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## The Lantern Vol. 26, No. 3, June 1958

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**Authors**

Allen Matusow, Bruce Lewis Heller, Samuel C. Miller, Philip Sterling Rowe, Norman R. Cole, and Tomas M. McCabe

# the lantern



june 1958



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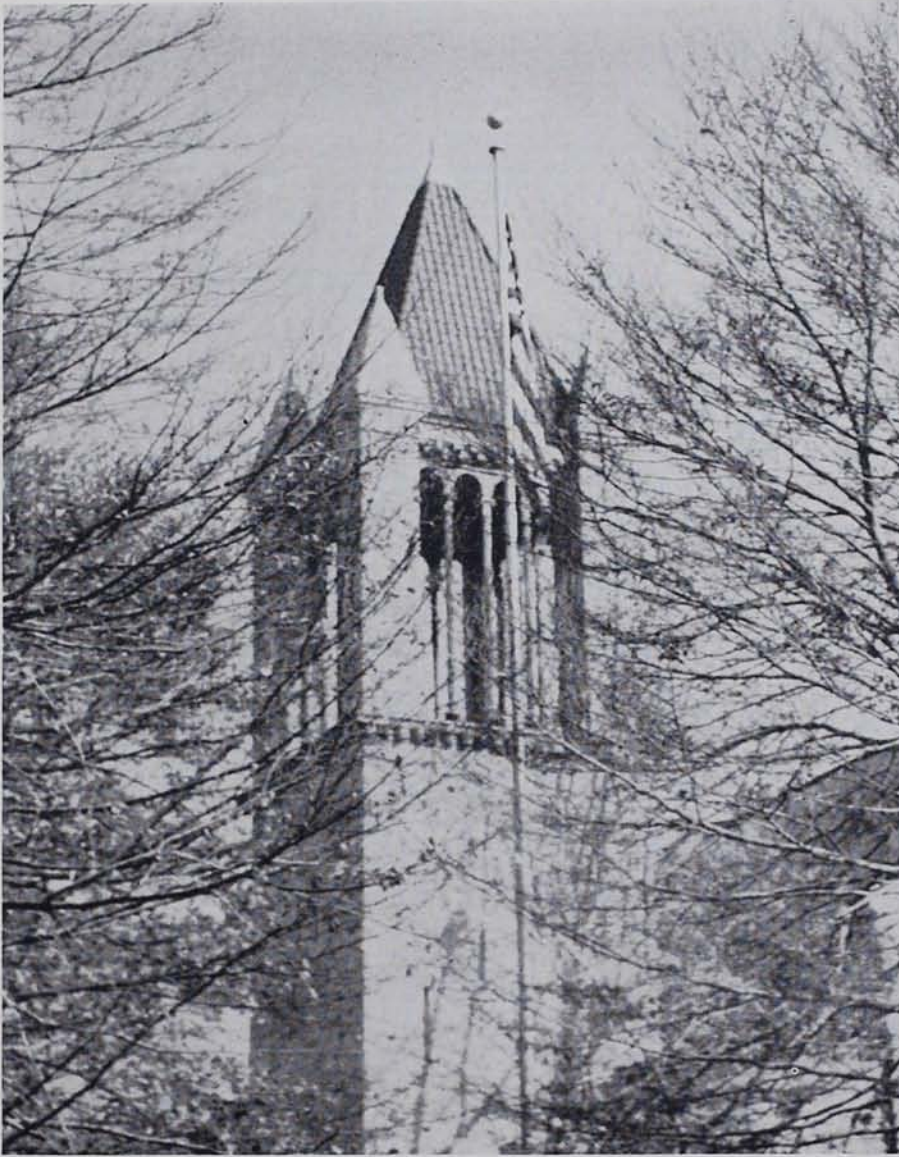
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Volume XXVI

Number 3



# The Quill

We recently put two of our staff members on the spot and asked them to state their opinions concerning the America of today. One of the resulting works is serious, and the other is in a lighter vein. Neither could be called too optimistic, and there is no doubt that many readers will disagree with what is said. In our estimation, the articles are of more than average interest, regardless of one's point of view. We present them without further comment.

