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LANTERN



DICK
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NOV. '55

THE LANTERN

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No. 1

November, 1955

*W*E HAVE *tried in this issue to bring you* those things which our readers have been expecting for many years. We hope that our new ideas will not only continue the interest of our steady readers, but also win new friends for the *Lantern*.

It is already gratifying to know that you thought our cover (done in charcoal gray, by Dick Goldberg) interesting enough to make you pick up the magazine rather than walk by it.

We have included in this issue poems (and very good they are too), some excellent short stories, essays of human and scientific interest, and two enlightening columns. "The Care and Feeding of Sports Car and Sport" should be most educational to those who are content with Thunderbirds and Eldorados. In the light of the recent Gunther book and other literature about Africa, we consider "Land of Contrast" somewhat of a prize.

We also think that our editorial may provoke some thought. Perhaps we may cause enough comment that some of you will want to write to us. We will gladly receive any such letters and publish them in our Letters to the Editors Column which will be inaugurated in the next issue. We trust the *Lantern* will satisfy you.

Marguerites and Memories

Walter W. Montgomery

SPRING came softly that year; like a cat. Before I had realized it winter was gone, and the green of the *Bois* mesmerized my senses while shepherdesses danced before my fevered eyes. The rain of March was forgotten as I lay on the green lawn near the Seine, the top of the Eiffel Tower playing catch-as-catch-can with my sight through the young leaves of the surrounding trees. A breeze ran softly through the elms, sending the new born leaves into their unaccustomed rustling, and they seemed delighted at the newly found diversion. Their tiny blades sang, and I breathed deeply the perfume of lilac. Completely enervated, I lay watching the lovers walking (dreaming their Olympian dreams), and frequently soft, bell-lear laughter, from children rolling hoops on the paths, drifted across the park.

I was sad however, and the voices of the leaves and children rang like hollow echoes. Madame Arget had died, and part of the light and wonder of the *Faubourg St. Germain* had been lowered into the tiny grave in *Montparnasse*.

Madame Arget had been a strange woman. I had first met her when I was sitting in the *Café Flore* on a wretched, October day. The rain had dissolved an early promise of a golden autumn day, and I had retreated to that well known haven for the depressed and confused. Madame Arget had been sitting at a table in the corner, surrounded by a group of students; their books and studies forgotten as they listened to her words falling, as I had learned afterwards, like rose petals, on their arid intellects. I watched her as she talked, and her brown eyes flashed with authority and intelligence. Her hands were constantly in motion; their supposed moments of relaxation being spent tugging at a dangling earring. Her hair, brushed tightly to her head, and fastened securely in the back, was as white as the pigeons in the yard at the old church of *St. Germain des Prés*. Her lower arms were always covered with bracelets that jangled continuously in syncopated rhythm with her speech. The music from the jewelry accompanying her conversations reminded me of a Basque dancer needing the steady improvised rhythm of wooden blocks to beat the cadence for his primitive stealthily over a field following a mouse. tive gyrations.

Madame Arget was an actress in every movement. Her eyebrows, still dark, ached contemptuously one moment, only to subside with supposed naiveté at the over enthusiastic statements of her apostles. I have seen her silence an entire room with one glance, and conversely, with one slight change of expression she has sent an entire cafe into wild, maniacal laughter. However, she never created amusement at the expense, nor embarrassment, of another.

Her voice was soft and clear, and the words fell beautifully from her lips as if she had recently gathered the sounds and for the first time put them into words; each new and delightfully strange to the ear. In later months when I had gained an entrance into her devoted circle, I listened like a child hearing music for the first time — puzzled, but accepting the newness with complete subservience.

When Madame left the *Flore* I seldom saw her; just a glimpse of her snowy head, and eternal black dress, turning into one of the many curling, twisting streets on the Left Bank. I never knew where she had lived, nor how she made her living, until after her death. Her private life was completely disassociated from her role at the *Flore*.

Her philosophy, a grand mixture of Kierkegaard, Sartre and Jesus, made her acceptable to most individuals, and her dissertations on free love one evening would never seem incongruous when she related the virtues of chastity on a later occasion. She spoke French and English with equal fluidity, and when I was floundering in the mire of French verbs and idioms, she would kindly recognize my dilemma and continue her monologue in English.

I remembered all of this as I lay in the *Bois*, the green turf cool and refreshing beneath my head. I remembered the woman who lectured at the *Flore*, sipping her Cinzano while surrounded with eager star-struck devotees of thought — a new lost generation. I thought, too, of the small square of ground that would, in time, heal its scar, and I saw the yellow marguerites that would join company with the new grass; gaining life from death. And I thought of that lonely corner at the *Flore* being filled with other Madame

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Union of South Africa — land of contrast

Eric H. Vollmer

IF YOU ARE an average American, I have no doubt that when you hear someone refer to the Union of South Africa, your mind will immediately turn to thoughts of jungle, wild animals, big game hunting, primitive people, and a vivid imagination may possibly even picture Tarzan and cannibals. I say, if you are an average American, because almost without fail, upon telling an American I am from the Union of South Africa, I am usually submerged under a deluge of questions centered about the above ideas.

I am afraid that a visit to South Africa would completely shatter the average person's conception as to what he would find there. For, instead of tall trees and jungle he would find skyscrapers and densely populated cities; instead of the big game, he would find monsters in the form of giant locomotives speeding along the country's life-lines; instead of primitive people he would find a competitive and industrious population; instead of cannibals eating people he would find huge blast furnaces swallowing large quantities of iron and coal and spitting forth tons and tons of steel. Instead of Tarzan he would find members of a divided government fighting among themselves and supposedly acting in the best interests of the country.

Perhaps the major cause of the misunderstanding is the fact that the Union of South Africa and southern Africa are all too often regarded as being the same territory. It is important when discussing the Union of South Africa, to confine ourselves to the land south of the Limpopo River, which is the northern boundary of the country. Once the Limpopo is crossed we become involved with the Mau Mau and big game hunting which is so often mistakenly associated with the Union of South Africa.

Up until the outbreak of the Second World War, South Africa was a country rich with untapped resources and blind to their potentialities. World War II heralded the realization of the true value of these resources and the South Africans responded with an earnest effort to use these resources to the best possible advantage.

