



3-1956

The Lantern Vol. 24, No. 2, March 1956

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Recommended Citation

Leivy, David M.; Billman, Karl; McCabe, Tom; White, Bill; Lederman, Ira; Montgomery, Bill; and Hudnut, David, "The Lantern Vol. 24, No. 2, March 1956" (1956). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 59.
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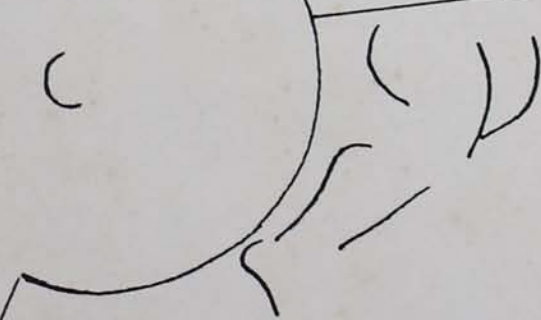
MARCH 56

WALKER

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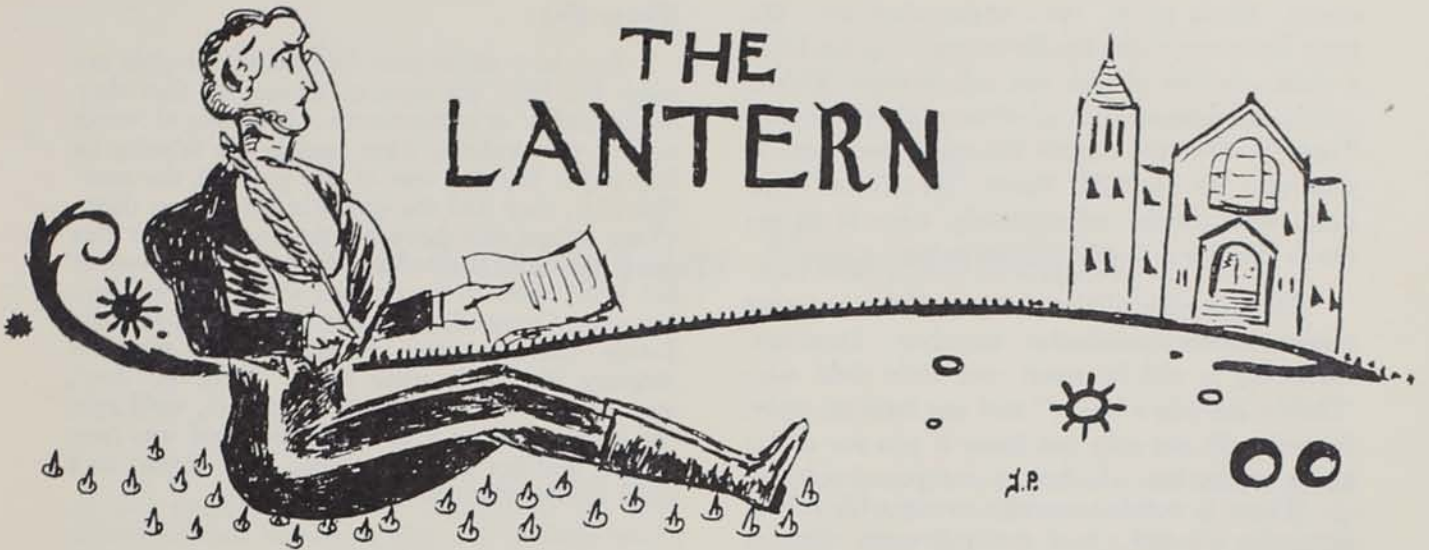


Handwritten symbols and characters, possibly a signature or initials.



Richard Goldberg

THE LANTERN



The Talk of the Gown

Our readers cried: "Give us that we may read!"

And we replied: "It shall be."

And it came to pass that there was a renaissance, a rebirth of the *Lantern*. And we saw that it was good. And everywhere there was a gladdening in the land, for the people were filled. The grumbings were small and those that disagreed with the word were not heard.

In this spirit, we undertake the second issue of this college year. May it fulfill your desires. May it satisfy your wants. And may you say, "I rejoice therein."

R. S. V. P.

We get no letters—we write no answers! This is unfortunately the plight in which the *Lantern* editors find themselves. Here we sit in our plush offices with all kinds of intelligent, witty replies in the "out-going" box, and there is no out-going. Simply because there is no in-coming. What is it with you guys? We thought we had a magazine last time. True, you may not have agreed with what we said. Take the editorial for example. Now wasn't that thought-provoking? We give all kinds of suggestions. We tell you that you don't dress right and if you do dress right, then we say you don't think right. So what happened? Nothing,

What would you do about that? Why didn't you write us a letter? We're human; we love to get mail. But no mail. We got to fill the column. You could say:

Dear Editors: ("Dear Sir:" would also do nicely)

I am deeply hurt. I study very hard at least two nights a week, well, anyway, at least when there are tests. I think being intelligent is great, and I also think it is real cool to be collegiate. My hair is never more than $\frac{3}{4}$

of an inch long, and I wear a tie. Then you go and call me disdainful.

True.—Ed.

Now there you are. But we couldn't pull any clever answers like that. All we can do is sit around the office and feel stupid. Now, dear readers, we are going to say no more about this. But please, oh, please, send us some letters for our next edition. We like to get mail.

Notice

The editors of the *Lantern* are all cranked up, but there is no gas in the tank. Of what can we write? We can certainly not say that the last editorial printed herein made much of an impression, and, after all, who really cares? Go on, men, wear your blasted T-shirts. It's all the same to us. We noble few who choke in our ties and shirts are just fools. You know that! Wait until the warm spring days come, when, for the sake of tradition we carry the heritage of the western world around our necks. Then you'll really be able to laugh as you sit back in dungareed comfort.

