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the Lantern

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

—From SHELLEY'S *A Defense of Poetry*

Ursinus College

Spring Issue - 1954

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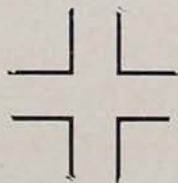
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From the Tower Window



by MIZZ TEST

We became involved the other day in a rather heated argument precipitated by the reading of a slim and seemingly innocuous volume which had lately come into the hands of one of our more imaginative friends. Under much urging, we agreed to pursue further the thesis therein contained and upon finishing found ourselves faced with a most astonishing conclusion. Take it from us friends—Flying Saucers DO exist! The slim volume referred to is not much over 200 pages in length, written by one Desmond Leslie, a scholar of the Occult, and George Adamski, an amateur photographer. The book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, is one of the most convincing works on a strictly incredulous subject which we have read in many a long, cold winter.

The authors, far from asking that the reader accept their theories as gospel truth, merely state their case (a most convincing one at that) and blithely leave the reader to his own devices—to believe or reject as he sees fit. The main point is that they do believe in what they claim to have seen and back up their outlandish statements logically and succinctly. Their main points of argument are well taken and (if one will credit the occult writings of the prehistoric eras) well backed up. Could their statements be authentically corroborated by or proved to the satisfaction of the scientific world, they would produce quite a sizable revolution not only in that sphere but in those of the social and historical worlds as well.

As to the book itself, it is divided into two parts written by Leslie and Adamski in that order. Leslie's thesis concerns itself with the historical aspect of the problem, quoting many sundry sources to show that creatures from Outer Space have been roaming our skies and our globe for quite a considerable number of centuries. A statistician well versed in his profession would find it very hard to get around the vast amount of information (apparently well corroborated) contained herein. The second and by far the most astounding portion of the book deals with Adamski's meeting and talking with a person from the planet Venus. To support his claim, Adamski has included about 10 photographs of the ship and six affidavits signed by the other witnesses to the meeting. Faced with the overwhelming evidence we thereupon pocketed our herto hidebound scientific beliefs and began to scan the skies for various sorts of other world pheno-

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by HAROLD SMITH

I think that every *Lantern* reader will admit that the Fall Issue was different if nothing else. Please note that in striving to be different, this column's cut in that issue was placed upside down and that the second paragraph read like some lectures notes taken the morning after the night before. Not content with these marks of distinction, we'll continue our merry work and take the added precaution of doing our own proof reading for this issue.

It seems to be a "favorite pastime" among critics to list the "best" of everything that was written, played, filmed or spoken during the last year. In an effort to make the *Lantern* different, and fancying myself a critic, I will take a cue from some other writers and be different by appraising some of last year's motion picture releases. The time for motion picture appraisal seems particularly appropriate now that the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences will make its awards. (Since one never can predict exactly when the *Lantern* will come off the presses, perhaps the twentieth word in that sentence should be has.) In any case this appraisal represents only one person's viewing of the entertainment merit of the films, and let me be the first to admit that tastes differ. I don't wish to stir up a "great debate"; I am merely offering an opinion.

The year 1953 witnessed a partial revival of the motion picture industry whose picture in the social and economic life of the nation has been redefined (or at least partially so). The year was also one in which the different was sought (Hollywood and the *Lantern* have at least that much in common), and during which much more emphasis was placed on a good script than was usual during the "golden era of the movies," B.T.V. (Before Television). Also stressed were unusual processes, and the world was given CinemaScope. At any rate, I feel that the resurgence of the industry and its ability to keep a place in the economic sun will largely depend on whether or not Hollywood will be willing to place emphasis on the better quality story. If the City of the Silver Screen is willing to improve the quality of its products, the television sets will be dimmed more frequently and the "picture palaces" will again show good attendance records.

I feel that Hollywood has made some progress along the road to better quality motion pictures. At least it has gone far enough so that I find it difficult to narrow a selection of the movies I

(Continued on Page 14)

How do you like it, Werner? You never had to do hard physical work before in your life. You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth. Now you are stranded on this desert island, nearly one hundred miles from the mainland; your food supply is low and you must build a boat in order to return to civilization. These are the consequences of your way of life!

You remember better days, don't you, Werner? Sure, you are one of the richest men in the world; but how will money get you out of the predicament you're in? How will the Corporation help you now?

The Corporation has come a long way in the last two centuries. From a small tool factory to the world's largest armaments corporation! Karl Werner really began building the Corporation with a few underhand methods. Ultimately the Corporation enjoyed a monopoly.

Your great-great grandfather, Mark, first had the idea of maintaining a small but efficient spy system operating in troubled areas of the world. Sixty years ago, these agents arranged the assassination of the heir to the Urbanian throne in the little principality of Levinburg. The War of the Continents which raged for the next six years created a huge demand for war supplies. The Corporation netted over 200 million dollars, and that was real money in those days! After this conflict, the agents continued to travel about the continents, sowing seeds of hate and distrust. Of course, the peace treaty drawn up after the war did not settle the problems, and the world situation remained unsettled.

When Mark died, your grandfather, William, inherited the Corporation. William was a typical Werner; at the first sign of the Great Depression, he laid off 80,000 workers. Within two months, the whole Corporation was idle. It was only when the possibility of another War of the Continents arose that he began producing again. By the time war broke out, all the factories were ready for round-the-clock war production. In seven years, the Corporation made nearly a billion dollars.

When atomic experiments were conducted, the Corporation was the only concern in the nation large enough to handle the vast amount of research and experimentation necessary. At the conclusion of the Second War of the Continents, the Corporation continued to produce large quantities of atomic weapons; "police actions" in Southeastern Asia and South America required war supplies. Of course, the growing tension between the East and the West, representing two different ways of life, created the need for a large stockpile of arms. The Corporation was flourishing as it had never before.

Finally, ten years ago, at the age of twenty-two, you became head of the Corporation upon the death of your father. I remember the day of his funeral. Your acting ability amazed me; most people thought that you were grief-stricken,



but inwardly you were overjoyed. At last you were head of the Corporation! A vast amount of power was at your fingertips.

You had been trained for the job; tutored while young, you attended one of the best prep schools in the nation. You were graduated from Eastern University at the head of your class. You were really intelligent, but there were rumors that a certain medical student should have been first; after all, the University was greatly endowed by the Werner Dynasty. All your life you learned the traditions of the Werners, and you seem to represent the sum of their wickedness.

From the beginning, there were two problems which bothered you. Your younger brother was dismissed from three colleges for disciplinary reasons, and had had several scrapes with the Law. *You* couldn't figure out why he was such a problem; of course, the fact that you were given first consideration at home wasn't involved. The fact that he was treated merely as a little insurance to maintain the family name had nothing to do with it! The other difficulty was that it was a huge burden to be head of such a large corporation. There were many vice-presidents, but they were relatives and in-laws who seldom thought it necessary to attend to any duties. Being occupied nearly ten hours a day in your office, and having many social obligations to fulfill, you found little time for relaxation. Searching for a means of diversion, you became interested in your grandfather's old hobby, chess. It was very fitting that a member of your family should be interested in a game of war. At this time, you had your first real contacts with me.