Out of the Second World War emerged a new South Africa — a country rich in resources

and industrial potential. With the availability of all the basic raw materials and the cost of heavy labor at a minimum, it did not take the United States, or England, long to realize that South Africa was a country with a great industrial future.

American and English investors started pouring capital into the country. Ford built an assembly plant which was soon followed by General Motors and Studebaker plants. National Cash Register also constructed plants. The Vacuum Oil Company built the largest oil refinery in the Southern hemisphere and a \$3,000,000 synthetic fiber plant was built just outside of Durban. Carborundum and Universal Grinding combined their efforts to build a \$3,000,000 abrasives plant at Port Elizabeth and an observatory, second only to Mount Palomar, is scheduled for construction. The Witwatersrand University received a grant for building a Mining Engineering College second to none in the world, and within a few years of the birth of the atomic bomb eleven of a scheduled thirty-seven uranium plants went into production. Wool production soared to an all time high and South Africa replaced Australia as the largest fruit exporting country in the British Empire. Americans developed a somewhat expensive taste for lobster tail and South Africa responded by exporting hundreds of thousands of cases of lobster to America each year.

It may appear to the reader that South Africa is a country with a rather rosy future but unfortunately, the South Africans too have their problems. They have the problem of a country divided among itself, divided by a split government, half choosing to remain in the Empire and the other half attempting to establish a republic. But by far the greatest problem is apartheid or racial segregation. With the white population outnumbered three to one by a colored population, a population paying almost no taxes and contributing very little toward the education of their people, the whites are faced with the problem of education, feeding, and housing the coloreds and above all attempting to maintain good racial relationships. Other countries feel that they have a simple answer to this problem but

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The Care and Feeding of the Sports Car and the Sport

JHERE ARE camera fiends, horse fiends, bee fiends, iris fiends, fiends ad infinitum, and there are sports car fiends. Rightly enough, a sports car fiend is someone who is mad about sports cars. This article is to explain in a general way what a sports car is supposed to be and what it actually is, and to go into some of the basic points of sports car fiendship — that is, to introduce the fortunately innocent to the general frame of mind and to the stock responses of the fiend. Nothing new will be said here; all this has been hashed over in countless motor magazines and has been mouthed by the several thousand (it could just as well be million) “enthusiasts,” as they (we) are called, who spit on cars with less than four forward gears — unless they’re Austin-Healeys.

The definition of the term sports car — you’ve got to hedge on that, because it is open to liberal interpretation. There are some people with slightly modified Fords who are laboring under the delusion that they are driving sports cars. In some respects, the most commonly known sports car of all, the familiar MG, is not a true sports car. I will offer my interpretation because it fits pretty well with the classic description. There is no one-line definition; about as close as you can briefly come is this: a sports car is a small, extremely maneuverable, extremely high performance automobile designed primarily to have a very exciting kind of fun with while going from one place to another.

- This doesn’t say enough. They are small because their smallness increases the necessary feeling of oneness between driver and car and lends the lightness of touch that makes them a joy to drive. They are worlds apart from the average American passenger car in the area of maneuverability. What good’s that? The best reason is that it is one of our greatest materialistic joys to handle a machine that is genuinely responsive; it is something akin to handling a spirited horse or a high-performance airplane. There is a solid practical reason to match: increased sensitivity of control means increased safety. You can steer a sports car accurately; you

can feel exactly where it is on the road; and you can control it in a slide or skid. The whole business of control is wrapped up, obviously enough, in the steering system and in the suspension, or system of connection between wheels, basic frame, and outer body. American cars are deliberately designed to steer sluggishly — a relatively large movement of the wheel is necessary to provoke a given size turn — and to eliminate positive feel of the road. American cars are equipped with what are in reality outmoded systems of suspension — that stuff we hear mumbled about as “shocks” and springs, etc. American suspension gives you a soft ride, absorbs all nasty road shocks, but gives you an automobile that tends to roll when making fast curves, a car that tends to come unglued from the road. One of the basic points of differentiation in the sports car is that it rides “hard.” Its suspension is extra hard and does not allow the car to sway or give when rounding curves. Instead of leaning, the sports car tends to slide . . . but you can control a slide. Instead of a soft ride, you get a hard one, and one of the first things you notice the first blessed time you sink into those nice leather cushions is that the sports car generally rides like the proverbial Mack truck. The first time you drive one you steer all over the road: it takes a very slight movement to negotiate a fast curve and perhaps a quarter turn of the wheel to manage a right angle turn.

In the matter of performance the true sports car should have tremendous acceleration — acquired by placing a relatively powerful but usually quite small engine in a very light but rigid frame — and 100 mph, plus or minus, top speed. No one needs to go a hundred miles per hour, and few of us do; but if you should feel the urge you will be a lot safer (no one in this circumstance is going to be at all really safe) in a quick-stopping, accurately controlled sports car than in the family sedan, ballooning along in gentle risess and fallings.

The fun of driving sports cars has already been touched. There is another kind of fun in just looking at them, listening to them, and ru-

David Hudnut

minating on them. I am a sub — or fairly normal person; I realize there are more important things in the world, and I hope to operate in areas of more importance, BUT I tend to be paralyzed by the contemplation of mechanical esthetic functionality. The true sports car is the essence of that. It is the smallest engine possible — usually only four cylinders — beefed up to its highest efficiency and allowed to speak almost out loud; the lightest but tightest combination of frame, body and suspension — and that body is just enough to have the thing qualify as an automobile. The true sports car, then, is just for two, rides very hard, corners beautifully, accelerates like mad, stops instantly, sounds wonderful, and has very little body.

There are few, if any, cars that fill this bill in every particular. The omnipresent MG rides fairly hard, corners and steers to perfection, stops pretty well, and sounds like something that is going great guns — but it won't go. Acceleration is naaa, and top speed, which I never found room to reach, is something like 85 mph. The MG engine is wonderful, but the rest of the car is too heavy for it. To get solid quality in the car they have sacrificed performance; the long-awaited new MG A looks lovely but suffers from the same design-fault.

The Jaguar is also rather familiar. It fits the requirements well unless you are of the *Old* school, as I (sour grapes) am. Somehow it manages to combine a soft ride with fine cornering ability. The body is aerodynamically pretty good, but there are those (me) who would rather see something a little less flowing: a close, tight main portion of body with perhaps separate, practically nonexistent fenders for the front wheels (so-called "cycle" fenders.)

