



Spring 1948

The Lantern Vol. 16, No. 3, Spring 1948

R. C. Wentzel
Ursinus College

Steven Arvanitis
Ursinus College


W. E. Turner
Ursinus College

Alvin Knepper
Ursinus College

Nancy Twining
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

Wentzel, R. C.; Arvanitis, Steven; Turner, W. E.; Knepper, Alvin; Twining, Nancy; Schultz, Jean Anne; Stefan, Louis D.; Keller, William; Harris, Bernice; Southall, Helen; Dietz, Barbara; Bock, George; and Wetzels, Charles, "The Lantern Vol. 16, No. 3, Spring 1948" (1948). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 43.
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/43>

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

R. C. Wentzel, Steven Arvanitis, W. E. Turner, Alvin Knepper, Nancy Twining, Jean Anne Schultz, Louis D. Stefan, William Keller, Bernice Harris, Helen Southall, Barbara Dietz, George Bock, and Charles Wetzel



Lantern



ARVANITIS
KELLER
KNEPPER
SCHULTZ
STEFAN
TURNER
TWINING

Spring Issue - 48

IT TAKES EXPERIENCE TO SKIM THE SURF AT

40 miles an hour on one foot!

...and Champion
NANCE STILLEY
agrees that
in water skiing - and
in cigarettes too...
**"EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!"**



In twisting slaloms... in tricky jumps... this petite young Cypress Gardens aquamaid is in a class by herself... a champion many times over.



You watch her and you *know* Nance Stilley has plenty of experience. Her cigarette? That's a "choice of experience" too...Camel!



I NOTICE MORE AND MORE PEOPLE SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE GREAT!

I LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE... BY COMPARING... THAT CAMELS SUIT MY 'T-ZONE' BEST!



THE "T-ZONE"
T for Taste...
T for Throat...

your final
proving ground
for any
cigarette

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

Let your  -Zone tell you why

More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

● Now that people can get all the cigarettes they want... any brand... now that they once again can choose their cigarette on a basis of personal preference... more people are smoking Camels than ever before.
Why? The answer is in your "T-Zone" (T for Taste and T for Throat). Let your taste... your throat... tell you why, with smokers who have tried and compared, Camels are the "choice of experience"!



According to a
Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER
CIGARETTE**

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

CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!

THE LANTERN

Spring Issue, 1948

Vol. XVI, No. 3

BUSINESS MANAGER

Montague Forts

FACULTY ADVISORS

Martin W. Witmer

Calvin D. Yost, Jr.

William S. Child

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

R. C. Wentzel

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Helen Gorson

Nancy Twining

Barbara Deitz

Ronnie Sare

Charles Williamson

William Keller

A. J. Mazurkiewicz

ART EDITOR

R. Wentz

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

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

JOHN OXENHAM

CONTENTS

PROSE—

Not So Light	2
Babba's Luck	4
Winter Night	5
God Hath Wrought	6
Less Than Trivia	10
What Is Progress?	11
Betrayal	12
The Key	13

POETRY—

Journey From A Star	7
War And Peace	8
Experiment In Prose Poetry	8
Dawn	9
Eternal Question	9
My Gift	10
Jazz Fantasy	10

FEATURE—

M. W. Witmer	3
--------------------	---

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.

NOT SO LIGHT

R. C. WENTZEL

*My country, great in peace,
Need never fear
The loss, in war, of that
It holds as dear.*

THE COUNTRY of the Lady of Liberty is sick.

The country of the Lady of Liberty is my country and my country is sick.

My country is a boy who has been too strong too soon and has indulged too much and has become too sick too early.

That which is responsible for my country's sickness is Democracy. Understand, I believe in Democracy. I think that America is sick not as a result of Democracy, but for lack of it. That which once made America strong was Democracy and now the country is weak for lack of it. And I do not think that America is weak as a result of an inherent fault in Democracy or an inordinate frailty in man. America, incorporating a sick Democracy and sick men, is sick as a result of their sickness.

And the sickness is malignant rule. Rule which lives and thrives off Democracy without contributing to the welfare of Democracy and which, in the end, eats out the very heart and leaves only the shell of the Democracy.

Malignant rule is rule which permits men who are accustomed to toying with instruments of war, under the lable of the military, to direct a state department which should be working for peace.

Malignant rule is rule which accords social prestige in proportion to wages earned yearly, slanders the intellectual with the label "fanatical", and cannot go forward because its eyes are turned backward searching out Communists.

Malignant rule is rule which permits money to choke the breath from the throat of the free press and to cripple radio. It is rule which permits thousands of acres of soil to erode yearly because "utilities" are afraid dams would provide "cheap" water power, and permits those same "utilities" to deny to the city of Camden, New Jersey, a municipal power plant which it voted for itself TWENTY YEARS AGO.



Malignant rule is rule which permits its men's lives to be jeopardized by actions of Anaconda, Brewster, and the like, (have you forgotten?) and mildly remonstrates with those at fault. It is rule which permits Standard Oil to dictate the attitude it will accept toward Palestine, and it is rule which will support any government on earth, that of China included, no matter how rotten, if it fights Communism.

Malignant rule is rule which fights projects like the T.V.A., only to have its neck saved by aluminum which the T.V.A. made possible for use in its airplanes. And it is rule which permits a radio news-caster to tell the world, without authorization, just what its course of action will be. It is also a malignant rule which permits certain of its constituents to hang their brothers by the neck, until tongues swell and eyes bulge, without fear of retribution.

And above all, malignant rule is rule which can engage in two world wars and emerge without the knowledge or the courage to see war as futile.

Malignant rule is rule that has made America sick to the death, and by its own death-throes will make it expend its last remaining energy. Another war might not see the death of American body, but it will, it must, see the death of the American conscience. With American conscience goes the last remnant of American Democracy, no matter how long the body and its malignancy survive.

I have no argument with America, but I say this to its malignant rulers:

I cannot, as adeptly as you, side-step my responsibility to my country and to my fellow men. **AND THAT RESPONSIBILITY LIES NOT IN WAR, BUT IN PEACE.** Therefore, I tell you now, before you make plans to count once more on my support, that **IF MY COUNTRY CANNOT BE GREAT IN PEACE, THEN I SHALL NOT AID IT IN BEING FALSELY GREAT IN WAR.**



VENERABLE RHETORICIAN

"You shouldn't enter the teaching profession unless you feel a real call to teach." This sound advice from Professor Martin W. Witmer may be perhaps the very advice he took to heart when making his decision, over forty years ago, about beginning a teaching career. As he prepares to retire at the end of this school year, he has real reason to feel that his teaching call was the right one to heed. The many students who have studied under Mr. Witmer's guidance will testify to his expert ability as a teacher, and his genuine friendly interest in them as individuals.

