



5-1955

The Lantern Vol. 23, No. 3, May 1955

C.D. Hudnut
Ursinus College

W. Scott Taylor
Ursinus College


Rosemarie Puleo
Ursinus College

Francis Scheirer
Ursinus College

Harold Smith
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Hudnut, C.D.; Taylor, W. Scott; Puleo, Rosemarie; Scheirer, Francis; Smith, Harold; Wendel, Bert; Dedekind, Roland; Dawkins, Ed; Berman, Gene; Shumaker, Nance; Billman, Karl; and Schwemmer, R. Wesley, "The Lantern Vol. 23, No. 3, May 1955" (1955). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 117.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/117>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.

Authors

C.D. Hudnut, W. Scott Taylor, Rosemarie Puleo, Francis Scheirer, Harold Smith, Bert Wendel, Roland Dedekind, Ed Dawkins, Gene Berman, Nance Shumaker, Karl Billman, and R. Wesley Schwemmer

the Lantern



Commencement Issue 1955

MAY QUEEN — 1955



PRISCILLA SHINEHOUSE '55

COMMENCEMENT
ISSUE

May, 1955

Vol. XXIII

No. 3

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

Harold Smith '55

ART EDITOR:

Barbara Wagner '56

COPY EDITOR:

Mildred Mistovich '55

BUSINESS MANAGER:

William Sourber '55

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Barry Bressler '57

Roland Dedekind '55

Lawrence Foard, Jr. '57

Maury Hoberman '56

Loretta Marsella '58

Mildred Mistovich '55

George Pauff '55

Rosemarie Puleo '58

Adele Schoonmaker '58

Harold Smith '55

Bert Wendel '58

GENERAL STAFF:

Christian de la Roche '55

Janet Geatus '58

Art Mucklow '58

Margaret Stuba '58

ART STAFF:

Richard Goldberg '57

Lee Lawhead '57

Ann Leger '58

Eugene Morita '58

Barbara Wagner '56

Fay Whitehead '57

FACULTY ADVISER:

H. Lloyd Jones Jr.

THE LANTERN: Published three times during the college year by The Chancellor Press, Bridgeport, Pennsylvania, for Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania. Subscription 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents each. By mail, one dollar per year; single copies 40 cents each.

The LANTERN

ARTICLES . . .

Les Assassins	C. D. Hudnut	6
Golf	W. Scott Taylor	6
The Dance	Rosemarie Puleo	7
Philosophy for the Beginner	Francis Scheirer	8
Spelling - Why Bother	R. Wesley Schwemmer	8
The Hooded Paperweight	Roland Dedekind	9
The Wonderful Gizmo	Francis Scheirer	11
The Accident	Harold Smith	17
What Happened	Bert Wendel	18

POETRY . . .

Old Dog Tilts Her Head	C. D. Hudnut	7
Interlude	Roland Dedekind	17
The Monastery Mouse	Ed Dawkins & Gene Berman	19
Study in Rhime Royal	Nance Shumaker	21

FEATURES . . .

From the Tower Window		
Turning the Pages	Harold Smith	3
Now Showing	Karl Billman	3
Editorial	Harold Smith	5

ILLUSTRATIONS . . .

Cover	Lee Lawhead	
Cartoons	Richard Goldberg	13, 18
Others	Ann Leger	19



Opinions of the writers should not be construed to be those of URSINUS COLLEGE, the magazine, the editor, or members of the staff.

JOBS IN WYOMING

FOR THE SUMMER

Work amidst rugged mountains, sunshine and blue skies. Uranium, fishing, cowboyin'.

\$1.00 brings complete information.

Write . . .

FRONTIERS

Dept. 96

429 MAJESTIC BUILDING

CHEYENNE, WYOMING

Enjoy the cool comfort of the
newly air conditioned

PERKIOMEN BRIDGE HOTEL

Built in 1701, the oldest hotel in the U. S.

Catering to Banquets, Private Parties,
Social Functions.

LUNCHEONS, DINNERS SERVED

DAILY AND SUNDAY

Phone Collegeville 5911

Route 422

COLLEGEVILLE

COMPLIMENTS

OF

Dr. Irwin S. Leinbach

St. Petersburg, Florida

Class of 1929

From the Tower Window



Turning the Pages

By HAROLD SMITH

Time is about to close Volume XXIII of the *Lantern*, and soon six Senior members of the various Staffs of this humble publication will shuffle off the campus of old U. C. The purpose of all this is not, however, to wax sentimental (enough sentimentality will gush forth for both Seniors and the campus come June 6), but, to help remind all, particularly the members of the Classes of 1956, 1957 and 1958 that there's a long, long vacation ahead. It is with said, long, vacation in mind that this column is being written; you see, even though I'm a Senior, I'm optimistic enough to hope that a few people might actually have time and inclination enough to actually read (for pleasure!) during the months running from June to September. All of which is a rather long-winded way of saying that I'm going to review some books.

Not too long ago I mentioned some of the fine quality pocket books that were coming off the presses; these better books are still being published, and, I'm sure that if you look under the more abundant masterpieces of quite another variety you *might* find a few of the following titles.

Religion and the Rise of Capitalism by R. H. Tawney, a Mentor Book (Ms 22) is not the ideal light summer reading, but, it is a classic study (which broke much new ground for the first time) that is well worth the careful reading that must be put into it. Mr. Tawney is a scholar, and his writing is scholarly, but, his book is of the type that should be recommended to all who desire a well rounded background. To be sure, the reader must remember that Mr. Tawney is a member of the British Labour Party and that his views, opinions and conclusions will be of the kind that will help stimulate mental questioning and argument. If this, alone, were the only result of reading this book, I, for one, would consider the time spent with the volume worthwhile.

I ran across *Only Yesterday* by Frederick Lewis Allen (A Bantam Giant edition, Number A 1069) while collecting material for a paper on the U. S. of the 1920's. I think that this volume is a gem and should be read by everyone who professes any knowledge of the American life and culture. Mr. Allen makes a period of history

(Continued on Page 24)



Now Showing

By KARL BILLMAN

Spring time is movie time all over the nation. At this time of the year the motion picture industry puts its best foot forward and releases some of its top productions for the oncoming year. Even at this early date we have noticed some unusually fine films. If you have missed any of the following it would be worth your while to catch them. Among a few of the better "flicks" thus far released are: *The Glass Slipper*, a thoroughly entertaining musical based on the story of Cinderella. The story lends itself beautifully to some elaborate ballets which feature Leslie Caron doing the fancy foot work. *A Man Called Peter*, is the biography of the late Rev. Peter Marshall. Richard Todd is quite convincing as the young Scottish minister. The movie is very well done except for the fact that it tends to become over-sentimental at times. *Blackboard Jungle* stars Glenn Ford in a daring exposé of our big city schools which are faced with the problem of juvenile delinquency. The film is excellent and should do a great deal to promote public interest on the subject.

Among those films not yet released but expected to be above average are: *Interrupted Melody*, the story of a courageous opera singer who is stricken with polio; *The Prodigal*, an elaborate spectacle, with all the trimmings, based on the Parable of the Prodigal Son; *Seven Little Foys*, starring Bob Hope as Eddie Foy, the father of a great theatrical family; *Seven Year Itch*, with Marilyn Monroe and Marilyn Monroe and Marilyn Monroe etc. etc.; and finally *The Trouble with Harry*, a new suspense thriller from Alfred Hitchcock. At a glance, this list looks as though this Spring season will be a promising one for the movie-goer.

Perhaps the most anticipated event of the coming season is the preview of the new wide screen process called Todd-AO. This process uses a curved screen nearly as large as the one used in Cinerama; however, only one camera and projector is needed in comparison with the three used in Cinerama. With Todd-AO, this one projector is at the top of the theater rather than on the main floor. The cost of Todd-AO is less than half that of the Cinerama process, and it is more "advanced," at least according to audience reaction to special previews over the country. The

(Continued on Page 24)

SHOP AT—

BLOCK'S

2 GREAT STORES

11-25 West Main Street, Norristown

High and Charlotte Streets, Pottstown

Selling Merchandise of Merit

Since 1884

Enjoy the cozy atmosphere of . . .

LAKESIDE INN

LUNCHEON AND DINNER

Served Daily and Sunday

— Catering to —

BANQUETS :-: PRIVATE PARTIES

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

Phone: Linfield 2933

Route 422 — LIMERICK

Esso
Products

Old Company's
Lehigh
Premium
Anthracite
Coal

SAND—CEMENT—LIME—BLOCK
FLAGSTONE—BUILDING STONE

GUY HEAVNER, Inc.

HARLEYSVILLE, PA.

GUY HEAVNER 3611
DUANE HEAVENER 3216
HERBERT KNECHEL, JR. 2111

"Really Good"

PIES, CAKES, PASTRY

Baked by

WASSELL



WASSELL BAKERY, INC.

4041 Ridge Avenue

PHILA. 29, PA.

Victor 4-2400

Editorial:

This is the last issue of *the Lantern* for the academic year 1954-1955, and the last issue for which I, as Editor-in-Chief, will be responsible. This issue, the Commencement Issue, comes off the presses at a rather busy time on the calendar of the college, what with finals beginning on the 26th, and Spring Fever claiming the campus as its own. Such a combination of factors is bound to work against the reception of anything, let alone this humble publication, but, I do hope that the campus will shake off at least a bit of the Spring (only Spring?) lethargy, and give this number at least a fairly reasonable reading.

The Commencement Issue is the number of the year toward which the Board of Editors plan. The Business Manager, Art Editor and Editor-in-Chief all scrimp and save so that the May Issue will be *the* issue. This year, the potentialities for *the* edition were better than they have been for a long time in the history of the magazine, but this great potential was, to a degree, wasted because of the prevailing Spring atrophy.

New contributions fell off to a marked degree; at any rate to such an extent that material submitted for past issues had to be drawn on in order to present additional material. Yet, the total number of contributions submitted during the year exceeded, by a small number, all previous records. I hope that this signifies renewed interest on the part of the student body in the magazine.

