



Fall 1947

## The Lantern Vol. 16, No. 1, Fall 1947

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# THE LANTERN

THE LANTERN  
Ursinus College  
Collegeville, Pa.  
Fall Issue '47

# “EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!”

Clear That Jump! "Pat" Hackett (in the saddle) has had years of experience in riding and training jumpers. She knows her cigarettes too (see below).



—in jumping a horse or choosing a cigarette,

says NOTED SPORTSWOMAN

"Pat" Hackett



The wartime cigarette shortage was a real experience. Of all the brands I smoked, CAMELS suit me best!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

## More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your "T-Zone" will tell you



...T for Taste...T for Throat... that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

● Not many women can match "Pat" Hackett's experience with horses, but millions can match her experience with cigarettes!

Remember the many brands you smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage? Whether you

intended to or not, you compared brand against brand...for Taste...for Throat. That's how millions learned from experience that there are big differences...in taste, mildness, coolness...in quality.

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone." Let your own Taste and Throat...your own experience...tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!



According to a recent Nationwide survey:  
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS**  
*than any other cigarette*

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

# THE LANTERN

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Fall, 1947

Vol. XVI, No. 1

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*I spoke a word  
And no one heard;  
I wrote a word,  
And no one cared  
Or seemed to heed;  
But after half a score of years  
It blossomed in a fragrant deed.  
Preachers and teachers all are we,*

*Sowers of seed unconsciously.  
Our hearers are beyond our ken,  
Yet all we give may come again  
With usury of joy or pain.  
We never know  
To what one little word may grow.  
See to it, then, that all your seeds  
Be such as bring forth noble deeds.*

JOHN OXENHAM

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# A LITTLE LIGHT

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Some little time ago a new perfume hit the market, hardly caused a smell, and left. In the words of a floor-walker in one of the larger department stores, "The women just picked it up, looked at the name, smiled, and put it down again." The name? "Discreet."

\* \* \* \*

We like the ease, not to mention the honesty, of a gentleman we ran into during the summer in a little country drug store. He was the only one around when we went in so we asked him for a package of razor blades. He looked at us, wagged his head from side to side, and said, "I just hang around here."

\* \* \* \*

Not long ago we were looking for a good place to hock a clavichord and we got mixed up with some of the "smart set." A pert young thing was propounding the infamy of a gentleman not present. Finally, in what must have been the epitome of social exasperation, she cooed, "He makes me so angry that sometimes I'm sorry I divorced him."

\* \* \* \*

Necessity is not the only thing that makes odd bed-fellows. St. Nicholas is the patron Saint of scholars—and pawnbrokers.

\* \* \* \*

Those who decry the effect of education on our female gentry should be forever quieted by the information that a talented young lady, of obvious culture, has written an article concerned with "New England Words For The Earthworm." Whether or not the worms will retaliate with words for New Englanders remains to be seen.

\* \* \* \*

We think we've found a new low in commercialism. The ink-well on the desk of one of the libraries of the University of Pennsylvania (tuition \$550 a year, enrollment 8,100) has a sign attached to it proclaiming, "Pens filled—one cent."

\* \* \* \*

In these introspective days, with everyone distrusting everyone else, and the old-fashioned soft heart practically extinct, our plaudits go to the young lady concerned in the following: hailed into court for an overly zealous demonstration of the art of burlesque and questioned as to the cause of the zeal, she answered, "I wanted the boys to remember me." That's sweet.

\* \* \* \*

There was a small article in one of the daily papers not long ago captioned, "Lady

Astor Serene Over Slain Jews." We wonder if, on the debit side of history's ledger, that won't be changed to "Jews Slain Over Astor's Serenity."

\* \* \* \*

Waiting for a bus to the aquarium the other day we heard a rather large and certainly vociferous matron berating her small bespectacled companion concerning the merits of "The Taming of The Shrew." After several minutes of this, a little man in the crowd reached over and tapped her on the shoulder. When she paused for a moment and looked around, he said very quietly, "Lady, if the shrew fits, put it on."

\* \* \* \*

We may have discovered the "reductio ad absurdum" of specialization in Atlantic City this summer. In one of those gaudy establishments dedicated to "Le Dog, Hot," we came across a gentleman who did nothing but swipe at the "dogs," as they passed from the cook's hands, with a mustard-stick.

\* \* \* \*

This business of style, currently absorbed in skirt lengths, is most certainly not new; and it may prove helpful to get the opinion of someone who has been through it all. Let's look, then, at what Nathaniel Ward (1578-1652) had to say on the subject.

"To speak moderately, I truly confess it is beyond my understanding to conceive how those women should have any true grace or valuable virtue that have so little wit as to disfigure themselves with such exotic garbs as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre but transclouts them into gant bar-geese, ill-shapen, shotten shellfish, Egyptian hieroglyphics, or at the best into French flirts of the pastry . . ."

"These whim-crowned shes, these fashion-fancying wits,  
Are empty thin-brained shells and fiddling kits."\*

\* \* \* \*

One of our friends was telling us the other day of the futility often felt by members of the teaching profession.

"A carpenter nails two boards together" he said, "and there they are. The teacher spends all period nailing two boards together and when he walks out at the end of the hour he can almost hear the boards fall apart. And, of course," he finished, "the main interest of the class is in waiting to see you hammer your thumb."

\* WARD, *The Simple Cobbler*, 1647



MODERATE HEDONIST

We had a camera to be repaired and we asked one of our friends where to take it.

"See Dr. Heilemann", was the answer.

Later we asked another friend where to take a radio for repair.

"Take it to Dr. Heilemann", he advised.

Still later we needed information concerning the reproduction of a photograph for use in a magazine.

"Ask Dr. Heilemann", was the suggestion.