Looking back through the years, Mr. Witmer said that he'd choose the same career if he had to do it all over again. "It's well-paid," he believes, "not in money, but in appreciation, from students with whom he has contact at present, and from former pupils." "There is a sense of work well-done," he says, "that can mean more to a teacher than any monetary gain." Teachers have said this before, and yet, when it comes from an excellent and respected professor who can speak from his own long experience, it should carry a great deal of weight for those entering a teaching career.

Mr. Witmer's first position was in an ele-

mentary school where he taught the first three grades. Following this, he took work at prep school and at Franklin and Marshall College, and was graduated in 1904. Many students have noticed that he wears a Phi Beta Kappa key, which he was awarded when the chapter was established at F. and M., some years after his graduation.

New Berlin, Pa., was the scene of Mr. Witmer's second teaching position, where he taught high school Latin, Greek, German, and English. He then spent 13 years teaching at F. and M. Academy, from which he was called to Ursinus in 1920. He looks back with pleasure to an eleven year period that he spent with a good friend, Edwin A. Nace, who was his classmate at F. and M., and, by coincidence, was his colleague at his next two teaching positions!

Reminiscing a little, Mr. Witmer looks back to Ursinus in 1920. His most vivid memory is of the "chem lab" fumes as they wafted up from Bomberger's basement. "It was a bit disrupting at times," he says, with a laugh. "They had to have the organ gone over every year because of the effects of the fumes." What are now Rooms 6 and 7 were formerly occupied by the library, he remembers, which explains the book closets in those rooms. Freeland, Bomberger, a small gymnasium, and Olevian Hall for Women, where the Science Building now stands, were the only buildings on the campus at that time.

Social life in 1920 was a far cry from our fast-paced activities now. Everyone in school was a member of either the Schaff Literary Society or the Zwinglian Literary Society, which held weekly debates, produced plays, and gave parties for its own members. The various scholastic groups in the school had a close unity, Mr. Witmer remembers, because of their monthly group meetings.

For many years Professor Witmer was the President of the Ursinus Debating League, composed of high school teams from South-eastern Pennsylvania. Each year the debaters held a banquet at Ursinus, when they started off the new debating season. As president of the League, it was often his duty "to pour oil on the troubled waters" of high school rivalries and discontent. He has always kept a great interest in the fine art of debating, and was, for a time, President of the College Debating Association in the state of Penna.

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

BABBA'S LUCK

STEVEN ARVANITIS

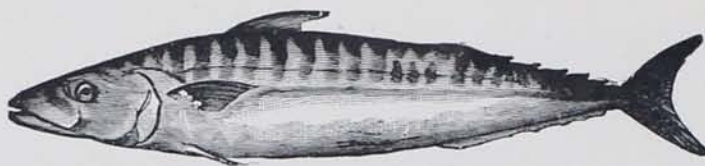
JOEY woke him at twelve. He stared unseeingly with sleep-blinded eyes for a few seconds, and, as his perception cleared, he could see Joey's face behind a glowing cigarette. "C'mon, kid, get up. The tide's due low at three ten, and we got to go to Seabright and scrounge up some bait. Hustle up! I saw Babba and Porkchops in the diner, and they're on the beach already. Get dressed. I'll be out in the car."

The kid got up quickly, put on his dungarees, tugged his high fishing boots up to his thighs, took his cigarettes and matches from the bureau, and pulled on his foul weather jacket while going down the stairs. Joey was in the Model A, and without speaking the younger man started to rock the small car. After three trials the motor turned over and started. He jumped into the car as it started moving. "Butt up for me, Kid." The boy lit two cigarettes and put one in his partner's mouth.

"You know, Joe, we haven't made out now for a couple of weeks. That damn Babba got a thirty-eight pounder Tuesday, and Porkchops hit into three the next day. How those hams can keep racking up those fish while we break our chops for none really gives me a burn." He grumbled on until they got to Seabright, where the ancient wrecks of wooden bulkheads provided an excellent haven for calico crabs, the bait most sought after by bass fishermen. Still silent, Joey got the rake from the rumbleseat. He put a waterproof apron around his waist, checked the flashlight, and turned to his partner saying, "C'mon, kid, we've got to rake a couple dozen and get up to Tackanasee by two to catch the incoming tide. And if we don't make out tonight with calicoes, nobody'll make out. We got to go home with fish tonight or Babba'll keep on to us like we was a couple of baloneys from the city."

Joey waded into the mussel-bottomed pool, and the boy followed with the light. Joey dug the many-toothed rake into the uneven black mass and dragged it toward him. He lifted the full rake, and the youth pried among the crushed bivalves with gloved fingers. He picked up the tiny active crustaceans which had been lifted along with the bottom and broke their claws. They kept at their work until the pool was all but emptied by the unseen ebbing of the tide.

"It's quarter to two, Joe, so I guess we better shove off." Joe dug his hand into the apron pocket and counted the frantic little crabs. "Hmm, got about—let's see—got twen-



ty-three, most all shedders. Ow! Why you little bas-sid! Ow, ow, ow!" A crab, in a hysterical attempt to

escape from its captivity, bit the huge hand that encircled it. "Oh damn, Sam! Ain't you got enough sense to break these claws? That's all I want is for you to break 'em while I work for them, and you ain't got enough sense to do it. My busted back! Them little bas-sids hurt." The boy laughed nervously and rescued Joey's finger from the minute pincers. "Ah, Joe, you got to suffer, so they say, if you want to make out with striped bass."

The two plodded through the dirty sand to the car. The rake was put in the rumbleseat, and the crabs were neatly laid in a pan of moist seaweed. Joey got into the car, the kid rocked it, and after some deliberation, the motor complied with their wishes and sputtered into an active life. "Yeah, kid, I guarantee that we'll make out tonight if them fish are there!" And they began to tell each other of the various contributions they had made to their family larders in their productive past.

As they drove along the magnificent ocean highway, they did not see the beauty of a million microscopic moons reflected in the gently chopped water. They didn't see the beauty in the massive granite sea walls, drenched above with the silver light of the burning moon, and based with the ebony of angular night shadows. These giant New England boulders, strained from brown New Hampshire hillsides, and dug from the pine covered flesh of Vermont's far off body, seemed alien to this flat country, this endless expanse of foreign blue laced with the drab grey of passive sand. They seemed to resent the battering sea. They tried to break the power of the perpetual waves with their rocky breasts. But in their futility they knew that they too would soon be part of the body of the patient ocean.