Where did the great potential for this issue of the magazine come from? First of all, advertising income set record highs. This additional income made possible the elimination of an inherited deficit from past operations, and the addition of four more pages to the Commencement Issue (making a total of twenty-four pages as against twenty in the Spring Issue and sixteen in the Fall Issue). The additional pages were, to a degree, needed for the greatly increased amount of space required for advertisements, but, what is more important, they offered a great deal more space for new material. It was disappointing to see the campus fail to respond to the opportunity that the increased number of pages offered.

Another great opportunity offered by the increased advertising income was the opportunity to give the Art Staff a free hand for this edition. This has given *the Lantern* cartoons, and, I hope, a bit more attractive appearance. Such a response to the opportunity for artistic expression is, I feel, a sign of great interest in a cultural form that can, unfortunately, find little expression on the Ursinus campus.

Another opportunity of quite another kind was taken by *the Lantern* this year; this was the chance to increase the circulation. A gain of 3% in total circulation is a modest figure, but, the Editors hope that it points the way to greater gains. This increase in circulation was due to

alumni subscriptions, and, we of the Editorial Staff hope that it indicates an interest in the magazine on the part of many alumni. The initial drive for subscriptions was limited, but the response to this mail solicitation was 10% as against a national average for such drives of from 2% to 3%.

Next year the Editors hope to cultivate this alumni interest in *the Lantern* by making it possible for alumni to become patrons of the magazine. A patron will receive a year subscription to *the Lantern* as well as his or her name included in a list of patrons that will appear in every issue of the year, all this for only \$3.00 (the contribution for patronage). The Editors hope that this plan will be successful, as it would help make many improvements in *the Lantern* possible.

No summary of *Lantern* functions during this year would be complete without some mention of the organizational changes which took place during the year. A General Staff was added to the Editorial Staff, largely because the latter had reached the Charter limit in number. The new General Staff serves important functions and operated well; it is expected that some of the members of the General Staff will be elected to the Editorial Staff in September.

Nor would a summary be complete without mention of thanks to all those who helped to make the three issues I edited possible. Those who contributed to the magazine, in most cases, offered well-done, well-written material, of great variety and high quality. To these many contributors I would like to extend my special thanks as well as the thanks of the whole Staff. It was largely because of these contributions of a special nature that the campus interest in *the Lantern* was maintained.

The members of the Class of 1955 on the Staff also deserve special thanks. William Sourber, our Business Manager, was the reason that advertising space sales broke all records; Bill has been Business Manager since 1953, and has done a great deal to help revive *the Lantern* financially. Roland Dedekind, an Editor since 1952 (Editor-in-Chief during 1953-1954), also deserves special thanks and note for his contributions of material and experience to the magazine during this and prior years. Mildred Mistovich (Misty) has a very special vote of thanks coming her way for assuming as Copy Editor much of the "dirty" work connected with each issue; Misty helped not only by correcting proofs, but also by giving valuable advice, criticism and correction to the materials in each of the three issues of 1954-1955. George Pauff cannot be overlooked for his help, aid and criticism either. To all of these Ursinus and *the Lantern* must extend a word of thanks.

The Staff as a whole needs to be commended for all that it did during 1954-1955 to make Vol-

(Continued on Page 22)

La door of Henri's Diner opener et ze two hommes come een. Zey se sat down a le countaire.

"Wot weel vous avoir?" George say to zem.

"Je ne savoir," d'one of zem said. "Wot ees eet zat eet ees zat vous would like to avoir, Alphonse?"

"Je ne savoir either," Alphonse say, "je ne savoir wot eet ees zat I would like to eater."

Outsidaire c'était was getting dark. Le light de street come on outsidaire le fenetre. Les two hommes at le countaire zey read le menu. From le terminus du countaire— ze ozzaire end of ze countaire — Nicholas Abattoir il regarder les two hommes. He avait ete been avoir le talk wiz Gorge when zat zey — les two hommes — had come een.

"Je weel avoir la specialite de la maison, une chocolate coucroute garnie, et les hors-d'oeuvres, soupe a l'oignon, langouste, fromage et cafe" — zat ees to say, sauerkroust mit schnitzel und eclaire, le sandweech Western, l'alphabet soupe, collision mats, foliage, and tea.

"C'est eet ees zat eet ees not ze ready yet."

"Wot ze pouvoir do vous avoir eet on le menu for?"

"Zat ees le diner," Gorge explainer. "Zat vous can get at six heures." Gorge looker — il regarder — at le klok on ze wall en behinde le countaire. "C'est zat eet ees cing heures."

"Le klok say cing heures twenty," le seconde homme say.

"C'est le twenty minuits de fast."

"O, pouvoir wiz le klok," say ze first homme. "Wot ees eet zat eet ees zat vous avoir got to eater?"

"I can donner vous ze any kind of le sandwich," George say, "vous can avoir les haem et oeufs, le rashaire de lard et oeufs, le bon vivant et lard, or ze biffeck."

"Donnez moi poulet croquettes avec les petits pois et creme de sauce et mashed pommes de terre" — zat ees to say brook trout, rutabagas, crushed strawberries and lemon-lime ice wiz le dutch apple on le side.

"Bot zat ees le diner."

Zen ze first homme he ees pull out from undaire hees ovaircoat ze BAR — ze Browning Automatic Rifle — and ze seconde ees pull out ze two forty-fives, ze M-1, et ze 105.

Le first homme ees say "Now geeve us thees poulet croquettes avec les petits pois et creme de sauce et mashed pommes de terre" — zat ees to say brook . . . bot vous *must* savoir eet by thees time.

George look down ze tube of ze 105, he look into le BAR, he look down to Nicholas Abattoir who ees cannot get ze soupe spoon op to hees mouth, zen he serve up les poulet croquettes, etc. Les two hommes marche ordaire les weapons, eater le diner, et partir wizzout paying.

Outsidaire le light de street ees burn brightly.

Insidaire les fellows looker at each ozzaire et Gorge ees wondaireeng how he can explainer to ze Henri zat he server le diner before six heures.

Golf

By W. SCOTT TAYLOR

Golf, the source of income to a select few, and the origin of displeasure to many of our population, began some years ago in Scotland. Since its rather humble birth the sport has traveled a great distance, and has seen a good number of changes. The reasons for its popularity cannot be pinned down easily, but the number of participants increases yearly.

To play golf costs money. Here is one drawback already. Nevertheless, millions of men each year spend millions of dollars in pursuit of satisfaction, which usually they can never reach.

A good set of matched clubs can easily cost anywhere from fifty to two hundred dollars. Golf balls soon become to the newly initiated "dubber" (a nickname affectionately given to you by your partner) his most prized possessions — next to his clubs. They (the balls) cost about twelve dollars a dozen or one dollar and a quarter each, depending on where you play, and whom you pay. Then there are miscellaneous items which are not necessities, but supposedly improve your game, such as golf gloves, golf shoes, golfing raincoat (This costs about three dollars more than just any old raincoat), golfing hat, club covers, bag, and caddy cart. Since some of the older men prefer to wear knickers while on the course, there is the added expense of a few plaid pairs. Now, if you have any money left, you can join a country club, or a public course.

The book says that the object of the game is to hit the golf ball into a cup, which is surrounded by very green, well kept, smooth grass (hence the name *greens*), in the fewest possible strokes. Sometimes I am inclined to disagree with this definition. The real object of the game, it seems, is to play eighteen holes without losing either your temper or your balls.

There are two main types of golf clubs; the wooden ones, of which there are four called *woods*, and the metal ones, of which there are ten called *irons*. The number one wood is called the *driver*. This is the club used when a long first shot is desired. When the driver is placed flat on the ground the *face* of the club is nearly perpendicular — not so with the *two*, *three*, and *four woods*. Each of these has an increasing degree of slant on its respective face. Thus, if you hit a ball with a *three wood*, it will go higher and not as far as it would have, had you used a *two wood*. The *irons* are graduated in a similar fashion.

(Continued on Page 22)

Lots of people here but what a dull night I feel lost it seems as if everyone is looking at me but no thats only my imagination all the colors go into one I should have worn my glasses then maybe I could see something or someone those stupid girls they all sit in the corner and giggle all night Im going to find some sophisticated people ha what a laugh they are all a front everything is they decorate this dingy room with crepe paper and expect it to take on a miraculous change it still looks like a dingy room to me but then you are supposed to pretend you dont see the dirty walls why didnt they sweep the floor so all these lovely ladies wouldnt get their shoes dusty if the floor doesnt make their shoes dirty those gallant boys will look at those two they think this song is called the stumble and stop waltz gosh this character is going to ask me to dance oh my new shoes I shouldnt have bought white now I have to polish them all ready he hasnt stepped on them yet maybe if I cross my fingers he wont too late now Id like to look down to see how much damage hes done but if I do I might walk off the floor and leave this lug standing here I must remember my manners at any cost whats he mumbling about something about being sorry I wonder if hed polish them if he is so sorry but Im sorry too is this a question of who is more sorry he wants to know my name I wont tell him Ill change it smiling doesnt help he still wants to know oh well Ill tell him its Molly I hate that name now I hate them both I dont want to know his name why did he have to tell me so its Dave so what am I supposed to do fall over dead because hes six one has blond hair blue eyes and football shoulders what in the world are you doing talking yourself into something why doesnt that music stop I feel warm Ive got to get away from him so he goes to prep school maybe I look illiterate so hes bragging Id better say something to him Im getting tired of trying to look over his shoulder I wish I could see something besides a blue jacket staring in my face maybe if I ignore him hell leave but thats what Ive been doing and he doesnt look like hes ready to leave ah maybe if I step on his feet but no thats not polite but it was such a good idea why not my mother will never know what her darling daughter did and anyhow he stepped on mine once at last its over but its to late now to see if it would work but I got rid of him so I dont care he is thanking me Im just thankful its over but he does have good manners seem important tonight I wonder why I go back over with the kids I came with its funny how all the girls that dont get asked to dance sit together and giggle all night pretending theyre having a marvelous time but that is what Im going to do all night why are they looking at me that way what in the world have I done oh they want to know his name they were impressed well I wasnt well maybe Id better think this over I wish theyd stop gushing big thrill so Ive been noticed this

is like a debut maybe I wont have to be a victim of cruel fate and the giggle artificial smile and sit around set there goes that darn music again Id go to every dance if they didnt have any music here he comes again I wont dance with him again just one alternative the powder room Im closer to it then he is to me I can just about make it he has long legs well I did I guess this is how the other half lives they retreat to the powder room if no one asks them to dance some trick they smear powder on their faces paint up and comb their hair while visions of sugar plums or rather boys dance in their sweet little heads there is always a next time intermission now I can go out to my sophisticated friends I shouldnt sit down too long my dress will get wrinkled she would have to sit next to me I cant stand the sight of her and the feelings are mutual oh dear isnt she sweet I hate her if anyone heard her dear sincere greeting they would think we were the best of friends here he comes again this time he didnt even wait for the music to start oh well it must be my unright Ill dance with him just to make him happy who am I trying to kid Im getting warm again Ill talk to him this time Ill be very nice of all the nerve asking her to dance does that lug think I would dance with him anyhow of all the nerve if he had asked anyone else here I wouldnt have cared well anyway not much why did he have to ask her of all people he was walking right towards me I thought for sure he was going to ask me of all the nerve Ill go to the powder room with all the rest of the wall flowers Ill never go to another dance Ive been jilted by my worst enemy Im through with boys they are all the same isnt that sweet hes coming over to ask her to dance again

Well of course Ill have this dance why yes I do know your cousin she is one of my best friends one of my very best friends we were sitting together awhile ago why of course I just love dances.