For the benefit of my generally car-ignorant friends, that red machine with which I am currently (rarely) lapping the campus is a Morgan Plus-Four. This is a sports car of the *old* school. It rides like a tank, corners like a locomotive (on rails, that is), has fairly startling acceleration through its four gears, stops well — if sometimes erratically — makes a good deal of soul-satisfying gear and engine noise, sits so low you can reach out and touch the ground without exertion, has a fairly stark body, but steers horribly. The Morgan philosophy has been this, through the 40 years of its staid English existence: our cars shalt not give when cornering. The only thing that wilt give is the tires. And this has been real-

ized; you cannot lift the front end of my car without lifting the whole thing. Know how most cars sag up and down you you jump on the bumper? The Morgan has no bumper in the front, but there is a convenient cross-member like a weightlifter's bar that offers itself; heaving on it produces no effect at all. In providing for this rigidity the Morgan people have apparently failed to leave room for a decent steering system. The steering is quite fast (very small movement is necessary), but there is a great deal of what most people call "play." On twisting roads it isn't noticeable, but on the turnpike on a windy day it's like sailing a boat. The thing weaves and darts as you attempt to catch the movement with the wheel. With practice it becomes an art.

Now for a glossary of responses in question and answer form.

Q. My daddy and I have a Buick Wildcat. Are we sports car people?

A. No. You and your dad are peasants.

Q. How fast will an MG go?

A. (No satisfactory answer has ever been devised for this question). 85 mph.

Q. How fast will a blown MG (one with a supercharger, Ralph) go?

A. 85.394 mph.

Q. (Herewith is the proverbial question; it is asked in countless situations, and many answers have been given to it. You are in an MG, and someone pulls up alongside or walks up if you are parking and says): what kind of car is that?

A. (you say) An MG.

Q. How fast'll it go?

A. Oh, about 50 in first, 85 in second, 125 in third, and I've never had it in top gear.

(Somehow I never had nerve enough to use that answer. I always told the truth.)

Q. What's "MG" mean?

A. Morris Garage, in England, where these cars were first made. It is not General Motors spelled backwards.

Q. Are the Ford Thunderbird and the Chevie Corvette real sports cars?

A. Shakespeare summed this up nicely when he said, "forsooth, they are indeed out of it."

Q. Who's this Briggs Cunningham?

A. He is our idol; he is to the American enthusiast what Baden-Powell was to the Boy Scouts.

Q. Do you have to be rich to own a sports car?

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FIFTH

Pompous is the tragedy of spurned love,
For admission of defeat is covered
With the thin shell of pretension,
Too often employed.
Yet, sincere is the spurned lover
Who, too innocent, has commended
Half his soul to hell,
Half his soul to her.

QUIETUS

BOBBE HUNT

The night is quiet.
Solitude — peace — beauty — surround me,
And I am still because I must be.
Outside, in that space above,
Stars pinprick the inkiness I love.
I can think now.
Today is past.
Troubles, immense a few hours ago,
Disintegrate; now I know
How insignificant they and I are
Locked away secure, they die
Within my calm being.

Editorial

EVERYONE WHO has thought about the situation here at Ursinus knows that something is definitely lacking. What is it? Certainly the records in the Registrar's office prove that the students that arrive here are as good as any college can desire. Then are we held back by a limited number of courses? No, anyone who tries can find enough interesting courses to fill his curriculum. We can say that there are certain limitations, many of which are justified, which restrain our thoughts and activities, but in every society or community regulations are made to maintain order.

Why, then, does there seem to be such a difference between what we are here at Ursinus and what our brothers at other colleges appear to be? We often attribute this difference to professors, to administration, to all sorts of reasons, but let us look at ourselves, the student body, and see if the trouble does not lie, for the most part, with us.

What are we? It is plain to see from our external expressions, i.e., our actions and dress, that we are not the personification of the college student proud of his college. To be well dressed here is to be an individualist, and to be an individualist to any degree seems to be deplored. Why does the Ursinus student try to imitate the dress of the high school character he was a few years ago, rather than try to be the man he should expect to be after graduation? This "casual look" as some people defensively call it is even a poor imitation of what any self-respecting adolescent would wear. Is there really anything so abominable in being a gentleman?

In a small school such as ours we should at least try to have some intellectual desires. But the few who admit that they do want to learn something are looked upon as being odd, mad, or phoney, so that even those few noble characters are either forced to hide their desires or are persuaded to give them up altogether. How can a student be so contemptuous of education? It would seem that the sheep had a greater claim on the diploma than the graduate.

Wherein do the origins of this indifferent attitude lie? We could possibly search our college history and discover where the deterioration commenced, but it makes little difference

to us now. We are interested in the present and the future.

We are the ones that suffer the most from these misdirected attitudes. Our spirit is low, our organizations can hardly find members who are loyal to them and to the college, and we are not so naive as to believe that our fraternities here are college fraternities. The Ursinus week is composed of five days. Two days out of every seven automatically drop out of the calendar from October to June. Surely if there were more interest in the school everyone would not try to leave the campus at 2:30 Friday afternoon, thereby causing the one activity of the weekend to fail.

In our intellectual life the dilemma is equally, if not more, distressing. Our prime purpose for being here is to learn, and most people try to avoid this as much as possible. Original thinking is not deemed necessary, since one can acquire a satisfactory mark by repeating what he hears in class. We must realize that our faculty does the best it can with us, but it is only natural that a professor will lose interest in students who have shown no interest in the course. We can blame no one but ourselves. An excuse that there is nothing in the area of intellectual interest is invalid. Philadelphia itself is a center of museums, theatres, opera and other aesthetic interests.

An effort toward improvement is not futile. The incoming freshmen do not have to be doomed to four years of mediocrity. We may even consider ourselves somewhat fortunate. We can not set any lower standards for ourselves, and, therefore, there must be only room for improvement. Students at other colleges, e.g., the Ivy League schools, have bound themselves in such regimentation that the very underlying basis upon which their ideals and traditions have been built is being obliterated by the stereotyped mimicry of their standards. This is a stagnant situation which will eventually bring a halt to progress. If the student bodies before us have left some traditions, we are not bound to them, for we are not aware of them.

