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The **LANTERN**



FALL ISSUE, 1949

URSINUS COLLEGE

*So Mild-
and they
Taste
so good!*



Camels

The LANTERN

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MAZURKIEWICZ

ASSOCIATES . . .

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KELLER

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REICHLEY

SCHMIDT

STEFAN

VERBURG

USHER

BUSINESS . . .

LEKERNEC

ART . . .

MIGLIO

HALLSTROM

ADVISOR . . .

CHILD

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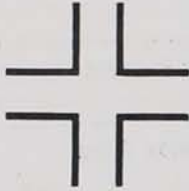
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WANT, AN OLD FREEDOM UNUSED

MANY individuals miss some of the purest emotions and finest satisfactions in life because they have not been trained or are unwilling to do things for themselves. Some do not even come to sensible maturity. Let me illustrate.

One day in spring while walking through the woods, I found a large cocoon intended by nature to produce a large and beautiful moth. I noticed that the cocoon moved and, being curious, I investigated it. The pupa was beginning to work its way out of the cocoon.

After a hole had been chewed in the cocoon by the pupa and while it was struggling to work its way out, I decided to help it. I cut open the cocoon. With only one small effort the pupa was free. But it could only crawl. Its wings had no beautiful colors as nature had intended, and these were so weak that the moth could not fly. The well-meaning helper had removed the need for work and self-help and ruined its life!

Human lives are thwarted or ruined in much the same way. Look around your own community. Self-reliance is getting an ever-lower rating in our society. "Pinkish" people sometimes point to such behavior as reactionary! It is not nice to talk about individuals depending on their own inherent qualities of self-dependence any longer! Don't we have a government? Can't somebody clip the cocoon of daily striving that imprisons us and make us free?

Free from what? Free from thinking? Free from details and drudgery? Free from external cares and solitudes? These are the very factors that develop our physical, mental, and spiritual beings.

Maybe freedom from want is what we long for. In the proper sense of the words, freedom from want is a good social objective, but too many people are giving this freedom an absolute interpretation and they are looking for a world of eternal ease without effort! H. G. Wells, in a mood of sharp criticism, said:

"Human society is based on want! Life is based on want! Wild-eyed visionaries may dream of a world without need—cloud-cuckoo land! It can't be done!"

The wants of life are its driving power—the dynamos, so to speak, in the pursuit of happiness. And it is never going to be a standardized society that will yield this happiness.

The Pilgrims soon found this out on the rocky shores of a new world. Like the settlers at Jamestown, they were idealistic in advocating standardized communal life. They were real communists—America's first. Everyone was to enjoy the harvest, share and share alike. But this practice didn't work! Some people had more wants than others; some people did less work than others. A return to individualism was necessary!

In 1623 the change came. From then on, "every man was to set corne for his owne particular" — meaning he would have to satisfy his own wants by his own efforts, or go hungry!

The record tells us that the Pilgrims "wente willingly into ye field to set corne"—and in the fall they were rejoicing at the abundant yields—and the satisfied wants.

The former Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Inge, observed:

"There is no law of progress. Our future is in our hands, to make or to mar. It will be an uphill fight to the end—and *would we have it otherwise?*"

Let no one suppose that evolution will ever exempt us from our struggles.

'You forget,' said the devil, with a chuckle, 'that I have been evolving, too!'

I have italicized the words, "*and would we have it otherwise?*" because the "Gloomy Dean" by implication puts a positive value on obstacles as developers of character, just as another writer says that "peril is the element in which power is developed!" Not only power is developed—but also beauty, and wisdom, and love. Precious little comes out of listlessness and mediocrity. Men who are always content never light the heavens with the brilliance of achievement. It is men like Kettering, who wants to know what put the green in the leaf, who lighten humanity's load.

As individuals, as rational beings, avoiding the weakening effect of having the cocoon of daily striving broken open for us, we should give thanks for the wants of life—the good wants—the perfect antidote for the tawdry, specious longings that only make us flaccid and colorless.

ALBERT J. MAZURKIEWICZ,
Editor.

HENRY FORD is said to have declared on one occasion, "History is bunk." No doubt he thought the study of the past was an aimless pursuit, a prodigal waste of time. Why, we can hear him asking, should men spend their energies and time rummaging among the remains of what is dead and gone when life has so many more important and interesting things to do? Why worry about the lifeless ashes of yesterday when the living problems of today press so close at hand?