Old Dog Tilts Her Head

C. D. HUDNUT

Old dog tilts her head
to a long-remembered smell,
smiles within herself,
starts off uncertainly,
stops to bark,
moves in gentle fits and starts,
rear not at one with front.
A long dog-time she has lived,
bearing children,
and getting bitten,
biting,
and eating; now one day soon it will all stop;
her welcome has worn,
some of her humor, gone;
she won't be missed too long
when she starts, and dies.

Philosophy for the Beginner

By FRANCIS SCHEIRER

Those who are about to pursue the study of philosophy for the first time should become acquainted with certain "basic problems" and "technical" terms employed by those who philosophize. It is our purpose here, then, to enlighten the reader concerning these problems and to remove several misconceptions about philosophy from the minds of our readers.

The first difficulty involves the definition of philosophy. This has been one of the chief causes of controversy among philosophers. In days gone by, philosophy was interested in natural science. Nowadays, however, a huge gulf exists between these two fields of endeavor. In fact, there is such a great difference of opinion as to the proper scope of philosophy that some philosophers are beginning to doubt whether or not they *are* philosophers.

Another problem is the misconception that philosophy is "deep" and "difficult to grasp." There is absolutely no basis for this, and it is such a trivial claim that there is no point in refuting it.

Still another erroneous belief is that philosophy, on the whole, is "useless." This is untrue. There are *innumerable* things that philosophy has done for mankind; so many, in fact, that it is quite unnecessary to list them. And what we might say to those who contend that Plato and Aristotle delayed the advent of experimental science for two thousand years is unprintable!

Finally, there is an unfortunate feeling prevalent that philosophers are "odd." Contrary to popular notions, the philosopher does not sit around "contemplating the eternal truths of the universe." Those who oppose this common view often cite the case of the Greek philosopher who was contemplating out in his back yard one day when Alexander the Great happened along. Alex, spying the bedraggled old man gazing off into space, compassion for the poor creature and inquired, "Can I do something for you?"

"You may quit blocking the sun," came the terse reply. This indeed was a demonstration of amazing perspicacity.

One of the major problems of philosophy concerns the investigation of what is "real." While some philosophers (such as Plato) state that things of this world aren't as real as they *might* be, others come right back and pronounce such an idea absurd. To them, nothing could be more "real" than the things of this world. One radical stand on this issue is that of the Solipsists. A Solipsist is so named because he holds the belief that he *alone* exists; furthermore, he is quick to inform you of this belief.

Another radical viewpoint was that of a philosopher who professed that the only things having existence were those things that he *believed* existed. The last time he was seen, he was running across a field, desperately trying to disbelieve in the existence of an angry bull following him. Actually, the only agreement which has

been reached concerning "the problem of reality" is that it is a real problem, although some doubt even this.

Closely related with the problem of reality is the problem of "Nature." The whole question boils down to this — what is the nature of Nature? One of the old ancients, Anaxagoras, had an interesting theory. He believed that all things were composed of little pieces of *all* other things. Whichever type of little piece predominated, that's what a thing was. It is easy to see what he meant. When we look at a chair, it isn't really a chair. Don't be fooled twice! That thing we see is composed of pieces of glass, lead pipe, old razor blades, and, *even* borscht. It's a wonder that Anaxagoras didn't jump up suddenly when he thought about all of this; surely he realized that he was sitting on an assortment of tacks, broken glass and old razor blades. It must have given him untold concern for his person.

Ethics is another subject related to philosophy. It is concerned with problems such as this one: if I'm in business with a partner and one day a customer drops a ten-dollar bill, the ethics is, shall I split with my partner? Enough said.

Any reader who has given careful thought to this treatment of philosophical problems will now find that he is well-equipped to cope with the most puzzling questions he may meet in a more elaborate study of philosophy. If there is one thing that the study of philosophy can do for the individual, it is that it provides ready answers to the most complicated and distressing intellectual problems. What more could you ask of a subject?

Spelling—Why Bother

by R. WESLEY SCHWEMMER

I kant spel. Intellekchewel snobs meye seye Imm crude, unlerned, and ignorent. Give them a taste of Chauncerian composicioun . . . He koudent spel either, and hes grate. Wel koude he tel a storie about peples lyvyng and dyng, suf-fryng and jolitee, and godlinessse and vileynye! His spellyng did nat affect his insite or his artistrice. I deefy anyone to cawel him crude, unlerned, or ignorent.

It seems to me thet maaderne stewdents are too encomebered by unresonabel spellyng rewles. In the first pleyce no rewle is without its eksepcion, and in manee kassez there are rewles governyng sum of those eksepcions! What sens is there in werking on spelyng for for yeres in hi skule if yowre goyng to lerne the same rooles in yer first yere of college. Teche me sumethyng new!!!

I sat down to rite a komposicion only to discover thet I spent mowst of my tyme lookkyng for wordes in the dikionnerie becaws sum maad-

(Continued on Page 21)

The Hooded Paperweight

By ROLAND DEDEKIND

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Dunning," John Wilding said as he pushed his chair back from his desk and stood up. He shook hands with Mr. Dunning.

"I'll look into your case tonight, I'm not exactly certain of the law at this point, so I'll have to check cases of some years ago."

"Of course, of course," Mr. Dunning nodded vigorously. He was a short, lean man with snow-white hair. Blue eyes sparkled in his deeply lined face.

"You'll let me know as soon as possible when you find something, won't you?" Mr. Dunning asked in a high-pitched voice.

"Surely. By the day after tomorrow in any event," Wilding assured him, bently directing the old man to the door.

"Don't do anything until you hear from me. Mrs. Jacobson will show you to the front door."

A plump, gray-haired lady appeared out of the gloom in the hall and accompanied Mr. Dunning to the massive front door.

Wilding stepped back into his office and looked out the window. He watched Mr. Dunning descend the stone steps and shuffle down the front walk.

The sky was dark and cold looking. Mr. Dunning's breath appeared in faint white puffs. The old man hunched his thin shoulders against the light rain which was falling.

"There he goes," thought Wilding bitterly. "He can hand his problems to someone else and go on without them. Let another person worry about them. Money can do a lot of things for you — if you have it.

I could keep this house if I had a bit of money, but this blasted lawyer business barely brings in enough to live. Now I have to sell this house because I can't keep it up. My house — where my family has lived for years — put up to the highest bidder! I won't have it! I've got to do something!

"Uncle Frederic's money would be a help, and he's been sick for years. Why, just the other day he wrote me telling me how miserable he felt. And I'll be certain to get something from the old man's will. After all, I'm his favorite relative — he told me that many times. If only he would . . ."

He shuddered and turned back to his office.

"No, I couldn't wish for that . . . But I've got to think of something. I just can't sit by and watch my home slip away between my fingers."

Wilding arranged the papers on his desk and walked out into the hall.

"Better check up on Dunning's case," he thought savagely. "Get it over and done with as soon as possible."

He opened a door across the hall and entered a large, dimly-lighted room. He flicked on a switch by the door and tiny lamps went on around three sides of the room. In the pale light a wall-to-wall bookcase loomed out of the darkness at the farthest end of the chamber.

Wilding walked across the smooth flagstone floor and stopped before the rows of books.

"Blasted lights," he muttered angrily. "Can't see a hand in front of your face. How the devil can I see the titles of these books?"

He looked closely at the printing on the covers of the books. He searched through half a shelf before he found the volume he wanted.

He pulled out the book and tucked it under his arm. He looked once more at the bookcase and walked back toward the door.

As he stepped on one of the flagstones in the floor, he heard a sharp crack and felt the stone settle under his weight.

"Wonder what caused it to do that?" he muttered. Wilding placed his book on a table and knelt by the loose stone. He rocked it several times.

"Seems to be grating on something," he said aloud. By pushing down on one side of the flagstone, he raised the other side enough to get his fingers under it.

When he had lifted the stone out of the floor he looked with surprise into gap. There was a small metal box in the bottom of the depression.

Wilding picked it up and carried it to the table. With a letter opener, he pried off the rusty lid. Inside was a metal figure six inches tall and a piece of rolled paper tied with a ribbon.

The figure was that of a medieval knight. It was holding a sword in its right hand as if it were about to bring the weapon down on the head of a foe. The figure wore a helmet which covered its entire head and carried a shield on its left arm.

Wilding gazed at the tarnished figure. He carried it over to the light and looked at it more closely. There was no writing or inscription on the knight at all. He stood it on the table and picked up the rolled paper.

The edges of the yellowed paper were crumbling from age and the ribbon tore when he tried to untie it. Very carefully Wilding unrolled the sheet and spread it flat on the table top.

He read the faded writing.

To the reader of this manuscript —

I will not say how this statue of a knight came into my possession, but I curse the day I first saw it. The knight is possessed by evil.

By means of some fantastic force, this statue has the horrible power to kill. I have not been able to determine by what means this is brought about.

