



6-1936

## The Lantern Vol. 4, No. 3, June 1936

Eugene Shelley  
*Ursinus College*

Charles Francis Ehly  
*Ursinus College*

Utahna Basow  
*Ursinus College*

Elizabeth M. Seidle  
*Ursinus College*

Charlotte R. Tyson  
*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

Shelley, Eugene; Ehly, Charles Francis; Basow, Utahna; Seidle, Elizabeth M.; Tyson, Charlotte R.; Groff, Vernon D.; Roberts, Florence A.; Halberstadt, H. Spencer; Shelly, Paul R.; Yahraes, Richard; and Shoffner, Virginia, "The Lantern Vol. 4, No. 3, June 1936" (1936). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 9.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/9>

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](mailto:aprock@ursinus.edu).

---

**Authors**

Eugene Shelley, Charles Francis Ehly, Utahna Basow, Elizabeth M. Seidle, Charlotte R. Tyson, Vernon D. Groff, Florence A. Roberts, H. Spencer Halberstadt, Paul R. Shelly, Richard Yahraes, and Virginia Shoffner

# THE LANTERN

---

---

Dedicated  
to  
Dr. George Leslie Umwake

---

---



**JUNE, 1936**

*Chesterfield writes  
its own advertising*

*They  
Satisfy*



# THE LANTERN

Vol. IV.

JUNE, 1936

No. 3

## Board of Editors

### EDITOR

S. ELIZABETH MCBRIDE

### ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ELMER W. J. SCHMITT

CHARLES FRANCIS EHLY

E. EUGENE SHELLEY

DOROTHY A. WITMER

EDWARD L. FRENCH

RICHARD A. YAHRAES

UTAHNA BASOW

### BUSINESS MANAGER

JAMES S. RUSSO

### FACULTY ADVISERS

NORMAN E. MCCLURE

FRANKLIN I. SHEEDER

MARTIN W. WITMER

THE LANTERN is published three times during the college year at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents. By mail, one dollar per year.

## CONTENTS

### PART I

FRONTISPIECE	2
DR. OMWAKE AS HIS FRIENDS SEE HIM	
PART I, A Letter from Dr. James M. Anders	3
PART II, An Interview with Dean Kline	E. EUGENE SHELLEY 4
GEORGE LESLIE OMWAKE, EDUCATOR AND CHURCHMAN	CHARLES FRANCIS EHLY 6
THE STORY OF URSINUS	UTAHNA BASOW 9
"WAY BACK WHEN"	ELIZABETH M. SEIDLE 12

### PART II

FRONTISPIECE	15
EDITORIAL—"We Look Before and After"	16
REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-STOREKEEPER'S DAUGHTER	CHARLOTTE R. TYSON 17
THE TALE OF A TOPER, or How the Little Stone Went Rolling	VERNON GROFF 19
BOOK REVIEW—May I Present—?	FLORENCE A. ROBERTS 20
TIME OUT, PLEASE	H. SPENCER HALBERSTADT 21
YOUTH AT THE CROSSROADS	PAUL R. SHELLEY 22
OF CANDY BARS AND TEARS	RICHARD YAHRAES 24
REFLECTIONS	ANONYMOUS 26
TO A STAR—Verse	VIRGINIA SHOFFNER 28
IT TAKES TWO TO STUDY THE MOON	ANONYMOUS 29



*Superhouse, the residence of Dr. Omwake in Collegeville, while President of Ursinus College*

# Dr. Omwake as His Friends See Him

## PART I

### A Letter from Dr. James M. Anders, Personal Physician to the President

*To the Editors of The Lantern:*

I cheerfully comply with the request to contribute a few personal observations on, and experiences with, the retiring President of Ursinus College, Dr. George L. Omwake. I became acquainted with him while he was serving as an Instructor at Ursinus. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, which has lasted until the present day. Then, too, during most of that long period I was his physician.

Obviously, there are confidences existing between physicians and patients which cannot be divulged, being among things held sacred by the principles of ethics of the medical profession. Without violating any ethical principles, however, I am free to point out certain characteristics observed during a long and intimate association.

I was profoundly impressed with Dr. Omwake's strict adherence to high standards many years before he reached his full stature as an educator. It was interesting to note his growth in power and influence, aided and guided by the highest ideals which he ever pursued unceasingly. The characteristics of patients sometimes give physicians much concern, even among so called intelligentsia, but this was not true of Dr. Omwake. Throughout his prolonged and distressing recent illness, Dr. Omwake never expressed a desire to seek the advice of false gods on the one hand, nor more eminent medical advice, on the other. He lived up to the motto *Semper Fidelis* as a patient, and I may add also, as a friend. On one occasion, however, he unconsciously, while travelling abroad with a distinguished group, exerted himself to an extent that proved detrimental to his already impaired circulation. Only the fact that his physician was not present at the moment, saved him from timely discipline.

Dr. Omwake is a member of the body politic that appreciates the evil effects of the inroads of cults and quacks, although he has, at opportune times, playfully hinted at the shortcomings of the ancient and honorable profession of medicine—a fact universally conceded by all honorable practitioners.

Although ineligible to membership in the Society of the Descendants of the Schwenkfeldian Exiles, he paid that organization the highest compliment, recognizing, as few others have done, the fundamental character of its aims and purposes as a social and historic Society. So

far, from denying the soft impeachment that Governor Pennypacker was right when he called the Schwenkfeldian Exiles the topnotch settlers in any part of America, he generously confirmed that statement.

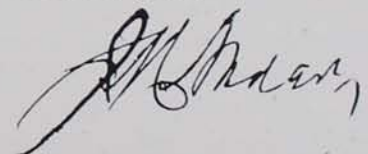
When the subject under discussion during my visits had a political aspect, then conversation became animated and even slightly heated. The Doctor's bondage to the New Deal fills me, and I doubt not many others, with keen regret, although a sense of humor enables us to bear these things without the slightest malice. I feel that hope of his eyes being filled with light in the near future need not be lost. Of course, there is the faint possibility that time may reveal his attitude toward the New Deal to have been right, since he has shown power to create and express brilliant concepts and has often surprised me by his penetrating logic. Fortunately, any little harm that his vote is capable of doing in the meanwhile, will be more than offset by members of his own household.

My friend, Dr. Omwake, has always desired fine buildings in which to carry on the educational work of Ursinus; he has, however, desired above all else, that creative ideals shall continue to come to Ursinus and that prize men composing the Faculty shall ever be provided to present these to the student body. In endeavoring to secure needed funds for additions to the physical plant, Dr. Omwake stressed and explained the needs of the Institution to prospective benefactors, thus opening the way for generous voluntary contributions; he did not ask outright for a definite sum of money to meet urgent requirements.

I know little of his ancestral history, but his own accomplishments and the leading parts played by his brothers in the fields of education and business, justify the conclusion that he is the fortunate biologic product of unusual antecedents.

I close this brief recital of personal experiences with a dear friend by paraphrasing the words of Cicero in speaking of his friend Scipio,—I look upon my life as having been a happy one because I have spent a portion of it with Dr. George L. Omwake.

Cordially yours,



# Years of Friendship

## An Interview with Dean Kline

**S**URROUNDED by the hundreds of aged books and objects which represent the accumulation of many years, Dean Whorten A. Kline settled back in a tilted chair to recall the associations with Dr. George L. Omwake that began several years before the turn of the century. On all sides of the room were books of Latin, Greek, botany, ornithology, rhetoric—collections which indicated the Dean's keen interest in these fields of learning. Hanging from the walls were field glasses, pennants, pictures of Ursinus College "in the days when", and various other bric-a-brac that come into existence much like the treasured contents of a small boy's pockets. A large desk was stacked high with journals and magazines, ranging from the *Reformed Church Messenger* through educational bulletins to one on *Successful Farming*. The desk light had an old-fashioned green lamp shade which was kept company by the yellow-faced wall clock that has ticked off the minutes these many decades.

In the seclusion of this scholarly retreat the Dean's memory recalled the day when three boys who had "prepped" at Shippensburg State Normal School enrolled at Ursinus as sophomores. One was George Leslie Omwake, the second Jesse Shearer Heiges, and the third William Martin Rife, the latter graduating as valedictorian of the class of 1898. Annually he read fifty or sixty books, and upon questions of literature and general knowledge, he was always consulted as an authority. But in activities outside the classroom the others far surpassed him, at the same time keeping a close second to him in the classroom.

In those days Dean Kline taught not only Latin but also public speaking and rhetoric. With a twinkle in his eyes the Dean related his trials in teaching Plautus, an old Latin comedy, to the future president of the College. Dr. Omwake had a penchant for making pencil sketches and as the lecture proceeded, he found it more amusing to sketch the masked comedians as he imagined them to look than to take notes. This inattention irritated the Dean, who severely reprimanded the young student. After the class an expression of regret was forthcoming, and all differences were again smoothed out. It should be mentioned, however, that the book in which the sketching was done is now a prized book in Dr. Kline's library. Many times thereafter, Dr. Omwake voiced his belief in the value of studying Latin and the classics, and because of this he was particularly grieved when his own son, then a student at Mercersburg Academy, decided after one year of Latin declensions that he would be, if not a better, at least a far happier boy by dropping the subject from his course.

Public speaking classes were sometimes held, not in Bomberger Hall, but on the hillside which rises beyond the bridge on Sixth Avenue. Here were prepared the commencement addresses and the orations which were delivered before the old literary societies in the days of their vigor and strength. Dr. Omwake belonged to the Zwinglian Society and was largely responsible for writing its constitution. In the programs of this society Dr. Omwake played a prominent part, and never made himself liable to a fine for non-participation. He was winner of the second prize in a Washington's Birthday Inter-Society debate in 1897. That year also marked his election to the editorship of the *Ruby*, and to positions in the Y. M. C. A. and Athletic Association. Dean Kline summed up his capacity in a single phrase: "A man to do something."

Speaking as a teacher, Dr. Kline offered this criticism of Dr. Omwake as a student: "He asked sensible questions. All three of the boys were keen fellows. They got things at once, but if they didn't understand they were never satisfied until they had grasped the matter thoroughly. We had an argumentation course then in which we used Day's *Rhetorical Practice*—a good book in its day. It contained propositions such as these: 'God is omniscient; Christianity is of divine origin.' Well, now, you know those fellows debated those questions among themselves, and it called for real thinking. They had to advance their proofs for or against, and they did that, but always good-naturedly, of course."

During those days a member of the faculty lived in the dormitories with the college men. One of these was Professor Samuel Vernon Ruby, the kind of character that has largely vanished from the small college campus. This beloved teacher often visited the boys' rooms on Sunday evenings to chat with them, and on some occasions found card-playing in progress, a practice forbidden by the College rules. In the absence of positive proof to the contrary, it is to be assumed that Dr. Omwake was never discovered indulging in this game. Not many boys did, for most of them were reared in homes where cards were banned as being the device of the devil. Nor was smoking one of Dr. Omwake's student habits. Cigars were acquisitions of recent years, and it has been one of Dr. Kline's delights to caution Dr. Omwake, jocularly, that he ought not to smoke now because he doesn't know how to hold a cigar with the practiced ease of experience.

Following his graduation from Ursinus in 1898, Dr. Omwake entered the Yale University graduate school, later to return as a lecturer in education at his alma



mater. He journeyed from one end of the state to the other speaking before teachers' institutes and participating in educational conferences. His rise to fame in the educational world was rapid, and at the time of his election to the presidency of Ursinus College in 1912, he was the youngest college head in Pennsylvania. Both in educational and religious circles his ability was quickly recognized and he was honored with numerous positions of trust and responsibility.

With Dr. Omwake the occasion made the man. He succeeded in measuring up to the demands of whatever situation he found himself in, for he was in possession of the broad background needful for a man's development. His success was due mainly to three factors. First, his rapid development as a public speaker and his capacity for clear thinking while on his feet marked him as a man apart from the crowd. Second, his geniality gave him possession of the happy faculty of making friends easily. Some people he met only once or twice, but his impression on them was so deep that today they are still numbered among his host of friends. He is known over a wide area, among all classes of people from a variety of walks of life. He was one of the few men who had no difficulty in meeting Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis at a time when the publisher was so beset by requests that he had to deny many persons the opportunity to see him. Third, he is at his best on public occasions. He delights in people and likes to move among them. He has had a natural

bent for administrative work and this love has contributed materially to his executive leadership.

The respect and confidence he gained as President of the College was the result of the wisdom he exercised in conducting the duties of his office. He clearly saw the delimitations of the various departments of the College, and let each to perform its own task. He refused to go over the heads of those primarily responsible for performing certain functions; when differences did arise he was willing to let the Board of Directors decide between the policy advocated by him and that of the other party.

Dr. Omwake was willing to take ventures. His philosophy was one of "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," and its soundness was attested to by the progressive building program carried out during his term of office. It was a concrete expression of his faith in man's ability to rise to the stature required of him.