You did rather well in chess, being an intelligent man; you found the game rather stimulating, and enjoyed losing yourself in a close game for a few hours a week. You found other men of your social status to play against, but it soon became obvious that they were no match for you. Soon, however, you began spending more and more time playing chess, until you began neglecting your work, much to the dismay of the vice-presidents on whose shoulders your work fell.

Seeking better competition, you lowered yourself to playing college champions and even some

excellent amateur players. At last you met your match; you rarely won, but often suffered severe defeat. Because you lost so often, a nervous tension invaded your life. You became irritable when there was no need for anger. Before you were aware of it, the only relaxation you had came when you were working in your office; chess was no longer a game; it was the center of your life. You were a chess fanatic, and as long as you continued to lose, it was the root of much unhappiness.

One day, while you were involved in a very tight game, you were interrupted by a minister who wanted to see you. When you discovered that his purpose was to invite you to attend church, you became angry and said, "I have no time for church; I contribute money, and that's enough."

"But the purpose of the church is not to accumulate money," the minister replied, "it is to save souls. You cannot buy your way into heaven!"

"Hogwash!" you exclaimed. "Religion is old-fashioned; it was all right for the ignorant people in the past, but I can get along without it."

"Don't you believe in God?" inquired the minister. "Don't you fear for your soul?"

"Prove the existence of God! Prove that I have a soul!" you shouted. "That's a lot of nonsense! I'll thank you to leave me alone and mind your own business!"

"But this is my business! I cannot give you proof of this existence; I can give you a lot of evidence, but you must have faith, or you'll lose your soul," replied the minister.

"Bah!" you cried, "I've more important things to be concerned about! If you disturb me again, I'll discontinue my contribution, and you know what the congregation will think if you cause the withdrawal of the chief contributor."

With that, Werner, you literally kicked him out with your tongue, and so you returned to your game of chess, a bit more irritated, a bit more tense, and a bit more unhappy. You were in such an angry mood that you couldn't see nor think straight, and a mere champion college player defeated you soundly. As a result, you determined to study chess more thoroughly. Entering several small tournaments, but winning very few, you could never qualify for a more important tournament than the county championships. You were a good chess player, but not a champion, and it hurt your pride.

Meanwhile, the world situation was becoming worse; the international "War of Words" was threatening to develop into more serious things. The clash of two completely different ways of life was inevitable, although the World Council was trying desperately to prevent a conflict which would surely cause the extermination of countless millions of people. Nations were spending huge sums of money to develop new and better weapons. Many people feared that atomic warfare would destroy the world, but the war-mongers only laughed.

At the main plant of the Werner Corporation, secret experiments were being performed;

within the walls of this factory, scientists and technologists worked feverishly in the best-equipped laboratories in the world, trying to develop a secret deadly weapon. Very strict guard was placed about the plant, as well as intricate security precautions. After years of research and experiment, a terrible weapon was perfected. Highly secret tests were performed to prove the effectiveness of the weapon. The results were positive, and the West had possession of the most deadly weapon ever created.

The enemy, however, was not unaware of the existence of a new development; spies were everywhere, ferreting out information. Unfortunately, the West began feeling overconfident, and security measures grew lax. That's how *he* got into your office. You should have known better, Werner! Why there was a copy of the plans for the weapon in your office, nobody will ever know. All you were interested in was the secret manuscript he had for you; it was a document written by Zargon, the greatest chess player who ever lived. You were overcome with joy; this long-shot manuscript was supposed to contain some secret patterns of chess which could make an individual the best chess player in the world, and that was your ambition.

You left the room to put the documents in a safe place, but you were unable to resist the opportunity to glance through the pages. You liked what you saw! A gleam of triumph came into your eye. While you were gone, however, the plans for the weapon fell into enemy hands; they were only a copy, but within ten weeks, the East would be on a par with the West again. The irony of it is that you never missed the stolen plans. I saw it all, for I was in the room at the time, but I said nothing. As for the enemy agent, he disappeared without a trace. You were bringing him a reward, but what he got was vastly more valuable.

The moment that the chess secret was in your hands, a plan began to form in your mind. Tired from business worries and frustrated because of your failure to be a champion, you decided to take a vacation. You sent one of your pilots out to find a place far away from all the cares of civilization. He found an island, this island, uncharted and almost unknown, nearly a hundred miles from the mainland. Satisfied with his description of it, you ordered him to fly several plane-loads of supplies there — enough for three months, in case anything should go wrong. You intended to stay only about seven weeks; in that period of time, you figured that you would become the greatest chess master of all time, with the aid of Zargon's manuscript. Then you would be happy!

It was spring when we left; you didn't even notice the headlines in the paper that day; they were in letters two inches high. "World Situation Critical" blazed across the top of the paper. You were in too much of a hurry to bother with world affairs! We took off early in the morning, and within a few hours we were on

(Continued on Next Page)

the island. Completely satisfied, you looked forward. You gave the pilot orders to return in ten days to make sure everything was all right. You had a short-wave radio with which to maintain contact with the mainland. As the plane flew into the distance, you began looking over the documents, while I remained silent and motionless as usual.

We were here only two days when the earthquake first rocked the island; from somewhere in your college days, you recalled that this particular portion of the ocean was subject to upheavals of this sort. For the next four days, one shock wave after another shook the island. Then, strangely enough, all became calm; fearing a recurrence, you immediately attempted to fix the short-wave set which was damaged by the convulsions. However, you were unable to contact the mainland. You decided that you would have to wait for the return of your pilot in about a week. Two weeks passed but there was no sign of a plane in the sky. Desperate, you decided that you would have to build a boat to return to civilization. That was over five weeks ago, and now you are almost finished; your food supply is getting low. As unaccustomed as you are to hard physical labor, you have worked at a tremendous pace.

Ah! You are done, Werner. The boat is complete. Now put the supplies in, and let's be off before the earthquakes return!

It won't be long now! There's the coast, Werner; we're safe. For a crude sailboat, you have done wonders in arriving here. Where could we have landed? Doesn't it seem strange that no defense patrols have spotted us by now? Could it be — of course, that's it!

You don't realize it, Werner. You wouldn't. Look about you. Doesn't it seem strange? There are no birds, no insects, no animals. In the distance, don't you see that ruined city? Of course you do. Now you are beginning to realize what has happened. Only one thing could have caused this — your fabulous weapon. But where are the enemy, Werner? After they destroyed your nation, why didn't they occupy it? Now you see the light, don't you?

Both sides had your weapon, thanks to your carelessness. Those earthquakes were merely shock waves as civilization was destroying itself! Yes, you realize it now, Werner — you are probably the last man alive. At last you have attained your life's ambition — you are the greatest chess player in the world!