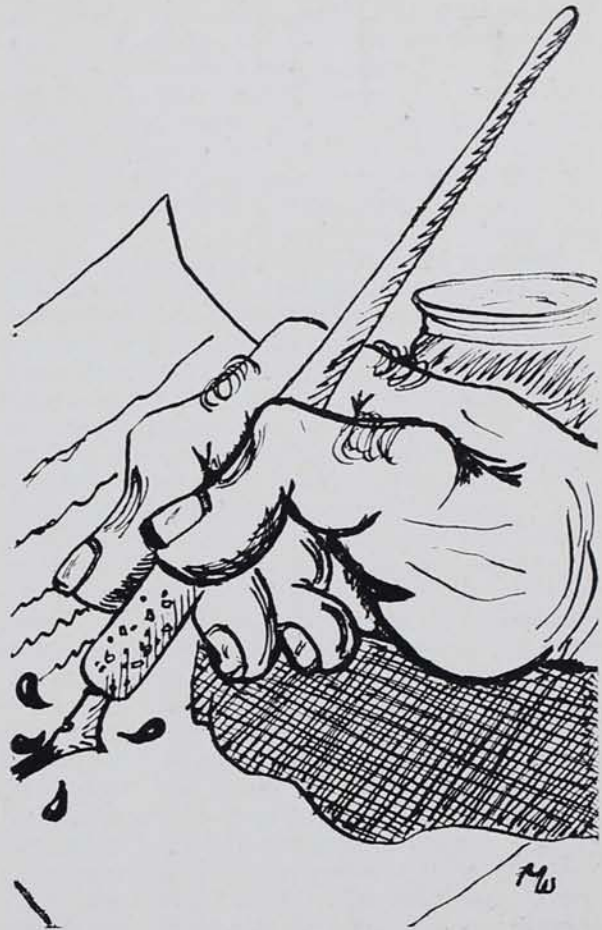
\* \* \*

## Reflections

America is a sick country. Choking on a surfeit of prosperity and rotting from an insidious moral decay, she is a tottering giant who seems inadequate to the task of self-preservation. That the patient is blind to her own disease is perhaps the most serious of all her symptoms. Indeed, the very causes of her sickness are objects of her praise.

Take for instance her economic system, which she defends from criticism with a self-righteous vigor. Though an analysis of this system must convince the honest observer that American capitalism is a form of civilized insanity, America nevertheless sees it as both efficient and moral. She rightly praises her high productivity but is blind to the tragic gap between production and distribution, a gap wide enough to prevent some millions of Americans from obtaining proper nourishment or living facilities. She praises a system in which the price of butter is artificially raised so that people have to eat margarine. She blandly permits the storage or destruction of food while many of her children go hungry. The farmer is permitted to see the market price of pork decline while consumer prices skyrocket. The public exhibits a taste for small cars, but the major producers, enjoying a practical monopoly, make their new models ever more huge. A single oil baron, H. L. Hunt, can boast of a two billion dollar fortune while slums increase their toll of lives wasted and values destroyed. But the contented and dominant classes, growing rich on the profits of the rusty economic machinery, adhere to the doctrine of the infallibility of American economic genius.

America boasts, too, of a social system that reflects her high democratic ideals. But this same social system relegates its colored minorities to a virtual caste system, its poor to inadequate medical care, and a sizable portion of its juvenile population to "asphalt jungles." America has a citizenry willing to



pay millions for increased police protection and hardly a penny for slum clearance—millions for punishment and nothing for prevention. She needs roads and schools but spends her money on alcohol and cigarettes and cosmetics and bombs. She tolerates a medical profession which refuses to reform its outmoded financial practices, a church that is assimilating the materialism that surrounds it, and labor unions and businessmen who exhibit disregard for public welfare. In short, America is blind to its real needs, and each segment of the social order scrambles to protect and enhance its own selfish interests.

In the realm of values America suffers from severe schizophrenia. On the one hand she preaches Christian ethics; on the other, she worships the dollar and the power of the dollar. She talks of honesty and has corruption in her governments and businesses. She claims descent from the Enlightenment, but she is giving way to the anti-rationalism of Madison Avenue which uses its subtle appeals to emotion to sell soap and political candidates and which makes a joke of reason. It is here in the realm of values that the seat of America's trouble lies. Americans are not constitutionally inferior; they are victims of cultural forces which have undermined the values of the past. Science undermined the certainties of religion and gave us materialism. Freud exposed the basic irrationality



of the human mind, and the Industrial Revolution has foisted the city on an unsuspecting and unprepared people. The old values are not wholly rejected, but they are strongly doubted. In this anarchy of values, it is no wonder that twentieth century America has grouped and stumbled. But America has not yet fallen. She is sick, but she is not yet dead.