Here we are free; we have nothing holding us back. We can look forward and make what-

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The Art of Remaining Awake in Class

Harold McWilliams

ANY ART that is to be skillfully carried out must be practiced. The artist must always seek to improve his techniques and develop new ones if he expects to reach any degree of proficiency. After he has become fairly well versed in his field, it is his duty to pass on the knowledge that he has obtained to future students. It is with this idea in mind that I take up this task.

The art of remaining awake in class is one that has developed through years of trial and research until it has become a highly specialized practice. The early scholars, if they may be thus termed, did not have too much difficulty in remaining conscious. They often sat on the ground or on rocks while being taught the proper way to kindle a fire or kill a bear. Even in Biblical times many classes were held outside. The pupils sat on the ground while their instructors taught.

With the invention of the classroom this great problem came into being. This newly improved method of teaching called for dimly lighted rooms, straight backed desks, and very few windows. The student now had to develop a system of not only learning but remaining in a suitable state of consciousness. This problem was made more difficult with the development of modern visual education. Under this system the instructor draws the black-out shades (closing the windows first so the curtains will not flap), turns out all the lights, and then shows slides or motion pictures. At first many of the students succumbed to the environmental conditions, but gradually they developed ways of overcoming the situation.

One very effective method is that of wearing very light-weight clothing in the winter. This type of apparel and the pleasingly cool condition of many of the classrooms act as a mild stimulant and keep the brain alert. Another method is position changing. In this system the pupil constantly changes position. The rigid, upright position achieves the best results over a long period of time. Still another is constant note-taking. This procedure requires the pupil to keep his pen or pencil moving constantly. This keeps the body active and prevents relaxation.

Many students prefer position effects instead of movements. One of these requires the subject to sit directly in front of or near the lecturer. In this situation he does not dare to appear unattentive. Another type calls for a very uncomfortable desk or seat such as a chair with one leg shorter than the rest. This requires the student to balance himself and it, therefore, keeps him mentally and physically awake.

All these methods must be practiced diligently if they are to be of any use. By all means one must never relax. That could be fatal. There are a few students who still contend that in order to remain awake one must only be attentive and try to learn. They must be excused for not appreciating this fine art, for their purpose is obviously not as grand as ours. There are always conservatives who refuse to accept modern concepts and thus hold back progress.

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JOE

IF YOU HAD seen Joe in the halls of your high school you would have noticed him. Long before he wore the dark blue football jacket with the word "captain" blazed in crimson across the right arm, people were whispering, "Who is he?" He was tall and broad, and the wide and well lighted corridors seemed to shrink when he walked in them. He was the strongest person I had ever seen, and his was a strength visible in every line of his body, in every movement. I had never seen anyone pick a fight with him, but I saw many anger him and then slink away for fear that he was overly aroused.

His hair was black and shiny as lacquered ebony and curly as wood shavings. He was olive skinned; his eyes were soft and dark, and his whole face was quiet, gentle, and a little sad.

Joe came from one of the few tough, poor neighborhoods that were included in the school's district, and he never felt quite at home in the place which resounded with its own levity. When he was not playing football, he was working. He earned enough to support himself, and had there not been so many in his family who needed his income he would have been glad to live alone. He felt himself a stranger in his own house, and he hated his neighborhood, going there as seldom and as silently as was possible.

I met him when I was a freshman; he was then a sophomore. I had cut a class for the first time and gone to the boys' room for a smoke. I was rather proud of my audacity but a little uneasy. Joe was the first person I caught sight of, and he was seated on the broad window sill, alone and smoking.

I took out my cigarettes, pushed one into my mouth, and groped through my pockets for a match. I had none, but Joe, leaning over, said cordially, "Want a light?"

"Sure, thanks," I said gratefully.

Our friendship thus began and I soon discovered that a group met regularly in the boys' room, and my friendship for these people grew. There were Joe, Bob, Phil, Mike, Dick, and I. It was a funny thing, because this was a school where crowds formed along religious lines, but Bob and Phil were Jews, Joe and I, Italians, and

Mike and Dick, Irish. And I remember only one time when there was any sort of trouble, and this was unexpected.

One afternoon during Joe's last year, we were all in the boys' room, standing around and joking; all, that is, but Joe, who sat always on the window above us and rarely said anything. Yet without him we never laughed as hard nor talked as much. The door opened and Lenny, an acquaintance of Bob's, walked in; he was one of the school's "wheels." I can't recall exactly what he said but it was something about lousy dagos having nothing better to do than cut classes and hide in the boys' room. I felt myself go hot all over, but Joe's hand clapped down on my shoulder; he didn't say anything but his grip was plain enough — "Quiet down and be careful" was his advice.

Suddenly Bob lunged at Lenny, and before we had regained our wits the two were fighting. Back and forth they rocked, the length of the room, gasping for breath and coughing from the smoke that hung thick in the room; we were all urging Bob on except Joe, who followed every move of the fight with his sad dark eyes which were now just a little sadder.

The voice of the principal brought us upright with fear. With one accord we dropped our cigarettes and crushed them. Bob stood erect, realizing now what he had done, and looked frantically for an escape. We stood frozen, waiting.

Almost immediately, with a sudden gesture, Joe hurled himself from the window sill and stood between the fighters. With one hand he shoved Bob into one corner, and with the other pushed Lenny so violently that he slid halfway across the room and landed in a stunned heap on the floor.

And it was this that the principal saw when he came in — one boy on the floor, and over him, his breath coming in gasps and his great chest heaving, stood Joe.

"Joe," said the principal, "Joe! What's going on here? Lenny, get up! Well, Joe? Speak up!"

"Lousy dago?" said Joe between gasps, "call me a lousy dago, will he? Let him say it again

and I'll kill him." And he looked so menacing that even the principal was stunned.

"Lenny," said the latter, turning to the fallen figure, "is this true?"

And Lenny looked from Joe to the principal and then at the floor and said nothing.

"You should be ashamed, Lenny," the principal said sternly. "And, Joe, I can understand — I can understand the provocation, but there is to be no fighting. You've never been in trouble and this is no time to start. You must control yourself."