I have been one of the most important men in your life, Werner. I have seen you happy and I have seen you sad. Now you're really miserable! You never realized that I was an observer of almost all your life.

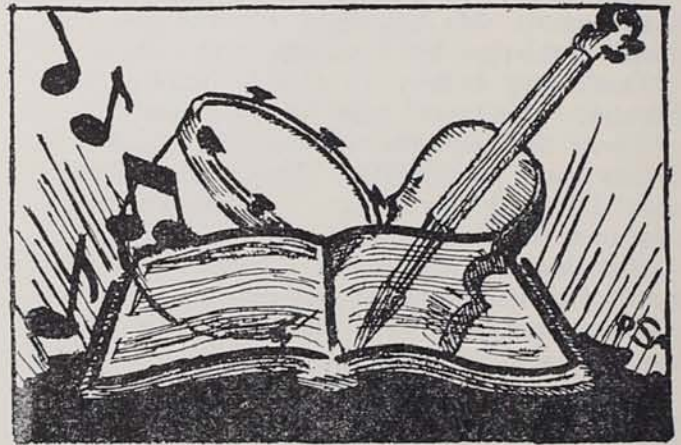
I never seemed significant to you, but when I was in trouble, you were unhappy. If I could only have spoken, the weapon would never have fallen into enemy hands. But how could I speak? I am only an insignificant king, sitting on the chessboard.

An Impression

HELEN GARDNER

The audience was hushed but an undercurrent of excitement had made itself felt. To the un-discerning eye perhaps the only difference between this group and the usual Saturday night gathering was its unusual size. To the more observant person, however, small gestures and suppressed whispers betrayed an anticipation keener than ordinary.

This audience has been attracted neither by the dictates of fashionable society nor the curiosity of the student. These people had come to see a living legend. Some of those who cared most were thinking: I may never have this opportunity again. I must observe carefully and remember. Years from now, I may remark in idle conversation, "Yes, I heard the great composer conduct." Only it will be more than a casual remark. The words will evoke feelings of rapturous awe.



A light from behind projected the composer's tall angular shadow on the open stage door. Unseen, he momentarily surveyed the audience and then with a quick, long, unrhythmical gait strode toward the podium. He smiled before the applause that greeted him and bowed quickly several times in each direction. A tremor of excitement quite distinguishable from the applause ran through the gathering. At last quiet blanketed the theater and he stood with his back to the audience, arms uplifted to the height of his shoulders. He gestured almost imperceptibly and the music began.

Economy was the essence of his movement. As he beat a regular tempo his body was still: the hundred and fifty musicians before him were directed by the short, restricted strokes of his right hand and wrist. The left arm was held akimbo in an attitude of nonchalance; the hand rested lightly on score before him ready to turn its pages.

From time to time the composer's profile was visible. His features were sharp and lean. The skin was drawn tightly over high cheek bones giving him a noble patrician look. His head was bald except for a white fringe encircling it. His agility and air of suppressed energy

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"Well, John, how was the trip? Did you find anything interesting this time out?"

"Sure did, Henry. Want to hear all about it?"

Dr. John Schenkel, noted anthropologist, had just returned from another of his excavations in eastern North America. His friend, Professor Henry Bart, had just dropped by to welcome him home.

"I haven't got too much time, John, but I'd like to hear about it," answered Professor Bart.

Dr. John Schenkel immediately launched into a narrative of his expedition.

"The trip through the desert was rather uneventful. We arrived at our proposed site shortly after noon on the 20th of June. On the next day we began our excavation. We sent a shaft straight down, and in just seven days we had reached the twentieth century. Then the work started.

"Unfortunately for us, our shaft was at an inconvenient place. Therefore, we were mystified for a long time.

"Our shaft had come out at a large gateway bearing the inscription "Bearish Association" in Latin. We immediately began to excavate along the wall. This was a serious mistake, for much to our astonishment, the wall ended in about ten feet.

Accordingly, we abandoned this approach and began to excavate inward from the gate. This proved to be a more fruitful venture. Directly in front of the gate, at a distance of approximately a hundred yards, we discovered a huge building. It was of stone construction and had a wide flight of stairs topped by a columned facade. The first two stories in the center consisted of very large rooms, whereas the upper floors and the entire wings were divided into many small rooms. The furnishings were apparently of a less durable material and had disappeared.

"We next proceeded to excavate the area to the right. This was a fortunate choice. In less than fifty feet we came upon another huge stone building. This building was rather odd. The interior had apparently been of wood, and had thus disappeared. Outside the main door to this building, there was a sundial, an instrument which had become obsolete long before the twentieth century.

"As you can readily see we were at this point rather discouraged. The complete absence of furnishings left us completely in the dark as to the function of the so-called "Association."

"We had enough funds, however, to make one more excavation. After much hesitation, we decided to go to the left of the first building. We excavated over two hundred feet, and were about to give up, when we discovered a third huge building.

"This building was even larger than the other two. Like the first, it had a wide stairway with a columned facade; however, its col-

umns were square. It was rectangular and of stone construction. On the first floor there were several medium sized rooms and several small rooms. The furnishings in these had all disappeared. There was also one enormous room. This large room had a floor which ascended by steps to a second story balcony. In the front of this room we discovered the first piece of furniture. It was a rectangular table, about ten feet by three feet. Alone, it gave us little clue to the purpose of these buildings.

"We were very fortunate on the upper stories of this building. The rooms and furnishings were found nearly intact. For the most part, the rooms tended to be of a fairly large size. There were a few small rooms on the front corners of the building, however. The major piece of furniture which was of a material durable enough to remain was a large rectangular table. In each room there were several of these tables. Every room had a distinctive type of tables. Some had lights on top, others had sinks in the middle, still others were plain like an ordinary table. The large numbers and wide variety of these tables told us that the activity of the "Association" must have centered about them. We were thus certain that we were at last near the solution of our problem, but we were still somewhat at a loss. After all, what can one do with a table?"

"We approached our problem in as objective a manner as possible. Tables are for placing things on, sinks are for washing, and lights are for looking at. We, therefore, had only to find something placable, washable, and lookable. The only thing that would fit these categories logically was an item that is to be studied. For obviously, it would be brought from elsewhere and would need a place, i.e., a table. It would be washed to remove foreign matter, and it would be placed under a light to be studied. We, therefore, concluded that the "Association" was a research organization.

"Although we had thus made great strides in this manner, we were still completely ignorant of the object which had been studied here. We thought immediately of the name, "Bearish Association." However, the facilities and construction of the buildings ruled out our hypothesis that this was a clinic for bears. This name, "Bearish Association," we never fully resolved.

"However, on the top of this building we found a telescope. This was obviously for the study of stars. Since stars cannot be placed on tables, it became clear that more than one subject was studied by the "Association." Incidentally, the telescope was the only clue we ever did discover to the name "Bearish," and it was a poor one. The great bear, Ursa Major is dominant in the sky over this area; it *could* have been the source of the name, but we think it very unlikely.

