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THE LANTERN

DECEMBER, 1936

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THE LANTERN

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1936

NO. 1

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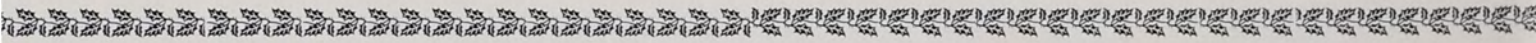
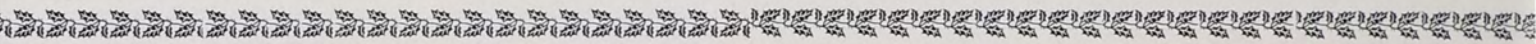
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All of Us

—AN EDITORIAL

AS THE LANTERN begins its fifth year at Ursinus it is time to reflect upon how well it is fulfilling its purpose.

It was conceived out of the need for literary expression on our campus. It was founded as a literary magazine "of the students, by the students, and for the students," to be tempered by the guidance of faculty advisers.

Its founders realized that certain conditions apply to the literary magazine of a college campus which make it differ from a commercialized community magazine. These conditions refer mainly to the types and standards of articles solicited and accepted.

The primary requisite is, of course, that there is real literary value in the articles accepted, whether they be stories, essays, or poems. The second requisite is that they contain material of real interest to the readers, a point upon which I wish to enlarge.

We have upon our campus many curricular and extra-curricular activities of widely diversified interests, each of which has its own followers. It is these followers, whether they be scientists or linguists, whom THE LANTERN attempts to unite through the bonds of literary expression. There occur in each of these activities experiences which, if incorporated into well-written articles, would appeal to all the students. The article in this issue entitled "Danger! Germs Working!" is an illustration in point. In like manner, a review of a good book which all of us wish we had time to read, would be appreciated.

In other words, we mean simply this: Our magazine falls short of its original purpose of being a publication for the students unless it contains articles which represent the interests of all the students.

This does not mean that we will lower our standards to admit a wider range of material. It means rather that we believe that the literary talent on our campus is widely diffused among various interests, and that we are encouraging the expression of this talent in literary efforts about subjects with which the writers are acquainted and in which the students are interested.

Scientists, historians, musicians, athletes, linguists—we invite you to help us make THE LANTERN a magazine of and for the students.

Public Dance

VERNON GROFF

(PRIZE WINNER
in the
Short Story Contest)

I KNEW of course that she was dancing in the past, living over again the days of her youth, which memory hugged tenaciously because she was old and those days were far more beautiful than the present.

I didn't see her at first. I never expected to see her. All I saw was girls that were young. There must have been two hundred of them on the dance floor.

When I first broke through the cluster of men who crowded about the entrance, I observed that the hall was large, and that it was dimly diffused with blue light. Rhythm tugged at me, and I heard that the orchestra was good, but it played too fast. So I sat down, and beside me sat my three companions.

There was an atmosphere of gay hilarity. All the young people laughed, because it was Saturday night and the work-week was behind. They gave themselves over to the full enjoyment of the moment, without thinking of yesterday's pants factory or tomorrow's church. There was today to be lived and tonight to be danced.

The jazz band softly swung into "The Way You Look Tonight," and one hundred and fifty of the two hundred girls arose from their seats along the wall in response to as many masculine offers of partnership. The broad, gleaming, floor filled rapidly as one hundred and fifty pairs of bodies swung and swirled and swayed. I would have danced too, but my courage was not yet screwed to the sticking point.

As I sat and watched the couples on the floor, I thought to myself that they looked like molecules in the Brownian movement. They bumped each other like molecules, but they didn't always move in straight lines. They came and went in the most erratic fashion, and I marvelled at the plasticity of the modern dance, at the multitude of variegated styles it can adopt when forced into expression. All types of terpsichorean maneuvers I watched, with pleasure, and would perhaps have liked to imitate, but that at the moment I was content to enjoy the antics of others.

But when I saw her come up the floor far down along the side, I looked sharply, because I couldn't believe my eyes; involuntarily I said to myself, "Why doesn't someone chase her off the floor?" She didn't belong there. The sight of her struck an unsympathetic chord in me, because I felt that she was out of place. She was little and old and wizened, and she was dancing by herself.

When she had come up to where I sat, I could see the drabness of her dark blue, shapeless dress, and the dullness of her worn-down shoes. As she went by, I watched her feet, because I could not help wondering at the little

mincing steps she took, in a half waltz, half fox-trot sort of movement. I looked at my companion beside me, and he looked at me. By then she had curved around the corner at the far end, and had disappeared in the milling throng.

The music stopped, and then quickly surged into "Shoe Shine Boy." No longer watching the people on the floor, I sat and wondered. She was too old to be going to public dances. Distantly, I heard the orchestra tear into another frenzy with "Tiger Rag." Her hair was white as snow. She was far too old.

The dance ended, and the side of the room where I sat was besieged by shouting, joking groups of youngsters. Smooth-faced boys cast about among red-lipped, young-limbed maidens, hunting for the next dance.

I knew when the orchestra began with the measured melody of "When Did You Leave Heaven" that I would see her again. She came up the side of the hall just as she had come before, but this time I was not revolted and abashed. She was too much in earnest. Her arms were folded on her flat chest, and her chin rested just above them. Not once raising her eyes, she was completely oblivious to the swirl about her. She was a solemn, beautiful swan, moving sedately through a dancing, scattering flock of water-skates. They shot aside to let her pass. I looked at the other young people sitting along the wall, and saw that no one even noticed her. Then I knew that she came here regularly.

She never turned from the calmness of the dance floor's edge. Straight up its length she shuffled in a strangely outmoded, swaying, zig-zag line, until once again she was swallowed up in the eddying maelstrom. When the next number began fast, I knew that she was sitting down somewhere along the wall, and I went back to my musing. Once she had been a good dancer, a long, long time ago. She had been a belle of the gay nineties, a fair-cheeked, budding young girl, and I knew that she had had a lover. I could see her in a bodiced, billowing gown, with her lustrous brown hair piled high in pompadours, and her trim little feet fitted neatly into shining black slippers.

The "Blue Danube" crashed through the wall of time that enveloped me, and I turned my eyes down to the end of the room expectantly and eagerly. Almost ethereally she became disentangled from the solid, shifting mass and grew before my eyes, floating up to me as in a dream. Her step was lighter, and a certain springiness crept into her carriage. Slowly she lifted her head from her chest, and as she came toward me, the film of the

(Continued on Page 20)

In Tibet, of All Places

EDWARD L. FRENCH

RECENTLY received a letter concerning an article which I wrote for the June 16, 1935 issue of *The Magazine of Primitive Psychology*. The writer of the letter, who is entirely unknown to me, expressed a deep interest in a subject which I touched but lightly, and begged me to go into greater detail, as, he said, it appeared to deal with a topic with which he was entirely familiar. Just how it is possible for him to be conversant with such a subject I am, unfortunately, unable to say, for the experience of which I speak took place in a region far removed from our own. Indeed, it is a region which is rarely visited by even the most intrepid travellers.

At the time when I observed the strange circumstances which attracted the attention of my correspondent, I was travelling as a member of a Smithsonian Institute Asiatic expedition. We had just left Tibet, where we had obtained much interesting information concerning the social psychology of the Tibetan native.* By an odd coincidence, night overtook us before we had gone five miles from the border, so we were forced to trust ourselves to the hospitality of the first town we came to. It was a mountain village, typical of the Cashmere Range, with small houses, unpaved streets, and very dirty inhabitants. We were not greeted at the gate, but were permitted to enter unmolested, indeed, practically unnoticed.