"What should I have done, called him a damn Jew?" asked Joe bitterly; and the principal, who had no answer for that, said only, "There is no excuse for fighting. I'll let it go this time but any recurrence will lead to trouble."

"Thank you," said Joe. "Thank you very much."

"Now clean yourself up a little. And you boys," he said, addressing us, "why are you standing around? Clear out! Lenny, I want to speak with you."

After the two had gone Bob came out and addressed Joe. "What did you do that for? You fool! It was my rap; you didn't have to take it."

Joe seemed puzzled for a moment. "Well," he said, "there are a lot of reasons, I guess. First of all, this is my last term, and you, you've got a year to go. I'm not going to college, and you are. I know the principal pretty well, and you don't. The Italians were insulted. That's me, not you. If you'd left it up to me I wouldn't have fought, but if someone's got to hang for it, it's me; it was my fight."

Bob shrugged his shoulders. "Thanks," he said, trying to sound casual.

Joe smiled. "Forget it."

Joe was a senior then, having completed four years by ways unknown to me. He was always taking the pass and leaving his class for half a period, and he never had any homework done except on Mondays. Then he would try to make up the week's assignments. But it was not his fault. He wasn't going to college and after all, he worked all week. I always wondered what Joe was going to do after high school; he never would say. And then on one rainy April afternoon, we were in the library, where I had gone to get a college catalogue, and Joe said shyly, "I'm quitting school."

"You're what? You're crazy!"

"But I got an offer for a job. I was eighteen

yesterday, you know; today I get my driver's license, and tomorrow the job."

"With two months to go you'll quit? It must be some job."

Joe smiled. "I don't know," he said. "I think so."

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

Joe did not know how to tell it. "Don't laugh," he said, "please don't laugh." And then he told me. The job was with a trucking firm and it meant driving a big Diesel truck all over the country, and it was this that Joe wanted more than anything else. He always had lived in the same neighborhood and been restless and alien to his surroundings, and now he had a chance to ride and ride and be at peace. He had seen pictures of the country, and dreamed about it, and he had thought of the deserts in the sunset and the farmlands stretching majestically for miles. He could imagine nothing more beautiful. And he pictured himself driving, a tiny moving dot on a great white road, and it was there that he felt his home was, where he might know beauty and forget sorrow. The opportunity had come and he was eager to jump at it; he was glad to be leaving everything and anxious to start as soon as he could, because it meant the beginning of life for him.

We left the school and walked down the street slowly and the rain fell about us. Joe was carried away now by the power of his dream and had become transformed, almost eloquent; and I was walking a little ahead of him, listening, and thinking how I had hardly known him at all and how now he, who had hardly been here, was leaving.

We crossed the street in a sudden downpour. The light was green. I swear to God that light was green. Perhaps it was because the street was slippery. Perhaps it was too dark for the driver to see the color of the light. Maybe he was drunk. Then, abruptly, Joe was not talking anymore. There was silence, then a horrible screech of brakes, and from the corner behind me a thin scream. When I turned around Joe was under the wheels. He hadn't made a sound.

I could not bear to look, and yet I couldn't take my eyes away. I couldn't grasp the situation. There was a crowd gathering on the corner, but no one dared to come near. Soon the police arrived and the crowd rushed forward, but all this is very dim and I remember distinctly only the body under the wheels. And one short, sharp word that came from somewhere in the crowd — "Dead."

I went over to the curb, and people drew away from me as I passed, and I sat down there, trying to figure it out. Joe was a boy who would, if he had seen death, have stood up to it and fought it off, and like Hercules in a myth I read once, beaten it. So it had been afraid and had sneaked up on him, struck him down as a coward strikes, and in a second crushed the life out of him. In the time it takes to snap your fingers, a person who had laughed and lived was not. And that person was Joe, so strong and so big, never made to die.

That was Friday, and the funeral was Monday, and on Tuesday I went to the boys' room. Mike and Dick were there, and so were Bob and Phil. They didn't look at me, but at their cigarettes and the wispy trails of smoke and the ceiling, and not at each other, making certain that they did not look at the empty place on the window sill. No one said anything. There was nothing to say.

After a period of silence I went from them and from that room and into the halls, wide and bright, and I saw that through a window the empty sunlight was making golden squares on the floor.

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Artificial Music

Barry Bressler

RECENTLY, the physics department has been interested in a technical curiosity developed by engineers of a radio corporation. Probably a great deal of the interest shown in this odd product of gadgetry is motivated by the fact that the development has strayed from the accepted bounds of ordinary gadgetry and has invaded the domain of the arts, which was heretofore supposedly impregnable to the probings and meddlings of those who are sometimes looked upon as glorified tinkers completely lacking in culture. "Artificial" music, as it is called, has not met with an entirely enthusiastic reception even among those who have reason to be interested in it from an engineering point of view. Those who are interested in music primarily as an art often express a decided dislike for such music.

The technique of producing "artificial" music involves the use of resonating electric circuits, rather than vibrating strings or other materials, to produce the wave patterns of sound on a recording or in a microphone. Several such circuits may have their effects combined in such a way as to produce the complicated periodic wave patterns of music. Musicians and ordinary musical instruments are not used at any stage of the production of the music.

In objection to the above technique, it is said that such music is not "real," but "artificial." It is said that the fundamental purpose of music is to induce changes of mood in the listener as demonstrated in "Alexander's Feast," the well-known poem written by John Dryden, and that a machine can hardly be compared with the human voice or even with a conventional musical instrument for such a purpose. The first of these objections seems superficial. Musical sounds fabricated by electronic means are no more artificial than those produced by a music-box and are really much more like ordinary music. There does not seem to be any satisfactory argument against the idea that the engineer may be regarded as a musician, if he is not actually a professional musician, or that the electronic music synthesizer may be regarded as an extremely elaborate musical instrument, differing from a harmonica,

for instance, in degree rather than in quality.

The second of the objections mentioned may at first appear more reasonable. Certainly, the rhythm of music bears a close relationship to body physiology and structure. It is not difficult to understand why marching music should have an even rather than an odd number of beats to the measure, or why loud music will bring about a rise in blood pressure and accompanying excitement, or why the human voice-box should be such a popular musical instrument. However, music produced by electronic means can be just as loud as music produced by any other means, and there is no theoretical reason why the sound of the human voice could not be duplicated by the same electronic means, although the practical engineering problems would be very difficult, to say the least. Furthermore, many moods induced by music have their origin not in direct physiological stimulation, but in stimulation brought about by the memories and associations awakened by the music. Such associations could develop in response to "artificial" music as well as to ordinary music.

