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*My compliments on your  
very good taste, sir*



*for the good things  
smoking can give you*

**Chesterfield**  
*Wins*

# THE LANTERN

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MARCH, 1937

No. 2

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# Frame of Mind

THE second issue of THE LANTERN for the current school year is in your hands. It is yours to read, to criticize, to disparage or to discourage. We would therefore have a word with you to guide your thinking.

In terms of educational psychology our purpose is to develop the creative literary tendencies now lying dormant upon our campus. Do you question the assumption that such dormant tendencies do lie hidden among us? The material submitted for the recent LANTERN contest proved otherwise—the newly organized Manuscript Club proves otherwise. Of course, this talent at its present stage of development leaves much to be desired, but let us reason further.

An investigation of this situation reveals several things. We find that all of our students in every group have had the fundamental courses in creative composition. In addition we learn that most of our students have supplemented this with several courses in literary appreciation. As a result we see our students divided into two classes—those who desire to create their own literary expressions and those who enjoy reading and criticizing the writings of others.

It is obvious that these two attitudes supplement each other, and it is here that THE LANTERN has a definite rôle to play. To the first group it throws out the challenge so to develop its productions that they are printed for everyone to read. To the second group it offers, as no other agency does, the opportunity for sharing the thoughts and ideas of fellow students.

It is the realization of these possibilities that we are trying to arouse, and we ask you to keep them in mind not only as you read but as you discuss the material on these pages. Our campus life will be richer and more profitable if we create that which is worthwhile for all of us.



# Sahara

EDWARD L. FRENCH

THE small fort of Il Badgh-Tel stood alone and still in the midst of the desolate waste of Sahara. It was noon, and all life was hiding from the pitiless rays of the sun directly overhead. Heat seemed too emanate from everything. Heat waves shimmered from the gray stones of the fort, and from the dunes which stretched away on all sides to the distant horizon.

Slowly, the massive gate of the fort swung open and a small automobile drove out, followed by a score of men dressed in the uniforms of the French Foreign Legion. Two men were seated in the automobile. They were evidently from a low class of Continental Europeans. Their clothes hung in tatters about them, they were hatless, and a heavy growth of hair covered their swarthy faces.

And so, out into the Sahara they drove, with the cheers and farewells of the Legionnaires following them. But, at length the soldiers returned to the fort, the gate swung shut, and the two men were left alone.

The automobile moved with painful slowness over the burning sands. On and on, they drove, until the fort they had left was but a speck on the horizon behind them. The man who was driving reached for a water-canteen which was on the seat beside him, put it to his lips, and took a large drink of its cool, refreshing contents it contained.

At length the sun sank below the western horizon and left behind it the bitter coldness of the desert night. Stars sprang into being in the black sky, but the two men still drove on. They were evidently looking for something, for they cast searching glances on all sides of them.

When morning came, they were still moving onward. A worried look had supplanted the cast of pain on the driver's face. He now took frequent drinks from the canteen.

"Better save the water, Nikola," warned his companion, "we're likely to need it."

"We'll see the fort any minute now," answered Nikola with contempt in his voice.

They relapsed into silence, and their strange journey continued.

But still the sun beat down with pitiless fire on the bare heads of the two men, and the silent dunes stretched away interminably.

As the day gradually wore on, both came to the realization that they were definitely lost. Neither spoke a word, but each knew that his companion was aware of their plight.

Nikola placed the canteen to his lips. With an oath, he flung it from him. It rolled a few feet, then stopped. Two drops of water trickled onto the sand, formed a small wet spot, then disappeared.

"No more water, Terek," he growled.

His companion made no response, and they continued to drive on into the Sahara, a solitary moving speck on all the miles of blazing sand.

The man addressed as Terek leaned suddenly forward, his hands grasped the seat, and his eyes glowed with the fires of renewed hope, but almost immediately regained their haunted look of fear. He sank back into his seat.

His hand made a slight motion, as if reaching for the canteen, then stopped. The heaving of his chest was the only sign of life in this once strong man.

On and on they drove, on and on . . .

They lost track of time. Night and day seemed as one. It might have been minutes, hours, days that they drove. There was only one thought in their minds—water.

Terek suddenly reached inside his shirt and drew forth a small bottle filled with water. He had hardly uncorked it, and placed it to his lips, when his companion was on him, an insane light in his eyes. Terek tried to protect his precious bottle, but it was snatched from his grasp by the superhuman strength which madness gave to Nikola.

Terek lunged at his opponent, but was hampered by the narrow confines of the automobile. Nikola seized a heavy iron bar from the floor of the car and struck at Terek, who managed to grasp his wrist as it was descending. They wrestled in this position for several seconds before Terek tore the bar from Nikola's clutch, and struck him a heavy blow at the base of the skull. Nikola slid to the floor. Terek kicked him savagely in the ribs, then stooped down and tossed him over the side of the automobile.

The bottle lay on the floor, empty.

When Terek tried to start the car again, it merely spluttered, and stopped altogether. He was lost in the middle of the Sahara, with his last drop of water already evaporating from the floorboards of the automobile.

Helplessly, slowly, he sank into a stupor, in which he continually dreamed of water—clear, bubbling streams of water, cascading over rocks, and forming cool, deep pools, shaded by gently swaying trees. He dipped his hands into this water, splashed his face with it, drank

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# Memories

C. KENNETH SNYDER

It was early in the afternoon one warm spring day, some eleven years ago, that Bill and I left the house in the rear of the church, walked up Le Count Place, through a back alley, and on the main street. From there we raced up the highway, past the Junior High School. As we ran up the long, sloping hill and across the fields, climbing over the stone walls, we soon saw to our right a rather long but picturesque white building. The only road that led to it was a moving picture of automobiles and people—unusual in the quiet country which surrounded us, but yet they were there.

I remember little about what happened the next few hours except that four men were playing an intensely interesting tennis game. As the match neared its end, Bill and I and about twenty other fellows edged nearer the umpire's chair, under which stood eight orange and black cardboard boxes. As the final out was called the gang of us pounced upon those precious boxes, tore open the covers, and made off with the contents. Racing between laughing and talking people, slowly moving away from the courts, Bill and I lost each other as we scrambled over the stonewall fences that surrounded the grounds. Reaching a small wooded area, I stopped and turned as I heard my name screamed out. Looking down the hill, I spied Bill perched upon the stone wall, shouting his head off for me to come back. Running pell-mell down the hill and over the wall, Bill and I raced for the club-house. As we entered all was quiet. The room was filled with boys. In the center stood a tall, rather lanky man. He wore the conventional white flannels and sport shirt. Around his neck was a towel. His forehead glistened with perspiration. His eyes glistened more with an amused twinkle, and they seemed to read the thoughts of everyone in the room. He spoke with an amused seriousness.

"Don't you know that you fellows stole these balls?"

My heart dropped. I knew we had taken them. I knew, too, that we shouldn't have done it. I was afraid. Bill's father wouldn't like this, although it wouldn't be the first time that Bill and I had been punished together by his Dad, even though I was only Bill's pal.

But then that tall, rather lanky man dropped to a bench. He laughed and took a pen that was handed to him, and wrote slowly across the fuzzy tennis ball, "Wm. A. Tilden II".

\* \* \*

He was tall and yet not so tall. He was thin and yet not so thin. His voice was not a powerful one and yet it commanded attention. When he spoke it was with short

hesitations between delightful and interesting epigrams. He was telling us about Teddy Roosevelt—not Roosevelt the President and statesman, not Roosevelt the colonel of the Rough Riders, but Roosevelt the man — and his friend. He had known Teddy a long time and yet he did not impress you as a friend of Presidents. He had lived in the Bad Lands with Teddy and yet he seemed as if he could not stand the strain of hard camping life. He talked and showed pictures and we found ourselves fighting with Teddy in the Police Commissioner's Office; roaming with Teddy in the Dakota praires; sitting on the porch of Teddy's Sagamore Hill Home quietly talking. I met this quiet, polite, more English than American man who had written "The Book of Courage", "A Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt", and others, and who recently had been Harvard's poet for her Tercentenary Celebration. I told him Teddy Roosevelt was my hero, my ideal. He smiled with rather an immobile smile.

"I congratulate you. Your choice is a wise one. He certainly was a great man."

I could only nod assent. It was difficult to warm up to this friend of Theodore Roosevelt's—this Herman Hgaedorn, the author, poet and lecturer. And yet—and yet for one fleeting instant I saw a vivid sparkle behind his spectacles that made me wonder if all this immobility might not be the mask of a man really amused, and keen, and more friendly than I could ever be.

