuvering,
 in vicissitude,
 people, things,
Pursuing minds—HIGHER!
 greater things,
Slaughter notwithstanding;
Conciliation—NO!
Nothing but Life.
 why should this be?

Calmness,
Tranquility,
Peace.
Birds hovering lazily
 motions sluggish.
Harvests of plenty,
Learning,
State of delirium.
A contrast?
 only this is so
Nothing but Life.
 why should this be?

—Archibald A. McKown

Reverie and Reminiscence

It was a beautiful April day. The pink-hued sun had risen with all the warmth and glow that makes one feel free, unrestrained, and glad to be alive. The sky was every bit of Uncle Wiggley's sky blue pink, a little brighter and a little more friendly than usual. Piled high on all sides and as inviting as a deep, homemade feather mattress on a frosted winter night were mountains of downy white clouds. Dew had sparkled boldly on the lawn, outlined the sparse and straggly hedge, and made each cobweb look like a misplaced snow flake, but only the milkman had seen it, before the sun had invaded the scene of solitude. The air was warm and fresh, scented with flowers and new grass, and the tiny wisp of wind was as welcome as the cherry on a sundae; it was nothing short of stimulating and captivating. It inspired one to seek out new places, to venture into new things; it made one want to meditate, to relive the cherished moments of childhood. It was a day in which to wander, to sit out under a tree and read, or a day in which just to think and become lost in reverie.

I found myself strolling casually along the paths through the swampy lowland which my brother and I long ago had christened affectionately and referred to devotedly ever since as the "jungle." Each day we had sought new adventure here and each Saturday had, with our knapsacks, canteens, and pen knives, exploited the depths of the wilderness, discovering new and valuable treasures. But the paths were not quite so familiar now, overgrown with weeds and bushes, blocked with deposits of stones, and scarred with multifarious craters and ruts. There had been the main trail, the water path, the mountain road; others were named for their place of termination—the old temple trail, gold mine detour, and the steam pipe path. It was a task, but scarcely an unpleasant one, for me to find my way, for, not only had I forgotten the special little twists and turns now effectively disguised by nature, but my agility was not the same as it had once been. I experienced painful difficulty in climbing over fallen trees, jumping pools of mud and quicksand, and avoiding other inconvenient obstructions.

Meandering about through the jungle in happy abandonment and absolute bliss, I eventually chanced upon the highland road which, as the name indicated, led to the very summit of the only recognizable hill in the entire vicinity. Skirting the dump, a mass of rusted tin cans and rotting grapefruit rinds,

and carefully side-stepping the compost pile, I made my way gradually to the top of the slope and stood there, contemplating the scene below. It hadn't changed at all. The gentle dip exactly half way down had deepened just a little, the grass was just a little higher, and the moles had dug new holes, but everything else about it was the same. At either side, the incline was less severe, the exclusive and undisputed territory of the youngest generation, perfect for rolling, running, and playing games like "king of the hill." But the center portion was all mountain and straight down. It took courage to venture out into this treacherous area, especially in winter when the bank was snow-coated and slippery.

Winter had always been the best season of all, but having the hill covered with snow and just right for sledding was only a part of the enchantment. To wake up in the morning and feel the cold air tinged with snow creeping in around the window sash, to bound out of bed and draw up the blind, and to see the white-washed world below was a treat to any child, but to me, it was rare, it was the answer to my first-star-I-see-tonight wish and my birthday wish. And then, the joy of digging into bottom bureau drawers for long wool slacks, a flannel shirt, and two pairs of mittens, of getting the old shaky wooden sled down from the rafters in the garage, and of sharpening the bent and rusty runners on the cinder driveway was even greater than the ecstasy of first seeing the snow. I could still feel the pleasant jar as stomach and sled met in a well-timed belly flop, the last minute anxiety as the sled went over the edge and down, the utter disgust as the trip finally ceased and the runners sank down deep into the crusted snow.

Standing there at the top of the hill, I closed my eyes and the wind raced by, impulsive and vehement, burning my cheeks and forcing reluctant tears from my eyes. It howled, twisted, and fought, its many fingers working feverishly to untie the little brown knitted cap and loosen the scarf from about my neck. My ears grew red and hurt; my nose smarted and was too numb to blow; my feet froze and no longer felt so painfully cold. But again and again I soared down the hill, and, dragging my sled behind, made my way slowly, carefully, to the top, up the narrow foot path, which, as the snow was trampled smooth, became so slippery it was almost impassable.

I was head man on the fastest toboggan in Switzerland, and entrusted to my ability as a driver were the lives of all the people behind me. They clung on, too frightened to utter a murmur, as I zoomed around the sharpest of corners, openly defying and challenging all the laws of physics. My fame had spread the world around and I was invited to give exhibitions of speed and skill in practically every country of suitable climate and topography. But, my mother had always insisted that I come in to dinner before I ever got to go on an international tour, so my millions of fans had to be content to read the many magazine feature articles concerning me.

I was the daredevil in the winter carnival who shocked and thrilled the sight-seers with breath-taking maneuvers about huge trees and dangerous, thorny bushes. To deviate from the prescribed course by as much as an inch would have meant certain death, for the thorns were saturated with a rare poison and a single prick would have allowed too great an injection of the fatal serum. My brother and I were the only two people in the world brave enough to attempt so hazardous a path, but our managers, understandably interested in our safety, ordered removal of some of the more strategically located foliage. Rather than disappoint the spectators and ruin our reputation, we went prematurely into retirement.

I was a trick rider who could perform stunts that none other had ever thought of and would never have considered trying. With unheard of ease and poise, I glided confidently down the bank, standing up, on one foot, without using my hands; I could balance backwards and sideways, and could even execute small jumps while still moving swiftly, not yet at the bottom. But I was not perfect; my practice sessions were full of bruises and tumbles, but not once did the audience ever see me fall or make an awkward jerk.

Nature had been my playground, imagination my toy. How sorry I had always felt for the wealthy, underprivileged children who had nothing but store-bought toys and other scientifically and educationally designed playthings. Now, as I stood at the top of the hill, I recalled the many inventions which had experienced their trial runs here. The three-wheeled-scooter-truck, the snowless sled, the carnival thrill ride which vaguely resembled a barrel with a blanket in it. I recalled the many happy hours spent here alone, playing by myself in the land of makebelieve, the times when all the neighborhood offspring gathered here, the times when just my brother and I were here together. I recalled the pleasures, problems, heartaches, and joys of childhood.