There is hope. For while American culture has seemingly deserted its heritage, that heritage survives. Yesterday's values, though doubted, live in her tradition of civil liberties with their implicit respect for the individual. Every generation of Americans faces a challenge to this tradition, and every generation has been equal to the task. Our own generation defeated McCarthy. The vision of democracy which Jefferson left America has persisted and still inspires men who have maintained his belief in the efficacy of education and in man's rationality — men who are unwilling to surrender to Madison Avenue without a fight. Lincoln remains the ideal American, and his humanity and compassion and innate belief in the people also have retained their vast appeal in spite of the weakening of tradition. The Bill of Rights and the Civil War still stand for ideals that, while abused, have not lost their vitality. It is in a return to the vision of Jefferson and Lincoln of a nation in which all men may grow unhindered and be free and have equality before law that American can defeat the bad influences of the new cultural pressures. In a drastic adjustment of her economy to twentieth-century conditions, in a maintenance of real political democracy, and in a return to Christian ethics, a healthy and good America can be realized.

—ALLEN MATUSOW

\* \* \*

### **Recession, A Matter of Opinion**

For every piece of printed material on the newsstands today, the reader can place a small wager with the local bookmaker in the Montgomery County Court House that there will be at least one article reporting on the present recession. Although an editorial, if it is worth its own weight, will usually provoke some controversy, we will attempt to steer clear of the political implications of the present recession and limit ourselves to the economic views. After all, Wall Street can better withstand our parries and thrusts than can Pennsylvania Avenue in D. C.

Recession, according to Funk and Wagnall's Desk Standard Dictionary, is "the act of receding; withdrawal; a giving back." In the light of our present bank balance and hairline, we can unhappily agree, for the total is receding; we are continually making another withdrawal, and we are giving back to the economic system from whence it came, the money we were so long in hoarding.

Thus far the tightening strings of our economic system have not drawn closed the fat purses of our student body. The members of the senior

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class, who will leave the cloistered and carefree world of college life in a few weeks, have already found that the cold cruel world is not the place it used to be. For the first time in their pampered lives, they find that it is now swim or sink, work or starve. For many, the silver spoon in the mouth will be replaced by an iron shovel in the hand. In other years of the not-too-distance past, there were plenty of opportunities for those seeking employment, so much so that a supposedly qualified senior was often able to pick a position to suit his fancy from a choice of two or three. This year, however, the worm has turned. The old silver lining is worn thin, and the black of the storm clouds is becoming very pronounced.

For the past eighteen years, the world in general, and the United States in particular, as long as its credit holds out, has enjoyed prosperity. A false prosperity to be sure, for it was grounded upon the sandy soil of war, but it was, nevertheless, prosperity. Employment was at a peak, easy money was the byword, the inflation spiral was given its first healthy push, and the following poem became so true as to be pathetic:

Where is good old Atlas  
He took it on the lam,  
And left his world supporting job  
To Dear old Uncle Sam.

—ANONYMOUS

Although the coming of war is still most probable, we are starting to reap the results of the wild oats sown over the past two decades. The day of reckoning seems to be just around the corner, and we can almost see old Gabriel puckering up to blow that golden horn. And it won't be the sweetest music this side of Heaven when he does, not for those among the student body who can remember the closing days of the last depression. (Thank you Monty and Wes; you both have such long memories.) With it came soup for dinner every day, water in the catsup (to make it stretch), and bread without butter; these are uneasy signs. We grow a bit uneasy when we think we might once again have to cut a fresh set of cardboard insoles for our patent leather shoes. The tops were leather, but our feet were patting the ground.

But before we allow ourselves to sink to the depths of despair and take the easy way out by jumping under the spinning wheels of the nearest speeding Cadillac, bear with us while we take stock (a mistake many made in '29) of what we have and get an idea of where we stand.

The United States is a healthy country. Only 27% of our draftable male population is classed as 4-F. Our population is growing every day, but we have not come anywhere near outstripping our agricultural potential. While this increased population poses the continual problem of full employment, it also offers an expanding domestic consumers' market that has not been fully exploited. Everyone will agree that the finance companies don't quite own everything yet. The government this year alone expects to spend well over a billion dollars to subsidize agriculture, keep food prices at an all-time high, and then store the surplus so that we can have the best-fed rodents in the world.