My will is not strong enough to destroy this image. On this account, I beg that whoever finds the knight will destroy it. Do so or suffer dreadful consequences.

Fear the image, reader, for the devil stands beside it.

Mahlon Wilding,

September 18, 1832

John Wilding read the manuscript again. The

faint message held an unwritten note of warning. The shadows of the room seemed to crowd around him as he stood there at the table. The corners of the library suddenly darkened and the small lamps made little impression on the gathering blackness.

The tiny knight stood with raised sword in the center of the polished table top.

After replacing the stone he had lifted from the floor, Wilding picked up the statue, rolled up the manuscript and turned out the lights. But just before he closed the library door, he thought he felt an odd chill in the dark air.

The figure did not look half as menacing under the strong light of Wilding's office. He dusted the knight and noticed that it was surprisingly clean after its many years in its metal prison.

"It would make a fine paperweight," he remarked studying the figure on his desk.

He picked up the rolled manuscript to read it again, but when he tried to unroll it, the document crumbled into dust.

Wilding was astounded. He stared at the small pile of dust on his desk. Then, in awe, he slowly looked back to the small knight.

"Could it possibly have been true?" he whispered. "Could it really possess the power of life or death? No, it's too ridiculous!"

He noticed Mr. Dunning's letter of several days ago.

"Well," he addressed the knight, "you might as well begin your new job as a paperweight." With that he lifted the statue and replaced it on the letter.

Wilding sat rigid for fifteen minutes watching his unusual paperweight, but the tiny knight stood motionless and silent.

At last, with a sigh, Wilding arose, turned out the lights and went to bed.

Early the following morning, John Wilding entered his office and looked at the knight. Then he inspected the sheet of paper. There was a small cut in the paper where the knight had stood but he told himself that it was probably just a flaw in the paper.

When the morning paper arrived, Wilding turned at once to the obituary notices and rapidly scanned the list of names. He was startled when he read,

"James Dunning, 67, died last evening of a heart attack. He was . . ."

"Just a coincidence," he muttered, looking at the knight. "I can't believe you could possess such power."

But that evening Wilding decided to try the figure again. "Forgive me," he said as he stood the paperweight on a letter from his Uncle Frederic.

That night Wilding could not sleep. The possibility that the manuscript may have been right gnawed at him. The thought that he might be responsible for his uncle's death haunted him.

"No, I can't take a chance on it!" he cried at last. He ran downstairs in his pajamas and turned on the lights in his office. The small knight still

stood there with raised sword. But when Wilding looked at Uncle Frederic's letter he saw the same small cut in the paper next to the figure's right foot.

The full force of the discovery dawned on him, the falling of the knight's sword on any letter decided the writers' death.

Here was a means by which he could get everything he ever wanted. He could become the most powerful man in the world. The feeling of might gave him strength.

He stayed up the remainder of the night considering the paths he should follow with his knight. The shock of the knowledge of the statue's power had worn off now and Wilding could reason calculatingly on both sides.

Again the morning paper brought news of the knight's latest achievement. Frederic Sherburne had died of a heart attack at the age of seventy-seven after a lingering illness of several months.

Wilding read the obituary with little comfort. He felt very uneasy about the whole affair and went into the library to think his way clear.

At ten o'clock, Mrs. Jacobson came in.

"Mr. Wilding, sir, you haven't had any breakfast. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

He started. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Jacobson, what did you say?"

The housekeeper repeated her question.

"No, thank you," he murmured.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," she said turning back from the door, "but the mail just came. I put it on your desk."

He turned to face her. With a growing fear inside him he asked. "On . . . my desk?"

"Why, yes sir," Mrs. Jackson replied taken aback. "And with them was a letter of yours, Mr. Wilding."

"A letter — of mine?" he whispered hoarsely. He felt his blood pounding at his temples. He could hardly breathe.

The frightened housekeeper took a step backward.

"Yes sir," she stammered. "The envelope was marked 'Insufficient Postage.' It was that long letter you sent to your Uncle Frederic the other day. I put it on the top of the pile."

His heart was beating wildly and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He could not move. It was minutes before he could speak.

"What did you do with the letters?" he screamed hysterically. "Where did you put them?"

Mrs. Jacobson stood terrified, her face white. In a barely audible voice she quavered,

"I put them under the paperweight, sir. . ."

Wilding leaped to his feet and ran madly out of the library. He flung open the door to his office. There on the desk stood the knight, its sword still raised.

But before he could make a move, the statue's right arm quivered. And as Wilding stared in horror, the small sword curved gracefully downward and, with a gentle tap, struck Wilding's returned letter.

The Wonderful Gizmo

By FRANCIS SCHEIRER

All of the chemists were puzzled as, one by one, they examined the peculiar object.

"It seems to be made of a metallic substance," one observed, "but that bright green color is certainly odd. It doesn't appear to be any sort of paint."

"And doesn't it strike you that there is something unusual in the way it is made?"

"What do you mean?"

"I can't find any sort of opening in it," came the response. "Of what use could such a thing be? It can't be used to store things. Nor does it seem likely that there is any machinery within. Furthermore, I can't see *how* it was made."

"Explain yourself."

"Well, I don't perceive any joints or fastenings of any type on the surface. Since it is comparatively light-weight, I'm inclined to believe it is partially hollow. Yet there is no apparent evidence as to how it was put together!"

"I see, Dr. Hunter," came the reply. "That is odd."

Turning toward the head of the chemistry department, Dr. Richter, Hunter inquired, "Just what are *we* to do with this thing?"

"It seems as though the archaeologists who found it were unable to establish any connection between *it* and other things found on their latest expedition," Richter explained.

"Where did they find it?"

"In Brazil — last winter, I believe," Richter explained. "They were in the northern part of the country, in the — Maveechi — Valley, I think it was. So far as they know, nothing like it has ever been discovered. That is the reason we have it — to analyze it as carefully as possible, and to try to discover just what it is."

"In other words," Hunter added, "if we discover what it's made of; we might get a better idea as to where it came from and what it is."

"Precisely!"

"And what do they call this — this — GIZMO?" Hunter inquired. "We can't refer to it just as 'it.'"

"Perhaps you *have* named it," Richter observed, with a grin. "That's about as close to a name as we can come now."

He continued, "You men know the standard procedure. Run series of tests as usual. Something is bound to turn up. It always does. I think right away that we'll assume it is made of a metallic compound; so single element seems to fit the few characteristics we have noticed so far. That's all for today, so far as I'm concerned. We'll begin officially on Monday. Good afternoon."

Richter left the room along with almost all of the other chemists. In a few minutes, only Dr. Hunter remained. He sat at the table, staring at the GIZMO. It completely fascinated him. Somehow he felt that their attempts to analyze it would not be routine. He tarried only a moment, then left for home.

About 7:30 that evening, Sam Rogers, the janitor, was cleaning up as usual. He had been employed at the university for nearly twelve years, and during that time he had managed to avoid learning *anything* about the pickled frogs, the grim computers, and the mysterious chemicals which surround him.

This particular night, then, was to begin a new experience for Sam. He was nearly through cleaning for the night when he entered the room where the GIZMO was kept. It was quite accidental that he even noticed it; he just happened to catch a glimpse of it out of the corner of his eye as he bent over to gather up some dirt. Something about the GIZMO seemed different — not that it glowed or anything of that nature — it just seemed different.

Now Sam had some innate curiosity, although it rarely involved more than mere curiosity. He picked up the GIZMO and sat on a corner of a table, examining it intently. This indeed seemed strange! It was light-weight, giving the impression that it was hollow. Yet there seemed to be no way of opening it! "What good is it if you can't open it?" he wondered. "Beats me."

Ordinarily, things that puzzled Sam were given brief consideration. Long ago, he had recognized his incapacity for profound thought. Anyway, the thing really seemed insignificant compared to the giant computers. So, in his customary manner, he forgot the peculiar object. He had but one immediate sensation — that he was tired. He looked about himself wearily. "I wish I was through for the day," he thought.

A sharp Click! Click! Click! Whirrrr, Click! came from within the GIZMO. Sam was startled, for although he wasn't bothered by the strange sounds the computers made, he didn't expect noises from the GIZMO.

He had barely recovered from his amazement when he looked up and beheld a most discouraging sight. The room was in an impossible state of disorder. Chairs were lying on the floor, books and papers were scattered about, and various instruments were strewn on the floor. To top it off, a thin layer of dust covered everything.

Vaguely, Sam associated the strange noises with the topsy-turvy condition of the room, but he couldn't understand the relationship. However, Sam did know what to do about a dirty room. With a sigh of disgust, he began straightening up the mess, all the time wondering about the events which had just occurred. By the time he had finished, however, he had shoved the incident into an obscure corner of his mind, there to join a multitude of similarly unsolved puzzles. He returned home, displaying little evidence of his unusual experience, except that he was more fatigued than usual.

• • • • •

On Monday, the chemists began their assault on the mystery of the GIZMO. It was subjected to dozens of tests, none of which succeeded in

revealing anything about the GIZMO, save that it was made of a *most* peculiar compound. However, there were many tests which could not be run till later, owing to the fact that each test was repeated until a high degree of certainty could be established. Acids failed to mar the surface; a fluoroscope revealed nothing. By 5:00, the chemists gave up for the day. After all there was no particular need to finish the analysis in a hurry.

At 6:30, Sam again had occasion to be in the room where the GIZMO was kept. He had told no one of his experiences, fearing that he might be ridiculed. He moved around the room stealthily, as though afraid to disturb the mysterious object. A faint recollection of his previous contact with the GIZMO made him wary of possible recurrences.

He paused a moment before leaving the room. The GIZMO had a sort of a magnetic attraction to him. He couldn't leave, nor did he wish to remain. Finally his curiosity overcame his better judgment. He walked over to the table and picked up the GIZMO. "It sure looks harmless enough," he thought.

Nearly satisfied that his fears had been groundless, Sam scrutinized the GIZMO carefully. Ordinarily, he would not have paid such close attention to *anything* in the science building, but he was rather curious, and the object didn't look especially ominous.