Suddenly a threatening black cloud appeared in the sky, pursued the sun, overtook it, and then stepped coyly in front of it. The wind lazily began chasing its tail, and becoming frustrated and angered, went around faster and faster; the air cooled as rapidly as though a refrigerator door had just swung open. Somehow, as I blinked my eyes and looked again, the hill did not seem quite as steep or as high as it had before. For that matter, it was just a gentle slope, a step between the meadow and the field. I glanced back on the jungle and perceived nothing but a swamp, marshy, overgrown and uninviting, with several barely discernible unused and pitifully neglected paths snaking through it. I turned from my reverie and reminiscence homeward to the work I had brushed aside with the sun rise.

LINDA B. FOARD

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On Flight

I discovered that other dimension, the sky, at about age four when, my old nurse used to tell me, someone flew an autogyro over our orchard and near the house. Sometimes the story has it a blimp or a zeppelin, and the whole thing is probably part of that tissue of apocryphal tales that grows up around everyone's childhood, but there may have been something there, and it may have been the thing that stirred me to keep looking up for more. When I was nine or ten my father bought me my first ride, a five minute circuit of Lansdale and environs in a little Luscombe Silvaire, the light plane which it now occurs to me for the first time has remained my idea of a very trim and lovely little design. In my teens I was riding to airports to look at airplanes. I recall going with my friend Johnny Ager some seven or eight miles on our old fat-tired bikes to watch an airshow. It was an extremely hot and humid summer day. We sweated, and the bikes were very hard to pump along on the rough macadam road. The heat was a veil of oppression by the time we got there, and out from under it we watched a pilot from the Piper Company whisk a little single-seat ship called, I think, the Skycycle off and through a series of low-level passes. We were probably enamored of the airplane because it bore some resemblance to a World War II fighter: it had the same general low-wing, stubby configuration, and an outsized bubble cockpit canopy. There were several other acts which I don't recall, and then we each drank a bottle of warm Pepsi-Cola, and I was very sick. I wanted to go home to vomit, so we left in the middle of the program. We heard later that two Navy fighters, part of a flight or so making a sweep past the field, collided in midair, the pilots bailing out. A very spectacular business, but we did not see it.

When I was sixteen I went after the airplane in earnest, right across the Perkiomen here, at the field which you probably know chiefly as the locus of the Prop Room. I used to scrub and wax the floor in the Prop Room; I was the face facing the barroom floor. I did this irreverently on Sunday morning, when the stale beer and dead cigarette stench was very live, and I began, if I had not begun before, to despise the business of cleaning up after the 90 per cent of humanity which leaves its stinking litter in its wake the way a ship leaves floating garbage on the heaving face of the ocean in passing. Most of the time I happily handled the airplanes, getting them, the wing-awkward things, out

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of the hangars, checking them for incipient dissolution, looking at engine oil dipsticks, filling gas tanks, performing that lovely rite, the spinning of the propeller, with that unnecessary swinging forward of the right leg, feeling the slapping of the wood against my hands as I palmed the blades around. Sometimes during those long weekend days I was allowed to help with the serious mechanical work, and first felt that sweet tension of knowing that someone else is depending on something you have done and that it had better hold together. I received flight instruction in return for my work, at the rate of one hour in the air for eight put in on the ground. My first instructor was a very attractive little woman named Georgianna Sees. She would sit in the front seat of one of our two J-3 Cubs (the one with the blue fuselage, the daintier and nicer of the two), and the turbulent air in the tandem-seated narrow cockpit would blow wisps of her long black hair back in your face as you sat leaning forward trying to hear what was being shouted about holding back the stick or kicking the rudder pedals too harshly. It was a very pleasant way to learn to fly. Her boyfriend, an ex-bomber pilot, came with her to the airport seemingly every day to keep the older men away. I think that at the time I was seriously more interested in the airplane.

There was some difficulty that summer—she couldn't do heavy lifting or wouldn't dirty her hands in the engine repair work or something—and Georgianna left before I soloed. My next instructor was a fighter pilot named Robert Burns. He lived in a dirty wallboard room in the airport office, a sort of monk devoted to the worship of the airplane. He was very good; he had a light but definite touch, and the airplanes followed his directions well. Bob taught respect for the airplane, and like many instructors trained his neophyte pilots by first convincing them of their own innate stupidity (you have just landed a Cub with the main wheels touching

the ground a fraction before the tailwheel, and the airplane has taken a sort of startled gelandesprun back into the air — you are ten or fifteen feet up again but do not realize it — and you are still holding the throttle all the way back and the stick all the way back so that if nothing is done the airplane will stall violently onto the ground in a few seconds, spreading the landing gear apart the way a squirrel's legs go when he drops thirty feet off a cracked branch and hits the hard earth, so the instructor snatches the controls away from you, savagely thrusting throttle and stick forward to regain forward speed. The airplane climbs angrily away from the runway, and when some safe altitude has been regained, the instructor turns and favors you with just one long hard look. You then realize your utter incompetence for life or flight).

It was that summer or the next that I graduated to the Stearman and Waco biplanes (it was once almost a personal crusade with me getting other kids to stop calling them "double wingers"). For sheer ego-satisfaction there is nothing to match sitting in one of these big old open-cockpit airplanes on a warm summer day calling off those terribly impressive commands — "brakes; contact," etc. — while someone is hotly cranking the two hundred twenty horsepower engine from a precarious stand on the left tire or practicing the more dangerous art of hand-spinning the big metal prop. It fires, runs up a bit, then perhaps keeps spinning for a few seconds choking on its own fuel until there is a satisfying sharp "BATCH!" out the wide exhaust stack and it begins to run in earnest. While all this is going on you are pretending not to notice any visiting girls who may be watching from the sidelines, squinting intently down into the cockpit as if scrutinizing the instrument panel and making important decisions about how best to handle the brute. (I would heighten the effect of casual expertness by not wearing a helmet or



"The usual please."