The Meat of This Thing

Let us earnestly say that socially the past few months have been highlighted with numerous enjoyable parties. We thoroughly commend the Mike Pedicin evening—a tribute to the new American culture. We will say that we admire such dancing and admire even more the experts in the art. It is a much needed outlet for the emotions of trying times.

There are those in every age who see the actions of their time in a rather suspicious light. Some feel that to retain a respectable reputation they must scowl on the young scoundrels who so

emote. Pooh, pooh! How wrong they are. We must leave something for the future; why not leave a good selection of rock and roll records? This is youth—reverberating in all of its carefree attitudes. There is time for serious thought. But there is time also for the “All Rooty, Tutti-frutti” type thing with which, unfortunately, some of us are not as familiar as we should like to be.

For the sake of the children, if for no other reason, let us accommodate ourselves. How embarrassing it will be when your little child asks, “Daddy, are you a turtle?” and you have no reply, for you will not only not know if you are or are not a turtle, but whether or not you should be.

There is nothing morally wrong with substituting for a waltz a rock and roll waltz. Now is there? Being the great pretender need not give you pangs of conscience. Let us shake a hand, at last. Why zip your lip?

Now then, dungaree dolls, as deep down inside you must be, when you build that large, large house, be able to say that you, too, were a member of the rocking fifties. Be a part of history. When your husband putts around in the living room you will lovingly be able to remember somewhere in the past the spark of youth which you once had and which, we hope, you retain and will be able to compare with that of your children helping you to understand their crazy ideas and dance steps whatever they choose to call them.

Show Biz

And how about this: We know our girls are good, but little did most of us suspect that they could qualify as professionals. A couple of weeks ago, as you probably have read in the *Weekly* (a fine paper that) a few of the girls hit the spotlight, i.e., they had the spotlight shining on them. (Your editor may have hit the spotlight—at this point he can't remember.) Giving a preview of the WAA show to the patrons of the Ivoryton Inn, Ivoryton, Connecticut, Joanie Martin, i.e., Mahtin, Joanie Clement, and Margie Struth tried to shimmy like their sister Kate. Well, we don't even care how Kate shimmies anymore, we'll take the girls. Also on that one night stand was Jane Mowry and her excellent voice. Now if that isn't good public relations, what is?

A Little More

And before we close let us say that we'll be looking for you at the Mardi Gras that the freshman class is putting on near the end of April. This is (we use here that quaint old American term) a fabulous idea. We haven't heard of anything so good since we ate the raccoon coat.

This is what we have to say this month. Our business managers say enjoy this issue. It may be our last.

* * *

See you later, alligator.

The Following People Made This Magazine Possible

Editor-in-chief:

Maury Hoberman

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Business Managers:

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Nee Collegium Emersonium

David M. Leivy

It was just off a main road, but when most of the people thereabouts thought of the little cluster of ivied buildings, they saw in their mind's eye a radiant citadel in glorious isolation atop a craggy, boulder-strewn, and wind-swept peak. And when the proud natives spoke of this enchanted spot and recounted the tales of amazing erudition which emanated from it, their voices dropped to a whisper and were veiled in all the thaumaturgical mistiness that they could muster.

Yes, the tales which flew forth from this magical place concerned learning and discovery, for this was no monastery sheltering meditating untouchables, nor was there here a secret laboratory housing necromancers and alchemists, but this huddling cluster of weather-stained and vine-encased buildings was simply an institution reverently dedicated to the increasing of man's knowledge about himself. And it was this selfsame institution which was referred to affectionately by the undergraduates as "Collegium Emersonium" and was respectfully spoken of by everyone else as Emerson College. Here, partially hidden behind stately evergreens, was nothing more, but at the same time nothing less, than a school.

Behind these walls Professor Schumann enunciated Schopenhauer's opening statement: "The world is my idea." In the last row Krauss rose to his feet and decried such idealism, while two rows forward Roberts vigorously supported the philosopher's thesis. The ideas and suggestions which now flew forward from all parts of the room seemed unending, and the discussion waxed lively, always under the guiding hand of Dr. Schumann.

Just across a shaded path, in the next building Dr. Blum was conducting a seminar session in psychology. At the moment Freud's theory on errors seemed on the road to total collapse, but the good professor knew that in a second one of his students would jump to Freud's defense. He was not disappointed, and the ensuing discussion matched anything the Professor Schumann had ever started.

But, all this was, as the fairy tales say, "Once upon a time." For, one day, almost imperceptibly, and to the complete ignorance of the industrious students and their revered faculty, a revolution

began. And this revolution went inexorably on until the professors became aware of it and the students were caught up in it. And this revolution went under the name of "Democracy." The otherwise omniscient faculty found itself powerless to counter-attack, for anything taking the name of "Democracy" is sacred. The students rallied around the pulse-quickening word, and, leaving the actual case unexamined, they felt the blood pound through their veins to the tune of "equal education for all and a sheepskin in every home." The well-meaning students could have added "regardless of the needs of the individual," but this would not have been in the spirit of the great leveling revolution. This revolution, as most, may have been born out of need, but considerations of need evaporated as the intoxication of the maturing movement effectively incapacitated thought. Just as a pilot taking off before learning how to land, the revolution had to continue until it ran out of gas.