\* \* \*

A distinguished, stout, impeccably dressed figure stood in front of my desk in the reception room of a New York law office, and greeted me with a smile and a twinkle in his eyes. I knew he was coming, and I escorted him into one of the inner offices. About an hour later he came out, walking with the head of the firm. Both were laughing. They spoke with the accented words of educated, experienced, satisfied men who had seen much of the world and had known more of its joys than its sorrows. As the stouter of these two, now elderly, gentlemen walked out the door, the other raised his hand, waved it, and with a voice filled with the proudness of real friendship, said,

"Goodbye, Murray, I'm so happy you came."

The distinguished, stout, impeccably dressed figure was Nicholas Murray Butler. The equally distinguished, impeccably dressed but not so stout figure was the ex-Ambassador to Mexico, James Rockwell Sheffield, and the man for whom I was working.

\* \* \*

A loose-jointed, rambling, angular man, violating all the laws of public speaking, "draped" himself over a lec-

tern and began to speak. His clothes were a bit baggy. He seemed to slouch as he attempted to find from what side of that lectern he could best talk. After an hour of stories, humor, poetry and just a bit of seriousness, he sat down. The lectern was dizzy from being circled. The audience was weak from laughter and the "imponderable piffle" as the speaker termed his wrods. The administration in Washington, if it had heard, would have blushed, for the lecturer was not one of the "27,000,000" in the last election. As I left the chapel, I had the opportunity of speaking to this White House News Correspondent, author, and poet of such bits as "Finnigan to Flannigan", "Sunshine and Awkwardness", "Egotism's Antidote" and others. I told him, good-naturedly, that the only thing I had against him was his rock-bound Republicanism, although I suppose I am not a Democrat myself. He laughed and jested in return.

"If that were the only thing people had against me, everything would be swell".

I walked down the hall with this humorist and poet, whose "wise-cracks" and jokes about everyone and everything are so similar to those of Will Rogers, for they leave a pleasant taste in your mouth. I talked with Strickland Gililan. I noticed that this man was happy, yet serious, smiling, and yet thoughtful. Why? Because "Strick" was enjoying this world of ours and making others enjoy it with him.

\* \* \*

Two piercing black eyes in a kindly countenance. "The emptiness of ages in his face". This was the picture of an aged man with long white hair and a flowing white beard that passed through my memory. His coat and

trousers were ill-fitting and unpressed. But that made no difference. Those two piercing black eyes looked out of that kindly face and their owner was the picture of glory incarnate. I remember him speaking, reading, smiling, gesticulating with all the vigor of youth. And yet he was eighty-four years of age. I remember him shouting, laughing, reciting, "Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans". Was he talking about himself? No, he told us he wrote those lines when he saw Millet's great painting at the Louvre in Paris. And yet, they somehow fitted him. I remember, later, shaking hands with him and telling him how much I enjoyed the hour and a half. Yes, he had spoken that long, but it seemed like five minutes. I remember his answer. It was benignity incarnate:

"Thank you, Sir," and Edwin Markham smiled as those two piercing, kindly black eyes of his seemed to look into my very soul.

\* \* \*

Yes, memories! Precious memories! I have listened to the poet Arthur Guiterman staccatically reciting, "Death and General Putman". I have heard Geoffry O'Hara singing his "K-K-K-Katie" and "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride". I have listened to Admiral Richard E. Byrd say of his seven month period of solitary isolation at the South Pole, "I could not ask any man to do what I would not do myself", and

*Like sparkling pearls upon a cloth of ebony,*

*Those meetings are instilled within my memory,*

*And make me but think and hope and pray*

*That I, too, may see success—sometime—someday.*



## Tears of Blood

EVELYN M. HUBER

*The soul cries out for mercy,*

*And the heart weeps tears of blood;*

*And surging through the torrent*

*Rising words that whisper—"Love."*

*Bathed in flowing crimson, shattered as they fall,*

*Fragments torn asunder, whispered words still call—*

*Rising, ebbing, dying—mangled in the flood.*

*Drop on drop, beat on beat, the heart weeps tears of blood.*

# A Review of Gielgud's "Hamlet"

KEITH M. THOMPSON

EVERY year brings with it a revival of some play written by the eternal Shakespeare, but the present dramatic season has been surprising in the number of plays from his untiring hand; for, although the season is still in middle life, there have been two Hamlets, an Othello, and a Richard II. By far the most outstanding of these is John Gielgud's Hamlet, which ran this past season in Philadelphia. Not only is it noteworthy because of the great cast of John Gielgud, Judith Anderson, Arthur Byron, and Lillian Gish, but also because it is a Guthrie McClintic production, always a promise of excellence.

For those who saw the Leslie Howard production of Hamlet the settings and costuming of the McClintic Hamlet were probably a little disappointing. There was little of the strength or impressiveness which gave the Howard version its chief claim to fame, and Mr. McClintic permitted several serious anachronisms in both scenery and costuming to steal into a production which merited great care and atmospheric background.

However, this play was directed with such skill and mastery, and was acted with such sincerity and beauty, that despite these visual handicaps, it will go down in the annals of truly great Hamlets. Most of the actors are well known to the American theatre fan and all have proved themselves worthy of Shakespeare. Mr. Gielgud, though famous in England, was a newcomer to most of us, but with the first raising of the curtain it was apparent that here was an actor of real worth, a man of intelligence and ability who could master the most difficult of dramatic roles to a degree rarely realized on the modern stage. Here was no Hamlet such as created the word "ham," but a flesh and blood Hamlet living, struggling, and dying before our eyes because he was a thinker, not a man of action. It might be said that Mr. Gielgud brought too much intelligence and too little emotion to the role, that his gestures were not completely masculine, and that he lacked the fire to portray the climactic scenes in which Hamlet loses himself in rage. It is true that there were moments when Mr. Gielgud fell short of the ideal, even the necessary conception of Hamlet. The early scenes with the ghost, whose voice came hollowly from an amplifier, lacked conviction, while the fencing scene became almost ridiculous! Nevertheless there was such a wealth of beauty in his reading of lines, and such a tragic quiet in his soliloquies, so difficult for any actor, that one was forced to forget minor faults. The great lines so familiar to us all, came from Mr. Gielgud's lips as if they had just been written. They were spoken with

new life and intelligent simplicity, so that we could scarcely believe them the same lines which others have so mutilated by everlasting ranting. Whatever his faults, Mr. Gielgud certainly deserves the praise given him by experienced critics, and his Hamlet will be set beside those of John Barrymore, David Garrick, Edwin Booth, William Forrest and the few others who have made Hamlet the most successful and popular of Shakespearian dramas.

Not all the laurels belong to Mr. Gielgud, however, for Miss Anderson's Queen Gertrude, Mr. Byron's Polonius, and Miss Gish's Ophelia are all exceptional characterizations. It has been said that no author can be truly great without creating great women, and Shakespeare certainly did not fail in this. Unfortunately, it is seldom that there are women great enough to fill the roles he made for them, hence audiences are apt to underestimate the real strength of these parts. Happily for those who saw Miss Anderson, there is no danger of underestimating the value of Queen Gertrude. Here was no heartless "bad woman," but a poor, weak queen whose tragedy was no less than her son's. We pitied this helpless, self-tortured creature, and almost hated Hamlet for adding to her pain. Miss Anderson's interpretation during the bedroom scene with Hamlet left the audience broken and weak. Mr. Gielgud was at his best and Miss Anderson was so convincing that of the entire drama this scene remains the most powerful.

Mr. Byron and Miss Gish both gave very effective characterizations. Mr. Byron brought to Polonius the feeling of an old man whose strong mind has begun to decay. Polonius was no idiot, as we too often see him, but a man lost in age and memories. Miss Gish as his daughter, Ophelia, was sweet and endearing. She entered the hearts of the listeners adroitly, and thus gave her "mad scene" an added tragedy, not hers but ours, who were losing someone we loved. The "mad scene," the test of any Ophelia, was gripping and pitiful. When Miss Gish lay full length upon the floor in a hideous moment of insanity, and then walked slowly off the stage, still singing drearily, before the eyes of her distracted brother, it was as though our own sister were there before us—mad.

Mention should also be made of Mr. Harry Andrews' Horatio, which was a strong, impressive bit of acting. This was a man worthy of Hamlet's friendship, and a staunch soldier worthy of any man's confidence.

Others in the cast were Malcome Keen as the guilty king, William Roehrick as the gallant Laertes, John

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# What Is This Thing Called "Swing"?