"Always Dr. Heilemann. Who is this Dr. Heilemann?"

The answer was brief but comprehensive: "Physics department; if he'd let his hair grow they'd call him a genius."

We began to watch this Dr. Heilemann. We saw him in one laboratory and then another, sometimes late into the night. We saw him in his office setting up an inter-communication system; we saw him in the basement of the science building perfecting the television receiver he had built; we saw him on the roof of the same building setting up a telescope; and we saw him outside shooting the sun. We saw him, in short, in every nook and cranny of the College physics world: working, smiling, enjoying himself. And we wondered where the activity started.

We found that it began when he took a position as assistant in the Physics Department of the University of Pennsylvania, after graduation from Northeast High School in 1924; that with the work he undertook undergraduate studies; that graduation came about at 12:20 of a day in 1932 and marriage at 3:00 of the same day; that the depression found everyone fired but the lowest paid man, and he with all the jobs of those fired.

The Tyndale Fellowship in 1935 broke this mad rush and permitted him to devote his time entirely to home and studies, until he achieved his doctorate in 1938 and went back to teaching at the University from which he graduated.

His position with the American Philosophical Society—establishing their micro-film department—and part-time work at Drexel Institute of Technology was but a breathing spell while he waited for the call from a small college.

Ursinus called, and found itself in possession of a Physics Department head—one who enjoyed both his research and his teaching.

Ursinus grew and the man grew with it. We watched him, saw his activity, and thought we'd like to see him at home.

When we went to see him he was out in the back yard catching ball with young John, nine. Dave, four, was an enthusiastic audience. "Dr. Heilemann," we said, "someone has told us that, if you'd let your hair grow, you'd be a genius. What do you think about that?"

He tossed the ball to John, Jr., and turned around. "That's not true," he said with emphasis. "I've had to work too hard for what I have. And besides that I don't have the opinion of people that the genius has. For the genius, and for most research men, people are in the way; for me, people are, in the opportunity they provide to share my ideas, a necessity."

He feels this business of people strongly and it became apparent as we got to know him that he is in this, as in all things, sincere.

He is sincere, for instance, in his feeling for the miracle that permits his being here; that selected him, out of all the potentialities, to visit with us for a brief span. Behind the visit, behind man the individual, man the organism, is, he feels, the greater organism of society. And behind society lies the greater, the underlying miracle, that may be God.

So his ever present smile is explained. He enjoys the society of which he is a part and his faith in something greater.

His belief then lies with the simpler postulates of religion as we know it. Simple postulates that are "a very useful thing to raise children by. Like a primer in first grade; they are excellent as far as they go but fail to go far enough."

He wants his boys to enjoy the participation in athletics that he somehow missed.

"I don't expect them to be big-league ball-players anymore than I expect them to be

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

# SOCIAL SOLIDARITY

WALTER TURNER

Heaven lies hidden within all of us—here it lies hidden in me now, and if I will it, it will be revealed to me tomorrow and for all time. And in very truth, the Kingdom of Heaven will be for us not a dream, but a living reality . . . To transform the world, to recreate it afresh, men must turn into another path . . . Everywhere in these days men have ceased to understand that the true security is to be found in social solidarity rather than in isolated individual effort. But this terrible individualism must inevitably have an end, and all will suddenly understand how unnaturally they are separated from one another. It will be the spirit of the time, and people will marvel that they have sat so long in darkness without seeing the light. And then the sign of the Son of Man will be seen in the heavens . . . But, until then, we must keep the banner flying. Sometimes even if he has to do it alone, and his conduct seems to be crazy, a man must set an example and so draw men's souls out of their solitude, that the great idea may not die.

DOSTOEVSKY

This is a war story.

I know you are tired of war stories, but this should be told and I promised I'd tell it.

It is a war story because it needed the terrible misery and spontaneous selflessness that only the circumstances of active warfare can draw forth from men to ever happen.

It should be told because it belongs not to the past war, or to any single war, or even to war categorically, but to the men and women who, despite war, through the ages have seen beneath the veneer of civilization the firm foundation of brotherhood, the hope of perpetual peace.

And I'm going to tell it because I promised a guy I'd tell it. Because a guy smarter than you or I knew it ought to be told and asked me to tell it.

It doesn't really concern the war. It concerns two guys, a poet and a shoe-shine boy—two guys who had what they wanted, which was little more than nothing, and who just innocently became ensnared in somebody's war.

The story starts sometime before the birth of Christ, but we'll pick it up just after December of 1941, because just after December of 1941 the poet was drafted.

It didn't matter to him that he was drafted. One place or another, green suit or brown, he was a poet. If you listed every vocation in the order of what he might have been, should have been, and was; if you made a list, you'd put poet at the very top and soldier at the very bottom.

He didn't like noise and he didn't like guns and he knew he wouldn't like maneuvers.

So they sent his outfit on maneuvers, gave them guns, and had them all shooting at once.

But it didn't matter much to him. In fact it gave him something new to write about, and he'd crawl into his tent and write by candlelight when he should have been sleeping.

They sent him to the Pacific.

But it might have been Europe, or Asia, or Alaska; except that in the Pacific he met the shoe-shine boy.

He met the shoe-shine boy on an island out there. I don't know just how they met;

they just met and began talking, and after that they made a point of meeting and talking. They talked mostly of pictures—the poet had none but the shoe-shine boy had his wife's and son's; and of poetry—the shoe-shine boy had none but the poet had a couple of ages full—and they got to know each other the way two scared guys in a strange world can get to know each other. The shoe-shine boy told the poet just how scared he was that he would get it, and the poet talked to him and told him he was scared too, so they wrote little poems about it together. The poet brought out some of his own poetry and the shoe-shine boy thought that was wonderful. He'd sneak out when the poet was on guard duty and they'd sit down in the dark and the poet would whisper poems he had memorized and the shoe-shine boy wouldn't say anything, just listen. Sometimes he'd grope around and put his hand on the poet's shoulder.