The ivied walls still stand just off of the main road, and the natives still feel that they owe allegiance to their local institution. But the radiant pinnacle of the imagination has been replaced by a slight mound, while the shining citadel has been reduced to a group of class rooms and dormitories. A few students, obviously atavistic, still try to get an education, but Schopenhauer's "the world is my idea" elicited only one comment: a semi-somnolent individual gazing out of the window queried, "What does his wife say to that?" Across the old path in the science building—is it possible?—a discussion was in progress. But, alas, what was the topic? Just whether it was worth reading the textbook, since the examinations were taken from the lecture notes. After all, what more is there to college than the passing of tests?

But all is not darkness in our tale. As the brave old institution lay dying, a zealous trustee, in unconscious good taste, had the decency to relieve Emerson of his honorary obligations. Yes, even the name of the college succumbed to the revolution, and in place of our rational scholar now stands a doctrinary religious reformer. This theologian who, fighting logic to the best of his ability, succeeded in saving hundreds, has finally been rewarded, and his name will live on in fitting conjunction with a "democratic" college.

TWO ON THE AISLE

Karl Billman

"Hell hath no torment like a predictor's predictions going wrong." This famous quotation was uttered last year when a certain movie-know-it-all passed out as Grace Kelly walked off with Judy Garland's "Oscar." But, this year with Miss Kelly off to Monaco I'm about to follow the words of the immortal Faraday, "But still try, for who knows what is possible?"

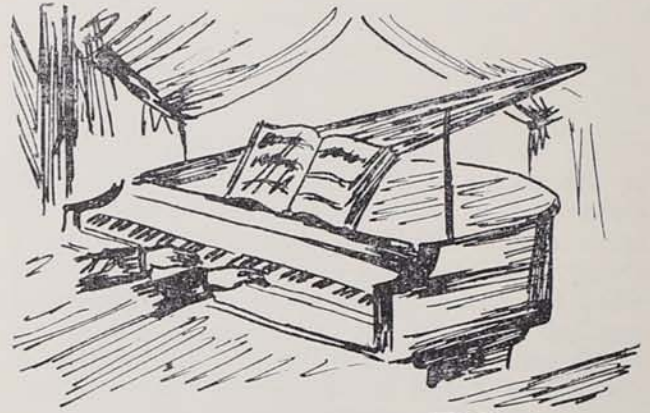
To begin this little forecast I would like to review, briefly, the year's past offerings on the cinema screen. Perhaps the motion picture industry is not as badly off as we think, since, believe it or not, I found it difficult to limit the year's outstanding offerings to ten. However, after careful study (?), I arrived at the following list of what I think to be the best films released from March, 1955, to February, 1956. (In order of their release.)

1. *East of Eden*—for naive young men.
2. *Marty*—for the "slobs."
3. *Mr. Roberts*—for the gentlemen.
4. *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*—for the ladies.
5. *Oklahoma*—for the umpteenth time.
6. *Night of the Hunter*—for Charles Adams' fans.
7. *The Desperate Hours*—for relaxation.
8. *Carousel*—for the Rodgers and Hammerstein retirement fund.
9. *Guys and Dolls*—for the hoods.
10. *Man with the Golden Arm*—for the kiddies.

Since there were so many better than average films I thought I would "throw in" an Honorable Mention list. This group includes the following:

1. *Blackboard Jungle*.
2. *Interrupted Melody*.
3. *Love Me or Leave Me*.
4. *Summertime*.
5. *The Tender Trap*.
6. *Rebel Without a Cause*.
7. *I'll Cry Tomorrow*.
8. *The Shrike*.
9. *The Rose Tattoo*.
10. *Picnic*.

Now that all the good things have been said I think it only fair to mention another list of films . . . you know this list . . . it's the ten most likely to be shown in S12 before too long. I don't mean to be unkind or imply that Hollywood does



not always put its best foot forward, but sometimes the film editor doesn't leave enough of the film on the cutting room floor and the poor moviegoer is confronted with some of the about to be mentioned "dramas." Naturally, many of you will disagree with me that these following films are not the most miserable ones of the year, but I am not including such gems as *Simba*, *Terror of the Mau Mau* or *Three Bad Sisters*. Instead I am taking this list from pictures which were nationally advertised, run in first-run houses, and were even money makers.

To the following ten films I have only regrets and sorrow; regrets that I spent the time, and sorrow that I spent the money. They are: Susan Hayward's fiery epic of South Africa, *Untamed*; in second place goes Lana Turner's Biblical spectacle *The Prodigal*; another likely contender was Miss Jane Russell's *Underwater* . . . we still can't see Miss Russell as a skin-diver; still another movie milestone was passed by Betty Grable with *How To Be Very, Very Popular*; following this gem was Jack Webb's unforgettable *Pete Kelly's Blues*; not to be left out of the Academy Award race entirely, Miss Jane Russell returned to her millions of fans in that earthy, lusty, saga of the Old West in the *Tall Men*; for fear of being left behind, Lana Turner appeared in a muddy thing called *The Rains of Ranchipur* . . . an unfortunate film which never quite made good until Ernie Kovacs did it on TV by changing the name to "The Umbrella Man of Ranchipur"; also on the "list" is that hilarious comedy team of Martin and Lewis (filmed while they were feuding) in their laugh riot *Never Too Young* . . . the only laugh in this one was that it cost eighty-five cents to see. Another "great" was Miss Rosalind Russell's return to the screen after several years' absence in

Girl Rush (a film which will certainly demand another similar absence); and, last but not least, was the "real story behind Custer's last stand," the "true story why the Indians attacked" . . . that great historical epic *Chief Crazy Horse* featuring a tremendous finale showing Custer's last stand as it had never been seen before . . . the entire scene was covered by a big, black, bumpy, storm cloud hiding Custer and all of his cotton-pickin' men.