JACK MALONEY

DURING the past few months we have been ruthlessly bombarded with a new musical term, the most amusing aspect of which is that no one is able to explain just what is meant by it. The term I am inferring to is "swing." The younger set is practically unanimous in its acceptance of this new style of music, but, ask even one of its most avid fans just what "swing" music is, and he will probably "hem" and "haw" and give you a definition something like this: "'Swing' music is that type of music like Benny Goodman plays"; all of which is about as illuminating as Einstein's "Theory of Relativity." The most unfortunate thing about the term "swing" is its great over-use. Almost every orchestra in the country from three-piece combinations to sixteen-piece bands bill themselves as "swing" bands, thereby confusing all the more the public's conception of "swing."

Before I proceed too far, I ought to make it clear that I have no intention of defining "swing," mainly because it can't be defined. The best that one can hope to do is to introduce some of the idiosyncracies that arise from "swing" and let it go at that. The rhythm section (piano, guitar, bass, and drums) is the basis of the modern "swing" band, and these four instruments are now allowed to beat out heavily accentuated rhythm to set the feet of the dancers tingling. Drummers especially have come into their own with such master "skin-beaters" as Gene Kunpa (Goodman), Ray Bauduc (Bob Crosby), and Chick Webb attracting world-wide attention for their compelling "hickory-swinging."

Whether or not you regard "swing" music as synonymous with jazz, it must be agreed that "swing" is its direct descendant. Jazz had its inception just before the turn of the century, and its birthplace is usually assigned to New Orleans. The story of its origin goes something like this: In a "low-down" New Orleans café there was a young negro piano-player whose favorite pastime was "chasing himself up and down the keys," playing the tunes of his day in such a manner that even their composer wouldn't recognize them. His style came to be known as rag-time. Small four and five-piece orchestras soon caught on to the idea; and before long people began to notice, with mixed feeling, these mad maniacs of music who would "kick around" anything from folk songs to classics.

Rag-time, or jazz, met with considerable opposition from the public in general, until about 1910, when a young composer by the name of Israel Baline, now Irving Berlin, wrote his famous *Alexander's Rag-Time Band*. This number spread like wild-fire and did more than any

other agency to popularize rag-time. The rage immediately spread throughout the country. Along with this new mode of music arose new types of dancing, such "daring" concoctions as the Turkey Trot, the Grizzly Bear, and the Bunny Hop replacing the staid old waltz and two-step. The country was not only rag-time conscious but dance conscious as well, dancing schools rapidly sprang up, and such dancing stars as Vernon and Irene Castle won public adoration.

With the acceptance of this style of music by a large part of the public, dance bands were organized in profusion. All of these bands were small, the most popular instrumentation being clarinet, trumpet, trombone, piano, and drums. The greatest of all these primitive jazz bands was formed just before the World War. That band was, of course, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. For about ten years this organization, together with a similar group, the Original Memphis Five, blared up and down the country, drawing capacity crowds wherever they let loose with their inspired music. (I say inspired, for very few of these early bands would ever "lower" themselves to read music because, as they claimed, the very soul of their music was its spontaneous originality, which ceased the moment written notes were played.)

Then suddenly something happened. This music lost its hard-earned appeal. No longer did the crowds flock to "wacky" night spots where five-piece orchestras made more noise than a battle of music between the Army and Navy bands. As if tired and weary of the fast and furious pace of the jazz bands, people began to seek spots where more restrained, quiet musicians offered tunes in a more melodic strain. The most influential leader of this new movement was crooning Rudy Vallée, whose voice was so quiet that patrons were forced to stand directly in front of him if they hoped to catch any of the words. Not only was the volume of the new music greatly subdued, but the type of song was also vastly different. Such "concertos" as *The Maple Leaf Rag*, *Boilermaker's Blues*, and *The Dixieland Stomp* gave way to sentimental ditties, typical of which are *If I Had You*; *I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All?*; *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover*; *Deep Night*, and a myriad of others, most of which owe their success to Vallée's crooning. Important among the "sweet" bands which came into great favor were the bands of Paul Whiteman, Guy Lombardo, Will Osborne, Don Bestor, and Jan Garber.

At the same time that white bands were turning to a "sugar" style, negro bands were carrying on the early traditions of jazz. Under the expert tutelage of such

dusky masters of jazz as Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, and Louis Armstrong, fourteen and fifteen-piece bands were formed. Soon they "gave out," much in the manner of the early rag-time crews, yet a certain degree of finesse was obtained by the use of written special arrangements. The "hot" style of these negro bands was completely overshadowed by the extremely popular Vallées and Lombardos, until about four years ago, when a young clarinetist by the name of Benny Goodman realized the possibilities of this negro music. He further realized that in order for this style to capture popular fancy it would have to be put into the hands of a capable white band, thereby freeing itself from racial prejudice. Goodman gathered around himself fourteen of the nation's finest musicians, hired a colored orchestra leader by the name of Fletcher Henderson to arrange for the band, and then proceeded to climb, in rapid strides, the ladder of popularity, until today he stands at the very top.

With Goodman's phenomenal success, other orchestras took the tip and re-styled their arrangements so as to capture that certain "lift" which is typical of "swing" music. So today the eyes of dancing America are focused on the purveyors of "swing." Benny Goodman, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Casa Loma, Hudson-De Lange, Hal Kemp, Red Norvo, Ozzie Nelson, Dick Stabile,

The Top-Hatters, Jimmy Lunceford, and many others, all of whom are forcing into the background their "sweeter" predecessors.

Many people ask, "Is 'swing' music here to stay?" The answer to that is certainly no. "Swing" music is no more here to stay than any other whim of a certain era. Even today ambitious orchestra leaders are trying to evolve new modes of music, notably among whom is Shep Fields, who with a straw and a goldfish bowl does a pretty good job of getting on one's nerves after the novelty of his style has worn off. No, "swing" music will not survive forever, but it will leave a deep influence on its successor, for swing, rag-time, jazz, "hot" music, or whatever you choose to call it, is really American music—it is one of this country's few musical accomplishments which have actually sprung from our native soil. America is the home of jazz and popular dance music, and just as long as people have two feet capable of being maneuvered through dance routines, jazz will survive, undoubtedly in a modified form, but still bearing the same essentials that have characterized this type of music from its birth. As America goes "swinging" on, can we help but remark, "That young negro piano-player really started something when he seated himself at his piano and proudly announced, 'This is the new music the way us plays it.'"

## Oriental Impressions

DOROTHY BURTON

**D**ARKNESS and a cold misty rain. A ragged coolie pulls a two-wheeled cart heavily loaded with logs. A stout rope cuts across his shoulder, his body straining at a forty-five degree angle to the muddy road. In one extended hand he holds a pale, flickering lantern, little more than a glimmer in the thick darkness. Drawing nearer one perceives its decoration in red—the character for long life.

Another workman: His garment of matted brown horsehair with frayed borders stands out to protect him from the rain. His hat appears a misshapen mushroom perched upon his head. He carries a worn broom. A storm-wet scare-crow has come to life and walks stiffly down the street humming a tune on a five-note scale.

Two hooded sunflower-seed sellers in padded tight-fitting trousers approach each other from opposite directions near a corner of Bubbling Well Road. Each carries a basket of the seeds on her right arm. They cry alternately the nasal song of their trade, "Shangwahtsa." They meet and pause to talk pleasantly of the deather as they munch of their wares.

A Gahn, a round-cheeked servant boy of twelve, strikes a match to light the fire. It sputters and flares. For an instant the glow lights up his youthful face—a yellow picture of life and beauty in the darkening, shabby room.

Traffic clatters, rumbles, and screeches at one of the busiest corners in the Orient, Naking Road and the Bund. An aged farmer, back bent with toil and pigtail wound about his pate, is on the way to see a city son. He passes the corner with calm dignity on his way down the very center of the Bund. He and his ancestors have always trod the middle of the winding narrow streets in their native Chekiang village.

# Campus Rhymes

DICK YAHRAES

## A Mental Paragon

*Sammy McGooch was a very good student,  
Of bull-sessions chary, and always quite prudent  
Never to hint in his conversation  
That his mind bore a tint of degeneration  
(And I can say without stint  
That it actually didn't).*

*He worked from May to May,  
Nor shirked from day to day  
His tomes  
Of Rome's  
History.  
"Mystery"  
Meant to him a medieval drama.  
He could quickly place the llama  
In its proper terrain.  
An ordinary rain  
He would term "a slight precipitation."*

*(Reader, hide your indignation!  
You'll put back your gun when you read my next rhyme:  
Sammy McGooch has been dead a long time.)*

*'Twas a trick considered quite dirty  
By the lovers in line  
That  
Freeland's bell  
Pealed its knell  
At  
Ten twenty-nine  
Instead of the usual ten-thirty.*



## The Vulture

*On a midnight, bleak and dreary,  
As I studied, weak and weary,  
Came a tapping, as of someone gently rapping,  
Rapping on my chamber door.  
"I hunger, sir," the Vulture said,  
"And since your kit has come today—  
Filled with eats, the fellows say—  
Please spare me peanut-butter bread;  
This I ask, and nothing more."*

*Then I stamped upon the floor,  
But turned the latch, and loosed the door.  
Down his hatch, I sent fourscore  
Of sodacrackers, stale and hoar.  
Followed them with this loud roar:  
"Go to bed, or there'll be war—  
Those you'll get, and nothing more!"*



# Death of a Soldier

VALERIE H. GREEN

FIVE minutes to live. That was all. He stood with his back to the door—shoulders square, chin up, hands at his sides—looking out between the iron bars of the guardhouse window. His rugged face, a shade whiter than its natural bronze, was emotionless. Outside, the sun blazed on the hard earth of the parade ground with pitiless intensity, scorching it to the heat of molten lava.