And that's practically the way he got it.

They were sitting there one morning when it was just getting light and this madman came screaming out of the bush at the poet's back with a bayonet aimed to split his shoulder-blades, and the shoe-shine boy just seemed to slide over in the way. He took that bayonet in the back and through the belly and he said "gh" and that was all. The poet had his rifle on the madman and he just sat there looking from the shine boy's blood to the madman and he didn't even think to squeeze the trigger till the man was back in the brush out of sight.

The poet went over and kneeled beside the shine boy and started to loosen his shirt, and the boy opened his eyes. He was crying. The poet stopped fumbling with the shirt and they just looked at each other for a long time. And then the shine boy said, real low: "Those folks back there, they ain't gonna need a shine boy. They gonna need a poet!" And he closed his eyes.

That's just about all. Except that I was there a couple days later when the poet got his from a land-mine, and that's when he told me the story. He made me promise that I'd tell it and I said I would.



RONNIE L. SARE

Dora swished nervously towards the window, the gold-lame of her gown revealing the delicate swell of her lithe shapely figure. Somewhere a train whistle scratched the air. Dora's sleek back stiffened and she ground the Park Regent cigarette beneath one glittering platform sole. The clock chimed. Across the dimly lit room she could barely discern the black hands. Eleven-ten. Her voice quivered.

"What's holding him up this time?"

No answer came but the steady drip-drip of the kitchen water tap. She would go crazy if that kept up. With quick yet graceful strides she reached the kitchen, laid one well-manicured hand upon the accused faucet and wrenched hard. The chromium handle snapped and lay like dead silver in her white palm.

"Ironical, isn't it" she thought, "can't touch anything without having it ruined."

Then she stood petrified. Somewhere along the corridor she distinctly heard muffled footsteps. Were they moving toward her door? Dora began to pray half-audibly, a hoarse whisper, "Please, God, don't let it be him."

The sounds progressed past her door and down the opposite hall. With small relief, such as that from a postponed appointment to the dentist, Dora treaded weak-kneed to the living room and threw herself into the chaise lounge.

The buzzer sounded. Was it hers? She hadn't heard anyone. The lamps seemed to multiply and the furniture to move slightly. No, it must be her imagination. She walked to the door. What lay behind it must be faced now—or never. She took a deep breath and turned the knob. There he was. Successful lawyer written all over him, smug socialite, perfection personified. She almost laughed aloud at the man everyone thought was so good, so kind, so generous. She'd play the game all right, and then—

"You finally came, Rand."

"You're looking lovely this evening, Dora."

"Either come in or stay out."

She turned her back and moved to the bleak and unlit fireplace. Dora knew he would follow her, just as he came back to her after every "passion" fling. The door swung closed with a click.

Rond walked straight to the white rug before the fireplace, digging his shoes into it. In the dim light his hair appeared darker than the black dress suit he wore.

"There I go again," thought Dora, "forever thinking of his appeal. This time it's going to be different."

The well-modulated tones of Rand's voice disturbed her train of thought.

"Is something wrong? You seem rather tense this evening." He strode across the rug and to Dora's side.

"You know I love you, don't you, dear?"

His hands slid around her waist. One shove and Dora had thrown him from her. Rand sat on the edge of the lounge regarding her skeptically.

"O.K., Dora. What is it? Let's have the story."

Dora raised her shining head, braced herself and trembled. He could see words swelling up within her. God! What a beautiful creature even when she looked like a tiger at bay. Her nostrils flared and her eyes seemed more green than gray. Instinctively, Rand knew that something important, other than the usual quarrel, was in the air. She spoke.

"Listen to me, Rand Jory. So you found me on a farm, taught me to be a lady, saw that I had a smattering of education, and finally married me. That still doesn't give you the right to philander under my own roof or anywhere else, for that matter. What's marriage worth when the man you love uses you for a door mat?"

Dora's choked breath was the only sound to accompany the slow tick-tock of the clock.

From the lounge came a low chuckle.

"I always told you you'd make a good actress. Always dramatizing. A man can't

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

"We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin on the recent explosion at Oak Ridge, Tennessee."

"How do you do, ladies and gentleman. I will endeavor to describe to you the unbelievable havoc which, as you know, only a short time ago visited Oak Ridge.

After the first terrific blast and blinding flash, silence settled over this once proud and beautiful community. The smoke which then shrouded the scene has risen now and we can see the devastation and horror caused by the blast. The tremendous plant dedicated to the advancement of science is now twisted and shattered. The once giant observation platforms are no more. Laboratories of which the whole world had reason to be proud, are now in ruin. Science, dedicated to man's betterment, is now destroyed by its own hand.

The few survivors are being helped from the devastated ground. One of the two scientists left alive has killed himself in the emergency hospital.

The hill on which the finished products were stored, although furthest from the plant, was hardest hit. That hill is no more; everything, including the hill itself, has been leveled. This leveled area and the ground around it are now a sooty black.

But by far the most terrible scene here is that of the town of Oak Ridge itself. The Main Street, a Main Street anywhere in the U.S., is a scene of utter destruction. Every store is razed. A hen sits on a twisted girder; a woman sits, her clothes torn from her burned body, weeping over the young child dead before her. One man, blinded and burned, wanders aimlessly about, screaming.

