



Spring 1950

The Lantern Vol. 18, No. 3, Spring 1950

Norman B. Reed
Ursinus College

Lewis H. Cresse
Ursinus College

John Irwin
Ursinus College

G. G. Clamer
Ursinus College

Richard Gradwohl
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

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

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

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

Recommended Citation

Reed, Norman B.; Cresse, Lewis H.; Irwin, John; Clamer, G. G.; Gradwohl, Richard; Parseghian, Manuel; Haddon, Glenn; Edwards, Frank; Feldt, Marna; Cannan, Sally; Hallstrom, Dave; and Mazurkiewicz, Albert J., "The Lantern Vol. 18, No. 3, Spring 1950" (1950). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 76.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/76>

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

Authors

Norman B. Reed, Lewis H. Cresse, John Irwin, G. G. Clamer, Richard Gradwohl, Manuel Parseghian, Glenn Haddon, Frank Edwards, Marna Feldt, Sally Cannan, Dave Hallstrom, and Albert J. Mazurkiewicz

18
3

The LANTERN



SPRING ISSUE, 1950

URSINUS COLLEGE

*"My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!"*

With smokers who know...it's

Camels for Mildness!



Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels — and *only* Camels — for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking **CAMELS!**

THE LANTERN

IN THIS ISSUE

STAFF

EDITOR . . .

A. J. MAZURKIEWICZ

ASSOCIATES . . .

GIL CLAMER

WILLIAM KELLER

JOANNE NOLT

ROBERT REICHLEY

EMILE SCHMIDT

LOU STEFAN

JOAN VERBURG

JANE USHER

BUSINESS . . .

WILLIAM LEKERNEC

ART . . .

ALBERT MIGLIO

DAVID HALLSTROM

TYPIST . . .

ELIZABETH HANEY

ADVISOR . . .

DR. WILLIAM S. CHILD

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

ARTICLES . . .

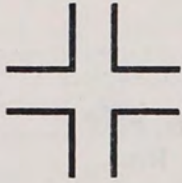
Editorial	3
MAZURKIEWICZ	
The Rise and Fall of Mr. Fluff.....	4
REED	
Thoughts by the Sea.....	12
CRESSE	
Equality of Men.....	13
On Radio Comedians.....	15
IRWIN	
After Hours	16
CLAMER	
Rain	17
GRADWOHL	
Morning	18
PARSEGHIAN	
Escape from Fear.....	19
HADDON	



POETRY . .

Book of Red.....	8
EDWARDS	
Poems by a Guy Named Mike.....	Center
We Are the People.....	14
MARNA FELDT	
Spirit Disrupted.....	14
MARNA FELDT	
Light	14
CANNAN	
Sonnet	14
HALLSTROM	

**“CROSS ROADS OF
THE CAMPUS”**



What you need . . .

. . . when you need it

THE SUPPLY STORE

Enjoy the cozy atmosphere of . . .

LAKESIDE INN

LUNCHEON & DINNER Served Daily & Sunday

—Catering to—

BANQUETS — PRIVATE PARTIES
SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

Phone:: Linfield 2933

Route 422 — LIMERICK

Deitch Reichelderfer & “Bud” Becker, Props.

**Reputation is the other
fellow's idea of your
character.**



The LENHART PRESS, Inc.

NORRISTOWN, PA.

●
COMPLIMENTS

OF

SUPERIOR TUBE CO.
●

TO WRITE an editorial, to speak intelligent words of advice, to give some word of encouragement to seniors who are being graduated from college are feats which many men undertake, but in which few succeed. I do not pretend to accomplish these tasks. I am merely following precedent in addressing these remarks to the seniors. For who can advise us wisely? Who can brighten the picture of worlds in conflict? Who can teach us hope? Among the many creeds and beliefs and philosophies that appeal to us from all sides, shall we find the answers to our questions? Is advice and optimism and hope to be found in creeds and religions? Perhaps, but if we have accepted no creed, what then shall be our guide in this new and ever-changing world to which we are awakening so abruptly? Perhaps the answer lies within oneself — having faith in oneself and a delight in living. There is some consolation in the truth that all men have at some time been troubled by the same questions which torment us now, but it is indeed a small consolation.

It seems fitting to extend a measure of thanks to the college which, despite its "faults," has extended to us the privilege of being educated in an atmosphere of friendliness and encouragement. As any college does, it has its "faults." On the surface these seem large and displeasing; still, nothing is perfect. Should we then demand what is, but which was never misrepresented to us, to conform to what we think it ought to be? It seems not, but still we complain. Since it is natural to complain, we do so; but we should reflect a little more to see if we are not simply indulging ourselves.

As I prepare to take leave of this work, since this is my farewell, I cannot help apologizing for our shortcomings throughout the past year. But it is an apology tempered with grateful thanks to a very cooperative staff and an interested student body. It is an apology colored with the thought that only by experience do we grow bigger and get a deeper insight into life and its mysteries. It is an apology which tells us that the individuality of one's life, interwoven with flexibility, is the quality which gives us an appetite for living in its fullest and finest sense.

ALBERT J. MAZURKIEWICZ,
Editor.

"What a boring day—just like all the rest," grumbled Fillmore Fluff as he climbed the stairs of his rooming house. "Slaving as a sales clerk for the Beadle Hardware & Appliance Co. certainly isn't my idea of living.

"But what's a guy gonna do. The big jobs all go to guys with brains and education. Even the ordinary jobs are scarce now, and that sure makes a boss happy because he knows he can get away with being nasty and independent. Maybe I shoulda stayed in the army. Being a sergeant in the quartermasters didn't take much brains, and it was easy work.

"Not that the work's so tough down at Beadle's," he reflected, pausing at the head of the second flight, "except when a shipment of refrigerators or washing machines comes in. It's hanging around the place from nine to five every day and having to put up with the kind of people coming in there that gets my goat. I never had to stand for that stuff from my customers in the army.

"The nerve of some of the women that come in there. I show 'em a lot of stuff and they ask a lotta questions and then like as not they say they were just looking and walk out with their noses in the air, as though they'd just done me a big favor and I didn't appreciate it.

"And those guys that come in the store looking like big shots who'd like to buy out the place, and when I ask 'em real courteous if I can help 'em they mumble something like 'I need a new blade for my hacksaw' or 'Wonder if you'd have half a dozen screws to match this one.'"

Fillmore sighed wearily and started up the last flight. "It's Beadle himself that really gets me down, though, the overgrown stuffed shirt—always hanging around watching everything. Never says anything about what I do right, but if a customer walks out without buying, he's right on my neck to find out what I said to 'em.

"And then Willetta, the cute girl in the office—Beadle's stenographer. Gee, if I could only get to talk with her. But Beadle gets in my hair there, too. He's always smiling and joking with Willetta, but just let me get up the nerve to talke to her—wham! There's Beadle giving me one of his dirty looks and I'm sent out to wait on a customer.

"And then the way he has me sweep the floor the first thing in the morning while he sits back there in the office with that cigar in his big mouth, kidding around with Willetta and laughing that dirty laugh of his and looking as though he'd like to lay his paws on her. And the worst part of it is that Willetta doesn't seem to mind him."

He reached the third floor, unlocked the door and stumbled into his darkened room,

throwing the newspaper he had bought on the bed. He switched on the light and looked around the shabby room. "What a dump," he muttered, "but on thirty-five a week you can't live at the Waldorf—well, some mail, I see." He picked up a letter the landlady had left for him on the bureau. "Postmarked from San Antonio. Now who do I know down there?"