Well, if that doesn't bring a law suit I'm sure the following will. Although I have named the bottom ten films of the year I have held back one which should head the list. This choice spot is not due to the acting, not to the directing, not to the filming, but to the script writer who felt his version of *Not As A Stranger* was better than the original one by Thompson. I am happy to say that not one of the book's highlights was presented accurately in this film. They did one of the finest jobs of bungling I have ever had the displeasure of seeing. Congratulations to Hollywood . . . we knew you could do it.

In the last analysis I have only one more contribution to make to this article. It will probably be the cause for much embarrassment on my part come March 21st, when the "Oscars" are handed out. For this reason, this year I am going to give my own "Oscars" instead of predicting who is going to receive them. (However, there is little doubt in my mind that we will be in agreement . . . sure we will.) So here we go. The following lists are the nominations, the one starred is the one to whom I would present the "Oscar":

Those nominated for Best Actor:

- *Ernest Borgnine (*Marty*)
- James Dean (*East of Eden*)
- Frank Sinatra (*Man with the Golden Arm*)
- James Cagney (*Love Me or Leave Me*)
- Spencer Tracy (*Bad Day at Black Rock*)

Those nominated for Best Actress:

- Eleanor Parker (*Interrupted Melody*)
- Jennifer Jones (*Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*)
- *Anna Magnani (*Rose Tattoo*)
- Susan Hayward (*I'll Cry Tomorrow*)
- Katharine Hepburn (*Summertime*)

Those nominated for Best Picture:

- **Marty*
- Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*
- Mr. Roberts*
- The Rose Tattoo*
- Picnic*

Those nominated for Best Supporting Actor:

- Jack Lemmon (*Mr. Roberts*)
- Joe Mantell (*Marty*)
- Arthur O'Connell (*Picnic*)
- *Arthur Kennedy (*Trial*)
- Sal Mineo (*Rebel Without a Cause*)

Those nominated for Best Supporting Actress:

- *Jo Van Fleet (*I'll Cry Tomorrow*)
- Marisa Pavan (*The Rose Tattoo*)
- Peggy Lee (*Pete Kelly's Blues*)
- Betsy Blair (*Marty*)
- Natalie Wood (*Rebel Without a Cause*)

(Continued on Page 9)

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The editorial on page seven of the last *Lantern* endeavored to enlighten us poor shepherders (i.e. those who look after the sheep's skin) to our thus far poor showing and lowly station in (campus) life.

This article was indeed thought provoking, so I would like to take a few minutes away from my flock to answer or at least comment upon two of the points brought to light in that stirring exposé.

This editorial mentions the lack of intellectual desires on the part of most of us, and that those few noble characters who want to learn are looked upon as odd, mad, or phoney, and must therefore hide such admirable traits in fear of life and limb. This all might be true. One has but to go into the library at anytime during the day to see it crowded with students meekly hiding behind text and research books, secretively writing notes for future reference while locked safely in their rooms at night, away from the illiterate mob. Check the cars in the parking lot and you can always find a few more of the bookworms pouring over other chronicles away from the sneers and catcalls of those who are in college *only* for the social hours.

I grant that there are many among us who come to class only partly prepared, or who are chapters behind in reading assignments, but these are only temporary lapses in our thirst for knowledge. The day is only twenty-four short hours, and at least five must be set aside to be wasted on sleep. The remainder are filled with many commitments that sometimes keep us from our appointed academic tasks.

The editor further claims that the attire worn by the majority of students here at Ursinus is the "casual look" usually attributed to an adolescent of high school age. There was also some question about this adolescent's degree of self-respect. He mentions that to be well dressed is to be an individualist, out of step with the passing parade, and thereby subject to ridicule. Just how well does this statement stand the bright light of individual scrutiny?

Before we can progress further, we must conjure a picture of what the well dressed college student is wearing these days on the "better" campuses. Hat? Never, for that destroys the boyish look (and leads to baldness I hear tell). Shirt of broadcloth with soft collar (button-down, please) in any hue of the rainbow is worn with a narrow striped tie. A waistcoat? Indeed, one must always present a good "front." Trousers of charcoal gray, sport coat of tweed with natural shoulders and

pre-scuffed white bucks complete the uniform of the day for our imaginative fashion plate. (The mere addition of a full length raccoon coat and a Stutz Bearcat roadster in fire engine red would put us right back in the roaring twenties.)

This snappy outfit would indeed be desired for any college function (other than formals where white bucks are taboo). But when the elusive sheepskin is finally trapped (by hook or by "crook"), what is to become of the extensive (and expensive) haberdashery that now adorns the closet in one's room? With luck, you can pass it on to a younger brother who is just starting college, or perchance unload it on some poor unsuspecting fresh just arrived. One thing you cannot do is get much use from it in the cold cruel world just slightly removed from the limits of the campus grounds.

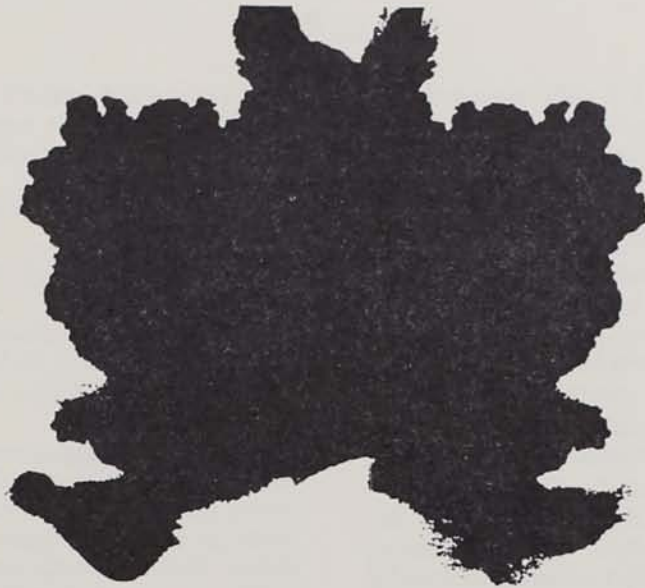
When writing upon the faults and shortcomings of any group, the writer must take many aspects into consideration. The majority of students attending Ursinus are in the "limited budget" class, far out of reach of fancy duds and sport cars. Every dollar spent on clothing is always given that extra long look, and every article purchased must not only be acceptable for campus wear but also for everyday life, and at the place of employment. Perchance some of us are still wearing last year's trousers, and maybe the knees are a little baggy and the seat a little thin, but then our wallet is in the same condition.