It is difficult to comprehend that this entire community has been demolished. Rescuers move about wide-eyed; doctors move from one inert figure to another with only a shake of the head. The site which once boasted a model medical center is now the emergency

hospital, and calls for doctors and nurses have been sent out all over the State. Hardly a hundred feet from the emergency hospital is a spot far more crowded, but no help can be offered to its covered figures. Some semblance of order is being established. Water and food are being rushed from a nearby town; the army is sending troops and equipment to evacuate every living being, including the brave rescue workers here now. Relatives of all remaining persons are being notified, for death will follow, in days or weeks, those who have been exposed.

Here only a few days ago, children ran and played in the streets and on their way to school. Here science was at work planning civilization's atomic future; scientists and assistants worked busily and complacently. Now the late afternoon sun shows little activity. The quiet is more than the quiet of nature. More has been destroyed than is apparent; progress has been blown away; hope is in ruin. Now the ruin warns of future ruin.

A spokesman for the U.N. has announced that a delegation will visit the scene as soon as the ground has been found safe.

A bell has begun to toll in the distance.

I wish, ladies and gentlemen, I could adequately describe for you the sound of that bell across all this desolation. We can see now that the bell is being rung in the skeleton belfry of a small church which has miraculously been left standing. Those survivors who can walk are turning toward the church. Even the blind man is making his stumbling way toward the sound of the bell. I can see through my glasses an aged man in clerical garb standing in the doorway of the church beckoning them on. The sun is setting and light is leaving the scorched earth, but my glasses still discern the figure in the doorway, beckoning.

I return you now to WCM."

## *After Argument*

W. E. TURNER

Know that I love but thee:  
Know that I love thee well!  
Oh! shield thy heart to see  
Naught, but I love thee well.

\* \* \*

Let not thy mind, distraught,  
Turn pride's bright point to me.  
My heart, not metal wrought,  
Knows but that I love thee.

G. G. CLAMER

I don't know how long I'd been there, but there I was and I never wanted to leave. The place was lousy with music. There was a haze of smoke around the lights so that I couldn't see whether there was a ceiling or not, and I didn't care. The place wasn't big enough for all the people that were there, and more were coming; but I didn't care about them either, for the pulsating music had me and that was all I wanted with my drinks. Drinks, I don't know how many.

I never heard the silly patter of women and the men's rough voices. I didn't notice the older looking men with the bankers' suits and rolls they got, God knows how. Their anemic looking blondes were there too, so phony they made me sick. Yet the music was there and it was hot and it held me.

Through the haze I could see the cornet player; he was standing up. I had a drink for him. I took one for all the other guys that were playing what they felt inside. The bouncer grabbed some guy in front of the bandstand and got rid of him.

I had another drink; I had lots of them. The band kept it up until a singer came out. She was big and fat, but she could sing. She had a voice that needed no mike, like the milk-fed singers of today. She was a blues singer in the true tradition and she shouted a powerful blues tune. She sang and then she sang some more. The sugar daddies and their damn women got quiet. The blues even got them. In the background, somewhere in that boxed-in hole, the band beat a soft rhythm that made you listen. I had another drink. I had the blues, really had 'em.

Time wore on, still I stayed; I couldn't leave. I listened and listened. I forgot about time; I forgot about people. The haze stayed and the music passed through the weaving, shimmering, white smoke and inside my lost soul. I guess I was the last to leave. The music was still spinning around in my mind, but I knew I was outside.

The fog was lying heavily everywhere. The streets were wet and slippery. You could hear every footfall. Still the blues wouldn't leave me. I walked on in the fog. Music, white opacity, and the steady click of falling feet were the only things which broke the dense, still air. The street lights shone like large balls of sparkling dimness and faintly outlined the way. There were large houses crowded up to the street; ahead was a bridge. I could hear running water through the heavy air. I coughed.

On through the night I walked. Slowly and rhythmically my feet fell in time with the weird music that lingered in my head. The night seemed to close in around me and the white bleakness was everywhere. My feet left the pavement and only the silence remained.

## Friendship

ROBERT BARROLL

When Life's proud hope gleams seldom bright,  
Or fades beneath care's hungry blight,  
Then round your heaving hearts entwine  
The love your friends may not decline.

\* \*

And if their friendship fails the task,  
And, selfish, throws aside love's mask  
To bare the smirk of ridicule;  
Grieve not, nor let thy heart say "Fool."

\* \*

Curse not their loss, nor even grieve,  
But turn your efforts to achieve;  
Desire and love can build anew  
More friendships: these forever true.

---

"There are those among us for whom there is no home on our sphere. They pass among us as neither friend nor foe: yet for want of friendship they perish. Coming from nowhere, they walk among us quietly and return. And only when they are gone do we begin to realize our affinity for them."

—THE OLD PHILOSOPHER

# ANGELS' WINGS

A. F. BARKER

Pete Messick was the tail gunner personified—a little guy, who had drawn himself up on his toes and twisted his neck in a corkscrew fashion to make the minimum height required for acceptance into Uncle's flying cadet branch. He had gone to Primary and soloed number one in his class. Pete had burned up the Texas sky with his torrid maneuvering and entered Basic as a potential peashooter specialist. But he had become too hot; that is, insofar as the commandant of cadets and Army Regulations relative to low flying were concerned. One day, after Pete had buzzed a cowtown and climbed back up to altitude, he found himself flying an unscheduled wing position on the number-one, top dog of the cadet detachment. A week later Pete was en route to a reclassification center.

That had been in early '43. By September of the same year he had finally received a pair of wings—gunners' wings—and had been assigned to a heavy bombardment crew training center in Idaho. Pete had not let the disappointment of washing out drown him. He blazed away accurately on the gunnery range with a pair of 50-calibres and found another pair of good buddies to while away his off-duty hours. His pilot, an old man (almost twenty-eight) for a throttle jockey, took Pete under his wing now and then, in an effort to prevent the nineteen-year-old tail-gunner from breaking more chairs in a Boise nightclub. Thus, if Frost was adding a new grey hair every one in a while, the reason was not due to maturity alone.