He tore open the envelope and unfolded the glossy circular it contained. "Well, say," he exclaimed, "will you look at this—"

**"DO YOU WANT POWER? MONEY?
LOVE?"**

"Learn how you can mold others to your will—accumulate untold wealth—attract the opposite sex—through the amazing power of *Mayalogia!*

"Do you sometimes feel that you are unappreciated—that you are a greater person than the world realizes? Do your best efforts often go unrewarded? Are the joys of love and romance passing you by because of modesty or shyness? Then learn how, almost overnight, you can turn failure into triumphant **SUCCESS!**

"Now, at last, **YOU** can learn the world-shaking, jealously guarded secrets of the ancient Priest-kings of mysterious Yucatan. The Mayas, under the inspired guidance of these powerful rulers, developed a great and rich civilization long before Columbus discovered America, and without any contact with learned men of other countries. Until recently their writings have remained undeciphered, but now an eminent explorer and anthropologist, Dr. Thorsten Golden, has discovered the secret library of the Priest-kings and the key to their writings. Thus has been revealed to him, and to him alone, the wonderful power called *Mayalogia*—the power that can be **YOURS**—the power that can give you the control over others you have always yearned for—the surging, irresistible power the Priest-kings once reserved for themselves alone. Send \$2.00 (cash or money order) with your name and address to Dr. Golden . . . San Antonio, Texas."

"Mayas—Yuc-a-tan—seems to me I did hear about them once, back in school. Musta been pretty smart people, according to this. And this scientist must know what he's talking about if he read their writings. Anthro-pol-ogist—and explorer—yes sir, there must be something to this. And he says he can show me how to have the power only their kings had! The power of Maya-log-ia—that must be something scientific—but power—power over Beadle! Big money! Love—Willetta—I can have them all, and all for only two bucks!"

There were some pictures in the circular of pyramids and fancy statues and stones with the complicated writing on them that Dr. Golden had figured out, and inside the folder was a picture of Dr. Golden himself. He had a black beard and his hair was combed back from his forehead and came down to a point in the middle. He was holding a pair of nose glasses with a black ribbon leading to his lapel and he was looking straight out of the picture at Fillmore Fluff. That look seemed to have some of the power of the Mayas in it even in a picture.

There were a lot of letters after Dr. Golden's name, like M.A., D.Sc., and F.R.G.S., and Fillmore didn't know what they stood for, but they looked important all right.

He didn't waste any more time looking at the folder—there would be time to read it again tomorrow night, and right now he wanted to get that letter off to Dr. Golden. There were a few dollars left from last week's pay—money he was going to use to have his shoes half-sole'd, but shoes didn't seem important now when the same money invested in Mayalogia would soon put him in the big dough.

For the next few days after mailing the letter Fillmore felt better than at any time since he got out of the army. A world-rocking secret had been discovered and he was about to be let in on it, the secret of all-conquering power. Soon he would rise from slavery to mastery, to alarm and confound the present lords of the earth, and to amaze everyone else. "I may be just a guy to be pushed around now," he assured himself, "but just wait—I'll be a man to be reckoned with before very long." It was hard to keep from laughing now when Beadle ordered him around. "Little does that big ape know what's coming," he exulted, "but he'll find out—I'll go to work on him first."

Finally, six days after he had sent the money, a large brown envelope arrived in the mail. Fillmore grabbed it off the bureau gleefully and tore it open. Inside was a paper-bound book of about twenty-five pages. On the cover was printed *Lessons in Mayalogia, the road to Power, Wealth and Happiness*. He gazed on the title a moment reverently, then plumped down on the bed and began to read the book, which seemed to be in the original typewritten or mimeographed form.

"In every one of us," the book began, "there is a vast reservoir of untapped power. The secret of the Mayan Priest-kings was their method of developing this power through self-discipline and thought control. They knew that power over others comes only after we have ourselves firmly in hand. Therefore we

must begin telling ourselves 'I am powerful. I can do what I will to do. I will never admit failure. I push aside all obstacles in my path to success.' Repeat these phrases over and over to yourself until you believe them implicitly and you will soon begin to feel the mystic power within you . . ."

Fillmore read on. The book then gave rules for making the kingly power visible to others. "Throw back your shoulders, hold your head high, stand as tall as possible, and people will begin to notice the change in you—the new, proud and priestly bearing . . . Practice speaking clearly and forcefully, but in a low pitch, and at the same time project your voice. Don't mumble from your throat, but send your voice surging from the front part of your mouth."

"Say, this is good stuff—stuff a fellow can put right to use." Fillmore observed. He turned to the section on The Magnetic Eye, and read, "The Priest-kings developed to a high degree the power to hold an adversary helpless with a haughty, penetrating, unblinking gaze. With a little practice, you too can learn to do this. Start by standing erect before a mirror, then fix your gaze on the glass and at the same time tell yourself silently, 'My gaze is irresistible—you, mine adversary, must flinch before it.' Then when you have gained confidence, try it on others. You will be surprised at its effectiveness."

Fillmore leaped up joyfully. He had it—the secret of power over other people! He went before the cracked bureau mirror and drew himself up to his full height. "Say," he exclaimed, "I must be almost as tall as Beadle when I stand up straight, and I can look straight without blinking if I want to." Then he had an idea. He went to the wash basin, wet his hair and combed it back from his forehead so it didn't hang down in his eyes. Then he took another look in the mirror. His hair wasn't as black as Dr. Golden's in the picture and it didn't come down in a point in front, but he really did look more magnetic than before.

While putting the Mayalogia book back in the envelope he notice another circular inside. It was an announcement of two other original books by Dr. Golden. *Mayan Secrets of Business Success*, for the amazing price of only \$3.00, and as a free gift while they last, the fascinating and educational book entitled *The Mayan Art of Love*. Fillmore was enchanted at this generous bargain and decided to send for the books right away, before the offer expired.

Next morning, as he was walking to work with his hair slicked back, his head high and his shoulders erect, Fillmore felt the mystic power beginning to surge within him. He started to repeat the magic incantations sol-

emly to himself as he walked, "I am powerful. I fear no man. I possess the power of kings." By the time he reached the Beadle Hardware & Appliance Co., he felt like one of the Priest-kings themselves.

He strode confidently into the store and back to the office where Mr. Beadle was getting ready to dictate letters to Willetta. The boss was pushing the drawers around in his desk and didn't bother to look up. "Yeah, what is it, Fluff?" he grunted.

"Mr. Beadle." Fillmore said, standing erect and projecting his voice. "the store's not so dirty this morning so I won't bother to sweep it out." Beadle looked up in surprise, and found himself confronted with the Magnetic Eye. Fillmore gazed unblinkingly at the boss, and he saw that Beadle couldn't take it—he was flinching. The power was working! "I'm going out and get some customers," he added firmly, and walked out of the office, leaving Beadle and Willetta staring at each other speechlessly.

He stationed himself just inside the front door of the store where he could watch the passersby. When one stopped to look at the refrigerators in the show window, he caught his eye and fixed the powerful, penetrating gaze of the Priest-kings upon him. The fellow looked a little scared, so Fillmore smiled at him. The fellow smiled back and came in. Ten minutes later, through iron-willed thought control, powerful sales talk and the Magnetic Eye which Fillmore kept fixed on him, he had sold the fellow a refrigerator, promised prompt delivery and sent him on his way rejoicing at the bargain he was getting.