The vision of Ursinus College which Dr. Omwake cherished throughout the twenty-four years of his presidency was that it should be nothing more nor less than a first-class liberal arts undergraduate institution. He did not want it to be a graduate school, nor a seminary, nor a vocational school. He aimed to secure a student body of five hundred selected students, desirous of growing into learning and culture under the tutelage of a well-prepared, friendly faculty. This is the vision which still has the power to stir his memory and quicken the pulse.



# George Leslie Omwake

## Educator and Churchman

IN THE development of every institution, regardless of its nature, it is a comparatively simple task to single out one individual, who by his particular abilities and by his unceasing devotion to his cause, shines brighter than the lesser lights of his contemporaries. Such a man is George Leslie Omwake.

Descended from a line of German and French Huguenot ancestors who arrived in this country in 1729, Dr. Omwake, the ninth of eleven children of Henry and Eveline Beaver Omwake, was born on Indian Spring Farm near Greencastle, Pennsylvania, on July 13, 1871.

His early academic preparation was received at the Shippensburg State Normal School and at the Mercersburg Academy. From there he entered Ursinus College and was graduated in the class of 1898. While at Ursinus he was active in student affairs and was editor of the "*Ruby*," the senior class book. Dr. Omwake first joined the Ursinus faculty in 1901 as lecturer in Education, having completed his graduate and professional studies in Yale University. Later he was elected Dean, then Vice-President, and finally in 1912 he ascended to the presidency, and has occupied that office continuously since that time.

During his career Dr. Omwake has been the recipient of many and various honors and degrees. He is a Doctor of Pedagogy from Franklin and Marshall College and a Doctor of Laws from that institution and also from Lafayette College. In 1932 when the Mercersburg Academy established the Alumni Plaque to commemorate the achievements of the outstanding alumni of the school, Dr. Omwake was chosen as the first recipient of the honor. For twenty years he has served as secretary of the Association of College Presidents of Pennsylvania. His interest in historical and genealogical matters is evidenced by his membership in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution, and the Huguenot Society of Pennsylvania. As president of the latter group in 1933 he conferred the Huguenot Cross of Honor upon Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, the mother of the President.

As a churchman Dr. Omwake's contribution to the advancement of the cause of practical Christianity has been no less outstanding. Although he studied for the ministry, he never became an ordained clergyman and his contributions to the church were made as a layman. As one of the prime movers in the Layman's Missionary Movement of twenty years ago, as Director of Education of the Forward Movement, as a member of the Board of Christian Education and as one of the committee which organized the Reformed Churchman's League, he has played a very active part in awakening the interest of

its membership in the activities and program of the Reformed Church. By his spirit of tolerance, friendly cooperation and personal good-will, he and Dr. Henry H. Apple, whose long administration as president of Franklin and Marshall College was concurrent with that of Dr. Omwake at Ursinus, did much to heal the wounds of the long theological controversy which nearly divided the church in the last century.

The same spirit of unity for which Dr. Omwake stood in that unfortunate affair was evidenced by his zeal for the unity of all Christian bodies and his efforts to promote comity among them. For over a decade he had represented his Church in the World Alliance of Reformed and Presbyterian Churches and in 1926 he served as Chairman of the Western Section of this body and was a delegate to the general meeting of the Alliance in Belfast in 1933.

In the Spring of 1935, Dr. Omwake was taken seriously ill with a heart ailment and was granted a year's leave of absence by the Board of Directors of Ursinus College in June of the same year. Although his health was slowly improving, he felt that his physical limitations were unequal to taking up the burden of the presidency again, and that the problems which changing educational conditions were bound to create would be better met by a younger man who could reasonably expect a longer period of activity. Consequently on November 26, 1935, he submitted his resignation to the Board, to take effect at the close of the present academic year, June 30, 1936.

Looking back over Dr. Omwake's career as president of Ursinus College, the longest of any of her six presidents, notable changes have taken place. In 1912 the student body numbered 179, and the faculty seventeen. The College has grown from a small denominational institution of provincial proportions, to a school of high standards with an enviable reputation among the colleges of the nation. It is no mere coincidence that the period of Ursinus' greatest progress and development has paralleled Dr. Omwake's twenty-four year term of service. His thoroughly progressive educational procedures, his willingness to experiment with new ideas in the hope of discovering something better, and his spirit of friendly criticism, have in no small measure been responsible for the advances that Ursinus has made, physically and scholastically, during the greatest period of her development.

But the sphere of Dr. Omwake's influence did not end with Ursinus College. As a churchman his interest in the changing problems of modern Christianity challenged the thinking of the clergy and laity with whom he came in contact. In the world of practical affairs his

analyses were always keen, intelligent, and forward looking. As a counselor he could always he relied upon to face problems squarely, and out of the wealth of his experience, to offer friendly and useful suggestions. To

the generations of students who had the privilege of knowing this great leader, his separation from Ursinus College will mean inestimable loss.

CHARLES FRANCIS EHLY.



## "The Tower Window"

A STUDY of Dr. Omwake's connection with Ursinus College would not be complete without knowing a little something about his regular contributions to the *Weekly*, entitled "The Tower Window". On September 21, 1914, there appeared the following article on page 2 of the *Weekly*:

"Some years ago while serving as Dean I wrote an article every week for the college paper. Alumni and others intimated afterwards that they would have appreciated it if I had kept up the practise. The memory of this kindly sentiment has encouraged me in my enlarged capacity to yield to the invitation of the new *Weekly* to take my place with others as a regular contributor. I deeply appreciate the opportunity of speaking thus to the greatly extended circle of readers, which I feel that this little paper will have now. Consequently in this particular column which has been generously set apart for my use, and under the above caption, I hope to greet you regularly with some word of mutual interest.

"For a number of years I have written pages of catalogue matter and official announcements so that when the opportunity comes to write in the unconventional style of the newspaper I find myself somewhat under the restraint of the impersonal formalism which the preparation of college catalogues naturally imposes upon an editor. In my desperation, therefore, to break away from all such restraint, I shall studiously shun every literary requirement that interferes with my real ambition, which is that I may just TALK. I do not care to write essays for your enlightenment or editorial articles for your edification or stories for your amusement. I must have that freedom which forbids classification. I simply desire to communicate with you as if after meeting and saying 'How do you do?' we were to go right on in common conversation. Therefore you will excuse my use of the first personal pronoun. You have no idea what a relief it is to one who has always written for the friends of Ursinus in catalogue style to be permitted to write 'you' and 'I.'"

Then followed, week after week, those interesting articles on almost every imaginable subject. However, we can clearly see that Dr. Omwake always had the good of Ursinus at heart and many of his columns dealt directly with the college. Many of the columns were of the type of his second, September 28, 1914, which recounted experiences in connection with college work.

"The task of raising One Hundred Thousand Dollars for the college having now been completed, it is pleasant to recall some of the experiences connected with the work of this movement. What results came from my part in the undertaking were not due to any importunate presentation of the cause. I found that the college was strong enough to constitute its own appeal. Friendly interviews proved sufficient to gain the end, and while these were often had in first instances with strangers, they not infrequently left me in possession of highly cherished personal friendships. Consequently, I am possibly richer than the college as a result of the campaign. Perhaps even the good-hearted interest of the many subscribers constitutes a greater asset than the sum of their contributions.

"The long list of givers contains two classes of friends, each of which the college may well honor; these are the old and the new. No better note of confidence could be desired than that of the directors, most of whom knew the institution long and intimately, and who registered their interest by volunteering the first subscriptions aggregating \$23,000. This was followed by two of these directors being summoned to the house of a devoted pair who were familiar with the work of the college from the day of its founding, in

order that they might turn over a gift of \$6,500.

"But the interest and confidence of those who stood near the college was easily matched by that of many newly-found friends. A gentleman who has lived for many years in a distant state sent \$500 in two gifts, the second altogether unsolicited. Two manufacturers in the interior of Pennsylvania each subscribed \$1,000. Neither had ever been on the college grounds, but one who paid half his subscription immediately remarked that he had passed by and thought it would be a good thing to fix up the dormitories. A business man of Philadelphia contributed \$1,500 in cash, yet he had never seen the college and at the time had no personal acquaintance with any of its present officers. Another contributor gave \$5,000 who likewise had never seen the college and who until six years ago had never heard of it.

"Equally interesting instances regarding the smaller gifts might be cited. The fund includes one dollar from a woman who supported a large family of children and a dependent husband. She had heard the cause presented in a public address and gave her offering with manifest happiness."



Among the more delightful ones to the casual reader are the annual Christmas messages written in Dr. Omwake's lovable style. The following was printed December 20, 1915:

"As I was hurrying through a department store in Philadelphia one day last week, bent on making one more purchase before going home, I unexpectedly got my Christmas message for the 'Tower Window'.

"It was late in the afternoon, crowds of people filled the store, and at a certain point I was literally held up until the congestion was relieved. As I stood there in the midst of the throng, tired as only a day's shopping can make one tired, and worried a little lest I might not get out in time for the train home, I heard amidst the confusion, the low humming of a familiar tune. It came from a little old lady of humble bearing but kindly face, who at my elbow was patiently and good-naturedly abiding her time at the counter. She seemed not to be minding the crowd about her as she stood there, her eyes fixed upon her little leather bag which she fingered passively while waiting.

"In a moment, the press of people had yielded and I went my way. As I went I carried with me the image which in a glance had been photographed on my mind—the silver hair, the kindly face, the air of contentment—in that surging crowd with whose commotion her composure bore marked contrast, she seemed the real expression of 'peace on earth'. But I had carried away more than the image, for she had transmitted to me her song, 'If your heart keeps right', and the words repeated themselves to me over and over through the remaining hours of the day.

"If I ever knew the rest of that song I have forgotten it, and happily, for what fruitful themes these words suggest when their fulfillment is left to one's fancy; what a preparation they afford for every issue in life. With their condition met, a thousand songs will follow, and life itself will become one continuous poem of joy, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life'."

"The Tower Window" was a regular feature in the *Weekly* until the fall of 1918 when the paper was reduced in size. September 30, 1918 the following notice appeared in bold-face type: "Inasmuch as the size of *Weekly* has been considerably reduced, the 'Tower Window' written by Dr. Omwake will be discontinued for the time being."

However, on September 20, 1920 the "Tower Window" was again a regular feature in the *Weekly* and brought to its readers many interesting articles. There was one more interruption in the presentation of the articles; that was the year '22-'23, but on September 24, 1923, they appeared once more and continued to appear until Dr. Omwake's latest sickness and his subsequent resignation from the presidency of the College. It is interesting to note that each time the "Tower Window" was resumed after an interval Dr. Omwake would always

quote from his first article of September 21, 1914. And he always wanted his readers to know that the style and the purpose of the column had not changed. At the close of his opening article, September 24, 1923, he said:

"I crave the same liberty today that I assumed in 1914 (the liberty to just 'talk'). There is enough to say to keep the column going every week, but on account of a few other duties I crave the further liberty of skipping a week occasionally, if it does not suit to write. Since the 'Window' has been closed down tight for a year, you may have the fear that now you will be getting stale stuff, but fear not, the purifying sunshine of a prosperous year has been pouring in, and what snow blows forth will be harmless; at least, we hope, wholesome and helpful."

Those of us who have been connected with the college for more than two years are all well acquainted with the recent "Windows". The passage of time has not caused Dr. Omwake to lose sight of his original purpose. For years he continued to talk to students, telling of his experiences, communicating to us many interesting thoughts and often giving us worthwhile advice. We might quote from one of the more recent ones, that of September 18, 1933, which was written to greet the incoming freshman class:

"It is a great thing to be young in 1933. We are just finishing the first third of the present century. The youth of today will live through the second third and part way into the last third. The second third of the nineteen hundreds is bound to constitute a great epoch in the world's history. We have witnessed enough in the first third and especially in the last few years to be assured of this. The developments of the last six months in the United States, to say nothing of what has been going on in other parts of the world, clearly indicate that we have definitely parted company with the past.

". . . In any case, we are facing an era when brains will count. Already the old-time politicians are muttering something about a "brain trust". In this era untrained minds will fall to the rear. A new frontier life is looming—not a physical but a spiritual frontier (I use 'spiritual' in its widest sense). There is a vast realm of untamed life yonder for civilization to conquer. The heroes will not be Daniel Boones and General Custers but persons more of the type of Erasmus, Leonardo da Vinci, and Luther.

"I repeat that it is a great thing to be young in these times. I congratulate those whose privilege it is to be in college and I sympathize with those bright-minded young folk who are being denied this privilege. Whether in college or not, all must realize that this is no time to loaf or to waste one's energies.

"There are great times ahead. Get ready."

With the passing of the column signed with the familiar "G. L. O." not only the *Weekly* but every student at Ursinus suffered a great loss. For the "Tower Window" was the place to meet, not Dr. Omwake our president, but Dr. Omwake our friend.

# The Story of Ursinus

**A**MID venerable trees stood the sturdy, one storied building whose miniature proportions hardly equalled those of the proverbial red school-house. Erected in 1832 by the citizens resident in the community central to Montgomery County, its purpose was to provide an elementary education for their children. This was Todd's School, a small building of stone with rough-cast exterior, having an enrollment of thirty pupils. It stood directly opposite Superhouse, the present home of the president.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow", fitly describes the development of Ursinus College. Sixteen years after the opening of the Todd School, Freeland Seminary was established on grounds now central in the Ursinus campus. It was a private secondary school for boys and young men, who attended from all sections of eastern Pennsylvania.