We spent the night in the large central hut, a sort of town hall, and were entirely undisturbed until early next morning, when the normal sounds of village activity awoke us.

It took but a few minutes to gather our traveling material together and prepare to leave. Indeed, we were in the street, heading towards the gate, before we noticed an odd circumstance which served to delay our departure.

The village appeared to be divided into two classes, each distinguishable by its form of dress. One class wore the usual habit of the Tibetan native, while the other wore a queer, round, red hat, and a green cloth which hung from the neck down to the feet. Indeed, in some cases, the cloth was so long that the wearer tripped over it at every step. The red-capped individuals were continually removing and replacing their headgear. So continual was the motion that it seemed a miracle to me that their arms were not worn out by over-exercise.

It occurred to me that this obvious two-caste system might offer material for an interesting study in connection with our expedition, so I stopped one of the hat-lifters and, using a Tibetan form of the Chinese language, asked him to direct me to the headman of the village. He answered me in the same language, but interspersing,

*The reader may consult *The Magazine of Primitive Psychology*, June 16, 1935, pp. 72-96.

every few seconds, a strange word which sounded like "Hehu!" Also, he continued to raise and lower his hat all the time he was talking to me. This, needless to say, was very annoying and made his speech almost unintelligible, but I managed, after much difficulty, to decipher his directions.

I found the headman seated on a wooden chair and smoking an unbelievably long clay pipe. I approached him with an appearance of servility, and outlined my plan to him. As I had anticipated, he told me that I might remain as long as I desired, and indicated his willingness to answer any questions that I might ask. I sat down beside him and entered into conversation. I translate, for the benefit of those readers who are not versed in the Tibetan dialect:

"Is it true that you have a two-caste system in operation in this village?"

"It is not exactly true. What you term 'caste' is merely a disciplinary distinction."

"Disciplinary?"

"Yes. You see, certain rules are laid down by members of one group, which must be obeyed by all members of the other group. Let us call the group that makes the rules 'A.' The 'B' group is composed of the persons who have been residing in our village less than a year. They may be distinguished by their red caps and green neckbands."

"What are some of these rules?"

"The wearing of the caps and bands is, of course, the chief rule. Then, there is one that says that all members of group B should raise their caps to everyone they meet, at the same time saying 'Hehu,' which, translated, means 'Hello.' They are not permitted to use the front door of any building, and—"

"By what authority are these rules passed?"

"Oh, there is no special authority; it is merely a matter of custom. In fact, the Grand Lama of the district forbids such practices, but he never enforces this."

"After the first year of residency is over, what happens?"

"A member of group B who has resided in our village a year automatically becomes a member of group A."

"And then he, too, aids in passing rules against his former friends?"

"Yes, that is usually the case."

"Suppose these rules are not obeyed?"

"Then we enforce a more vicious rule, such as wearing a taller head-dress, or a longer scarf."

"And what is the purpose of this procedure?"

"Purpose? Why, I really don't know. I never thought

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Thoughts

(Prize Winner in the Poetry Contest)

ROBERT E. YOH

*I think of God when I think of these:
Of towering cliffs, of growing trees,
Of the waving grass, the flower's sweet scent,
Of the setting sun when the day is spent,
Of rivers, of lakes, of streams, of seas—
I think of God when I think of these.*

*Of birds on the wing,
Of the songs that they sing,
Of a calm summer day,
Of winds at play,
Of various good things that I can see—
All of these mean God to me.*

*I think of God when I think of these:
Of daytime's toil, of vesper's ease,
Of a summer's rain, of a winter's snow,
Of seasons as they come and go,
Of a flowering field swept by the breeze—
I think of God when I think of these.*

*Of the sun that brings with her the morn,
Of the colors seen where day is born,
Of the Jack-in-the-pulpit we cannot hear,
As he preaches his sermon in the spring of the year,
Of a valley seen from a mountain above—
All of these teach me that God is Love.*

*I think of God when I think of these:
Of flowing waters as they freeze,
Of purple hills seen in the distant haze,
Of the yellowing trees in autumn's last days,
Of land, of sky, of things that please—
I think of God when I think of these.*

Subterranean Conflict On the Campus

The Need for Redefinition

EUGENE SHELLEY

FROM day to day the seeds of discontent, hate, ill feeling, and disagreement spring to life in various corners of the campus, sometimes to penetrate to the five hundredth member of the student body, other times to die with the passing of the moment's passion as it stirred the coals to fire within an individual. But slowly, subtly, the cumulation of feeling of this day and that day determines the whole pattern which marks the attitude and spirit of the college man and woman toward their alma mater—their fellows, their teachers, and their heritage of traditions.

Dialectically considered, there are three distinct groups on the collegiate campus: the Student Body, whose task is to learn; the Faculty, whose task is to teach; and the Administration, whose task is to provide conditions favorable to teaching and learning. Ideally, these three functions are united in the concept we know as a college in order that a certain type of individual may finally emerge. But practically, we recognize that no college fits this picture, for in sundry ways the undergraduate voices his disaffection toward his college. He may utilize the columns of the college newspaper to give vent to his feelings, or he may confine himself to vile mutterings in a "bull session." In sundry ways, too, the Faculty looks with disapprobation upon the activities of the Student Body. Conflicts do exist, a number needlessly large because they could be resolved if subjected to frank and honest discussion by reasonable human beings, which we all professedly are.

Perhaps it is first necessary to inquire into the sources of the conflicts which consistently occur beneath the surface.

One must realize, of course, that the present-day college embraces more territory than the concept previously stated, for it is a community, which requires a whole host of person-to-person, and person-to-group relationships. Moreover, colleges everywhere have been invaded by a multitude of activities—clubs, athletics, publications, dramatics, et cetera—in order that learning may proceed by "practical" methods, or, more often, that learning of a different kind may take place.

Toward these three phases of college life, namely, academic work, extra-curricular activity, and community relationships, each group must adopt an attitude, a point of view, upon which to base the rules governing its action. Very often the attitudes held by the students and the faculty-administration are at variance with each other and the differences lead to the adoption of separate codes upon which each group privately acts. Little attempt is

made to reach a mutual agreement and the result is the creation of an antagonism between two forces which ought to supplement each other.

In those areas where either students or faculty have the lone interest, each may legitimately and safely be left to exercise its jurisdiction singly, but where there are joint interests which do not always coincide, the establishment of a student-faculty relationship capable of providing the means for a reconciliation of interests is sorely needed, if the subterranean rumblings are to be silenced. In reply to the certain objection that, despite utmost freedom of deliberation, some interests will remain incompatible, two suggestions are offered: (1) jurisdiction within such fields must be strictly defined and authority given to a single group; (2) since the group mentioned in (1) would usually be the faculty, they must renew with ever more vigor their efforts to impart to students the attitudes and ideals which are theirs. For this is the task that every real teacher must set for himself.

The inquiry into origins of conflict reveals a second major cause. Just as there is a haziness in defining situations and jurisdiction over those situations, so is there a corresponding confusion in the educational world with regard to the object the college wishes to accomplish and the object it attempts to accomplish. Anyone who seeks to discover an ideal peculiar to college students, which sets them off from people outside academic halls, is invariably disillusioned by his quest. If he does find one, he must often be ashamed by the character of the ideal.