As he watched the shimmering heat waves, half formed memories of the past began to assume definite shapes. His childhood, with a loneliness that no man would ever know. His equally solitary schooling, and his hopes for escape in his entrance into the service of the King. Again, he felt that curious sense of disappointment with which he viewed Delhi for the first time. His first panther "shoot," resulting in the good-natured raillery that broke the ice of the lancers—proving that he had what it took. The strong and sudden friendship of Major Mike Carrigan, his grizzled superior. Carrigan, whose rough friendship filled that cavern of perpetual loneliness; the only man in the world who meant anything to him.

His brain blazed with these last grim events. The quarrel with Private Fielding, incidental in itself, the result of incessant heat, a growing sense of discouragement and futility—the reprimand and the murder of Fielding with HIS automatic that had been lost a week before—or stolen. Strange traitorous papers, (of which he knew nothing) found in his kit in barracks. The trial that followed was a nightmare. No defense but that of Carrigan, which was not enough to combat the circumstantial evidence that was incriminatingly conclusive in itself.

Again he stood before the judges of the court-martial—his own superior officers, standing with his back like a ramrod because he would have folded up like a hamstrung duelist had it not been . . . and like bullets driving into his brain those damning words: "Guilty—of murder, and high treason against the crown" . . . the terrible look in the eyes of the members of the court as they pierced him through and through . . . then the lump in his throat and the racking sobs smothered in his lungs as Carrigan had come in an hour before to say good-bye . . . that clasp of unperishing friendship that he couldn't dis-

grace, if anything could be more of a disgrace than this whole affair . . .

Sullen footsteps sounded outside the cell, a clink that was the sound of doom in the tense silence broken only by the hard breathing of the two guards. He clenched his jaw tighter, turned slowly, as at a command, and passed through the cell door. As he walked with measured, controlled step down the corridor, unbound, and flanked by the two armed men of his squad, he suddenly thought of escape. Escape from death to life. But if he did get away safely, it would be only to fall into the hands of the hillmen, or to be forever hunted, forever alone—and that life held as much or little for him as this . . . He discarded the thought, and went through the outer door into the open.

The sun seemed to strike into the depths of his eyes, spitefully adding its share to the torture of these last few minutes. He noticed, as he paused a second near the doorway, that the regiment was drawn up in parade formation, the pinions fluttering from the lances held at rest on the saddles. Ironically he thought that other horses would soon be riderless, too.

He strode between the guards to the stone wall of the building he had just quitted, noting automatically the number of little holes—bullet holes—to which eight more would be added in the space of seconds. He turned about, fronted the white-faced eight who were his executioners. As he waved away the white handkerchief brought forward by Carrigan, he saw a look of undisguised agony in the face of his friend—a look he would give his life willingly to remove . . . futile thought. His lips twisted in the detached semblance of a smile, for in a second he would have no life to give . . . or keep.

He leveled his eyes on the blue sky in the distance, just over the heads of the squad, where the light blue fused with the purple mist of the distant Himalayas. He did not smile, with that pitiful effort at bravado made by frustrated men who were afraid. His mouth was a hard line in a face that masked all his surging emotions, an impassable barrier for any outcry that might rise within him in that last moment of lingering life.

"Ready!"

"Aim!"

(Continued on Page 23)

# Should We Denounce the "Scab"

ELIZABETH BALLENGER

**I**N the eyes of many workers strikes can best be compared to fires—good servants, but cruel masters.

In the large industrial plants of our country a strike can only be a good and faithful servant for the laboring classes when the employees as a whole "walk out" on their employer. But as more and more employees refuse to join the strike, gradually we see this weapon of labor losing its value. And as the effectiveness of the strike becomes less apparent, we see the accusing finger of unionized labor directed against the "scab" or the strike-breaker", and all the fault is laid upon his shoulders.

But the argument of the "scab" is sound. For instance, let us review the case of Toni Ricci. Toni worked for one of the bigger radio manufacturers and his job—along with about one hundred other young men, equally educated—was to solder resistors into the steel radio frames as they were passed along a line by means of a mechanical pulley. For eight hours a day and five days a week, this was Toni's work. He received forty-four cents an hour and his weekly pay envelope of \$17.60 was enough to supply his wife, Rosie, and "little Toni" with the things necessary to make their lives happy. Every day Toni heard rumors of a strike from his fellow employees, and more than one "captain" in the organized union had used pressure to force him to join their ranks. But Toni was obstinate—he had his family to care for, and they needed every cent of his money. How could he afford to pay the union dues of five dollars a month?

Then one morning these rumors proved themselves a reality. There was a "walkout"—but there was no unanimity. Some of the workers believed their pay envelopes sufficient and working conditions satisfactory. Toni was one worker who opposed the union. Every morning he entered the factory with many others under police guard—but picket lines were formed everywhere. As the workers entered the factory yards, cries of "Scab!", "Strikebreakers!", boos, threats, and vile curses were flung after them. On the opposite corner had been placed a huge megaphone and the strikers, believing in the power of music, filled the air with the Victory March of Notre Dame. Then the factory officials, to reassure their workers, gave them a twenty per cent increase in their hourly rate and promised adequate police protection.

After working-hours the laborers were massed in one crowd and marched from the factory between roped

passages, behind which the strikers were supposedly held in check. Suddenly, one afternoon, eggs were thrown at the workers, and as the shells broke, paint was splashed everywhere. Toni's shirt was ruined by one such missile. The police flew into action—patrol wagons were rushed to the scene. The result was general confusion. One girl, a worker, walking beside Toni, was severely slashed on the legs by sharp razor blades which a striker had imbedded between the soles of his shoes so that even a slight kick would be painful to his victim. Another girl among the workers was stripped of her clothing and abused by several men strikers. Police rescued her, and in so doing were forced to use their clubs constantly.

Throughout this confusion, the hysterical yelling and cursing of the mob filled the air, and, the disorder was too much even to let Toni think. Suddenly, seeing a break in the crowd, Toni took advantage of his chance, dashed down a side street, through two back alleys, and finally reached the haven of home. Here, at least, he should be safe. But during the night, Toni's porch was painted a livid purple by the strikers. And when he and Rosie saw it in the morning, they could have cried; for their well-kept home had been very dear to their hearts. Yet Toni, undaunted, and still believing himself in the right, went back to work despite the pickets and their threats. This day and several successive days were mere repetitions of the first few. There seemed to be no immediate possibility for a settlement of the strike—but tomorrow was payday and so Toni was encouraged. That night Toni was awakened by a slight explosion. He rushed downstairs and perceived the havoc which an exploding paint bomb had caused in his living room, ruining the furniture, the rug, and the wallpaper—not to mention the broken window through which the bomb had been thrown. Not even home was safe for this worker, or, if you prefer, this "scab". Yet Toni and his fellow-workers persisted—and in the end they won out; for the demands of the union men were defeated. But at what a cost! It would take many, many weeks before Toni and Rosie could repair the destruction which they had suffered just because Toni wanted to support his family himself and prevent them from being forced on relief.

Are we to allow unionized labor to rob an honest man of his right to make a living and support his home? Should we always denounce the "scab"?



# A Descent to Celia

DICK YAHRAES

IN my search for an angel I had wandered far from home. The country was strange, and I was glad when I found a companion in the Night.

The lady's face was frank and open. The sight of it stirred vague remembering, and I knew this was not the first time I had looked on her. She took my hand and we walked in silence. Formerly the land had been blanketed in mist; but the vapors departed before her as we advanced through the Night.

"I am lost," I said finally.

"Yes," answered my companion. "But I shall show you the path."

I looked at her again. My eyes could see no moon in the firmament, yet the girl's tresses shone, and her face was alight with a steady glow. "Who are you, golden-haired stranger?" I demanded, forcing us to cease walking.

"They call me Reality."

I frowned, for now I remembered. "I knew you before," I muttered.

"Yes; you knew me long ago, before this Night."

"I am lost," I repeated.