A picture of Freeland Seminary in 1854 would present quaint contrast to the "Freeland" of today. The building itself has lost little of its sturdy, dignified mien, but all else has changed. The spreading trees on the front campus were mere saplings then. In place of the Egar Gateway and the majestic trees lining the campus on the Main Street side, was a picket fence ornamented with knobs, making the whole seem like a series of old-fashioned newel posts. In front of Freeland were two unique pavilions topped by cupolas and surrounded by shrubbery. The dignified belfry of today looked like a glorified smokestack; the young men strolling the paths and holding leisurely chats obviously were never late to classes—or perhaps the picture represents a typical Sunday afternoon. A box-like affair to which are attached two champing horses, was apparently a traveling vehicle for it seems to contain newly-arrived students. "A picture of untroubled youth, a staid and respectable seat of learning was the Freeland Seminary of 1854."

Within a period of twenty years, more than 3,000 young men from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware received their education at this school; among them: Wayne MacVeagh, lawyer, statesman and diplomat; Franklin MacVeagh, financier and Secretary of the Treasury; Major General John R. Brooke of the U. S. Army, Rear Admiral Charles R. Stockton of the Navy, late president of George Washington University; George V. Massey, general counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad; Wilmer Atkinson, founder and editor for forty years of the *Farm Journal*, and Adam H. Fetterolf, long president of Girard College.

Freeland Seminary was replaced by a still higher educational project. The founders of Ursinus met in February, 1867, in the home of Emanuel Kelker, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and decided to found a college. This meeting led to a larger one, September 24, 1868, in the Reformed Church at Myerstown, Pa. This meeting has

since come to be known as the Myerstown Convention and was attended by 189 persons, representing the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, and North Carolina. The convention appointed a Business Committee "whose function was to act in a continuation capacity for the whole group." The leadership of this committee rested in Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, who became the Editor of the Reformed Church Monthly published from 1868-1878, through which the movement expressed itself and gathered momentum.

On November 10, 1868, six persons met at No. 26 N. 5th Street, Philadelphia, and took the following action:

"WHEREAS, there is an increasing demand in the Reformed Church for educational facilities, and whereas we have no such school in this section of our Zion distinctly Reformed and adapted to the wants of our sons, both intellectually and morally, therefore

RESOLVED, that we found and establish at such a place as shall hereafter be determined, an institution of learning that shall afford young men the advantage of a collegiate education."

"Actuated by a desire to serve the interest of higher education and evangelical Christian religion, they chose as the name of their institution that of one of the most distinguished reformers and scholars of the Reformation period, *Ursinus*, of the University of Heidelberg." The institution was incorporated as such by a charter granted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, February 5, 1869, conferring full university privileges.

The corporation was organized at a meeting of the Directors held in Philadelphia February 10, 1869. A permanent seat for the College was sought near that city. "Attracted by the beauty of the region of Perkiomen Bridge, where Freeland Seminary had flourished for 20 years, and impressed by the reputation of the community for its interest in education," the Board of Directors purchased the property of Freeland Seminary, and incorporated the latter into Ursinus College as its preparatory department. About this time the United States postal authorities named the post office at Perkiomen Bridge, Collegeville.

In June, 1869, Dr. John H. A. Bomberger was unanimously elected President of the College. The faculty selected for the College was made up of an exceptional group of men. Instruction was begun September 6, 1870. In 1881 the doors of the College were opened to women.

Enrollment through succeeding years increased to such an extent that the College was deeply in need of enlarged facilities. A movement was begun by Robert Patterson, then a member of the Board of Directors, who, together with Dr. Bomberger, introduced the topic at the Commencement Exercises in 1890. Mr. Patterson gave

\$25,000 for the erection of a building which would meet the demands. This contribution stimulated effort, and another \$25,000 was secured from other friends. Thus financing the building was done entirely by large contributions; no subscription campaigns were undertaken. Other moneys were raised for the erection by the dedication of rooms, in which the tablets can still be seen as reminders of the movement. At the Commencement exercises in 1891 the cornerstone was laid.

"Three fairly distinct epochs mark the growth of Ursinus College. The first, covered by the administration of President J. H. A. Bomberger (1870-1890) was one of pioneer effort in which the foundations were securely laid. The second embraced the administration of President Henry T. Spangler (1893-1904) who fitted the work to the new and enlarged equipment provided in the erection of Bomberger Memorial Hall, reorganized the curriculum and brought university-trained professors into the faculty. The third epoch, including the administration of Presidents A. Edwin Keigwin (1907-1912) and George L. Omwake (1912-1936) has been marked by vigorous internal growth and a wide extension of the College's influence."

When Dr. Omwake was elected president in the fall of 1912, the total enrollment was 179 students. His presidency was marked by a successful effort at reconstruction of old buildings, and an extensive construction of new. Freeland, Stine, and Derr were completely remodelled, and a new kitchen built on the court adjoining them to the rear. Under the terms of President Henry W. Super's will, his residence came into possession of the College in 1914, and has since been used as a home for the President. In 1916 Trinity Cottage, or "South Hall" was purchased for use as a girl's dormitory. In the same year the Chapel in Bomberger Hall was remodelled and the Clark Memorial Organ installed.

When additional dormitory space for girls was needed, two dwelling-houses in the town were rented, The Maples, in 1919, and Glenwood, near the site of the old Pennsylvania Female College, in 1921. Lynnewood and Fircroft were purchased in 1926 by officers of the College and were made available as residences for young women.

The first major addition to the equipment of the College in 30 years was made in 1921 through the erection of the Alumni Memorial Library. Contrary to the establishment of Bomberger Hall, the Library depended very little upon large contributions for its foundation and support. It was built from funds raised by subscription, among alumni and non-graduate former students. Though small in amount, the large number of gifts made possible the building.

The site for the erection was provided through the benefaction of H. M. Housekeeper, (who added the East Campus and gave \$6,000 to purchase the land on which the library stands.) Perhaps no more graphic description of the story of the construction can be given than that

culled from the *Weeklies* of the four years during which the campaigns were conducted for the Library Fund. An extract from the issue of May 22, 1922, announces that "the classes of 1920 and 1922 will contribute important features of interior furnishings. The class of 1921 will donate the clock to be installed in the gable of the portico."

In the early history of the College the Library was housed in a room on the second floor of Derr Hall. It was only open once or twice a week. Next it was moved to the first floor of Stine Hall. It was then open daily for an hour. In the next three decades it was in Bomberger Hall until it received its final home in the Memorial Library.

At the same time that construction was going on, contributions were being made, and constant pleas for more were given front-page space in the *Weekly*. An issue of June 3, 1922 announced that: "The plastering of the main room and the stack room of the Memorial Library Building is now finished. The steel stacks are ready to be erected. Work is going forward splendidly, contributions are coming from unexpected sources." A later issue of 1923 tells of an unexpected donation. "Without any special application having been made an honorary alumnus from the continent of Europe recently sent to the treasurer his contribution to the Memorial Building." And later: "The windows are being put into place. The 1921 clock is ready for placement." In a later issue is a feature article on the clock. "It is claimed for the clock that when adapted to its permanent local condition it will be an authority in accuracy for this community, and will not be excelled in this particular by any weather-exposed mechanical timekeeper anywhere."

Meanwhile extensive campaigns were still being carried out. Further financing was constantly in demand, and the Alumni were the only source for obtaining it. The committee whose purpose it was to carry out the campaign worked ceaselessly and with tireless effort to complete the plans. Dr. J. S. M. Isenberg headed the committee for collection of subscriptions; his portrait hangs directly above the desk, and can be seen immediately upon entering the Library. Rev. F. I. Sheeder was sent as representative of the committee to various sections of the state.

When additional money was needed three weeks before the dedication, the following plea was inserted in the *Weekly*: "Let's adopt as our slogan—'Don't quit givin' till God quits givin' to you' and go to it;

The mail man will do the rest."

Typical of the spirit with which the difficult task was carried out is this paragraph in a *Weekly*: "To their honour, in their memory, and for the perpetuation of the noble ideals for which they fought and died, we are engaged to-day in the erection of a fitting memorial. Shall we grow weary or falter in the accomplishment of our purpose? Let us rally, one and all—our own small schemes shall wait."

The original purpose of the undertaking has been successfully carried out. It is a place for general reading, for study, and reference—a place for “browsing”. No more fitting memorial could have been erected by the Alumni of Ursinus as a tribute to their fellows who served their country in the Great War and a memorial to those who gave their lives in the service.

The building was completed and ready for dedication on Saturday, June 9, 1923. It was presented by Dr. Isenberg to Mr. Harry E. Paisley, President of the Board of Directors, who said: “It is a pleasure to accept this gift, and we extend to the Alumni Association thanks, bigger than the building, and as solid as the stone on which it is built.” Dr. Omwake dedicated the building to “The Men of Ursinus, 272 in number, who from the entry of America into the War, April 6, 1917, until the signing of the Armistice, Nov. 11, 1918, in the Army and Navy of the United States on land and sea, at home and abroad, loyally and bravely served their country . . . and in memory of the nine Ursinus men who gave their lives to the cause.”

Colonel J. T. Axton, chief of Chaplains of the U. S. Army, who was guest speaker at the services, said: “In this library, as in the hearts of men and women of Ursinus who have made it possible, the memory of the men and women of this college shall be enshrined forevermore.”

“The year 1927 marked the beginning of a period of construction which was to continue for five years and which totally changed the appearance of the entire campus.” In that year the Brodbeck and Curtis Dormitories for Men, the Thompson-Gay Gymnasium, and a new dining-room were all constructed and occupied at the opening of College in September. At the same time the North Campus, until then a truck-patch, came into being, Patterson Field was completely regraded, and six tennis courts and a quarter-mile track with straightaway were built.

Work on the long-dreamed-of Science Building was begun in 1931. Anyone who has had to experiment in the old Chemistry laboratory or study the anatomy in the “cat-lab.” in Bomberger, can appreciate the full meaning of the addition of this structure. With the removal of the Laboratories from Bomberger Hall, the space thus made available was turned into class rooms, conference rooms for professors and administrative offices, and the building devoted entirely to the liberal arts.

Actual construction was carefully planned. Science and the scientific method were studied as cardinal methods of education. A committee of research workers was chosen from the alumni to give counsel in the formulation of plans for the building. This committee included Dr. Robert M. Yerkes, former chairman of the Research Information Service of the National Research Council at Washington, and now professor of Psychology and a member of the Institute of Human Relations at Yale University; Dr. John R. Murlin, professor of physiology and

Director of the Department of Vital Economics at the University of Rochester, and Dr. Ralph H. Spangler, a practicing physician and investigator in special fields of medicine in Philadelphia. The College sought the aid also of the committee on Design of Laboratories of the National Research Council, and received valuable suggestions from Professor W. M. Dennis of Cornell University and Professor C. R. Hoover of Wesleyan University, members of the Committee.

After more than a year of preliminary studies the character of the building was so determined as to provide for the whole college, combining the liberal education with a fund of knowledge from the scientific field. Headquarters were planned for a bureau “to originate and conduct projects of research”.

The building was financed in the beginning without active solicitation. The first contribution was \$2,000 by C. Edward Bell made within a month after his graduation from Ursinus in 1917. He was one of three members of his class to be granted the Bachelor of Science degree, and he realized the need of the Science Building. His gift became the “nest-egg” for the Fund. In 1925 the Financial Campaign for the College yielded \$25,000 in gifts for the Science Building. This amount was set aside as a Fund for building and operation, and was augmented by the \$25,000 gift of a friend of the College. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, L.L.D., chairman of the Advisory Council of the College, contributed more than \$360,000 to the building.

The College is deeply indebted to Dr. James M. Anders for inspiration and for guidance prompting the erection. His services and efforts consisted of addresses before the alumni, in magazine articles, in committee conferences and in conversations with officers of the College and with others.

Veritably, the new Science Building was a dream come true—of a magnificent structure devoted to science in its relation to academic discipline, to the learning process, to research—to the “prosecution of fresh adventures”, to quote Dr. Anders’ own words, laboratory facilities and a “research bureau . . . to inspire and enrich its student body with the creative atmosphere so necessary to productive thinking”.

Thus, the story of Ursinus is brought up to the present. The indebtedness of the College to Dr. Omwake is evidenced by the splendid record of his achievements for it. His administration has been marked by physical expansion and internal progress. The College has gained materially as a means to an end. Provision was made adequately and permanently to carry out the purpose of the College. It is equipped to do its work. It is hard-working, happy and normal. Academically it is strong and healthy. Each year new additions were made to the Faculty, new departments were established. The College was placed upon the approved list of the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary

Schools in 1921. Similar action was taken in 1930 by the American Association of University Women and the Association of American Universities. Ursinus alumni have become noted for their contributions to the various forms of public service. College presidents, college and university professors, school superintendents, principals, teachers and educational specialists, ministers, physicians, lawyers, journalists, newspaper reporters and editors, missionaries, nurses, religious educators, business executives, bankers, scientific research workers, librarians, social service workers, diplomats and statesmen are included in the ranks of Ursinus graduates.