As Sam stood there holding the GIZMO, he tried to recall the circumstances surrounding last Friday's events. It was useless; his mind wandered, and soon he was thinking about the picnic he had planned for tomorrow. He smiled as he thought of how the children would enjoy a day's outing. Then, as an afterthought, he wished that the weather would be fair and warm.

Again, a Click! Click! Click! Whirrrr, Click! came from the GIZMO. All this was more than Sam could take. He quickly replaced the GIZMO on the table. Looking around, he was relieved to see that the room wasn't disorderly. Before anything further could happen, he hurried out of the room, quite certain that he would never enter the domain of the GIZMO again.

The next afternoon, Dr. Richter came into the room where the object was undergoing a final series of tests. Two of the chemists were talking in amazement.

"But Dr. Hunter," one was saying, "do you realize what this means? It will explode our theory about space-travel!"

"No matter!" Hunter retorted. "Here are the facts that we know to the best of our knowledge, no compound such as this has ever been made on earth. Yet the GIZMO was found in the ruins of an ancient civilization which existed over 3200 years ago. If such a substance had been common then, other traces would have been found in the ruins, and that's not all. . ."

"I couldn't help overhearing you, gentlemen," Dr. Richter interrupted. "Do your conclusions definitely indicate that this — GIZMO — is for-

eign to the earth?"

"Not only that," Hunter replied, "but very possibly this GIZMO is from another galaxy. It may be impossible to discover anything more about it!"

"But that seems ridiculous!" Richter explained. "Just what were the results of the tests?"

"Almost completely negative. We got very few results at all, and we haven't the slightest idea what to do next."

"You realize, don't you, that we are faced with several perplexing problems," Richter remarked. "One, where it came from; two, how it got here; and three, what is it? But don't think that that is all that puzzles me. For instance, *who* or *what* made it?"

"We realize that," Hunter replied. "That's why we hesitated before agreeing to such a conclusion."

"I see," Richter muttered. "Very interesting, and very unusual."

He thought a moment and then continued. "Well, I've got to leave now to pick up my wife downtown. She went shopping, and I hate to see her out in all this rain. I've got nothing further to say about the GIZMO except that we've *got* to find some way of analyzing it. See you tomorrow."

"Good-night."

.

For several days, the situation remained unchanged. The scientists discovered nothing new concerning the GIZMO. And Sam was avoiding contact with the GIZMO, especially since rain had ruined the picnic. On Friday, however, Sam once again was obliged to clean the room where the GIZMO was.

The connection between his bad luck and the GIZMO was faintly present in his mind. He had somehow arrived at the conclusion that *it* was another one of those inventions which some scientist had dreamed up; but he was still disturbed, because most of the other inventions did good things, which this had certainly brought misfortune. How? That was beyond Sam's capacity.

For the third time, he picked up the GIZMO. This time he examined it carefully, trying to discover something he had previously missed. There were no openings at all. It appeared perfectly useless. In a minute Sam gave up. His thoughts drifted.

The next day, Saturday, he expected to go to the racetrack. Not that Sam was a gambler; he just bet a few dollars on "hot tips" now and then. Sam had been losing lately, and he was anxious to win back some of his money. "I hope I can pick some winners tomorrow," he thought.

Click! Click! Click! Whirrrr, Click!

That was enough for Sam. He dropped the GIZMO on the table and left the room hastily. Twice before he had heard the clicking and whirring; each time had been followed by bad luck — in the one case, an untidy room, in the other a spoiled picnic.

The next day at the track, Sam refrained from any betting, fearful of what the GIZMO might do to bring him bad luck. Three of the six horses he had planned to bet on, won; convinced that he had been overly superstitious, he bet ten dollars on the last race. His horse ran fifth.

Sam left the track in dismay. He was quite angry, in fact. He resolved to complain to someone at the university. He felt that *they* were going too far when they interfered with *his* well-being.

When he came in to work at 3:00 Monday afternoon, he looked for somebody with whom he could register his complaint. Sam was so pre-occupied with his thoughts that he almost bumped into Dr. Hunter.

"Excuse me, Dr. Hunter!" Sam exclaimed apologetically.

"That's all right, Sam," Hunter said. "I should have been watching where I was going."

Sam was suddenly inspired. "Dr. Hunter!" he exclaimed. "Maybe you can help me."

"What's your problem?"

"Well, I've been having the worst luck lately, and I don't know what to do about it."

"Come in the room here," Hunter offered. "No use standing in the halls."

It happened that the room he chose was the one where the GIZMO was.

"Uh-oh!" Sam remarked. "There it is again!"

"What's that?" Hunter inquired.

"Why that funny-looking cigar-box, or whatever it is."

"You mean the GIZMO?"

"GIZMO?" Is that what it is?"

"Well that's what we call it."

"I don't care what you call it. It brings bad luck!" Sam announced emphatically.

"How's that?"

"Well, it brought me bad luck two Fridays ago. I was cleaning up like I always do on a Friday, when I saw this — what did you call it?"

"A GIZMO. A doodad. You know — a thing-umabob."

"Oh. I see, I guess. Anyhow, I saw this — GIZMO on the table. It truck me funny, so I picked it up to get a better look. . ." Sam told Dr. Hunter about all three occasions when the machine "went Click! Click! Click! Whirrrr! Click! or something like that."

Sam concluded his story. "Every time I wanted something to happen, everything turned out wrong, I tell you, it brings bad luck!"

"You mean that if you wished for something, the opposite happened," Hunter said.

"Sure. That's it."

"Tell me, Sam, were you holding the GIZMO when you made your wishes?"

"Let me think. Friday? I believe — yes, I was. And Monday, and the other day too!"

"But the whole thing seems impossible!" Hunter thought aloud.

"What did you say?"

"I was just thinking. It is hard to believe such a thing could exist. . ." Hunter's voice trailed off.

"But we haven't found any other solution. It's worth a try!"

"What do you mean?"

"From what you told me, it seems as though this GIZMO possesses strange powers."

"What's that?"

"We've got to experiment first, but it seems that the GIZMO has the power to grant the opposite of what some one wishes."

"Why that's magic!" Sam exclaimed.

"The only way to test my theory is to try some experiments."

Hunter thought a moment. "I guess the weather is a simple enough beginning." He glanced outside, where the sun was shining brightly.

"I wish the sun would continue to shine," he said, rubbing the GIZMO.

Even as they peered out the window, a cloud covered the sun, and in a few minutes rain was cascading from the sky.

"Amazing!" Hunter cried.

"Just like Aladdin's Lamp!" Sam exclaimed, "only it works backwards."

"I still don't quite believe it," Hunter remarked. "We must make other tests. Let's see. . ."

"Why don't we make something move from one end of the room to the other?" Sam offered.

"That's a good idea," Hunter observed. "I wish — I wish that the table in the middle of the room would move toward us."

As though by magic, the table moved gracefully toward the other end of the room. Again, both men were amazed.

"It works!" Hunter exclaimed excitedly.

"It sure does," Sam added. By now he was



used to witnessing strange events; it was "old stuff" to him.

"I'm convinced," Hunter announced. "Do me a favor, will you, Sam?"

"Sure. What is it?"

"Don't tell anyone about this. I want to think things over for the weekend. Monday afternoon, when you come to work — at 3:00, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Then at 3:00, we'll tell the rest of the scientists our discovery. All right?"

THE LANTERN — 10

"Sure. Anyhow, no one would believe me."

"That's true. Well, I must leave for home now. Remember, tell no one!"

"It's a promise. Good-bye."

As Hunter left, Sam returned to his work. His moment of glory had come and gone, as a spark fanned by a momentary breeze. For despite the fact that he knew how the GIZMO operated, he never thought of having the GIZMO do his cleaning.

• • • • •

It took Dr. Hunter just twenty minutes to drive home. His thoughts were focused on the strange events he had witnessed. As he opened the front door, however, he sensed the fact that something was wrong. "Warren? Is that you?" his wife called.

"Yes dear," he replied.

"I have a surprise for you. My Aunt Ethel is coming to see us on Wednesday. I just got her letter today."

He offered no comment. Her aunt was a fifty-year-old spinster who had never been reconciled to the fact that she would always be an "old maid."

"Warren? Are you still there?"

"Yes."

"Well, haven't you anything to say?"

"About what?" he asked evasively.

"About my aunt coming on Wednesday."

"I'd rather not say what I'm thinking."

"I certainly hope you're not going to be disagreeable."

"Speaking about people who are disagreeable, your aunt —"

"Now don't start that."

"Well, let's forget about it. So long as I am unable to do anything about it, I'd rather forget it."

"That's all right with me."

"Just one thing more. I may just work late at the university next week. Don't be surprised."

"All right," she conceded.

• • • • •

That evening, he gave careful thought to the GIZMO. He decided to start at the beginning. The first fact was that the GIZMO wasn't native to the earth. This had been established from the unusual nature of the compound of which the GIZMO was made. Furthermore, the fact that its function was so utterly unlike that of anything created by scientists was evidence to this conclusion.

Secondly, it *seemed* to be the product of an intelligent being, but who, outside of God, could create such a powerful instrument? Third, just what was the GIZMO doing in the ruins? From what the archaeologists had said, it seemed as though the GIZMO had been an object of worship. Now, if any inhabitants of an ancient civilization had heard the *clicking* and *whirring*, they would have been frightened.

"It is true," he thought, "that primitive peoples worshipped that which frightened them. Such would account for the GIZMO's presence in the temple. The question, then, is, did those ancient people discover the strange powers that the GIZMO possessed?"

The question as yet was unanswered. Somehow he attached great importance to the answer. Those people had been reasonably civilized, so there was ample reason to believe that they might have stumbled upon the solution even as Sam had.

The next morning, he drove to the university, reconsidering his thoughts concerning the GIZMO. Something about those ancient people still bothered him.

Upon his arrival at the university, he told Dr. Richter that he knew at least part of the solution to the mystery, and that at 3:00 that afternoon the secret would be shared by all.

"Why wait until this afternoon?" Richter asked.

"Because I promised Sam Rogers he would be present."

"What does Sam have to do with it?"

"Nothing — except without his aid it might have taken weeks or months to solve the mystery."

"Sam Rogers? The janitor? How could he help you?"

"You'll find out this afternoon." Hunter gave his old friend a reassuring smile.

"Then you won't tell me now?"