The two fishermen saw nothing of their surroundings; but in time to come, when they would be in distant places, and the dryness of the choking cities would stifle their every breath, they would think of the brooding rocks, the glory of the night sea, and of the aseptic winds that had filled their bodies with cleanliness.

"I hope Babba don't make out again. He's got strung-up eels for trolling tonight, but he can't score with eels this time of the year. We'll outscore him yet, kid, we'll show him who can sink the nine ball." And the kid mentally scoffed at the prowess of the unknowing Babba.

(Continued on Page Five)

WINTER NIGHT

W. E. TURNER

IN THIS great land of ours, this land which pulses with the thrum of machinery, this land on the surface of which we crawl, sometimes digging below, sometimes rising above that surface; in this land of cigarettes and neon lights, of nylon and glass and sulphas, there are those who find no sweet affinity



In this land of gospel singers and chorus girls; the diesel, the "jeep," and supersonics; of Jim Crow and the Salvation Army; of Harvard and Tobacco Road; of "Alcoholics Anonymous" and W.C.T.U.; of Bowery and Mansion Hill, there are those whose spirit walks a lonely path.

This is the land of the Gettysburg Address and the comic book, of prizefights and S.P.C.A., of "Digests" and Supers, of prayer and pro-

phylaxis. This is a land of progress—a land that could be a tribute to the living rather than a monument to the dead, where love might be king and laughter rule, and death need not be a destiny. And there are those who walk alien to all.

I have been one of these—often.

I have been one of these and walked, as they, alone and alien among great throngs and myriad lights and multitudinous choruses of sound; a stranger in a world I never made, an alien to the throng.

Yet from this throng there stepped one night—oh ne'er forgotten, ever cherished, ir-retrievable night—one glorious night there stepped from out the throng, a woman. A woman soft of voice and soft of arm. A woman born to easy laughter, light and clean as new snow; born with few words and with easy laughter in young eyes. A woman of soft voice and soft flesh and easy laughter in her young eyes. Above all things a woman.

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

BABBA'S LUCK (Continued from Page Four)

The car chugged to a stop, and before them the massive body of the jetty lay dark and sleeping. "Good water, Joe. Looks to be as clean as spring water." They collected their gear and carefully threaded their way out to the end of the rocks. In silence they rigged their pliant calcutta poles, and secured the captive crabs to large hooks. Joey cast first to the east water, and the boy towards the south. They sat on the less jagged rocks to wait for the violent pull of the great striper. "Butt me, kid." The youth lit two cigarettes and passed one over his shoulder. And they were patient.

The new tide was coming in. Slowly, silent except for the endless crashing of the waves, it came. It crept invisibly up the seaweed covered boulders and gave new life to the thirsty plants. The dry blotter of the beach accepted and absorbed more and more of the frothing waves. And still the fishermen sat. The horizon slowly caught fire, and the low hanging clouds sucked up the bloody sparks and broke out in flameless combustion. The gulls flew in from their forest nests and irritated the quiet with their gravel cries.

"Well, Joe, it looks to me like another shot night. No fish, no nothing, and even the crabs are getting bored."

"I'll be damned. I'll be the damndest, miserablest, no good, rottenest -----," and here his self condemnation became too vicious to record. "Here we are, a couple of swell guys, with the best calicoes in New Jersey, the finest

water over the whole summer, and what do we get? Yea, we get a big bite out of the eight ball. Let's shag the blazes out of here and go to George's for some coffee."

On the way to the all-night fishermen's diner, run by the understanding George, neither of them spoke at first. They smoked the kid's cigarettes in silence. Joey finished his smoke, and as he threw it out the window he started to swear. First the reluctant fish were the subject of his invective. He dogmatically disproved their legitimacy; they were systematically accused of every conceivable sort of perversion, their private life was ripped to shreds of indecency, and finally they were subjected to blasphemous warnings. And then Babba became the victim of Joey's vitriolic lash. After the customary lengthy string of expletives, he ended with "----- and I bet that slob went and pulled a couple of bass out of his miserable hat. Hell, he's about the luckiest baloney I know."

They parked behind George's and entered through the galley door. George was talking on the phone, and the coffee-drinking fishermen were all around him. "Yeah, Porkchops, -----he's at Monmouth Memorial Hospital----- had sixteen stiches taken in his side-----fell when he tried to reach down and gaff a striper-----damn near drowned-----is pretty bad off-----called the priest-----. Yeah, bring them down. I'll ice them for him." He turned to the men surrounding him. "You heard, huh? And Porkchops wants to know what to do with the three bass Babba caught!"

GOD HATH WROUGHT

ALVIN KNEPPER

HELLO! Gim-me the desk!" shouted the excited reporter into the telephone. "Perkins? . . . This is Edwards. Get this stuff! Tommy Daniels has just lost his title to Eddie Ericksen by a technical knock-out. Wait! Better change that name to Killer Erickson, because he just beat Daniels to a pulp. The Doc here says if they don't get him to a hospital quick, he'll die. There was blood all over the ring. Better call rewrite, and have them get ready for the story. Hold on a minute, they're carrying Daniels out now!"

Out of the small dressing room came two men in white uniforms carrying a litter with a body on it. It was well covered with blankets, and the pulsations within them indicated to the crowd that he was still alive. As soon as the body was put into the ambulance, both sped away from the arena.

Some one said, "He must have gone mad. Why did he start sluggin' git out? That boy is a boxer, not a slugger. I bet he would have won."

II

A few minutes later, the ambulance reached its destination, and immediately the body was brought into the emergency operating room. No sooner had the doctor on duty looked at his patient than he said curtly, "Prepare him for immediate surgery. It's a good thing he's unconscious or we'd have complications." They moved him into the main operating room, and started preparing him for a vital operation, an operation which held his life in the balance. Silence prevailed, and only the huge clock on the wall could be heard . . . tick . . . tock . . . tick . . . tock.

"Scalpel!" softly spoke the doctor. The orderly slapped the instrument into the doctor's hand. The hand moved skillfully toward the battered structure of what had once been the face of a man. There was stillness in the barren room. Even the clock on the wall seemed to have stopped. There were only sounds of a heavy breathing, blood running; and every once in a while the stillness was broken by the doctor's calm, sure voice, asking for another instrument.

The patient lay there motionless, as if the whole organism were dead. But there was one organ working continuously, and that was his brain, deep in thought. At first, the thoughts were jumbled like a bunch of papers floating through air, but slowly they all came together. He began to see things as he had never seen them before. They were personal



things — things which were very dear to him.