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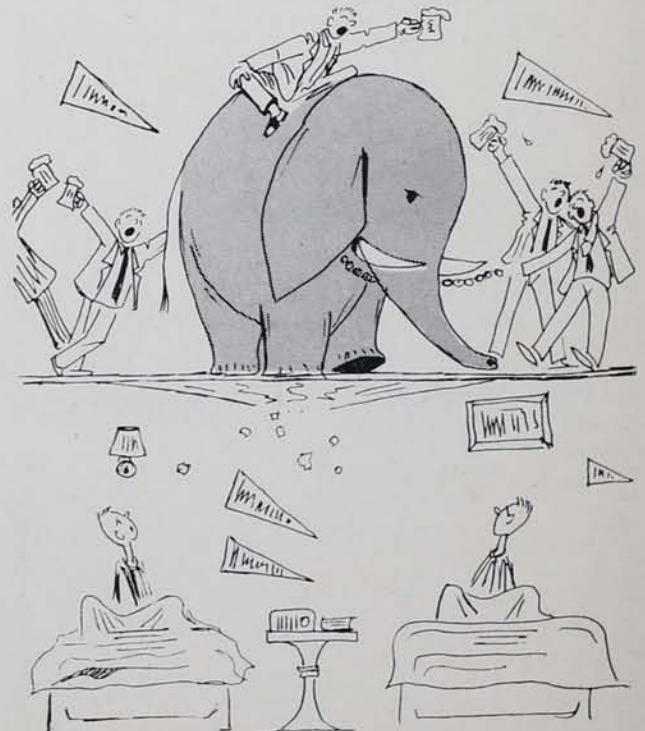
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Our natural resources, while not unlimited, are at least extensive. Incessant research and technological advances are rapidly overcoming our most critical shortages. What other country can lay claim that more money is spent yearly on booze than on education? As for manufacturing potential, there has never been a question raised as to our ability, and now that we are standing on the threshold of automation, the horizons are unlimited. Just think—the homes of the future will have coin dispensers for everything from pay television to pay tranquilizer dispensers. Pay your nickel and take your choice.

Never before has a world power been faced with such massive responsibility, both at home and abroad, and never before has a country been in a more precarious position—physically, mentally, and morally—to face up to those responsibilities.

To say that we are in a recession might be true, but we hold that it is a matter of opinion. This country, just like many of its citizens, has for years been living beyond its pocketbook. Recently it has caught up with us and we are now entering a period of revision and re-evaluation of our program. The piper must now be paid.

To say that we are in a *revision* would probably be closer to the truth. These are times in which we must revise our methods in all fields from economics through diplomacy. It is often said that the wheels of the gods grind slowly, but that they grind exceedingly fine. Such may be said of the American way of doing things. We may get off to a slow start, but once the ball gets rolling there is no stopping us until the job is completed; right or wrong, it gets done. We do not feel that it will be long until the government, through the Department of Interior and the Department of Offense, under such standouts as Secretaries Mc-



"It sounds almost like they have an . . .  
No, I guess not."



Elroy, Wilson, and Johnson, all noted for their pennypinching ways, will unite the economic systems of the United States into one government controlled unit, to be called the State of Confusion.

These are the times when we must maintain our beliefs in faith, hope, and charity. Faith in our country, hope in a better future based on our unlimited ability, and charity for our law- and policymakers on whose empty heads and puny shoulders rests the cares of the world.

—T. M. McCABE

#### In This Issue

*His Name Was*, by Bruce Heller, is a short story about the "beat" generation, about teen-age gangs and what lies beneath them.

*The Outward Bound*, a story by Samuel Miller, describes a drama that takes place on a speeding train.

Tom McCabe's poem, *Notes from the Sukura*, is a pleasing description of an American in Japan.

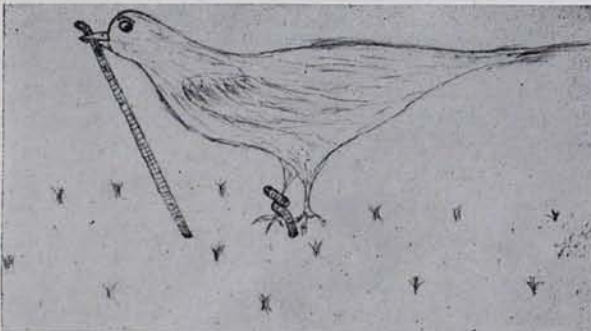
*Undaunted*, a poem by Norman Cole, tells of American troops in the Revolutionary War.

*A Champion There Was*, by Philip Rowe, is a poetic narrative about a prizefighter whose career is ending.

The cartoon on this page is the work of Samuel Miller. Others are by David Wright.

#### As We Go To Press . . .

A last-minute news flash: Art King, long-time member of THE LANTERN staff, will be next year's editor. Philip Rowe will be associate editor. We offer our congratulations to both of them, and look forward to seeing their work.