A well-known periodical wrote of Ursinus: "Everyone knows everybody else, and friendships made at Ursinus last. . . . Hard-working, happy, normal students in a strong, progressive college, such is the Ursinus of today."

It has been said that we contact the past only by referring to it—we cannot re-enter it; but we can determine the quality of our todays by the standards of the eternal: the good will survive, the eternal never dies. The motto of Ursinus: *Super Firmum Fundamentum Dei* serves and upholds standards which must endure—even as the memory of its soldier dead is enshrined in the library—"forevermore".



## "Way Back When—"

HAVE you ever noticed the Zwinglian and Schaff bulletin boards on either side of the chapel? Did you ever wonder why Schaff is painted on the wall of the East Music Studio? Doesn't it raise a question in your mind when the Curtain Club gives a Zwinglian or Schaff anniversary play? To older members of the faculty these things bring back memories, memories of the good old days when Schaff and Zwing were in full swing.

Let us go back, 'way back, to the times when a soup strainer was worn by the most dashing Beau Brummel and a blush was a necessary part of a young lady's make-up. Those were the days when autos sounded like a glorious Fourth of July.

October 4, 1870, a month after Ursinus College had been open for instruction, the Zwinglian literary society was founded. F. S. Lindeman was elected the first president. He was at the time studying the life of Zwingli and was so impressed by this great reformer's teachings and doctrines, for which Ursinus has always stood, that he suggested the society be named after him. It was granted a charter February 26, 1889. In September, 1892, the society moved into what is now the West Music Studio.

The Schaff literary society was organized in 1874 and granted a charter a number of years later. Its purpose was to have its members "qualify in the art of speaking, become useful members of society, and promote the best interest of the institution." The name Schaff was adopted in honor of Dr. Philip Schaff, a famous theologian and a professor in the Union Theological Seminary in New York City.

These societies were the heart of social life and activities at Ursinus. Their meetings every Friday night afforded the only opportunity for mixed gatherings outside of the classroom and athletics. The Schaff took what is now the East Music Studios for its meeting place.

These organizations adopted colors and mottos. Schaff chose blue and gold for its colors and the motto, "Prudens Futuri" while the Zwing chose gray and blue. "Kairon Gnothi" was their motto.

The nature of their meetings was entirely literary at first. Membership to one or the other was compulsory, the alternative being a certain English course. The societies followed a definite program. One week there would be readings, declamations, essays, and orations. The alternate week they held a debate. They posted their programs and announcements on their own bulletin boards, the ones we still use today.

There was keen competition between the two organizations. If our rush committees would look into the records of these early societies, they might get a few pointers. Rushing on a large scale was carried on. Since the groups were mixed, boys did and could rush the Freshman girls. They would apparently desert their steady girl on campus for some popular Freshman and date her until she would join their society, then they went back to their former loves, faithful as ever. It is easy to imagine the amusing situations that this produced.

Once a year, each society held an anniversary, Schaff before the Christmas holidays and Zwing before the Easter recess. The anniversaries also followed a stereotyped form. First was the Salutatory oration, followed by two other orations; then a eulogy on some prominent man, living or dead. The last oration on the program was delivered by the Society orator, which was considered the position of honor. This person was selected by the students in his society for his speaking ability.

As the years passed, the meetings no longer remained serious in nature. Articles from the *Weekly* tell of Hawaiian guitar solos, humorous skits, aesthetic dances and vocal solos; but they continued to sponsor



essay and declamation contests outside of the Junior Oratorical Contest which the college sponsored. Their anniversaries also underwent a change; they began to have outside speakers and little skits. Finally Schaff took a radical step instead of presenting the usual orations on their anniversary, they met instant and popular approval by presenting a play. Naturally the Schaff anniversary became more popular and although the Zwings lost their audience they continued to present the ordinary run of program for several years. Realizing the increasing demand for entertainment of a different nature, they also began to give plays.

The large increase in the number of students was one reason for these changes. Another was the trend of student attitude. With the advance in science and transportation the tempo of youth increased; it demanded excitement and entertainment. The societies were ready to give it to them and in this way opportunities for literary, dramatic and forensic talent began to dwindle. Slowly they passed into the waiting hands of other societies and clubs that specialized for those interested.

From the 1926 *Ruby* we gain this information, "Thus far no organizations have had a wider influence or obtained more far-reaching result than the two literary societies—Zwing and Schaff. Here it is that many gain experience for coaching plays by producing well known sketches in society meetings. Members skilled along musical lines are in demand and here they receive preliminary training under the critical influence of the society audience. Original story writers and capable essayists, poets and rhymsters added to the variety. Besides giving information and presenting views on current affairs, the writers become original and have to develop a pleasing style in order to satisfy their audience. Aside from the talent development factor, real social intercourse is not overlooked. Here campus acquaintances are formed and developed and co-operative spirit prevails."

One would not say that these societies were the grandparents of the Curtain Club, for they weren't. The dramatic activities of the college have had quite a checkered career. In 1925 while the societies were still carrying on the Curtain Club was formed "to foster and supervise dramatic productions, to supplement the work of the literary societies and to try to continue the work they had done so well."

After the break-up of the societies, dramatics were reorganized under the name Dramatic Club and in 1931 the club was again reorganized under the name Curtain Club and has so remained.

The only organizations that existed outside of the Zwing and Schaff in early days were the *Weekly*, the Choir, Y. M. and Y. W., and the *Ruby*. In 1926 the Men's Glee Club, the Women's Glee Club and the Orchestra were definitely organized. In the pre-war period, minor clubs and societies sprang up and died again. Fraternities and sororities were being born and they

flourished under cover for the college did not give its approval.

In 1927 the *Ruby* said this, "With the rapid growth of the college these societies no longer monopolize the extra-curricular activity of the whole student body as was the case at one time. Their work is being supplanted by other clubs, but the societies still are necessary to campus life. Large crowds are attracted to their weekly programs. Their aim is to develop talent before a critical audience. These societies are upholding the standards of their Alma Mater by fostering a 'friendly' spirit that has always characterized Ursinus."

In 1928-1929, the students themselves decided that their societies were no longer of great use; because of the large crowds, they had to meet in chapel, the Zwings holding meetings bi-weekly in order to accommodate everyone; they lost the congenial and intimate atmosphere of the music studio which they had so nicely furnished.

The activities that they had heretofore sponsored had been assimilated by other specialized groups. So instead of gradually passing from the Ursinus Campus, they were deliberately dissolved. It is still a point of argument whether their existence might still contribute to the social atmosphere of our college. But we do know that the Zwing and Schaff Literary Societies prepared the way for a great many organizations on campus to-day.

Of all the years in the development of social activities at Ursinus, the one that stands out is 1930. The *Ruby* for that year stated this; "The newly organized Board of Control consisting of the officers of the three clubs—Music, Dramatic, and Literary—has in its first year of work demonstrated the feasibility and superiority." The achievements of this board were the issuance of a calendar on extra-curricular activities and the sponsoring of a Council on Social Activities to promote more and better social opportunities on campus.

The Music Club was formed in 1928 for the purpose of organizing all the students interested in music into a compact group to provide concerts and entertainment, and to further the development of musical talent among the student body.

In 1930 the Dramatic Club took over the Schaff and Zwinglian anniversary plays. A new literary club was opened to all those who had a desire to write and to express themselves. The National Honorary Debating Fraternity, Tau Kappa Alpha, found student members at Ursinus for the first time in this year.

The Men's Student Government Association did two major things. They innovated a Freshman study period during which freshmen must be in their rooms or in the library and were not to be molested. They also made an endeavor "to improve the social conditions of the college by instituting an evening social hour during which wholesome companionship is engendered."

The Y. W. C. A. started the Vesper services in answer to a long felt need. They were conducted every Sunday afternoon. At this time the Y. M. C. A. held a meeting every Wednesday evening at which there was a devotional service followed by a talk given by a faculty member or outside speaker. It held smokers and other events to promote good fellowship and sportsmanship among the men.

Another organization was formed this year to further improve the social relations of Ursinus men and women. The Council on Student Activity opened "Rec" hall "to permit dancing and to afford a place of recreation where *all* may gather under proper conditions."

Another stride forward was the appearance of fraternities and sororities in the 1930 *Ruby*. The only fraternity that had been recognized before was the T.K.A.; however they had been bubbling under the surface for quite a while. The Demas was founded in 1925, the Apes in 1926, the Beta Sigs in 1928, the Sigma Rhos in the same year, and the Rho Delta Rho Club, organized in 1929, became the present Zeta Chi.

Sororities also took their place on campus. Phi Psi organized first in 1907, Tau Sigma Gamma and Sigma Nu in 1929. The present Omega Chi is a combination of the two former sororities Sigma Omega Gamma and Alpha Chi Lambda.

It is interesting to know that there once was a philosophy club on campus. Also that Ursinus once possessed a smart looking band that was organized in 1927. A glance at some old year books might have boosted the drive for band uniforms a great deal.

An organization that has lasted for a long time is the Brotherhood of Saint Paul, organized in 1903. It

has remained strong and true to its standards. The *Ruby* has a firm hold on the heart of Ursinus for it has been living and giving pleasure since 1896.

In 1920, representatives from Schaff and Zwing met with a committee appointed by the faculty to lay plans for the formation of teams for inter-collegiate debating. Six members were elected from each society and four were eliminated at tryouts. This was the beginning of the present men's debating club.

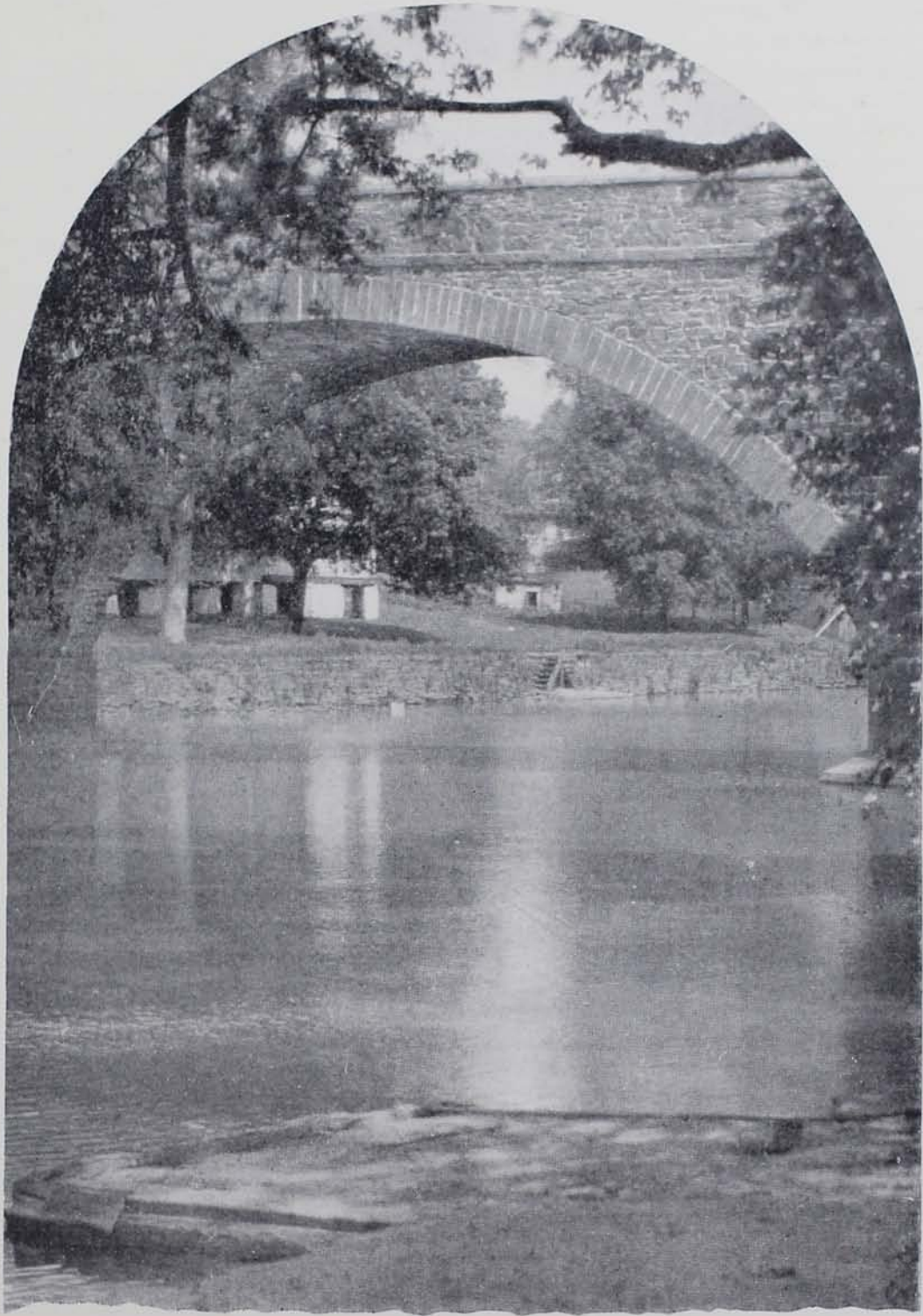
Dr. White was directly responsible for the formation of the Women's Debating Club in 1924 and the International Relations Club in 1929. Both these organizations have been functioning strongly and smoothly up to the present time.

