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The Lantern Vol. 23, No. 1, December 1954

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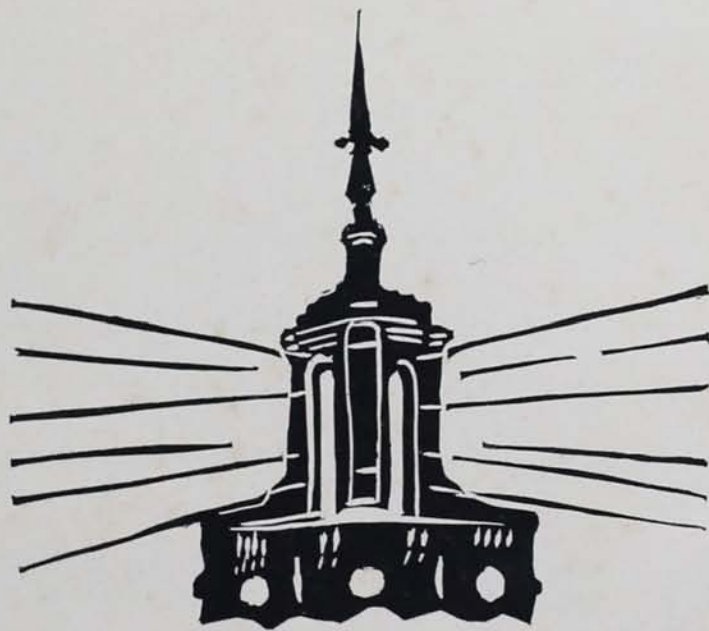
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Authors

Harold Smith, Roland Dedekind, Tommy Thompson, Leonard Stockler, Karl Billman, and Charles Hudnut

the Lantern

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Fall 1954

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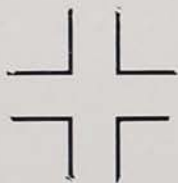
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The LANTERN

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From the Tower Window



Turning the Pages

by HAROLD SMITH

A look at a news-stand in any American community is usually a pretty discouraging experience. The ghee (this is the printer's word for the free use of sex) on covers is enough to nauseate and fails to be even mildly entertaining. The current tastes in "comic" book covers is quite enough to complete the inclination to reverse peristalsis. Taste in pulp literature seems to be totally lacking. But, total lack of taste is not the case on soon discovers upon taking more than just a "look" at the community news-stand. Indeed, a few little rays of hope in soft covers can occasionally be found (too often behind or under some of the ever present ghee-doctored matter). Perhaps a brief examination of some of these rays of hope which yours truly has found will encourage those inclined toward non-ghee writings to patronize again the establishments of the soft-covered book vendors.

One of the real gems to be found on our news-stands today is *The Imitation of Christ* (that great religious classic by Thomas a' Kempis), a Cardinal edition published by Pocket Books Inc. This book hits a new high for pocket books in many respects. First of all, it brings to the people of today one of the greatest pieces of devotional literature ever written in one of the most readily available modern forms. The book is a priceless piece of religious thought and is a perfect product of Christian mysticism. The disputed authorship of this work can never detract from its greatness. (Gerhard Groot (1340-1384) and Thomas a' Kempis are both credited with this book). This edition of *The Imitation of Christ* is also particularly fine from the point of view of illustration; it is illustrated by Valenti Angelo in the "modern" manner and in a way that strikes a new high in the use of art in literary works.

The Mentor books, published by the New American Library, has also put out a fine line of pocket books which cover a great number of fields. Some of the finer titles that are currently available from this publisher that I have covered are *The Prince* (Machiavelli's classic work), *The Age of Jackson* (Arthur M. Schlesinger's classic study), *Coming of Age in Samoa* (Margaret Mead's study of a primitive culture) and *The Meaning of the Glorious Koran* (with an explanation by Marmaduke Pickthall). The entire

(Continued on Page 16)



Now Showing

by KARL (ATKINSON) BILLMAN '56

With the fall theater season well under way by now we note several important events in the entertainment world. The opening of the new season in television has proved more beneficial to the motion picture industry than to "TV" itself. Both major televising companies have had tremendous expensive "flops" with their new line of color spectacles. In fact, there has not been a "hit" yet. However, these "flops" have helped the movie business, and theater managers are dusting off the long forgotten "Standing Room Only" signs. The movie goer has seen several fine "flicks" this fall (we aren't denying that there were quite a few "ringers" produced by Hollywood this year too though); some of these fall "flicks" ought to be hot contenders in the Academy Award in March. We pick *On the Waterfront* and *A Star Is Born* as two of these films of outstanding quality and merit.

Anyone who has seen *On the Waterfront* should be convinced by now that Marlon Brando can do anything. His portrayal of Terry Malloy is as great as, if not greater than that of Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Both characters called for the ultimate in ability and interpretation. Once again Brando proved to the movie-going world that he is just about the greatest and most versatile actor in the business. (Just in passing we note his next role is the lead in the film version of *Guys and Dolls*, adapted from the Broadway musical.) *Waterfront* is a very powerful and bold drama of the New York waterfront and reveals all the horror and brutality of some of the gangs that rule this waterfront. The entire film was "shot" on locality and is a masterpiece of black and white photography. Much caution was taken during the filming because of several threats from some of the waterfront gangs—the cameras were seeing too much. Along with Brando there is an excellent supporting cast with Eva Marie Saint as Malloy's girl and Karl Malden as the priest. Miss Saint gives a particularly warm and moving interpretation to her role as the young girl who was in love with Brando, even though he was, in part, responsible for the murder of her brother. With the expert direction of Elia Kazan (*Streetcar, Tea and Sympathy*), a bold story, realistic photography, a superb cast (including many extras hired from among the waterfront workers themselves), and

(Continued on Page 15)

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Afternoon Interview

(A Dramatic Monologue)

HAROLD SMITH

In a law office

"That which you ask of me can easily be obtained. For, marriages are not things so strong that they cannot be broken.

And, at a most reasonable price.

But come, be seated, for there are things we must talk about.

Comfortable? A cigarette perhaps? Good! Now then.

We need not worry about the law, for the law is only as effective as those who make and enforce it.

And, those who make and enforce it in this state did not, purposely, make it too strict.

I suppose that is the reason for your coming here. At any rate, you need not worry, or think your case is different.

For, we have many cases like yours every day, and, we usually manage to please.

And, as I've said before, at a most reasonable price.

Your reason for wanting a divorce is a good one, and I'm sure the court can be made to agree.

The modifications and additions to the initial complaint of mental cruelty can be taken care of easily.

But, I'll see to all that.

The initial fee will be five hundred dollars.

Good, you have the cash.

I trust you won't need a receipt?

Fine!

Come to my office about eleven tomorrow; everything will be taken care of; the court business won't take long.

Good afternoon.

One hundred, two, three, three fifty, four, four fifty, five.

Miss Scott, send in my next client!"

Observation

by TOMMY THOMPSON

*Did you ever notice that in a man's face
You can see his blessings and his disgrace?
Did you ever notice that in a man's hands
You can see the power that sifted the sands?
And did you ever notice that in a man's eyes
You can catch a glimpse of Paradise?
And perhaps you noticed that in a man's ways
You can see the beauty that follows his days.
But, did you notice that in a man's heart
You can see the courage that was his at the start?
Yes, so you can tell his character and grain.
But, there are secrets in him that will remain.
Never unlocked until love takes the key,
And shows his true self to you and me.*

Time

by TOMMY THOMPSON

*Time goes fast
And time goes slow.
Time goes any way
You want it to go.*

Editorial:

A Clear and Present Need at Ursinus

The election to the post of Editor-in-Chief of a magazine like the *Lantern* is termed an honor by a few. Those who have held the post for the past three years have found the "honor" to be more in the nature of a headache; I am no exception to this rule.