I do not see why all music must necessarily arouse some mood in the listener in order to be worth listening to. It seems to me that music would ordinarily be liked because it is a combination of sounds less unpleasant to hear than ordinary noise. Nevertheless, to many persons the associations engendered by the music are quite as important as the musical sounds themselves. Preference for various types of music seems to be at least to some extent hereditary, and perhaps the degree to which associations are important to a listener are also somewhat beyond his control. For those people, then, who want music to embody that variation from mathematical perfection that introduces a "human element," the synthesizer will provide music with suitable deviation. Those who desire perfection of precision will find it in the music designed by the synthesizer for this end. For all, the synthesizer can produce musical sounds that could never be heard if instruments of the ordinary type alone were always to be used.

Helene

Walter W. Montgomery

MORNING always came as a shock to me in Paris. Being a person who never looks at his watch, the first, grey light creeping over the domes of Sacré Coeur, or the same glow reflected in the Seine, sent me scurrying to my apartment.

It was on one of these mornings that I first met *Helène*. She was standing on the *Quai*, looking at the *Jardins des Tuileries* across the river. It was spring and the chestnut trees held the promise of their future glory. Five o'clock, however, is an early hour to be admiring the horticulture of Paris. Muttering, "These French idiots," I was about to cross the street when she turned toward me and asked the time. I looked at my watch (as I should have done many hours ago) and told her the hour. She thanked me and returned to her previous pose, supposedly enraptured by the gardens. Anxious to return home, I crossed the street and walked quickly up the "rue du Bac."

The next time I saw her, she was at the *Opera*. The orchestra was brilliant, but the singers dull. I left the box and went to the bar. She was standing before the great window, looking toward the *Avenue de l'Opera*, drinking champagne. At first I did not recognize her, but then I remembered the morning by the Seine. As I walked by she turned and smiled at me. I said, "Good evening," and was about to venture an invitation for her to join me at the bar, when she looked over my shoulder, presumably seeing someone she knew, and excused herself. The intermission crowd was leaving the auditorium and she was lost in the maze. I went to the bar, meeting my companions on the way, and thought no more of the situation.

I saw the young woman for the last time when I was returning from a party, several weeks later. She was sitting alone in the *Café Flore*. I asked if I might sit with her and she, looking up with obvious recognition, gave her consent. We talked, or rather she talked, until two o'clock. It was a joy sitting beside her, listening to her personal observations of Paris. There was no strangeness nor shyness in her manner and she talked without inhibition. She was doing work for her father in London and only returned to Paris, her home, for one month a year.

She loved Paris, but her love amounted to something more than the ordinary feelings toward a city. She talked of the boulevards, the parks, the churches, the *Théâtre*, the *Opéra*, and most of all, the silver-blue ribbon of the Seine. Her Paris was a pink cloud floating over a decadent world. There was no ugliness in the jumble of houses in Clichy; no erratic, twisting streets; no noisy crowds on a Sunday afternoon by the *Champs Élysées*; no tourists mauling the museums and buildings with their uncomprehending eyes. All of this fitted into her pattern of things and none of it could be deleted without having her cloud disintegrate.

She spoke with emotion, but not maudlin sentiment expressed by a fatigued mind. She was alive and her eyes danced as she talked of Paris. It was sometimes embarrassing; as if one were listening at a bedroom door. I listened and was intrigued by this woman, younger than I and so full of fire.

I had to buy some cigarettes from the cashier and when I returned she had gone. On the table lay a note that said, "Thank you for listening to me, so very few do." I looked up and down the street, but only lonely people and darkness met my eyes. She had gone again.

One week later, when I was sitting in the Luxembourg Garden reading the *Herald Tribune*, I saw her picture and the following caption:

"*Helène Jacquémin*, age 20, was found drowned this morning beneath the Bridge Alexander III. Daughter of *Gerald Jacquémin*, famous painter and holder of the *Legion d'Honneur* for his work in the Resistance, she had returned from London for a holiday. It had been her . . ."

I never found what circumstances brought about her great decision, but a beautiful life was over and Paris had lost her pink cloud.

Marguerites and Memories

(Continued from Page 2)

Argets, gathering life from the surrounding youth until that youth had gone and the purpose for life finished. I remembered many things as I lay in the park, and after a time I heard the laughter of the children once more. The light had never dimmed after all.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

WITH ANOTHER school year well under way, the annual question arises as to what the well dressed student should wear. Though we know that apparel is of little concern to the Ursinus student, we will nevertheless continue this article, just in case some outsider should happen to read it.

The college student is marked in many ways. One is the type of shoes he wears. The number of familiar white buck shoes has been diminishing in recent years, with saddle shoes and plain toe cordovans growing in popularity. Some men of the old school, however, still prefer the trusty, dirty, old white bucks.

Oxford and/or charcoal are still the fashionable colors in nearly all sorts of clothing. In evidence of this statement, this fall has seen a new type of black chino trousers produced. This new type of trouser maintains the familiar comfort of the old style khakis, while presenting a better-looking combination when worn in combination with a sport coat. Charcoal or brown flannel trousers are still in style on nearly every campus.

This past year has seen a tremendous increase in shirt styles. Soft collared dress shirts of broadcloth and oxford weaves are still the most popular. One new innovation in shirts is a new type of weave called hobnail oxford, which though somewhat expensive is nevertheless quite smart. Although tab collars are still being worn, they are gaining no ground on the standard button-down collars, except with extreme individualists. Spread collars and French cuffs are frowned upon. A button on the collar and an inverted pleat are finding their way to the back of the shirt.

The rep striped tie is still a college classic, but two newcomers have come into the picture — the common print and the paisley.

The print tie, for those who do not know, is a tie with a solid background such as black, gray, blue, green, or most popularly, red with some small symmetrical design repeated through it, usually in different colors than the background. The paisley tie is somewhat similar to the common print, in that a design is repeated throughout the whole tie but the term paisley refers to a specific design, somewhat similar in shape to what we all picture as a small tear-drop. The most recent development in tie style is the button-down. This tie is buttoned to the shirt eliminating the necessity of a tie pin.