"What's this fellow's name?" asked the nurse, as soon as the orderlies had taken the limp, bandaged body off the stretcher.

"Don't you read the papers? That's Tommy Daniels, the champ, or rather ex-champ," she was told.

The tall, freckle-faced nurse picked up the chart, and as she wrote she murmured, "Thomas Daniels, age twenty-five, from Perryville." The nurse put down the chart, and carefully tucked the blankets under her patient.

III

The first few thoughts slowly, but surely, came together. Daniels saw what seemed to be a woman and a child, about five years old, praying.

Another thought came to him. "That's my wife and child! They're praying! They seem to be asking the Lord to save someone . . . Surely not me, after the way I treated them?" He heard the child say, "Daddy, come home! Please God, bring my Daddy home!"

"Lord," he sighed. "Why do Helen and Danny want me to come home? They are too good for me. After all, Helen and I couldn't make a go of it . . . At least I thought so . . . No! It was my fault, I was the bad one. I drank, hardly ever was home evenings, and always thought of myself and that damn fighting career . . . I hate it! . . . Why didn't I stop when Helen asked me to? . . . Oh Helen! what have I done? . . . If only I could pull out of this, I would go back on my hands and knees, and beg your forgiveness."

All of a sudden, the thoughts again became jumbled; and through what seemed to him to be a vast crowd of cheering voices in an arena, he heard himself yelling: "Danny! . . . Helen! . . . Don't leave me! . . . I want to live! . . . I want to live! . . ."

He felt a sharp pang in his arm, like a needle pricking him, and slowly darkness and peacefulness enveloped him.

IV

"It's a wonder this guy is still alive, after that horrible beating he took," the nurse said to the doctor at her side.

"Yes!" answered the doctor, "He was very lucky. This is the kind of case where the doctor closes the wounds and a greater source supplies the cure."

"I guess you are right," exclaimed the nurse. "His wife and son have been outside his room

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

JOURNEY FROM THE STAR

BERNICE HARRIS

A SPIRIT came down from the heavens,
Down from the mystic realms of light
To live upon the earth,
To dwell upon the Sorrowful Star.
Her whole being knew beauty
Far above any of which we mortals dream;
But though she dwelt with men
They might not see her.
Her form was ethereal and her garments,
Robes of righteousness and purest thoughts.
In her far-distant home
She had lived through countless ages
But often she had heard a tale
Of another land, another people
Who dwelt not in peace but in bloody war,
Who turned aside from the True God,
The Creator of all worlds,
And worshipped gold and jewels, fame and
power.
To the Spirit it was a curious tale,
For she knew nothing of hate and war,
Death to her did not exist.
For her there was no jealousy or greed,
But though she knew nought of these sins
She wept for all who suffered from them;
And so she left her peaceful haven
Where all was Love, where the spirits
Who had attained perfection in past lives
Abode in the radiance from the great center
of Light and Love.

She came into a house that might have been
a home,
Were it not that it lacked love.
Brother fought against brother,
Father against mother.
And the Spirit sighed, "Alas,
I have found evil where good will and kindness
Would have meant peace.
But I shall stay a moment more
That perhaps I may glimpse some beauty."
As she lingered, men entered
And in hushed whispers
Plotted the destruction of their neighbor.
Women in rich gowns bedecked with jewels
Sneeringly besmirched their absent friends.
Here is wealth, thought the Spirit,
But the forces of envy and hate are ever
triumphant.
Thereafter the Spirit passed over many seas
and many lands,
Until she came to a battlefield
Where a fierce war was being waged.
Blood from the wounds of the fighters
Flowed forth and stained the once green sod.


There was noise of the bombing,
Screeching shells brought death.
Men, brave men, frightened men,
Fell upon the earth.
Wounded soldiers moaned but there was
no aid.
Soldiers in agony cursed the enemy
And vowed that their sons would exact
revenge.
The Spirit bowed her head and understood
That these men were dying in search of
liberty,
While in their own hearts and souls there
was no freedom.
For they were chained with fetters stronger
than the finest steel—
Fetters builded from their own secret thoughts
and deeds.
Suffering humanity lay round her
And her heart sighed in pain at human
blindnesses.

With anguished heart she left the field of battle
Among the lowly streets she wandered
And sought a city with its clamored din.
Within a dingy house along an alley
In search of good, in constant search of love.
A child in ragged clothes sat smiling.
The Spirit paused before the lass,
In pity saw the thin and work-worn hands,
But looking then upon her face
She knew at last her search had not been
in vain.
For there peace shone and love and mercy too.
The child knew not that anyone was near,
Though tenderly the Spirit kissed her brow
And left a gentle blessing there.

Back to the heavens,
Away from the Sorrowful Star
To the place of eternal beauty
Sped the Spirit.
Then as she reached her home and
Kindred spirits asked her of her quest,
In accents soft and low, she said,
"I saw a child with loving spirit and pure
heart;
Because of her there shall be peace,
Wars shall be ended
Liberty of body and of mind shall be
accomplished.
Among the wicked sons of men
At least one child is good;
And therefore the entire world shall one day
dwell in peace,
Because that child is YOUTH."

THE MARE

War and Peace



Aimed and shattered men, mirroring
despair,
Lonely, tired women, evading life's stress,
Young boys, filled with boasts and fears,
Young girls, filled with jests and doubts,
And little children, whose eyes reflect
Disillusionment—and loss—and hope.
These things are war,
Long after peace is won.

* * *


Men, greasing cars and riding subway
trains,
Women, washing clothes and phoning
friends,
Boys, riding bikes and hating school,
Girls, singing and longing for spring,
And little children, whose days are filled
With play—and dirt—and faith.
These things are peace,
Even when war is begun.

HELEN SOUTHALL, '49.

An Experiment in Prose Poetry

Like the toy blocks
I used to build into castles
Are all my hopes, my schemes, and my
contrivings.
Blocks dependent on other blocks,
Built on themselves alone and the thin air,
Constructed out of sheer nothingness to
begin with.
But in my mind the castle stands complete,
invulnerable.
Until one stark blow shatters the founda-
tions and my castle
Tumbles.
The blocks lie
bleakly
on the floor
patternless.
Like my dreams
which now
are scattered.
Unveiled in all their petty foolishness
In the light of cruel reality
By the master
Chance.

NANCY TWINING



"And I shall build

To which my



LE STAIR

Dawn

Dawn
Is a small boy,
Laughing—
At a new life,
A new day.
Noon
Is a mother,
Happy—
Bearing her child,
Full of abundant life.
Evening
Is an old man,
Tired—
Lighting his pipe,
Peaceful and wise.
But
Then—
I almost forgot,
There's
Night.