Of all campus activities, the *Lantern* receives the least amount of moral support from the student body. This sad fact is the fault of both the *Lantern* staff and said student body. A campus activity can be no better than the people who participate in the activity; this holds true for the *Lantern* too; it can be no better than the material that is submitted for publication.

There are not a few self-styled "critics" on the campus who offer, quite freely, all sorts of suggestions for the "improvement" of this magazine. Yet, when the call for editors, staff members and/or material goes out, the "critics" aren't to be found among those who do something about making the *Lantern* what it is. Suggestions from these "critical" sources are usually either impossible or ridiculous or both.

Perhaps the most frequently heard objection of these "critics" is that the *Lantern* isn't a humor magazine. (Lovers and knowers of good grammar and spelling often manage to find it humorous enough however, but then these are few and hard to find.) The simplest way to counter this complaint is to point out that the *Lantern* is ordained and chartered by the faculty as a literary journal. The interest that the *Lantern* caters to is not the same interest which a humor magazine appeals to. Yet, the interest which the *Lantern* appeals to should find an ample public on any campus.

I hope that the two above paragraphs will not be misunderstood. The *Lantern* is far from above criticism; there is nothing that can rise above real criticism. But, there is no reason that the *Lantern* should be criticized because of a campus prejudice alone, especially when it makes definite gains and attempts to improve. (Basically, the whole anti-*Lantern* feeling on campus is nothing more than the worst kind of inherited prejudice; this becomes quite clear if it is given a little thought.) Also, there is no reason for the *Lantern's* being dull or uninteresting.

This is the first issue of the *Lantern* for the academic year 1954-1955; it is not as good an issue as I'd like it to be, nor as poor as some past issues. A great deal of hard work has been put into this issue by many people; this work (so often unappreciated by so many on campus) deserves a fair hearing and reading. This work needs criticism; but, again, the criticism should not be the blind and prejudiced criticism that it has been so often in the past.

The *Lantern* wants to improve itself, and it can, with help. Contributions for the March issue are needed right now. (How often people

wait until their senior year before placing a manuscript in the box at the desk in the Library, and, only then, find that they can write something that others want to read.) Our drive for subscriptions (badly needed if a photography section and a new cover are to be added to later editions) has bogged down because of the apathy encountered. Advertising is also needed; here, largely because of a very capable Business Manager, our need is less pressing, however. Most of all, the *Lantern* needs the support of the campus.

I don't apologize for this issue of the *Lantern* because I know that it is the very best issue that could be produced with the present support on campus. The Editorial Staff picked the best of the material submitted and did its best to present it as it should be presented. If the material doesn't suit *you*, *you* can do your part to make the March issue better. The opportunities on the staff and in contributing are always open. This issue of the *Lantern*, and every issue of the *Lantern*, is only as good as the campus will let it be.

HAROLD SMITH

Perfection

TOMMY THOMPSON

*The person who has no enemies
And has a score of friends;
Who can always tell where the
Right thing starts,
And where the wrong thing ends.
The person who is perfect
And has a level head
Oh! he, my fine and mellow friends,
He, alas, is dead!*

Country Road

ROLAND DEDEKIND

*The country road still winds among the fields,
The shrubbery by its edges just as green,
But somehow since you've gone it's lost its feel
Of being more than other country scenes.
When we walked hand in hand along the stretch
Of whiteness, darkening with the coming dusk,
The faintest scent of perfume could but catch
A wave of air instilled with summer's musk.
Each vine and bush took on a greater form,
Each meant a piece of conversation past,
But none could prophesize the coming storm
Which barely brushed a petal as it passed.
A storm which did not blacken up the sky
With clouds of rain or jagged threads of light,
A storm which only brushed us, passing by,
And opened up a rift for coming night.
Time wears a different garment by my side;
She looks no longer ages far ahead.
The end is but a short indifferent ride
Since two had parted in the sunset red.*

The Other Side of the Sun

by ROLAND DEDEKIND

I arrived at the Lakeford mansion at ten o'clock Friday night; I parked my car and walked up the gravel path leading to the front door. As I neared the house, I could see the bright light shining through the spacious windows. Distorted squares of brightness fell on autumn ground which was soggy from a light, all-day rain.

When the massive oak door was opened at my knock, I saw at once a sea of people laughing boisterously. After the doorman took my hat and coat, I helped myself to a cocktail from the tray an everpresent butler held. As I slowly sipped my drink, I scanned the guests.

I recognized several persons from my newspaper contacts; the others might have been from any prosperous business. However, I saw that an undiminished supply of cocktails had blurred the small social inhibitions each of these people possessed. Each person was now a factor in the machinery of a party.

Well-pressed suits were now slightly baggy; neatly combed hair was now tousled; clear, well-trained voices were now stumbling and coarse-toned. Many of the people present relied on each other for mutual support. The bright light from the chandeliers suspended from the high ceiling reflected from the glossy white walls and blinded those persons who dared look around.

But through the loud jokes and spasmodic laughter, I heard the clear, yet soft notes of a piano. I looked around the room and caught sight of a gleaming Steinway standing in a remote corner. Apparently no one was listening to the music, for all were engaged in an endless flow of conversation. I threaded my way among the drifting groups until I stood by the grand piano. I recognized the strains of Chopin's "Grande Valse Brilliante."

The melody rose and fell in well-modulated sweeps, each note linking perfectly with the others. The music created its own special world around the piano; and, as though the guests sensed that the playing would draw them away from the main body of company, they remained beyond its influence.

The "Grande Valse Brilliante" ended and the "Polanaise" commenced. It was played with an air of assurance and with a style as near to that of Paderewski as I had ever heard. I turned to look more closely at the pianist.

He was a tall, gaunt man with rather short blond hair. His face was angular and his thin lips bore the faintest trace of a wry smile. His clothes were faultless, every crease exact, every detail perfect. Large, thin hands gently brushed the ivory keyboard on the runs and struck forcefully on the chords.

However, it was not any of these aspects which impressed me most, but rather his eyes. They were the most striking feature about him, green in color and deeply reflective. In them I could see every mood created by the selection he was playing. At times, there were flashes of a huge



audience, listening, feeling, waiting, knowing that they might never hear such music again in their lifetimes.

He played for *those* people, detached and in accordance with the written message of the composer.

The "Valse" began. I looked up at the crowd, which was laughing, drinking, and telling jokes, and I felt disgusted.

I handed my glass to a passing butler and refused another drink. I had just turned away from the piano when a deep quiet voice spoke up behind me.

"Do you know whose music this is?"

I turned quickly to again meet the green eyes. I saw now that they were tired, old; they had tiny crow-feet in the corners.

"Yes," I answered, "it's Chopin, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," he echoed sadly. "A great master. It's quite a pity. . ." He left the sentence unfinished. Then he rested his elbows silently on the keyboard and laid his head in his hands.

I turned and quickly walked through the jostling crowd. When I reached the door, I put on my hat and coat and stepped out into the early morning air. With a grim satisfaction, I noticed a heavy rain was falling.