The professor and the brilliant student together bemoan the absence of a passion for research and investigation of the fields of knowledge. Meanwhile, the athlete commands universal admiration and envy. The campus leader views the world with a hard and cold eye, and concludes that "man gets along" in the world by his ability to get along with other people. Therefore he collects offices, badges, honors, and tags of a hundred varieties. Everywhere he is greeted as "Brother." For him a "B" grade is the proper rank: "A" connotes too much academic grinding, whereas a "C" indicates a failure to impress a professor that he is above mediocrity.

The outcome of these varying goals has been an effort by colleges to synthesize the elements of truth in each objective into a general statement which views the whole man. Thus Ursinus College states six specific aims with reference to its students: intellectual, cultural, vocational, health, social, and character. What no one seems willing to admit, however, is that time and energy directed toward the attainment of one aim inevitably detracts from the

degree of attainment from another aim. (The old argument that the development of a stronger body will aid in developing a stronger mind is beside the point here.) The colleges state their beliefs and by half-hearted action or none at all in regard to aims other than intellectual belie their belief in the "well-rounded, balanced personality."

Furthermore, there is a growing realization among educators that individuals possess different dominant capacities that ought to have special training. There are the mechanical, the intellectual, the creative capacities, and others. Here again the colleges are unwilling to define their functions and revise their programs to fulfill a particular function. Instead they seek to give different kinds of training within the same structure. The result is

that students, who, placed in the stimulative company of like-minded persons, might be led into a full realization of their capacities must now commingle with others of different capacities, and consequently, different desires and interests. The effect on the college is to produce a disunion of spirit which chokes enthusiasm and spontaneity of action.

We believe, in summary, that the conflicts on the average campus are of two kinds: first, those which are local and curable by the college itself; secondly, those which must await further investigation by educational experts and the reorganization of the colleges to fulfill new functions. But the first step in either case is a willingness to recognize and settle the disputes which are now tacitly avoided.



Out, Out Into Fragrance and Sweetness!

(Honorable Mention in the Poetry Contest)

EVELYN HUBER

*Out, out into fragrance and sweetness,
Away from all trouble and ill,
Into bright sunshine and breezes,
Through woodland and neighboring hill.*

*Forgetting the world is about you;
Forgetting in life that you're you;
Only enlisting the sweetness,
The fragrance, the sunshine, and dew.*



My Soul Steals Out to Meet You In the Night

(Honorable Mention in the Poetry Contest)

JEAN L. ULSH

*I spend my day-time trying to forget;
I concentrate on things with all my might;
But when, work done, I try to chain it fast,
My soul steals out to meet you in the night.*

*It heeds not my commands, my prayers, my pleas;
It gives my reason one perpetual fight;
It looks at me with mocking, conquering scorn,
And then steals out to meet you in the night.*

*If my soul comes, defiant, to your door,
Will you receive it, or must it take flight?
It bears a message, dear—my love for you;
My soul steals out to meet you in the night.*

Bored Young Lady

DICK YAHRAES

MIRIAM wished to heaven the phone would stop ringing. Mr. Grossmann had been seeking her out for two days now. He had waited for her after lunch at the factory; he had suggested several times that there was no reason why she should ride home in a crowded trolley, when he had his car waiting; and now, making herself comfortable at home, she had barely taken off her shoes when the phone was ringing again.

"I'd like to go, Mr. Grossman, but I'm really very tired tonight." Oh, but then he'd want to come out to the house. She was glad her mother hadn't come home; let the phone ring!

She opened her borrowed copy of "If I Had Four Apples." Oh, *there* it was . . . Bill's letter, which she'd given up as lost, was serving to mark her place in the novel.

The telephone rang and rang, and presently it stopped; but Miriam was scanning Bill's four pages of scrawled correspondence, and she took no notice.

Bill and his roommate, Al, had hitch-hiked to the Rutgers game . . . the letter told of sleeping in an apple orchard . . . she recalled that one time he had casually lodged in a jail for the night . . . he was becoming so independent . . . she wondered if his mother knew he had been on a beer party one time . . .

Once upon a time she had had Bill; at least he had told her all his little dreams, back in high school. Which law school he wanted to go to . . . his belief that frat house life kept a fellow from studying . . . big things and little things, that made her feel as if she and Bill belonged together. She had imagined he'd be the same way in college. But—

"Miriam, I've pledged Sigma Chi . . . only way to get places in the things that matter is to play frat politics . . . oh, I was a kid when I told you *that* . . . a fellow and I are thinking of starting a Socialist Club . . . I flunked philosophy; but I never went to his class much anyway . . . you know that Mr. Stevens? He thinks he can get me a job with the government when I get out of here . . . oh, why worry about law school? Six years, and then where are you? . . . besides, the next war'll be along by that time . . ."

Phrases like those came to her eyes as she read Bill's letter, by the living room lamp. He never used to talk that way.

They'd been to the movies together when he was home for Thanksgiving. And at Christmas, he'd been over for dinner. But even when they were out together on New Year's Eve, she had had a vague idea that his dates were for old time's sake.

"But Miriam; you've *gotta* have a Tom Collins . . . it's New Year's . . . we have to celebrate."

No, she had said, and he had been silent then, but he had given her an odd look.

Well, she couldn't help if she acted the way she had been brought up. She realized that the girls at the state college were different; in an unguarded moment, Bill had confessed, "The co-eds don't worship convention. They're cosmopolitan; they're swell."

In other words, she, Miriam, must be the opposite of cosmopolitan . . . small-townish. Bill had been too polite to say so; but the hurt of his unwitting remark was with her still.

She laid the letter aside. She wished now that she had answered the phone. This business of spending a boring evening at home was just about as bad as sitting at a restaurant table opposite the boring Mr. Grossmann.

No, that wasn't true. Here at home, she could at least sleep, without hurting anyone's feelings by doing so.

The trouble was, she didn't feel sleepy. She should write herself a play on life at the factory . . . she used to be a good writer in high school. But what would she put into the play?

Well, there were the dead insects spread out in a grey smudge on her machine every morning. The mercury-vapor lamps which burned for the night shift attracted these gnats; they danced all night to the crashing rhythm of the rolling-machines and the paper cutters; and their corpses were hers to sweep away before she turned on her machine in the morning. But you couldn't put bugs into a play, even a play about factories.

You couldn't talk about the lunchroom meals, either. Try to build a play around two mill girls debating on what was best to eat!

"Shall we have cup cakes and ice cream today, or an apple and an éclair . . . or should we make it an apple and cup cakes?"

The morning interlude with the bugs, and the noon-day choice of desserts . . . those were the only events of interest in her factory day. The work was easy enough: guide the paper as it wound onto the waxing rollers; push the cutting lever when the proper length had been reached; guide the paper; push the cutting lever; guide the paper; push the . . . oh yes, and if your machine jammed, call the mechanic.

Calling the mechanic meant time off, and most of the girls liked the mechanic anyway, because he had white teeth, and he'd grin at you. Maybe he'd date you, and on his salary, he had money to spend.

But Miriam didn't want the mechanic. In her mind, he was bound up with the green-and-white uniforms that all the girls had to wear, and the constant sitting on a high stool watching reams of paper being formed into waxed cylinders. "Damned factory!" she muttered, and envied Bill his wicked, interesting college life.