"Thank you."

goggles. Sometimes we would fly barefoot and shirtless, wearing only short pants and the heavy parachutes. But as any pilot knows, there is nothing especially difficult about handling the Stearman or the Waco: service pilots now *begin* flight training on airplanes of much greater power and complexity.) You lean your head out to either side of the fuselage, looking for runaway children or dogs or, at a country airport like ours, horses, and then advance the throttle to taxi nose-high, wings wobbling and joints squeaking, to the end of the grass runway. More rites there — running up the engine, trying to hold the ship back with the brakes, shaking the controls—and you turn for what is really a beautiful moment, the moment when you face down the runway, advance the throttle all the way forward, and begin to move, still blind behind the engine but committed to flight. Then the tail is up, and you add more rudder to keep from taking out the Prop Room en route, and then you are up, supported by the viscous, heavy air, on the short stiff wings. The engine roar blots out everything; you are happy with the full noise. The controls are springy and live under your hands and feet. You are probably holding the airplane near the ground the full length of the runway so that it gathers excess speed, and at the end you slant it sharply upward, ballooning several hundred feet and then rounding off the way a roller coaster crests the peak of a very fast climb. You have this thing, then, under your hands, under your seat, and as so many people have noted, the airplane has become an extension of yourself — you tendons run out its steel cables to the control surfaces — and you are free to go about your business of banking steeply around clouds, falling out of attempted slow rolls, scaring yourself in fast heavy spins . . .

My rides in the Stearman and the Waco were too few, and now such airplanes are getting harder to find, although one is a-building again at Perkiomen Valley Airport, with a new group of people there all looking forward to getting it into the air and to the warmth and camaraderie of lying in the short dry grass under an airplane wing, talking about one's heroic and near-heroic escapades, telling all the "There I was" stories again. The cold fact is that with costs of production what they are today, it is for the most part only the businessman who can afford to buy the lightplane; he buys it for company use, and he wants an airplane which will go fast from one point to another and get him there safely and comfortably, without a sore bottom and in still-pressed clothes. The airplanes built for him range in price from 5,000 to 50,000 dollars. They are very sleek, very beautiful small transports, single- and

twin-engined — the Beechcrafts, the Cessnas. They take off quickly, climb fast, fly fast at cruising altitude, land in very short spaces. Their interiors are carefully upholstered in good fabrics in restful pastels, like the insides of Cadillacs and hearses, and even grandmother or an elderly secretary can step into them without much difficulty. The idea that there is something beautiful about structure has been forgotten; we may not see the functioning tubes and wire now. It would, on the other hand, be very painful and cold flying a Stearman to Duluth or Minneapolis on a winter business trip — the slipstream which is a heavy caress in spring and summer is a dead hand in winter. But that other kind of flying for that other purpose, that summer love affair: that was fun, and your face felt sticky when you came down, and your hair had been brushed by a strong oily hand so that your scalp continued to throb oddly for some time after. And when you came down you had to *climb* out of it, and you might have ripped your pants or got them dirty in doing so.

—C. D. Hudnut

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In Defense of Jazz

This is a talk on jazz, and the people who have made it the vital and driving force it is today. There are three main points that I shall consider:

1. What is Jazz?
2. The Present-Day Misconception of the Jazz Musician.
3. The Role of Jazz in Cementing Good Foreign Relations.

What is jazz? The eloquent Mr. Leonard Bernstein, easily the most versatile of today's musicians, explained jazz thus:

"Jazz is a feeling. It defies dictionary definition and the jazz musicians themselves stammer, hesitate, and finally seek refuge in colorful adjectives, when asked to define their music. Jazz is an emotional, sometimes physical reaction to a multitude of sounds. It is never wholly sad or wholly happy — a little of one always accompanies the other. Jazz is humorous — it plays with, and has fun with notes."

Jazz is also a creation. It was molded by the Negro in New Orleans. Then the rough edges were rounded by the white man in Chicago. Finally, it was delicately painted by altogether unrelated figures in New York.

America's best-known jazz musician, Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, once said of his art:

"There are only two kinds of jazz — good and bad. If you have to have jazz explained to you, you'll never know."

"Fats" Waller, who rose to fame by writing and playing such standards as "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Ain't Misbehavin'," once answered a woman who asked him after a jam session what jazz was, by growling:

"Lady, if you don't know now, don't mess with it!"

To me, jazz is a combination of things. It is Dave Brubeck playing that driving piano on the last chorus of "Indiana." Sometimes it is Louis Armstrong, rasping his way through "Yellow Dog Blues." When blue, Chris Connor singing "Way Out There" in detached bleary tones is jazz. Swinging jazz makes me nod my head up and down, snap my fingers, or tap my feet. It is relaxing, yet exciting. It is calm while frenzied. Finally, I believe it is the closest thing we have to an exclusively American art form.

Now for the jazz musician himself. Many people picture him as an immoral, dope-addicted drunkard. The roots of this misconception no doubt began growing in the Storyville section of New Orleans in the early 1900's. Storyville was colorful, and the accounts that I've read were extremely inter-

esting. However, it was a picture of vice and degradation. Some jazzmen gave into the temptations around them, but most did not. Some became pimps, supplementing their income from music by their procuring. Most were content to be paid only for playing the music they loved.

At times jazz has thrived on vice, and vice on jazz; however, the musicians as a whole preferred a healthier climate than Storyville offered. The large-scale shift of jazzmen to Chicago after World War I was probably an attempt to find such a climate, and achieve some dignity.

Today the jazz musician still has to fight the stigma placed upon the members of his profession. As often happens, the small minority creates the impression the people hold to be true for the large majority. It is the price we pay for the free tabloid press. Newspapers such as the *Daily News* always headline the fact that "Jazz trumpeter Joe Blow was apprehended with a packet of marijuana in his dressing room." Of course the several thousand jazzmen who never have touched narcotics are never mentioned.

Many of the figures in progressive jazz today are as cultured and refined as the members of a symphony orchestra or an opera company. Illustrative examples of this most recent class of musicians include pianists John Lewis and Dave Brubeck, band-leader Stan Kenton, and clarinetist Jimmy Guiffre. Let us consider one of these men in detail.