This view of the value of the study of history was not, of course, peculiar to Henry Ford. If it had been, we might be tempted to reply that Henry Ford was a man of business and that men of business, however successful they may be in their chosen fields, can hardly be expected to appreciate the value of cultural studies, which after all are fields of interest for which the great majority of them have little time and perhaps still less inclination.

But alas! the devotees of Clio cannot escape so easily; for as everyone knows, who has examined the question at all, the charge that history is bunk, is made not only by men of business but by many others as well, some of whom are learned and respected figures within our halls of learning at the present day. Nor are these critics unsupported by powerful voices from the past. To go no further back than the seventeenth century, for instance, we find the great political thinker, Thomas Hobbes, a scholar whose acquaintance with humanity's record can hardly be called superficial, expressing the view that history is but "the register of knowledge of facts," requiring no very special aptitude or training for its study. At a later date the gifted, if now somewhat forgotten, English writer, Richard Jeffries, observes that, "history is little beyond the record of migrations, how one race moved on and overcame the one in front of it"; while his still more illustrious contemporary, John Stuart Mill, a thinker whose views were only reached after long and careful deliberation, declared that he considered history to be a subject lacking in educational value. Other distinguished writers have expressed similar views and no doubt the names of those who regard history as bunk would, if placed side by side, total up to a very imposing number.

What then can History say in its own defense? Has it something of value to offer to the student which it is impossible for him to gain in any other way? Clearly this is not an easy question, though there are those who have tried to answer it in an easy way. It has been claimed, for example, that history is, or is rapidly becoming, a science in the strict sense of the word, and that its usefulness to man is, or soon will be, comparable to that of any other

scientific field. Taking the view that the study of history in modern times is being progressively transformed into a branch of scientific investigation, the distinguished English historian, Sir John Robert Seeley once declared: "History is the name of a residuum which has been left when one group of facts after another has been taken possession of by some science; . . . the residuum which now exists must go the way of the rest and . . . the time is not very distant when a science will take possession of the facts which are still the undisputed property of the historian." Similarly, Professor J. W. Burgess has remarked that, "when mankind shall have reached that fulness of experience which shall enable it to become completely conscious of itself, it may then be able to turn all of its knowledge into science, and history may then be said to have done its work."

Now, pleasing as it might be in some respects to the historian's vanity to claim that history is, or is in the process of becoming, a science, no one who reflects on what the term science really means can make such a claim for a moment. As Professor Edward Maslin Hume has said in discussing this subject: "Science is not merely a body of verified knowledge. It is a method of discovery. A science is an effectively organized body of information gained by observation, experimentation, and reasoning." The amount of data, however, which the historian gathers by means of personal observation, that is, as an eyewitness, is infinitesimal, and the reports which he must rely on from other men's pens are, as the students in history, who have recently travelled the road to Canossa will agree, frequently imperfect and distorted and at times highly contradictory.

Nor can the historian verify his exceedingly uncertain data as can the physicist and the chemist by experimentation in the laboratory. On this point Professor Hulme observes:

". . . history never repeats itself. Nothing in the life of man ever really recurs in exact detail. No two social leaders are identical, no two days, no two years. What has gone, has gone forever. The phenomena of history are never repeated. No two battles are exactly alike, no two parliaments, no two rulers, no two presidential campaigns. The same presidential campaign and election can never be held again."

Finally, to say that history is a science, or will ever become one in the strict sense of the term, is to beg the question of the existence of a free will. Though the freedom of choice which a man may exercise at any given moment may be extremely limited, no one has yet come forth to prove to the satisfaction of intelligent men that it does not exist at all. In the words

of that great historian, James Anthony Froude:

"A science of history, if it is to be more than a misleading name, implies that the relation between cause and effect holds in human things as completely as in all others: that the origin of human actions is not to be looked for in mysterious properties of the mind, but in influences which are palpable and ponderable. When natural courses are liable to be set aside and neutralized by what is called volition, the word science is out of place. If it is free to a man to choose what he will do or not do, there is no adequate science of him. If there is a science of him, there is no free choice, and the praise or blame with which we regard one another is impertinent and out of place."