Soon, of course, she'd have enough money saved to go to the school for librarians in Ann Arbor. No more, then, of the factory; and perhaps Bill would think *her* cosmopolitan, when she had left the small town for boarding school . . .

She was still a factory girl meanwhile, and a bored one. She wished her mother would come home; even talk about Ladies' Aid would be diverting. "If I Had Four Apples" was a sad book, too much like her own life to make enjoyable reading.

Only eight o'clock. The phone would be ringing again soon, she suspected. "Virtuous Maiden Flees Clutches of Wicked Mr. Grossmann" she spelled out in her imagination, and smiled despite herself. She went to the hall closet for her coat.

Miriam had decided to leave the house. She'd go down to the Y.W.C.A. En route, there would be lights and noise, and she could look in shop windows at the gown displays as she walked.

So out into the winter night! Out, and away from boredom. Table tennis at the Y.W. would keep her busy until bedtime. There'd be other girls. They'd laugh, and talk, and maybe go down to the gym for basketball. Anyway, there'd be people. Silly, small-town people. But it wouldn't be for long. And it would pass the time away . . .



Guay Shin's Prayer

DOROTHY BURTON

TWO small yellow hands grasped a black lacquer box. Wooden splints, each inscribed with an odd character, protruded from the round open end. Delicately they were shaken, as two narrow, dark eyes watched intently. The room was silent.

Guay Shin was not thinking of her sister, Lee Tsia, and her "foreign" friend standing nearby, nor did she think of the smiling monk whose tousled gray head protruded from the opening in the white-washed wall. The gay, red embroideries hung especially for the New Year were non-existent for her. Her attention was only for the splints, the prayer, and the goddess who could answer.

As Guay Shin knelt before Kwan Yin, the giver of mercy, she dared to hope. The gilt paint upon the plaster goddess was dull with age and dust. The splints rattled faintly. The first one to click on the stone floor would tell what the answer *must* be.

The monk prepared a sweet tea in his cell. He passed steaming cups of it to us through the square hole in the wall. We warmed our fingers by instinctively cupping them about the hot china. Dainties appeared from the same source—sugared lotus seed, sesame candies, spiced olives. Our "host" gestured and smiled that we should partake.

At last one splint had protruded and fallen to the floor. Guay Shin carried it to the monk. In a leisurely way he thumbed the dog-eared pages of a book. Finally the answer was found. Guay Shin smiled confidently and sipped her tea.

On Playing Ping-Pong

JACK MALONEY

(or, THE CHINESE
HAD A
NAME FOR IT)

EVERY person seriously interested in pursuing the royal sport of ping-pong, (pronounced ping-pong or, according to the Siberian dictionary, pingski-pong-ski), will find it convenient to use a ball, known, for some reason or other, as a ping-pong ball. The ball is about an inch and a half in diameter and is made of a material which makes it bounce with the alacrity of a ping-pong ball. The balls are very fragile and should always be treated with due courtesy. It has been definitely proved (see *American Journal of Science*, November, 1931) that the balls break when stepped on. Many players look forward to breaking the ball so that they can put a match to it and then insidiously watch the lovely bon-fire resulting. This, I think, is a hedonistic act, for after all, the person who puts the match to the ball has the most fun.

The paddle is another essential piece of equipment, now universally used. This is an oval-shaped, rubber-matted piece of wood, from which extends a four-inch handle. I advise the beginner to use this handle to hold the paddle, since that's what the handle is there for. As a matter of sporting etiquette, each player may use only one paddle at a time, unless the player presents a note (or a reasonably correct facsimile) from his congressman, stating that he may do otherwise (and even then he must use only one paddle). The paddle may be held in either the right or the left hand, but those in the better circles turn thumbs down on the use of the feet for such a purpose.

A third necessity is the net, but suppose we bounce right over that and proceed with a discussion of actual play.

In order to start a game, it is necessary to have someone at the opposite end of the table to return the ball if you should hit it over the net. This individual is known as an opponent. He is the one who wins the game if you don't. There are several procedures for securing opponents. You might tip-toe quietly up to someone who appears to have nothing to do and politely say, "My good man, could you go for a tiff at ping-pong?" Or you might use the more barbaric approach in which you saunter up to your victim and exclaim in a gruff voice, "Ping-pong?" If the latter method is used, always allow the one approached a few seconds to figure out what you're talking about.

After an opponent has been secured, the next problem

is to determine who is to start serving. This may be decided by flipping a five-dollar gold-piece or by holding a preliminary wrestling match, the winner gaining the privilege of serving first.

The serve is executed by striking the ball [NOTE: with the paddle] so that it bounces over the net onto the opposite court (you hope). The person receiving the serve has two alternatives: one, he may hit the ball back over the net; two, he may just ignore the ball and act as though nothing had happened. There's really no point in doing the latter, except that the server then gets the point.

The strokes most used in playing ping-pong are the fore-hand Laufer stroke and the back-hand "flick" shot. The fore-hand stroke is accomplished by lifting the right foot off the ground, then the left foot, then both feet; at the same time, leaning as far forward as is possible without striking your chin on the table. The ball is struck with a swift upper-cut motion, and it should go over the net if your right foot was far enough off the ground [*i. e.*, under standard conditions of temperature and pressure]. The "flick" shot requires a more graceful pose. Preferably, the player should stand on tip-toes, much in the manner of a ballet dancer. The chest and jaw should be thrust forward in a defiant mood. The right hand, holding the paddle, is held far to the left and by a simple wrist twitch, the "flick" shot is achieved. If your empty left hand makes you feel self-conscious, you might stick it in your pocket or hold on to a book during the game. Do not, under any circumstances, attempt to read the book!

After the fundamentals of ping-pong have been mastered, improvement comes only with practice. Most male players enjoy a phenomenal betterment when there's a blonde in the front row of the cheering section (if there is a cheering section). Under these conditions, mediocre ping-pongers (colloquial) have executed "impossible" shots. So if your game is rather lacking, you will do well to include a fair damsel as an additional piece of equipment. In other words, carry your own applause.

Those desiring further information on the correct playing of ping-pong may write directly to me (inclosing three dollars to cover postage) or, better yet, read the instruction book that comes with every ping-pong set.

The Love-life of One Cat and the Death of Another

VERNON GROFF

(PRIZE WINNER

in the

Familiar Essay Contest)

THIS business of shooting a policeman's cat is not so good. Any man who loves cats has a right to own one, and it is an infringement upon his personal liberty to deprive him of this prerogative. Personally, I have never had any abiding love for a feline animal. The reason for this I can very probably trace to an inherited characteristic, which I have had handed down to me from my father's side of the family. My father is a hater of cats of the first magnitude. To my mind he is undoubtedly justified in his attitude, because he was once betrayed by a cat, who was a member of the family for a number of years. Where she came from I do not know. I cannot remember back sufficiently far to recollect the occasion of her appearance in my life. But just the fact that I can recall she slept under the back porch and caught mice in the cellar is sufficient evidence for me to be sure she was in the family.

We called this cat "Pussy," that being a name which seemed to suit her nature and constitution as well as any. Pussy, I am grieved to relate, had one failing that was the ultimate cause of her falling into disrepute with my father. He thought well of her, to be sure, but this one fault he could never quite condone. She had an extraordinary affinity for cats of the opposite sex.