"You'll just have to wait like the rest," Hunter joked.

"I guess I'll have to reconcile myself to that fact, then."

• • • • •

By 3:00 that afternoon, about twenty chemists, physicists, and biologists crowded around Dr. Hunter, Dr. Richter, and Sam Rogers, who rightfully felt out of place among such men. Several of the early-comers had been begging for a hint as to the solution of the mystery, but to no avail.

When it became obvious that no more were coming, Hunter began. "Contrary to what you men are thinking, I did not discover the secret of the GIZMO."

"Then who did?" someone demanded.

"This will come as a surprise to you, but Sam Rogers solved the mystery almost single-handed."

"What?"

"I don't believe it!"

"Wait until I tell you the circumstances," Hunter continued. "And by the way, don't call

me insane until I've finished."

"Quit stalling!"

"All right. Here it is: the GIZMO reverses wishes."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this: whatever you wish for, the opposite will happen."

"Absurd!"

"Preposterous!"

"I told you that you would ridicule me," Hunter continued, "but you are welcome to test it for yourselves."

"And Sam discovered this?"

"Precisely!"

"How?"

"Well, two Fridays ago, while he was cleaning this room, . . ." Hunter told them Sam's experiences and about his own efforts to verify Sam's testimony.

"As I said before," Hunter concluded, "you are all free to test it for yourselves."

All were convinced ten minutes later, after witnessing a dazzling spectacle of flying chairs, five changes in the weather, and several re-arrangements of the furniture in the room. This was accompanied by the monotonous Click! Click! Click! Whirrrrr! Click! each time.

"Astonishing!"

"It's unbelievable!"

"But we saw it for ourselves," Richter remarked. "What a blessing this will be for science! Think of all the problems it can solve!"

Unnoticed by his colleagues, Hunter walked out of the room, lost in deep thought. Something about the chaos he had witnessed a few minutes ago disturbed him greatly. In the hands of indiscriminating men, the GIZMO could be a terrible thing. In the few trials which had been made, man was fooling with Nature in a different way. Somehow it didn't seem right.

The next day, he read a newspaper account in which Dr. Richter confirmed a rumor that a weird object had been found which, when properly handled, could grant people's wishes. Hunter felt that it was a mistake to publicize the discovery before the full extent of the GIZMO's powers were known.

Early that afternoon, the first unfortunate people arrived. Nearly two dozen blind, deaf, or crippled individuals were begging to have their maladies cured. Before any of them could be taken care of, however, a news flash on the radio reported that a ship was sinking in the Mediterranean Sea. This was the first opportunity for the GIZMO to do some real good.

Dr. Richter and Dr. Hunter planned how to save the ship; they wished that the ship would sink. Then they began to allow the unfortunate people to have a wish granted. However, only scientists were allowed to do the wishing. If *anyone* was allowed to wish, a danger would exist that people might be wishing each other dead. Only trusted scientists could have control of the GIZMO!

As the crowds of unfortunates grew by the

hour, it became evident that the GIZMO would have to be operated on a twenty-four hour basis, in order to accommodate all those who were in need. A schedule was set up so that two of the scientists would be on duty at all times.

Dr. Hunter went home late that evening. He was more disturbed now than ever. Something about those ancient people. . .

The next morning he received a shock. The newspaper headlines told of a ship which sank. Perhaps the GIZMO wasn't so powerful after all! Then he noticed the difference. This ship had sunk in the *South Pacific*. Hunter was puzzled; he sensed a connection, but he couldn't quite place his finger on it.

Upon his arrival at the university, he went to Dr. Richter's office. For half an hour, he tried to convince Richter that the two ships were somehow related. While one ship was being saved, the other had sunk. Richter was unmoved. "It's mere coincidence!" he exclaimed.

That afternoon, the university was attacked by twenty-five gangsters attempting to seize the GIZMO. Fortunately, fast thinking on the part of Dr. Hunter saved the day, as he "wished" the criminals to a deserted island. Fearing similar attacks, Richter hired guards to protect the building, and all who entered were searched for weapons.

Meanwhile, various other reactions to the GIZMO were taking place. At least two religious sects were organized, taking opposite views con-

SUNNY VIEW FARMS

OUR OWN MAKE

ICE CREAM

SERVING THE BEST!

Sandwiches • Salads • Platters

Soups • Waffles • Tasty Hot Platters

Strictly Fresh Eggs • Grilled Ham

Bacon • Smoked Sausage

ROUTE 202

CENTER SQUARE

cerning the GIZMO. One condemned it as "the work of the devil." The other proclaimed it the sign of the "Second Coming," basing its belief on the account of St. Luke (7:22): "... the blind receive their sight, the lame walk . . . and the deaf hear. . ."

A political party was being organized by the end of the week. Its sole principle was the unlimited use of the GIZMO. Hunter felt that things were getting out of hand.

Also, from reading the papers, he began to see the GIZMO in a new light. A polio epidemic had been stopped in Chicago; two days later, an epidemic was raging in India.

Unusual changes of weather were noted all over the world. At last Dr. Hunter had a theory. The GIZMO wasn't *really* "magic." It operated on a principle of transfer of some kind. Whatever good the GIZMO did in one place seemed to be counterbalanced by an equal amount of evil in another place.

The next problem was to convince Dr. Richter; he found this impossible. His old friend was blinded by a belief that man had at last found a cure for his problems. Richter passed it off as "mere coincidence."

Seeing it was useless, Hunter determined to solve the problem himself. There had been something menacing about Dr. Richter's reply to the theory. He had to remain in Richter's good graces. He couldn't afford to lose access to the GIZMO.

That night, Hunter slept poorly. Someone had proposed that a single wish should be made which would grant to all men what they wanted most. He saw the danger, yet he could say nothing, lest he should lose his chance to use the GIZMO.

The next day, he was on duty at 8:00; Dr. Richter had installed a microphone above the GIZMO as a further security measure. Furthermore, two scientists were always on duty, and a guard was stationed outside. Hunter had but a slight chance to be alone with the GIZMO.

Lines of people awaited their turn; the scientists screened the wishes carefully to make sure none would go through which would bring evil results. At 9:30, a phone call came through for Dr. Baxter, the chemist working with Hunter. At last! Hunter had a chance.

He acted quickly. "I wish —" he said, suddenly noticing Dr. Richter almost beside him. This was a test! He thought fast. "I wish that my wife's aunt would stay at our house!"

Relieved that he had managed to avoid detection, he was dismayed nonetheless. He had lost his chance! However, he could not take any chances that his family would be harmed.

After another two hours, he realized that he couldn't delay any longer. Fortunately, another opportunity came! Baxter offered to get coffee at 11:45. He seized the GIZMO. "I wish that the effects of the GIZMO would remain after it is out of existence!" he cried.

That would return everything to normal. In a

flash, he realized that he had forgotten the microphone. Everything he had said was being heard in Richter's office. He would not have time to erase the memory of the GIZMO from men's minds. Even now, Richter and the guard were rushing into the room.

"Stop him!" Richter cried.

The guard fired three shots as Hunter cried out, "I wish that this GIZMO actually existed!" Then he crumbled to the floor.

Richter hurried to his friend's side, anguished at his sudden command. For an instant, he had the impression the GIZMO was fading; all of a sudden it was gone.

"Why did you do it?" Richter asked his dying friend.

"Had to," he gasped. "No good for humanity."

"What do you mean?"

"Men have always — tried to find a 'cure-all.' All failed. This one doomed — also."

"Why? This had the power others lacked."

Every word was an effort for Hunter. "No, sooner or later — would have gotten out of control."

"What makes you so sure?"

Hunter coughed feebly before continuing. "Remember those ancient people. They — had GIZMO."

"What are you driving at?"

"Remember — they had — GIZMO —," his voice trailed off.

"Dr. Hunter." Richter realized it was too late. What had he been trying to say?

At the funeral, the scientists gathered around Richter as though expecting a final word from him. He had one.

"What did Hunter mean by those last few words?" one asked. There had been several others present at the time that Hunter died.

"It's very simple. We should have thought of it before. Perhaps Hunter has saved mankind!"

"How do you mean?"

"Remember, we were going to grant all the wishes that all men wanted. Just one bad wish among two billion people could destroy man."

"You mean that if just one person was so bitter against mankind. . .?"

"Yes. You've guessed it."

"But how did he know?"

"Remember what he was saying about those primitive people?"

"Yes. But he never completed what he was saying."

"That's right. Apparently the GIZMO must have performed its 'function' for those ancient people at least once."

"What do you mean?"

"They worshipped it. That means they feared it. Why would they fear it? Because of the strange noises it made. *That* indicates that at least once, the GIZMO performed its function for them. Yet Hunter was convinced that it had performed twice at least. Once when it first

(Continued on Page 21)

The Accident *By HAROLD C. SMITH*

The autumn sun was a red ball that was slowly sinking behind the dry brown fields to the west of the narrow country road. The road itself was nothing more than a series of bends and curves over and around the foothills of the Appalachian chain, and rarely did the wheels of invading cars roll over its dark surface. Apparently a car had passed along this road rather recently; a small white and black cat lay dead on the rough surface of the road. There was a little girl crying beside the dead animal.

The road curved beyond the forms of the cat and the child, and a large tree with golden leaves stood out against the blue, blue sky. Under the tree there was the wreck of a new convertible. The car had swerved off the road in an attempt to miss the cat but had hit the tree instead. The hood had crumpled, and the motor and windshield were pushed well into the front seat. The door on the left side of the automobile was open.

On the green grass, among the fallen gold leaves, there lay a woman. The woman was in her early twenties and had been severely injured by the accident. Her body was badly bruised, and blood flowed freely from several deep gashes on her limp form. Her brown hair was spread in great disorder on the ground; her head was turned so that she could see the child and the cat.

"I didn't mean it; really I didn't mean it." No sound came from her lips. "I know how you feel, and please forgive me."

Across the road, behind the child, was a hedge some five feet tall. Two men appeared at a break in it and ran toward the woman and the car.

"I remember when I was our age. I had a little cat too. You know, I don't live far from here either. A car killed my little cat one day, and I thought my heart would break."

"You better get some help, Bill; she's pretty bad off."