Pete survived combat phase training and the extra-curricular brawling to fly off with our crew to the California overseas depot. However, I must admit that I kept my fingers crossed until we were airborne and I had settled back in the co-pilot seat.

Our overseas orders came for a flight over the Pacific, and we had an uneventful trip to Oahu. Staying on course, despite a few storms, we landed at Hickman a dozen hours later and began one of those inevitable processing periods that are as prevalent in the Air Corps as inoculations. During our pre-combat training at Hickman, Pete cut down two aerial-targets, and ran up the highest percentage of hits ever

recorded on the ground gunnery range. Furthermore, Pete could strip and reassemble his 50's blindfolded with comparative ease. So I guess you can see why we were rather proud of him.

We entered combat in early '44, in time to get in on the Truk neutralizing project. On our third mission, Pete nailed an over-zealous Zeke and we painted a little red flag on our Liberator. That's the way it had gone. Pete couldn't be equalled as a gunner. Some fifteen missions later, by the time we were to take our first rest leave, Pete had painted two more flags on our baby and had built up enough pressure to really let himself go when we reached the neighborhood of Honolulu. In fact, the M.P.'s had escorted him to our plane when we were ready to fly back to the combat area.

Frost had watched Pete with an understanding, paternal eye since the day the kid had joined our crew. He knew that Messick wasn't entirely happy and it was not hard to figure why. One day Frost coaxed him to fly co-pilot, and the kid handled the B-24 with the ease of a veteran. You could see that he was a natural, whom Fate, in her game of chance, had not cared to throw. But Pete didn't want to court a lady whose love he could not win. After a few minutes at the controls he thanked Frost and returned to his tail position—there, I know, to dream of the Pete Messick, who could out-maneuver Rickenbacker or Luke, Gabreski or Bong; who flew as our escort to blast any Zero that challenged our right in the sky.

We moved up from the Marshalls to Saipan, and now our target was Iwo Jima, a hot-bed of flak and fighters. On the very first mission, it happened. A trim new Tojo sliced through our formation and tossed a few 20 mm's in our lap. The first round smashed into the flight deck, knocked out our instruments and finished Frost. I dazedly tried to move a pair of arms that seemed weighed down with all the turrets and armament. I guess I must have held the Lib' straight and level for a few moments, for when I came out of it temporarily, there was Pete in Frost's seat. Someone had tied a tourniquet around my arm and splashed sulfa on my forehead, but I could only sit back and watch—watch Pete fly us home. The kid

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

# BUILT THAT WAY

R. G. JACOBSEN



A woman aint, no good, Man,  
You just can't trust a gal.  
Don't fool yourself you can, Man;  
She just can't be a pal.  
I think she's built that way.

\* \*

She'll try to be real mean, Man,  
But she can't be too bad;  
Just sort of in between, Man,  
That's why it's all so sad.  
I think she's built that way.

\* \*

She'll look around the bend, Man,  
For something new or better.  
(The next guy will find out, Man,  
When she wants out, just let 'er.)  
He'll find she's built that way.

\* \*

If she begins to gab Man,  
Just let it pass on by.  
(Unless the story's yours, Man,  
She can't **tell** truth from lie.  
You know, she's built that way.)

\* \*



She thinks there's more in life, Man,  
For trousers than for skirt.  
She'll try to give you grief, Man.  
She'll try to do you dirt.  
She must be built that way.

\* \*

She lost her way somewhere, Man;  
She broke away real clean,  
Gave up the effort, then, Man,  
Gave up and just turned mean.  
And now she's built that way.

\* \*

She'll never make a change, Man,  
From anger, spite, and pain.  
So get out of the way, Man;  
Don't get mixed up again.  
Don't **you** get built that way.

\* \*

Don't take to drink or sin, Man.  
Don't take the weak way 'round.  
Keep looking straight ahead, Man.  
With both feet on the ground.  
Else you'll get built that way.



"A small coke, please. No, make it a large one with plenty of ice." I reached into my right trouser pocket, fingered the coins, finally felt a dime, removed it from its hiding place and placed it on the counter. With my left hand I pulled a white handkerchief from the opposite pocket and wiped off the perspiration that had collected above my mouth. I tried to cross my legs, but the counter's lowness prevented this move. The struggle for a more comfortable position had resulted only in my bumping the large woman with fat, rouged lips who sat consuming an ice cream soda beside me. I murmured an apology and turned to watch the soda-jerk as he stirred my drink. With a face revealing an expression that was sullen with perpetually overdriven irritation he brought the drink and placed it on the fountain in front of me.

Suddenly from the street came a loud screech of automobile brakes. This was followed by excited voices and the shrill sound of a policeman's whistle. Half devoured sodas, sandwiches, and cokes were abandoned as the fountain's customers hurried out of the drugstore and into the busy street. There, against the curb, lay the form of a man. That he was dead was assured by even a cursory look at his crushed skull.

Already a crowd had gathered—taxi drivers, passers-by, people who worked in the neighborhood, and the police. No one dared to touch the body. The crowd merely stood there in a rapt and fascinated circle looking at it. The body, five feet eight or nine of it, was lying face downward. It was moderately well-dressed, too, in cheap, neatly pressed, machine-made clothes. The hands were still spread out with a warm and startling eloquence of recent life.

There was a stir of sudden interest in the crowd, sharp nudges, and low-toned whispering: "There he is! There's the guy that hit 'im!" All eyes turned toward the dark, foreign looking youth who had emerged from the Chevrolet sedan with the blood-covered left front fender. An officer tried to quiet him, but he

continued to mumble: "What happened? . . . I was lightin' a cigarette . . . The guy walked right in front' me . . . I hit 'im! Christ! . . . Oh, Jeez! I'm sick!"