Night Rider

TOMMY THOMPSON

*When night lowers his murky curtain,
And all is quiet and still without,
The shadows, shrouded in inky blackness,
Slink and steal about.
Then the echoing noise of hoofbeats
Disrupts the stillness of the night.
The hoofbeats grow louder and louder still,
As a mysterious figure gallops into sight.
The mysterious tyrant drives his horses onward,
Ever onward through city and town,
And on his pallid face he wears the smirk
Of a sneering, sardonic clown.
He pounds his iron fists upon doors and windows.
When refused admittance he moans and sighs,
For the wind knows he is destined to be lonely
forever
And must ride, unwanted, ever onward through
the skies.*

The Strange Success of the Peculiar John Wellington Finchley HAROLD SMITH

Scene: The offices of the brokerage firm of Clifford L. Harris Inc., over-the-counter specialists and traders. Right stage there is the door to the outer office and board room; next to this door there is a switchboard. Ruth, the phone operator, is taking calls as the curtain rises. Center stage is the door to the private office of Clifford L. Harris III. To the right of this door is the desk of Mr. Harris' secretary, Miss Ivy Hays, who is also at her designated office station as the curtain opens. Left stage, set rather apart from the rest of the room, is a desk crowded by huge volumes of Moody's Service and other financial services and documents. Left stage there are also files and bookcases broken by a door to a tiny reference room. Ivy is typing and Ruth is answering a call as the curtain opens.

RUTH: Mr. Bender will give you a quote on that in a moment Madam; please be patient; he's quite busy this morning. (to Ivy) What a day this has been!

IVY: It isn't even twelve yet, kid, so just settle down!

RUTH: This deal of C.L.'s must really be something; he's been making a call every five minutes for the past few days. Oh! Oh! Here's trouble! Mrs. Harris calling his nibs.

IVY: Old Tillie! Cliff will *really* need encouragement after that old bag chews his ear off!

(John W. Finchley emerges from the Research Room. He is stooped, grey-haired, and is dressed in a shabby but neat manner. He has old fashioned spectacles on the end of his nose and he is carrying several books and a pile of old yellowed papers. He goes to his desk and soon is lost in labor over the pile of papers.)

RUTH: What does he ever do with all that junk?

IVY: I don't know, but he's been doing it for the past fifty years.

(Finchley returns to the Research Room.)

RUTH: He worked for C.L. number one didn't he? Well, what's he got to show for it?

IVY: Mr. Harris says that he should be respected by everyone in the office for his great services to the company.

RUTH: I guess he's respected all right. But what's he got for it? Fifty years around this place! (shakes her head)

C.L. (comes out of his office) Miss Hays, I expect Mr. Johnston and Mr. Bulton. Ruth, let me know if they call to change their plans; I'll be in the Board Room. And, oh yes, if my wife calls again, I'm not in.

IVY: (to Ruth) I told you so!

FINCHLEY: (comes out of the Research Room with a paper) Mr. Harris, I've finished the review of those Texas public utilities.

C.L. Fine, Finchley! Good work! Get it to the printer will you? Ten thousand will be enough.

FINCHLEY: Yes sir.

C.L. By the way, do you know how many shares

of New Consolidated Products there are outstanding?

FINCHLEY: New Consolidated Products: preferred sixty thousand outstanding against one hundred thousand authorized; common four hundred thousand five hundred outstanding against five hundred thousand authorized.

C.L. Fine, of course I knew you'd know it. (is about to turn and leave but returns and addresses Finchley again) You know, Finchley, that's one of yours that hasn't been doing so well. You recommended it to our customers at 18 and it's $3\frac{1}{4}$ now.

FINCHLEY: It's an excellent outfit though, sir.
C.L. Be that as it may. Oh yes, have a boy pick up that Texas Public Utilities letter and take it to the printer, Miss Hays.

FINCHLEY: Sir! If you don't mind, sir. Er—I'll take the letter to the printer, and then have an early lunch.

C.L. Of course, Finchley, of course. Go ahead.

RUTH: Mr. Harris, Mr. Johnston's secretary just called to say he might be late.

C.L. Well she'd know if anyone would; she's his wife save for a detail.

IVY: Cliff!

C.L. Yes dea—Miss Hays.

IVY: There are a few things.

C.L. I'll take care of them later. I'll be in the boardroom if anything comes up Ruth.

(Finchley prepares to exit right, but steps back and allows Bulton to enter; Finchley then exits with a bundle of papers and a lunchbox.)

C.L. Good to see you Bulton.

BULTON: How's it going C.L.?

C.L. Ruth, you can go to lunch now; Miss Hays can cover the board.

RUTH: Yes sir! (exits right hurriedly)

C.L. Ivy! Get Bender in the Board room. Ask for the latest quotes on New Consolidated Products. Bulton, the thing's been diving all morning. I think it lost at least two more points. We've been edging it down now for four months, but now I think we've hit.

BULTON: When do we start to buy it back?

C.L. I figure at around $2\frac{1}{2}$. Maybe a little lower.

IVY: Bender says it's being offered at $2\frac{1}{2}$ with no takers. The highest bid is 2.

C.L. Fine! Bulton, we'll start buying at 2% . I figure that for around half a million we'll be able to get ourselves a company that's worth around twenty times that, not counting its growth.

BULTON: And what we can make out of other little things! I was talking with Greene and some of the other New Consolidated directors and they can't figure it out. They're a young and green bunch; not much capital or practicality. I'll bet not one of 'em has made much for himself out of that thing.

C.L. We'll need some of them as managers, though.

BULTON: They'll work cheap.

C.L. But first we have to beat out the wise money.
BULTON: And how! I have to cover the 19,000 shares I'm short.

C.L. I have to cover too, but don't worry. Ivy, ask Bender about New Consolidated again.

(Johnston enters)

JOHNSTON: The street thinks New Consolidated is ready to go under. No one will touch it. The wise money won't even give it a outside chance.

IVY: Mr. Bender says that there was a sale for 2½. Bid is now 2 with 2½ asked.

C.L. Good! Ivy you're going to get that necklace from Tiffany's.

IVY: Oh Cliffy! (runs to C.L. and hugs him, kisses him, etc.)

BULTON: Well C.L., do we move in now?

C.L. Yes! Let's start to take all we can at 2½.

JOHNSTON: (happily) Wait till the smart money catches on!

C.L. Let's hope that won't be too soon. We have to keep this very quiet as yet. No one knows too much about it. Our rumors and pressure on the market have been kept in the family so far. Let's not push our luck. Ivy, tell Bender to come in here for a minute.

JOHNSTON: Let's not put too much pressure on the market too soon; who knows, it might go still lower.

BENDER: (enters) Yes, C.L.?

C.L. Take the switchboard for a while Bender; Miss Hays will be in my office. Tell the outer office to begin to buy New Consolidated for my account at 2½. Call some other dealers and pick up a little at the same price. Don't take too much and only buy down from 2½. Also get Mr. Johnston and Mr. Bulton's offices and put them through to the inside. Now for a drink to celebrate.

JOHNSTON: Fine! I need a little nourishment.

BULTON: Here's to Bulton, Johnston and Harris New Consolidated Products Incorporated.

(Bulton, Johnston, Harris and Ivy exit center)

(Harris whispers to Ivy.)

IVY: The Riviera!