Dave Brubeck started learning to play the piano at the age of four, the cello at nine. He holds a degree in music from the College of the Pacific. Later he studied composition at Mills College in Oakland, California, under the classical musician, Darius Milhaud. While in the army in World War II, he continued the study of composition with Arnold Schoenberg. After the war he formed his own jazz combo, now one of the most popular in the progressive field. Brubeck neither smokes nor drinks, dresses in conservative ivy-league clothes, and speaks with the ease and authority of a polished gentleman.

For the final plea in this defense of jazz, I would like to consider the impact jazz has made on the whole world. Many of our most prominent jazz artists have made tours to virtually the four corners of the earth. Probably the first and foremost of these disciples of jazz is Louis Armstrong. In the 1920's Louis and his band played for George V in London. Louis talked about it in a recent interview:

"I looked up there and said, 'This one's for you Rex,' and we laid 'You Rascal You' on him."

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Armstrong has toured Europe, Africa, Japan, and Australia. In the recent armament race, America's most effective weapon has been a blue note played in a minor key. In his most recent tour Louis played for Princess Margaret of England, and Prime Minister Nkrumah of Ghana. Louis is sure his ancestors came from Ghana, where seven native bands played in unison at his arrival. In Switzerland, one critic wrote after Armstrong's performance:

"Louis Armstrong almost makes up for the American tariff on Swiss watches."

Lionel Hampton is another jazzman who has carried the sound of jazz overseas. The enthusiasm shown for his combo almost proved to be his undoing. In Israel police were forced to ask "Hamp" to stop playing because the crowd was in a frenzied state, and close to rioting.

Many foreign nations have produced great jazz artists of their own, who now often play to packed houses in America. Best-known among these imports is the blind English pianist, George Shearing. Since World War II Japan has become one of the leading jazz centers. Some of the best clubs in the world are located in Tokyo, Yokohama, and Osaka. Almost every girl vocalist that I heard in Japan was trying to imitate Ella Fitzgerald, who had been on tour there twice since the end of the war.

Universally, jazz is a valued and precious commodity. It is said that the most treasured article on the Russian black market is a set of smuggled Benny Goodman records. During the World War II Nazi occupation of France, one of the French underground units boasted a fair-sized collection of jazz records. One of the regular visitors to the late-night listening sessions was a Gestapo lieutenant. The Nazi knew that they were underground members, and these patriots knew that he was in the Gestapo. Jazz has no political ideology.

Maybe jazz is the answer to our poor relations with Russia. Louis Armstrong contends that all that is needed in Russia is his hot horn—to end the cold war.

Jazz has grown, as our culture has grown, until today it is as complex and technical as our way of life. There is no room now for those untrained in the skills and involved technicalities of the printed note. Jazz has traveled a long, hard road from the parlors of Storyville, through the streets of New Orleans, and up and down the Mississippi on the steamboats. It has not been a useless journey though—for at last the jazzmen have attained some degree of dignity and notoriety. Their music is recognized as something more than noise. The average jazz musician

of today is far better equipped, in knowledge of harmony and theory and in technical ability, than his counterpart of the 1930's. Classical and jazz musicians are working successfully in each other's orchestras. Many young jazzmen are experimenting with atonality and polytonality both in improvisation and orchestration.

Where this might lead jazz is the subject of much argument among musicians. Some hold that it will pull it away from its roots and destroy its basic function of swinging, removing it from the beat that has always been the essential ingredient to anything musicians call jazz. Others believe that the voyage into new directions would provide the only means of preventing jazz from falling into redundancy and stagnation.

Whatever the solution, this much remains certain: in 1959 more men are playing jazz, about it, than ever before. In less than half a century, jazz has made its way out from and more are talking, writing, and thinking the backwoods and dark corners of the American scene to a position of international recognition as this country's one true native contribution to the arts.

Dr. William F. Phillip, head of the Ursinus College music department, told a class the other day of a theory he had concerning modern progressive jazz. After analyzing a number, he arrived at the conclusion that certain segments seemed to be derived from ancient Grecian chants. Maybe Plato was one of the earliest jazz fans when he wrote:

"Beauty of style and harmony and grace and good rhythm depend on simplicity."

The defense rests.

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I belong to the sea;
 To its mysterious depths;
 Its squalls and hurricanes;
 Its washed and sun bleached shores,
 With massive and delicate shells;
 Its hues of blue and green.
 The pungent salty smell
 Breathes life into my soul.
 I belong to the sea.

—Tama Williams

WAVES

Waves
 Bouncing the buoys
 Sweeping the shells up to the beach
 Kissing the sands of the shore
 Dragging the driftwood down to the depths
 Returning to replenish their source
 Back and forth
 Incessantly.

—Marcia Facchinetti

LOVE

This the flower of love blooms eternally.
 Though created as the lamb, sweet and innocent,
 It is oft' turned to violence and fury;
 Like the tidal wave within the blackest storm.
 To the Heavens, then, lift thine eyes
 To the eternal light of God.
 The golden glory poureth forth,
 And gives the earth to a shining brilliance
 Which shall burn ever more.

—Tama Williams

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A Description

He stood on the top step of the dugout, hands jammed into his rear pockets, and stared intently at the pitcher on the mound. Behind the short, stocky man on the dugout step sat about a dozen ballplayers, all with their eyes on the big kid on the hill. The manager cupped his hands to his mouth and yelled.

"Just get it over the plate, Christy, he'll never touch ya."

On the mound the big fellow nodded, hitched up his pants, and looked toward his catcher for the sign. There were runners on first and second—the result of his sudden wild streak in this ninth inning. He went into a full windup, and as he let go of the ball, got the surprise of his life. Both runners had taken off the second that he had gone into the full pitching motion. The catcher scooped the low pitch out of the dirt and rifled it toward third, trying to cut down the lead runner. Ball and runner arrived at the same time. When the dust had cleared, the squat buddha of an umpire crouched low with palms down, signalling the baserunner safe. Boston now had men on second and third with two out, with the score 1-0 in favor of New York.

From his perch at the end of the dugout, the manager turned to the bench with face purpling and neck veins throbbing.