With the completion of the science building in 1932, two new societies were formed, the one being the Hall Chemical Society and the other the James M. Anders Pre-Medical Society. The latter is an honorary society for juniors and seniors having an average of 82 per cent or above. A literary light appeared in 1933 in the form of THE LANTERN. This publication has taken the place of the essays that used to be read years ago at Schaff and Zwinglian meetings. The College Symphony Orchestra was formed in this year.

The English Club was organized by Dr. Homer Smith six or eight years ago; the French Club has been active about three years, while the German Club has only been in existence during the present year.

Now that we have come to 1936 an appropriate ending for this rambling is a serious thought for the future. The Women's Dormitory Committee first met in 1927. Its main object from that time until now has been and will continue to be the realization of a dream, the building of a new women's dormitory on campus.





# "We Look Before and After"

## AN EDITORIAL

THIS, the June issue of THE LANTERN, is dedicated to Dr. George Leslie Omwake whose efforts made possible this publication. We, THE LANTERN COUNCIL, wish to take this inadequate means of showing our appreciation of Dr. Omwake's work and help not only with THE LANTERN but with the whole college.

\* \* \* \*

The first part of this magazine is devoted entirely to recounting in a very brief form the work Dr. George Leslie Omwake did at Ursinus College. THE LANTERN COUNCIL wishes to express its thanks to Dr. James M. Anders for contributing an article concerning his friendship with Dr. Omwake; to the *Weekly* for the use of excerpts from the "Tower Window" and for the cut used with that article; to Dr. Calvin D. Yost, Sr., for his helpful criticisms and corrections of the articles; and to Dean Whorten A. Kline for his cooperation in connection with the interview printed herein.

\* \* \* \*

The second section of THE LANTERN, which immediately follows this page, is devoted to the contributions by members of the student body. The Editor wishes to call the readers' attention to articles which represent styles hitherto unrepresented in this magazine. The satire, *The Tale of a Topper, or How the Little Stone Went Rolling*, is a literary type which THE LANTERN has not offered its readers before. As a representative of an ultra-modern literary style not totally accepted by critics as being true Literature, we offer the memoirs of a Freshman, *It Takes Two to Study the Moon*. We should like to have our readers' opinions on these two articles in particular.

\* \* \* \*

With this issue, THE LANTERN completes its fourth year at Ursinus. We wish to thank all our contributors for their interest and for their willing cooperation throughout the year. It has been a pleasure and a privilege to work with all of you who have evinced your interest in literary endeavor.

May the hope that your interest in this magazine will continue and will grow ever greater, and help you, the students of Ursinus, to make THE LANTERN an integral part of your campus life.

THE EDITOR

# Reminiscences of An Ex-Storekeeper's Daughter

CHARLOTTE R. TYSON

THE girl whose father owns a general store in a small town is, ten to one, the most popular member of her clique. The very fact that she may have "anything she wants" creates about her an air of superiority and mystery. She becomes at once the ideal and the envy of the younger girls especially, all of whom at some time or other dream of having without limit all the ice cream cones, candy, and cookies they want. To most children being a storekeeper's daughter is no less wonderful than living in the candy house of fairyland. The "sweet tooth" of childhood greatly influences their attitudes toward their friend and her father's store.

But sweets are not the only fascinating things about a store. Such a variety of merchandise bedecks the shelves and counters that the child's imagination grows as he sees it, and he thinks how exciting life would be if only his father owned a store. For fifteen years I had this wish gratified, for I lived in the house adjoining the general store which my father owned and operated. More times than I can recall I entered the world of unreality and dreams through the things I found displayed for sale there.

The store sold everything from thread, groceries, and school supplies to dress material, men's working clothes, and shoes. There seemed to me to be no end of the articles my father had in stock. My discovery of strange, interesting things never ended; each day, whether I was exploring or not, I usually came upon something new.

The very size of the store always filled me with awe. The grocery department was located on one side of the first floor. Dress material, ribbon, stockings, thread, and the like occupied the other side. In the extreme rear of this floor was the shoe department, where Dad, in prosperous days, fitted many feet with all sizes and styles of shoes and galoshes. Two large rooms, reached by climbing a flight of stairs adjacent to the shoe department, composed the second floor. There racks and counters of clothing were on display. The third floor, the most interesting and mysterious to me, was the storage place for Christmas materials and dry goods. And I must not forget the spacious cellar, for there the delivery man always took the large barrels of light and dark molasses and vinegar; there the oil man filled the kerosene tank; there Dad hung large bunches of green bananas to await their ripening; there, at the very bottom of the stairs,

my brother had his amateur picture gallery.

It was customary for some of the men and older boys of the neighborhood to visit the store regularly just to sit around and talk. Weekday evenings and Saturday afternoons were the favorite times for these cracker-barrel forums. Old John Anderson and John Herringer are names still associated in my mind with those gatherings. I stood around timidly, just listening to the men talk, or sat on Dad's knee if he wasn't busy. Although I remember very little that I heard in those days, I feel quite sure that no college "bull session" covers a wider range of subject. Religion, politics, weddings, deaths, neighborhood gossip, and rich morsels of scandal all had their innings.

With what keen anticipation and delight I looked forward twice a week to the coming of the candy man, who sold Dad confections! "Dick" I called him then, and still do. He had a demonstration kit that always fascinated me. It unfolded like steps, each step containing a display of a certain kind of candy. My pride and joy knew no bounds when Dad occasionally let me point out one or two kinds that I thought he should buy. "Dick" sometimes gave me a sample to taste, so I always tried to be present when he arrived. I remember well many other salesmen who visited the store; "drummers" I used to call them. Many of them are still on the road. If I happen to meet them occasionally now, they begin to tell about the times they gave me novelties and money as treats. Monday was "drummer" day; one after the other they came to take orders. Of all the days in the week Monday proved to me to be the most profitable in loot.

One has to be a storekeeper's daughter to have elaborate wardrobes for doll families. Scraps of ribbon too short to be sold as remnants and unsalable ends of dress material always fell to me. I envisioned a sample from each bolt of goods as a dress long before the roll was at an end. A storekeeper's daughter is fortunate also in being able to have for her private collection all nice cardboard candy boxes, all pretty wrapping paper, and other things dear to the heart of childhood, especially feminine childhood.

Dad was paid fifteen dollars a year to allow a chewing gum company to paint a large, colorful advertisement on the end of the building facing a side street. I

can still see "Mr. Wrigley," with his triangular red hat and other bright garb, gazing out at all who passed that street and telling them to use chewing gum for health. The children of the neighborhood spent many happy hours playing there on the hill beneath the cheerful smile of Mr. Gum.

Excitement reigned on Thanksgiving Day each year, for that was the time when the whole family lent a hand to decorating the two big show windows for the Christmas season. With the shades drawn, we worked diligently, hanging up the gay, glittering balls in rows, decorating a tree, putting a fireplace into position, and arranging gift suggestions. The boys and girls living on the same street sensed the mystery and tried to peer in through cracks in the shade and through the openings between shade and window-jamb. At times like that especially, I felt sweep through me a surge of pride in being a storekeeper's daughter and, at the same time, a feeling of pity for those less fortunate than I.

Several months later, when exploring the third floor on a summer day, I came upon many things stored there for the next holiday season. The thing that touched my childish fancy most was a black and white rocking horse with stirrups. Often, if I could be found nowhere else in the store, Mother would send to "the third floor back" to find me. As far back as I know, the old horse clung to the store. Every Christmas it stood proudly in the show window looking out at the animated faces of children, but after every holiday season it retired to the attic again. A kind of attachment had grown up between the horse and me, and Dad had noticed it.

Every summer my father furnished candy for several Sunday school picnics. The one I remember best was that of his own country church. Uncle Dan used to come with his horse and "buggy" and take my brother and me to the picnic. Even more thrilling than the event itself was the time when the candy that had not been sold was returned to Dad. I loved to watch him check over the returned amounts. Picnic candy always seemed to me different from and more exciting than that which Dad ordinarily had in the candy case. It was extraordinary candy, such as chocolate balls on rubber strings, which behaved like boomerangs, long sticks of licorice dotted with pink and white icing, marshmallow ears of corn, fishes, and guns—pieces of every color and shape. And what's more, there were always certain novelties included with the candy—colored glasses, paper parasols, and canes. My desires for one of each of these were usually satisfied.

Dad always helped his customers as much as possible, letting them charge merchandise until it hurt. One family in particular, with seven children, bought goods on credit. Regularly, when their bill neared sixty or seventy dollars, the father came to Dad to pay it. I still smile when I recall how the children always came along because of something they expected. Dad never failed to fill several paper bags with jelly beans, lady fingers,

chocolate drops, and mints as a kind of "thank you". Pay-day to those boys and girls was a celebration day. Then they enjoyed more candy, I believe, than at any other time except Christmas.

Saturday was market day. During my grade school days the market was held along the curb of the town square. This meant standing out in cold as well as in hot weather. Whenever I get really cold now my mind unconsciously turns back to those cold winter days when my hands and feet almost froze as I helped Grandpa to sell fruit and vegetables, and also cakes and pies that Grandma and Mother had baked. One of my weekly jobs was to help to push uphill the large express wagon bearing the produce we had not sold at market. My efforts earned for me sometimes fifteen cents, sometimes even twenty-five or thirty-five, in addition to a quarter of one of Grandma's cakes. To me that money and that cake were a fortune, and ample pay for my numb fingers and toes.

Various Sunday school classes of the church used to hold bake sales at our store on Saturday afternoons. Dad always gave them the middle counter and helped them as much as he could. In return for his kindness, certain classes of girls would come to our house just before Christmas and help Mother assort and pack Christmas candy for treats for the Sunday school children.

I never experience an Easter now without remembering again the many Easters when Mother and Dad had floral displays in the center of the store. I still recall the fragrant odor that hyacinths, lilies, and daffodils poured into the storeroom, the rapidity with which the flowers sold, the many flower pots Mother decorated, and the wrapped plants that my brother and I delivered. Easter for me will always be associated with the table of flowers and the happiness that each potful must have brought to its recipient.

Time has wrought many changes in what was once my father's store. The maples have been removed from the front walk, the old wooden hitching posts are gone, the building itself has been remodeled and now seems bare and harshly real. Its romantic atmosphere and its individuality have vanished, and there remains merely a business place exactly like hundreds of others. Five apartments, a chain grocery store, and a beauty shop occupy the space that once was fairyland to me.

That the passing years should rob me of my childish fairyland was of course inevitable. Inevitable was it, too, that good roads and automobiles should rob the rural district and the small town of an institution once so popular—the general store. Chain groceries and town department stores are doubtless signs of progress, and the radio and public forum attempt to solve problems which not even our cracker-barrel philosophers dared undertake. "The old order passes, yielding place to new", and my father's store is gone. But from my priceless store of memories it will never fade!

# The Tale of a Toper

## or How the Little Stone Went Rolling

VERNON GROFF

ONCE upon a time there lived a little stone. He was an ordinary specimen of stone, neither beautiful nor ugly, neither wealthy nor poor, virtuous nor vicious. In fact, he was much like a lot of other little stones lying around.

One beautiful, sunny day the little stone was resting peacefully on the ground enjoying the balmy spring air. All of a sudden there sounded close by a terrible commotion, like the crash of an avalanche. The little stone could not imagine what was happening until, turning around, he saw coming down the hill slope toward him at a terrific rate another stone. This rolling stone came bounding down to the little stone and stopped.

"How are you?" he said.

"Fine," said the little stone. "How are you?"

"I am all right, too. But I feel like having a good time. How about you?"

"I?" said the little stone. "I am having a good time. The earth and the weather are pleasant. I haven't a care in the world."

"Oh, but I don't mean that kind of good time," said the rolling stone. "I mean fun, real fun. Let's go out and get drunk."

"I can't do that," said the little stone. "I am afraid. I have never been drunk. But you, you are a little bigger than I; you are a little bolder."

"Aw, shucks, it's nothing. You're missing the time of your life. Come on."

Not wishing to miss the time of his life the little stone put his hand into the hand of his new-found companion, and together they rolled farther down the slope, until they came up against the side of a large brick building with swinging doors.

Together they crossed the barroom floor and ensconced themselves at the bar. "Two beers, Frank," said the big stone, and the little stone said, "Same here."

The big stone paid for the beer, and emptied his glass immediately. The little stone gingerly tasted his, and screwed up his face in a terrible grimace. "My, but this beer tastes good," he said to the big stone, and emptied his glass also.