The group of spectators grew larger. New-comers, who had come up from the subway station across the street, pushed forward. With hypnotic, fascinated expressions they gazed at the body as eye witnesses enthusiastically described the accident to them.

Soon a policeman came around the corner with an old piece of canvas with which he covered the dead man. Another police officer helped the mumbling youth climb back into his Chevrolet and then drove it away, allowing the green wagon from the morgue to pull up

next to the curb. The piece of canvas and the lifeless form which it concealed were lifted into it; then, with a sound of gears changing, it also went roaring down the street.

An air of casual indifference prevailed as taxi drivers hurried back to their stopped cabs, as salesmen went back to their jobs, as shoppers resumed their tour of the stores, and as couples entered the neon lighted movie palaces, checking the time as they purchased their tickets to make certain they had not missed the start of the feature. A man's life had ended, but to the city he was just "an-

other guy." The city itself was still alive and it swept forward with its impetuosity.

I walked back into the the drugstore. There was no vacant seat at the fountain, so I leaned on the end of the counter and called to the soda-jerk: "Have anything for a weak stomach?"

## *The Passing*

HELEN SOUTHALL

The tide goes out.  
The surging surf departs,  
And the sands lie bare and still,  
Bereft of lashing waves.  
White foam still coats the shining rocks  
Where breakers flung their sudden fury,  
And then were still.  
The pounding, throbbing roar subsides,  
Leaving only a deathlike stillness in its wake.  
And the moon's light forms a dancing path  
Across serene and placid waters.  
The storm has passed.

"Sorrow appears in this life in three guises: in youth it is selfishness, in middle-age it is incredulity, and in old age it is our genuflection to hovering death."

—THE OLD PHILOSOPHER

ALVIN KNEPPER

He sat off in the corner by himself, away from the dancers, and he was scared. He was scared something big would happen—and then he was scared it wouldn't.

He was five feet two and one-half inches tall and his friends, with more than average lack of imagination, called him "Shorty". Even as a kid, he had been "Shorty", and the bigger kids had shoved him around—shoved him around until he got used to seeing them always with the things he wanted and never getting them himself.

And maybe that was good. Because later on the bigger ones always got the plums and he was still standing around waiting. Only he'd gotten used to it by now—so that it didn't matter so much. That is the little things didn't matter so much and he'd learned how to tell the big things from the little.

He'd told himself it was a little thing when the high school football coach laughed at him. And he'd convinced himself it was a little thing when the Officers Training Board washed him out of cadets. That he was, because of his size, always passed up when they chose squad leaders was certainly a little thing.

But he knew that some day there was going to be a big thing. He knew it and it scared him. He'd think about it and get all excited and eager for it, and then he'd get scared. He'd get so scared, he would almost stop wishing for a big thing to happen. And then he was scared it wouldn't.

The easy rhythm of the music moved the dancers slowly through the rays of multi-colored lights, lending them now a red or blue hue, now a green or yellow. Their voices,

tuned to the music, were only an intimate whisper sweeping softly around the ears of the shadowed figure in the lonely corner.

He moved; crossed the right leg over the left, and sighed inaudibly. Now and then the lights, moving in their endless circle, would expose his thin handsome features, the row of service ribbons on his tunic. Then, again darkness, his eyes would follow the moving couples.

He didn't notice the girl sitting there until the lights swept back over the two of them; illuminated them a few seats apart, but arm in arm in their loneliness along the wall. When the lights moved on he could faintly discern her, but he knew she had seen him and he could feel a proximity the seats between them denied. Automatically he told himself "a little thing", and his thoughts went back inside himself.

When the lights went up for intermission he looked at the girl. Inside him something began to move and force perspiration out so that he could feel it on his chest and the back of his neck. Couples were milling around now, over by the coke bar, some down by the wrap-room. The girl looked at him and smiled a slow timid smile—a smile that took hold of the thing inside him and twisted it so that he almost cried out and couldn't even return it. His stomach turned on a slow axil that pulled his throat and made

him swallow.

The girl dropped her eyes and arose. He watched her go gracefully in the direction of the wrap-room; saw a soldier approach her and the slow negative turn of her head, and the thing inside of him lifted and guided him

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

## *Freshman*

A. J. MAZURKIEWICZ

When I was just a freshman,  
I heard a wise man say:  
"A college boy is always broke,  
From dawn to dark of day.  
It matters not how much he gets,  
He spends it all with glee."  
But I was just a freshman,  
No use to talk to me.

\* \* \*

When I was just a freshman,  
I heard him say again:  
"Economic resolutions  
Are always made in vain.  
And often-times a slip will show  
Twixt that you say—and do."  
And I am now a sophomore,  
And Oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Over the remnants of the pock-marked wall the mountains formed a rapidly blurring irregular line as the sun, receding behind them, withdrew its garb of light. Above, the night hovered vindictively, eager to fall into place. Against the wall, straightened and strengthened by its mortared strength, the lingering light picked out a figure coarsed with age. Not the gentle beatific age of years well lived, but the premature age of mental and spiritual subjugation. Yet in the half light the figure's face showed, despite its marks of toil and strain, the peaceful composure of him who stands to admire a job well done.

Away from the shadow of the wall the stiff line of soldiers faced the figure with countenances as devoid of emotion as their rifle butts resting on the ground. To their right, immaculately at ease, stood their Captain; only the lift of his arrogant head and the cynical twitch of his thin lips displaying the pleasure he derived from his morbid role. Behind the thin line, held at bay by the menacing snout of a machine gun, the mob of townspeople swayed forward and back in dreadful anticipation; and their voices, swelling up to meet the grey clouds of dusk, mimicked the unceasing murmur of countless drones, lamenting with whirring wings their lassitude.