"Why do kid pitchers always have one-track minds? You tell em about the batter and he forgets about the two guys on base."

From the Boston bench came the cries of the vultures of baseball, the bench jockeys. A rookie pitcher in trouble was always their prey, but a rookie pitcher in trouble who had been handcuffing them all afternoon was a prize meal.

"Put a fork in him, he's done!"

"The party's over sonny!"

"Better get home to mamma, ya bum!"

Raising his hand for time, the Giant manager started the slow walk to the mound. Already huddled at the hill were the second baseman and the catcher. As the little round man, with his hands still pushed into his hip pockets, joined the group, he looked up at the tall catcher with a burning stare.

"Whaddya say, Andy, the kid lost it?"

"The fast ball moves O.K. but the curve's hangin a little."

At the rear of the mound the big rookie pawed the ground with the toeplate of his right shoe. Ball clenched tightly in fist, he

disgustedly pounded his glove. He was certain that the skipper would yank him now. In spring training they'd gone over that situation again and again.

"Never use that pumping windup with men on, Christy."

Now, when it had counted, the kid had forgotten.

The fiery boss of the Giants knew that if the kid didn't finish this game, he'd have to farm him out. Even though the big boy was ahead with two out in the ninth, the Braves had the tying and winning runs on base. The batter was Art Fletcher, who had already doubled in the fifth inning. Ordinarily the New York skipper would yank a pitcher without thinking twice at a point like this, but this kid had worked so hard and shown so much all spring. Looking toward the bullpen, he saw that his ace reliever, Alexander, was ready to go. The Boston fans, hungry for the kill, yelled for action.

Without even looking at the nervous youngster, the manager turned quickly to the catcher.

"Don't let him throw Fletcher nothin' inside, Andy."

With mincing steps he returned to the dugout, not even hearing the catcalls from the alien crowd. Looking at each other questioningly, but afraid that the stocky figure would hear them speak, the men on the bench wondered if "Little Napoleon" had gone soft.

Back at his favorite stance, John McGraw, destined to be one of the greatest managers in baseball history, cupped his hands and yelled at the big man on the mound.

"C'mon, Matthewson, fog it right by the bum."

Matthewson did, with three pitches Art Fletcher still hasn't seen. This was the first of many shutout victories for Christy Matthewson, later immortalized as the "Big Six," destined to become the greatest righthander in New York Giant history.

—George R. Harman, Jr.



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"... THE GLORY AND THE DREAM"

I see the tombstone gleaming coldly white,
That art work of the solitary moon,
And of the wind that walks with silent steps
And gathers up the scent of withered buds—
The mourners' rotting tribute to their grief.
You who in years found wisdom lie here now,
The hoarded treasures of your memory
Bequeathed to greedy, omnipresent death.
Your wisdom purchased dearly in exchange
For carefree joy and foolish ecstasy
For years of toil, cruel anger, joyous love,
Is wisdom lost now in the crypt of time.
The wild emotion yields to reason's pleas,
The soul's consumed, the flaming spirit's ash.
The youthful dream which sensed the soul of things
Sought early for the glory and the stars
But soon was crushed by circumstance and sense,
Was bound to earth by practicality.
Chaotic intuition's just exchange
For soothing harmony and gentle peace,
For wisdom earned by living long and hard.
The newer spirits must begin anew
To trace the path that others trod before—
The recapitulation of the race.

—Linda Lee



"Dirty curve breaker."

Line of Retreat

Mr. Merriwell opened the door of the barber shop just wide enough to admit his rather slight bulk and squeezed through. He disliked intensely the dead, penetrating chill of the city winter outside, but he liked even less the sickening falseness of the warm atmosphere choked with cigarette and cigar fumes and the odor of talcum powder and hair tonic into which he was entering. The cold, white and silver motive of the place symbolized more accurately for him its true character.

As usual, the Friday night customers, gathered by the bond of their mutual need for shearing, flicked their eyes upward long enough for a cursory appraisal of this intruder (for that is invariably what Mr. Merriwell felt himself to be) into their private club, then returned immediately to their *Posts, Lives, and Police Gazettes*, as if they had just seen a spectre whose obviously absurd existence they were far too sophisticated to acknowledge. Even this token recognition of his entrance Mr. Merriwell would have gladly foregone. They always look at me, he thought, as if they were trying to find something ridiculous about me to laugh at. Indeed, at that very moment, he thought he heard a chillingly secretive snicker, and he felt a powerful urge to check that his clothing was all in proper order. But better not to. Why give them the satisfaction! Glancing up briefly from the perfectly polished toes of his black Oxfords, he saw that there was an empty chair at the rear of the room, and scuttled toward it through scattered clumps of cut hair, his innards quaking as if he were about to make a premier solo appearance before the most critical of audiences. He hung his hat and overcoat on a wall hook, sat down, drew his feet as far as possible beneath the chair, and took from his jacket pocket a paperback edition of a Hemingway novel.

It was hardly to Mr. Merriwell's surprise that he could not concentrate on his book. He stared blankly at the page which he had chosen at random, conscious only of the cold drops of sweat running down his sides beneath his fresh shirt. But the book was nothing more than a front anyway, providing an object to which he could fairly devote his attention in an attempt to blot out awareness of the strange people around him. At the same time, he thus avoided the embarrassing necessity of reaching forward in the sight of those obscurely aminous presences to take a magazine from the near-by table. Once Mr.

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Merriwell had nearly become involved in a pointless argument with some surly fellow over a magazine he had never really wanted in the first place. For a few moments, all eyes in the shop had been turned in his direction, and he had never forgotten the horrible anguish of the experience. From then on he had been certain to arm himself with his own reading matter beforehand, even taking the precaution of changing the book from time to time on the basis of a sneaking fear that some one would become suspicious of the fact that he was never really reading.

Why he submitted himself to this biweekly ordeal, Mr. Merriwell had no substantial idea. Certainly, he could have chosen a time for his haircut when the shop was less crowded, perhaps even empty, but it never seriously occurred to him to break the pattern of his ritual, except to add as unobtrusively as possible some small, new protective device, such as the changing of the books. To be so radical as to change barbers was even further from his mind. Good Heavens! Suppose one day he should meet one of the old barbers on the street somewhere and he should ask Mr. Merriwell why he no longer came to the shop. What in the world could he say? Besides, Mr. Merriwell argued, not without some reason, one barber shop would be as bad, if not worse than, another. At least he was used to this place, after his fashion, as a solidly established part of his routine.