One of the men ran down the road past the little girl and the dead cat.

"Take Patches off the road, Sue!"

"I took my cat off the road and buried it in Ma's flower bed. Honest, little girl, I didn't mean it."

A few gold leaves fell with the beginning of the evening breeze.

"I was going home to see Ma; to see Ma and her flower garden. I buried my cat in Ma's garden and cried and cried. Please don't cry little girl."

The child tenderly picked up the dead animal and disappeared through the opening in the tall hedge.

"The poor little cat wanted to cross the road; that's all. I guess I was going too fast. I really didn't want to hit the cat. I tried to pull over. I didn't want to hit it."

An old truck raced down the road toward the scene of the accident.

"It's all right, Bill; don't have to hurry now."

Interlude

ROLAND DEDEKIND

"Hello," she said and smiled as she asked,
"How have you been since we two parted ways?
Still feel the same way now as then?"
I could not answer for a time, lest I betray
My heart. It was not pride when I looked to
Her eyes, that made me answer, "No, I've
changed

My mind about great many things,"
Although I keenly felt the pang of seeing
Her once more, before me, still the same
As when I first took notice of her face
Amid that crowd of empty, hollow forms
Which chokes a life within a single day.
"But here," as I said then, "is one who drives
All other figures off and can dispel
The thought of being lonely, in a whirl
Of other persons, pressing close . . .
"See here," I suddenly asked, while hoping she
had not

Been watching all my thoughts behind my eyes,
"I thought that you had gone abroad to stay
And not return, if I remember right.
This place, if I may quote you, 'Is too small
For anyone to see a bit of life.'
And now you're back. It was not long
Since you left here for there. Tell me, my dear,
Did you find all you looked for over there?"
"You know," she answered, suddenly speaking
low,

"I have enjoyed this trip in any case,
But somehow, since I'm back I'm awfully glad
To see the persons, places that I've known.
All over there I felt a criminal
Just trying hard to run as far away
In hope that I could leave behind my past.
But all was useless. Yes, it was a thrill
To see the places I have only read
About in books, or heard about by those
Who cannot wait to tell of where they've been
Or where they're going next. But now I feel
That I have seen all that which counts—
All that which kept me longing in those days.
And now I'm back and feel no worse for it.
But tell me, how are things with you?
You look a bit more lean since last I saw
You, and that's been a while ago. Your job
Must keep you very busy, for I see
The lines about your eyes and brow are deep
And much more strongly marked. Do tell me
please."

"I see," I laughed, or tried my best to laugh,
"You've not forgotten how I used to look.
That is one thing your travels haven't changed.
I am quite well, thank you. Those lines you see
Must be from work. It's true, I have been caught
Within a busy year, but matters little
Just how I look, essentially I'm still the same
Inside, except for more concealing wraps."
I looked at her and smiled and hoped the tears
Of the years long past would not be in my eyes.
Yet when she touched my hand I felt as if
Those years between could easily be erased
As growing grass conceals a lone footprint.

(Continued on Page 21)

What Happened

By BERT WENDEL

A certain freshman nervously opened an envelope and pulled out a slip of paper. He hesitated for a moment, afraid to look. Then he boldly stared at the paper. It said, "Ursinus College — Grade Report." A moment later, the freshman was feverishly scrutinizing the entire report card. He found what he was looking for: three F's.

A strange thing happened. The student began to see little images in his mind's eye. First he saw himself talking to a professor. Then he imagined that the Dean was giving a little lecture about boys who don't study. In the next scene, the student was packing a suitcase. Small bits of paper on the suitcase marked the place where a Ursinus sticker had once been.

That night the freshman had an unusual dream. He saw a row of beer bottles lined up like soldiers and marching toward him. A larger bottle acted as leader. This bottle must have been the king, for it bore the insignium of the crown. Someone shouted, "Make way for the king, Seagram VII!"

The scene changed to a room in a dormitory. The room had a rather unusual decorating scheme; the walls were papered with playing cards, and the shade was made of a Marilyn Monroe calendar. On a table were a number of intellectual publications; notably, *True Western*, *Hot Rod*, and *Sir*. In the center of the room stood a huge bull, and a student was straining to lift this animal and throw it. On the wall was a strange clock. Instead of having numbers, this clock had the words "history," "chemistry," "economics," "German," and "English" printed on it. The hands were moving very quickly, but no one noticed.

Suddenly there was a disturbance outside of the dormitory. A group of students were leaning on each other and singing lustily. They staggered up the stairs and shuffled through the halls. One of these students lit a firecracker. A loud explosion awakened any unfortunate student who had been sleeping.

The freshman awoke. He realized that he'd been dreaming. Even so, many incidents of the dream had seemed realistic enough. The student lay in bed and thought about the dream for some time.

At the breakfast table, the freshman noticed that his father had a rather stern expression. There was an atmosphere of tension in the room. Finally, the student's father began to speak. He said, "I notice that your report card is pretty miserable. One of your friends told me that seventy other freshmen are in the same said situation. What happened, anyway?"

The boy cleared his throat uneasily and began to speak in an uncertain voice. "Well, Dad," he said, "it's this way. . ."



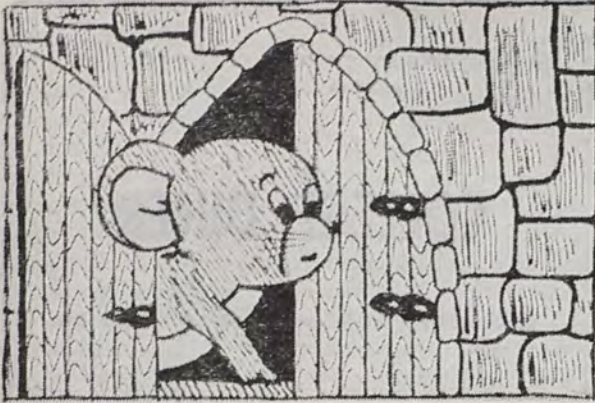
NEW IDEA

DIVISION *AVCO* MANUFACTURING CORPORATION

"QUALITY FARM EQUIPMENT SINCE 1899"

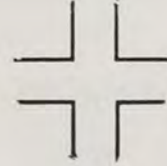
The Monastery Mouse

By ED DAWKINS and GENE BERMAN



A monastery mouse stood all alone,
Before his bachelor's lair.
A believer he in celibacy,
And partaker in monkish fare.
As righteous and staunch as a mouse could be,
He had lived there since childhood days.
Adopted by monks and sharing their bunks,
He had known no other ways.
He read the Good Book every morning and eve,
Said Grace before every meal.
He bowed his head before going to bed,
While "mousey" lusts he strove to conceal.
He pondered at length on scriptural truths,
Devoid of all worldly cares.
After the Bible he read, he broke holy bread,
Then knelt and recited his prayers.
Although our mouse met hardships and trials,
His smile never left his fine face.
Ne'er a complaint was lodged by this saint,
As he bore all with stoical grace.
Now as our mouse stood pondering there,
His mind was far, far away.
Wondering he, just what he would see,
If beyond the walls he might stray.
Behind the huge monastic walls,
A sheltered life it had been.
His faith was devout, but, as he wandered about,
His thoughts were of pleasure and sin.
Crossing himself and dismissing these thoughts,
He took a quick glance all around.
Stopping only for air and to say a short prayer,
He cleared the bleak wall in a bound.
He gazed about him, trembling with fear,
Awe-stricken by many strange sights;
Spending several days following worldly ways,
He was enthralled by the city lights.
One day as he walked down a small city street,
With joy in his freedom now keen,
He heard a small cry, "Help! Help!" and a sigh,
And made haste to arrive at the scene.
When it comes to a question of a maid in distress,
Even mice are without hesitation.
Whether mice or men, (even Friars) their yen
Is too strong to resist temptation.
Our hero no longer stands alone,
Before a bachelor's lair.
No celibate he, the father of three,
All products of a damsel's despair.

THE SUPPLY STORE



"Cross Roads of the Campus"

Phone: RE 9-4513

Established 1896

JOHN C. TOWNSEND & SONS

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, ETC.

We Specialize in

ORANGE PEKOE TEA BAGS

Cor. Boston Avenue and Almond Street

PHILADELPHIA 25, PA.

COLLEGE CUT-RATE

5th and Main Street

Collegeville

FAMOUS
FOR
POPULAR BRANDS

PAUL N. LUTZ, Manager

COLLEGE DINER

Excellent Food — Efficient Service

Open Around the Clock

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

**GET
THE
BEST**



GET
Sealtest
MILK
AND
ICE CREAM

Spelling—Why Bother

(Continued from Page 8)

erne ekspert thynkkes ther is or shoude be only one weye to spel a worde . . . (he is creatyng a symplyfied langwich . . . Ha!) I kant tel yow how much tyme I weysted that koude hev ben used to tern my mynd to develupyng my subjeckt or projecting my insite. But no! I hadde to rite "good" but nat "grate" Inglissh. . .

It is an ekstreemly untalented pursun who kan naat thynkke of more then a duszene weyes to spel the same werd. Beware, for thet persen is fawlyng into the rut of Amerryken colleckivism. He is the one who abeyeds by the meneynglesse rewles imposed by konvencion.

Naat for me . . . No thankke yow . . . Give me the friedum to be orijanel, the leesure to be creative. Leave me tyme to konsentrate on art and philosophie . . . I want to be a distyngushed entitie!!

The Wonderful Gizmo

(Continued from Page 16)

caused the natives to fear it. Then it may or may not have performed its function many times. The last time it functioned for those people, something different must have happened. And Hunter figured it out, fortunately for us. He always had one question on his mind; when he arrived at the answer, he had only one course of action to take.

"What was the question?"

Richter paused. The silence was profound. "Gentlemen," he said solemnly, "the question is this — what happened to those primitive people?"

Interlude

(Continued from Page 17)

"Good-bye," I said, and tried to look amused As if all this were just a subtle joke. I pressed her hand and quickly searched her face For what? I did not know, nor did I wait To see if she looked after as I left.

Study in Rime Royal

NANCE SHUMAKER

*Two friends, and mind you, of the closest kind,
A unicorn and horse, have parted foes
Because of the decree that all mankind
Great laud upon the unicorn bestows.
Plain horse, his envy turned to hate. And so
From all this nonsense here a lesson learn:
Begrude no one the fame you could not earn.*

"And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God itself, as it were, in the eye."