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He sat reading in the empty room until the light became too weak to permit him to continue and with a sigh he closed the book. He leaned back against the large arm-chair that faced his own and his roommate's unmade beds and he closed his eyes. He had an intelligent face, one in which strong and weak features side by side with each other combined curiously to give an impression of thoughtful, if unsymmetrical, handsomeness. As he sat with closed eyes, absently listening to the muted sounds that entered the room from the pink and blue fall evening outside, a mood of loneliness and sadness came over him. Instinctively and without any conscious effort, so deeply ingrained in him was the habit of introspection, he started to cast around for the cause of his melancholy.

"What's wrong with me now?" he thought, with some irritation — "Probably it's just this book I've been reading. Everytime I read something really good I feel lousy afterward — Simply, I suppose, because I compare myself with the writer and I realize that he, along with some thousand others, has achieved what I could do — what I *should* do, but haven't done — write a good piece. I know that I could do it, that all I need is a little practice and a little honest work and I'd have a passable style. All I need", he repeated to himself, "is a little practice. But", and he stopped uneasily, "I'm not being honest with myself."

He had arrived at the cross-roads of thoughts to which his reflections always led him. He knew that the cause of his uneasiness was not only his intense desire to write coupled with remorse for his lack of effort, but something much deeper. Writing for him could never be a part-time occupation, a form of intellectual recreation, it would have to be his entire life, he would have to devote the sum of his energies and his every thought to it if he were to feel at peace with himself. It was always here that he stopped for he was young and fun-loving and the immensity of the sacrifice, even if he could imagine it but imperfectly, that his art demanded of him, vaguely frightened him.

He thought of the life that awaited him if he simply followed his parents' advice and entered simply followed his parent's advice and entered a reputable New York firm where his father's influence would serve him in good stead and where advancement, though not vertiginous, would, thanks to his intelligence and connections, be regular and, for most people, satisfying. It would be a comfortable life, with business luncheons during the week and hunting and tennis weekends in West Chester and Connecticut. He would read the *New Yorker* and buy his clothes at Brooks' and within a few years he would make a down-payment on a green and white house in Rye or Harrison where he would live with a loyal, sensible, bridge-playing wife. All in all, a quiet, respectable life. A life in which he would

have no worries and no momentous decisions to make. The prospect of this existence depressed him immeasurably.

"Oh my God," he groaned, "for the next thirty years I'll be taking the 8:31 with John, Bill and Sam and I'll be having lunch with Bob and Jim and cocktails with them and their wives. And yet," he thought, "what else can I do?"

He could imagine exactly the scene that would follow his declaration to become a writer. His mother would tearfully beg him to consider the love that she had lavished upon him and thus armed with her most powerful weapon, would implore him for her sake, to give up this folly. His father, in order to sway him would adopt the man-to-man attitude that had flattered him as a child and that today only embarrassed him. If he persisted, however, and once his parents' disappointment had dulled, he knew that they would come to the period of "sensible solutions." They would be very brave about it and his desire to write would even become a little joke among them and their friends. They would speak, half jestingly, half proudly of their "literary progenitor" and after a while everybody would be going around asking him how the twentieth century "Peace and War" was progressing.

After he had finished college they would give him an allowance and rent a place for him in Greenwich Village so he could try writing for a year. They would be intolerably kind and understanding and he would never be able to tell them how he felt about things for fear of being ungrateful and of hurting their feelings. They would want to read what he had written and, if he accepted, they would be horrified and saddened, they would think him cynical and wildly radical. "No," he thought, a compromise with his parents was impossible. "I have to break," he told himself, "completely." Not only with family but with their friends and with their children with whom he had gone to school and who had, through habit and circumstance, become his friends.

He must break, but he could not, he was trapped by his training and by all the numerous ties of affection that held him like so many ropes to the road that had been traced out for him.

He arose from the chair and walked about the darkened room. Stopping in front of the window he looked out at the pale colors of the setting sun that bathed the tranquil clouds in its yellow golden glow. Unthinkingly he lit a cigarette, blowing the smoke through his nose. The smoke irritated his throat and his eyes watered.

At that moment he was a boy of twelve again, smoking his first clandestine cigarette on the fan-tail of the S. S. "duc d'Aumale" and staring through tear-filled eyes at the setting Caribbean sun. Armand was sitting beside him and his mother would be looking for him but he did not care because Armand was telling him about

how he and his friends had tried to overthrow some obscure Haitian tyrant.

Armand was a young Haitian mulatto, filled with revolutionary theories who talked in a wild and wonderful way that made the boy giddy with excitement. He was brave and free and he did whatever he liked and he said things about people and life and death that the boy had never imagined anybody could say or even think.

Armand had become the boy's idol. That night he went to sleep with difficulty in his stuffy cabin. He thought about the things Armand had said and he felt obscurely that anything was possible, he felt that he could do wonderful things if only he could become like Armand.

The next morning the ship had anchored at Point-a-Pitre and the boy, standing with his mother at the railing, waited for the small rowboats to come out over the bay to take them ashore. Someone called up to him and he looked down. It was Armand. He was standing precariously in the stern of a launch with his wrist handcuffed to that of a burly negro policeman in white ducks and sunhelmet. He had a bleeding cut over one eye and a side of his chin and mouth were swollen, but he was smiling.

The boy had never seen anyone as handsome as Armand as he stood over the flecked blue waves with the tender green of the island behind him and the wind playing in his dark curls. Then he understood — Armand, looking like a god with the proud smile on his lips, was being taken away by the police! The boy was overcome with emotion. Armand was being taken to jail, probably to be beaten and starved and yet he smiled and waved! Something down down in him had suddenly grasped the magnanimity and the indominability of the human spirit. The spirit was free and it made men as free as they dared to be. People, like Armand could be arrested, they could be kept in physical subjection, they could be beaten but that would not stop them from thinking their thoughts and they would always because they knew defeat to be impossible. As he looked at Armand and as he thought this he felt almost superhuman, he felt like singing and shouting in the excitement of his discovery.

He returned to reality with an oath; the cigarette had burned down between his fingers and already he could feel an angry skin-bubble rising on his index finger. Squeezing his burn with his thumb he almost shouted with joy and pain. He knew what he had to do. He must be free. His twelve year old exhilaration had not passed, it was part of him and it would guide him for the rest of his life. He would break with everything, his family, his friends, his school, his hesitations and he would write. He would get drunk, right now, he would behave outrageously and tomorrow he would be expelled from school. It was as simple as that. He would not return to N. Y., he would get a job and he would write!

As he walked down the street his exhilaration became tempered with a certain sadness for he

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Impasse at Dick's Dell

CHLOE OLIVER

But with Betty and me it was different. It was something new . . . something strange. It was all so confusing . . . we faced confusion . . . together.

I remember that night in Dick's Dell. We sat facing each other over a cup of hot Ovaltine. She lit her cigarette, and as she stared absently into my eyes, the match gently burned her left pinky. She awoke from the stupor by the pungent odor of charred bone. Flicking finger ash, she smartly inquired, "What's Ovaltine made from?"