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# “His name was . . .”

BRUCE LEWIS HELLER

My name is Richards, David Richards, and the night was beautiful—so I walked. Where? Well, it's not really necessary to say because what I saw that day can be seen in any large town or city in the country.

But just for the sake of clarity, let's say I walked down the main street of my home town and thought. Troubled thoughts of the lost, confused, angry, beat generation to which I belong passed through my mind. The age of speed, the age of kicks and thrills, the age of inconsideration, the age of growing up too fast, the age of fear. The need for belonging to something frightened me, and despite the warm night, I shivered. I thought of the street gangs and their conformity, their strange code of ethics—that frightful need to belong regardless of the cost, even that of self destruction. I was thinking of this as I turned the corner onto Seventeenth Street, and there in front of me I saw the personification of my thinking.

They stood there, the three of them—ugly, large, dirty—they reminded me of Swift's Yahoos. The conformity—the terrible conformity of it. All three wore black jackets with one word on the backs—“Deacons.” How ironical—blue jeans, black boots, white tee shirts, long greasy hair, sideburns, and they call themselves the Deacons. I must have looked at them for too long a time, because I now noticed that they stared at me and one of them snapped, “Hey man, what you staring at? You want a punch in the mouth?”

I didn't answer—I couldn't answer—I was scared because I knew this was the beginning of something—of anything. He came toward me, followed closely by the other two, still holding the blade he used to clean his filthy long fingernails. They gathered around me and I noticed their conformity was pat, even to the extent of having the same sullen Presley leer on their faces. Then with a smile too quick and a blade gesture that would have made a Judo instructor flinch he said,

“What say, man, you tell me a story; I wanna hear a story; I wanna laugh—real hard—all day and all night and everytime I think about it man; I wanna laugh cause we all beat, man.”

The dry, hollow words from my mouth surprised me. “I don't know any stories that are funny. I am late for an appointment; I must go.” I looked in their faces for the approval to leave but it was absent. They leered at one another, and then the one who had “Zenny” written on the front of his jacket said in a cruel soft voice, “Man, you gonna be *real* late if you don't tell us a story.”

He laughed—an ugly, throaty sound not unlike that of an animal. “All right,” I said, “I'll tell you a story about a man—a strange man who is dead now. But it really doesn't matter that he is



dead and maybe you heard of him. His name was—”

“That sounds real crazy, cat. Let's hear it, and it better be gone, man—gone.”

He took a long drink of what they somewhat affectionately called “sneaky Pete” and passed the bottle to the others.

I began: “You see, when this man lived he was a real strange one. He thought of all kinds of different things. If he were one of you, you would make him your leader because with his thinking he could keep you safe from the police or prepared to meet other gangs. He was a thinker; he thought of the timelessness of space and the plausibility of Flash Gordon. He mused on the perfect structure of the universe and its laws. He thought of the world and the sickness of politics, the insecurity of life, and the declining quality of education. He had ideas for science and made contributions to the humanities. He had a definite philosophy of life and his own set of ethical principles, for he felt that Christianity was not evolving and staying abreast of the needs of mankind. Often he thought of time, God, life, and death. He was a well-rounded man—a man who did not need to be surrounded by little men with clappers to awaken his mind to reality. He was a forward enough man to use today for the sake of tomorrow. He was a strange one—but he was a man. His name was—”

Zenny interrupted. “Hey man, I ain't laughed yet. Tell me how he died, cat; I wanna hear. Bet it hurt—and that's funny. I beat, man, make me laugh.”

I looked at him for a time and said: “Well, he died because he was ostracized by our great society; he died because of social mores and profitless conformity. He died because he had no friends and no one wanted to be like him. He was persecuted, and those who didn't persecute him ignored him; even those governing under the high domes

(Continued on Page 14)



# A Champion There Was



PHILIP STERLING ROWE

A champion there was,  
Magnificent and great,  
With all the virtues which  
Embody champions.

A challenger there was,  
Youthfully eager, strong—  
A challenger because  
There was a champion.

They met before a crowd  
Impersonally vast;  
They shook each other's hand,  
Eyes meeting briefly.

One with still unconcealed  
Awe and admiration,  
And one with wariness  
And aged indifference.

A challenger—a champion  
And so the fight began.

\* \* \*

A lonely thing it is  
To be a champion,  
More lonely yet, to be  
An old and tired one.  
Youth has always next time;  
Youth may win by losing.  
Champions must not lose,  
Nor do they ever win.  
It is Time that triumphs, Champion.