I have since never once questioned her right to go out on a moonlight evening and consort with male cats, since undoubtedly it was something in her nature which she could not successfully overcome. The bad part of it was, however, that she loved not wisely but too well. The fourth time she came out from under the back porch with a tribe of kittens, my father became almost apoplectic, and his fury was a horrible thing to see. After that he took to keeping a shotgun beneath the bed. At the first sign of a feline yowl on the back fence, he would leap from his sleep and shatter the stillness of the night with a blast of mustard seed. The neighbors of course were unsympathetic with this drastic measure. It was effectual, however. Pussy's retinue of suitors became greatly dissipated. They were very probably discouraged by the unseemly noise. We never found a dead tomcat in the alley, which I account for by explaining that my father ended his hunting days when he married my mother. And anyway, it was dark when these little skirmishes took place.

Pussy's reaction to all this was sad to see, but my father was adamant. She slowly pined away for lack of attention, and one spring day she disappeared never

to come back again. The call of the wild evidently was too strongly in her blood, and she deemed it wiser to abandon her human friendships rather than sour her life by the rankling of a repressed desire.

The family as a whole missed her, because the mice tribe began to propagate joyously and to speedily develop into a horde. The food in the cellar was never the same afterwards. But my father refused to get another cat, because by now he was a confirmed hater of the whole breed. Of course I respected my father, and being a chip off the old block, as it were, and desirous of emulating him, I strove to hate cats likewise. So successful was I in my efforts that I shot down the policeman's cat with no compunction whatsoever.

I have since been sorry for this action, not so much because of the insult I did to the local constable, but for the injury I did to the cat. Furthermore, as I said before, if any man loves cats, he has a right to own one. In these later years, with the perspective of time and age to guide me, I can only justify the crime by attributing it to the somewhat uncontrollable, should I say—devilishness, of normal boyhood. And anyway, our home town police officer was a trifle too officious, if I may indict a policeman for attending too conscientiously to his duty.

Certainly I realize there is a limit to everything. But it seems to me that it is a deliberate attempt to stunt a boy's mental growth, to prevent him from giving expression to his adolescent nature. I see no harm in letting a group of youngsters (somewhat impish and annoying though they may be) ring a few doorbells in the domestic peace of a small-town, autumn evening. Autumn gets in a boy's blood, and with Hallowe'en not far off, it is more or less instinct for him to feel mischievous. And would you make the boy a sissy or an introvert, just for the sake of resting in peace after a hard day's work? If adults would only enter the spirit of the thing. With a bit of understanding co-operation, it would be just as easy to go to the front door with a smiling face, and with genial good nature extract the pin which the boyish little devils have stuck in the doorbell button. But no, the grown-ups do not see it thus; they call up the local police officer, who swoops down on the neighborhood in a bandit-chaser and stretches a police net for the youngsters, mere babes in arms, as it were. I will admit that this chase by the long arm of the law is only wont to add zest to the boyish sport.

But in our case, the local policeman's interference had got to be so determined that it suddenly became intolerable.

I suppose it really was in the nature of the spirit of revenge that prompted one of my playfellows to suggest the annihilation of the officer's cat, but I never saw it that way. It was not in the mental composition of myself to hold rancor or malice toward the officer, who was only doing his duty as the neighbors saw it, to be sure. But suffice it to say that, what with mob feeling running high and the electricity of the lynching spirit lying tense over the gang, the spark of further adventure set me off and I became an accomplice to the felony.

One of the little hellions lugged forth a .22 calibre rifle from his father's house, and off we trekked to the kill. Up Noble Street we sneaked, and when we had come to the alley behind the policeman's house, what should be walking leisurely down the backyard pavement but the object of our clandestine hunt. Somehow or other the loaded .22 had found its way into my

hands, and after a deal of surreptitious glancing around and a bit of prodding from my companions in crime, I killed the officer's cat.

It was not the fact that we were hunted down like murderers that bothered me so much; nor that we were trapped by the officer himself in a literal *cul-de-sac*, and taken up before a Justice of the Peace to be lectured on juvenile criminality; nor even that our fathers were notified and that we were severally subjected to various and sundry administrations of the rod. But what horrified me then, and has haunted me down to the present day, was the sight of the poor little cat, which was barely more than a wobbly kitten, falling over on the pavement with blood in its mouth. I don't know what diabolic force made me shoot so straight. The poor little kitten had no reason to be killed. But such is the way of Fate, or whatever Order there be, no less with cats than with human beings. At least the cat was a martyr to the cause of my reformation, though that may be termed an empty satisfaction for the cat—a Phyrrie victory in the fullest degree.



My Lady

MITCHELL FENIMORE

*My lady is fair, with a decided flair
For most things in life æsthetic.
Her blasé carriage and verbal barrage
Make dunces like me seem pathetic.
She can with a look, if I dare an opinion,
Relegate me to the nether dominion.*

*When my lady dances, she coyly glances
At me. But for me? No, no, fifty noes.
But for the impression that such an expression
Will make on the stag gigoloes.
But what care I, for are not these charms,
For awhile at least within my arms?*

*My lady at bridge is more than grand
At telling me how to play my hand.
By her suggestions my temper is fanned
Till it's almost more than I can stand.*

*So tho' my lady be lovely to see,
Enticing to you, she's a devil to me.*

Danger! Germs Working!

FRANK J. TORNETTA

LARRY LEE, an energetic, seven-year-old youngster, woke up one morning not wanting to get up or go to school. His head hurt him terribly, and his throat pained him, he said, with something big in it. His mother had a sore throat, too, and was sick in bed. But fortunately for them, there was Grandma Lee to tend to things. She was a good grandmother, one of Spartan character—kind, strong, and brave. “Eat your breakfast and run along to school, Lar. Mama don’t cry, and she’s had a sore throat for a week,” the good Grandmother said. So Larry ran gallantly to school. At noon, when he came home for lunch, his head was badly scratched.

“It’s come from hitting my head on the desk to stop it from hurting,” the lad explained to his optimistic grandmother.

“Now, Larry, eat your dinner, and your headache will stop before you know it. This is just the season for headaches and sore throats.”

The boy courageously went off to school again. That afternoon not a word of complaint did he utter to his teacher, though he spent the hours in agony. But the teacher noticed that Larry was staggering with pain as he was leaving the schoolroom, so she sent Jose, one of Larry’s sturdy chums, to accompany him home.

The following day brave Larry Lee was dead. Ten days later young Jose, who had so faithfully carried Larry home, passed Larry’s house in a little white casket. That very same week twenty other little chums complained of headaches and sore throats. The deadly *diphtheria bacillus* was riding the war path!

But thanks to the always-on-the-go Detroit Health Department, there were no more little white caskets in the homes of Larry’s friends. And thanks again to them for going out from door to door, preaching the “ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure” doctrine to hard-boiled Grandmas, who, as Paul de Kruif says, wouldn’t know a diphtheria germ from a hippopotamus. Yet, by knocking out the “grandma kind of bone-headedness” from fathers, mothers, children, and, mind you, doctors, the children of Detroit were given thousands of “shots-in-the-arm.” The result: *for the first time in history, November of 1933 saw not one child die of diphtheria in Detroit.*

To some people shots-in-the-arm seems to mean bullets-in-the-arm. Little do they realize such injections protect them against serious contagions. When one of them was asked why he had been vaccinated, he proudly replied, “To show that I was in good health when I started school.”

But once these same people learn a little about it, they inquisitively ask logical questions.