BERNICE HARRIS



An Eternal Question

Can it be Spring again
When there is desolation in men's souls?
Can earth burst forth anew,
Outpouring love on hill and lane,
As men, unheeding, plan their petty goals?
"Total war impending . . ."
Yet violets creep up in wayward plot
To charm us with their shyness.
And magnolia, in flamboyant glory
Comes again, though men can see her not.
What is the source of joy
That still remains, when men their cares
can't cease,
Will we e'er find the fount
From which all nature feeds anew,
So we, as they, may look to Thee for
peace?

BARBARA DIETZ

E towers

in the air,

shall climb

by marble stair."

LESS THAN TRIVIA

From under the desk pad of Der Bajazzo*

NANCY TWINING

THERE are times when the quest of finding happiness seems so very simple. Now I should be completely happy if I could play Beethoven's **Pathetique Sonata**. Life itself is written into every run, into every rich chord, into its haunting melody.

* * * * *

It isn't a new observation that the volume of cheering made by a baseball crowd varies directly with the success of the team; it's just disconcerting to realize that when I'm in the stands, even my enthusiasm fades when the varsity lags behind five runs.

* * * * *

I am not the saddest during great emotional crises. These are still infrequent and strange, possessing a fascination which moderates the grief. Rather, it is at quiet times, while reading, or listening to music, or watching snow fall, that I feel inspired by a glimmer of greatness—only to realize it doesn't belong to me. Then that glimmer, that hint, fades away. It is bitter to know that I am capable only of reflecting for a brief instant someone else's sunlight.

* * * * *

A test of greatness: The ability to face a problem that looms like a giant at midnight with the same objective calmness one has when walking up Bomberger path in the bright sunlight twelve hours later.

* * * * *

A person needn't be in the middle of the Sahara Desert to experience desolation. One has only to be seven miles from Collegeville, to be alone, and to have missed the last bus.

Believe me, it's possible to feel completely lost and friendless at the corner of Main and Swede Streets, Norristown, at midnight.

* * * * *

Mental milestones: When I discovered that words have no synonyms; when I understood the meaning of **objectivity** and **subjectivity**.

* * * * *

The distraction of a jazz band or a mob of people is impotent when compared to the penciled comments a certain type of human being persists in marking in the margins of library books. Inevitably I find myself off on a tangent, wondering what the anonymous creature was like who would make statement so and so, and then have the audacity to leave it to puzzle future generations.

* * * * *

I thought Mary understood, and then she said she hated Chekhov. I thought Jane knew, until she snapped off the radio in the middle of Khatchaturian's **Masquerade**. I thought Bill realized and then he almost fell asleep during the lecture on Matisse. But I was wrong; I'm quite alone here.

* * * * *

Bernard in Virginia Wolf's **The Waves** is a "kindred spirit" of mine as he says, "The complexity of things becomes more close, here at college, where the stir and pressure of life are so extreme, where the excitement of mere living becomes daily more urgent. Every hour something new is unburied in the great brain pie."

*Der Bajazzo, Thomas Mann

JAZZ FANTASY

*A blaring trumpet fills the smoky hall
For this is the night of the jazz-man's ball.
They came from afar, they came from near,
To the jazz-man's ball to hear
The rock of the rhythm, the beat of the drum,
The wail of the clarinet, the trombone's hum;
To see Louis Armstrong, and Bolden, too,
And hear Ma Rainey sing it blue;
Ory, Rappolo, and all the rest,
The cats all love 'em, cause they're the best.
So come with me down to Basin Street,
Where they blow it hot, an' they blow it sweet.
Listen, listen, there's Louis now
Hear him right, and watch him go.
He's all gone in the land of dreams,
The jazz-man's heaven called New Orleans.*

CHARLES WETZEL

MY GIFT

*I was talking to my God today,
In the big tree by the stream.
And he gave me thoughts of fantasy
That would fit the strangest dream.
He said to me, "Be happy, bright!
And let your sorrows go;
Just seek the joy and beauty,
In the nature that I show.
Listen to the gurgling brook,
With its pleasant murmuring sound;
And feel the soggy sway of foot,
On the wet and frost-free ground.
Cling to the sharp shrill of the hawk,
As it haunts the evening sky;
And see the form and poise of the squirrel,
As it hurriedly passes you by.
Realize that I am all this,
And forever I shall be,
The beauty in all the things of the earth,
That I have created for thee."*

GEORGE BOCK

WHAT IS PROGRESS?

JEAN ANNE SCHULTZ

IN THE last issue of **The Lantern** there appeared an article entitled "Security or Progress", in which the author made the point that any sort of collective security is incompatible with progress achieved by the merits of American individualism. This individualism is a characteristic that Americans must never give up, because we are now the last "bastion of democracy surviving on earth".

There are several things which need to be said to clear this problem about security and progress. In the first place, it is true that America has always boasted of her free and equal people. To a great extent, we have a right to be so proud, but the most dangerous threat to any democracy is that it should slip into the slovenly habit of assuming that what has worked reasonably well until now is worthy of indefinite practice. We are swallowing a lot of sweet platitudes when we believe that this free America has produced free individuals. We have **some** free individuals, but in an economy which functions increasingly better as competition becomes stiffer, there must be someone at the bottom. It is as we regard this person that we exhibit the values we term important.

We talk about safeguarding individual freedom, and yet, judging from our practice, we do not really mean it. We mean that we guard the freedom of certain persons who, we believe, are in some way superior. The fallacy here is not that we say some people are superior in ability, but that they for that reason should be granted privileges which all human beings cannot enjoy. Unless we can say that it is every person's right to make the fullest realization of his own personality, we violate the basic conceptions of both democracy and Christianity. Furthermore, if, believing this, we still place our faith more in the system than in the people, we have not come to understand fully what it means that each person be given the opportunity to develop his own personality, to become a human being and not a cog in our civilized machine.

Our first responsibility, then, is to look at what we are doing to each American. It is very easy for us to say that if he were courageous and ambitious this lowly worker would rise up and change his way of life. But that is more impossible than we like to admit. Men who have had little education, who know only one skill, and who are, perhaps, additionally handicapped by the use of a foreign language dare not risk the little security they



know to search for something better. "Hand-to-mouth" living is precarious.

Those persons who talk about ways of guaranteeing security and freedom from want are looking at our world realistically. They have faced the fact that our civilization has surpassed the need and possibility of basing its culture and economics on individuals. In the days of the early tribes, through the industrial revolution

to the time of Ford and Carnegie, there were always frontiers to which men could move when they were no longer satisfied by the existing practices. Progress depended upon those who were physically courageous enough to endure the hardships of new places and new ideas. These men lacked physical security, but they were making progress.