Before the day was over, using the same technique, he had sold two more refrigerators, two washing machines, one electric stove, and half a dozen small appliances, while Beadle stood around with his mouth hanging open, scratching his head wondering, and Willetta came to the door of the office several times to peep out and admire.

Along about the middle of the afternoon, between customers, Fillmore breezed back to the office, brushing past Beadle, who jumped aside quickly to make way for him. The boss had lost his puzzled expression and was beaming happily on his star salesman, probably thinking of the money the day's sales were bringing in. It was surprising how much a boss would take from a guy if that guy was making money for the firm.

Entering the office, he stepped to the stenographer's desk, leaned over it easily and gazed into Willetta's soft brown eyes. She started back in her chair, but he tempered the power of the magnetic gaze with a grin and she relaxed.

"Willetta, my dear," he said in a voice vibrating with power and authority, "I'm about to finish one of the most successful days this store has ever known, and tonight you and I are going to celebrate. First we'll go to the Garden Grille to eat. After that we'll see a movie or go dancing. I haven't decided which we'll do yet, but be ready as soon as you're through work."

"Why I—why-why I hardly know what to say," she faltered.

"Say yes," he commanded.

"Yes, Mr. Fluff," she said weakly.

"Not Mr. Fluff," he corrected. "It's Mr. Fluff to Beadle there," he nodded in the direction of the boss, who was standing outside the door listening, "but it's Fill to you."

"Yes, Fill," she said, and that was that. "Oh man, she's in my power now." Fillmore gloated, as he stalked out past Beadle to pounce on another customer.

On his way home from their date that night, during which Willetta had assured him she had never dated anyone so masterful before, Fillmore stopped to buy a morning paper. He was too excited to go right to bed, and intended to read himself to sleep.

Back in his room, he changed into his pajamas and sprawled out on the bed. Unfolding the paper, he glanced over the headlines and settled down to enjoy the agreeable murders, robberies, beatings, divorces and other manifestations of American civilization. One of the articles, however, was not so agreeable. It was a small item on an inside page—

"CON MAN NABBED IN MAIL FRAUD"

"San Antonio, Texas — A notorious confidence man was arrested here today on charges of fleecing gullible persons through a bogus mail order course. He is George 'Gabby' Gonzales, 37, alias Dr. Thorsten Golden, self-styled discoverer of 'Mayalogia', a course in personality development through which he promised to help his victims attain wealth and power. Gonzales was charged specifically with misrepresentation of his course in advertising circulars mailed to persons on a large 'sucker list.'

"Arresting officers found hundreds of names culled from lists of magazine subscribers in Gonzales' apartment. Also in the apartment were stacks of mimeographed booklets and the machine used to print them. Records in his possession indicated that Gonzales received thousands of dollars from unsuspecting subscribers in all parts of the country."

Fillmore read the article again, still unable to believe it, yet there it was in black and white—no mistake about that. He cast the paper aside and lay back, trying to get the

thing straight in his mind, but now the excitement had died down and he was suddenly sleepy. He drifted off to sleep without even turning off the light.

When he woke in the morning it was drizzling outside and the room felt damp. The light bulb still gleamed weakly and could not dispell the chill grayness of the dawn. He rose stiffly, saw that it was twenty minutes later than usual and remembered that he hadn't set the alarm. Suddenly the scattered newspaper on the floor brought yesterday back. "I wonder if it really happened or if I only dreamed it?" he mumbled, rubbing his eyes. "No, here's the article—the doctor's a fake and I'm his prize sucker."

"But wait—his stuff seemed to work for me yesterday, or maybe I really *am* powerful, if I only knew it. Why don't I just go on as though I hadn't read this."

He hopped into his clothes and hurried down to the store. Beadle gave him a big smile through the office door. "Morning, Mr. Fluff," he said warmly. "Gonna duplicate your record of yesterday?"

"Well, I-I'll do my best, Mr. Beadle," Fillmore said. The confident ring was gone from his voice. He felt sort of hollow and wilted inside as he went out front. Watching the passersby through the door, he tried to fix the Magnetic Eye on them, but they only looked in casually and went on. He began to feel panicky after the first hour, and Beadle was standing in the back of the store watching. Finally the boss came up to him.

"Watsa matter, Fluff," Beadle said, lighting a cigar. "you ain't doin' as good as yesterday — you have a tough night last night or somethin'?"

"W-well, it is a little slow this morning." Fillmore faltered. "People just don't seem to be coming in."

He was going to stare Beadle down with the Magnetic Eye, but when he tried it, the boss just stood there looking him over and puffing on his cigar.

"Tell you what, Fluff," Beadle said, exhaling a puff of smoke that made Fillmore's eyes smart. "like you say, it looks like business is gonna be a little slow this morning—probably the weather. Say, did you notice how dirty this floor is?—wasn't swept yesterday, you know. If nobody comes in for the next coupla minutes better get the broom and give it a going over."

Beadle blew some more smoke in Fillmore's face and went back to his office. Fillmore kept looking for customers. But they still didn't come in, and Beadle started coming to the office door and giving him dirty looks. Finally Fillmore unwillingly got the broom out

of a corner and slowly began to sweep. Then at last somebody came in. It was Willetta with Beadle's mail.

"Hello, Fill," she said, looking at the broom.

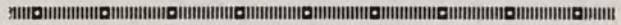
"H-Hello," Fillmore answered weakly.

"You look different from yesterday," she said, with an odd look. Fillmore thought she looked a little disgusted.

"I-I don't feel so good," he said, looking at the floor.

Willetta went back to the office and still no customers came in and Fillmore kept on sweeping. Once in a while he paused and listened to the amiable conversation back in the office, punctuated with Beadle's dirty laugh and the pleasant tinkle of Willetta's voice.

"Yesterday might as well have been a dream," Fillmore groaned. Outside, he noticed the drizzle had turned to rain, and the street was empty.



•
•
•

visit the

"DATER-UP-ER"

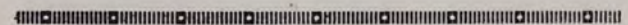
M. Russell Moyer, Prop.

for

•
•
•

Sundaes — Sandwiches — Sundries

538 Main Street in Trappe



April 7, 1950)

Senator McCarthy,
 (May his tribe decrease)
 Raised his brains from his chair,
 And read his blueprint for peace:
 Names listed in a book of Red.

"The Department of State,"
 Saith the Wisconsinite,
 "Is an evil abode,
 A deplorable sight!"
 Then pointed to his book of Red.

"I have here the names,
 Of some Achesonists,
 And what's more, my friends,
 They're all Communists,
 These scoundrels in my book of Red!"

These words caused a stir,
 In the chamber of blue;
 Ninety-five snoring bodies,
 Suddenly came to,
 And harkened to this book of Red.

The majority party,
 Slumped back with a surge,
 And humbly prepared,
 For another long purge;
 Edition Nine of the book of Red.

But Republican stalwarts,
 Who had thought they were through,
 Beamed happily forward,
 To late 'fifty-two;
 Their chance was in this book of Red.

Arguments soon heated,
 To the point of near-riot;
 So, the Veep rapped his gavel,
 And all became quiet,
 But McCarthy and his book of Red.

Now, the speech which ensued,
 Is not worth repeating,
 For, McCarthy's voice,
 Like a sick lamb's bleating,
 Read names from his book of Red.

McCarthy's first victim,
 McCarthy still swears,
 Had Soviet leanings,
 In his Far East affairs,
 So, earned first spot in the book of Red.

On hearing the name,
 Of the accused Red spy,
 The reporters, running,
 To the phones nearby,
 Sent in the news of the book of Red.