The sport coat is perhaps one of the most important items in a collegiate wardrobe. This year the collegiate sport coat is one in which a vertical thin striped pattern is used. Tweeds in three or four colors are very stylish. Three button, natural shoulder sport coats are most acceptable.

As for suits, well, old faithful — the gray flannel — in shades of charcoal, oxford, or clergy is still preferable. Char-green and char-brown are also popular suit colors.

Sweaters of practically all colors and made of orlon or wool are still worn either under the sport jacket or alone in good taste. In outer-wear the stadium coat is becoming quite popular because of its good looks and practicability. Tyrolean and short-brimmed hats are also invading the college campus.

These are a few of the campus styles this year. It must always be remembered, however, that conservative tastes and good grooming are the criteria for the well dressed college man.

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TWO ON THE AISLE

ONCE AGAIN the sidewalks of New York are humming with the never to be forgotten melodies of OKLAHOMA. At last this great Rogers and Hammerstein collaboration, which has already been seen by 30,000,000 people on the stage, has reached the motion picture screen. After grossing \$100,000,000 from the "boards" it is expected to attract some 50,000,000 more persons before it is laid to rest. The Messrs. Rogers and Hammerstein have been waiting for just the right time to release their "pet" to the motion picture industry, and the invention of Todd-AO seemed to make right now the correct time.

Just what is Todd-AO? Well, in short, it is the name given for the motion picture process developed by Michael Todd and the American Optical Company. It is the newest of the "wide screen" processes. As a matter of fact it is the latest thing in the development of photography. The Todd-AO technique consists of filming the subject on a 70mm negative (as opposed to the standard 35mm film) via a "Bug-Eye" lens which

Karl Billman

supposedly takes in the normal distance which the human eye can see. The film is then projected by a newly developed projector, on a 128 degree curved screen which is 50 feet by 25 feet. Unlike Cinerama only one camera is used in the filming and one camera in the projecting, thus eliminating the connective lines which are so annoying. Although the curvature of the screen is not as great as Cinerama's, its curvature is enough to give the viewer a sense of participation instead of being a "passive spectator."

As for the actual presentation, it could hardly be better. Since Mr. Rogers or Mr. Hammerstein was present at the time of the shooting, the production moved along with the quality to which these gentlemen are associated. Very little, if any, of the original charm and vivacity of the original production is lost in its filming.

Gordon MacRae as "Curly" is one of the best in the cast. His singing has never been better (when did he ever have better songs to sing?) Charlotte Greenwood as "Aunt Eller" is fabulous. R & H wanted her to do the original version but she refused, so they persuaded her to do the film. As a result she almost steals the show. The rest of the cast is just as fine. The surprise of the show is Gloria Grahm (the girl with the novocained upper lip). She is a riot as "Ado Annie," the "girl who couldn't say NO." However, the true shining star of the picture is Shirley Jones, a newcomer to the silver screen. Mr. Rogers picked her out of the chorus lines of one of his other shows and tested her for the part of Laurie. She won hands down (which no doubt upset some of the big name "gals" in Hollywood).

One cannot forget the magnificent choreography of Agnes DeMille. All of her wonderful dances had to be "re-vamped" to accommodate the wide screen rather than the limited facilities of a Broadway stage for which they were originally created. Naturally the dances are improved with the added facial expressions and close-ups which the camera can record.

There is an endless list of "musts" which should be mentioned, but space prohibits doing anything but noting them — the superb direction, beautiful photography, and the incomparable sound system. The best way for me to put it all is to tell you not to miss OKLAHOMA if you get the chance, for it is bound to go down in motion picture history. It's a wonderful, wonderful show.

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"What timing!" Dick said. We arrived at the station at the same time the train did. We counted out our fares into the trainman's hand and moved down the aisle to an empty seat. We sat down behind a group of elderly people — a man and his wife and an old colored man. The colored man was sitting in the seat in front of the couple, but he had his seat fixed so that he faced them. Dick stretched out on his side of the seat and closed his eyes; it was pretty late. I decided to listen to the conversation between those people in front of us.

"Eisenhower is really losing a lot of his popularity. He was O.K. when he took over, but he's losing a lot of his popularity," the fat woman said. She was the kind of woman that can really irritate you when she says something in that positive tone of voice. She gave me the impression that she really didn't know anything about the situation, but she wanted everyone in the whole car to think that she did. I could just picture her sitting in a very corny movie, stuffing herself with popcorn.

"Oh, I don't know," answered her husband. (I guess he was her husband). "I don't think you should make such statements; I think he has done a very, very fine job," he said. He was obviously embarrassed by his wife's loud voice. He was her type though — skinny and shy — and he had an awful tie on — very red and very shiny.

The old colored guy was just sitting there listening. He wasn't the type of colored man that you would expect to see on the P & W at two o'clock in the morning. I mean he wasn't dressed in work clothes or very tired looking or anything. He looked very intelligent, and he was dressed like an Ivy League professor or what everybody thinks an Ivy League professor dresses like anyway.

The man and woman kept arguing in that one-sided way for a long time. I was waiting for that professor-type colored guy to say something, but he just sat there and listened.

Dick was poking me in the side. "Hey, check those chicks in the back," he said. I turned around very shyly as if I were just trying to see who was in the car and stared at them. They knew we were watching them, but they just kept talking and laughing just the way all girls talk and

laugh when they're in a gang. Every so often one of them would look out of the sides of her eyes to make sure we were still watching. I guess they were just coming back from a hayride or barn dance or something. They were dressed in blue jeans and old white shirts, and a couple of them were wearing sweaters with letters on the pockets.

"High school stuff, I guess," I said. They were cute though — very high schoolish — but they were cute. They quieted down a little when that priest got on at the next stop.

The priest must have been from Villanova, and he must have played football wherever he went to high school. He was about six feet two, and he looked just like a professional football player; even in that black outfit he still looked like a football player. It's odd, but those guys — priests I mean — always look kind. He didn't have that false kind look, the look that some of the "pillars of the church" wear every Sunday; he had the type of face that you could look at while you were telling him some very difficult problem. He sat down at the front of the car, and the girls started to chatter again.