Clearly, then, if history is not a science, we must not expect it to be useful to us in the way in which the science, say, of botany, or biology, or physics is useful to mankind. In these fields of study, it is frequently possible, when the factors under consideration are not too numerous or too complex, to predict with absolute certainty that one phenomenon will, under given circumstances, be followed by another. But in the field of history no such certainty about the future exists, and the best the historian can do in dealing with the shape of things to come is to make one or two shrewd guesses based not only on his study of what mankind has done in the past but also on his knowledge and understanding of what it is doing in the present.

Discussing the question of man's ability to predict the future from his knowledge of the past, Professor Gaetano Salvemini of Harvard University says: "In 1931 an American journalist took a fancy to gather a rich harvest of predictions which had been made from 1928 to 1931 by American 'experts' on the prosperity which certainly awaited the United States.* Politicians, high federal officials, stock exchange presidents, leading bankers, big manufacturers, chairmen of railway and telephone companies and of associations of business men and farmers, professors of economics in universities, accredited writers on economics, lords of the press—none of them had the least suspicion that they were in the midst of the most terrific hurricane recorded in economic history."

And yet some of the leading educational figures of our time, among whom we may include two former presidents of Harvard and Columbia universities, have spoken as if the "scientific" study of history would enable us to solve many of the problems that confront us at the present day. "If," said the President of Columbia University in December, 1938, 'a



Prof. Walter B. Ross, associate professor in the History department, received his B.A. in Modern Languages from Dalhousie University at Halifax, Nova Scotia. After teaching for one year in western Canada, he was nominated for a Rhodes Scholarship. At Oxford he took honors in Modern History and received his first Master's degree. On his return from England Prof. Ross taught in both the United States and Canada. A fellowship from the Royal Society of Canada permitted him to do research in German History at Harvard where the degree of Master of Arts was again conferred upon him. Before coming to Ursinus College in 1948 Prof. Ross taught at Harvard University and at Vassar College.

world confronted by chaos and seemingly insoluble problems is to survive and to go on to new roads of progress, the scientific method must be applied in studying and in solving the political and economic enigmas ahead of us." On which hopeful pronouncement Professor Salvemini observes: "No laboratory for government, no scientific approach to battle against the microbe of war can supply us with the foresight of future events and thus we shall never be able to avoid miscalculations and blunders."

There are, of course, many people who are not disturbed by the thought that history is not a science, and cannot therefore predict with any degree of certainty whether the Republican party will win in the next presidential election or not. History, they say, is something greater than science. It is a commentary on life as a whole, and if we will only reflect long enough and deeply enough on the great and varied

* Professor Salvemini's reference is to A. Angly, "Oh Yeah?" (New York, 1931).

pageant of the past, we will find in it an explanation of the meaning of life itself, or at least a general pattern according to which the story of humanity unfolds. The things about which men wrangle from day to day, the proper distribution of wealth in society, the ideal forms of political institutions, and so forth, are merely the details of this pattern and relatively unimportant. History's real purpose is to teach us the significance of life as a whole not merely to recite the contents of one of its brief chapters. This also is a large claim, one which is too long, unfortunately, to be discussed in any detail here. Those who are interested in the subject, however, will find a very able treatment of it in an article entitled, "The Interpretation of History," by J. T. Shotwell, published in *The American Historical Review* for July, 1913. But let us bear in mind, when discussing philosophies of history, that they are based on altogether inadequate premises, either standing like the spiritual philosophies of St. Augustine and Hegel outside the proper sphere of history altogether, or presuming like the materialist philosophies of Feuerbach and Marx to explain the whole of human existence, past, present, and future, in terms which if applicable at all, are applicable only to the past.

If history cannot predict the future and if it cannot explain the meaning of life as a whole, was Henry Ford not right after all? Is history not a lot of bunk? This is a question which each individual must, of course, answer for himself, but it is difficult to see how any thoughtful person can answer it in the affirmative; for some of the values of the study of history are so obvious that we almost have to close our eyes not to see them. No great amount of reflection is needed, for example, to realize how valuable a prophylactic the knowledge of history is against misguided or unscrupulous leaders of public opinion. The all too frequent distortions of history in which Hitler indulged in his speeches to the German people would have been impossible, or at least far less effective in their appeal, if the average German of the 1930's had known even the amount of history which is available to Ursinus students in History 1-2. Nor could anyone who is acquainted with the long, hard struggle which the British people have fought through the centuries to achieve personal and political freedom be taken in by the baleful predictions made by Mr. Churchill during the election campaign of 1945, when he prophesied that if the Labour Party were successful at the polls, Britain would become a state ruled, like Nazi Germany, by a gestapo, or secret police force.