Next day, the named victim,
 Who was with the U.N.,
 Helping poor India,
 To her feet again,
 Received the news of the book of Red.

So, he packed up his bags,
 And returned to D.C.,
 To face McCarthy,
 And the charge that he,
 Deserved a place in the book of Red.

The hearing room filled,
 Quite early next day;
 Whoever sold tickets,
 To this terrible fray,
 Made money on the book of Red.

The doors were forced closed;
 More were out than got in;
 Speculation ran high,
 As to which side would win
 The battle of the book of Red.

Then a side door burst open,
 And the mob settled down,
 As in marched McCarthy,
 With a scholarly frown,
 Two hands clutching his book of Red.

Few minutes passed by,
 When from the same door,
 Appeared our first victim;
 'Twas poor Lattimore,
 Star villain of the book of Red.

The referee, Tydings,
 Standing up to full height,
 In his sweet Maryland manner,
 Drawled the rules of the fight,
 To be waged o'er the book of Red.

Round One had begun,
 And McCarthy's barrage,
 Accused Lattimore,
 Of foul espionage;
 All proof was in the book of Red.

Round Two found poor Owen,
 Denying the charge,
 "... and if given the chance,
 My defence will enlarge;
 To hell with your damned book of Red!"

Round Three, and McCarthy,
 Brought the F.B.I. files,
 Causing Democratic frowns,
 And Republican smiles;
 Would these prove right the book of Red?

*But lo and behold!
The files were quite clear!
No mention of Owen,
As a Communist here.
Then, why is he in the book of Red?*

*So, the battle slowed down,
To a stalemated stupor,
'Til an Iowa Senator,
Named Hickenlooper,
Rallied to support the book of Red.*

*"Just because J. Edgar,
And his F.B.I.,
Say that Lattimore's clear,
Must we cease to try?
We still have our book of Red."*

*And that's where it stood,
In this morning's papers;
Our democracy in action,
Calling names, cutting capers,
All because of a book of Red.*

*Where will all this lead?
Nowhere, I don't doubt;
But when Stalin walks in,
McCarthy will still shout
Names listed in a book of Red.*

Phone: Collegeville 9181

Collegeville R. D. 1, Pa.

PERKIOMEN VALLEY FLYING SERVICE

FLIGHT INSTRUCTION
CHARTER SERVICE
HANGAR STORAGE
AIRCRAFT SALES

Donald R. Longacre

George P. Dodge

Robert L. Burns

COLLEGE CUT-RATE

5th and Main Street
Collegeville

FAMOUS

FOR

FAMOUS BRANDS

PAUL N. LUTZ, Manager

LANDES MOTOR CO.

FORD DEALER

USED CARS

ESSO SERVICE STATION

Phone: Collegeville 417

Parts and Service

Phone: Yerkes 3031

The High Wall

*It's bad to love and lose,
Worse yet to live and be unloved;
But worst of all, for any man,
To love where love cannot, must not, be.*

*There stands a wall
Where none may pass
On each side one may see
And be seen by
Those on the other side.*

*But they are held apart
Gently, by a soft bond
But a bond no less firm
And unyielding.*

*They may walk together
Each to his side
Of the boundary.
They may talk and laugh together,
But still the wall is there.*

*As children they may talk
Of crossing the wall,
Hurdling it,
Joining on one side.*

*It is a child's dream.
They may batter themselves
Upon the wall
Beat at it, hammer upon it,
Destroy themselves in their useless efforts.*

*Some have passed the wall
Only to find they could not live
On the other side.
Many have loved by the wall;
They are gone . . . the wall stands.*

Constancy

*Laugh your tilting laughter,
And smile your secret smile,
You know I'll be here after
This other's had his trial.*

Midwatch

*A cup of coffee, a cigarette,
A piece of paper, a writing-set.
Some lines about a girl you've met,
Love it was you're sure; and yet,
As years go by you both forget,
Till you see her face again, I'll bet,
In the curling smoke, from a cigarette . . .*

Immortal Lines

*Black marks on a white paper,
Proof of another poet's caper!*

Doodle

*Can I rise above this mess,
Can I prove my beliefs are so?
Perhaps you think the answer's yes,
Believe me Jack, it's NO!*

Variations

*It's fun as long as it can last,
But playful moods too soon are past,
I'm back again in shortest time,
To making words of passion rhyme,
"Your eyes, your lips . . ." and all that rot,
I call them things I know they're not.
So let me have my playful mood,
Don't think I'm being rude.
I only want to show to you,
I have my lighter moments, too!*

NAMED MIKE

Paradox I

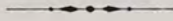
*You are love, you are light, you are all things—
You are nothing.*

*A smile, a word, a question, a glance,
So full of meaning . . . so empty.*

*Long hours spent together, long letters, deep
understanding,
So close we've been . . . so far apart.*

*How much I have learned, how much I have
laughed,
How much I have loved . . . how little I've
gained.*

*We've been friends, with your friends mine and
mine yours,
And now to what end? . . . Still I am alone.*



Paradox II

*I do not love you.
I love your eyes, your lips, your hair,
Your smile and your soft voice.
I want to hold you near and tell you
All you all you mean to me.
All you mean to me.*

*I do not want you near me,
To talk to you,
To laugh with you and see
Your smiling lips,
And long to kiss you.*

*Do not write to me
I shall answer your letters quickly
And leave unsaid
Many volumes.*

*Do not speak to me
Or I shall laughingly reply
And carry on this farce,
I do not love you!*

Study in Red

*You are warm like a glowing ember,
Your lips are a deep rich red,
Like the leaves in late September,
Is the hair upon your head.*

*Your cheeks take on a rosy hue,
Instead of their coral pink,
For something I have said to you,
For something that I think.*

*The mood of the study is RED;
Scarlet's the better word,
Only the nice things I've said . . .
The TRUTH will go unheard.*



Study in Blue

*Blue was the color of the skies,
Also the color of your eyes;
A royal blue and a pastel blue,
When you loved me, and I loved you.*

*Blue was the haze in the evening air,
Blue were the lights in your dark hair,
Harsh were the lights in your dark hair,
But harsh they were; we're now apart.*

*Blue as a mournful, wailing note,
Blue as the tender words I wrote,
So it seems, when I think of you,
The thoughts are sad; the Study . . . BLUE.*

I could smell the salt and feel the rhythm of the surging swells before my other senses could pick up the great mass of impersonal yet living water, the sea. However, the surrounding topography was a frame complimenting the great pacifier itself. Salt flats stretched till the eyes ached trying to master them. Scattered about were the crude products of man. Telegraph poles, with spun silvery wires hung between them, stretched away to and from nothing. The sun seared down upon the baked dunes and dried canals as if Dali had been God's architect in this design of life or perhaps death.

I rattled my borrowed jeep over the last span of the shore road and sank to a stop between a sandy mound and a tawdry shack. The rumble of the sea snuggled against my eardrums. I almost ran till I reached the hard sand nearest the surf. Here was comfort and something immeasurably greater than myself and man.

The cosmic took on its proper proportions again and I could think and feel and imagine. I could sing and scream if I wished and only I could complain.

I am nostalgic when I feel the sea—an inner urging for the medium whence we came? I do not know. To some, I do know, there is only loathing and hatred for the sea and its wiles. But I respect the sea and she fascinates me. She tempts me and dares me and I love her. So this sadness is not bitterness nor hatred. They are ugly. Sadness is beautiful. It is a rainy day at a small beach resort not too far from here and walking down the slick, wet boardwalk with the first girl I ever loved and holding hands while the rain and mist filled her hair with stars. Her eyes sparkled and life was new and grand.