"Yes, doesn't it?" said the big stone. "Two more beers, Frank." This time the bartender looked at the little stone, and the little stone smiled and paid for the beer.

After several more glasses the little stone began to enjoy himself immensely. He said to himself, "I cannot

talk as well as when I am sober. I cannot see as well, and I cannot think as well. My, my, I am having the time of my life."

The big stone, too, was having a pleasant time. He seemed to be getting slightly muddled mentally; the bartender gave him thirty-five cents back out of a dollar for two beers.

Then the big stone said to the little stone, "Lesh have a change of liquid, hey, pallie? Frank, two shots of Three Rivers. Flow gently, sweet Afton . . ."

So the two revelling stones had several drinks of whiskey, after which the little stone hiccupped and said, "Pal, you're absolutely correct; thish ish fun. I have shpent my whole weeksh shalary, all but eighty shentsh. We shall have two more drinksh. Suh," he said to the bartender, "I shall have a Oransh Lady, and my frien' here will have a Pink Blosshom."

So the two close friends drank the final toast together, and arm in arm they navigated to the door. When they reached the street, the little stone said to the big stone, "Pal, I'm having the time of m' life," and he staggered and fell headlong into the road. He arose scuffed and bleeding in several places, mumbling to himself, "Boy, ish thish fun, or ish thish fun."

Slowly and painfully the pair of them made their way back, in the gathering darkness, whence they had come. Gradually the little stone felt growing in his stomach a nauseating disturbance, and there stole over him an awful sickly feeling. His face began to pale and his legs to quiver. He clung more tightly to his companion, the big stone. The big stone then led him to the side of the road, where he retched and gagged, and finally regurgitated.

"Ishn't thish the time of y'r life?" asked the big stone.

"Uh-huh," gasped the little stone when he could get his breath. And then he lay down by the side of the road and forgot the world and the big stone, for he could no longer distinguish the two. The big stone wobbled on.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was red on the eastern rim when the little stone opened his eyes the next morning. His stomach was sore, and almost revolted on him when he thought of the previous evening's enjoyment. His head was near to splitting. He groaned and rolled over on his side.

(Continued on Page 30)

# Book Review

## May I Present—?

FLORENCE A. ROBERTS

RECENTLY it has been my pleasure to make the acquaintance of that illustrious adventurer and author, Richard Haliburton. Oh, no, not personally—though I should imagine that would be quite an interesting experience—but through the first two of his books, *The Royal Road to Romance* and *The Glorious Adventure*. These books are a little different from the usual run of travel stories, for Haliburton's adventures are often stranger than those of the ordinary traveler. He seeks out the unusual, difficult, dangerous feats to accomplish, while most people simply take the places they visit at their face value. You may rest assured that these feats make intensely interesting reading.

In *The Royal Road to Romance* the author tells how he and a comrade, upon being graduated from Princeton, take a leisurely trip through the old world, "with only the proceeds from the sale of our dormitory furnishings in our pockets". Trying to find work on a freighter for passage across the Atlantic wasn't as easy as they had expected, but once they got across, nothing could stop them.

Have you ever climbed the Matterhorn at the close of the climbing season as your first attempt at scaling the heights? Did you ever swim in the goldfish pond in the garden of the Alhambra? Have you ever taken pictures from the rock of Gibraltar? Yes, I know there's a law against it; so did "Dick"; but never let it be said that a Haliburton was thwarted by an ancient and ridiculous law. Of course he got arrested; that's the funniest part of the experience.

Besides these few things, our adventurer makes us feel that there is nothing quite so fine as camping on the top of the great pyramid, swimming in the filthy Nile, or riding all over India on old railroads without paying any fare. This last is quite a treat, it seems.

One of the most beautiful descriptions in the book is that of the Taj Mahal. You see, this lovely monument to a lovely lady had long been one of our writer's dreams. Somehow, he managed to spend the night undetected in the garden, and there, in the light of the full moon, the spirit of the empress lying at rest seemed to fill the place with some immortal power. Seeing it through Dick's eyes, one catches the ethereal beauty of this famous shrine. Surely Shah Jehan must have loved his empress, to have built such an enchanting work of art.

I wonder how many of us have sung or listened to the "Kashmiri Song" and longed to know more about

that lovely spot "beside the Shalimar"? Here is a satisfying account, and yet it is disturbing, for we long to see with our own eyes. Can it really be as wonderful as this young man paints it?

Of course there is ever so much more to capture the imagination, all told in a chatty, intimate style, full of life and fun, which makes it all the more fascinating.

*The Glorious Adventure* is slightly less spontaneous, since on this journey he follows a definite course, that of Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssey*. However, this isn't as easy as it sounds. Things have changed since Ulysses' day, you know. And Haliburton did things the noble Greek never thought of doing. For instance, Homer's hero sang poetry in the shadow of Mount Olympus; Haliburton climbed it, and had to camp on top during a thunderstorm, a punishment from the gods, he decided.

One of the charming adventures is the climbing of the Acropolis wall at night and a clandestine meeting with the six young girls supporting the roof of The Porch of the Maidens. Difficult? Yes, but not for Richard Haliburton. The swimming of the Hellespont proved the most difficult task of all. Evidently the tides are stronger than in Homer's time, but our hero was not to be outdone by his idol.

Running three times around the walls of Troy in the footsteps of Achilles and Alexander the Great; resting in the Lotus Land; braving the volcano of Stromboli; tempting the Sirens by climbing their rock; as one reads, one wonders that our modern Ulysses lived to tell the tale. But he did, and a most delightful tale it is, related in an intriguing style.

Some of the people this adventurer meets and travels with are just as interesting as the places he visits. It would be useless for me to describe them here, or to relate further the interesting and exciting experiences of this explorer. One must read for oneself to catch the real charm.

As one reads these books, one does not get the impression of a strange man relating his travels in some out-of-the-way, far-off place, but rather the feeling of a friend or acquaintance chatting about his experiences in places which he brings nearer to us. There may be those of you who have already made his acquaintance, and perhaps know him better than I. To those of you who have not had the pleasure, may I present my interesting, amusing, exciting friend, Richard Haliburton?



# Time Out, Please

H. SPENCER HALBERSTADT

HAVE you ever seen an American who dared to take his time? Not that he had anywhere to go or anything in particular to do, but with him it was a matter of principle. Mr. and Mrs. America must be busy. "We are the most progressive people in the world," say the Americans, for progress to them means speed. Do they ever let a record stand? No, never let it be said that Mrs. Holland could bake a cake faster than Mrs. America. Mrs. America's cake may be burned to a crisp and taste very much like dried toast, but she accomplished the feat more quickly. Has Mr. America ever allowed Mr. Germany to manufacture a dirigible as quickly as he? No, of course, not; his ship may not last its maiden voyage, but he built it in less time. And do you think Miss France can compete with Miss America in that grand sport of husband catching? I should say not. Miss America may not be satisfied with the first three or four choices, but she certainly shows the rest of the world some speed, if not sense.

This hurry complex of ours is prevalent in both sexes and in all stations of life. Do you think we can bear spending a day with Mrs. De Pester Van Pew? Undoubtedly the strain will be great; but if Mrs. De Pester Van Pew can stand it for a life-time, I suppose we shall be able to survive for twenty-four hours. Madam arises at ten-thirty. How could she ever find time for all her activities if she dared to rest longer? Fifi must hurry in with the breakfast tray, and Madam can only spend half an hour over the tempting morsels, for there is Annette with that perfectly adorable engagement book that Mrs. De Pester Van Pew bought after only three days of shopping. Now she must plan her attack for the day.

An hour is busily spent in this manner; then there is the morning mail. One simply can't read all of that, but there is Annette to worry over it and to find the proper answers—still that tiring opening of letters, to make sure that Annette MAY read them, is so fatiguing! Madam emerges at one after a hurried toilette, during which Fifi has been so annoying, and the silver fox so exasperating—not blending perfectly with that stunning little sports ensemble which Mrs. De Pester Van Pew had recently purchased after watching that ceaseless parade of mannequins for those endless hours!

Luncheon is over by two-thirty, and time flies so rapidly between then and her five o'clock cock-tail! She

has had Charles drop her off at the jeweler's; that silver-set problem was really too vexing! Six o'clock finds Mrs. De Pester Van Pew's slightly relaxing face covered with a clay pack while two beauticians work on her hair and nails. To be ready for dinner by eight is most certainly a trying ordeal, and Mr. Van Pew always expects to see her by then—husbands are so inconsiderate!

After a hurried dinner party for a small gathering she simply has to rush off for the second curtain of the opera. Her new tiara is not to be wasted just because she has missed the first and second acts. After the opera that darling Countess Swinsky asks Mrs. Van Pew if she can attend a lecture with her next Thursday. Of course, Madam is frightfully upset, and answers, "I'm sorry, but really, I haven't the time."

John Martin is another busy American. He works as a clerk in one of Mr. De Pester Van Pew's offices. John is a true suburbanite, a time-watcher of the first water. John knows perfectly well that in order to dress, shave, breakfast, and run to the station in time to catch the "eight-thirty-two", he must get up when the alarm tingles merrily at seven-thirty. John rarely does this, although the wakeful minutes he spends in bed are the most tiring of all those he puts in that day. Naturally, he begins in a rush. The razor must slip, and the coffee will be cold; the train will be at the station when he turns the corner, and he will ride to the city without a morning paper—but you can see for yourself that he didn't have time.

Those office hours are spent in either furiously pounding the typewriter or dreamily adding figures. However, by the lunch hour he is back in routine, for he must go to the restaurant farthest down the street where they have the fastest service. After all, a man can't wait all day for his double order of "french-fries", even though it does take him a good ten minutes longer to get there in order to save a three-minute service loss.

Before running for the "five-twenty" he must make several quick purchases for his wife. He hurriedly stuffs them into his pockets, only to realize too late that it was "Swan's Down" flour Mary wanted and not "Aunt Jemima's". The train-ride home is spent in busily perusing the evening paper.

Now there is the usual rush and a quick dinner, for the Smiths are coming over for bridge. The evening passes in death-like silence broken only by the

terse bids and Mrs. Smith's small-time gossip. Before leaving, Mr. Smith invites John to join him for golf on Saturday and a quiet evening afterward at his favorite dramatic club. Naturally John realizes the exercise would be beneficial and the club instructive as well as entertaining, but to think of spending all that time! So John answers: "Thanks very much, but I haven't the time."

We have spent two days with the serious elders; now let us consider young Marion, who has recently been sent off to college. Marion simply must be going every minute. Of course, she ought to go to classes, but really she is so rushed that she must devote these lecture periods to her correspondence. Those hours just prior to classes must be spent in hurried preparation, for one never knows when to expect an "unannounced".

Late afternoon is taken up with the usual soda at the local "Drug Frappe", and then one must dress for dinner. Marion spends those after-dinner hours either in

idle gossip or strolling along forbidden lanes. One must sacrifice one's heel for popularity.

Marion is also a radio fan. Take her Wednesday evenings as an example: eighty-thirty, that adorable lady of the fascinating brothers; nine, one of the brothers; ten, a perfectly divine orchestra; ten-thirty until twelve-thirty, more perfectly divine orchestras; and from twelve-thirty 'til one, a hair-raising, spine-tickling ghost story. Now how could Marion find time for participation in athletics, a night a week for a social club, extra work in debating, or even a book? It simply can't be done; Marion herself says: "I am too busy now; I simply haven't the time."

Yes, America is busy. Americans are forever "on the go"; they never grow tired; they are the closest approach to perpetual motion yet discovered. What does it matter if they accomplish nothing, if they have no time for good conversation, books, plays, athletics, or lectures; they are still busy. They are getting nowhere, but they are getting there quickly!



## Youth At the Crossroads

PAUL R. SHELLY

**I** SEE a joyful group acclaiming the Christ king as he rides into the city of Jerusalem. A few days later, an angry cry, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" How could the same people change their attitude so quickly? The answer can be found in a principle that is timeless. Men are usually moved to action by their emotions rather than through reason.

Men have talked about peace for centuries. They have had this as one of their dreams. A war cloud, however, hung too low, and suddenly the marching of troops and the sound of guns took the place of peace and tranquility. Propaganda began to grow with incredible swiftness. A pseudo-patriotism was aroused in the hearts where the dream of peace had rested. Emotions were aroused and soon men cast aside their ideal to fight for their country.

Thought for peace has been crystallizing since the World War. Men and women everywhere are seeing the folly of war and with a new zeal have declared that never again will they be used as instruments in the hands of profiteers to fight against men whom they love. Churches have realized their part in the picture and see that war has no place in the program of the Prince of

Peace. The investigations of the munition industry have led men to the conviction that they were merely tools in the hands of some higher powers who were interested in war for private gain.

It is encouraging to note that men are thinking about peace. This, however, means nothing in itself. The problem we must face is to have this public opinion rest not only upon emotions but also upon reason. Youth is standing at the crossroads today. If this public opinion is merely an emotional response it amounts to nothing. It is only a bubble that will burst in the first crisis. We must clearly look into our ideals and stand for peace not merely because our emotions are stirred by some idealist but also because we see grounds for our dreams in reason.