Two drunks got on the train at the next to the last stop. Some people make you feel sad when you see them drunk but not those two. I don't think they would look natural if they were sober. They sat down directly across the aisle from us; I could have had my eyes closed and still I would have known where they sat down. They didn't notice us for a few minutes. They just sat there mumbling about being fired or something. One of them, the one that hadn't shaved for about five days, finally saw us. We were fairly collegiate looking that night, and I guess they noticed it.

"College," he said, "that's where I should have gone. I should have gone to college. Someday I'll go to college and get a lot of knowledge."

"That's right," his friend mumbled.

"Those kids don't look so smart to me. They go to college. If I was in college, I could get a lot of knowledge; and I wouldn't have to listen to my old lady either," the bearded one said rather loudly.

"Yeah," his buddy replied. His buddy was a very good conversationalist.

"Hey, do you think we could go to college, boy?" he asked me. I was red as fire by this time. I think I would have crawled under the seat if I hadn't been wearing my good flannel suit. I really would have. Everybody in the car was looking at us, even those girls. They bothered me the most; the girls I mean. I don't like to look embarrassed or anything in front of high school girls.

"Sure," I said. I don't think he heard me though. I was really anxious to get off that train.

"You young guys get all the breaks," the drunk said. "I'll bet you never even had your hands dirty in your life."

The train stopped, and Dick and I were down the aisle and out the door before the drunks even got up. I couldn't even see; I was so embarrassed. You know how I felt. You've probably been so embarrassed that you couldn't see at one time or another.

"Very funny," I said as we walked down the steps. "Those guys were certainly amusing. Very subtle and all."

"They sure were," Dick said. "Those chicks were pretty sharp though; you know that?"

I don't know; some guys just don't get shook, I guess.

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(Continued from Page 5)

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Union of South Africa

(Continued from Page 3)

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This in short is South Africa, a land of contrast; the Union of South Africa, a land of primitive and civilized populations; of forests and cities; of industry and jungle; of black and white; of glorious sunshine and heavy rainfall; and of scenic beauty and arid waste.

Editorial

(Continued from Page 7)

ever we want of ourselves and of our college. We must realize that we do have to change. Initially it may be difficult. It may even take some courage to be seen with a tie and jacket on campus. The men of character will be able to overcome the inevitable ridicule of their colleagues. Our students will similarly begin to associate themselves with the intellectual ideals which we should pursue.

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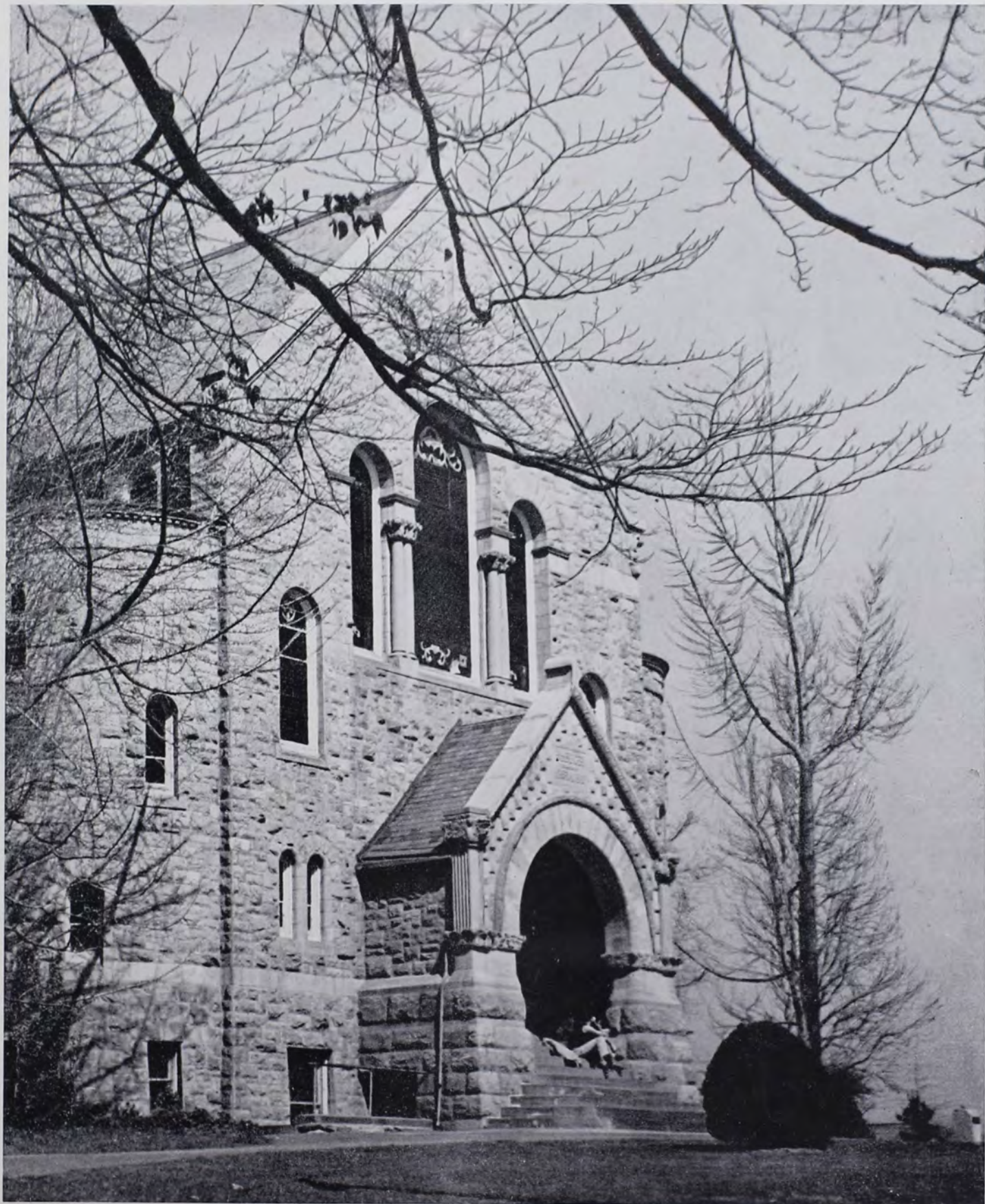
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