Again there has been much loose talk on this side of the Atlantic in recent years of America's mission in the world. The people who use such language seem to feel that Americans are in some unexplained way superior to other peoples of the world, and that therefore they have been chosen by a special Providence to bring the light to "the lesser breeds without the law." Certainly a country as great and powerful as is the United States of America has a large responsibility to mankind, and it is devoutly to be hoped that it will not fail in its duty to do everything it can to help the world become a better place for men in which to live. But to call this responsibility a mission is to use language borrowed from the medicine man. The student of history can only hope that America, too, does not go the way of the imperialist powers of the past, only to join at length the company of the Englishmen of the last century who talked of "the white man's burden," of the Frenchmen who wrote of their "civilizing mission," of the Italians who boasted of their "sacred individualism," and of the Germans who proclaimed "Prussia's destiny."

If history did nothing more than put us on our guard against the false utterances of misguided individuals and unscrupulous impostors, it would surely be a subject worthy of our study; for the harm which such people do to us as individuals and to all mankind is infinite. More, however, is to be derived from the study of history than this. The record of human endeavor teaches us, for example, to beware of assuming too easily that our own civilization is necessarily one of progress, for the story of the past tells of other civilizations which developed for a time along what seemed to be the paths of progress and then for no apparent reason finally disintegrated and ceased to be. Again history enables us to appreciate more fully than we otherwise could the great potentialities of human nature both for good and evil, and in so doing it gives us a surer footing in the world in which we live.

Among other benefits to be gained from historical reading is perhaps a realization of the folly of fanaticism of any kind and a certain measure of courage in the face of adversity gained from the knowledge that other men faced thus before this. Such things as these and the long view of human problems and suffering which comes from a close acquaintance with the story of the past are the things which, when salted with the experience of our own lives, go to make up the priceless treasure of human wisdom. That is a treasure without which no man, not even a Henry Ford, is truly rich.



Autumn's Panorama

Autumn paints itself in glorious colors—
 The softest and loveliest of colors;
 Colors that thrill the spirit
 Yet quiet the soul;
 Colors that whisper of death to come
 Yet rebirth to follow;
 Colors that are gay and light,
 Colors that are heavy
 And filled with shadows.
 Autumn promises all things
 And nothing.

A leaf falls;
 A bird flies overhead;
 A solitary tree stands guarding a hill—
 A sentinel prophesying
 Darkness and dying.
 Yet over Autumn
 Nature hurls, with reckless abandon,
 Those colors Spring and Summer would not
 have;
 For Spring is a delicate season
 And cannot bear
 The brightest accessories;
 And Summer is proud
 And will not take them.

But Autumn cares not
 What hues Nature chooses for her.
 Autumn prepares for the dying year's final
 celebration—
 A celebration which is always finest,
 Always fairest,
 And still the saddest of them all.
 Soon all things sleep or die.
 We must see them off in style.

Nature leaves for Autumn
 The reds and yellows and browns.
 The universe glories for an instant in red,
 And yellow is left for contrast.
 What better use
 Than to show to the world
 That most brilliant of all colors, red?
 Brown is a foreboding of what is to follow—
 Bareness of branches,
 Bleakness that will cover everything.

Autumn is the peak of a glittering career;
 Autumn is the sunset of a splendid life;
 Autumn predicts the end of another year;
 Autumn promises all things
 And nothing.

JEAN STEWART

Autumn Treasure

*The treasure trees of Autumn
Spill down their Spanish gold
And overflow with rubies
Flaming, bright and old.*

*The ocean skies of Autumn
Wash breathless and serene
To flood with azure liquid
The crystal unreal scene.*

*Dashing, care-free pirates,
Are we who walk and dare
To dig for Autumn treasure
Through depths of Autumn air.*

SALLY CANAAN

A Walk

*Troubles come in torrents
And joys in bubbling fountains;
You're either low in the valley
Or dancing high in the mountains.*

*But I've got a way of dealing
With both of these extremes,
With the laughter and the sadness
Beyond my wildest dreams.*

*When, drunk with joy, I want to do
Crazy, impossible things
I take a walk and let the trees
Turn my glad handsprings.*

*When, drowned in grief, I want to cry
I take a walk in the rain;
The world weeps so much prettier
And there's no after-pain.*