But tonight, something even worse than a voluntary break in his routine was to happen to Mr. Merriwell: The Unexpected.

He had just managed, after considerable debate, to tear painfully from his fragile shell of self-imposed paralysis long enough to light a cigarette when, as he had secretly anticipated, one of the barbers called, "Next!"

"That's you, buddy," the man beside him said. With a muttered "Thank you," Mr. Merriwell stood up, put out his fresh cigarette, and, removing with clammy fingers his shining spectacles, shuffled nervously to the empty barber chair.

The waiting barber was a broad-faced, big-boned man who had perched precariously on his meaty nose a pair of steel-rimmed glasses, ridiculously dwarfed by the slab of flesh looming behind them. On some evenings, he was not disposed to talk, and then he merely grunted every once in a while and shoved Mr. Merriwell's head this way and that whenever the execution of his art demanded more light or a new angle. But at other times he would jabber on and on about things of absolutely no interest to Mr. Merriwell, who only cared about having the whole business over with and getting out. He did

not like this barber because his fleshy appearance heightened a vague sense of repugnance that Mr. Merriwell felt toward any contact with the flesh. He disliked the barber even more when he was talkative, because then he was put under the additional strain of having to listen at least closely enough to know when to mutter in agreement, and he was always afraid that the time would come when his mutter would be misconstrued. This was one of the talkative nights.

"Well, well, well, and how are we this fine, brisk night, sir? If you'll just step up here now, we'll take good care of you. That's right, sir. Now if we can just loosen that collar, if you please. Ah, that's fine, just fine."

Mr. Merriwell was settling down for the siege when, for the first time, the barber said something that made him want to listen.

"And how's your brother getting along these days? I had him sitting in this very chair only last week, you know. At least, I guessed he must be your brother, you look that much alike. But when I says to him, I says, 'Would that gent (meaning you) be your brother now?' he only looks at me and winks and smiles like it's a secret joke between the two of us."

Mr. Merriwell, in fact, had no such brother, but he did not venture to disagree. All his "brother" meant was that he had more reason than ever to dislike the barber; for now they had a common topic of conversation, and it was Mr. Merriwell's firm belief that the less one had in common with others, the easier it was to get along with them. To unassailable proof of this axiom was his mother: he had more in common with her than any other living human being, and, in spite of the fact that he had supported her faithfully for the last fifteen years, their personal relations had always been something in the nature of uncontrollable chaos. Everything his mother touched, in fact, seemed to fall into chaos. Mr. Merriwell hated chaos; he hated complications, and he sensed that his "brother" meant complications. Fearing to disturb the barber, he resisted a desire to shift uneasily in the chair.

As the barber disposed of Mr. Merriwell's excess hair, he disposed, as well, of the weather, the President's new budget, and foreign relations, and, while he was about it, with a becoming modesty, he saved the police the trouble of solving a recent local crime. At last, after many gruntings and head-pushings, the job was completed, right down to a final embarrassing, if jocular, reference to the customers thinning hair. Mr. Merriwell managed a weak smile, though feeling quite emotionally drained. He paid the barber, making certain to include a tip large enough to insure himself against sarcastic allusions to the cost of living, put on

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his spectacles, and turned to get his hat and coat.

It was not until then that Mr. Merriwell realized what a gross oversight he had committed. He had left his copy of Hemingway in the chair he had occupied while waiting his turn. But even worse, sitting there now, paging through the book, was a man who, indeed, except for a certain air of crude vitality, looked enough like Mr. Merriwell to be his twin.

Loose ends, sighed Mr. Merriwell inwardly; complications, chaos.

Well, there was no need to get excited, he did not have to ask for the book. He would simply walk over, take up his hat and coat, and leave. In his mind, the affair was now finished, except that he did wonder briefly why neither he nor the barber had noticed the entrance of this man who bore such a singular resemblance to him.

Even as he moved toward his objective, Mr. Merriwell had already renounced any claim to ownership of the book. On his approaching, however, his double looked up and seemed to recognize him, not with surprise, but almost with a secret delight. Nevertheless, there was no outward sign that the double even noticed the resemblance between them. Instead, he just smiled and held out the book beneath a dirt-encrusted thumb.

"This is your book," he said much louder than necessary, "hah?"

Mr. Merriwell was taken of guard, for, subjectively the book was no longer his at all.

"Oh no!" he muttered. "I mean, yes . . . well, I mean, actually, you see, I don't really . . ." But did not have the chance to stumble on further.

"He-ey," said the double, and the smile now more closely resembled a leer. "That's pretty gutty stuff, hah?" He winked.

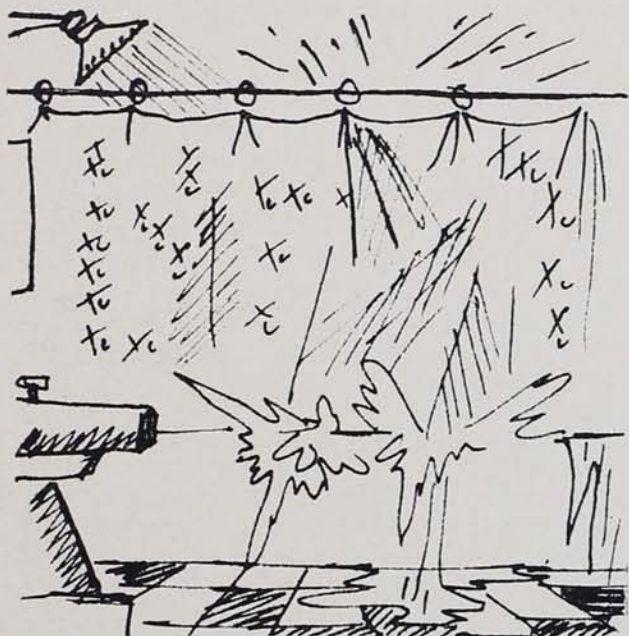
Mr. Merriwell's glasses seem to have become suddenly foggy. He flushed as he became aware that all eyes had turned in his direction. But why are they just looking at me and not at him, he thought; he's the offender; I'm innocent, perfectly innocent! In a burst of resolution, half blind with panic, Mr. Merriwell whisked through the room in a flutter of coat and hat. He had barely gained the safe side of the door when he heard from behind him: "Hey! You forgot Hemingway!"