"Oval tines," I replied, slightly annoyed. I had not come here to speak of drink. Besides, I wasn't an authority on Ovaltine! I had come here to talk about . . . us, and she knew it!

A strange silence fell. Her eyes were dark. They spoke of mystery, especially the blue one. I thought I noticed faint traces of mascara trickling into little swirls over her powdered cheeks, forming small black pools in the corners of her mouth. God! She was irresistible! Her lower lip quivered, as did her hand which lifted the "dura-plast" cup. She drank deeply, choking a little on the insolvent saccharine tablet.*

Staring into the empty cup, Betty uttered, "I'm making the break, Ernie" . . . the Ovaltine heavy on her upper lip. Continuing, "It's no use . . . it's just no use."

"What's no use?" I retorted quickly, determined to lead this conversation.

"I beg your pardon?" she asked alertly.

"What's no use?" I repeated with confidence. I really wanted to know.

The juke box blared. Noise and smoke whirled through my brain.

"It's just no use . . . I'll never be able to make Ovaltine like this!" she cried desperately, dark eyes flashing first right, then left. I was concerned for she was visibly distraught. Her facial muscles twitched spasmodically; a fly had alighted on her nose. Striving to keep the conversation in a lighter tone I asked, "What ingredients are put in Ovaltine?"

Betty ignored me and fumbled in her handbag. I heard a muffled snap and automatically checked my shoulder brace. She lithely withdrew her hand from the handbag—mousetrap dangling from three fingers.

"Drat," she cursed, "drat, drat, drat." I was slightly embarrassed for the juke box had stopped abruptly, leaving such profanity only to resound off the cut-glass chandelier.

* an independent research organization has scientifically proven by 3,468,000 test tries that saccharine is insoluble in Ovaltine.

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The mailman came late that afternoon. He hunched his thin shoulders against the biting fall wind as he shuffled up the flagstone path to the small three-room cottage at the end of the street. The old man selected a white envelope, dropped it in the letter slot, and retraced his steps into the late afternoon twilight.

The man inside the cottage rose from his easy-chair by the fire. Slowly he walked over to the door and picked up the letter. He returned to his chair and carefully slit the envelope with a long nailfile.

The letter consisted of a single sheet of white paper with several lines of writing on one side.

My dear Peter,

I am in desperate need of your help. There is something most urgent I must tell you. Please try to come to my home at your earliest convenience.

Roger Hammond

Peter Holms stared at the letter for several minutes. Then he let his thoughts drift around the person of Roger Hammond—how Hammond had become a nationally-known pianist through the disappearance of the master musician who had overshadowed him. That was a great tragedy, reflected Holms. Hammond had been a nobody while *He* was in the public eye. *He* was the great pianist that people listened to ardently. Yet, when *He* vanished, the public, searching for a new personality, immediately chose Hammond and made him a star. Holms shook his head, remembering Hammond's rapid, bombastic, over-elaborate style of playing.

The afternoon was wearing thin. A misty darkness filtered in through the windows and lay quietly in the corners. The firelight played on the face of the clock on the mantel; its hands pointed to six o'clock. Holms stood up and went into the kitchen to prepare his supper.

Throughout the meal, some indefinite phantom pervaded his thoughts. He could not rid himself of the feeling that he should get to Hammond as quickly as possible. After he had washed the dishes and put them away, he decided to call on Hammond right away. Holms locked the back door and checked all the windows. Then he put on his overcoat and stepped out into the night.

Half an hour later, Holms stood at the massive gate of Hammond's estate. He pressed the car horn and heard the harsh sound blown away into the darkness; then the electrically controlled gate opened. He parked his car inside the entrance and looked up the gravel path towards the house.

The building was immense, formed by stone walls and capped with a slate roof. Turrets and spires rose upwards in confused array. The tall skeletons of trees stood close to the building as if protecting it against forces from the outside world. At intervals the racing clouds would allow the moon to drip its light down the cold, gray stone walls.

Holms shivered and a flood of loneliness swept over him as he remembered that Hammond lived alone in this grotesque house. Several servants were employed on certain days to clean those rooms that formed Hammond's living quarters. The remainder of the chambers were closed off. A very solitary man, Holms thought as his footsteps crackled loudly on the gravel path. The wind howled dully among the bare tree limbs. As he approached the front door, Holms noticed a wavering candle-like light shining through the small panes of glass above the knocker. He allowed the knocker to drop several times; after a short wait, the door swung inwards and Roger Hammond's form appeared in the opening.

"Why, Peter! I never imagined you would respond so quickly to my letter! But I am grateful that you have. Come in; the weather seems to be turning much colder."

Uttering these words, he turned abruptly. Holms followed him into the house and closed the door. They stood in a long corridor lighted on each side by a row of candles. To the right and left were doors leading off the corridor. He followed Hammond down the hall, through the door at the end, and into a large library.

The room was brilliantly lighted. Huge torches lined the walls and all the objects stood out in vivid presence except a grand piano which stood in the furthest corner. There was a gloom around it that the bright light was unable to penetrate.

This was the first time Holms had ever entered this room. Hammond watched him closely as he stared at the great bookcases which lined the walls, at the fine paintings above them, and at the deep red carpet on the floor. When Holms looked toward the great round table which stood in the middle of the room, he gasped; for, in the center of the polished top stood a square glass case which contained — two human hands, severed at the wrists! They lay next to each other on a velvet cushion, flat on their palms.

Hammond laughed wildly as he saw the look of horror sweep across Holm's face.

"What do you think of them, Peter? Are they not fine? Almost lifelike. Their playing has ended!" He laughed secretly. "*That* is the reason I brought you here tonight, Peter." He pointed at the glass case.

"What's all this about?" Holms asked huskily, tearing his eyes away from the gruesome sight in the glass case.

Hammond wandered over to the piano and sat down on the bench. He struck several minor chords and listened as they drifted away in the great expanse of the room. Then he slowly turned to his guest. Holms noticed with a start that Hammond had changed greatly since he had last seen him some years ago. The pianist's cheeks were sunken and his face had grown thin. His hair was graying at his temples. A ghastly pallor outlined the wrinkles on his forehead. For one terrifying moment, Holms imagined himself

looking at an old man, a man he had never known.

After a few minutes, Hammond began to speak in a low voice.

"Peter, I have a story to tell you tonight. It's been haunting me for years, but only lately did I feel I would have to tell someone. It's not a pretty story, and after it's told, I know you will hate and despise me in spite of our friendship. It's a tale of murder. Now you know." He sighed. "You are free to leave if you wish or you may stay and hear me out."

Holms drew up a chair and sat facing Hammond.