Perchance we don't wear as many ties or suits as one might like to see, but the world is full of successful men who wear a tie only with their Sunday clothes. The writer's slogan seems to be "Clothes make the man"; mine is "Beauty is only skin deep."

It is very easy to take a cheap piece of wood and put a thin coat of mahogany veneer on it. The appearance is impressive, but you still possess nothing more than a cheap piece of wood. Take a good piece of mahogany, hand-rub it with four years of college, and you will have a product equal in appearance, but with depth and durability. Our prime objective here at Ursinus is to gain in knowledge and broaden our outlook on life. By so doing we cannot help acquiring better tastes in all things, including clothing.

Alas, I hear my sheep bleating, so I must leave you with the admonition given me by the steward of our Shepherds' Union (Local 401): "Boy, don't let them pull any wool over your eyes."

This Month's Rorschach Test



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For Ginny's Birthday, 1955

I have a woman
whose love is like a clear cold stream
moving over jagged rocks
that are gradually worn down;
she makes contented noises
as she moves over me,
and I grow happy as the edges
of my life are made round.

—DAVID HUDNUT

It Was a Sunset Stark and Bare

It was a sunset stark and bare; no clouds,
Just our hot star sinking toward the smooth
Curve of a brown stubbled hill quite close.
Past—over and under and through—the sun
Filed an undulating flock of crows streaming
Out of sight in either direction along
The length of their flight. Some were led in swirls
And eddies, sweeping back in long downwind
Glides against the main stream, settling
In agitated groups to earth. Then at some
Alarm they leaped flying again and swept
Across the sun in gentle risings and fallings
Into the long wavering line in the sky.

—DAVID HUDNUT

The Vicar of Wakefield

bill white

(A dialogue between Doctor William Phillips and Doctor Samuel Johnson shortly after the entrance of the former into Heaven.)

PHILLIPS: Doctor Johnson! It is Doctor Johnson, isn't it?

JOHNSON: Your most humble and obedient servant, sir.

PHILLIPS: Doctor Johnson, this is indeed an honor. I have met many of the greatest literary men of the ages here, but still I have looked forward to this moment.

JOHNSON: Sir, the honor is mine.

PHILLIPS: Tell me, Doctor Johnson, although I have met many of the *literati*, I have been aware of a number of notable exceptions; that is, some men are absent whom I have always thought would surely be here. Where, for instance, is Oliver Goldsmith?

JOHNSON: Sir! I must beg you not to speak of that man! His very name is anathema here, for he has committed the most grievous sin possible to mankind.

PHILLIPS: But how can this be? Certainly in his *Vicar of Wakefield* he has expressed the most devout and pious sentiments.

JOHNSON: Sir, the very work you mention has been his utter ruin and has nearly been the instrument of my own damnation. You may recall that in 1763 I gave my complete approbation to that inaccurate and misleading tract. Sir, it was the greatest error of my earthly life, as it nearly cost me my present felicity in this. But sir, you mention sentiment; even such a novice as you must recognize the difference between sentiment and sentimentality.

PHILLIPS: Well, perhaps you have a point there, but surely there is optimism, a hopeful attitude in his book that is valuable to mankind.

JOHNSON: Sir, such is not the case. Goldsmith has pointed out truth that is not truth, hope where there is no hope—entirely unjustifiable optimism. And in so deluding mankind to look for salvation in the wrong direction, he has, as I observed previously, committed the most grievous sin possible for a man to commit. He has completely overlooked the fact that since man is predestined by man, man's salvation must also come from man. Another fact he ignores is that to attain earthly happiness it is necessary to abolish all useless traditions and all authoritarianism religious, moral, literary, or whatever. I admit I did not always know this, but I was misled and did not instigate error myself; thus have I been admitted to Grace.

PHILLIPS: This is a strange doctrine; no doubt I shall understand it better after I have been here longer. However, Goldsmith deserves some credit for his style and art, doesn't he?

JOHNSON: Come, come, sir. Goldsmith has exhausted the possibilities of error in artistry in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Above all, please note that not being satisfied with one miraculous solution, he must have each character rescued by a separate miracle; he even stoops to a virtual resurrection from the grave. This, sir, is the worst of art.

PHILLIPS: At least, then, his wit and humor. Surely, Doctor Johnson, you grant him that.

JOHNSON: Sir, I do grant that Goldsmith has wit and humor. But wit, far from being the greatest art, is one of the least. All wit, all humor, is based in some way on human misery, and as wit and humor are enjoyable in themselves, they encourage the continuance of the misery. Any work whose sole merit is wit is at best a paltry contribution to the field of letters.

PHILLIPS: Strange, Doctor Johnson, I once had a student—White, I believe his name was—who said almost the same things about Goldsmith and *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

JOHNSON: Sir, we have had conflicting reports about that young man. It is not yet decided whether he will ever be with us here or not. However, when he condemned *The Vicar of Wakefield* you may be sure he received a favorable mark from the Great Recorder, and he should have had the same from you.