The Captain drew his sword from its shining sheath; and silence, as if drawn outward with the gleaming blade, settled over the crowd — silence broken only by the occasional suppressed sob from the belly of the now motionless crowd and the sound of the Captain's own heavy asthmatic breathing. The light

flowed in a thin stream up the side of his polished boot, over the edge of his sword pointing to the ground, and was caught and held in his monocle, giving him the appearance of having only one gleaming eye. A swallow, flitting on the wall's ragged crown, went unnoticed as the Captain's voice rose in high, clear German, addressing the figure against the wall, "There is but one race of pure blood! This must be the ruling race; and those who, unmindful of its benefits, plot against its jurisdiction, must die — as the dog dies that bites a generous master. You, Christian dog, have preached of One more powerful than our ex-

alted Fuehrer. If He lives, then let Him deliver you from this place, and if He fails there will be no need for you to admit your lie."

The last words were snarled, heavy with sarcasm, as he lifted his sword hand swiftly high, as if impatient with his own loquacity.

"Ready!" Rifles swung across chests and the swallow winged its way from the wall, its soft night cry the only sound in the waiting gloom.

"Aim!" Someone in the mob coughed, but the heavy pregnant silence smothered the sound immediately.

The figure by the wall stepped forward, and as darkness fell the air rang with his warm, strong cry: "Christ died thus, yet he lives!"

"Fire!" The rifles barked. Their echo, rebounding quickly from the silent mountains, stirred the mob and fell as a mocking whisper on the ears of the Captain: "He lives! He lives!"

## *Asleep*

JIM MITCHELL

I sit here nightly by the lake;  
Await celestial call.  
I watch distorted shadows float,  
The moon amid them all.

\* \*

The deep dark waters hide so much,  
Reflecting every star,  
Sparkling as the waters roll—  
The surface black as tar.

\* \*

Seldom a breeze comes whispering  
Across that placid lake;  
Strange noises from the woods behind  
From cricket, frog, and snake.

\* \*

From underneath that blackened surf  
I hear the call of death.  
Shall I let it call me o'er,  
To take away my breath?

\* \*

If I go over, someone else  
Will sit there as I do;  
To see all things for what they are,  
Then he will follow too.

R. TANNER



## JOHN J. HEILEMANN

(Continued from Page Three)

physics professors. But I want them to enjoy baseball and respect professors. I want them to enjoy themselves."

And that very enjoyment is the creed by which he lives. "Not", in his words, "pleasure, but enjoyment. The joy of one's work or of building a family."

In respect to the building of a family he feels that he has reached, in his two sons, the point beyond which he would not care to go. And in these two sons he sees the promise of immortality. "One of the finest ways to catch a glimpse of immortality is to pick up a baby. Sometimes I see in the son upon my lap the answer, excepting music possibly the only answer, to immortality. And I am thus pledged to conduct myself in a manner befitting the immortality my son promises."

In the child, then, and in music can man attain immortality. The music, for instance, of Bach. "Sometimes listening to his works, I feel that this is the sum of man's efforts to live on. Here is a great and deep personal thing which Bach has enabled to live, through the centuries, by translating it so beautifully."

We asked the question that everyone is asking the physicists. The answer was frank. "It is not nearly so important whether man blows himself off the face of the earth or not, as most of us think. Man is, anyway, becoming extinct; he is no longer a fully effective animal. An animal that devises and uses ways of killing itself off by the thousands is no longer an effective animal—dissappointing but natural. As an individual I may be able to combat this, but objectively there may be nothing which I can do about it. At any rate, should man blow himself off the earth, life, tenacious life, will survive, and in time something better than man will very likely be produced."

Our immediate path then is in the enjoyment of the simpler aspects of the society of which we are a part. "When choosing a vocation, look for something, above all things, enjoyable. To find enjoyment will require study, but this too, with the end kept in sight, should be found enjoyable. And when the decision has been made wisely it should prove a simple matter to take a happy and mutually beneficial place in society."

## THE STRUGGLE

(Continued from Page Five)

look behind him without being accused of bigamy. Why don't you grow up, Dora."

With cat-like movements Dora reached the lounge. She twisted one fist into the black curly hair and dug all five nails of the other into Rand's neck.

"You've made my life a hell, so I'm going to give you a sample of what it feels like."

Her fingers clenched tighter until the knuckles shone white through the skin. Rand turned and wrenched her free. Anger was smeared across his chiselled features.

"Why, you little hell-cat. After all I've done for you, you've got nerve to be jealous. I'll fix you."

Rand lunged for her, one arm reaching for her waist. She looked around for a weapon, then decided to stand her ground. She'd give him what he was asking for. A crooked smile slowly spread over her lips. One white shoulder she let slip from her gown. With a definite swagger of her hips, Dora rested against the open window frame. A faint breeze ruffled her low neckline and her figure was etched against the black night. She moved the shoulder provocatively.

"I guess I was a little rash. Come here, darling," she purred. Rand loomed up tall beside her, his chest pressing hers. She bent sideways out of the window. It was too late to change her mind now. This was what she had been waiting for.

Dora pushed hard on his chest, turning herself inward with one clever twist. He was off-balance and slid outwards. In desperation he clutched for some support. It was the bodice of Dora's gown that his hand caught. The added weight of his body bent the terrified woman over the ledge.

"Let go," she screeched as she saw the nauseating thirty floor drop.

"You're coming with me, baby-doll," Rand muttered.

There was a ripping of cloth, a sudden rustle, a scream—then unearthly quiet.

At six o'clock the following morning, Grand Central Bulletin carried this caption: "PROMINENT LAWYER AND WIFE LEAP TO DEATH IN 300 FOOT PLUNGE. Cause of suicide unknown."