But Mr. Merriwell had hardly forgotten Hemingway as, rushing from the shop, he stumbled over a stray mongrel that had taken refuge from the cold wind in the dubious warmth of the doorway.

"Damn it!" said Mr. Merriwell. And Mr. Merriwell was not a man given to violent expressions of emotion. Without thinking, he swung his foot at the obstacle. The dog

yelped sharply, more from habit than from pain, since the kick had all but missed. Then the animal emitted a half-hearted snarl that was really more of a whimper. Mr. Merriwell instinctively recoiled, but his adversary, its tail between its legs, was already scuttling down the street, pausing very briefly only once, before disappearing into an alley, to glance back over its shoulder in fear of a pursuit that would never come.

ROY MOYER



"Who put that piranha fish in here?"

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Alan Lomax and the American Folk Song

Last year, Alan Lomax, who was touring Ireland recording folk music, heard Folklorist Seamus Ennis sing an Irish lay describing a laborer cradling a bastard baby, all wrapped in white linen. The air was identical with our own Southwestern trail song,

Whoopie ti yi yo
Git along little dogies.
It's your misfortune
Ain't none of my own.

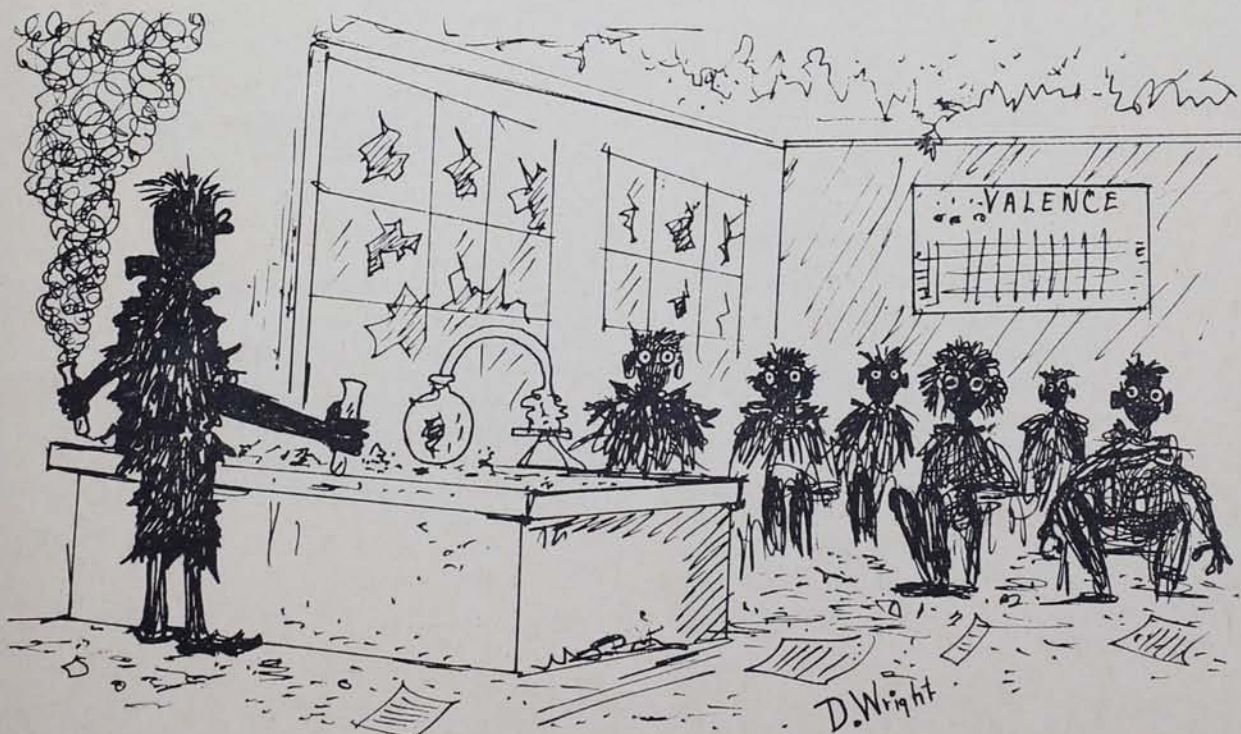
Lomax investigated further and found the lay to be an ancient Irish folk tune. The surprising connection was a routine discovery for Lomax who, as *Time Magazine* wrote, "has recorded Pygmies in the Middle Congo, basket weavers in France, geishas in Japan, and Saturday night warblers in English pubs." Lomax discovers these interesting links all over the world and has spent most of his 43 years tracking the ancestors of the ever-changing American folk idiom.

A tall, hulking, black-haired Texan with a fringe beard and a strangely integrated English-Texas accent, Alan Lomax is probably the outstanding American folk researcher. He inherited this love from his father, John Lomax, who, in his day, was also recognized as the foremost authority in the field. Father and son have collaborated on many anthologies of American folk tunes

and on a vivid biography of Huddie Ledbetter or "Leadbelly" as the folk and jazz world knew him. However, Alan feels that his greatest contribution has been his recordings of Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston, and Peter Seeger in the Library of Congress. The library, due almost entirely to the Lomaxes' efforts, contains the world's largest archives of folk expression.

At a recent University of Delaware lecture-concert, a story was told during Lomax's introduction of an English professor who once explained to a group of Pembroke girls that, since America had no peasants, it had virtually no folk music. By tracing the evolution of several types of American folk tunes in his subsequent talk, Alan Lomax exposed the ludicrous statement as having been made by a sociologically ignorant person.