TWO ON THE AISLE

Continued from page 5

Those nominated for Best Director:

John Sturges (Bad Day at Black Rock)

Elia Kazan (East of Eden)

Delbert Mann (Marty)

Joshua Logan (Picnic)

*David Lean (Summertime)

Those nominated for Best Song:

I'll Never Stop Loving You (Love Me or Leave Me)

*Love Is a Many Splendored Thing

Something's Gotta Give (Daddy Long Legs)

The Tender Trap

Unchained Melody

So there you are . . . my choices for the "Oscars" this year. They may not be those of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, but they are mine and after all, I was 35% accurate last year.

Exodus

The weeping willow
sings its song;
Complacently.
In the evening breeze
the ovoid sun creates
a silhouette of the
day's greenery;
Coherently.
The birds, like silent incunabula,
float lazily in the air;
Philosophically.
I am exhausted!

—Anonymous

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Tisdam Avenue

The people who lived on Tisdam Avenue all remember that strange things happened the day when the Glorowskis moved in. If you've ever been to the slums you've seen blocks like this one—narrow and dirty with garbage, the dregs and rubble reflecting the despondency and indifference of the tenants. You've seen the houses, dirt-and-weather streaked and world-weary from the poverty they support.

On this eventful day, when the people awoke they found the street covered with red and golden leaves—dry leaves that crackled under their feet. This was amazing since there were no trees. And another unusual thing—the garbage had been collected and beneath the leaves were clean cement walks.

The people remarked on these things—the nice sharp sound of the leaves being stepped on, the gay autumn feeling in the air. One old lady said it was a magic sign, like those left by the fairies in the old country, but she was just laughed at.

At about ten o'clock that morning, after the working people had gone, when the children were at school or playing hooky elsewhere, and only the very small ones were left to scramble and dive among the leaves which by now had accumulated into piles, the Glorowskis arrived. They didn't arrive, really, but just sprang out of the sidewalk in front of Mrs. Salvatore who was leaning out of the window shaking her mop.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Glorowski. She was a very nice looking woman—dark and middle-aged, but young looking, and with a voice like a gently ringing bell. "Is this 289 Tisdam Avenue?"

Mrs. Salvatore, a plump middle-aged woman with black hair, who thought she had simply been preoccupied and therefore not noticed the Glorowskis' arrival, said, "Yes. You the new tenants?"

"Yes," said Mr. Glorowski. "We'll be around for a while. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Mr. Glorowski; this is my wife and daughter, Lily."

"Glad to know you," said Mrs. Salvatore. "I think your apartment is 2A. You can go right in, I guess. The landlord certainly won't come to show you around."

The Glorowskis looked at each other significantly. Then Mr. Glorowski said, "Marian, you and Lily go in. I'll join you later." His wife nodded assent and then Mr. Glorowski disappeared.

Mrs. Salvatore's mop dropped from her hands. No wonder she hadn't noticed them come. "He—he's gone!" she gasped.

Mrs. Glorowski picked up the mop and ran her hands over it. "Dear me," she said. "It's somewhat old, isn't it? How's this one?" and she casually handed back a shining new one.

Mrs. Salvatore took a firm hold on the mop, to make sure it was real, and then said in a hoarse whisper, "You—you aren't natural, are you?"

"No, I suppose not," answered Lily laughing. "Well, I guess we'll go upstairs now." And then, she and her mother disappeared, also.

"My, my," said Mrs. Salvatore distractedly. She thought for a minute and then cried to the other heads bobbing out of windows. "Say, girls, come here, will you?"

In ten minutes a crowd of women had assembled outside of apartment 2A. Mrs. Salvatore raised her hand and knocked timidly on the door.

"Come in," called Mrs. Glorowski. The women went in. There was the bare living room, walls cracked and yellowed, floor boards loose, plaster hanging from the ceiling. And there were the two Glorowskis looking around.

"We—we thought we'd come help you decide where to put the furniture. But I see there isn't any. I thought all these apartments were furnished," said Mrs. Salvatore. Her voice trailed off.

"Oh, there was furniture," said Lily, "but we didn't like it. Anyway, don't worry about that. I think the walls need a coat of paint and the ceiling needs fixing."

"Yes, but the landlord never paints or fixes," said another woman.

"Don't worry about that, either," said Lily. "What color should the walls be?"

"White," said Mrs. Glorowski. "So that we can put wallpaper on."

"Wallpaper," said Mrs. Cohen, another woman. "How wonderful!"

And then suddenly the walls turned white and the hanging plaster gathered itself up and smoothed itself out along the ceiling—and somehow no one was surprised. The Glorowskis had cast their spell.

And then suddenly the walls were covered with a beautiful wallpaper. It showed a forest of thick, luxuriant shade trees, branches interlaced to throw strange, flickering sunlight on the floor of the rest which was covered with dewy grass and strange flowers. And as if the paper hadn't stopped at the edge of the walls, but continued across the floor, there appeared a green rug which stretched from wall to wall, so thick that one's feet sank into it. Then came furniture of green velvet. A hush fell, and it seemed as if the faintest chirping of birds was coming from the darker branches. A soft, cool magic mist floated in the room, and invisible lighting shone here and there on the carpet like sunlight through boughs.

"Do you like that?" asked Mrs. Glorowski, finally breaking the silence.

"Goodness," said a woman in a whisper. "I don't know what to say."

"Mrs. Salvatore, will you do us a favor?" asked Mrs. Glorowski, changing the subject. "We haven't had time to fix up our kitchen yet, so may we eat at your house?"