SALLY CANAAN

Leaves

*The first snowfall of autumn is not white,
Nor yet will lie upon the earth too long,
But only till the bird has ceased his song,
For leaves will fade beneath the blanket white,
There to be forgotten, when you and I
Who saw, and wondered, when from dying
trees*

*They fluttered, plunging downward, newly free
And shrinking in the freezing air, what tie
Could bind those leaves to us who thereon
gazed*

*A while, who in a spastic final shock
Of glory, when the cold wind on us blazed,
Would answer to death's firm, relentless knock!
And were we deaf, that when those leaves
touched ground,
We did not hear that grim, persistent sound?*

DAVID HALLSTROM

The Moment

*The conductor lifts his baton, a hush falls,
The fingers of the pianist hover above the
keyboard,*

*The artist in his studio steps back and looks,
The swimmer on the diving board pauses and
balances,*

*Alone on high the eagle folds his wings—
Below on earth the quarry starts in fear . . .
A thread of time twists through them all,
A little skein of time that is not broken
And is never stretched,
But only felt throughout the body
As the heartbeat pauses.*

DAVID HALLSTROM

HOW THINGS GROW

DOUGLAS LEANDER

WE CANNOT do any cleaning in your room until you turn this rug around and tack it down.

PLEASE!

Dear Girls:

I cannot turn the rug around because the dimensions of the room are such that: not only will the rug not fit, but it will be in such a position that the desk chair will ride on the rug and rip it when I move it.

As for tacking it down, it is not a real rug, but a thinner form of tapestry, and will rip if tacked down.

If you see an easy way out of this dilemma, I shall appreciate hearing from you.

"D. L."

Dear Sir:

"We cannot use the sweeper on your rug-tapestry because it is too light. So we clean on Wednesday, and if you want your room cleaned, please take it off the floor on Wednesday, A.M.

Thank you,

"GIRLS"

Dear Girls:

I hate to bring up this matter again, but just because I forgot to take the rug off the floor last Wednesday does not mean that I do not want my room cleaned. I sincerely apologize and I shall leave a note to remind myself to take up the rug next Wednesday so as to enable you to clean the room with a minimum of effort. Oh yes, by the way, when you make my bed I would appreciate it greatly if you would not tuck the sheet in unevenly. I find that all of the extra sheet is tucked under the wall side of the bed. That is an admirable system, but I find it rather trying to attempt to keep myself warm with nine tenths (9/10) of the sheet under the mattress and practically none on top of it. So any alteration in your system would be appreciated.

"D. L."

Sir:

"We realize that you forgot to take up your rug last Wednesday, but we would like you to know that we took it up and cleaned the room. We don't mind hearing from you if we did not do our work well, but to accuse us of not doing it at all is an insult. It just shows that young 'gentlemen' are not aware of the condition in which they allow their room to get. As far as the bed is concerned, if you would pull it away from the wall, we would not have so much trouble making it.

"GIRLS"

Girls:

I find that if I pull my bed away from the wall so that you are able to get around to the other side, I would have to move it five feet away from the wall because of the other wall at one end of it and the dresser at the other. As the room is only ten feet wide, if I moved the bed five feet from the wall and allotted three and one-half feet more for the width of the bed, that would only leave one and one-half feet to get from the far side of the room to the door. Just think how much trouble you would have bringing your sweeper and cleaning equipment into the room if I put the bed in that position. Please, girls, you must be objective about this whole thing. Oh yes! The sheet is still nine-tenths (9/10) under the mattress.

"D. L."

Sir:

We feel that you are not cooperating with us at all and we think that we are not obligated to touch your room for this reason.

Also we have informed the Dean of Men of the case of beer that you keep under your dresser and the beer cans that we empty from your wastebasket every day.

"GIRLS"

Girls:

I have been before the Dean of Men and I have not been able to explain the situation satisfactorily. I am now on probation as the result of your kindness in reporting the liquor in my room. Thank you very much. But, as Ben Franklin said, 'He who laughs last, laughs longest.'

"D. L."

Sunday, Nov. 27
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Dad:

I just thought it time to write and tell you that I am no longer in school but am now working. My dismissal from school came as the result of a sequence of events which seemed to snowball. I just wrote a note in reply to a note and . . .



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"TODAY, students, as a part of our study of the ballad, we will hear resumes of some famous ballads given by your classmates."