Now community life has changed. Our perspective is different. Progress is not measured anymore by physical courage, but by advances in thought. Within this new community there is need to guarantee some kind of security for those who are subordinated by the system. The job of getting security is not simple; it is not proposed by those who want an easy back-seat, for it is one of the most difficult problems of human relations to work together toward a common end.

The alternatives are not as black and white as the distinction between following a leader as sheep or becoming a lone individual. Perhaps there is a middle ground; it seeks unity within the conditions of freedom, and maintains freedom within the framework of order.

Whether we subscribe to socialist principles, whether we advocate a completely planned economy, or whether we merely hold a Christian and democratic concern for all people, we have to realize that the system under which we now live is not satisfying the fundamental rights we have guaranteed. It does not matter so much by what system we plan to remedy the situation, but it matters immensely that we see the need for some remedy. It is complacent traditionalists who are afraid to evaluate their progress, who will not admit that there may be a better way of achieving progress, who are themselves stifling the progressive spirit.

*Oh western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down may rain?
Christ, that my love where in my arms
And I in my bed again.*

—ANONYMOUS

BETRAYAL

LOUIS D. STEFAN

IT WAS obvious that the little man was up to something. Ever since our train had pulled out of Gare-du-Nord he had been working his way toward the center of the car. The tightly-packed mass of standing Parisians did not seem to mind the way he pushed, shoved, and jostled his way through their midst—a fact which I noted with interest, for in the States such rude treatment would have earned the perpetrator a black eye or a bruised chin. Here in France, however, the people seemed too pre-occupied with their thoughts to render him more than a passing glance of annoyance.

Finally he reached his goal, but even this did not seem to satisfy him. His next move was to form a small clear area about himself by means of more pushing and shoving. When this had been accomplished he was apparently satisfied, for he pulled out a huge red handkerchief, and, removing his tattered beret, began to mop his shining, damp forehead. By this time I was no longer alone in my curiosity at the little fellow's behavior. Some of my fellow passengers seemed to have deserted their lethargic moods, and waited with eyes fastened upon the car's disturbing element to see what he would do next.

The tenseness was broken for a moment while the train stopped at Clichy, but as soon as the journey was resumed, the spell regained its hold, and the waiting began anew.

I was totally unprepared for what followed, for although I had read **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**, I had never seriously believed that such a phenomenon was possible. I was mistaken. Clutching his beret tightly in thin knotted fists, the little man seemed to add inches to his five feet. His eyes began to flash, and the emaciated chest swelled out, until it imparted to its bearer an impression of strength and solidarity. Then he began to speak: low and deliberately slow at first, describing the beginnings of his native France. He carried his now interested audience through the days of the Gauls and the Belgae; pictured for them the legions of Rome marching across the fair French countryside; sang the praises of Charlemagne and Roland; and, in a voice that had risen to the rumble of an approaching storm, quickening with every breath, recalled the glory that accrued to France during the Crusades, when her stout men marched off to reclaim the temples of Christ!

I, with my limited knowledge of French, was beginning to experience great difficulty in keeping up with the speaker, who now dominated the car. Not an eye was elsewhere but on him. Weary, tired faces had begun



to glow, as he related the glorious past of his native land. With each episode of his narration, some head was held a little higher—some heart beat a little faster.

He was now describing the atrocities of the Hun, following the struggle of 1870, and then the revenge of Versailles in 1918. No longer was he a thin, shrivelled, tired little "frog", who had seen one war too many. One no longer noticed that his head was bald, his trousers patched, and his shoes ragged. He was a courier of old, extolling the courage and patriotism of the French, and as his now shouting voice climbed ever higher and sang ever more sweetly, women began to cry, and the men on the crowded car squared their shoulders and gazed defiantly at the little man, as if denying that they were any different than those heroes of times past.

Another stop at Verdun, but no one left the car; and when it resumed speed, the speaker's voice had taken on an imploring tone. He insisted that France could and would weather the present storm. What matter temporal hardships to a nation whose very roots are imbedded in spirit and courage. Then, in one last burst of passion that broke the dams which struggled to hold back the emotions of the warm-blooded, excited crowd, he began to sing *La Marseillaise!* and half a hundred passionate voices sang along with him. *Vive la France! Vive la Paris! Vive la Courage!*

Oh, if only he had stopped then and just vanished into the air. If only the floor of the car had opened and swallowed his heroic form, leaving behind the thrill and glory of the mood he had created. But alas, this was not to be. The fires in his eyes seemed suddenly to flicker and die, his figure to shrink back into its original proportions, and the voice no longer swayed the emotions of the revitalized passengers.

The little man had begun to beg for francs, in a wheedling, cracked voice that chilled the blood in one's veins. The eyes of the crowd reflected panic as they were suddenly brought back to the realization that the past few minutes had been nought but a dream. Their knight in shining armor had unmasked, and stood now in his true colors: a beggar, who earned his bread by playing upon the emotions of his countrymen. He received his francs, but all the wealth in France could not buy back what he had destroyed.

The car was almost empty after the next stop. I looked over in the corner and watched

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

THE KEY

WILLIAM KELLER

HE WOKE slowly, reaching up through layers of soft, suffocating sleep, and winced as the light streaming through the open window struck his eyes. "Kee-ripes, what a head! And what a party that was last night! Whew, never again!"

Cautiously, so as not to disturb its fragility, he turned his head and surveyed the room. What a sorry appearance it presented — clothes in a steady stream from the door to the bedside. "Oh what the devil, Molly would come in later and straighten things up. What he needed was some of the hair of the dog." Carefully he poured a shot into the glass on the bedside table and, despite his shaking hand, managed to swallow the larger portion of it. "There, that took care of some of the butterflies; maybe a little fresh air would help." He swung his legs over the side of the bed and, forcing himself to his feet, stumbled over to the window. Bracing himself against the frame, he looked out, and the sight of the street fifteen stories below nauseated him. Loudly and thoroughly he cursed the fact that the sill was so low and remembered the many times he had asked the management to install some sort of protective grille. "No matter, this place could never be half as rotten as that dump he had shared with Johnston. Johnston, that dirty little grifter was at the party last night; damn good thing Dick kept us apart or the game would certainly have broken up in a brawl. Guess a shower is next in order." The shower improved his physical well-being so much that he was even able to whistle with no head-splitting after effects during the rubdown.