“What is immunity?” they say. “How was it first discovered? In what way does it work? Is it some abstract magical power, or is it some simple law of Nature? Can it entirely wipe out disease from the earth?”

Immunity is that condition which gives resistance to disease. There are two kinds of it; namely, natural immunity and acquired immunity. Natural immunity is the form with which a person is born and to go into the “whys” of natural immunities is to go beyond the never-ceasing arguments of evolution. For instance, scientists ask: “Why is it that rats never get diphtheria? Why don’t chickens get tetanus? Why doesn’t man ever contract hog cholera? And yet, why are all animals susceptible to tuberculosis?” In explaining these intricate conditions the scientists say that animals do not contract these particular diseases because they are born with a natural immunity against them.

On the other hand, acquired immunity is that which is not inherited. We pass through the measles, chickenpox, mumps, scarlatina. We get these diseases once, and then do not contract them again, for we have acquired an immunity to them. Today we can receive acquired immunity artificially—both in an active or passive state.

Inasmuch as many of the contagions attack those people who are weak or out of health, it was thought several centuries ago that if the disease could be given when the patient was in good health the attack would be mild and less likely to prove fatal. Hence this became the case with smallpox. Healthy people all over Europe and Asia made themselves sick with smallpox by associating with smallpox patients. This practice proved beneficial, but it became disastrous when those purposely sick patients went on with their daily work and mingled with the crowds, causing plagues to break out. This danger quickly ended when Jenner introduced his smallpox vaccine—a mixture containing living smallpox germs, which when injected assured immunity against smallpox.

Some several scores of years later, through the work of the immortal Louis Pasteur, immunity was put on a more scientific basis. Pasteur investigated rabies, a disease occurring chiefly in dogs, cats, and deer. He found that if a rabid animal attacked a man, the man would contract a disease known as hydrophobia. Upon further study he discovered that a micro-organism infecting the spinal cord of the animal was the cause of

the disease. By removing and drying a portion of the spinal cord of an affected rabbit, Pasteur made a virus, which, when injected into man at gradual intervals, protects him from becoming infected with hydrophobia. Pasteur Institutes all over the world today make this same virus to rid us of hydrophobia.

We have seen that by simply injecting some weakened germs into a healthy person, acquired immunity, the kind of immunity that would follow after an attack of an acute infectious disease, is obtained. The question now arises: What happens to the injected germs and how do they, deadly as they are, bring about immunity? There have been many explanations to this question, all of them very interesting, but not all very conclusive.

Not long ago Metchnikoff observed that the one-celled animal, the amoeba, had the power to engulf and digest living bacteria. Examining some blood under a high power microscope, he found that it contained small unicellular bodies that functioned like the amoeba. These bodies, called "phagocytes" or "eating cells" wander about in the blood stream. They cling and pass through the walls of the blood vessels, at the same time eating anything coming in their way. Consequently, when a phagocyte meets some disease germs, it immediately engulfs and dissolves them. One phagocyte may dissolve a great many germs. *The more germs a phagocyte devours the more skilled it becomes in the killing, and the more greedy it gets in searching for them.* However, at times it may happen that the microbes are stronger than the "eating cells"; hence, in the combat, the germs are victorious and a disease sets in.

Aiding the phagocytes in killing disease germs are certain substances in the liquid part of the blood called "antibodies." These antibodies do not appear in the blood system until the body has been attacked by bacteria. Each kind of disease germ, after it is in the body, stimulates one specific antibody into action.

The injurious qualities of germs lie in the powerful substances they secrete—the toxins. Thus when germs enter a person's body, an antibody is formed in the blood. This antibody reacts with the toxin of the germs, and a new substance, an anti-toxin, is formed. This new substance remains in the person's blood indefinitely, and it will neutralize the toxin of those germs at whatever time they may enter the body. Therefore the person has become protected against the virulences of the germs and he is immune to their disease. Now it has been found that if the blood of any immune animal is filtered, the liquid part, called serum, still contains the antitoxin, and when it is injected into other animals it will also immunize them.

It was through the ingenious work of Behring and Roux that a serum for diphtheria was made. Diphtheria is a contagion that attacks the throats and tracheæ of children. It forms membranes over the inflamed areas, and brings about death by suffocation and poisoning. The real cause of the disease is the virulence of the diphtheria germ's toxin. The serum for the disease is made by mixing some diphtheria bacilli with beef broth, in which the bacilli will grow and secrete toxin. The broth is then filtered so that it is free from the germs, but yet contains the toxin. The filtrate is then injected in gradual doses into a healthy horse. The horse's blood is filtered and the liquid part is the required serum, immunizing human beings against diphtheria.

The injection of this antitoxic serum produces only a "passive immunity" in the treated animal. That is, the serum will not destroy the germs, but will merely protect the body against the toxin produced by those germs. But if, before injection, some toxin is added to the antitoxin, the mixture will produce an "active immunity." That is, the new mixture will not only neutralize the toxin, but will also kill the bacteria. Doctors today give thousands of shots-in-the-arm with the so-called T-A mixture to protect children permanently against diphtheria. The T-A mixture consists of small dilute amounts of both diphtheria toxin and anti-toxin.

The T-A mixture can today make diphtheria a needless contagion. Yet in 1935 this disease killed five thousand children in America. It dragged sixty thousand others through diphtheria's torture. The explanation can be given in one word: *ignorance*. But what can really be accomplished by the T-A mixture has already been demonstrated in the Minnesota ore country. *In that whole region there has not been a single case of diphtheria in the past two years nor a single death in the past three!*

That fact alone must have made the founder of the diphtheria anti-toxin, Emil Behring, turn over in his grave with joy. Imagine how happy the ghost of Emil Roux, who discovered the diphtheria toxin, must have been. Then imagine the ghost of old Louis Pasteur himself, who has said that it was now in our power to make parasitic maladies disappear from the globe. *Can't you just hear that "half-paralyzed, near-sighted old life-bringer" uttering: "But I told you, gentlemen, I told you."* Then again, picture how the jubilant face of that old microbe-hunter turns dreary as he sees the thousands of babies who have needlessly died, and the many who are about to die just because someone, somewhere, does not know, or can not afford help.

The Wolves

KEITH THOMPSON

(HONORABLE MENTION
in the
Short Story Contest)

LOW and dreadful it began, at first hardly audible, but quickly rising into a climax of diabolical sound, only to die into the stillness of the frozen air. Another wolf was starving. Pierre had been puzzled when first he had heard that sound six weeks ago. Six weeks ago—six weeks of slow starvation; six horrible weeks with a man who was neither human nor brute, but a curious combination of animal cunning and human cruelty.

Pierre was a small, cowardly man, who was clever but not very intelligent. His old associates had found him quite capable, but that was in civilization. He had been a rather good aviator until it had happened. He had been caught in a storm, taken miles out of his course, and finally wrecked here. Here! Somewhere north of nowhere! The severe winter had already set in, and it had been difficult to find shelter. Civilization would have said he had been brave, for he had managed to fight his way through storms, and despite many hardships, to come finally, half starved, to Ivan's cabin. Since that time he had been living with the starving wolves, starving Ivan, and his starving self for companions.

Pierre shuddered at the stillness which followed the ghastly scream of the tortured wolf. He felt a certain companionship and pity for those poor dumb things; Ivan was like them. But he hated them too; they were like Ivan. They were all starving; each would gladly kill the other, yet they were companions.