Thus spoke Miss Evangeline Rush Gibson, ninth grade English teacher of the Hilltown High School. A woman of firm beliefs, Miss Gibson, a member of the old school who eyed the younger generation with a wary eye and who took their odd manners and speech as an omen of the end of all reason and coherence in the world.

"Our first summary, on the poem *The Face Upon The Floor* will be given by Miss Palmer."

Miss Betsy Palmer came to the front of the room and faced the class. Miss Gibson noted with relief that Miss Palmer had removed her chewing gum of her own free will. A necktie, tied in a bow, graced her waist today.

"Another new fad for Miss Bobby-sox, I suppose," sighed Miss Gibson.

Clearing her throat, Betsy began. "Well . . ."

"We do not begin sentences with 'Well', Miss Palmer," said Miss Gibson.

"Anyhow . . ."

"Nor anyhow."

"It was a neat night . . ."

"Not 'Neat', Miss Palmer, 'Balmy summer evening' were the exact words."

"Balmy?"

"Balmy!"

"It was a balmy summer evening at Joe's barroom an' they were singin' an' tellin' shady jokes . . ."

"Witty stories, Miss Palmer."

"Well . . ."

"Not well."

"This weird creeps in, see, an' he's a square from way back."

"Vagabond is the expression."

"Well, anyhow . . ."

"Miss Palmer!"

"Everyone wonder who this creep is an' they're gonna have their dog take a hunk outa him, but he takes this bandage wi . . ."

"The term is 'badinage' meaning 'jest.'"

"At any rate, he's broke so he begs a shot. He tells 'em he was the one who used to treat when he was loaded."

"When he was what."

"Loaded, you know; flush, rollin' in it."

"No, I'm afraid I don't, but continue."

"Then they ask him to sing a song for his drink, but he says he can't 'cause his lungs are shot. Guy just can't croon, but he says he'll tell 'em a story if they'll set him up again."

"I wasn't aware that he was lying down!"

"Gee, I'm sorry, I mean if they'll buy him another drink. So he starts by sayin' five years ago he was really crawlin' in it."

"Crawling in what?"

"Money."

"Continue."

"He's gonna tell 'em how he got to be so scroungy."

"What did you say, Miss Palmer?"

"Scroungy, you know, just—well, scroungy. Well, anyhow . . ."

"Miss Palmer!"

"Oh, I'm sorry. Well . . . oops, I mean any . . . oh, jeeppers. Gosh! I mean . . . gosh, I'm fruffled."

Pause.

"He was a painter, real good, too. Made lotsa money."

"What kind of money?"

"Pounds, worth four dollars."

"Yes, continue."

"He met a real doll baby, a real quail."

"A quail is a bird, Miss Palmer."

"This one really turned out to be a bird."

"I am thoroughly familiar with the poem and the woman is definitely a woman. I'll thank you not to use the phrase again."

"Yes, ma'm. He falls flat for this girl. Really breathing stardust."

"Would it be too much trouble to speak English, just this one time."

"I'm sorry."

"Go on, I'm becoming resigned to it."

"And she falls for him until she sees a picture he's paintin' of a real gone guy across the street, strictly hot stuff."

"Miss Palmer!"

"Oh my, I forgot. Well, anyhow . . ."

"Miss . . . oh, never mind."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, finish the talk."

"Well, anyhow, his girl sees it an' wants to meet this drooly guy."

"Miss Palmer, will you please watch your choice of words? 'Handsome man' would be much better."

"It's not very expressive of a girl's feelings."

"In my day it was fine. Now please continue."

"Well, anyhow, this guy's girl meets this other guy and takes off with him, giving the first guy, who is really nuts about her, the jilt. The second guy is the one she loves, but he's just playin' around with her."

"Miss Palmer, I've tried to overlook it, but I find it very displeasing. 'Guy' is very bad usage. 'Man' would be better. You certainly confused those of your classmates who have never read the poem with that last statement. And will you please stand up straight. Go on."

"Well, the first man goes to pot 'cause this guy runs . . ."

"Man!"

". . . man runs off with his girl. And what takes the cake . . ."

"A cliché; very bad. 'What is worse' is better."

"Pardon?"

"You know what I mean."

"Oh yes, I see. Well, what's worse, the girl dies in a year, so he becomes an icky holic."

"A what?"