Mrs. Salvatore wasn't worried about the lack of food in the icebox. She knew there was no need to worry when these people were around. So the whole group trooped down the stairs, and Mrs. Salvatore opened the door to her apartment. She saw a cozy and comfortable room, its finest feature a beautiful collection of framed reproductions which hung upon the walls. And although it wasn't splendid like the Glorowski's apartment, the same magic mist drifted through the room.

"It wasn't like this when I left," said Mrs. Salvatore, bursting with happiness but not surprised as she made her way to the icebox, now stocked with food. "But how did you know my husband loved beautiful pictures?"

Mrs. Glorowski smiled. "Oh, I just knew," she said.

Presently all the flats were changed into lovely dwelling places, each according to the taste of the inhabitants, and for some strange reason all the men on the block were given salary raises that same day. Mr. Glorowski, you see, had been at the factories.

The next morning the people woke up to find the block lined with full-grown shade trees, from which leaves were falling as fast and steadily as rain. All day long they fell, and in the evening all the people on the block came out and the boys raked the leaves into huge piles and burned them. It was a warm night and the stars were out—big and glowing. The smoke from the fires went curling upwards in weird, wispy shapes and got lost in the thick blueness of the night, and all the little bundles of flame took turns leaping at the sky while the leaves crackled. Then Mrs. Glorowski brought out a case of cold soda and Mr. Glorowski brought out an accordion, and they drank and sang and danced on the streets under the stars, with the ground soft with leaves that were constantly falling. And the magic mist hung in the streets and brushed gently against people's cheeks.

Gradually, Fall turned to Winter and when the first snow came, it found welcoming branches on which to rest; when the ice came, it edged each tree, to the smallest twig, with cold crystal. Inside the houses was warmth and comfort and love where for years there had been only poverty and cold hearts.

Then, one beautiful winter morning when a cold wind was laughing in the tree tops and brushing snow off the roofs onto the streets below, the landlord came huffing and puffing (for he was very fat), grunting and exhaling steam like a small locomotive. He walked up the clean stairs stamping on each step to see that it was not broken and knocked at the Glorowski's door. Mr. Glorowski opened it and the landlord wheezed in and settled himself in the most comfortable chair in the room. A tiny squirrel dashed across the rug into the wallpaper, but the landlord didn't notice.

"Ahem," he began, for he was always clearing his throat. "I don't take much stock in these stories of your—ahem—supernatural powers but this—ahem—splendor leads me to believe that you are very desirable tenants." He looked around with an air of satisfaction and sank deeper into the chair, inhaling the forest odors.

"Did you have a special reason for coming here?" asked Mr. Glorowski patiently.

"Why—ahem—yes, I did. You see, I own all the houses on this block and I happen to know that since you moved in, these houses have doubled their original value. So I intend to—ahem—ask the present tenants to leave and then I will double the rent!"

"And where do we come in?" asked Mr. Glorowski in a harsh voice.

"Well—ahem—in view of the fact that you're such nice people, I'll give you one of the better apartments—rent free! Ahem—not this one, of course. I think I'll keep this one for myself." And he looked around as if it were his already.

"Give us time to think it over," said Mr. Glorowski.

"Very well," said the landlord. "Two days!" and he wheezed out.

The Glorowskis looked at each other for a few minutes.

"There are people," said Mr. Glorowski finally, "who take advantage of everyone and everything for their own benefit. I wish they would disappear from the earth!"

"But they can't; you know our orders. When we get back we have to report that either the world is worth saving or that it's all destroyed. You don't want to destroy all these good people."

There was silence for a while, and they all three looked up, the idea shining from all three pairs of eyes. Then they disappeared.

When the landlord came back two days later he was pleased that they had gone—now he could rent all the apartments. He evicted everyone on the block, and there they sat on the curb, perhaps fifty or sixty families, the old despair beginning to weigh them down again. And then one of the boys came running down the street, yelling and waving his cap.

"New housing project—on the empty lot—next block—cheap—renting now!" he got out between excited gasps.

"It wasn't there last night!" said Mrs. Salvatore.

Then everyone realized, and they laughed, and spun each other around, and the magic mist was there again. Then they gathered up their few belongings, and paraded, singing and cheering down the block, taking the magic mist with them. As the last people turned the corner they noticed that garbage lay on Tisdam Avenue, that the trees were gone, and the window frames sagged again. And if they had been able to look inside, they would have seen the same old furniture and the familiar yellowed walls.

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Claude was a strange and wonderful girl. She was as French as *escargots* and *vin blanc*, and often in quiet moments I can still hear her soft laughter which bubbled through the many conversations we had together. She was to me then, as now, the personification of life. I often wish that I could relive again one of those precious moments that she gave to me.

I remember well the first time that we met. London was doing its best to honor the dead king. The sky had wept for a week, and the store windows, draped in black, gave no relief to the depressing scene. With my thoughts wrapped in grey crepe I walked briskly up Curzon Street, turned into Shephard's Market, and entered my favorite pub—the Golden Lion. It was then that I saw her sitting by the fireplace holding all the light of London within her. Afterward we often spoke of our first meeting; the early, hesitant minutes trying hard for smooth conversation, and then the ensuing hours when we each explored the other's life with archaeological completeness. Claude was studying at the University of London, a Frenchwoman lost in the jungles of English law and political science. She spoke English with great fluidity, but with a Gallic excitement that seemed incongruous but wonderful to me.

When she talked of France I could see the tall poplars stretching to the horizon in parallel rows, and I could feel the sun that bleached the *plage* white at Cap d'Antibe. Her eyes sparkled when she talked of Paris—her home. Our strolls up Knightsbridge became glorious promenades on the Champs Elysses, and the Kensington Gardens held the roasted chestnuts, the sailboats and the Punch and Judy theatre of the Tuilleries. She loved London, but her heart lay in France, and she created within me a burning desire to see the country that had given her such vitality and effervescence.