"I can show you the path back to the world of men, if you will go," she said.

I shook my head impatiently, and took leave of Reality. I was searching for an angel.

The mists of the Night grew thicker as I forged ahead.

In the land of men, I had been accustomed to gently rolling country, which was sometimes wearisome in its very monotony. But here the ground was extremely uneven. I came to ravines and dared not descend them, for I could not see their bottoms. Mountains rose up at intervals, but mist enshrouded their peaks. I could find no angel.

Eventually I grew tired and sat down upon the ground. As I stared into the night, the mist parted, and there before me stood the flaxen-haired girl once more. She bent over me, and as the steady glow of her face shone upon me, I thought I grew eager to return to the world of men, which I had left awhile.

She knew my feelings, and smiled. "You are weary."  
"Yes."

"Come, let me lie down beside you. I will soothe your fevered brow, and you will love me."

So most of the Night I held her close; but just as I thought the Day seemed at hand, I dreamed again of angels. When I opened my tired eyes, Reality had departed. I lay alone, and still it was Night.

I walked. Always the country was the same, and al-

though it seemed that stars shone occasionally through a rift in the clouds, when I approached, the stars were not there. I stood at length on a hilltop, and saw a fire flickering in a valley. My numbed limbs urged me to tumble downward, downward, into the warmth of the fire. . . .

As I debated, feeling ill at ease, Reality stood again beside me.

"Girl of the golden tresses," I said, turning to her anxiously, "who has built the fire in yonder valley?"

"My sister lives in the valley. The fire is hers, and all in the valley is hers."

My heart beat faster, for I felt that my quest was near an end. "Your sister's name is Celia?" I asked.

"Yes. Celia, the Ideal. You know her?"

"I have often dreamed of her. Come, take me to her."

"I cannot. Many men have loved her from a distance, but she receives few. She lives alone."

"Yet you are sisters?"

She looked aloft. "We were born of the same Parent, but we dwell apart. Celia was here long ages before I was. She sits apart from me, reading by her fire. It was ever thus. She never comes with me into the land of men, and I dare not approach too close to her fire. All men must choose between us."

I looked at Reality. Her face was less luminous than before, as she gazed with troubled eyes on the valley of the Ideal. She noted my glance.

"Come with me," she urged. "I will lead you from this wilderness where you are wandering alone. I will take you back to men, and you will be no longer lost."

I frowned at her and shook my head impatiently. "The world of men was my world for a score of years, and now I am weary of it. Can you not help me find an angel?"

The golden-haired girl raised a white arm. I followed her gesture. Far off there was a road, ascending steeply.

"Never in my wanderings this Night have I seen that Road!" I exclaimed in bewilderment.

"No. Your back was turned on it. Who goes on the road? Look again."

I looked. I was ashamed, for I had wandered far from that Road. But even in my shame I grew angry. "Men!" I cried. "I see them! Why must you point them out? I came here to escape *men*, for I am in search of angels."

Reality hushed my blasphemy with her fingertips, and asked softly, "Why do you hate the world I show you?"

I burst out: "Because that world is a cruel world, a slow, an ignorant, a plodding world. In that world, even a Free Man feels that life is brief and futile. 'Sure doom

falls pitiless and dark' . . . even a Free Man knew that; and I was never free."

We had turned away from the valley of Celia to view the distant, rocky road. Once more a golden light shone steadily on the lady's countenance; I wondered whence came the light, for from me the firmament was hid, and I could see no Moon. The girl spoke.

"Yes, lost wanderer, the Road you have turned from is a hard one. But here you wander in the Night; and that Road leads to a beautiful view. The climb is well worthwhile. Love me, and I will lead you along the Road."

The girl Reality was very beautiful, although I realized I had known her long ago, and wearied of her. I kissed her, and her lips were fragrant. But even in the caress, my unclosed eyes looked down and saw the fire in the valley. The girl pushed me away gently; she had seen the reflected fire in my eyes.

"Still you do not love me," she whispered.

"No," I murmured, absent-mindedly. "Tell me, does your sister in the valley write poetry?"

"She *is* Poetry," replied the girl. "Celia is poetry and fire and madness. Believe me, she will not receive you. You are not yet ready. For you, there are hearts to lighten and burdens to lift. Let me lead you up the Road yonder. At the end of it, I will depart from you; but there, on the mountain-top, you will find the view very beautiful."

"I do not believe you!" I declared angrily. "I knew you before this night, flaxen-tressed Reality. For centuries you have been to men a decoy. They labor long, believing that in the end you hold out to them an angel. But I know a short way to the angel." I gazed at the fire in the valley.

"There is no short way. You must climb with me along the Road. My sister Celia has received other men before you with her fire. One came before, searching for an angel, and there he stands still, his foot caught in a grave."

"Yes, I know; his name was Charles Baudelaire; he was not satisfied with the Ideal, and he made it his grave. But I bear no quarrel with Celia. She is divine, and I shall have her." I turned toward the valley.

My flaxen-haired companion sighed, and it was as the breeze rustling through cypresses. As I raced headlong down the hill, the last words I heard were, "It is unfortunate. His world could have used him—and the final view is very beautiful. . . ."

\* \* \*

Celia was gazing into the fire. She looked at me. I trembled, aware of her sable hair, her crimson lips, her languorous eyes. I approached her, but when I was near, she held out a restraining hand.

"Stand, youth. To come closer to me is . . ." She did not finish. Her arm fell slowly to her side. She stretched backward her beautiful head, and her raven tresses almost touched the ground. She smiled at me. The firelight flickered on her. She was infinitely desirable. Yet she was infinitely unapproachable. The Ideal!

"Every now and then a young man who does not like his world comes to see me. Some of them are famous, in your land. You knew Poe? You are intoxicated, too?"

"No."

"Yes, youth, you are intoxicated—with dreams. You find me desirable?" she laughed softly.

In answer, I breathed her name. "Celia." Then: "It is so dark here; yet we stand by the fire."

(Indeed, the very atmosphere was dank, and I began to feel ill at ease.)

She laughed again. "Of course. The Ideal is always darkness, once it has been attained. But you have chosen wisely. You wish to see where the angels are? You are tired of the rocky Road which so pleases my sister Reality? You feel you have had enough of your brother men? You are ready for Infinity? You are impatient of waiting?"

"Yes, yes," I breathed.

"Then look down."

Glorious in its starry beauty, the firmament lay at my feet.

"Now cross to me, on the heavens."

I saw for the first time that she stood on the other side of a pool of water. Her gaze was impelling. I was about to step off the brink to go to her. I looked down again, and saw a wisp of fog floating close to the surface of the pool.

"Why do you pause?" demanded Celia.

"But— but— this is only reflected glory— this is water at my feet— I will drown," I protested.

"And what, then, is so horrible in drowning? To be swallowed up by nothingness; to be separated from men; is that not what all dreamers desire? Why do you hesitate at the brink of Infinity? Come to me."

I took a last look at the Ideal. How vividly I remember the ivory of her neck, her red lips parted, her arms outstretched to me across the pool. . . .

I turned and fled.

\* \* \*

The hillside whence I had come loomed up clear and distinct before me. Reality stood waiting for me at the foot of the slope, but would advance no farther. Now the Moon was burning in the firmament, and the mists of the Night parted before me as I ran.

"Let us climb," I panted, rejoining the flaxen-haired damsel. "Come, let us climb."

# Blood For Sale

FRANK J. TORNETTA

It is a memorable evening in the year 1492. The glorious city of the "seven hills" is in deep sorrow and prayer, for the curfew is dolefully tolling its mournful knell, denoting that His Holiness, Pope Innocent VIII, is in grave danger. The physicians have said that the Pontiff will not live to see another sunset. They have done everything in their power to save him, but their efforts have been futile. So now as a last means the doctors are ordering the loyal people into prayer, so that perhaps by some grace from the Almighty, the Pope may yet live. Miraculously, the Pontiff survived through the night. At dawn, the papal doctors, who still held a light of hope in their hearts, summoned a certain Jewish physician who, they had heard, could give strength to sick people by injecting fresh blood into their veins. The operation cost the lives of three youths, who had courageously sold their blood in order that His Holiness might live. Unfortunately, before the sun went down, the Pontiff died.

To the ecclesiastical world the events of that memorable day meant that a great Pope had passed away. But to the world of science it marked the first time on record that blood from one person was transferred to another. Many people before had tried to inject fresh blood from lambs into human beings for its therapeutic values. But the results had turned out unsuccessfully. Then an attempt was made to use human blood. Likewise the majority of the patients died. So from the time of that memorable day until the nineteenth century, blood transfusions were infrequently practiced.