"I am glad you are staying, I had hoped you would; but on with my story. As you probably remember, both in high school and college, I could do only one thing—play the piano. I was no athlete; no one thought of me when they wanted someone to head a committee, so I was left out of everything. There was only one thing remaining for me—the piano. I did not need them for that. I sat and played, alone, for hours and swore that, some day, I would make them acknowledge my talent. I hated them, with their select groups and superior pride. I resolved to become greater than any of them, and, as the days passed, that desire became my life. I lived only for the day I could look down on them and say, 'See, here is my name in lights, in the newspaper, over the radio. I am famous, what are you?'



"So I practiced the piano for hours on end. Every spare minute I practiced. Sometimes I thought I would scream and smash the soul-consuming instrument, but every time that resolution burned before my eyes, 'You are going to be better than they are! You must be!' And I played hour after hour.

"Then one day I felt I was ready, ready to show all of them. I went to a famous music teacher, played for him, and begged him to give me a chance to perform before the public. He said he would look into it and let me know. I returned feeling very satisfied. But the days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months. I felt defeated. I was frantic. My only way to fame was severed. I was bitterly disappointed and almost thought of ending it. Then it happened.

"I was sitting in my room one evening when the telephone rang. It was the music teacher. He told me he could arrange a very small concert for me in two months. Did I want it? I could barely stutter yes. My goal was in sight. Those two months I practiced twenty hours a day. Then the day arrived. The concert was perfect. I could do nothing wrong that night, and in the morning I read the fine reviews in the newspapers. That night was the beginning. I went on tour across the country. In every city it was the same way—people applauded, reviews acclaimed, musicians congratulated. And when my tour had ended, I returned hoping to find myself listed as one of the best pianists in the land. How sadly I was mistaken. Good, yes; but great, no.

"So, I practiced harder and harder. One by one I surpassed all of those so-called pianists, all except *him*. I did my best, I practiced day and night, toured all the country, and still the reviews praised *him* more than me. It could not be! I had to be the greatest! I had to be! And since I could not surpass him by skill, there formed in my mind an unspeakable plan. I shuddered when I thought of it, but as I dwelt upon it more and more, I realized it was the only way.

"It took me several days to organize my plan, simple as it was. Then I put it into effect. I wrote *him* a letter asking him to come to this house. In the letter I requested him to uphold the utmost secrecy, even to the point of burning the letter after he had read it. I wrote him that I had discovered in this ancient library some extraordinary manuscripts of music composed at the time of Beethoven which I wanted him to see first of all. Knowing him to be a great musician, I said, I knew he would want to see them and play them before anyone else. I could not have dreamed my plot would work so well. That very evening he came, and, upon my questioning him, he told me that absolutely no one knew of his whereabouts or intentions.

"Then he asked for the manuscripts. I told him they were here in the bookcase, and, when he turned, I struck him with a poker from the fireplace. Not too hard, I did not want to kill him, yet. I dragged him down into the cellar. You don't know about the cellar, do you Peter? It's a mysterious place. All sorts of hidden rooms and dungeons. A body would not be found there for years. I carried him into one of those rooms and chained him to the wall. The one torch I had brought with me dimly lighted the vault. There I waited, impatiently, for *him* to regain consciousness. The time passed so slowly. 'Wake! Wake!' I shouted. I felt my determination fleeing. Then he woke, and the terrible dread which appeared on his face when he saw his chains gave me the strength to carry out my deed."

Hammond was staring fixedly at the piano keyboard. His eyes were burning with a mad fire, and he was gesturing wildly. He was shouting his words.

(Continued on Next Page)

WANDERER MARY LOUISE KILLHEFFER

*Lost wanting lonely as the wail
Of sirens distant in the night
Seeps through his soul; an icy burst
Of fear explodes beneath his heart.*

*Bleak grey as week-old dirtied snows
That edge the silent empty street
Sorrow for dreams not quite fulfilled
Lies in the deeps behind his eyes.*

*Once in the night I traced his steps
Through dark despair and loneliness.
Aimless, alone, he walked the night.
Now love must free me from his chill.*

THE MASTER'S HANDS

(Continued from Page 11)

"Then I did it! While he watched me, spell-bound, I picked up a hatchet lying on the floor, and, heaven help me!, I chopped off his hands!"

Screaming a hysterical laugh, Hammond began to play the piano. The melody was a weird harmony of notes. It swelled and faded as the torches flickered at the walls. The music filled the chamber with dancing forms, whirling, flitting.

Holms, who had been listening awestruck to Hammond's story, jumped to his feet at the sound of the piano. He hesitated blindly for a moment, then ran out of the library, flinging the door shut behind him. As he reached the front door, he heard the sound of glass shattering. Then all was quiet.

"No! No, don't!" came Hammond's voice, muffled by the heavy door. There followed a terror-stricken cry.

In the silence that followed, Holmes heard again the notes of the piano. This time, however, the melody was calm, soft—peaceful, yet unnerving. He ran back to the library door upon which were clawing the shadows of the candles.

Holms threw open the door. There in the center of the round table lay the broken pieces of a glass case. Forcing himself to look toward the piano, Holms turned pale at the sight which met his eyes; for there on the floor lay Hammond as two ghastly white hands, severed at the wrists, played calmly on the ivory keyboard.

THE EXCAVATION . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

"After discovering the telescope, we realized that mathematics was an essential concomitant to astronomy. We still needed a more concrete object to be studied on tables, and it gradually dawned on us that to study so many different objects would mean that the organization existed for study. The large two-story room also fitted this hypothesis. It could be a demonstra-

tion room. Accordingly, we decided that the "Bearish Association" was somewhat like our Royal Society."

AN IMPRESSION

(Continued from Page 6)

made it difficult to believe he was seventy-two years old.

The audience sat as though transfixed. There were no suppressed whispers now. The only movement was the occasional turning of a score in the amphitheater. From an exalted position near the crystal chandelier every part of the stage was visible. It was like watching a performance through a telescope. The circle of the balconies was the tube of the scope and the stage was its lens. Each person's attention was focused on the conductor.

A stir ran through the audience. The composer was about to conduct his own work. This was to be the denouement of personality rather than intellect. Listening to this music one could not think of the intricacies of bitonal counterpoint. One could think only as the composer had thought "of a puppet suddenly endowed with life exasperating the patience of the orchestra with diabolical cascades of arpeggios."

The audience, formerly relaxed but intent, now became tense. An old man with uncut white hair leaned forward in his chair in the amphitheater. A couple in the first balcony loosened their handclasp and became almost unaware of each other. A youngster sitting in the dress circle with her parents stopped playing with her pearl bracelet.

The conductor's constriction felt earlier in the program now entirely disappeared. Both orchestra and audience responded to the carefully calculated abandon. It was as if all the energy and passion summoned by the works of two other men found fulfillment in his own work. His hearers responded to the call of familiar music rendered more strange and wonderful by its composer.

The audience witnessed a performance of the firebird himself. Igor Stravinsky has conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra.

THE WISER TONGUE

LUCY-JO MALLOY

*My soul has words my wiser tongue speaks not
Of love for him, but silence is my lot,
For as the color fast fades from the rose,
Love so sweetly comes and swiftly goes.*

"Well, John," commented Professor Bart, "you archeologists are amazing. To be able to take a single building and deduce the occupation of a whole group of people! Are you going back to North America?"