I looked back into the glaring sun and this time, sadness was remembering men I once knew and places like a hilltop of a dusty Pacific isle and new-found White Horse Ale. We sat and drank White Horse Ale, thought of home, and smoked Joe's cigars.

Then afar I saw one of the myriad of illusory shapes become reality. An animal or a man was slowly closing the time between our meeting and passing.

The small figure labored over sand—sand which is as old as our possible conception of time. If for an instant, following the timepiece of these sands, he should fall he would be caressed and smothered; this insult to creation would be erased. Here along the waste which defines an ocean the ego-maniac may rave and scream till his puny vocal cords die and his lungs ache while the indifferent waves will only mumble unceasingly, roar more loudly. He can never shout them down. He walks and cries,

then runs and screams, and insensible time goes on. The infinite cares not who he is, where he goes, nor how he ends. This cursing speck will in time only blow away. He knows nothing and tears at the sands with his fists and falls exhausted.

I seemed to stand still, but beachwood and peculiar shells that were once ahead of me were now behind me, so I must have moved. It's hard to say . . . my friend whom I had conjured so many thoughts about was peering closely at a shell as I passed him. I walked on and thoughts, sand and horizon became blurred and indistinct. This was the peace and the comfort an agnostic needed to at least satisfy his questing if not to answer it.

*Iridescent sands,
Spasmodic thoughts,
Is there more of one,
Or less of the other?*



Dinners — Platters — Soda Fountain

•

•

At

•

•

MINNICK'S RESTAURANT

•

•

CLOSED ALL DAY MONDAY

•

•

Main Street in Trappe

Next to the historic Lutheran Church

EQUALITY OF MEN

I think that men should be given the same rights as women. Of course, it would mean the break-up of our whole social system, but anyone with eyes can see the abuses a person who happens to be born a man must accept. I have listed a few of the many persecutions of the male in the following paragraphs.

A man works most of his life from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., while his wife is at home, but more often, she is at a social gathering of some sort, or in town, window-shopping. A woman can't work if she wants to, because most industries and offices employ only men. The female, therefore, must resign herself to the fate of marrying and being supported. A man will work until he's sixty-five for a pension so he can lounge around the house until he dies. His wife has been lounging around the house since marriage. However, she did go through much more physical and mental strain than her husband before they were married, because it's quite difficult to catch a man, usually.

At the outbreak of the last war, the army needed men. It was the duty of all able-bodied men over eighteen years of age to enlist or eventually be drafted. Many of them, however, were not able-bodied men. Then the Wacs and Waves came into existence. All one saw in the movie shorts was how these patriotic women enlisted to serve their country. They received the same pay as men and worked in offices or called out numbers of planes as they landed on an air strip. Women weren't permitted to fight and yet some of them could have won a wrestling match in two out of three falls from the most decorated man in the army.

Who is always President? Harry works frantically trying to fulfill his election promises while Margaret goes on concert tours and Mrs. Truman watches circuses and supervises the building of balconies. Maybe the day will come when a woman will be made president and her husband will take naps on the White House couch.

A man can always divorce a woman if he wishes. All he has to do is give her half his income, his estate, and his children. If a woman sues for divorce, it's different. The ex-husband will be allowed to see his children and keep the car. Some day men are going to be granted alimony but not in my time.

The juries are completely biased in favor of women, because the juries consist almost entirely of women. Men usually aren't able to serve on juries because they are working to keep wifey in mink. If a wife decides her husband is unfaithful, she kills him with one of his own razor-blades. After a quick trial she goes free, for it was an honor killing. If a husband

decides his wife is unfaithful, he kills her and then gets the electric chair. This state of affairs isn't to be confused with what psychiatrists call the double standard.

There are about three million other accepted methods to misuse the male. Who pays the check, makes the telephone calls, and so forth?

Borneo tribes placed men on the same plane as women until the missionaries showed them that people aren't civilized unless the women are supreme. The only tribe left that considers men equal to women is the Arepesh, so when I'm twenty-one years old (you're not grown-up until you're twenty-one according to the latest poll), I'm going to Borneo and be uncivilized among the Arepesh, who are the only people on this earth that are sane.



BLOCK'S

FAMOUS FOR FAMOUS NAMES

IN OUR FASHION SHOP

Jaunty Junior • Swansdown • Sportleigh •
Judy Nell • Henry Rosenfeld • Jo Collins
• Minx Modes • Fruit of the Loom • Marilyn
Pilot • Wallace Co. • Juniorite • Le
Bandter • Formula • Belle Sharmeer •
Kayser • Formfit • Peter Pan • Playtex
• Rhythm Step.

IN OUR MEN'S STORE

Botany • Clipper Craft • Varsity Town •
Stuart Elliot • Phoenix • Bantamac • Man-
hattan • Resistol • Irvin Foster • Puritan
• Holeproof • Jerks • Nunn-Bush • Ward
Hill • Evans • Jantzen • Swank.

11 to 25 West Main Street
Norristown, Pa.

We Are the People

MARNA FELDT

*It's Spring, and the warm, sunlit, golden days
of summer
Stretch ahead of us. Winter has too soon been
left behind for us to forget
But autumn is too far ahead to visualize.
The yellow light in the sky shines down as a
new day breaks and calls to us.
We wake and the glory of life stirs our brain
and quickens our blood.
This day was made to make us think of sun and
sky and trees and grass.
We want to walk with heart held open to the
world.
We cannot think of material things like food
and drink today.
We want to think of life and love and why we
were given either.
The new day wakes and brings with it over the
brim of the earth the lives and living of
people all over the world.
And today, now, we are the people and this is
our day and we will live.*

Light

SALLY CANNAN

*This is a new spring morning
All aglow with light.
The willow tree shines softly;
The cherry tree shines white;
The forsythia shines yellow
Like sun brought down to earth;
The tiny infant morning
Is drowned in the light of birth.*

*Yet in the space of hours
Will not the shadows fall,
Spreading longer, growing taller
'Till they darken over all?
Will they not grow bluer, darker
'Til they thicken into night?
Oh tiny new spring morning,
They will conquer all your light!*

*Yet have I, within my power,
More potent shades than they,
Who in the space of minutes
Can quench this glowing day.
Foolish moods and idle dreamings,
Idle grief and foolish fears,
Shall I summon them to conquer
The light of youthful years?*

Spirit Disrupted

MARNA FELDT

*Oh, when I see the mystery
Of moon and stars and earth and sea,
I feel as if my world had died.
I dream again.*

*Those soft blue skies before my eyes
Hold visions that will soon arise
To grip my mind and stir my blood.
I dream again.*

*No one can say we live today,
Because what comes tomorrow may
Disrupt the spirit, blind the heart.
Never to dream again.*

Sonnet

DAVE HALLSTROM

*The fading day now gives to lucent dark
The glow that lit its counterpoise of dawn,
And then contracts into a gleaming spark
To light the stars on heaven's argent lawn.
Cool breezes stir, and brush against my face—
Time's feathers! that do here slip faintly by
And all my present dreams of love efface,
And all my hopes of future state decay.
This world pursues its way without remorse,
Too certainly the spring returns again,
And nowise can we turn our little force
To bend one link within the massive chain,
Unless by this, and other tuneful chimes
We ring the present down to future times.*

Comedians are people who think they are funny and get paid for convincing other people that they are funny. They tell jokes, sing foolish songs, and otherwise make themselves as ridiculous as possible, hoping all the while to excite their audiences into convulsions of laughter.