John Milton

ATTENTION LANTERN SUBSCRIBERS

This is the last issue of **The LANTERN** for the academic year 1954-1955. If you desire to support **The LANTERN** during the academic year 1955-1956 fill out the coupon below and send it with \$1.00 to:

MAURY HOBERMAN
EDITOR—**The LANTERN**
BOX 248, URSINUS COLLEGE
COLLEGEVILLE, PENNA.

Dear Editor,

Enclosed you will find \$1.00; please list me as a subscriber to the 1955-1956 edition of **The LANTERN**.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

TWO ICE CREAMS OF QUALITY

"Delightfully Good"



"Deliciously Different"



PHILA. DAIRY PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
POTTSTOWN BRANCH

BEAHM & CO., Inc.

ANTHRACITE COAL
BITUMINOUS



Campbell Building
BALA-CYNWYD, PA.



Telephone
Philadelphia — WElsh Valley 4-9300

Compliments of

Montco "Quality" Foods

Wm. Montgomery Co.

In Summary

(Continued from Page 5)

ume XXIII one of the finest in *the Lantern's* history. Throughout the year I found the Staff cooperative and responsive; the members' continued interest and valuable criticism and judgment leave me with little doubt that *the Lantern* will be left in very good hands. The selection of Maury Hoberman '56 as Editor-in-Chief and Ann Leger '58 as Art Editor for the 1955-1956 academic year confirms this view, at least in my mind.

To the new Officers, the Staff and *the Lantern* I wish the best of luck on behalf of myself and the Staff members of the Class of 1955.

HAROLD SMITH

Golf

(Continued from Page 6)

The average golfer will find it to his disadvantage to throw his clubs, whether it be at trees, poles, or people, but especially at people.

The mental attitude before the required eighteen holes is attempted must be a cool, quiescent one if the course is to be completed with any success. To be a good golfer, you must have courage and patience. This is the main reason why there are so few good golfers. You should be completely honest and self-confident. The mental attitude after having played the course, however, is quite different.

You throw your club and your ball, you clip five strokes off of your score, you shout at the caddy, and tell your partner to go to hell. And for this you have invested about two hundred dollars.

Even though you may lose your friends, your wife, and even a small wager here and there, the actual benefits derived are few. You acquire powerful wrist muscles which are good for nothing but handshakes. The posture is enhanced (especially in women) by an acquired looseness in the hips, which looseness often saves the back from being strained.

Though my score is high, though I anger easily, and though I am tempted to cheat, there is a magnetic quality about a golf course that I can not resist.

I must go down to the links again,
to the lonely links and sky.
And all I ask is a white ball
and a club to hit her high.

"Of all the causes that conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the
mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias
rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools."
Alexander Pope

It's New

Schulz Butternut Bread

RICH AS BUTTER — SWEET AS A NUT



AT YOUR GROCERS . . .

. . . AT YOUR HOME



SCHULZ BAKING COMPANY

POTTSTOWN, PA.



Your Friendly Baker for Over Half a Century

The

CHANCELLOR PRESS

INCORPORATED



NOrristown 8-8861



Third and Mill Streets

BRIDGEPORT ● PENNSYLVANIA

SYNTHANE CORPORATION

MANUFACTURERS OF LAMINATED PLASTICS

OAKS - PENNSYLVANIA

Now Showing

(Continued from Page 3)

name for the process comes from Michael Todd, the founder, and the American Optical Company, the manufacturer.

Once the process was discovered it was necessary to select the correct vehicle to use it on. Just as CinemaScope was introduced with *The Robe* and VistaVision was introduced with *White Christmas* something "great" had to be selected to introduce Todd-AO. So the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein were contacted and given a preview of the process. After seeing just a glimpse of Todd-AO they consented to release the rights to their stage hit, the record breaking *Oklahoma*. For this particular screen-play Mr. Todd is reported to have paid \$1,000,000. Not only did he buy the screen rights to *Oklahoma* but he also has first movie option on *South Pacific* and other R. & H. musicals. The filming of *Oklahoma* has been completed, and stars Gordon MacRae as Curly, and an "unknown" in the part of Laurie. The feature runs for two and a half hours and is reported to have cost \$4.5 million to produce. The unfortunate part of the deal is that, as plans now go, *Oklahoma* will be shown only in major cities in special theaters. However, I believe *Oklahoma* will offer strong competition to *Cinerama Holiday*.

Turning the Pages

(Continued from Page 3)

come to life in a manner that is both unique and captivating. This is lavish praise I know, but, *Only Yesterday*, a documentary history of the United States during the "roaring" Twenties is indeed worthy of it. I recommend this one highly; it is almost ideal summer reading. Twenty-nine editions give evidence to the book's popularity.

Space prohibits elaborate comments on the following, but, authors or titles might strike a responsive chord, or at least stir some necessary support for books of a better quality on newsstands. *Ethics in a Business Society* by Marquis W. Childs and Douglass Cater (Mentor, M 107) is a different book that is very well done. *Fifty Great Short Stories* edited by Milton Crane (Bantam Giant edition) presents a wide variety of stories by writers such as Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, John Steinbeck, W. Somerset Maugham and others. *Patterns of Culture* by Ruth Benedict (Mentor, M 89) is another highly recommended volume — as all Sociology students know. Jose Ortega Gasset's *The Revolt of the Masses* (Mentor M 49) is familiar, at least in part, to those who have passed through History 6; here is an opportunity to get additional background material at a nominal cost.

I have merely mentioned some of the titles that I have found on the counters of the newsstands; I hope that these books will be investigated by at least a few on campus. Investigation of these and other titles offered will add support to the whole publication-of-better-pocket-books movement, and, in the long run, lead to more and still better volumes.



SUPERIOR TUBE CO.

the BIG NAME in small tubing

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.



MArket 7-8450

—Phone Service—

24 Hours Around the Clock

PIERCE & REESE

Just Consistently Fine

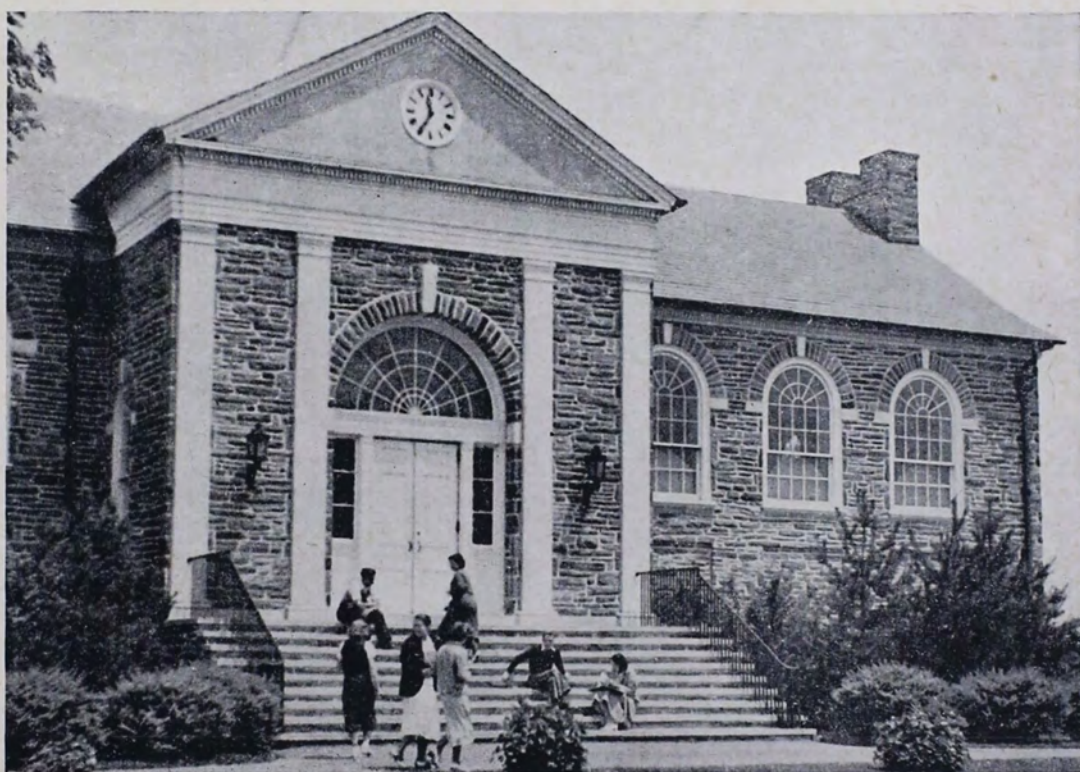
MEATS • POULTRY • PROVISIONS

FROSTED FOODS

130-132 N. Delaware Avenue

PHILADELPHIA 6

URSINUS COLLEGE



COLLEGEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Chartered 1869

Enjoy both sides
of smoking pleasure!



Feel that mildness

Taste that flavor—



that's a Cavalier!



ENJOY an extra measure of both sides of smoking pleasure — by switching to king-size Cavaliers. Try them! Find out for yourself that Cavaliers give you complete smoking enjoyment. What a pleasure smoking can be when the smoke *feels* so mild... *tastes* so good! No wonder Cavaliers are winning friends so fast!

Yes, join the thousands who are enjoying the extra mildness and superb flavor of king-size Cavaliers. Get some today!



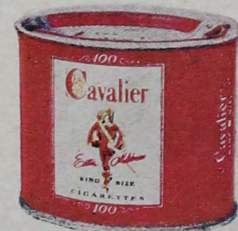
CAVALIERS ARE KING-SIZE
yet priced no higher
than leading regular-size brands.

Try king-size Cavaliers! *Feel* that Cavalier mildness, so light, smooth and easy! See if you don't agree with thou-

sands of smokers everywhere who compared king-size Cavaliers with the cigarettes they had been smoking. Yes...

See why, among thousands of smokers interviewed...

**8 OUT OF 10 SAID
CAVALIERS ARE MILDER!**



Ask for the Cavalier "100" metal humidor. Keeps cigarettes fresh and flavorful.