"I sure am!" replied Dr. Schenkel. "As soon as I can get the funds raised. I believe there are more buildings belonging to the "Association" there, and I want to find out why they were called 'Bearish'."

TIME PASSING

HAROLD SMITH

*Out of the heavens it comes by God's grace;
It falls and gathers into life's stream.
We live in it, each in our place.
It subdues us; it is the world's theme.
Out of the heavens mysterious thing,
Thought of today as in the days of yore.
Catching all of life on the wing,
And passes, to be again never more.
Wonder of wonders from the sky.
In your waters we are carried along
As you please; then by and by,
We are dropped, no more a part of the song.
Flow on time passing deep and fast;
Soon, all, you too, shall be past.*

ACHOO! IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD

LUCY-JO MALLOY

You think you've caught the common cold?
Hot water bottles round you'll fold.
You'll take the pills your druggist sold;
You'll do just what you have been told.
Today we had a chilly breeze—
Tonight in bed, you'll sniff and sneeze,
And blow your nose and whiff and wheeze.
Your hands and feet will slowly freeze.
A psychologist I knew once said,
"Stay up 'til three; then go to bed,
For even if you wake up dead,
You know it's only in your head."

IMPASSE AT DICK'S DELL

(Continued from Page 9)

She said it really didn't hurt so we left it there, fingers turning a dull shade of blue.

The evening's events left me tense and nervous.

"Another Ovaltine," I barked. The waiter looked shocked. It was my fourth. Trying to make the most of an awkward situation, Betty asked lightly, "Where were we?"

"I don't know," I said tiredly, "I just don't know." I was getting very drowsy. Betty snickered. She knew it was the end. My head dropped heavily to the table.

Another snap and I knew I was caught. Damn Betty and her mousetraps! A sharp pain pierced my left ear. I was caught and tired. Damn Betty and her phobia! Damn that drug called Ovaltine!

Betty smirked shrewdly and said, "That Ovaltine — it always gets them." Defiantly she flipped out her upper plate and snuffed out her king-sized Fatima just above the eye tooth. Never any ashtrays in this place.

"It always gets them," she repeated.

Three white mice skirted across the delicatessen floor. Betty stared dully at her left hand and then at my ear. She suddenly arose, wild now, swirling madly around the middle of the floor, kicking off her six veils — being decent enough to retain one — and shrieking, "The trap — the trap — the trap." Betty knew that this was the end. "The trap, the trap, the trap," she sang crazily, "the trap, the trap, the trap . . ."

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FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

(Continued from Page 3)

enjoyed most during 1953 to five, let alone one. Therefore I've compiled a list of twenty of the films of 1953 which I feel are outstanding entertainment and well worth particular praise. Roughly I favor the pictures in the first group of ten over those in the second group, but to arrive at an exact order within the list is rather difficult. My selections are:

Martin Luther, From Here to Eternity, Shane, Julius Caesar, Stalag 17, Gilbert and Sullivan, Lili, The Robe, So Big, Roman Holiday.

The Moon Is Blue, Hans Christian Anderson, Man on a Tightrope, Melba, Call Me Madam, Above and Beyond, Story of Three Loves, I Confess, Little Boy Lost, Young Bess.

The list above is headed by *Martin Luther*, a picture of exceptional quality, but one which has stirred up controversy in some quarters. Most of the adverse comment I have heard and read has little sound basis. Any move that depicted any phase of the life of this man, whose whole existence was and is so surrounded by controversy, is almost predestined to offend someone. The producers of this picture have done all that is possible to make it unoffending without so emasculating the theme as to make it a meaningless hodge-podge. In fact, I would say that the producers had gone almost too far in toning down some issues on controversy touched in the film. Still, *Martin Luther* deserves extravagant praise

for its artistic merit. Few other pictures of 1953 had such a powerful plot and message, fine acting, unusual musical background and scoring, and careful overall construction.

It seems as though everyone "knows" all about *From Here to Eternity*, and certainly it has proven to be a widely seen film. So, after praising Frank Sinatra's fine supporting role, I'll move on to some other pictures on the list on which I have a word to share. *Julius Caesar* should have proved to M.G.M. and Hollywood as well that Shakespeare can be done well by Americans on the screen, provided that extreme care is devoted to the preparation of the script, the casting is done delicately, and the temptation to provide a spectacle is avoided. James Mason (Brutus), Louis Calhern (Caesar), Marlon Brando (Mark Anthony), John Geilgud (Cassius) as well as Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson are all indeed deserving of the fine write-ups that they have, and will continue to receive for their work.

The list of twenty is not without competitors. *Miss Sadie Thompson, The Man Between, The Living Desert* and some others are omitted largely because of lack of room within the golden circle. All of which helps to illustrate the great difficulty in trying to draw such a circle.

Full length films were not alone to shine. A *Queen Is Crowned* is a fine documentary of the great festive event of 1953 in Great Britain. The CinemaScope short subjects have been particu-

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FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

(Continued from Page 3)

mena, thereby leaving ourselves unwittingly open to the stings and arrows of our outraged friends, unbelievers who at this point are seriously considering sending a hasty summons for the men in the little white coats.

However, before anyone makes a call to the State Hospital, give us a minute to elucidate on our latest manifestation of paranoia. When Robert Frost wrote his immortal poem, *Mending Wall*, he included a couple of verses which it might be apropos to quote at this point.

*Before I'd build a wall I'd ask
What I was walling in or walling out
And to whom I was like
To give offence.*

Before one closes his mind to the story in the volume under attack, perhaps it would be good to consider what he is walling out—what new horizons he is denying himself. The reader of this work has the open choice of accepting or rejecting the supposition, but how in the name of all the galaxies can he judge the volume without having opened it?

Since the idea came to our attention, we have talked to quite a few people about it and have been met (eight times out of ten) with the reply that "I wouldn't read such trash." These people know neither what are walling in or out of their skulls. They are admittedly ruled by the *status quo* theories of today and give themselves no thought for the morrow when every theory in existence may, by sudden discovery on the part of some scientist or other, be thrown into a cocked hat. By this last statement we do not wish to imply that we view the present scientific theories of the nature of the universe as false—we only wish we could understand them! But what we are asking is that certain people open their one-track minds a little to the world around them.

The authors have presented us with a fine, well written volume which any laymen can understand with ease. It contains no vast scientific formulae; it presents a good case for the existence of outer-space craft in language that can be understood by the most unscientific minded L. A. Student now suffering in the throes of Bio 3-4 or Chem 1-2. We do not ask you to accept with us the theory, but do strongly urge you to procure a copy and judge for yourselves. The new world opened to you will, we guarantee, be rich and wide and may give you a better understanding of the signs and marvels other than space-craft that ride nightly above your head. You might be quite amused at what you behold. The number of people today, other than the crews of such places as Greenwich and Palomar, who actually know the wonders that go swinging over their heads night after night is amusingly small. We suggest you try such a looksee some night, who knows—there might just be something there to prove to you beyond the shadow of a doubt that our pals, Desmond and Georgie, really have something on the ball!