People who laugh at comedians are known as intelligentsia. They sit by their radios or in studios prepared to laugh at whatever the comedian says, regardless of humor. As the comedian makes statement after statement, not necessarily funny ones, the intelligentsia laugh continually harder until at length their laughter borders on mob hysteria. To prove the keenness of his own sense of humor, the comedian sometimes laughs with his audience. Such action is called "hamming."

One method to make people laugh that is employed by comedians is the "Hope-ful" method. This method consists almost entirely of self-ridicule. The following illustration will elucidate. "Just after I was born, my mother looked tenderly into my face and said, 'Call the doctor! There's been a dreadful mistake! They took the baby and left the stork!'"

The following two examples show the first stages of sadism.

"It was my first night in that theater and the tomatoes were all fresh. I was the first man who ever did a black-faced act in red face. One man in the audience stood and shouted, 'Give him a chance! Give him a chance!'—but they wouldn't listen to my brother."

"One theater I played in was so small a man in the balcony tried to comb my hair. (Brief pause before final punch line.)—Fortunately the usher made him put the axe back up on the wall."

Another method employed by comedians is known as the "Berle-esque," but common decency does not permit a truthful description of this category.

The next method to be considered is the "frame work" or "Skelton" method. (Because of his name, the founder has been accused of Communism.) The technique employed is based on the theory that children are to be laughed at. Usually it consists of a skit such as the following.

"Wulp! Here I is—all alone! (Much laughter from audience.) My mommy gone off an' lef' me all alone in dis big department store. (Giggling from audience.) Now she oughta know better'n that! (Violent laughter from audience.) Dere's a wittle swed! (Snickers.) I wonder if it work. (Chuckles.) If I do I git a wuppin'! (Several haw-haws.)—I dood it! (Screams of laughter that rock the studio for a full five minutes. As the laughter finally subsides there is heard the patter of running feet followed by the most exaggerated crash in

the history of show business. Then a brief pause.)—maybe it work beter wif snow!" Of course the last statement breaks all the evening's records for response.

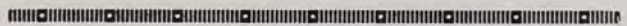
By some trick of genius, some comedians graduate into the field of genuine humor, but these men tend to become "has-beens" before they reach real fame.

In order that comedians may obtain the highest salaries in the history of the human race, redundant praises of the products of certain craftsmen and industries must dominate every show. These are called commercials. Fortunately, this is not the place to comment on them. One of the higher-bred comedians who has had much difficulty in retaining sponsors made this comment about his own half-hearted commercial: "Now I don't suppose that commercial sold very much Rayve Shampoo. Its purpose was to convince you that Rayve Shampoo is the best shampoo on the market so that you'll rush right out to the drug store and get some. The money you spend will go to my sponsor who in turn will give a small portion of it to me so that I will tell you about Rayve Shampoo so that you will rush right out to the drug store and—oh well, you get the idea!"

One particular comedian employs the method of dragging his humor through an imaginary alley. His reason for this is that all the characters on his show live in this alley. I suppose this type of humor would be classified as "alley" humor.

Another comedian finds it necessary to carry on a personal feud with a comedian from a different program. His good-natured slander under any other circumstances would be considered sheer libel, and he would probably lose a goodly portion of his wealth or his liberty.

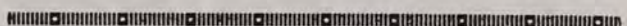
Radio engineering has advanced so far in the last few years that now one not only may hear the comedian, but he may also see him. Heaven help us if it advances far enough to enable smell to be transmitted.



POWERS MEN'S SHOP

Arrow Shirts *Interwoven Hosiery*
Ties *Sweaters* *Sport Shirts*
Belts *Underwear, Etc.*

346 Main Street Collegeville, Pa.



George, wake up. You're snoring again.
 Zzzzzzzzzzz!

George!
 Huh, what-za-matter, dear?
 You're snoring again and I can't sleep.
 I was? I'm sorry dear; I won't snore again.
 Now go back to sleep.
 George, are you awake?
 I am now.
 Well, don't go to sleep; I want to talk to you.
 Look, honey, can't it wait until morning, I have a big test in Chemistry tomorrow and if I don't get some sleep I won't be—
 George, did you hear the baby cry?
 No. I'm telling you I have a big exam tomorrow. Now if I don't get some sleep—
 George! Go see if the baby's all right.
 But I've got—Oh, all right.
 Was he all right?
 Yes. He was fine. Now let's get some sleep.
 All right, but I thought I heard him cry.
 No—he's perfectly all right. Now let's get some sleep, huh? Good night!
 Good night.
 George—
 What is it now?
 I was thinking—
 Well, think in the morning will you, I need my rest.
 But I was thinking how nice it would be if you could get that raise. Then we could have a new washer.
 Yea, that would be O.K., but that old one's not so bad—you don't have to go running down to the laundermat all the time with an armful of diapers to be washed.
 But it's always breaking down. You know last week it broke when I was washing and I never did get the towels done.
 How well I know—I had to use clean diapers after I took a shower, to dry on.
 It could be worse.
 I don't know how—no diapers to dry on maybe.
 Oh, George—
 I'm going to sleep—now good night.
 But what about the raise?
 I'll talk about it in the morning. Now I'm going—to—get—som—zzzzzzz
 I wonder if the fire is going out—it's getting cold in here. George!
 Huh, what? Oh, what is it now? If I snore I can't help it.
 You're not snoring, but I feel cold; did you check the fire before you came to bed?
 Sure, I checked the fire before I came to bed.
 Well, it's awfully cold in here. You'd better go check it and it's almost time for the baby's bottle, so you can warm his milk up, too.
 Look, for the last time—oh, what's the use?
 George, can you hear me?

Sure I can hear you; so can all the neighbors.
 Well, how's the fire?
 It's almost out.
 I thought you said you checked it.
 I thought I did; maybe it slipped my mind.
 It'll be O.K. now.
 Don't forget the baby's milk.
 O.K., O.K.
 Don't get it too hot.
 Don't you think I know how to do it?
 Well, don't let it burn him.
 Well, everything is taken care of — now maybe I can get to bed and get some sleep.
 George—
 Yes—Dear Lord, give me strength!
 Do you love me?
 Sure, I love you, but I'll love you more when I've had some sleep.
 Oh George—you don't love me.
 Sure I do honey; now don't cry. Here, let me kiss those tears away. Now, everything's all right. I'll get a raise and we'll get a new washer. How's that sound?
 Well—
 You know I love you, now let's get some sleep, huh?
 All right.
 Goodnight. I have a — big — test — in — zzzzzz.
 George—
 What now?!!
 You're snoring again and if you . . .

Johnny Hoffmann's

EAGLE'S NEST HOTEL

Where the Perkiomen Crosses Route 113

RAHNS, PA.

Full Course Dinner

Daily — Sunday

Banquets - Steamed Clams

Collegeville 2671

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

## RAIN

*I like rainy days. The world is quiet for the moment and people know each other again. Beneath every roof little groups gather and the cold barrier of every-day indifference tumbles as they feel secure together against a common foe—the rain. The brightness that was outdoors has moved in. Each unit feels distinct and apart from the next and there is satisfaction in knowing that the privacy will not be invaded.*

*The pace of living slows as people pause to watch the rain through runny windows and breathe the damp sweet smells of the wetness, and the ever-present tension that prevails in the modern age lessens a little as if that rain is an excuse to relax and forget for a minute.*

*When dusk creeps in, the home becomes a sanctuary against the cold, moist darkness; no one leaves and no one wants to. There is only the soft din of the rain on the roofs and twinkling of lights and all is serene and quiet.*

RICHARD GRADWOHL.