Coming out of the bathroom he noticed that the morning paper had been shoved under the door, so he altered his course to take it in. "Let's see, bank robbery, love-nest broken up, and—hey, what's this? 'Prominent Man-about-Town Murdered, Missing Key Only Clue.'" Eyes wide, he thought, "Why that's Johnston's picture! Am I glad I handed back my key when we broke up. So, somebody had got him at last? It served the no good rotter right. Killing was too good for him." His mind on the startling news he started to dress—clean shirt, fumbling fingers struggling with a tie. "Holy smoke," he almost forgot to transfer the contents of the trousers of his tails to the pair he had on. "Let's see—wallet, key chain, fifty, seventy-five, eighty-five, eighty-eight cents, and this key—must have dropped off my chain—wait a minute, that looks like—Jeez, that's a key to the old apart-



ment." His mind raced back to the headlines, "Missing Key Only Clue". "But how did I get it? Oh God! No! No, I couldn't have; sure I hated his guts, but not that much." Suddenly the liquor took hold again. He started sweating. "Let's see, what happened last night. We went to Tony's. Uh—Johnston made some nasty cracks about Alice, I took a swing at him, guess I was too looped even then to connect." Worriedly he tried to recall the next stop. "Next stop, next stop. Oh, we went up to Dick's place." Then with horror he remembered offering to take Johnston home, the ride down in the elevator, giving the address to the taxi driver—but from there his mind was a blank. "A drink, that's what he needed to help him think. Maybe he'd better have a couple more. Now let me think. Oh, dammit, think! Think!" But try as he would he couldn't penetrate that soft, black curtain that blanketed out the time that elapsed after getting into the taxi. Another drink, another,

by now the perspiration was oozing from his forehead.

A knock on the door brought him up with a jerk. Panicky, he shouted, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Molly, sir, can I clean your room now?"

"No, no, come back later!" Despite his efforts to be calm the words rushed out, and in his fear he felt that everyone must hear and know. Back to his pacing, his brain a whirling turmoil. "Cripes, it was getting hot! He needed some air." Blindly he turned toward the window. As he neared it, his eyes fogged by the whiskey, he stumbled on a dancing pump which sent his shins crashing against the low sill. Vainly his numb fingers clawed for a hold, as the impact sent his body hurtling out the open window and down toward the street far below. His shrill scream quickly died in the still air.

* * * * *

"Gee, Alice, wasn't that a swell party last night?"

"Sure was, but I was afraid there was going to be trouble in Tony's bar when Bob tried to slug Johnston. I know the guy was making dirty cracks, but after all he didn't know what he was doing. I wonder what Bob is doing right now?"

"Yeah, I wonder what he'll think when he sees that key they slipped into his pocket and the phony newspaper Johnston shoved under the door this morning? It takes Dick to think up ones like that."

"Sure does, he's a real killer!"

WINTER NIGHT

(Continued from Page Five)

We stopped and spoke, and, with a word, went on—together.

We walked and talked of the little things one talks about when companionship is expected to be of short duration. We talked slowly and of little things, yet saying all there was to say. We walked and shared the lighted store-windows—laughing at our reflections on the glass, together. We hooted, but did not really care, when a taxi-driver barely missed us. We asked directions of a policeman, got our directions, and never did find that place and didn't care.

We loved that night—loved, over the glasses, with our eyes. We loved without words of love, without the appetites of love, without the disillusionments of love. We loved with silence and with laughing eyes and with music and with many drinks. We loved apart from the throng. We loved without effort and without hope, without restraint and without passion. And always without the throng. Our love was brief, yet more full for the brevity, knowing that it should not sorely suffer under time. We loved and were, if only briefly, done with loneliness.

And in the first grey hours of the dawn, when the ice had melted in the drinks, and the trumpet's tone had turned to brass, and the elite and the degenerate had chosen the same hour to retire, we looked into each other's eyes. In those first grey hours we looked into each other's eyes and for the last time laughed together. (We looked into each other's eyes and saw that each had seen what once each had been in too close proximity to loneliness to see.) We looked and saw that each had seen that in this great, loud, milling throng—we'd been the only two who were not lonely there.

I left her with that knowing smile. I left her, without farewell, standing on a street corner. I left her, smiling on a street corner, and went my solitary way, back through deserted streets.

FROM THE CHINESE

*We were two green rushes by opposing banks,
And the small stream ran between.
Not till the winter beat us down
Could we be brought together;
Not till the winter came
Could we be mingled in a frosty sleep
Locked down and close.*

J. WING, translated by E. MATHERS

GOD HATH WROUGHT

(Continued from Page Six)

praying for him all night. It is a strange thing, though! No matter how much we people of the medical profession learn, we can never find a better cure than that one."

Suddenly they heard the patient stir a bit. The nurse immediately drew nearer.

As Tommy's eyes slowly opened, he saw a blur which soon began to look like a lovely young girl, who kept saying, "Hello there! It looks as though you had a close call, but you'll be okay!"

His eyes began to wander around the room until he saw through the ward window, his wife and child smiling at him. Slowly his long silence was broken by a few words, which he mumbled under his breath, "God hath wrought."

BETRAYAL

(Continued from Page Twelve)

the wretch as he counted the money his oration had earned him. Then I got up and stood by the door, waiting—praying—begging for the train to stop so that I could get out and away. Just as it seemed that the repugnance in my stomach could stand it no longer, we pulled into the station and the doors slid open. I got out quickly and walked down the ramp.

M. W. WITMER

(Continued from Page Three)

In the literary field, he has actively encouraged creative writing, and has been an advisor to the **Lantern** ever since its inception. Before the war, he offered two other advanced English Composition courses, one in description and narration, and the other in exposition and argumentation. He hopes that it may be possible to again establish these courses, as he feels they were valuable for the pre-legal and pre-journalistic students.

Prof. Witmer quotes former President Omwake in the statement, "When a man ceases to be an optimist, he ceases to be an educator", and Mr. Witmer has never ceased to be an optimist. His great faith in the loving power of God gives him the eternal hope that youth holds the promise of making a better world than preceding generations have made. And it has been his life work to guide young people into paths of service that he himself has trod. Those Ursinus students who have known him may always be proud to have caught a glimpse of the courageous spirit of Professor Martin Witmer.

M. L. MOYER CO.

WHOLESALE

Tobacco — Cigars — Pipes

Candy

142-144 High Street

Phone 2081

Pottstown, Pa.

THE BAKE SHOP

- Fresh Pastries
- Fresh Cakes
- Fresh Buns

If you prefer to eat dinner off-campus,

Come to

THE KOPPER KETTLE

481 Main Street

Collegeville, Pa.