\* \* \*

The match was close, well fought,  
But years must take their toll—  
A man determined, young,  
A tired champion.

A tragic sight it is  
When a colossus falls.  
And fall they must,  
Yet never by **their** will:

However empty victory may be,  
However temporary is the reign,  
It is a trap, and there is no escape.

The champion was beaten, broken;  
He who had never tasted blood before  
was drenched with it.

But always there is the tradition,  
And though he would have gladly given it,  
he must fight on.

"This," he thought bitterly,  
"This that you want—take it.  
"But I can't let it go,  
For I am Champion."

\* \* \*

Head bowed, with senseless eyes,  
He stumbled round by round,  
Arms flailing wildly, weak,  
Dazed, helpless, pitiful.

And then he fell, and lay there for a while,  
And tried to rise, and couldn't.—It was over.

\* \* \*

"The struggle is the thing important."  
He had struggled.

The tension, worry, all were over.  
He was free.

He looked with pity at the world's new champion.

He thought of all that lay before him.  
"I don't envy you," he said.  
And in the next day's papers:  
"To the end a champion," he read.

## Notes from the Sukura

T. M. McCABE

A sip of Saki  
Under the cherry blossoms  
In the good Doctor's garden  
Intellectual discussion on China and India  
Lands of Intrigue  
And Asian thoughts of American diplomacy.

A thought for today of the American's opinion  
Of the Asian  
Colored thus by the returning Missionaries' reports  
To their home flocks, and the view  
Taken by the homecoming war veteran  
Often not the same.

Which is the best  
Aye, which is the closest to the truth  
For that is what we seek.

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In the sunlight, amongst true friends  
And associates  
One can speak the truth that is in his heart  
Be he Christian  
Or Infidel  
For here there is no fear  
Of censure  
Or ridicule  
But only  
In the good Doctor's garden  
Under the cherry blossoms  
With a sip of Saki.

## Undaunted

NORMAN R. COLE

Bedraggled remnants of army diverse,  
Huddled, shivering in the cold  
Policing the cheerless, snowy waste,  
Why no grievance against nature's curse?

Flickering fires scant warmth provide;  
Tattered clothes show how much **they** care;  
Malnutrition, sickness, and gangrene,  
Grim reminders of those who died.

Log cabin huts so bleak and bare,  
Scarcely more than windbreak there,  
Hospital table, axe and saw—  
Blood-stained surgeon, agonizing, mute.

Oh, how they'd delight in your desperate plight,  
Could the British see you now!  
And oh what cheers with mugs of beer,  
From drunken revels in the wintry night!

Washington in greatcoat, praying aside  
Entreating God's aid under stormy sky,  
Not vengeance, not terror glazes his eye  
But love and devotion for the men who may die.

Why no cries, forsaken men,  
Why no despair at British might?  
Or plans of desertion in the fireside light?  
You nucleus of stalwarts, haggard and forlorn!

Your country reeling from British parries and thrusts,  
Your addled senses driving you on,  
Merchants, bankers, farmers and all,  
Foolish mortals, how can you swallow the gall!

The fates deride and scoff at the puny force,  
For surely it's hopelessly lost—  
O, glorious vision firmly entrenched,  
They paid the dreadful cost!



# The Outward Bound

SAMUEL C. MILLER

Penn Station is a long building with lofty pillars that reach for the sky. Beyond the pillars high-vaulted ceilings arch above in graceful curves, and flights of steps go down to the platforms where trains pause briefly to exchange their people. A chilling wind is blowing along the gleaming rails that reach toward the evening sun. Here is where our train will come; but for now all that can be seen are rows of lights reaching into the distance. Out there over the maze of tracks are hundreds of signal lights—red, yellow and green. They seem to spell something ominous just as the clock does with its slow, steady tick . . . tock . . .

I had left my office at the newspaper to see this train because many years ago as a young fellow I had traveled into the city on that very one. It hadn't been a streamliner then; streamliners and airplanes hadn't been heard of in those days. Today it will make its last trip home, and I will wish it farewell.

"I'll see you in the morning, Dave," was all I'd said to the elevator man.

\* \* \*

Out in the yard, standing quietly among long rows of cars, is a train being prepared for its last trip. Several men walk along checking wheels and bearings, couplings and air lines; and it seems to make no difference that tomorrow they will see these cars no more. They are very pretty cars—red with a black stripe running below the windows—standing glossy and silent in the evening twilight. All around, the sounds of New York are in the air, and through the ground comes the trembling of the subways. Here is shouted from every corner the works of Man. The skyscrapers—how tall they stand with lights that push back the enfolding peace of night! All around, trains are rolling in and out of the yard—trains that have personalities and trains that are just trains. Old and new, each car obediently follows the one before it and tugs at the one behind it, all guided on the gleaming rails of cold, impersonal steel beneath them.