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

## BURKE'S PROP ROOM

FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE

CHOICE BEVERAGES

SANDWICHES

Reservations for Parties

"Stop in and See the Old Goat"

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

## ROCCO'S

Where Students Congregate

Television

Try Our

FRESH LOBSTER, FLOWN IN DAILY

ALL TYPES

SANDWICHES AND FULL COURSE MEALS

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~



COLLEGE DINER

Excellent Food — Efficient Service

Open Around the Clock

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.



~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

## SARA-LEE

Dresses

Gifts

Mrs. Gunnar Rambo

550 Main Street, Trappe

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

All was silent when he awoke. Something had startled him from his sleep, and yet, he could now find no reason for the tension which gripped him. It was as if someone had shouted to him, then disappeared; someone—no one—everyone.

The small clearing in which he lay was cold and moist with the penetrating dampness of early morning. All was still and deathly quiet, like a still-life, and any minute he expected the trees to leap up and perform an erotic dance. He could hear the sounds which a small stream made as it bubbled over rocks and turned away into the maze of trees. Mist clung to the water, partially veiling the solid green of the foliage on the other side. He squinted at the grey light which filtered through the trees.

As he lay there, he stretched and yawned and rubbed his eyes. Getting up stiffly, walked slowly to the stream and plopped to his knees on the soggy grass which bordered it. And there, Narcissus-like, he could see his face staring soullessly at him from beneath the surface of the water. Experimentally, he dipped his hand into it and stirred his reflection into a broken pattern. With an exasperated sigh, he quickly plunged both hands into the icy liquid, scooped some up in his cupped hands, and dashed it onto his face. Again and again the hands scooped and dashed water against his face and neck.

He wiped some of the water off his face with his hands, got up, and walked back to where his sleeping body had crushed the grass and had made its impression on the soft ground. Sitting down heavily, he leaned back against the trunk of a tree. A squirrel stopped its digging, looked quizzically at this strange animal, and then went back to its digging again.

He huddled against the wet, clammy trunk of the tree, and his eyes had a vague far-off stare as he gazed at the boundless sea of red-grey sky which looked like a discordant patchwork quilt. He lowered his eyes and looked slowly about the clearing in which he lay. Everything seemed the same. A dark, impenetrable wall of trees surrounded him except for the two narrow places where the darkness almost reluctantly broke to permit the stream to pour through. He saw the spot where he had entered the clearing, the spot where the grass and dense underbrush had been crushed and broken. He then looked forebodingly, almost fearfully, at the spot where he must leave it. There was nothing more to be seen in the half-dark early morning save the red-grey dawn as it peered through the ragged screen of leaves above him. And a thousand scarlet suns danced mutely on the ripples of the stream before him to the strains of the early

morning calls of the robin and starling, and the sounds of the water's rushing.

He got up on stiff, cramped legs and scanned the edge of the clearing for something to eat; but there was no hand there to give him food, no hand to pour tongue-numbing coffee into an immaculate white saucer, no thick, rich cream, no sterile-white sugar. His eyes fell on the stream and reaching down he broke some branches off a bush. In a few minutes, he had fashioned a crude fishing net. Wading knee deep into the rushing water, he waited, facing down stream, net poised.

A small trout fought its way slowly against the powerful current of the stream. He saw it, waited, and at the right moment the net shot down in a short, swift arc and plunged into the water, engulfing the fish. Smiling triumphantly, he pulled the net up, but the smile soon vanished, and he watched the net, still entangling the struggling trout, float downstream. He took a step forward as if to run after it, then checked himself, for the net and fish had already been borne far downstream. The hoop of boughs was still in his hand. He looked at it dejectedly, then angrily flung it as far from him as he could.

The sun was up now, driving the damp morning mist before it and bringing in its stead the calm heat of day. A light breeze made a rustling noise as it floated languidly through the ageless forest.

He paced slowly back and forth in the clearing, gazing despondently at the solid green around him. He paced back and forth with an insatiable hunger tearing at his entrails. With slow, hesitant steps, he walked to the side of the clearing where the growth was unbroken. He stopped for a moment as if he had no wish to go on, but soon yielded to the relentless force which drove him onward, finally carrying him to the top of a mountain, showing him all the kingdoms of the world, only to strike him blind, to dash him to the rocks below, to hurl him mercilessly into abysmal pits of despair. He plunged into the wall and his dirt streaked body soon disappeared into the cool, dark shadows: our prometheus unbound, gone to his rock, his bird, and his chain. Then there was no sound save the bubbling noises which the creek made as it tumbled and hurried to a river and on to an ocean—a million rivers and a thousand oceans—infinity.

All around the clearing, the trees stared timelessly at the stream and the vacated home of the visitor. They watched the faint impression which he had made on the grass as it became more faint, finally resuming its former shape—as if he had never lain on it. Our Endymion was gone. "Toll for the brave! The brave that are no more!"

"Does it seem strange to you that I, a renowned psychiatrist, am in the Death House awaiting execution? I am a lonely man, without friends or loved ones; but then I think they want you to be lonely here. I don't mind the confinement of my cell; I won't be here long enough to mind it, but I do wish I had someone to talk to.

"Will you listen to my story?

"You see, my wife was in the way! I had married her for social position and she was beautiful, but I didn't love her. I felt tied down, and then I fell in love. She was too furious to grant me a divorce; yes, she was in the way. She must have sensed it, for I found her train ticket—bought that afternoon. After dinner I drove to the city. By the time I reached the terminal and boarded the train I had decided what to do.

"It was later that night and everyone in the dimly lit coach of the train was sleeping except me. I was not asleep, for I had been watching for the suburban junction at which the train was now stopped. As I sank down into my seat, my attention was drawn to a young woman hurriedly boarding the train. I saw her appear at the far end of the coach, and slowly and unsteadily make her way down the narrow aisle until she came to the first vacant seats, the last seats in the coach—those opposite mine.

"She was a tall woman with light hair. She wore a dark tailored suit and a small dark hat with a veil. Hastily she sat down in the seat nearest the window and turned her veiled face, apparently to escape observation, toward the window.

"When the train began to move once again, the young woman slowly began to remove her gloves, and then with bowed head she removed her hat. She took from her purse a shiny gold cigarette case. As she lit a cigarette, the glow of her lighter illumined for me one of the most beautiful faces I had ever seen. It was only a fleeting glance, but in that instant I caught all of her beauty. Her skin was light and clear, and her nose and lips were well-shaped. There was an anxiety in her face which seemed to show that she had recently feared something. As the train gained momentum, she appeared to relax and settle comfortably into her seat. All was quiet except for the sound of the wheels on the tracks and the long mournful wail of the train whistle.

"As is natural for a psychiatrist, I began to analyze further the emotions she had shown in those past few minutes. It was apparent that she was running away from something—something which she feared. Her hurried arrival on the train exemplified the fact that she had waited until the last moment to board hoping to avert all possible chances of being noticed.

She had waited until the train departed from the station before she lit the cigarette her system craved, waiting for fear the light would attract attention, yet badly in need of relieving the tension which must have been mounting in that fear-racked mind. Now she was relaxed, feeling secure in the moving train which drew farther and farther away from the fear she thought she had left behind. From her deep breathing I concluded that she had fallen asleep. Her beauty and distress of mind would have deeply affected those sleeping about her had they been awake. As for me, I surely would have felt compassion for her under any other circumstances.