C.L. Sh! We'll drink to it.

JOHNSTON: Johnston, Bulton and Harris New Consolidated Products Incorporated. (center door closes)

BENDER: McDowell Inc., This is C.L. Harris Inc.; we'll take some New Consolidated at 2½ if you can manage it. You can? Fine! All right. No, I'm sorry, only 200 shares.

RUTH: (enters right in a hurry and mad) Damn it! Forgot the pocketbook and all the way to Broad Street—Oh! George!

BENDER: Ruth, I thought I saw you go out to lunch. I was in the back of the boardroom and kind of busy.

RUTH: I know all about it. Just give me the pocketbook.

BENDER: Now honey, let's be reasonable.

FINCHLEY: (enters from the right carrying a large envelope and several stacks of papers) Hello Mr. Bender, Miss Greene!

BENDER: Say John, I wonder if you'd take care

of the board for a while. Ruth and I would like to step out for a little lunch.

FINCHLEY: Why of course. I just picked up my milk over at Joe's—I always have my milk and sandwich either at the park or in the office here. I can watch the board easily and have lunch too. Go right ahead.

RUTH: You really won't mind?

FINCHLEY: Not at all. I have a few things I can do here anyway.

BENDER: Come on honey. C.L. can wait a half hour now. (exits right with Ruth)

FINCHLEY: I can't understand these young people. A little lunch in the park is so much better and cheaper than this restaurant business. (takes the place at the switchboard) You can't tell 'em anything though; I blame it all on this "New Deal" business. People haven't been the same since '33, that's all. (Into the operator's phone). Hello! Roberts and Company—this is John Wellington Finchley. What's your price on New Consolidated Products? What! Two even! Listen here, I have an account with your firm—yes Finchley—F-I-N-C-H-L-E-Y—John W. Yes, I'm the one that took up around 25,000 shares of New Consolidated this month, yes, on margin. What is my free balance now? Ah! Some \$2,000. Fine, buy me all the New Consolidated you can, on margin. Yes, the works. John Wellington Finchley over here at Harris and Company. Goodby. I've yet to be wrong on something like this. New Consolidated Products is as firm as Gibraltar. Someone is playing with this stock. These rumors are nonsense. It's this playing around that causes so much trouble on the exchanges—all these acts and reports and things. Well, they're not going to fool me. Hello! Haggerty, Blumberg and O'Shea? This is Mr. Finchley, that's right. What is your latest price on New Consolidated Products? 2½? Fine! What is the balance in my account? That's right, I bought quite a bit of New Consolidated the last few months on margin and have answered the calls on it. Yes, you hold around 35,000 shares now of it. My balance? Hmm, \$8,000. No, no sale. Keep right on buying it for me. Yes, I can meet the calls; call up the Village Savings and Loan Association and see. Deliver the confirmations and shares to me at C.L. Harris. What's that, a direction that doesn't think much of it? Well, well, well. Please buy all you can, on margin, remember. Goodby. Hello, Front Office? This is Finchley. What are you quoting New Consolidated at now? Two and an eighth? Listen, Pete, I have a bankbook with a \$5000.00 balance; let me have all you can get of New Consolidated on margin. No, I'm not crazy! All right then.

C.L. (comes from the inner office) Finchley, where's Bender?

FINCHLEY: Mr. Bender went out to lunch, Mr. Harris.

C.L. I suppose he told you what to do then. (Ivy laughs inside) Did you get Mr. Bulton's and Mr. Johnston's offices yet?

FINCHLEY: No sir, but I will right away. The board has been rather busy.



C.L. Yes, well take care of it, Finchley. (exits center)

FINCHLEY: Let's see now; 4,000 shares plus 35,000 shares, plus 25,000 shares, plus 50,000 shares, plus 15,300 shares. That's not too bad even if it is tying up all of my capital. New Consolidated is a good outfit and worth the risk. The smart money's been slow this trip.

MESSENGER: (enters right) Mr. Finchley? Here's a confirmation from Lewis Sinley Incorporated.

FINCHLEY: Thank you, boy.

MESSENGER: That's all right Pop; love these brisk walks. Invigorating, what! (exits right)

FINCHLEY: Confirm purchase; risk as brokers 500 New Consolidated Products as follows. (Before read from messenger's message) I guess I own around 150,000 shares of that thing now. Why, John, you really can control that outfit!

MRS. C. L. HARRIS (enters right) Finchley, is C.L. in?

FINCHLEY: (somewhat meekly and a bit taken by the powerful Mrs. Harris) Yes, I believe so Mrs. Harris.

MRS. C.L. HARRIS: And where is that young snip, that so-called-secretary of his, that Miss Hays?

FINCHLEY: She's not here; she's out to lunch I suppo—

MRS. C.L. HARRIS: Fine! The less that one's around the better I like it! (exits center)

FINCHLEY: Hello, Bulton & Co. One minute please; Mr. Bulton calling.

MRS. C.L. HARRIS: (in the inner office in a loud and indignant voice) WELL!

IVY: (in the inner office) Oh!

MRS. C.L. HARRIS: (in the inner office) You're out to lunch, eh?

C.L. (in the inner office) Dearest!

MRS. C.L. HARRIS: (in the inner office) Don't you dearest me!

(a very loud crash)

(Bulton and Johnston run through the center door, Johnston with a cocktail shaker in one hand.)

JOHNSTON: Poor C.L., rest in peace. You have my sympathy.

BULTON: It's a poor policy to have an attractive secretary in your office with the door unlocked.

(Ivy runs out of the center door with her hair upset; she pauses and straightens herself up with a weather eye on the center door; she is prepared for a hasty retreat if necessary.)

MRS. C.L. HARRIS: (from inside) And stay out! Now, C.L.

IVY: The nerve of that woman! (exits into board-room)

JOHNSTON: (who has settled himself on Finchley's desk with the cocktail shaker) At least C.L. will be able to keep up with the alimony payments.

FINCHLEY: I have your office Mr. Bulton. I'm sorry about all this sir. This really isn't like Harris & Co.

BULTON: All in the course of a lifetime. (at phone) Hello Marion, listen on that New Consolidated deal, yes, NEW CONSOLIDATED; yes. Just call my brokers and tell them to start to buy New Con, ah, it, for me. Get this straight: tell them to buy, B-U-Y, it, all they can get up to 3. Yes, Marion. Goodby. All looks and no brain!

FINCHLEY: Mr. Bulton sir, I think—

JOHNSTON: Afterwards, Finchley. Get my office now, eh?

(A loud crash and C.L. runs from the inner office with his wife in hot pursuit; he hides behind Finchley's desk and is ready to take refuge in the reference room. Mrs. Harris emerges with a whiskey bottle in one hand.)

MRS. C.L. HARRIS: Just you wait, C.L. Harris. When I'm through with you and that little snip you'll beg for mercy.

BULTON: Now, Tillie. C.L.'s all right.

MR. C.L. HARRIS: Don't you Tillie me, you old masher!

(Bulton runs for cover at the lady's menacing look and gesture with the bottle)

C.L. (from cover) Darling, let me explain.

MRS. C.L. HARRIS: You'll explain in court. Don't go far; I want another crack at you. Now where's that little lap-warming bitch?

(exits right)

FINCHLEY: (meekly) I have your office, Mr. Johnston. I think that I should—

C.L. Finchley! FINCHLEY! YOU! YOU let her in. You! You! You're fired! Get out idiot!