The cheerless fire blazed brighter, a hinge creaked, and the stuffy air was momentarily released by a draft of fresh, cold wind. Brilliant, cruel light flooded the hideous room through the opened door, and then again darkness, the fire, and those odors. Ivan had entered. He was a tall, powerful man, whose eyes gleamed hatefully from his scarred face. His ugly lips, through which his yellow teeth protruded brutally, and his long, pointed ears added to his animal look. Ivan was not a handsome man. Pierre had been afraid of him from the first, but now his excited eyes bore no trace of fear. He was gazing at the thin body of a wolf which Ivan threw on the rough-hewn table. That wolf meant *food*.

Ivan grunted as he began to prepare that lean carcass for a much-needed meal. With ravenous, bloodshot eyes and parted lips Pierre watched him. There wasn't enough for one man. Ivan would take it all. How he hated Ivan! How he despised him! He trembled. Ivan looked more wolfish as he bent over that body than any wolf could; and he hated wolves.

Ivan was still twitching. Would he never die?

"Never killed a man before—never knew it was so easy!" The damning knife slipped from Pierre's fingers, his head swam in a dizzy, aching way. Now there were two dead wolves in that room—and he hated wolves!

Low and dreadful it began again, at first hardly audible, but quickly rising to a diabolical climax—the howl of a starving wolf. This time it came again and again like the cry of a tortured soul in unbearable pain. As if in answer, the wind rose to a shrieking chorus, while above it could still be heard that wolf, ever closer, ever more horrible in his wail, as if he mourned the death of Ivan.

He had to get out! He'd go mad in that room with those two bodies! The bracing air would soon stiffen his back and then he could decide upon the next step. Damn that wolf! When Ivan's soul had fled that wolf had started howling.

What a fool he was; he'd been hearing that cry for six weeks and now he was afraid on hearing it—just because it reminded him of Ivan. Was he losing his nerve? Ivan was dead. Winter would soon be over and he could make his way to that trading post of which Ivan had spoken. Then all would be forgotten. Who would ever miss a lonely trapper?

Outside there was a scratching on the door. "Ivan! O coward, why fear Ivan? He has just been killed. The wolf has smelt the blood and is hungry." Still that wolf would be safer dead, like Ivan. He reached down to the belt on the ugly body at his feet. Yes, there was the gun, covered with blood. He wiped it clean, made sure it was loaded, and then went to the door. The wind was screaming fearfully, and outside he could hear that creature. He must kill it! Open the door! Now shoot! There was no sound; Ivan's blood had clogged the gun.

Close the door quick! No, too late! Oh God! The wolf was at him. Whirling and screaming he fell to the floor. The wolf tore at the arm he extended to guard his throat. For a moment he saw those black lips, drawn back over cruel yellow teeth, and those horrible small red eyes.

"Ivan, mercy—Ivan!" he groaned in terror. Then his cry was cut short by the ugly teeth. Pierre quivered and then lay still.

Low and dreadful it began, at first scarcely audible, but quickly rising into a fiendish howl. Another wolf was fighting starvation. But this time that cry brought no man's sympathy, nor yet his fear. Hunger had conquered two of its victims, and Ivan was avenged.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



ICE SKATING



HI, CHUBBINS — WHAT'S CHARLES LOOKING SO GLUM ABOUT?

OH, HE'S KINDA PEEVISH BECAUSE HE LOST HIS OLD PIPE AND HAD TO BUY A NEW ONE



A FINE BRIAR ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH HEADWAY BREAKING IT IN

CAN'T DO IT FAST! I HAVE A SENSITIVE TONGUE, JUDGE — AND A NEW PIPE ALWAYS STINGS AND BURNS



LISTEN SON, TAKE A TIP FROM AN OLD-TIMER. BREAK IN YOUR PIPE WITH PRINCE ALBERT AND AVOID TONGUE-BITING UNPLEASANTNESS.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, JUDGE, I WILL



IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU SMILING AGAIN

GOSH, CHUBBINS, WHO WOULDN'T SMILE? THIS P.A. IS AS SMOOTH AND TASTY AS CAN BE. AND IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE



WELL, DID CHARLES AND P.A. AGREE WITH EACH OTHER?

DID THEY? I'D CALL IT A CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST PUFF!

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Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed

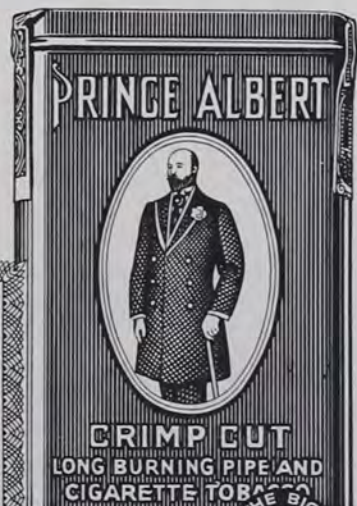
to take out "bite." Then, cut the scientific way—"crimp cut." It's bound to be mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. Prince Albert is great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Letters From India

VALERIE GREEN

Allahabad, India, August 14, 1936.

Dear Blaise,

I'll tell you about my journey from Fort George on the Moray Firth, in northern Scotland, to Southampton, and the subsequent voyages to China.

Regimental orders were dated the 12th of October. We received inoculations, and then there was draft leave until December 23, when the draft started out. We passed through the glorious snow-covered Scottish countryside, arrived at Perth, the entrance to the highlands, went on into Edinburgh, the Scotch capital, and over the border into England. As we crossed, the pipers struck up the regimental march "All the Blue Bonnets Are Over the Border"—the tune popular when the clans first made raids into England. Our next stop was Newcastle, and then a non-stop trip to Southampton; we arrived at the dockside about two o'clock on the 24th.

The voyage was gray and murky until we had passed through the Bay of Biscay. The next place of importance was Gibraltar; and here at last I could understand why they say "the blue Mediterranean." By the time we reached Malta, halfway between Gibraltar and Port Said, we had traveled 1200 miles. We stopped to refuel at Port Said, which is known as one of the "Black Spots of the world." We sailed through the Suez Canal by night, and reveille found us at Port Suez and the Well of Moses.

Entering the Red Sea, we began to feel uncomfortable, for the heat was terrific. We could see Egypt on one side, and Arabia on the other. Three or four days out, the Padre told us we were near the place where Moses led the Children of Israel out of Egypt. Here the channel was about 100 yards wide, and there was not a ripple to be seen. Another point of interest was Mount Sinai, "where the commandments appeared on the face of the rock." Later we passed a light house built by the French government and manned by convicts with life sentences. They are removed when they are dead . . . or insane.

And so we came into the Indian Ocean. We called at Ceylon and Singapore, and in the Yellow Sea ran into the tail end of a typhoon—and were sick.

Wonderful craft they have in these waters! They're called sampans; I wouldn't put my worst enemy in one.

And then we reached Kowloon and Hong Kong. The Far East after six weeks of water . . .

Yours,

SCOTTY.

Allahabad, India, August 20, 1936.

Dear Blaise,

The remark you made about reincarnation is rather pertinent: India and reincarnation are inseparable. The untouchables, over 24,000,000 of the Indian population, are affected. These people are not allowed in the temples, and they must hide in ditches or go as far as possible from a high caste Hindu or Brahman before passing him. Likewise, if the shadow of an untouchable should fall on the food a Brahman is about to eat, the Brahman must throw it away, and prepare another meal.