Then, in the year 1818, it was discovered that the reason the patients died was because some of the blood hardened as it was being injected. Now, it was found, by removing the fibrin, the substance that causes clotting, this handicap could be overcome. The use of defibrinated blood proved more successful than that of pure blood, but the mortality rates still seemed too high. "There must be some unseen causes," they argued. So for another whole century they labored, but their efforts produced useless results.

One day the American physician Crile conceived the idea of transfusing blood directly by joining an artery of the donor to a vein of the patient. This method worked rather successfully, but the process of joining the blood vessels was too difficult. At about the same time Dr. Agote, of Buenos Aires, found that by adding sodium citrate to the blood it would not harden but would remain fluid indefinitely. Hence this indirect method of adding sodium citrate before injecting the blood was

used in preference to Crile's direct method. During the World War most of the nations used this method.

The great discovery about blood transfusions was made at the opening of the twentieth century. In 1935 Dr. Landsterner, received the Nobel prize for discovering that blood of human beings could be divided into four groups. Not all human bloods are alike, he said. When any two bloods are mixed in a test-tube they may look alike, but in grading they are incompatible with each other. The blood from one person may cause the red blood cells of the second person to clump together like snowflakes. Therefore, before giving transfusion it must be determined whether the patient's blood is of type O, A, B, or AB.

These groupings, like our fingerprints, are permanent, personal possessions. Nothing—not even illness, diet, age, or climate—can change the blood group to which an individual belongs. The type of blood is an inherited trait and acts in accordance with the Mendelian laws. This fact has proved of great importance in medico-legal work in which the true parents of a child must be determined, or when from a number of suspects the guilty criminal must be found.

Today blood transfusions work on a commercial basis. When the ambulance brings in a patient who is in need of a transfusion, the nurses immediately determine the blood type. Then they call a Blood Donor's Bureau, which keeps on files the names of persons whose blood types are known, and who are willing to sell their blood. The Bureau gets in contact with the donor, and he rushes to the hospital. There a transfusion needle and tube is inserted into his vein, and another needle and tube is put in to the patient's vein. The tubes are connected by a syringe and two stopcocks, one on each side. The surgeon draws blood from the donor, shuts the stopcock on that side, and opens it on the patient's side, where the blood flows into the recipient's vein. All this time the nurses are reading the syringe, which shows the quantity of blood withdrawn. After one pint of blood has been injected, which is usually the amount needed, the donor rests for awhile, and then walks into the hospital office, where the superintendent gives him \$41. He takes it and goes home, hoping that it will not be long before he can make another sale. He remembers that one time he walked home with \$164 in his pocket.

Even though today blood transfusions are operated with precise and accurate results, there is still much research going on to improve conditions. Several years ago, while Dr. Yudin of Moscow was at his work in the

hospital, the ambulance brought in the nearly lifeless body of an engineer who, in a suicide attempt, had cut his wrists. Dr. Yudin knew that there was not enough time to get a donor, so he had his assistants wheel into the operating room the six hour dead body of a sixty-year-old auto victim. In a few seconds he was pumping blood from the dead man into the almost dead one. Within a few days the almost dead man revived.

The success of this operation put Dr. Yudin to work. "Why," he thought, "should the three to four gallons of healthy blood in accident and electric shock victims go down undertakers' sewers? Couldn't hospitals keep it on hand in their ice boxes?" The keen-eyed Russian rounded up blood from the hospital morgue. He began to make chemical tests. Sodium citrate he found was still the best anti-clotting compound. But upon further investigations he discovered that synanthrine, a substance obtained from dahlias could preserve blood for three whole weeks. From nearly 1000 transfusions of "canned blood" only seven recipients died. The failures were blamed on faulty technique. Thus Dr. Yudin learned to bleed the dead in order to save the living.

Several months ago the body of a boy with a very deep gash in his chest was brought to the Pittsburgh Presbyterian Hospital. Dr. Charles Watson and his surgeon

son immediately cut the left side of the lad's chest open. They could now see blood pouring from the punctured heart into the pleural cavity, where the left lung was deflated. Surgeons Watson and Watson had to think fast! Never before had they been confronted with such an intricate case. Then the elder Watson hit upon an idea. With wads of cloth the surgeons sopped the blood from the boy's chest and squeezed it out into a glass pitcher. By removing the puddle of blood from the boy's chest the doctors could now see the cut in the wounded heart. With five fast stitches they closed the gap and then sewed the door of his chest shut. In the meantime the attendants had filtered the pitcher of the boy's blood, and now they began to pump the boy's own blood back into his body. Not long afterwards the young lad recovered. "This was the first time that autotransfusion had been used in treatment of this type of injury," said Surgeons Watson and Watson.

What new techniques in blood transfusions tomorrow may bring is hard to tell. Someone may find a way to store blood not only for three weeks, but perhaps three years. Someone else may ingeniously devise a scheme to change animal blood to human blood; or better still, someone may synthesize a chemical substitute for blood—who knows?



## To a Winter Day

MARJORIE BELL

*A cold, a gray, a cloudy day,  
When winter holds us in his sway;  
A sickly sun is drawing nigh  
Unto the central arc of sky.  
The wind, so cold with all its bite;  
The snow, so bleak with all its white;  
A cold, a gray, a cloudy day,  
When winter holds us in his sway.*

*A desolate, cheerless, frozen day,  
When winter holds us in his sway;  
No bird's sweet, hopeful note resounds  
Across those white and drifted mounds.  
Just silence long and drear remains  
To make us think in warmer veins.  
A desolate, cheerless, frozen day  
When winter holds us in his sway.*

# They Met at Sunset

KEITH M. THOMPSON

"HELLO, Peggy," he called as he leaped over the rough fence separating him from the sparkling pool where a girl was stretching lazily in the sun. "Getting a little 'Ultra Violet', or just a sun burn?" he asked laughingly.

"O hello, Dick, come and join me", she drawled and moved slowly to see him better.

Richard had never realized that this naive girl could be alluring—but there she was! He was suddenly very interested and instead of diving immediately into the water as he had intended, he lay down beside her.

The warm sun and the tingling breeze gave him a thrill of strength and life, and stretching his legs, he studied the lattice-work of leaves against the cloud-dotted sky. He was thinking, but he didn't know what, and it was too much trouble to investigate. Lying there he had forgotten Peggy; he was so used to ignoring her, and besides he was listening to the poetry of silence. . . .

He had forgotten her, but a loud splash and the shock of icy spray made him conscious that his companion had gone into the water, and reminded him that he, too, had come for a swim. Quickly rising, he dived into the cold water and struck out briskly for the opposite end of the pool. Peggy was near, and without a word they instinctively felt the urge to race. Peggy was a good swimmer; her form was better than his. But he knew that he could win, and he did.

After splashing and ducking each other, and much loud, gay banter, they climbed out of the water and again stretched themselves under the slowly sinking sun. The dinner bell would be calling soon, but they still had time

to dry off. Lying there beside her he no longer thought of the birds calling from the stately pines, or of the clouds playing leap-frog in the blue sky. He was looking at her. Funny he had never really seen her as she was, lying with eyes glistening beneath the prism-like drops of water on her lashes—she was beautiful.

She asked him where he had learned to swim and soon he was telling her about his ambitions and then about his poetry. He recited some awkwardly, but as she said nothing he gained courage and went on talking while the moon rose to gaze at the redness of the twilight, and the birds sang their last songs before the symphony of the stars should begin.

They talked in whispers now, afraid to annoy the great solitary beauty of nature—and then they stopped talking. They understood each other now, as the shadows advanced to remove the artificiality of day. They were chilled; she had put on her beach-robe and he had put a towel over his shoulders. But neither dared speak of going; they feared that the charm would dissolve.

It was evening, there was just a faint tint of red on a tiny cloud to remind them that the sun had been there. Richard moved uneasily and looked down at her. She looked up smiling, and he kissed her. . . .

It was gone. Walking quietly up the path toward the others they knew it was gone. In vain they tried to overcome the strain and awkwardness between them. They had to talk now, say anything—but say it fast. It was useless; they had left their hour of communion back by the pool in the deepening shadows. They scarcely knew each other; . . . What a romantic fool he was!

And Richard burned his poetry that night.



# A Week With the Weekly

VERNON GROFF

ON Monday morning the editor-in-chief of the *URSINUS WEEKLY* reminds me that this coming issue of the Campus paper is scheduled to be under my direction, as I am one of the three associate editors. It is the policy of the editor-in-chief to pass the buck each week to one of his associates.