Summer soon came, and as the English flowers, warmed and strengthened by a friendly English sun, bloomed in London giving each park and garden its own rainbow, Claude left London for Paris. I had planned to spend a fortnight in Paris late in August, and I counted the days as they trod on one another with leadened steps.

When August came hand in hand with paradise, Claude, more ecstatic and gay than I had ever known her, gave me Paris. And it was in Paris that I really came to know her for the first time. She filled the city with her presence, and her voice ran quick and easy in her native tongue. Her laugh bubbled continuously, and her eyes, darting everywhere, seemed like two caged birds trying desperately to escape and fly with the clouds. As she walked with me through the Paris streets, her

small body seemed to have wings (so quickly did she dart around to show me everything).

One day while walking through the Luxembourg Gardens she grabbed my arm, pulling me toward a group of children sailing their boats.

"Beel, speak to them. Say something!", she said excitedly.

In a few moments the chattering children were gathered around me. Although my phrases were badly mangled and interlaced with English, I enjoyed the experience of being understood in French. After a time I looked up and saw her sitting on a bench watching me. She called me to her, and we sat together for a long time saying nothing. Sometimes words were superfluous with Claude. Her smile spoke sonnets, and the press of her hand on mine was the touch of magic.

I remember the last time I saw that child of light—standing on the platform in the *Gare du Nord*. She wore a dress of soft blue, and her eyes lay quiet in their cage. She smiled her sonnets, and I felt the caress of Olympus for the last time as I got on the train.

I hope she never loses her bright, gay and wonderful world. She did lose part of it, however—the part she gave to me.

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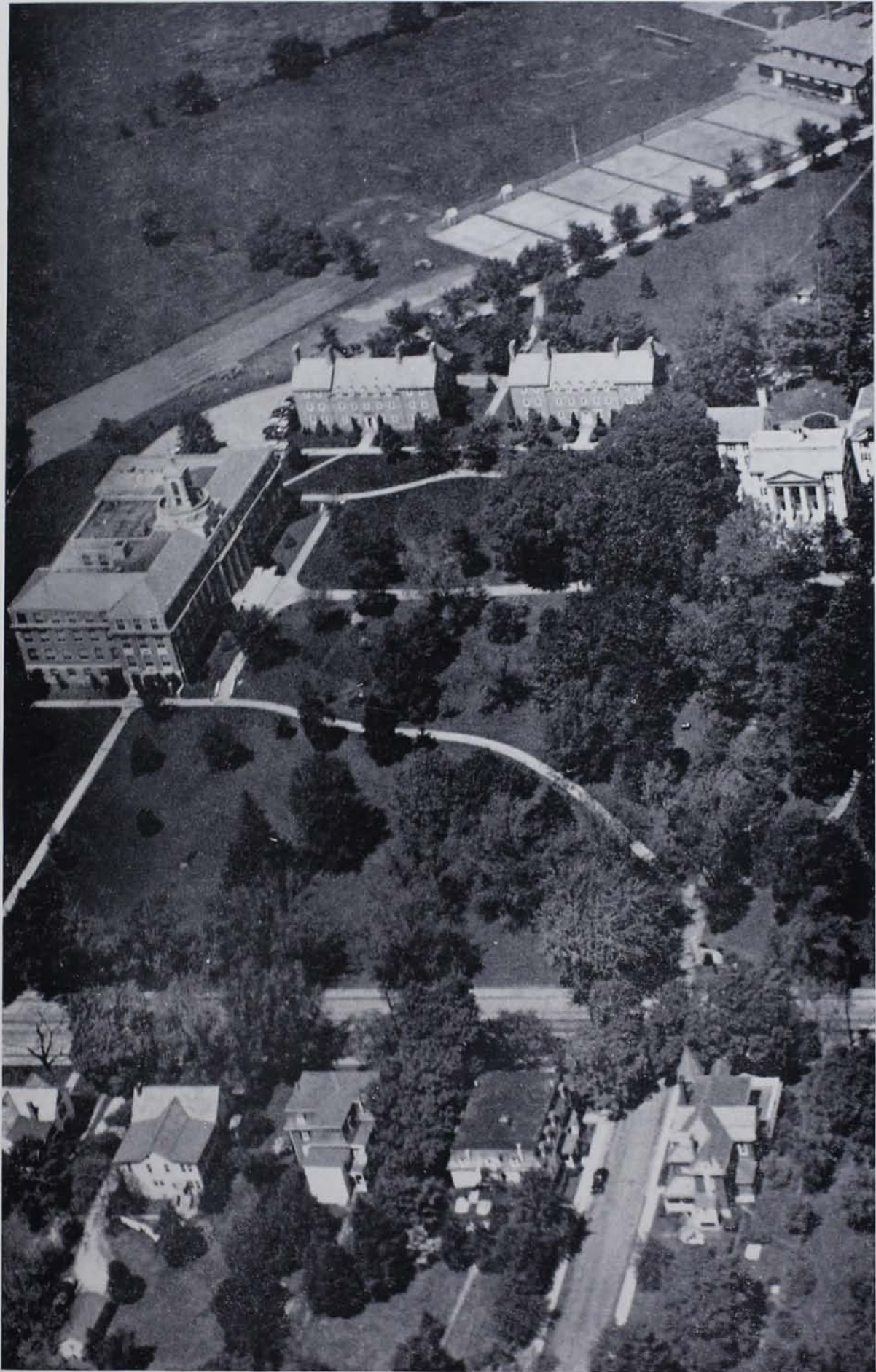
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