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FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

larly well done. The first Walt Disney cartoon in this medium was concerned with the origin of musical instruments and was both artistic and clever. The Twentieth Century Fox Orchestra productions that have opened several CinemaScope productions are also to be commended as a gallant and most pleasing experiment. *The Vesuvio Express*, also in CinemaScope, shows several new uses of the new medium.

Such are my *Lantern-Tower Window* Movie Awards for 1953, but some mention should also be made of 1954's releases. *Forever Female* is a fine comedy, pure entertainment, with William Holden, Ginger Rogers, Paul Douglas and Pat Crowley. (Miss Crowley is a newcomer who does a fine job in this film, and of whom, I'm sure, more will be heard in the future.) *The Knights of the Roundtable*, *The Golden Coach*, and *His Majesty O'Keefe* are all good January releases

CHANT d'ANTOMNE

(Continued from Page 9)

knew that the life he had chosen was a hard and lonely one. He had picked a dark and frightening road where none could reach out and save him if he fell. Only his thirst for truth could protect him from the contempt of the uncomprehending, from the efforts of his parents and from his own weakness. He was alone and he felt a little afraid but he had found his light and he knew that no matter how far he might stray from it, his light would not fail him.

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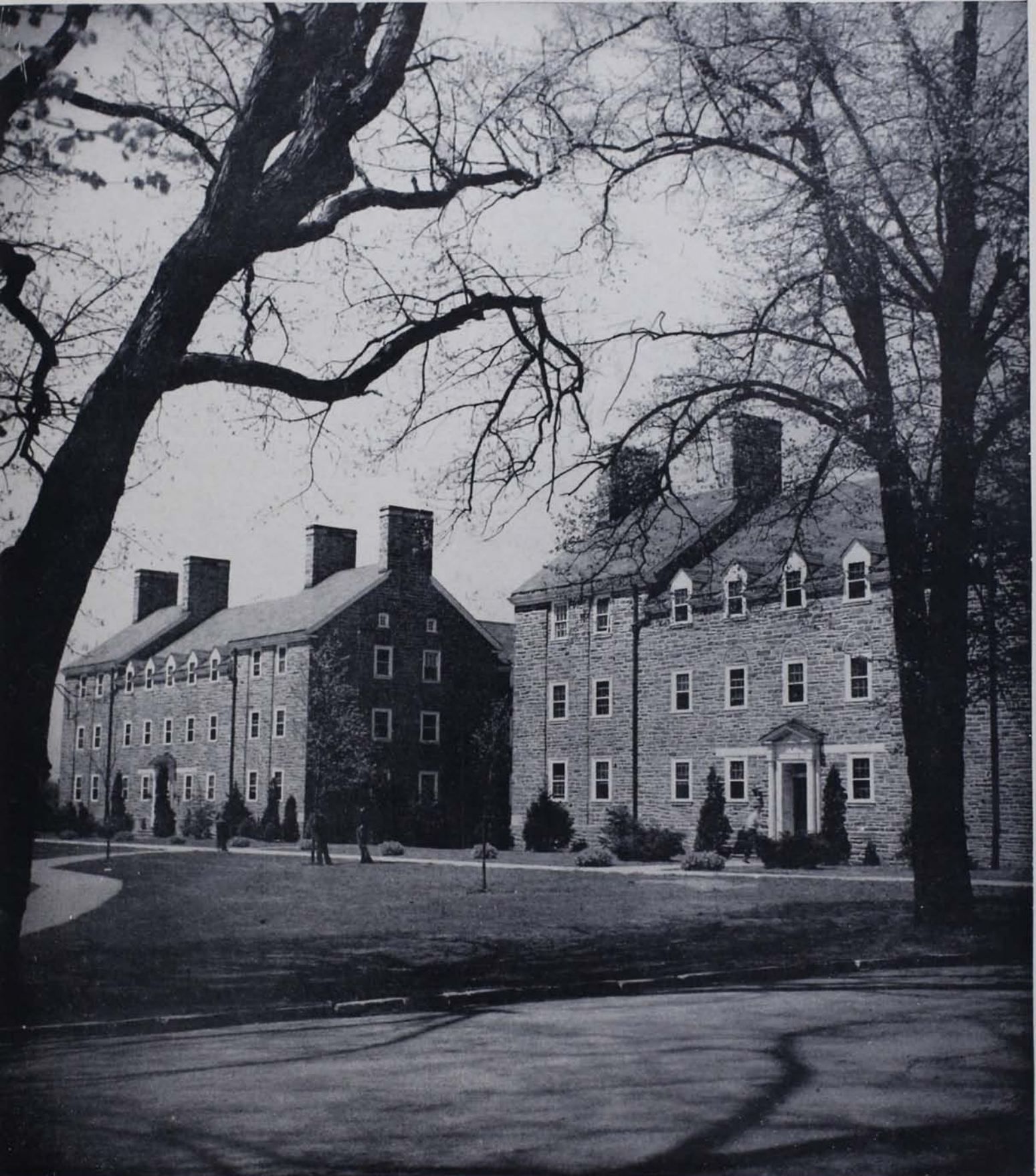
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SUPERIOR TUBE CO.

NORRISTOWN, PA.



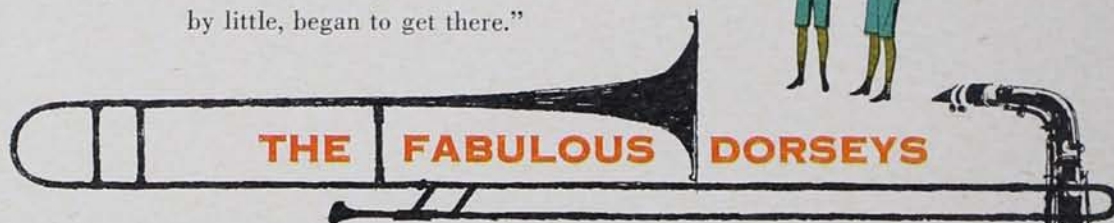
URSINUS COLLEGE



Collegeville, Pennsylvania

HOW THE STARS GOT STARTED...

Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey say: "Our Dad led the brass band in our home town. He started us on our way tooting in the band when we were eight years old. We watched and studied successful musicians as much as we could, worked real hard and, little by little, began to get there."



I'VE SMOKED
CAMELS 15-20 YEARS—
SINCE I DISCOVERED
CAMEL'S SWELL
FLAVOR AND
WONDERFUL MILDNESS
Jimmy

I STARTED
SMOKING CAMELS
LONG AGO. I WATCHED, AND
THE GUYS WHO ENJOYED
SMOKING MOST WERE
GUYS WHO SMOKED
CAMELS. THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE CAMEL'S FLAVOR
Tommy



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