BENDER: (enters right breathlessly and very excited) C.L., there's trouble.

JOHNSTON: (who has been nursing the cocktail shaker) You're telling us!

BENDER: New Consolidated—there's trouble.

BULTON: New Consolidated? Out with it, man.

BENDER: In the restaurant—I just heard. Someone's on to it. Roberts was telling Haggerty that some idiot with an account at his place bought up around 25,000 shares of it in the past few months. Haggerty said that there were a few fish around like that and said there was a long account at his place for 35,000 shares of it. They

compared notes and then ran out of the place. The smart money boys are out for it now. It's the talk of the street. In a few hours—

JOHNSTON: (at the switchboard) MURIEL! Listen, call the brokers—(a mad rush by Bulton to the switchboard)

BULTON: Move over, Johnston!

FINCHLEY: (sandwiched in at the board) You're crushing me.

C.L. (Bender grasped the shaker deserted by Johnston and downed a quick one to regain his voice and poise.) Bender, tell the outside office to get me all they can of it. I have 10,000 shares to cover. HURRY!

BENDER: Yes sir. (exits right)

FINCHLEY: I must tell you all something. (Bulton and Johnston are frantic at the switchboard; they are shouting and busily working the machine.)

C.L. Shut up you old coot! You just get out. GET OUT! (pushes Finchley aside—Finchley had retreated from the board—and hurries to the board pulling his hair) Move over, you two! (pushes his way to the board; more screaming at the board; Finchley retreats to his desk and begins to pack his things)

BENDER: (rushes in) There's a riot in the outer office, sir.

C.L. (still busy at the board) New Consolidated?

BENDER: No, Mrs. Harris and Miss Hays.

C.L. Never mind them; buy me New Consolidated.

(Bender exits right)

MESSANGER: (enters right as Bender leaves) Boy, what a fight! Here's one more for you, Pop; I forgot it before. (hands Finchley an envelope) Can that big dame swing a bottle! I've got to see more of that. (exits right)

BULTON: (screaming) Yes, I'll take it, yes!

C.L. I just paid 10 for a hundred.

JOHNSTON: Who got wise?

BULTON: I just paid 12 for two hundred.

C.L. It was such a perfect set up.

FINCHLEY: Mr. Harris, I do wish you'd give me a minute.

C.L. You're done Finchley, through. Yes, I'll take a hundred at 15—for the last time, Finchley, get out!

FINCHLEY: Very well, Mr. Harris.

C.L. Wait! Finchley, how much New Consolidated did you get for my account? Yes, I'll take it at 14½.

FINCHLEY: None, sir.

C.L. None? You stupid ass! I thought —yes, one hundred at 15½ Miss—Finchley, you're fired!

FINCHLEY: But you've already discharged me, sir.

C.L. Then get out! Yes, I'll take it at any price.

BENDER: (bursts in right, much agitated) Mr. Harris! Mr. Harris! I just found out whose been buying in the New Consolidated. It's—it's (pointing a finger) FINCHLEY!

C.L., BULTON and JOHNSTON: (cease their activity at the board and together point at the accused) Finchley!

FINCHLEY: (who sadly finished packing his

personal things at his desk answers with his head down) I've been trying to tell you, Mr. Harris.

C.L. A serpent in my bosom. Finchley—how? Why?

FINCHLEY: I've been trying to explain, to tell you—

C.L. Ingrate!

FINCHLEY: Really, I had no idea, sir. No one told me. I did that research on it, and I knew it was a good investment. And, well, I bought some and then when it started to fall I doubled up on it and put up margin, and, well, it began to accumulate.

BULTON: But how? Where did you get the money?

FINCHLEY: I've managed to accumulate a bit of capital in the past fifty years sir; I'm all alone and my needs are simple. I bought on margin largely, and, at low prices it just accumulated.

C.L. You didn't get word of our deal? I don't believe it.

JOHNSTON: Calm down C.L., you yourself didn't want Finchley here to know you'd pull something like this. Listen, Finchley, how much of it do you hold? I'd be willing to take 9,500 shares of it off your hands and, er, well.

FINCHLEY: I guess I have around 155,000 shares of it by now, sir.

JOHNSTON: (a long whistle)

FINCHLEY: Final confirmations aren't in yet.

BULTON: Finchley! You control that outfit! Er—I'd like to talk with you a moment. I'll take 18,000 shares from you; you can name your price, and there's room for you in my firm.

FINCHLEY: Gentlemen, I'm really overwhelmed. It isn't fair of me to deal with you here though especially after what Mr. Harris has said. I—I think I should leave. I'll pick up my other things some other time.

C.L. Finchley! I—er—

FINCHLEY: No, Mr. Harris, you've made yourself very clear, and I won't stay here any longer and annoy you further. I do want you to know that I had no idea that it was you that was manipulating this New Consolidated thing. Needless to say, you now realize that you've brought disgrace to this business house and the fair name that was built up by your father and grandfather. I can't say that I approve of these methods you've resorted to. Perhaps I've said too much, though; I'll be going now.

BULTON: Come over to my place Finchley; we'll be only too glad to have you. Perhaps together we—

FINCHLEY: No thank you sir. I'll get along now. I guess I can interest myself in this New Consolidated thing. At any rate, I'll try. Good day gentlemen. (exits right)

JOHNSTON: C.L., you're an ass.

C.L. Don't tell me; I know.

BULTON: We still might have a chance with him.

JOHNSTON: One hundred and fifty thousand shares of it!

C.L. Bender, what was the last quote on the thing?

(Continued on Page 14)

Note to The Reader:

This sad song and dance is a little clearer if you take a fast look at Beowulf before reading it.

Ah, loft ho far beyond did the mighty mead-men of the wondrous house of Scrof Scrofling reft up their enemies. Far far from did the Ring-Danes finish foes by the hundred fives and gain far far glory above where mead-maulers from far back rest. Lo, after many sun-years did Scrof Scrofling grow old; beloved Scrof Scrofling came to the Glory-Maker in His Glory-House above in the vault of the bird-road. Reft past the many days of Scrof Scrofling his son, Beobarf, came power-wise to the ruling-seat. And loft ho far beyond did the mighty mead-men of the wondrous house of Beobarf reft up their enemies. Until sky-far, long up in the time-road, Beobarf too went clad in ever-glory with steel and jewels to join his glorious father. Then rose the sword-strong son of Beobarf, the battle-taking, foe-refting Hrothbagem. Many the battle taken by this fighter of the up ho reft; and the glory-spoils brought in and kept earthed away beneath the rain-shelter. And Hrothbagem would have it out of wealth a great castle built to be called Heorot, mead-hall for Hrothbagem's foe-crushing mighty group.

And many the gloom-chasing, draft-drinking, great mead-jags were had here; the lofty rafters did ring far with the joyous way reft high songs of winging gladness, until the very air-courers above were reft and shaken in their flight to and fro over the fabled land of beloved Scrof Scrofling's son's son, whose bright byrnie was far feared in all ice-locked northern lands.

Until dragging doleful, dreary steps out of a fearsome bog-hole came that dreaded witch-son called Gringel. Oh, long haft reft up in far darkness, falling in ringen dark places; twelve long winters without getting out; it was a long, black, death-shadowed pit of arm-gestangen time.