## ANGELS' WINGS

(Continued from Page Eight)

had his hands full, for the big Liberator protested against each movement of the stick, each turning of her rudders. But Pete fought her back, kicked her rudders, and subdued her. I stayed conscious long enough to learn that our hydraulic system had been severed and that one landing gear had been lacerated. This meant a belly landing—rugged enough for a thousand hour man to make—and Pete with his few hours of cadet time should not try it.

They told me that after we reached Saipan, Pete had the crew bail out. I couldn't be moved, so Pete threw away his good chance for survival and remained to fly the bomber to our strip. He put the Lib' down on the very edge of the downwind stretch of the field, and we skidded and smashed our way along the coral runway to pile up in a vacant revetment. The ground crew dug into the twisted mass and salvaged me.

Pete was buried in the big invasion cemetery along with Frost. I'm going down there today, now that the medics have turned me loose. Maybe, while I stand there by Pete's meager cross, I'll be able to glance upward and see him barreling about in a peashooter that the angels have requisitioned for him. I know that he'll be flying somewhere.

## THE GIANT

(Continued from Page Eleven)

after her until when she stopped he stood behind her, close behind her, afraid of touching her. He said over her shoulder, "Like a coke?"

She turned quickly, her indrawn breath making a very small sound between a gasp and a sob. Before she answered their eyes met and caressed as softly as her reply: "I'd love to have a coke." He looked down into her face and her eyes caressed this thing within him. She took his arm. "I'd like that very much", she said.

They walked looking into each others eyes and suddenly he smiled for the first time. He stopped and their bodies faced, and he asked, "How tall are you?" She smiled back. "Five feet, two inches", she said. "Why?"

He laughed silently now. "Why?" he said. "Why, because you're the biggest thing that ever came into my life. And that makes me a giant".

---

"There are really only two things of utmost importance to this life—man and woman."

—THE OLD PHILOSOPHER

---

## "B" OR SOMETHING

LEON URDANG

Those who pursue the esoteric intricacies of that phase of mathematics known as "Algebra" are certain sooner or later—much to the delight of the instructor—to come across the following problem:

"The distance a body falls from rest varies as the square of the time. If the body falls 64 feet in 2 seconds, how far will it fall in 4 seconds?"

Now the initial solution here is fairly simple. Disregarding the plight of the owner of the body, we let D equal distance, K equal the constant of variation, T equal time, and we arrive at the equation:  $D = KT^2$ . Thus we find — referring back to our problem — that  $64 = K4$  or  $K = 16$ . Hence, to find D when  $T = 4$ , we have  $D = 16(4)^2$  or  $D = 256$  feet.

All this is very fine as far as it goes. How-

ever, in the interest of humanity, we must carry it a step further.

Therefore, we turn back a page and find that a body falling a distance of 256 feet from rest will give us a result of "splat!" "Splat!" is obviously not what we want, so we take the formula:  $B$  (for body) + 256 = "Splat!" Now 256 divided by 2 = 128 and if we permit 128 to equal "Thump!", we arrive at the formula,  $B = \text{"Splat!"} - (\text{"Thump!"}) (\text{"Thump!"})$ . Now, since we know from previous algebraic experience that  $\text{"Splat!"} = (\text{"Thump!"})^2$ , we see that  $B = \text{"Splat!"} - (\text{"Thump!"}) (\text{"Thump!"}) = 0$ , or  $B = 0$ .

And our axiom then is:

"Only a body weighing zero can fall 256 feet without a "Splat!" Bodies weighing more should manifest caution.

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# EASY-MONEY DEPARTMENT



## DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Here's a column inspired by one of man's most fundamental motivations—his primitive urge to make a buck. And why not?—a buck's a buck. Get daffy, chums.

\* \* \*

Synonym—the word you use when you can't spell the word you want.

Pedestrian—a married man who owns a car.

Hangover—the penalty for switching from Pepsi-Cola.

Snoring—sheet music.

\* \* \*

*You've really got us to the wall when we'll pay a buck apiece for these. But that's the deal. \$1 each for those we buy.*

## GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

**\$100.00**

## Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, our massive moron, was observed the other afternoon working out with the girls' archery team. Somewhat unconventionally, however—instead of using bow and arrow, Murgatroyd was drawing a bead on the target with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. When asked "Why?" by our informant, who should have known better—"Duuuuuuuh," responded Murgatroyd brightly, "because Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, stupid!"

*\$2, legal tender, for any of these we buy. Brother, inflation is really here!*

Just like Social Security. Only quicker. Pepsi-Cola pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags, quips and such-like for this page. Just send your stuff to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., along with your name, address, school and class. All contributions become

the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. (Working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag, incidentally, won't hurt your chances a bit.) Dough-shy? Get dough-heavy! Or start a new hobby—collecting rejection slips. We'll help you out—one way or the other.

## HE-SHE GAGS

Know a He-She gag? If you think it's funny, send it in. If we think it's funny, we'll buy it—for three bucks. We'll even print it. Sheer altruism. Take ten—and see if you don't come up with something sharper than these soggy specimens:

She: Why don't you put out that light and come sit here beside me?

He: It's the best offer I've had today—but I'd rather have a Pepsi.

He: Darling, is there nothing I can do to make you care?

She: D. D. T.

He: D. D. T.?

She: Yeah—drop dead twice!

She: Right now I'm interested in something tall, dark and handsome.

He: Gosh! Me?

She: No, silly—Pepsi-Cola!

*Yep, we pay three bucks apiece for any of these we print. You never had it so good.*

## Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



“

What's the right caption? We don't know. You tell us. For the line we buy we'll ante \$5. Or send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

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