I therefore proceed to ruminate on what news I may perhaps assimilate to present to our public, after which I run down clues to their sources. The most prevalent and effective method of attack is to look where news may betray itself. There is a "date book" in the office of the Science Building, in which is kept the schedule of all forthcoming important events, so I go to peruse it. There are also chapel and dining room announcements, which reveal the existence of more short-noticed activities. Next I look through the preceding issue to find what things may have happened during the past few weeks, so that I may assign various reporters to "cover" the details of these happenings. Finally, I examine last year's *Weekly* of the same date, to prove to myself that I have missed nothing that should happen around this time of the year.

There are times when I have a gratifying mass of interesting events to write about, and there are times when I have an emaciated paucity of them. At any rate, I get out my little booklet of assignment forms and proceed to distribute the assignments—the best to the best, the worst to the worst, and the remainder to myself. In the chapel period on Tuesday, I deposit them in what is known as the *Weekly* "Box" in the chapel hall, leaving them for reporters to retrieve immediately. Too often, however, I am sorry to say, they lie there until I become angry and, with a sharp word, deliver them myself.

Now I calmly wait for two days, with misgiving and forebodings. Then, on Thursday, a reporter drops his finished article in the "Box" for me to collect, on time; however, he is a freshman and not yet a local boy who has made good. With an acquired technique involving both cajoling and threatening approaches, I finally draw most of the completed assignments out of the other reporters, and proceed to read them.

This is known as copy-reading, which is nothing more than substituting a period for a comma at the end of a sentence; or putting the *e* after the *c* in *receive*, as in *lice*; or breaking two hundred words into eight or nine paragraphs, which makes the reporters' work less literary perhaps, but more journalistic, for after all, this is the aim in the end. These phases of copy-reading, may I say, are hardly worthy of mention: the usual procedure is to

write the article over. Reporters have a habit of getting the "dope" and forgetting how to "dish it out."

So now it is Friday afternoon, and I betake myself to Jay Howard, the printer, and have his employees begin to set up the copy on the linotype, which, incidentally, is more reliable than most reporters.

By Saturday morning the greater part of the news write-ups has come in to me from the reporters, except late sports or Sunday happenings (which are few because this is a church institution). The reporters have forsaken me, and I am left alone with an eager issue assistant, and I think, "Well, now comes the fun; I will put the paper out now." But the editor-in-chief comes down to the printing office on Saturday to elbow in and take over the reins, relegating me from my monarch's throne into a corner to read proof. Of course he has the right to do this, but it is extremely disappointing to an ambitious young associate.

The paper must go on, however, so all day Saturday we feed the linotype machine, and read the proof of the galleys that come out of it. Now a galley is about a column of hot lead set into lines of type. A proof is made of it by rolling it over a strip of paper that is laid upon it, and then the reproduced printing is proof-read. This proof-reading is an arduous task that requires minute concentration, in order to discover errors in the type which will have to be reset. To let a typographical error slip into the paper is a crime, punishable by the cries of derision that come from students who gleefully inform you about it. This job is usually delegated to the issue assistant, who otherwise would be getting under our feet, detracting from the efficiency of the editor-in-chief and myself.

I must not forget to say that usually on a Saturday afternoon the editorials are written by the editor-in-chief and the associate on duty. This is one of the pleasant proceedings in the week's work. I enjoy very much the feeling of pounding out lines that will be read by all the students, that will stir them and cause them to follow where the *Weekly* leads.

Comes the dusk, and by this time matters are well in hand. The inset, which contains pages 3 and 4, is printed by this time, for, as you may or may not have noticed, there is not much news on the insert; advertisements are more or less predominating in this section. As for the rest of the paper, much of it is set in type, and we leave with the proofs in the evening. I take the proofs to the *Weekly's* advisory editor, who reads them to see that

nothing appears on Monday that may offend the administration.

Sunday afternoon is the curve into the home stretch. I get the proofs from the advisory editor and see that the corrections are made on Monday morning. Then comes the happy task of deciding where on the front page to put the news of the Junior Prom band, and where on the fifth page to put the basketball win over Drexel. In other words, I make a dummy of the entire paper by drawing on paper my proposed make-up of the several sheets. Each type of news has its accustomed place: page 1, straight, more important news; page 2, editorials and columns; pages 3 and 4, alumni notes, club information, and miscellany; page 5, sports; page 6, runover articles.

Since I have most of the articles in proof print already, Sunday evening is a good time to write the headlines. Unless I want to do them all myself (which is the best way of getting them done the way I want them), I try to round up several issue assistants; there is no better way of learning alibis.

With all this labor behind me, the crowning glory is the work of the end of the "week with the *Weekly*, Monday. All is ready for the final effort. Heads are set, proofs corrected, and the editor-in-chief begins really to put the paper together. Of course I give him what moral support my disappointment will allow; you see, I always feel that an associate does all the dirty work of slaying the animal, and then the editor comes along and nabs the feast before my eyes; throwing the paper together is the ultimate in this business of putting out the *Weekly*. All this work I do to create the *Weekly*, and then I am deprived of giving it shape and form and life. The editor puts into the form the ads and articles, and Jay Howard's helper locks up the form, which is then carried down to the old flat-bed and printed.

The only thing left to me is to look over the finished product to find the errors that I have let pass, and the editor gets the honor (if there be any). After all that work! Ah, praise be that in the end the good are rewarded and the evil punished. There must be some retribution (even printer's devils get their dues).

## My Alarm Clock

HELEN SMITH

IN one respect I am a very fortunate person, and, needless to say, I am perfectly aware of the fact. Indeed, it is brought to my attention so often that I cannot help being conscious of it. I need no alarm clock to awaken me every morning. Now, do not attribute this to my superior will-power, but give all the credit to my neighbor.

Mrs. Baird lives next door to us. Our back yards, but nothing else, join us. Sleep, I think, she does not, for then she could not talk. Moreover, one may hear her bustling about the house late at night and early in the morning.

About six-thirty she announces to the neighborhood that she is awake. "Bill, it's time to get up," she calls. "Don't you dare sleep another minute."

Then she proceeds to beat an egg (I think it's an egg) with great vigor. I often wonder why the bowl doesn't break, for bowls do break by merely being dropped. While she prepares her son's breakfast, she holds discourse with her husband, a most unfortunate man. In a voice that may be heard for blocks, and speaking like a commander to his army, she gives him his instructions for the day. He utters not a word.

Next she calls her daughter, Betty, though I cannot understand why she must be awakened, for by this time there is no sleep for anyone in the community. Generally Bill and Betty appear for breakfast at about the same time, whereupon their mother proceeds to admonish them liberally and give them their orders for the day.

She is usually at her best when her husband and two children are about to leave for their work. "Betty, wear your coat. Bill, you be home on time. Father, do just as I say." Such are the orders that ring through the house and follow them down the street.

For five days of the week I don't mind being awakened in this manner, but on the sixth and seventh days I suffer. On these two mornings I find it very hard to understand how one can be expected to love his neighbor as himself.

# Chasing the "Blues"

JEAN P. WINGATE

It was dusk. The last dim light of the bright fall day silhouetted the tall, lanky fisherman against the sky as he clumped up to the beach in his heavy hip boots. His salty, waterproof khakis blended almost completely with the gray dusk. A red feather stuck in his dirty, shapeless felt hat was the only bit of color in his whole garb. He carried his rod over one shoulder and with his canvas bag hanging from one hand and an unlit lantern swinging on the butt of the rod, he had a picturesque "Rip Van Winkle" look.

As he stepped over the dunes the moon was just rising, and it threw its sparkling path over the water to his feet on the gleaming white sand. The surf was still heavy from the storm of several days ago, and the large waves boomed on the steeply rising shore only to curl back foaming into the moon's path. The beach itself was still littered with debris—with huge, nail-studded planks from some ship, turf torn from the ledge by the fury of the ocean, seaweed, broken shells, and dead jellyfish. Except for these, however, the shore was deserted and he could pick out his favorite spot to fish in—a spot where the beach curved rather sharply to the left, which brought the bar nearer the shore than usual and enabled him more easily to throw out to the good fishing beyond. He lit his lantern and in its light arranged his fishing equipment—the folders of hooks here, the knife and scaper on a board there, the cartons of bait (marked "Ice Cream") and the bag of lead sinkers in front of him. Skillfully he began to rig up his line, tying the knots securely and carefully. Kneeling down at the board he cut off a bait from a "shedder" and then an oily piece of "mossy bunker." Since he did not know what fish would be biting tonight, he was experimenting—the shedder crab on the small lower hook for the possible weakfish or flounder which might be feeding quietly on the bottom, the mossbunker on the free-playing top hook for the bluefish which certainly should be swimming in toward shore to feed after his protracted fast during the five day northeast storm. When everything was fixed to his satisfaction—he had wet and wound his line earlier in the day, so that it would not burn his hands—he strapped on his butt rest, drew a long rag through his belt, and stepped toward the sea. He waded far out in the surf, gave the line a final test, and swung it from behind his shoulder to send the singing lead far out beyond the bar. He used a peculiar cast, a sort of underhand swing which few could imitate, but which sent his line out far and without a backlash. Straightening up, he walked slowly backwards to the

dry sand, winding in the extra line as he went, and waited, his thumb on the line to feel any slight tug. For a time he felt nothing but the steady swell and ebb of the waves, but soon he mumbled a curse as he perceived a nibbling that indicated crabs were busy at his bottom hook and soon he would have no bait there. He looked about, and discovered that there were now many other circles of light on the beach, many other fishermen who wanted to take advantage of the extra high tide accompanying the full moon tonight and the excellent fishing that usually went with it.