Let us examine the grounds which lead us to believe in Peace. Does war consist only of the glamour and glory with which it is so often pictured? We want to see war as it really is. War is too expensive. We have only to turn to the world war for an example of this. The property loss totaled 337 billion dollars or nine billion dollars an hour. The loss of lives caused directly and indirectly by this war mounted up to

forty million. Need we mention the orphans, war widows, and refugees which are a direct result of the war? The world is still paying and will continue to pay for this war in years to come.

War is not only too expensive, but in this generation it is impossible to win a war. In the past people sometimes gained their ends by fighting. The victors received that for which they were striving and the vanquished definitely lost something through the struggle. The World War brought about a great change. Victors and vanquished alike were swept into economic, political, and moral chaos. Some of the nations received in part that for which they were seeking. However, the suffering, pain, and turmoil through which they passed overbalanced the slight material gain.

In the past men fought with the type of equipment that enabled a nation to prepare against a possible attack. Today conditions are entirely different. Modern inventions have made it impossible to prepare for a war. Deadly gases enable a few men to destroy an entire community in a few seconds. It is impossible for a nation to defend itself against this type of fighting. We cannot have a national defense that will be an insurance policy in another war.

These facts should be sufficient to lead anyone to oppose war. To me, however, there is a fourth factor which must be considered. War is not only a weapon that works against the best interests of society but it is also unchristian. Jesus Christ was called "The Prince of Peace." He came into the world to teach men to love rather than to hate. "Thou shalt not kill" was not only meant for individuals but also for nations.

The question comes to the Church which bears the cross of Christ: What have you done with the principle of peace? Let us briefly trace the attitude of the church towards war. The early Christians, during the first three centuries of our era, not only had the ideal of peace, but they were willing to put it into practice in their daily lives. They followed this ideal not only because of their emotions but because they had a reason for their belief. However, since the time that Constantine made Christianity the state religion of the Roman Empire, the followers of the Christ have too often carried the cross in one hand and the dripping sword in the other.

During the time of the Reformation several sects that arose felt that the cause of war was incompatible with the teachings of Jesus. Some of the groups who were willing to stand alone were the Quakers and the Mennonites. Most of the nations recognized their convictions. In some cases, however, they were forced to suffer severe persecutions because of their dynamic allegiance to the cause of peace.

The World War crushed the ideals of peace in the hearts of most people. Emotions were again stirred by pulpit and press, and men who called themselves by the name of Christ again went out to kill. Since that time practically all denominations have joined the ranks of those who are definitely interested in the peace movement. They feel that the church cannot continue to hold an influence in the world if it supports the war system.

Youth is standing at the crossroads, heralding the cause of peace. Will it do this in a dynamic manner or will it again be swayed by an appeal of propaganda in the event of another war? Youth must decide today, not tomorrow when it is face to face with the problem.

Young people today must be more than passively interested in peace. They must realize why they believe in peace and then work for the goal as others have worked for war. Our government is spending three fourths of its budget for past, present, and future wars. What are we spending for peace?

If the young people of the world desire peace they must no longer depend on their emotions alone but secure a foundation for their belief. The time has come for college students to search out the causes of war and to pledge themselves to work for such changes in the social, political, and economic structure of modern society as will enhance the prospects for peace among nations.

They must realize that the state does not have the right to control the conscience of man, and they must assert themselves to secure the privilege of living out their convictions. They must educate for peace and teach the children the true meaning of war. If they will enter upon this new road they must stand firm upon their beliefs regardless of the consequences. They will then be passively in favor of peace but will work for it in a dynamic manner, being willing to give their lives, if need be, for this great cause.

# Of Candy Bars and Tears

RICHARD YAHRAES

I WAS reminded of my own Not-Very-Long-Past "kid" days (when a trolley ride around the city was an Event) as I beheld recently a minor tragedy.

While the trolley car approached the corner, an eight-year-old in ragged knickers, and his dark-haired sister, not much younger but a trifle shorter than he, were seen standing on the corner. Their eyes were bright as they watched the approaching trolley. The car stopped. The boy mounted the steps, pushing his sister before him. The motorman counted the boy's pennies, frowned, looked at the girl, frowned again, and shook his head. The two stood silent for an instant, a little bewildered by the unexpected turn of events. Then they stepped back on the curb. The boy was being defiant, chin high, as the car rumbled on in the twilight. I couldn't see the little girl's face, and I didn't especially care to.

\* \* \*

An ode might well be sung to O'Henry; and Nestlé's-With-Almonds deserves at least a rhymed couplet. Milky-Way takes third place in the galaxy. These three are stars of the first magnitude: I found that they were the best-selling candy bars in my occasional dorm-to-dorm campaigns during past months.

Although I ate most of my profits, getting only pimples for my pains, I finished my salesman career with a rich store of observations. Thus, my idea of putting a "free slip" in every sixth bar aroused much comment. Yet those who came to scoff remained to buy; I think I know now as well as any of "Dr." Winkler's coin machines what a strong influence on most college students is the hope of getting something for nothing.

One young man always prefaced his selection of a candy bar with "I don't know what I want", always pondered for some seconds . . . and invariably chose a peanut chew!

Perhaps my greatest shock came one evening, when, as an unknowing freshman, I entered a senior's room to peddle my wares. He threw open a closet door, and displayed piled-up boxes of "Ruby" candy. I withdrew.

\* \* \*

There are two groups of ministerial students, I think.

The first group are gifted with sonorous voices and rhetorical aptitude. Their sermons will be masterpieces of eloquence and insight. Large New York and Chicago

congregations will demand their services, and they will never have to live by bread alone. These men are studying for the ministry because they want to.

The second group are not always so quick to grasp an idea as their brethren, and some of them have not acquired the gift of dressing truths in new and striking garb. They will preach in backwoods communities. Yet these men do not store away their ideas about religion, to bring them out before admiring audiences every Sunday morning. They will sit on a log in the field with you, and talk with you. Although they may not always convince their hearers, their hearers will go away inspired by Something beyond mere words. These men are studying for the ministry because they have to.

\* \* \*

"Dormitory madness" is a contagious disease, especially prevalent among young people in colleges. Observers have never isolated the germ; it attacks one person and spreads quickly to a second and a third. There are few known antidotes. To treat it, various agricultural products have been grown without success, with one exception: it is said that the energetic raising of cane is an effective treatment.

Epidemics of "dormitory madness" come swiftly, but never silently; indeed, the progress of the disease can be heard in all parts of the campus. The ravages take various forms, but usually students' rooms undergo violent gastric disturbances during the course of the epidemic.

An old bottle found recently in the bell-tower of a college dormitory had apparently contained a cure for the disease. The recipe on the label reads: "Pour out several insults into a convenient neighboring dormitory. Add three or four students from both dormitories. Put in a dark place and mix well. Flood with water." Historians say the above cure for "dormitory madness" has been tried several times.

At least seventeen authorities claim that "dormitory madness" has disagreeable after-effects. It has been known to attack plaster ceilings and students' pocketbooks.

Most epidemics of "dormitory madness" break out early in the evening before an examination. The disease dies out by eleven o'clock, and the convalescing patients fumigate the sickrooms by burning large quantities of midnight oil.

(Continued on Page 27)

# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



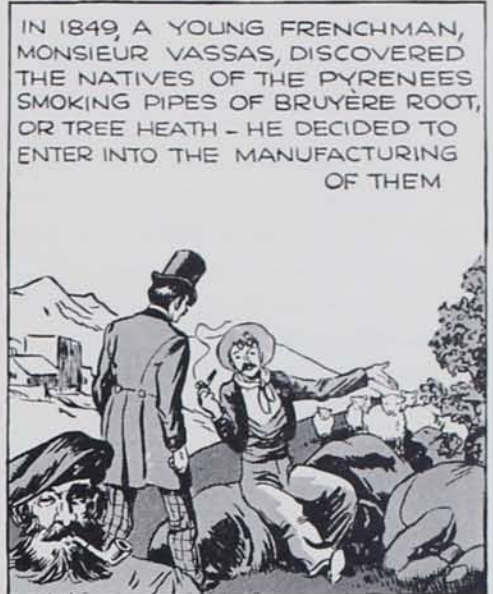
THE STORY OF BRIAR PIPES



HOW DID YOU LIKE DADDY'S PIPE COLLECTION?

SPLendid, BUT I STILL LIKE MY **OLD** BRIAR BEST

HEY - THE BRIAR PIPE ISN'T SO "OLD" EXCEPT IN SOUTHERN FRANCE



IN 1849, A YOUNG FRENCHMAN, MONSIEUR VASSAS, DISCOVERED THE NATIVES OF THE PYRENEES SMOKING PIPES OF BRUYERE ROOT, OR TREE HEATH - HE DECIDED TO ENTER INTO THE MANUFACTURING OF THEM

THEN, AS NOW, ENTIRE FAMILIES WERE EMPLOYED IN THE DIGGING, DYEING, AND MAKING OF BRIAR PIPES. SELDOM IS MORE THAN A FOURTH OF THE ROOT USABLE



IN THE EIGHTIES, M. VASSAS DISCOVERED IN ALGERIA A BRIAR EQUAL TO THAT OF FRANCE, ITALY, OR CORSICA



SO YOU SEE, THE BRIAR, AS WE KNOW IT, IS REALLY A **MODERN PIPE**

LIKE **PRINCE ALBERT**, A MODERN SMOKE TO SUIT MODERN TASTES AND THE MODERN POCKET-BOOK! EH, JUDGE?

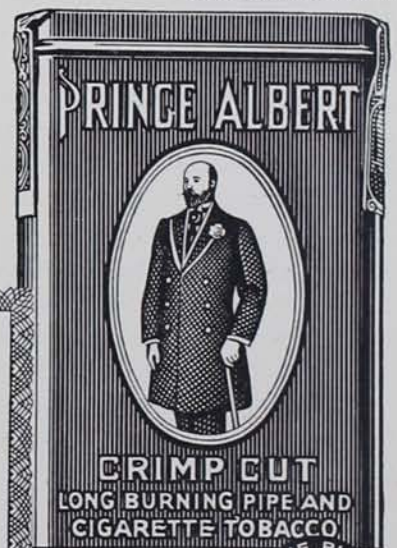
© 1936. R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.



## EXPECT P. A. TO HIT THE JOY NOTE!

Men, don't put off trying Prince Albert. It is mild and mellow - wonderful in flavor - too good to miss! Smoke 20 pipefuls at our risk. Whiff its fragrance. Note how cool and long-burning each pipeful is. Enjoy steady pipe smoking that does

not bite the tongue. So join up today with the world's biggest group of contented pipe smokers - the Prince Albert fans! You risk nothing. P. A. has to please you. Special note for "makin's" smokers - P. A. makes grand roll-your-own cigarettes.



## OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

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.

**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

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



# Reflections

ANONYMOUS

**T**HE world as I must get along in it at age 22 seems in direct conflict with the world as I, at 14, had decided to remake it. Advancing years have brought disillusionment to the hopes, yearnings, resolves, and ideals of my adolescence, and often great unhappiness and turmoil have followed in their wake. Food, clothing, marriage, dependents, Jim Farleys, ward heelers, evangelists—all attack from every conceivable angle, and no longer can I hold steadfastly to the ideal. Indeed, I sometimes feel lucky to hold to the general direction in which the light of the ideal beckons me. Many times one must marshal all the reserves of his character to reject some shoddy, chimerical impostor, which seeks to substitute itself for the ideal.

Life's great lesson, learned only with great pain and long suffering, is Compromise. I used to think it cowardly to compromise. But one can't always be loyal to what he knows is true and best, and so he must move by compromise, without for a moment yielding the ideal. It is, after all, a world of many people, of divers opinions, with equal intelligence, and just as earnestly desired goals. This, then, is the part of wisdom—to compromise with others in a tolerance of spirit without being untrue to one's own ideal.

September 30, 1935

"Self-preservation is the law of life." Competition is the life of trade." "The survival of the fittest." "Keeping up with the Joneses." "To the victors belong the spoils." In natural science, in business, in social relations, in politics—everywhere there is the ceaseless, driving stimulus to go your neighbor one better. Why, people ought to be glad to remember the Golden Rule just because it is a relief from the monotony of battle-cry. As with all things, however, the struggle to surpass others is not wholly bad, yet it is well for us, before gloating upon our successes, to realize what a thin margin separates us from defeat. We ought to realize that it is luck and not our innate goodness that often makes us appear good citizens by comparison with criminals. Some folks start off luckily by being born into the "proper" families; some meet the proper people; some happen to perform a proper act at the "psychological moment;" but it is luck that unexpectedly opens doors to the future. Our greatest achievements in life can usually be traced to a simple choice we may have made in childhood without the slightest indication as to its

consequences. Perhaps by the toss of a coin we would have chosen the other path, which would have led us to subservience in place of our present position of power. Surely it should be an humbling thought.