But not far off, over the pickerel-path, word of Gringel's nightly terror reached the gallant ears of Beobarf, son of mighty Eggthrow of the Geats. Beobarf made swift to gather lo twenty or thirty stout spear-courers about him, made swift to float in a stout ice-ship over the blue wave-meadow to the stricken land of Hrothbagem, locked in the twelve-winter icy grip of the fiend-foe Gringel.

Beobarf and his thirty were welcomed as befots such mighty meadsters; brave old Hrothbagem knew then his grit-solver, his Holy Hacker, had come; Beobarf was known far far ho reft in those glorious days. Beobarf spoke, then, in the mighty presence of the evil-befallen old Hrothbagem, asking leave to end the monster's life in single combat or to gasp bloodless trying. And Hrothbagem made swift to gelangen answer with joy, and thank Beobarf, and to open up great drafts of mead, and bring on much red meat, for the salt-bath-courers were much tired from their journey.

Night sank on the land, fast reft in; heads turned mead-weary on many shoulders as they had lo reft these twelve winters. . . Gringel must be afoot and on the terror-way to Heorot. And, in the great hall of Heorot, Beobarf and his gallant men set spring-loaded their great weapon; the many-feared sprang-machine, loading full, with the strength of their Geat-bodies, a huge stone in its center, aimed in the on-evil direction at the great mead-door whence Gringel, in his nightly ways, was known to come. Then the mead-singers went to bed, fast sleeping, none knowing that death waited skulking far reft ho in the vaulted top of Heorot that night. Brave, bright, shining Beobarf alone waited, furious with no fear, awake for his fearful combat with the thane-smasher from the bog-doom; Gringel creeping forward in the darkness outward held no fear for the B-slayer as he lay calm in his great strength with his mighty hand holding lightly the lanyard-trigger of the might-feared machine of sprang waiting quietly in the hall.

And forward crept the man-mauler, the evil bone-eater in the mist, moving ever nearer the resting mead-men within the Gates of Heorot—slinking through the gates and then, with hungry joy, looking into the great hallowed hall where seventy gallant warriors slept with byrnies and blood-drinkers and other such shining works of war beside them. What lay in the bird-brangen ho reft high hall of lorn, low days of Scrof Scrofling the mighty, the red, red rundle worn of care in the dim time-roads! Gringel stood in the door drawing breath of seventy warriors' breaths, making slow to pick a likely blood-spot to begin, which noble thane to crush and eat. And Beobarf steadied up himself for the fearsome struggle, raised his brave hand, and pulled the lanyard. With fearsome, heaven-scalding force the great stone sprang forward as loosed by Beobarf, carried down the hall and lo reft Gringel, carrying away his whole chest. Gore, gore fell dripping to the floor; the awful giant turned round screaming, running wounded unto death; screaming back to the foul bog, leaving life-fluid dripping from bushes passing, crashing on back to die.

And in the gallant mead-hall loose ends of the great Geat-machine flapped back on either side in fierce snapping, ending quickly life for ten thanes on either side. But great was the joy of all there; Hrothbagem laughing, greatly happy with his certain knowledge of the end of the monster Gringel.

In the bright day next swinging on over the land of Hrothbagem, joy was felt and great gifts given; Beobarf's new deed of bravery passed from mouth to mouth; great joy was in Heorot. The shining hero stored many the gifts from Hrothbagem, the gift-giver, that day; got many the word of praise ere the Geats once again mounted their wave-steed for the journey back to gentle Geat-land.

(Continued on Page 16)

The alarm of the electric clock on the desk broke the morning stillness with the intensity of a thunder-clap. Jeffrey Rother threw back the bed covers, dashed across the room, and silenced the incessant sound with a savage thrust of his hand. He paused a moment, feeling the pounding of his heart recede, and then returned to his bed and sat down.

"It's a crime," he yawned prodigiously, "to make people get up at this hour."

He surveyed the room—the hook rugs on the floor, the bookcase, the desk, and scowled when he saw the bright sunlight shining through the two windows over his bed.

"I wonder why I'm so sleepy?" he muttered. "I get to bed early enough. It must be that I work too hard at the office."

Mr. Rother reflected on the coming business day and scowled again. "Those blasted women I have to listen to. Nothing but 'I don't know how I'm going to pay these bills,' or 'Now when we were out last night. . . .' He mimicked their shrill voices and smiled. "Pretty good."

He raised his portly frame from the bed and began to dress. In fifteen minutes he stood before the mirror. "Thin," he grumbled as he combed his hair. Although he was only thirty-five, his hairline was receding from his temples. "Heredity," he said sarcastically as he dusted a speck from his shiny blue suit.

"How's my only boarder?" gigled Mrs. Jacobs cheerfully when he came down stairs. "Breakfast is ready and the paper is by your plate."

"Thanks so much," answered Mr. Rother with a sly smile. The elderly lady blushed, pleased.

"Anything to read in it this morning besides murder, robbery, accidents, and the eternal political struggle?"

"Absolutely nothing," returned Mrs. Jacobs, bringing in a plate of bacon, eggs and toast.

He read all the disheartening news while he gulped his breakfast.

"I must be going now," he glanced at the wall clock; "see you at five-thirty."

"Good-by," chirped Mrs. Jacobs from the kitchen.

The day passed horribly for Mr. Rother. The bus was so crowded that he had to stand all the way to work; the office girls were more babbling than usual; and the boss was in one of his fiery moods, constantly impressing upon Mr. Rother the importance of getting a report out on time. So when the office time-piece pointed to five o'clock, Mr. Rother was in a mood fit to destroy the city. On the way home he had to stand in the bus once more.

"Did you have a difficult day?" Mrs. Jacobs inquired when he stepped inside the door.

"Terrible," he grumbled, hoping he did not look as bad as he felt. "I'm so blasted tired!"

"Oh, that's a pity. Now when I felt like that, I used to try. . . ."

Mr. Rother closed his ears to Grandmother's remedy and concentrated on eating the disagreeable looking supper before him. He nodded at appropriate moments; finally could stand it no longer and said, "I think I'll go up now and read a book. Maybe if I go to bed early, I'll feel a little better in the morning."

"That's a fine idea, agreed Mrs. Jacobs.

He retired to his room, slumped in a chair and began to read *Along the Darkened Lane*. He soon gave it up.

"What a lousy story!" he exploded. "Where does that police chief get all those facts? I wish he'd let me in on a few once in a while!"

With that remark, Mr. Rother jammed on his hat and went to a movie. The picture was little improvement on the book, and when he returned at eleven, he felt as though the evening had been a complete waste.

He was very careful to make no noise while climbing the stairs. He did not cherish the thought of discussing the film with his landlady.

"Safe!" he whispered as he closed the door to his room. "I'll go to bed, I think. There's nothing else to do."

Mr. Rother got into his pajamas, brushed his teeth, turned out the light, and collapsed on the bed with a groan.

"What a relief!" he sighed, turning on his side to look out of the windows. The sills were the same level as his face.

It was then that he first noticed the shadows.

There was a lamp post below his window on the street and a maple tree which grew close to the house. When the light passed through the leaves of the tree, it created a patchwork quilt of shadows on the screens of Mr. Rother's windows. Whenever the wind blew, even so gently, the shadows would go dancing across the screens.

"It's odd I never noticed that before," Mr. Rother muttered sleepily. "It's certainly a good way to go to sleep. I can always make the shadows into sheep and have them jumping across a shadow fence." He chuckled and fell asleep.