Wandering along the roads or through the bazaars, the sacred white bull is often seen. Should he start to enter any of the native shops, the attendant or shop-owner makes no attempt to have him removed, but only prays that he will not demolish the place entirely. We see the papul tree, which is also held sacred by the natives. At the base of these trees, gourds of curry and rice are placed, for the tree spirit is supposed to be that of a native who has committed suicide. Passing natives always cover their mouths, for they believe that a lack of fresh food angers the spirit, and that the first person to pass with his mouth open will swallow the spirit and die the same death.

Then again, all over the place, you see wayside shrines of worship, consisting of a raised dais with a canopy that has various gods and goddesses depicted on it. The chief one seems to be Granpat, who has the head of an elephant. His arms are stretched out as if in supplication, and at his feet is a mouse. Granpat represents happiness, plenty, and shelter, for even the mouse eats and rests in his shade. Here also is Shiva, goddess of love, with her four arms; Shaiton, god of evil; and Buddha, the Supreme.

Child marriage is a custom that has been stopped in British India, but the traditional wedding takes place when the couple reach the age of 16, although they perhaps have never seen each other before. The prayer of the bride is that her first-born should be a boy. There are many versions as to why this is so, but the main reason is that when the father dies, and is taken to the burning ghat (or pyre) the son has to crack his skull open, to release the evil spirits . . . the good ones do not leave the body.

Another custom that has been officially prohibited is suttee; I am sending you a snapshot of a Hindu woman committing this Oriental form of suicide. (She is burned in her husband's funeral pyre.)

Until I forward my address from the frontier, my salaams.

SCOTTY.

Kandahar Lines, N.W.F.P., India, October 9, 1936.

Dear Blaise,

This week I intend to write about one of the most interesting, yet disliked characters in all India, the Loose Wallahs, or Dacoits. I know you recognize the name. Sax Rohmer uses them often in his Oriental mysteries. They will steal anything they can lay their hands on, and their intelligence would make the majority of European and American burglars look like rank amateurs.

The Loose Wallahs' chief object is to steal rifles and ammunition, and it is for this reason that all arms of the troops are locked in racks at night, and an orderly placed by them, with his bed touching the racks. Even this does not always keep the dacoits away, for they have been known to take a rack containing 30 rifles away wholesale. In some cases, however, they fail to get past the verandahs because the orderly may wake up and call the men in the barrack room.

One of the methods used by these people is to cover themselves with cheetah fat. This not only makes them hard to hold, should they be caught, but also has the effect of keeping all dogs in the neighborhood quiet, because cheetahs have a very nasty habit of making a meal of dogs, and when the scent of Mr. Cheetah is about, dogs will cower in a hole and not make a sound until all is clear.

In Peshawar there is a bazaar known as the Loose Wallahs' Bazaar, where you can buy anything from a leather belt to a full set of harness for a Royal Artillery Gun team; even full polo kits are offered. One buys the stuff at a third of the cost price; and why should the Dacoits worry, when to them it is all clear profit? One of our officers lost his kit and saddle to them, and later found it down in the Loose Wallahs' Bazaar.

Still, their chief object of prey is rifles, and the ways they have of getting them over the frontier are wonderful. One day a sentry on gate duty in one of the frontier stations particularly noticed a certain gharri going through. The vehicle looked rather suspicious to him, so he stopped it, called the guard, and together they examined it. Imagine their amazement when they found rifles worked into the framework of the gharri! Later it was proved that the rifles had come all the way from Mhow, in the Central Provinces, a distance of over a thousand miles. . . .

Even though the Dacoits are thieves and murderers, one cannot help but admire their nerve and ingenuity. When they are caught, the one and only penalty is death. That is all I shall say about Loose Wallahs', old man. I only hope we are not visited tonight by them.

Yours,

SCOTTY.



With Apologies to Hamlet

EDWARD L. FRENCH

*To study, or not to study,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The tests and exams of outrageous profs,
Or to take arms against a sea of quizzes,
And by studying pass them? To study,—to work;—
No more; and by studying to say we end
The worries and the thousand awful woes
That we are heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To study,—to work;—
To work! Perchance to grind:—ay, there's the rub;
For in those hours of work what joy may loom
To softly lure us off from all this toil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect
That makes us break our former resolutions;
For who would bear those awful E's and F's,
Th' ineligible list, the B list's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd answers, the Old Man's anger,*

*The questions of the Dean, and perhaps the chance
Of being booted out to end it all,
When he himself might his own standing save
With an open book? Who would worry bear,
To grunt and sweat over a tough exam,
But that the thought of new and greater joy—
A party or a dance, where might we revel—
Stops us short—entices us away,
And makes us go to class not well prepared,
Instead of having studied when we ought?
Thus pleasure does make laggards of us all;
And thus the native stance of resolution
Is broken down by the beck'ning ghost of joy;
And abstract studies of great use and merit,
With this regard, lose much of their appeal,
And yield their way to others.*

Public Dance

(Continued from Page 4)

years passed away from her eyes. They shone as she looked out through the soft blue light, but she saw nothing of what was before her. She heard only the strong, sweet strains of the beautiful "Blue Danube."

In the soft, glowing light of her face, a slow, tender smile appeared, and trembled at the corners of her mouth, and I could contain myself no longer. The music stopped, and she stood there alone, not ten yards away from me, with the smile still on her face and the light still in her eyes. I rushed up to her, and the words fell from my lips before I could stop them. "Madam," I said, "may I dance with you?"

She looked up into my face. The soft, tender smile and the light in her eyes never wavered as she said to me, "No, thank you, I'm dancing with my husband."

In Tibet, of All Places

(Continued from Page 5)

of that. It's always been the custom, so, naturally, we preserve the institution."

I could see that my instructor was confused, so I tactfully withdrew from his presence, and left the town shortly afterwards with the expedition.

From this singular experience I have drawn many well-corroborated conclusions which I recently presented to the Royal Society in a paper entitled *The Evidences of Feeble-mindedness in the Conduct of Primitive Man*. This paper was published in *The Handbook of Psychology for 1935*, which the reader may consult if interested.

In conclusion, I wish to thank my unknown correspondent for his very helpful letter. However, it may readily be seen that it is impossible that he could have had a similar experience, as he so strongly intimates.



The Dream

(Honorable Mention in the Poetry Contest)

MABEL B. DITTER

*Great Father God, at dawn I dreamed,
And lo, I saw a clean, new world,
Wherein, amid the gliding clouds,
An airy city seemed to rise:
The wind was pure, the streets were white;
The gleaming buildings shone with pearls.*

*A race of people walked the streets
Like none the earth has seen: the skies
Of vision theirs, the seas of might;
Eyes glowing clear with honest thought
Lay under brows that show where beats
A heart of pity; strength was there—
The strength of one who, climbing, stoops
To aid another; Beauty wrought
Their frames, and every man walked free.*

*I dreamed that I was one to dare,
To search, to guide and lead the dupes
Of evil to this land, where will
And law are one, crime cannot be,
And all is truth in Thee.*

*Great Father God, at dawn I dreamed;
But if, at close of day, I fail;
If all my splendid vision turn
To dust and ashes in my hand,
Ah, Father, Thou wilt know I tried;
And Father, take me, worn and pale,
To see Thy city, and to learn
To know its light, undimmed by mist
Of human sight.*

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