Now an electric engine inches slowly upon our train—slows and stops—someone steps in, joins the air and power lines, waves his hand, and the train gently starts toward the great station. No one has even said goodbye as the cars are guided through the maze of switches and signal lights, leaving the side track empty and to itself in the lengthening gray shadows of dusty buildings.

\* \* \*

At the platform, people have gathered to wait, and on the other side a long train is filling with



luggage-laden passengers; they are going North to Boston but we are going West. Out at the end of the platform our train appears with a dimmed headlight, pounding toward us as the rails resound with a quick thud, the thud of a hundred wheels that gradually slow their tempo. The big engine slides by, followed by bright red cars—yes, this is the one; this is the outward bound. Open doors and hundreds of windows glide past the high platforms with only an inch to spare, yet they never quite touch. Air hisses and brakes squeal. Now it has stopped and waits in this bustling station for the last time. There aren't many people getting on at first, but soon quite a few persons come aboard. Most of them just want to be part of an historical event, but what history book records a last run? Men do such futile things, for no one will remember this.

But here I catch the spirit of the outward bound. It is going home—to a land where gentle wind blows along those desolate miles, swaying fields of grass in flowing waves—out to a land where no man smiles, for such is the land of the outward bound. And I stepped across that thin threshold; get aboard—for now I'm going home.

With a kind of gentle majesty we start out into the twilight, beyond the long platforms and bright lights into the falling darkness. It is strange to leave this city behind. Those busy years full of

*(Continued on Page 15)*





"And then the professor asked if anyone wanted to disagree."

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### "HIS NAME WAS . . ."

were oblivious to his worth. So he died—a slow painful, humiliating kind of death—just like a knife in the belly kills a man. His name was—"

"Ha, ha, ha. That's funny, man; that's real funny. You tell a good story."

They all laughed; they had to laugh because their leader laughed. Their master and Führer enjoyed the sadistic ending. The ending of life or maybe just the thought of death. I smiled and could not help wondering how much they were like the young men who marched into Poland and France—arrogant, cocksure, the masters. What keeps them from marching now? A strong central leader? Discipline? Or what makes me think they aren't marching—right here, right now? My train of thought was interrupted.

"What they do with that cat, man?"

"Yeh, man, tell me; we all wanna know."

"They buried him, and today some people kneel at his grave and weep, and tomorrow more people will weep; perhaps the whole world will mourn, for you see, his name was Intellectual."

"Ha, ha. That's crazy, man, crazy and funny. Don't you think, Chicky?"

"Yeah, Zenny; it sure is. Really funny."

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**THE OUTWARD BOUND**

hustle, excitement and anticipation perhaps were what helped to keep me going. The people I knew, so many kinds . . . will they remember?

With quickening tempo the train moves forward, dives into a tunnel going under the river and, with a quick resounding clickity-clack, it heads homeward. On the other side it races across the meadows to a transfer station. Some folks get on, but even more get off. The quiet electric engine is exchanged for a growling Diesel and soon we are rolling again, the big Diesel winding up with an earth-shaking roar which echoes from the sides of the nearby buildings. It is all behind us now, that big city with its glaring lights and crowded streets, the newspaper plant full of bustling confusion and deadlines every minute. All that is getting farther and farther behind. It is almost like a speeding dream.

The train goes through another yard with a maze of switches that would daze a stranger. A switch is a fascinating mechanism. First a clatter of wheels and then two rails slide out from under the train as it quickly rolls forward; it is very fascinating . . . yes, and even dangerous. Beyond the yard is a green light, a clear track for this last race through the night, out onto a pretty country branch line that would no longer be used. Shin-

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Main Street

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COMPLIMENTS OF

**A FRIEND**

ing, gleaming, on it goes as into a curve it gently bends.

\* \* \*

Out in the hills a peaceful village lies along the track. It is a very quiet place with just ordinary folks to live in it. The only distinguishing building is a white church surrounded by ancient elm trees; this is just a sleepy country village whose gathering place was the old general store. As the sun sets low behind a hill, the green grass and trees seem to be a shade lighter for a few moments as the train pulls into this little town. Perhaps I should get off—I want to go back. But, I'm too tired to get up just now—I'll get off at the next town. Yes, this man can get out here . . .