In the days that followed, the nightly shadows captivated his imagination. He would look forward to night and the escapades of his shadows. His mind saw battles of love and tragedy acted out on his wire-mesh stage. It offered a diversion from his daily burdens, an escape into another world where the characters could act according to Mr. Rother's will.

Therefore it was not unusual that out of the many plays, a central figure emerged, a man of shadows. Mr. Rother cast him as a figure whose deeds surpassed those of Robin Hood and Captain Kidd. There was no task which the figure could not perform, no obstacle which could block his path, no wall which was too high to climb, nor any building which could refuse him entrance.

But soon Mr. Rother's creation began to cause him anxiety. It seemed to Mr. Rother that his man of shadows was becoming more and more daring. His acts were becoming too bold, as if he were kind of madman running silently through clouded sets. Mr. Rother did not like to imagine such acts as murder or robbery, but a strange fascination drew his eyes to the screen whenever the shadows acted. He began to lose sleep and became easily irritated.

One morning several weeks later, Mr. Rother was reading the morning paper when a small article at the bottom of the front page attracted his attention. A grocery store had been broken into and robbed of a small amount of cash.

As he read on, a small coldness began to spread around the base of his spine.

"Funny," he thought, "but that's exactly the thing I saw happen on the screen last night."

When the coincidence of events occurred several days later, Mr. Rother became worried.

"Gosh," he reflected, "maybe this screen of mine can really predict what's going to happen. It's been right a couple of times."

The idea began to worry him. He did not want to take the dancing figure seriously, but the facts seemed to prove otherwise. The indecision was ruining his health; he could feel himself breaking up. He resolved then and there that the next time he saw his figure perform, he would notify the police.

One week later he telephoned police headquarters just after he saw his man of shadows act in another play. Mr. Rother knew they thought he was crazy when he told them that a gas station would be robbed later that night, but when he hung up the receiver, he went to bed assured that he had done the right thing.

The following morning a policeman interrupted his breakfast.

"Mr. Rother? The chief sent me down to check up on that phone call of yours. You know, a gas station was robbed last night."

"They don't suspect me!" Mr. Rother shouted quaking.

"No," the policeman said, "you have an alibi. You were talking to us on the phone when the place was held up. But anyway, the chief would like you to let him know when you get any more of these, . . . er, hunches."

"But . . ." Mr. Rother began, but changed his mind. He could not bring himself to tell the policeman about the plays that were acted out on his bedroom screen.

"All right, officer," was all that he replied, "I'll be sure to do that."

His heart was still pounding when the policeman left.

He had four days to wait. For three nights the small man did nothing more than merely jump around as shadows would normally do. But on the fourth night another play was presented.

Mr. Rother watched the plot unfold very carefully, and made mental notes. When the man of shadows dissolved, Mr. Rother hurried to the telephone.

". . . Yes, a jewelry store. Broke the front window . . . Grabbed some stuff and ran. . ."

He felt pleased at the concern of the police and fell into a deep sleep with visions of being rewarded by the police department and having his picture in the newspaper.

Two hours later, only several blocks away from Mr. Rother's dwelling, three policemen stood guard across the street from Zeidberg's Jewelry Store.

"This is nuts," one said to the other. "Whenever we get a crackpot story, we get sent out."

"When I saw the guy this morning, he looked all right," the other replied.

The third hushed them both.

"Look!" he whispered, "There's somebody now!"

As they watched, a shadowy figure made its appearance in front of the store window. It raised its hand and there was a loud crash.

The three policemen began to run across the street.

"Halt, or we'll fire!" shouted one.

The figure jerked upright, appearing more startled than frightened; then it started to run blindly down the street.

Two shots rang out in the still night air, then three, and four. The figure tottered and fell forward on the pavement.

The three policemen ran up. One bent over the now still form.

"Is he dead?" one of those standing asked.

"Yep."

"Shine the light on his face so we can see who it is," asked the first.

The body was rolled over. A small trickle of blood slowly ran down the sloping pavement. The beam of the flashlight moved.

"Cripes!" exclaimed the third policeman startled, "It's Rother, the guy that sent us here!"

NEW IDEA

AVCO
DIVISION MANUFACTURING CORPORATION

"QUALITY FARM EQUIPMENT SINCE 1899"

Elegy

LEONARD STOCKLER

*I loved a Catholic,
And a Protestant too.
I loved them honestly;
I am a Jew.
I was a child
With an open mind.
I was taught a lesson:
To love my own kind.
You believe in God,
And religion too.
But you're different from me.
I'm different from you.
You were a child
With an open mind.
You were taught a lesson:
To love your own kind.
I loved a Catholic
And a Protestant too.
We, all three, tried—
It was too hard to do.
There is God in Heaven;
Religion from birth;
Assurance for eternity;
Hell on earth.*

The Unspoken

TOMMY THOMPSON

*Much is voiced that should be left unspoken,
But oh! so much is often left unsaid;
Yet silence cannot mend a heart that's broken;
Nor pretty words revive a love that's dead.*

The Strange Success of The Peculiar J. W. Finchley

(Continued from Page 10)

BENDER: I bought you a hundred at 18.
C.L., JOHNSTON and BULTON: Oh-h-h!
(a loud crash from the boardroom)
MRS. C.L. HARRIS: (off stage right) You're next, C.L.; just a little more for HER first. (another loud crash)
C.L. Oh-h-h-h-!
JOHNSTON: I wonder what Finchley will do now?
C.L. Bender, get a move on; we have to get 9,000 shares of that stuff. And throw Mrs. Harris and Miss Hays out, if you can.
(Bender exits right and Finchley re-enters)
FINCHLEY: Please excuse me gentlemen; I forgot my lunch. (goes to his desk and takes his lunch) By the way, how does Finchley New Consolidated Products Incorporated sound to you?
C.L., BULTON and JOHNSTON: Finchley New Consolidated Products Incorporated! (Finchley exits right as Mrs. Harris enters and easily pushes Bulton aside outside the door)
MRS. HARRIS: Now for that worm, C. L. Harris. (musically) C. L.
(C.L. retreats to his office with Mrs. Harris in hot pursuit. Bulton and Johnston look at each other. There is a loud crash.)
BULTON and JOHNSON: Finchley New Consolidated Products Incorporated!
(they rush to the switchboard.)

QUICK CURTAIN

SYNTHANE CORPORATION

MANUFACTURERS OF LAMINATED PLASTICS

OAKS - PENNSYLVANIA

Now Showing

(Continued from Page 3)

Marlon Brando in the lead, *On the Waterfront* will be one of the most remembered pictures of the year 1954. Perhaps it will help Brando to win a much deserved Oscar for his current and past successes.

Another contender for the Award will no doubt be Judy Garland for her great performance in *A Star is Born*. This is one of the big, lavish, Technicolor CinemaScope musicals that Hollywood is famous for; however, this one has plot and great acting—two things usually lacking in musicals. Although *Star* is a remake of the old 1937 Academy Award winner of the same name; this version has had music written especially for it, and provides one of the greatest vehicles a musical star could hope for. Judy Garland is the only star who could have developed this vehicle to its fullest. Nothing was spared in cost, and many fine technicians, a big name director—George Cukor, many big production numbers, a great supporting cast, were all used to make this film extra special. The musical score was written by Harold Arlen and Ira Gershwin; the screenplay was by Moss Hart; and, Miss Garland's co-star is James Mason, one of Hollywood's best actors.