America's Oldest Hotel

LUNCHES

DINNERS

Perkiomen

Bridge Hotel

SEA FOOD

CLAM BAKES

America's Finest Foods

Catering to banquets, parties
and serving Sunday dinners

SANDWICHES

DINNERS

PLATTERS

Minnick's Luncheonette

and

Tydol Station

735 Main Street, in Trappe

Just past the Lutheran Church

BREYER'S ICE CREAM

Open 10 A.M. - 11 P.M.

Closed all day Monday



Everything from

TOOTH BRUSHES

— to —

LAUNDRY KITS

— in the —

SUPPLY STORE



DOLLY MADISON

ICE CREAM



ARISTOCRAT

ICE CREAM



Philadelphia Dairy Products Co., Inc.

Pottstown

Phone 816

COLLEGE CUT RATE

- For Patent Medicines
- For Sundries
- For Fountain Drinks

Fifth and Main

Collegeville, Pa.

Phone 2711

Compliments of

MRS. WAGNER

S H O P

with

C O N F I D E N C E

— at —

BLOCK'S

NORRISTOWN

POTTSTOWN

Selling Merchandise of Merit Since 1884

EASY MONEY

If your letters home read like this: "Dear Folk\$, Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t?" then perhaps we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfully send you a dollar... or even fifteen for gags you send in and we print.

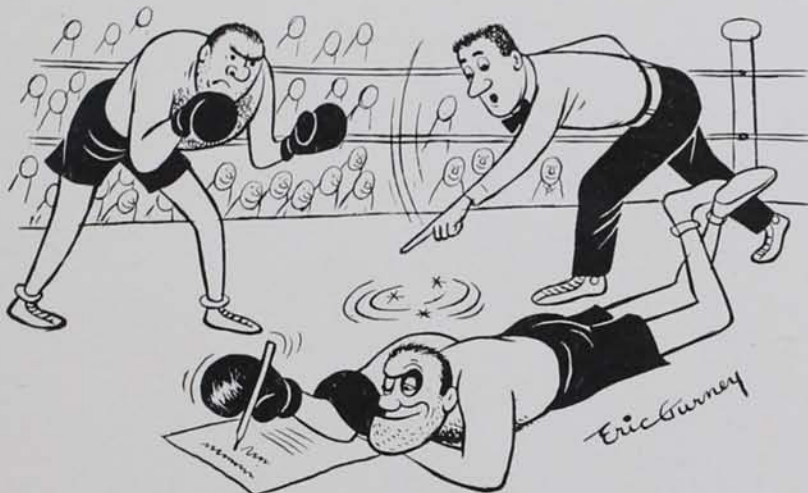
Merely mark your attempts with your name, address, school and class and mail to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y.



DEPARTMENT

All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. As you might imagine, we'll be quite mad if you mention Pepsi-Cola in your gags. (Simply mad about it.) Remember, though, you don't have to enclose a feather to tickle our risibilities. Just make us laugh—if you can. We'll send you a rejection slip... if you can't.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



"... well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

Got a good line for this gag? Send it in! \$5 each for any we buy (Don't worry about the caption that's already there—that's just our subtle way of reminding you about Pepsi's terrific \$203,725 "Treasure Top" Contests. Latch onto entry blanks at your Pepsi-Cola dealer's today!) Or send in your own cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea—\$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer of New York City.

HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ., and Ray Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.

* * *

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola?
She: Yoo-hoo!!

* * *

She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

* * *
She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.
He: (Kisses her).
She: (sighing) Brother!

* * *

Can you do better? We hope so. And we're ready to pay for it. \$3 is waiting. Try and get it!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra \$100.00

DAFFY DEFINITIONS



\$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.
Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.
Paradox—two ducks.
Laugh—a smile that burst.

* * *

Hurry and coin a phrase... you might face some coin. If that isn't easy money, we don't know what is.

LITTLE MORON CORNER



"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage (\$2) for June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Duuuuuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

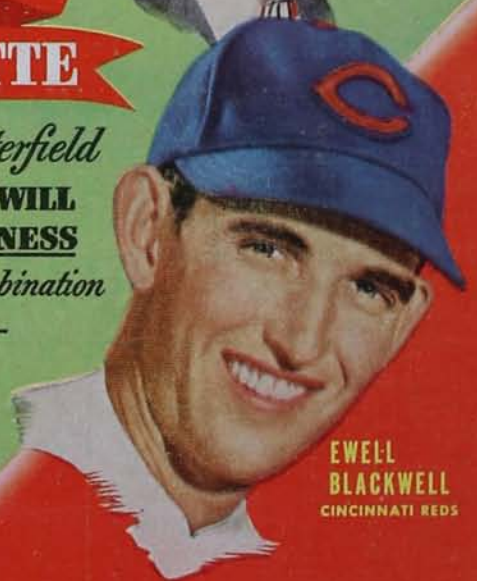
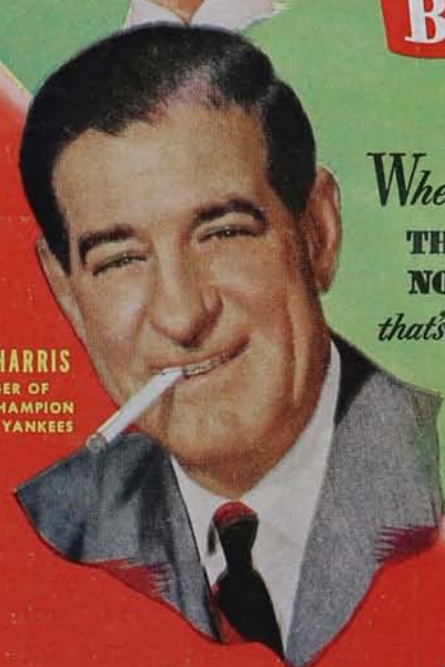
Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

TED WILLIAMS
BOSTON RED SOX

STAN MUSIAL
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

BOSTON BRAVE'S
BOB ELLIOTT
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

CHAMPION N. Y. YANKEE'S
JOE DIMAGGIO
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE



**THE
BASEBALL MAN'S
CIGARETTE**

*When you change to Chesterfield
THE FIRST THING YOU WILL
NOTICE IS THEIR MILDNESS
that's because of their Right Combination
World's Best Tobaccos —*

**ALWAYS MILDER
BETTER TASTING
COOLER SMOKING**

BUCKY HARRIS
MANAGER OF
WORLD'S CHAMPION
NEW YORK YANKEES

EWELL
BLACKWELL
CINCINNATI REDS

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD
They Satisfy