And why should we scorn the thief, the striker, or the street scavenger? Some day, we, too, may know the hunger which does not recognize the ethic wrong in "filching" a quart of milk from the doorstep or using picket tactics! Our lives follow too much the pattern described in these phrases: "For we start, you perceive, with the accident of birth, follow a zigzagged path, pushed now here, now there, by scraps of paper, bits of string, the incense of summer flowers, a girl's face glimpsed in a crowd, the ardent glory of April moonlight, the ebony of fear, and the scarlet shadow of rage, until we reach the inevitable mischance of death."

As long as there are odors and sounds, sights and sensations, tastes and dreams, just so long will man be different from a robot and consequently act in unpredictable ways, shoved hither and yon by the goddess of luck.

October 8, 1935

A virtue long fostered by the Christian church is unselfishness through the practice of self-denial, which would be admirable if only there were such a thing as self-denial. But I have doubts about the reality of this phenomenon as a motivating force among humanity. Still its absence is no cause for deprecation. On the contrary, is it not much more reasonable to believe that the best acts performed by man are done for selfish reasons pure and undefiled? Why, after all, do we deny ourselves something? Is it not because we expect to achieve some greater Good by our denial? The choice we make is between two Goods, and we deny ourselves the one in hopes of gaining the other and greater Good. Out of this selfishness has sprung the noblest creations of man in art, literature, and music; all the kindness and nobility of human character has its source here; all the beauty, tenderness, and graciousness of daily living finds its roots in this soil.

But isn't selfishness also a vice? No; yet its motivating power may sometimes be used for the attainment of wrong ends. Our choices do not always result in the selection of a Good, but then the fault is with an aberrant vision of the ends to be achieved and not with the methods or reasons for attainment.

The transition from the provinciality of a small backwoods town, where it is not the inalienable right of the individual to live his own life but the communal and delectable privilege of the village keyhole peepers to censor, to the more cosmopolitan atmosphere of a college community, where each has learned that there is a delicacy to human relations which brooks no undue familiarity, would be the soul's delight if it were a true statement of the picture. Unfortunately, however, the pettiness of gossip and the meanness of ascribing low motives to the acts of neighbors, persist among educated folk just as among unlettered folk, although there is a difference in degree. At times the shock which comes adds another blow to a series of blows, and these cumulatively produce the confirmed cynic, pessimist, or agnostic, the hedonist or atheist.

But this need not be so, for it is not the entire picture. There is an overflowing of nobility and courage, loyalty to personal ideals and well-defined goals that never rise to the surface and are, therefore, never seen by the undiscerning. Yet strong pulses and lion-hearted resolve exist in the minds and breasts of the most ordinary students who tread the campus walks with nothing more substantial than gritted teeth, the memory of someone who has faith in them, or the love of a friend to keep them driving ahead.

There are those who have come from lonely farm areas where the cultural and social advantages of the cities were absent and where brothers and sisters were the only companions. Other students seemed like strangers, even enemies, not at all friendly, and the adjustments to a new way of life were made with pain and terror in the heart. Despite valiant attempts to subdue the feeling, there came a pity and sometimes a hate for the home which nurtured them in youth. A second group are those of foreign parentage whose Old World patterns or lack of opportunity throw them into conflict with this strangely different culture. They imagine that they are being discriminated against, or if admitted to the groups composed of native students, are being shown pity, which nobody who is a man really wants. These I have seen deliberately set about to make themselves not only acceptable to the group but leaders of the group. They did what was most distasteful to themselves, but they did it and smiled while they were doing it. In other cases too numerous to mention are the histories of students who are willing to forego the usual pleasures of youth in order to stay in school, who swallow their pride and do whatever they can to provide themselves an education. Many others mortgage their futures heavily because they value an education. In all these unseen, unsung ways does this spineless, weak-kneed generation surely go to the dogs, according to its elders.



## Of Candy Bars and Tears

(Continued from Page 24)

We stand our senior friends up somewhere, order them to smile, and snap their pictures: for we want to be able to gaze tomorrow on what by rights belongs to only today. We jot down their addresses, swearing that we will write during the summer. We watch the Commencement exercises proceed gloriously, just as if here were some special occasion, never before come to the Ursinus campus. We see gowns donned, gowns that were worn last year by people we are fast forgetting, and gowns that will be worn again by people we will never know. We write fine sentiments in yearbooks . . . and perhaps

at the time we really believe in these avowals of lasting camaraderie. We look in the seniors' faces before they depart. We joke and we laugh, and we insist that when they return a year from now, or five years from now, everything will be the same. It will not be the same, of course; there will be new faces, and many of the old ones will be gone.

The world turns; but we refuse to take notice. We still try bravely to pretend the present moment is everlasting. Our parting words are always "au revoir", never "good-bye".

## To A Star

*Three million stars in the blue-black are above my head.  
I counted them. And each is brighter than the last.  
Here I pause in the cool night air, alone,  
Trying to choose one star from all that myriad host  
To hitch my wagon to, as the old proverb says.  
Three million, and I may choose but one,  
One star to draw me and to be my guiding light  
As the Gleam, flitting before me.  
Ah, you bright star, nearer than all the rest,  
I have chosen you, bend near me now  
That I may make you fast between my spirit's shafts.  
No, nearer come, I cannot reach so far;  
I cannot cross the space that lies between us.  
You must bend down. I cannot reach up.  
Something I heard once on a farm, a quaint bit,  
Comes back to mock and taunt me now,  
"You fool, don't hitch up yet, your wagon isn't ready.  
Grease the hubs and mend your broken wheel."*

VIRGINIA SHOFFNER



# It Takes Two to Study The Moom

A Freshman's Memoirs, Printed Just As Submitted

ANONYMOUS

WELL when I first came here I roomed in Curtiss that is I was supposed to but not for sure but anyway I didn't and I finally got a room in the old dorms my roommate he's from Phillie he goes to dances and stuff and I don't bother much with him except sometimes his neckties especially the one with red stripes I wear them.

Well a fellow said did I want to buy a share in the Science Building but I said no because I am in the History-Modern Languages Group and I never use the Science Bldg except to take a course called Biology A B where there are movies but not funny pictures you know just movies about how to make steel and things.

But I did pay a fellow a quarter to be able to go to a series of chapel lectures they told me these lectures are given every weekday morning only the boy who sold me the ticket wasn't sure just what time they are given but he said anyway they would be very helpful and I have been going to these every day and all the different professors take turns conducting them and I am sure they must be very cultural and good stuff because every morning I look around me and I see only a small select group at these lectures which are at 9 o'clock but first there is organ music to hide the sound of people walking in.

I took a language they tell me it is one of the modern languages I guess that is why I do not understand it probably it is too new but anyway I flunked it so did about three quarters of the class the professor did not seem to care he is very nice he said I am welcome to come back next year.

The football games were very exciting and I was all pepped up you know win Ursinus fight Bears fight and everything but then some fellows held a meeting and decided to drum up some spirit among the freshmen and so they told us to wear signs saying win Ursinus fight Bears fight and other things the same words I had been thinking to myself all the time but after that it seemed different because I had to do it and it was not so much fun after that.

One time I did not understand something in literature class and I asked the fellow next to me and he looked at me and said oh don't worry about it we won't get it in the exam but I though I would still like to know the answer so I asked the girl on the other side of me but she thought I was makin up to her and she just smiled so

after class I went up to the professor and I was sort of scared but he smiled pretty nice I guess the old fellow wasn't very used to people talking to him so I said to him I did not understand just what you meant by the term intellectual curiosity in your lecture. He looked hard at me and then he opened his mouth and then he closed it again and then he saw I wasn't fooling so he said my boy intellectual curiosity is something rarely found in the mind of today's college student but you have it congratulations.

But all this time people were passing out in the hall and they would look in and see me and the professor together and they would make hissing noises you know how I mean and I didn't like it and afterwards a fellow said to me I see you were talking to the prof after class so you are an apple polisher are you.

So now I don't ask questions anymore but then I was new here and I didn't know any better besides we hardly ever get the things in exams that I wonder about so I guess it is all right still every once in a while I would like to find out more about something the prof says but I guess that is apple polishing.

I had a love affair tee hee well not a exact real love affair but I liked a girl and we took some walks together and we would talk about a lot of things and it seemed she always liked the same things I did it never failed so I guess that would be called a co-incidence huh? Once I kissed her quick just like that and after that we never talked about it we were standing there looking at the moon coming up over the roof of the library and I guess I know now why they say it takes two to study the moon.

We would always have to get her to her rooming house before a big bell rang and once I said it reminded me of Cinderella she was a lady who had to get in at the stroke of midnight or else she would get the dickens the girl said yes in a way she was like Cinderella she would certainly get the dickens.

I went home at Christmas with a lot of books and I came back with them and I had opened one of them to look up a big word I was telling my kid brother about but that was all so next time I guess I will not take the books home.

Everyone at home says to me well now you are a college student and it sounds big but honest I don't feel much different now than when I was in high school. I

who put on plays I think. And I will probably be captain of the basketball team my senior year because I joined a fraternity and the boys all told me if I joined I would surely be captain of basketball or co-captain of football I told them I thought I would choose basketball.

I am pretty dumb I guess but as I look up at the black sky with stars in it and hear the bullfrogs going croak croak down on the Perkiomen I keep thinking this is an old world and has been going on for many years and what am I and the stars keep looking down very silent, very calm and very wise and I feel queer inside.

Once I came in off the campus feeling like that and I said to my roommate an idea I had I said to him I think there must be more things on heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your schoolbooks.

I wished I had not said it I guess it was a crazy thing to say and my roommate he said aw you're tetch in the haid go hit the books so I did. I am not very bright I guess and my freshman counselor said to me once you are not college material but anyway whenever I feel sad I look up at the stars and then I feel better.



## The Tale of a Toper

(Continued from Page 19)

There he lay ill and insensible to the pleasant earth and weather. The sun rose hot to the zenith, and sank in a blaze of color at the end of the day. Once the little stone moved slightly, groaned again, and muttered, "Never again".



Several weeks later the little stone was lying in the sun, completely recuperated. Again his reverie was interrupted by the rattle as of an avalanche, and the little

stone turned to see the rolling stone bound up to him and stop.

"How are you?" said the rolling stone.

"Fine," said the little stone. "How are you?"

"I am all right, too. But I feel like having a good time. How about you?"

"O. K.," said the little stone, and the two stones rolled down the hillside to have the time of their lives. They rolled until they came up against a large brick building with swinging doors.



# The 1936 Ruby

Presenting a new idea in collegiate yearbooks—  
at a new reduced price of \$4.00

SECURE YOURS NOW

WALNUT 1218

## PRINTERS FOR NEARLY 40 YEARS



MAGAZINES  
CATALOGS  
CLASS BOOKS  
JOB WORK



## LYON & ARMOR

Philadelphia

*Printers for  
The Ursinus Ruby*

## GENERAL PRINTING

*of Highest Quality*

To maintain the highest efficiency in the production of general printing The Feroe Press is equipped with a capable organization of men backed by modern mechanical equipment.

**Office Forms — Stationery — Folders  
Booklets — Catalogs**



## THE FEROE PRESS

ROBERT C. HAWK, MANAGER

HANOVER AND SOUTH STREETS  
POTTSTOWN, PA.

## *Hungry?*

DROP IN THE

## **Campus Sandwich Shop**

716 MAIN STREET

Phone 283

# For Digestion's Sake — smoke Camels

Our tense, high-strung way of living strains digestion. Busy Americans find smoking Camels a pleasant digestive aid that helps digestion to proceed smoothly and prosperously!

The causes of upset stomach in our daily life are all too familiar. The pressure and vexation. The endless demands and annoyances. The hurry and rush. Bills—work—responsibility—worry about the future. Strain you can't see—*anxiety and tension inside.* Digestion suffers as a result.

Camels are a positive aid in relieving the effects of high-pressure liv-

ing. Science and common experience agree that smoking a Camel is a pleasant and effective way to assist digestion. Camels increase the flow of digestive fluids, and no matter how many you smoke they never get on your nerves.

From Camel's costlier tobaccos you get unequalled flavor. Because they are so mild, Camels never tire your taste or jangle your nerves. Smoke Camels during and between meals for a comforting *lift*—a sense of cheer and well-being—and *for digestion's sake!* Camels set you right!

**LIGHTNING SPEED** has carried *petite* Mrs. Ethel Arnold (*left*) to the peak of tennis fame. Physical stamina depends greatly on digestion. "I smoke Camels with and after meals," says Mrs. Arnold.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



"THIS BATTERING RAM," says O. D. Gladwell, driller, "is tough on the digestion. I depend on Camels to set me right."



**OVER 664 PARACHUTE JUMPS.** Joe Crane says: "Stepping out into empty air tightens my stomach. I naturally turn to Camels for digestion's sake."



AT THE MAYFAIR ROOM of the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, Camels are outstandingly popular. Paul Fischer, whose genial touch adds a pleasing personal welcome to this smart and exclusive set-

ting, has observed that Camels are the favorite and are steadily increasing in popularity. "A glance around our tables," he says, "proves that those who appreciate quality have made Camels their first choice."



## Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.