Time Magazine, which is notorious for its harsh criticism of practically all movies, calls Miss Garland's performance, "the greatest one-woman show in movie history." Similar notices came from all the other leading critics. Although the movie is long (182 minutes) the story does not drag. The musical numbers are placed very cleverly so as not to detract from the mood of the plot; these musical numbers are among the finest ever seen on the screen. Of particular merit is the "Born in a Trunk" sequence, and Miss Garland's rendition of "The Man That Got Away." During this number Miss Garland keeps the entire audience spellbound with her style and showmanship. The sets are all very lavish but never without taste. It is unfortunate that some people will not see this movie because of the popular sentiment that Judy Garland is a "has-been." However, after seeing *A Star Is Born*, the most confirmed "I don't like Judy Garland" fan will have to admit she gives one of the greatest performances ever seen on the silver screen.

To Byron

ROLAND DEDEKIND

*Thy life was brief, yet not regret
Thou had only short years to live,
Life held thee well, and in thy hand
Laid all the fortunes she could give.
Thy verses show the force of youth
Which stands in all thy etched lines,
Thou gave the world a flaming torch
And broke that which convention binds.
Still think how young thou looked at death,
Through all the years thy passions raged,
Thy face untouched by wearying Time—
Thy pen unstilled by hands of Age.*

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Heorot Revisited

(Continued from Page 11)

And in winter years to come, great Beobarf became King of the land of the Geats. Many many were the bright victories won then, and many fierce were the battles fought and the foes downed until Beobarf grew old. And then reft through the land was a new sorrow: the stirring and rising of a fire-dragon, a courser of the air-road, sending burning flame through the nights, leaving death and sorrow.

Once again, the brave followers of Beobarf set up the great old sprang-machine, covered with the glory of Beobarf's Geat-victories; laid it in wait for the dragon near his lair, armed it strong with great stone, and left their gallant leader with the lanyard bravely in his hand as of yore. Flame-spreading, burning with evil, the dragon appeared; the brave, sweating Beobarf let fly the stone, but lo reft the many years of use in brave battle had set small troubles in the inward weapon-workings; Beobarf, the old, the gallant, went hurled forward with the rock, and they two bravely met the dragon head on, jammed flaming into the gaping beast-mouth. Flames whirled inward, backed down the beast's throat; light glowed between the monster's ribs. Smoke rose black from his ears. Then he burst asunder with flame, curled black and evil, and died; then, melted in his tracks. Wondrous hero Beobarf fell mortally wounded from the dying dragon's maw. Brave thane Wigley rushed forward to his king who lay reft, smoking gently about the war-head. Thus died the dragon-stopper, smoking, dying in fit far ho reft climax to his wondrous days, the brave dragon-corker smoking to death in Wigley's arms.

Turning the Pages

(Continued from Page 3)

list of titles available is far from discouraging to a book worm, even a book worm with specialized fields of reading interest.

With books like those mentioned above appearing on news-stands across the country, faith in the reading taste of the American people is at least partially revived. Hope is also held out to those who would like to collect a library of good books on a limited budget. At long last it seems as though the pocket book publishers are awaking to their responsibility to the reading public for the preservation of interest in the finest products of Western thought.

A Star

TOMMY THOMPSON

*I stood on a hilltop one night;
The cold winds blew through my hair
And stung my face.
I looked up at the sky
And I saw a star shining brighter than the rest.
It came close to earth.
The star looked warm;
So I stretched out my arms to the sky
And seized the star.
It burned my hands . . .*

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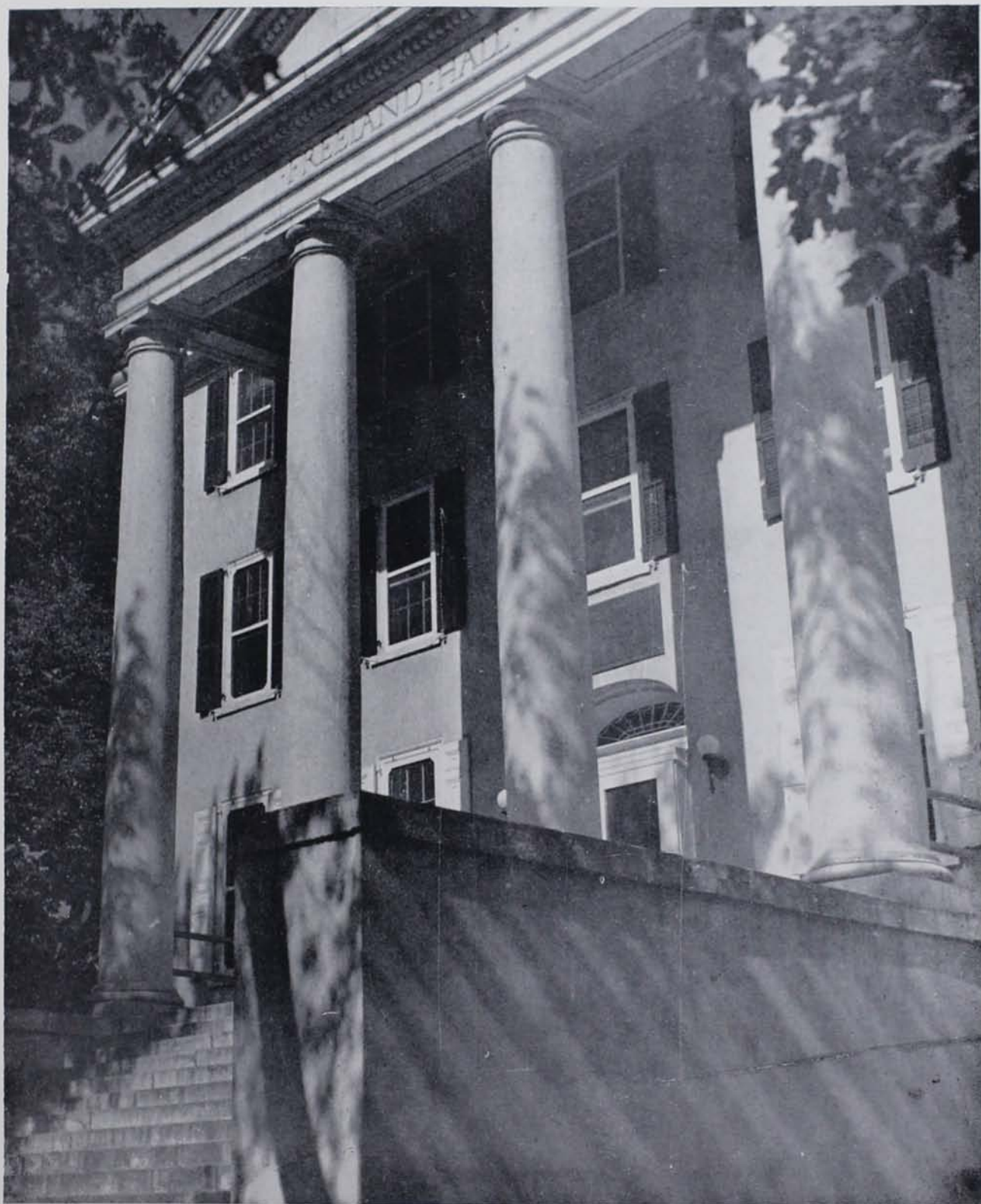
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