"How's luck?" A man walking on the beach had come up to him unawares.

"I don't know. I just started," he replied.

"Fellow up the beach there just got two 'blues.' Nice big ones, too." The stroller jerked his head to indicate the direction.

"Yes. They got some out in the bay this afternoon. Mostly 'weakies' though. Ought to be good fishing tonight. Right after a storm and full moon. Weather's just right for blues, too." As he stood talking, his one hand released from the rod to gesture, he felt a strike—a big, heavy one. Only a blue could hit that hard. With all his strength he jerked back on the line to hook the fish securely and threw the safety catch on the reel. This allowed the fish freedom to play in without burning the fisherman's thumb.

The bluefish, wily in the ways of fighting man, rushed in shore faster than the man was reeling. Then he swam out to sea again, trying to twist the line and thus gain his freedom. This not working, he again swam in shore to get a good hold under the shelf, hoping that the man would tear the hook loose from his mouth. There he rested, waiting. Meanwhile, the man on shore bent over his reel, straining to keep up with the fish, now reeling, now letting the line run out. He felt the line go slack, all tension cease. Then he smiled exultingly, for he knew the tricks of the "blue," knew that he hadn't lost his catch, and so he waited, too. The fish darted out again. The reel whirled as the line shot out. Then the man began to reel in the line slowly, carefully, now playing his victim, but always gaining. The fish came near the shelf. Beads of perspiration began to stand out on the man's forehead from the strain. The pole bent under the weight of the fish as he gave one terrific lug. Ah, now the man had his prize over the shelf. Still the going was hard, the "blue" fighting every inch of the way. The man was even more careful

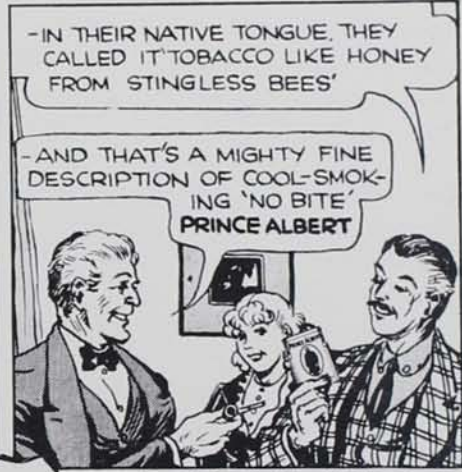
(Continued on Page 22)





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# Chasing the "Blues"

(Continued from Page 20)

now, for many a fish has been lost in the backwash of the surf. He no longer yielded line, however; instead, each time he felt a swell he wound in, then held tight during the ebb, only to wind again in the next swell. Gradually he gained, until he could see the fish. He heard murmurs behind him—for all beach strollers stop to watch a man pull in a fish. "Gee, it's a nice one!" "Here it comes!" The fish jumped, twisted, and flopped as the man reeled in the final feet of line and carried the big bluefish, gleaming in the moonlight, back to his lantern. There, taking the rag from his belt, he grasped the body of the exhausted, but still struggling fish, forced his mouth open and unhooked him. Stiffening his lips to force back the smile of satisfaction which he felt when

he looked at the fish, he nonchalantly threw it into a hole scooped out of the sand and remarked to the world in general "Guess we'll have fish for breakfast."

A young lad standing nearby turned to his father and asked, "What does it weigh, Dad?"

The father answered, "About four pounds, son."

At this the fisherman turned and glared at the speaker. "That fish weighs six and one-half pounds if it weighs an ounce." He picked up his rod and stalked down the beach, insulted by these people who thought they knew more about fishing than the fisherman did. He cast this time with a vicious jerk, but the chilly sea breeze and the boom of the surf soon cooled him and he forgot the incident in his excitement, for fish were running tonight.



# Sahara

(Continued from Page 4)

it. He bathed his sticky body in it, wallowed in it, felt its fresh, caressing coolness.

He saw gardens luxuriant with the blooms of Spring flowers surrounding small, shaded pools. He saw, out on the desert, an oasis. The small knot of green, shady trees surrounding the pool of water seemed to Terek to be strangely real, strangely near. Suddenly he realized that he had partially awakened from his stupor, and was actually seeing the oasis about one hundred yards in front of him on the desert. It was partially hidden by a rising sand dune.

Madly he scrambled from the car and stumbled in the direction of the oasis. He ran a few steps, but fell to the sand. He managed to raise himself to his knees and

crawl a little more. Then, as he looked, the mirage faded into the distance and disappeared. Terek slowly, painfully crept back toward the car, but collapsed while he was still a few feet from it.

Two bodies now lay on the blistering sand; one was still, the other moved slightly, attempting vainly to reach the automobile he had left a few minutes before.

A vulture circled overhead, slowly sinking lower and lower. Overhead, the sun moved on slowly, inexorably. A small caravan of men and camels appeared on the distant horizon, lingered a brief moment, then disappeared. From the radiator of the deserted automobile came a slow but ever-increasing drip of water, which fell and was immediately sucked up by the thirsty Sahara.



## Review of Hamlet

(Continued from Page 7)

Cromwell and Whitner Bissell as the two hypocrites, Rosencranz and Guildenstern, George Nash and Edmond O'Brien as the serious gravediggers, and Reed Herring as the stolid Fortinbras. The entire supporting cast was more than adequately good, and the settings and costuming, although not outstanding, did not detract from the value of the production.

Mr. McClintic merits more than has been accorded him by critics. His use of the stage, his sequence of scenes, his manner of building climaxes and of producing astonishing effects in variety and emphasis throughout the play, prove that which needs no further proof, that he is a genius of technique in play production. The actors in his play deserve honor for their mastery of their parts, but Mr. McClintic deserves even greater honor for his mastery of directing them and uniting them into one of the finest Shakespearian performances we are likely to see.

## Death of a Soldier

(Continued from Page 11)

His body was rigid, waiting . . .

The sword flashed down. A sheet of flame erupted from eight yawning mouths of death. He felt a shock, an intense burning agony in his chest as he was thrown back against the wall with the tearing force of eight lead bullets . . . a white heat passed over his body, and there was a torturing bubble in his lungs—as in a deep-sea diver brought suddenly to the surface . . .

A silver film came before his eyes, making everything indistinct—it turned to a gray fog—thicker and thicker . . . and resolved itself into the blackness of eternity as he slowly slumped to the ground . . .

During the night, guards were aroused by the loud report of a service revolver in the officers' quarters. The regiment commander and his orderly found Carrigan lying over his desk, with a bullet in his brain . . . But the man who paid the price of a friend's treachery . . . never knew.



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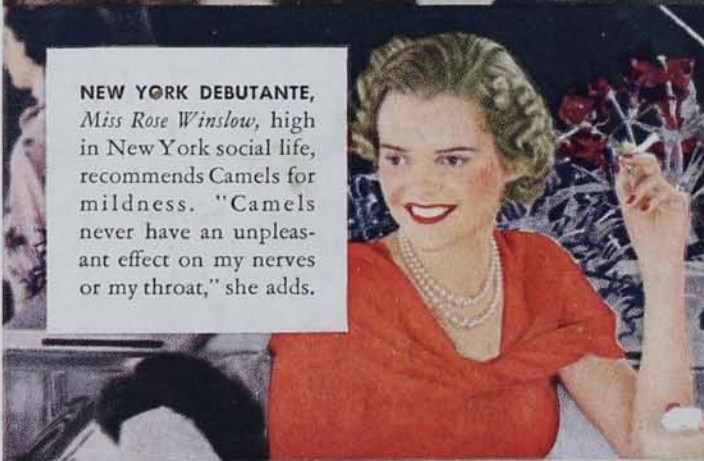
**JUNGLE EXPLORER**, *Lawrence T.K. Gristwold*, has had this experience: "Eating in the jungle is no picnic. I like the sense of digestive ease that smoking Camels brings me."



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**INDIANAPOLIS RACE VICTOR**, *Lou Meyer*, enjoying his Camel after winning the gruelling 500-mile Auto Classic. As Lou says: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights."



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