"The next morning when I went to breakfast I saw that she was still asleep. When I returned from the dining-car to my coach, I came upon a scene of confusion. I saw, being carried from the train, a covered figure. I asked a trainman what had happened. He informed me that a young woman who had boarded the train late the night before had been found strangled. It was she. I returned to my seat, sank down into it as before, and watched from my window. She was now certainly free from fear. I, too, was free, for it was my wife they were carrying away."

COLLEGEVILLE 2281

QUINNIES LUNCHEONETTE

*Fountain Service . . . Tasty Sandwiches . . . Platters
Juke Box Dancing . . . Television
Q-Ball*

RIDGE PIKE

1 MILE E. COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

JOE QUINN, Prop.

ROUTE 422

Atlantic Gasoline & Oils

Approved Atlantic Lubrication

Lee Tires — Exide Batteries

WOLF ATLANTIC SERVICE

LLOYD L. WOLF, Prop.

460 Main Street Collegeville, Pa.

Phone: Collegeville 2371

DREAM'S RENDEZVOUS

"Where Ecstasy Becomes Reality"
THE SERVICE YOU LIKE TO
HAVE WITH THE FOOD YOU
LIKE TO EAT. HOME MADE
PIES & CAKES — ZEPS DELIV-
ERIES ON PURCHASES OVER
75 CENTS. DELICIOUS HOME
COOKED MEALS.

COLLEGEVILLE 3521

504 Main Street Collegeville, Pa.

Drop in any time . . .

we'll be seeing you!

Dave and Joe Monjar

Phone: 6071

RAFFEO'S FOOD MARKET

MEATS — FRUITS

GROCERIES

FROZEN FOOD

502 Main Street

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Entries for the contest must be
deposited in Room 13 of Bomberger
Hall.

CONTEST WINNERS:

BLAINE BENNETT
BOB FISHER
RON FRANKEL
DOROTHY GARRIS
DICK HARRIS
MARION HURTZ
BEN MYERS
BOB ROSENBERGER
DOROTHY SANDBECK
SHIRLEY WEIDKNECHT

QUESTIONS

- A** Aslant, I lie surrounded by a word
Which twice repeats a virtue which you've heard.
- B** A letter (from the Greek), a conjunction (transposed),
One from Flanders, here reflected and posed.
- C** A ten dollar bill, and the term "to sell"
Gives one a title, if they're combined well.

Answers and names of winners will be available at
magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

Chesterfield

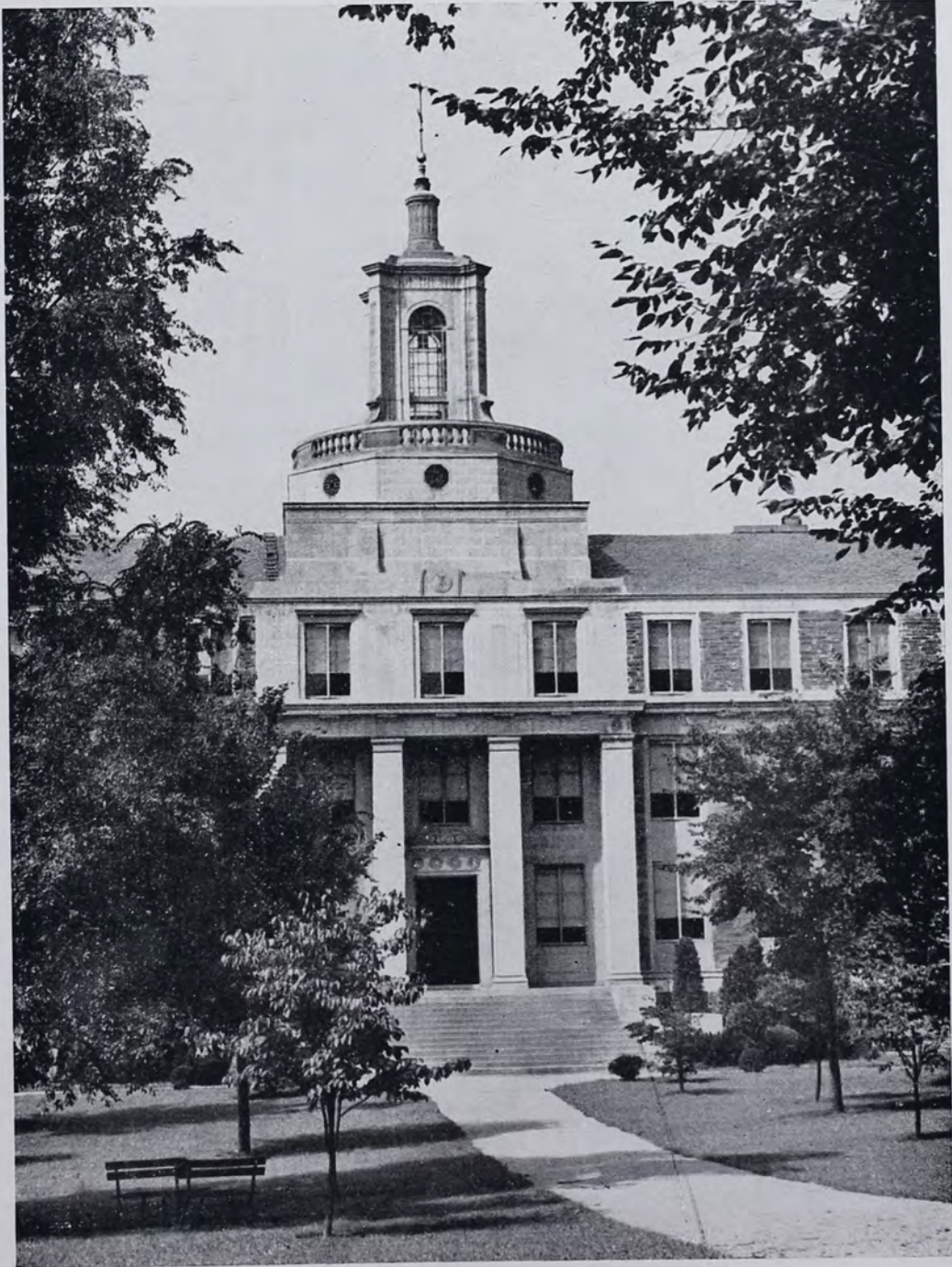
RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** BARBARA HALE. An arrow is a "barb"; a constellation
is "Ara"; hearty is "hale."
 - B** THE FIGURE 4, is made by the manner in which the
Stork's legs are crossed.
 - C** MULLINS. To heat and spice is "mull." Add taverns
(inns) and the whole answer becomes Mullins.
- WINNERS...

URSINUS COLLEGE



COLLEGEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

See RHONDA FLEMING
CO-STARRING IN
"The Eagle and the Hawk"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



"Smoke my cigarette, Chesterfield,
they're Milder... *much Milder*"

Rhonda Fleming

"...THAT'S RIGHT. CHESTERFIELDS ARE MILDER. I know
that for a fact, because raising tobacco is my business, and
Chesterfield buys the best mild, ripe tobacco I grow. Beside
that, Chesterfield has been my steady smoke for 11 years."

C. J. Gholson

PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER
WYLLIESBURG, VA.

A *Always* **B** *Buy* **C** **CHESTERFIELD**

The Best Cigarette for You to Smoke