And so a man steps out of the train and says goodbye to an old friend as it starts forward into the lengthening shadows and is gone. Somewhere among the hills a bell is ringing and it prompts him to say:

"Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark."

He strides slowly up the tree-lined street muttering: "I wish I knew the rest . . ."

\* \* \*

It begins to rain a bit—they notice it first in the cab of the roaring Diesel whose headlight stabs into the night ahead of them, swinging wide as they bank into long curves. A green light flits by, and the engineer says, "I will



speed a bit tonight; let's have some fun since tomorrow's run will never be." Onward, it rolls, a speeding train—speeding through the murky rain.

I catch the feeling of the speed and somehow it makes me feel better. I remember the lines of a man who wrote in our paper one day: "Is life a dream, a speeding dream to which there is no end? Are we but mortal fools to think—at death—what then?"

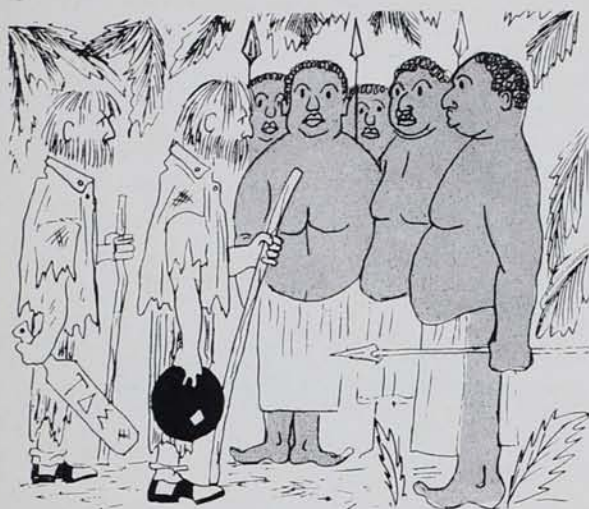
Now I feel the train slow a bit; I'll get off here. But wait—there will be no way back from here; this train will be no more. Then I'll stay. It doesn't really matter now; I'm too tired to go back to that.

\* \* \*

At another town along a river the tracks cross to the other side. Rain is falling; it is a gentle, penetrating rain whose drops reflect lights on every tree and bush. Over the bridge, the green signal light is also reflected on the wet rails and timbers and even in the little puddles along the way. Then, through the quiet rain comes the lonely call of a faint chime horn as it echoes among the

hills, and soon roar of the engine comes also, gradually growing louder as it draws closer. The rails begin to tremble and re-sound with the heavy vibration as the headlight beam, reflected by millions of falling raindrops, swings around a curve. The heavy engine idles as it runs out onto the long steel bridge that gives a hollow note to





"Tell 'em, Chief, that we're from Ursinus College on a fraternity ride."

the quick clickity-clack of many wheels, but on the other side it starts up with a mighty roar. Many car windows throw light on the wet grass, which reflects it faintly back on the gleaming red cars as they charge past. The end comes quickly, red marker lights blend for a moment with the red signal light and then are beyond—fading into the murky distance to the land where they would move no more. Again, the quiet sound of falling rain gives a serene peace to the whole scene.

\* \* \*

It's too late to go back and I'm too tired now. Oh, Divine Redeemer, forget me not, but forget my sins, my doubts and despairs . . . And thank You for the peace and content of this night, the inspiration found in things around me . . . yes, and even for those moment of despair, for they have taught me something . . . give strength for what lies beyond. Be whate'er I need You most to be . . .

\* \* \*

Racing, racing to the West a speeding train, speeding on through murky rain. Charging through the rolling hills, charging onward to its home where in the station a lonely clock hung on the wall, its pendulum slowly ticking the minutes

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on: tick . . . tock . . . tick . . . Outside, thin wisps of fog begin to swirl about the signal tower, and down along the cold rails it creeps like a silent cat stalking a mouse; and soft was the voice of the fog.

So tired . . . why are we stopping now . . . strange land . . . kind of weird serenity here . . . that gentle wind in my face . . . thank You, Father . . .

Somewhere in the expanse of night a solitary bird hoots to an insensitive form that stands, lonely and forlorn in the still, still silence of death. A gentle wind whispers along the desolate miles swaying the grass in flowing waves. This is the land where no man smiles—it is the land of the outward bound.

\* \* \*

Early the next morning a bewildered young stranger stepped out into the busy station with its tall pillars still reaching for the sky. He walked without direction to a bustling street—walked on—came to a large newspaper shop—read:

Boy Wanted

He hesitated a moment and then walked in.

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