Folk music in America is actually a form of surrealism or a poetic transmutation of experience. The most dramatic example to emerge is the music of the American Negro with his innate sense of rhythm and his numerous emotional conflicts. While the old English ballad, "Greensleeves" has changed little from century to century, Negroes will frequently alter their tunes with each performance, adapting the words to their mood or their social surroundings. Admiration for



"Now for my next experiment . . ."

the Negroes' inventive style has led Lomax to condone rock and roll as the "furthest intrusion of the Negro folksong into U. S. pop music." Indeed, he presented, as part of a huge folk sing in New York's Carnegie Hall, an authentic rock and roll quartet.

Many of the Southern mountain tunes, as sung by Jean Ritchie of Kentucky and the Smith family in Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains, can be traced directly to traditional English songs. The Smith family, a huge aggregation that "came over with Columbus and got lostified in these damn hills," has contributed greatly to the archives. For hundreds of years there have been at least thirteen little inbred Smiths in each generation, and four out of every five of them inevitably become either fiddlers, guitar whammers, banjo pickers, or harmonica blowers. Lack of musical interest is logical grounds for divorce in the Smith family.

Another source of American folk music is the modern ballad maker, who is roughly analogous to the medieval minstrel. Such a person retains whatever traditional phrases he can from other contemporary ballads in the process of constructing a new social commentary. Our best example of a ballad maker is the Oklahoma sharecropper, Woody Guthrie. Woody composed over 500 ballads including "The Union Maid," "Pretty Boy Floyd," "Sally Don't You Grieve," "Hard Ain't It Hard," "This Land Is Your Land," and "So Long It's Been Good To Know Ya."

In the midst of his program, Lomax strummed one lullaby that was particularly representative of the manner in which a folk song will travel and change as it travels. A story about a drowned goose combined with a lilting French tune composed by Jean-Jacques Rousseau over 150 years ago resulted in "Go Tell Aunt Rhody, Nancy, Mary," or however the members of the audience first heard the aunt's name.

By the end of the evening, Alan Lomax, who has only recently returned from a protracted world recording trip under the auspices of Columbia records, had proven that America not only possesses a folk tradition (which surprised no one), but that the tradition is not a stable one. It is changing just as rapidly as our country is progressing. However, Lomax will not be satisfied until he has converted America "from a nation of audiophiles into folk performers."

JOHN SWINTON

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Dawn Stillness

A light layer of mist lay over the placid lake. No ripple marred the glass-like surface. Above, the sky glowed intensely with a hue that lay between pink and yellow but defied an artist's imitation. Only a sliver of new moon and one lone star interrupted the great expanse. The dark green hills that rose from the lake shore stood out sharply against the sky. All seemed wrapped in profound and disturbing silence. There was not even the twittering of birds for relief.

Perhaps it was this deep silence that awakened the two lads lying there on the beach in their bedrolls. A shock of black hair stirred at the end of one bag as its owner raised his head and surveyed the area with serious blue eyes. He remembered the campfire. It had long since burned down, and only ashes and a few glowing embers remained. Then the boy noticed the sky and was strangely filled with a deep sense of reverence. He turned toward his companion and was surprised to find him awake and quietly studying the scene.

A slight shiver ran through the lean frame of the towhead. He, like his friend, felt he was viewing a forbidden scene — a strange and wonderful glimpse at something beyond his understanding. He rested his head on one elbow and combed the fingers of the other hand through his tousled hair. It was not a time for words, but their eyes met and exchanged knowing looks of appreciation for the beauty of the moment. It seemed to the boys that for one brief moment time had paused in its head-long rush.

The mist began to move slowly across the surface of the lake. A feathery crease and then another tickled the calm water. A little breeze was bringing life to the lake. The trees fluttered, and there was a faint chatter of waking birds. A small streak of red appeared in the eastern sky and continued to grow, burning its way across the silhouetted hilltops. There seemed a mighty crescendo of movement, sound and color as the new day began.

* * *

The man's body ached with weariness, but his mind would not rest. It jumped as though in panic from one problem to another, yet solving none and becoming more and more distraught. It raced over the

events of the past day, the jobs unfinished, and the thing that loomed before him in the coming day. He twisted and turned on the large steel bed, trying to find the position in which the sweet relief of sleep would come, but always it eluded him. He must rest. The operation required an alert mind and steady nerves. No cadaver this time but a living human being—a body throbbing with life—life that could be terminated with one mistake. Perspiration stood out on his forehead and cooled the palms of his hands. Suddenly the feeling of doubt that he had been fighting swelled in his body and took possession of him. In that moment he knew that he was incapable of performing the operation scheduled for the coming morning. This was a life, and he had neither the knowledge nor the skill to trifle with it. His long lean frame relaxed in dejection.

He noticed for the first time that the room was becoming lighter. The sky was a murky gray through the grimy windows of the city apartment. The young man got up from bed and walked slowly over to stand by the window. The building was on the hill near the hospital, and from his window there was a sweeping view of the city skyline.

Dark buildings stood out starkly against the gray sky, which grew lighter and the differentiation more intense. With long lean arms the man reached up and slid down the top section of the window. He shivered ever so slightly as the damp chill reached his body. He could distinguish the outlines of the water tower, the newspaper building's outdated spire, and the unimaginative square shapes of block after block of apartment and office buildings. Above them a red beacon flashed at regular intervals and the city lay enveloped in restful silence.

The sky was changing from light gray to pink. A milk truck jangled by in the street below, a merry reminder to the city to be up and doing. A patch of deeper red was growing at the line where the buildings butted against the sky. Slowly the sun, a fiery ball, appeared between the stilt-like legs of the water tower.

The man felt a quiet assurance come over him; and he looked away, seeing another sunrise and reeling the powerful emotion of a dawn experience in his past. His shoulders straightened and his sharp chin hardened in determination. He would be able to do it. As his eyes turned back to enjoy the final moments of the scene he raised his hand and combed his fingers through his tousled blond hair.

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The contest is open to all Ursinus students and faculty members. Entries must be delivered to a special box in the library and limericks for the Spring contest must be received by May 16. Names of the winners will be announced by THE LANTERN this semester.

*At U. C. the coming of Spring
Is not marked by the bird on the wing
But by each Lochinvar
Setting forth in his car
Intent on an afternoon's fling.*

*O pity the plight of Farouk
Once a king now not even a duke
But he still gets his pleasure
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