"Icky holic."

"What, pray tell, is that?"

"One-half icky an' one-half alcoholic."

"Drunkard is a much, much better expression, Miss Palmer."

"All right, Miss Gibson. He becomes a drunkard and that's the end of his story. Then all the other guys, I mean, men, are real droopy because . . ."

"Very sad is more in line with our English course."

". . . very sad because his line got 'em. And he laughs a mean laugh and tells them in a cruel voice they shouldn't be crying over his tough apples."

"Tough apples?"

"Yes, tough apples, toenails, bagles; any-thing."

"I believe that 'bad luck' or 'ill fortune' would sound better, Miss Palmer."

"Yes, ma'm. So he says for another shot he'll draw a picture of his ex on the floor."

"His ex what?"

"Ex-girl."

"That's better."

"So he draws a real pretty picture of a hot number . . ."

"Miss Palmer, will you please . . ."

"Yes, ma'm, I'm sorry."

"A very pretty girl on the floor. And just as he finishes the last curl on her head, he jumps and falls on the picture with a scream. He drops dead!"

"Is that all?"

"All I can think of now. Do you want me to tell some more, Miss Gibson?"

"No, thank you, Miss Palmer, you've said enough for today, I believe."

"Well, I thought it was a real gone poem, but kinda . . ."

"That's quite all right, Miss Palmer, you may sit down."

"I was just tellin'."

"Sit down!"

"Yes, ma'm."



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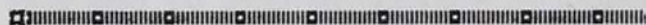
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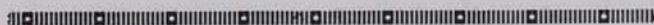
Collegeville

FAMOUS

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PAUL N. LUTZ, Manager



THE first year at college is not infrequently devoted to the task of establishing oneself as "one of the boys." Indeed, the practice has become so wide-spread, that a fresh approach to the problem is highly commendable, and guarantees its inventor a place among the "big men on campus." Oftentimes the new approach comes from some unexpected quarter; some untapped region from which ideas not yet exploited must still abound.

From Bagdad to America, to prove the point, came Hisham-al-Khajji. Short, dark, with thick, black, wavy hair, and eyelashes that curled back almost too far to be real, Hisham was spotted immediately as the type whose evenings are spent in the reception rooms of the girls' dorms. The appraisal was almost unanimously accepted when "the shiek" began to drape his slight, wiry form with the latest from Esquire.

Here, then, was fair meat for foul play!

It took the better part of two weeks for the instigators to finally rig up some gimmick of major proportions. Prior to this, the only indication that Hisham had been singled out as test-man of the year, were various small annoyances, such as hair-tonic ads, elevator shoe clippings, and deodorant pad suggestions left lying on the little Arab's bunk. Hish took these gracefully, and only convinced the boys more firmly that here was easy prey—the type fellow made for this sort of thing!

Finally, the stage was set. The prevailing crowded conditions had made it necessary to room fifteen men in what had previously been a lounge. To each man was assigned a bunk, desk and chair, and — with little apparent thought on the part of the college administration — a six-foot steel locker. Directly across from this room was the library, and it was here that I was stationed with pipe, tobacco, and deck of cards, all set for an evening of bridge. By eight o'clock, when not one of my usual partners had crossed the hall to pick up the challenge, I became suspicious, and, seizing the initiative, made for the room opposite.

As soon as I'd opened the door I cracked wise. There, by candlelight, one could discern Khajji's bed, perched atop four of the steel lockers, with a picture of Rudolph Valentino, the great lover, tacked to the head-board. Seated patiently about the room were the intended victim's fourteen room-mates, waiting for his return, so that they might complete the maneuver, by tying him into the bed, with the twenty-odd feet of rope they had ready for the occasion. There was no telling what they had in mind to wind up the preliminaries, but I'll bet it was good!

Although I wasn't one to spoil their evening, my conscience needled me enough to drive me back across the hall to a seat of vantage, di-

rectly behind the library doors, from which spot an excellent view of the evening's promised entertainment might be expected.

But what was wrong? Ten-thirty had come and gone, and our friend from abroad was nowhere to be found. No matter, he had to show up soon.

By eleven, the first signs of suspicion had shown themselves, and by twelve, the first of the watchers had turned in. The boys smelled a rat, but there was not much to be done about it. The festivities would just have to be postponed for a day. So, it was off to bed—for them, not for me. This promised to be too big to miss, so I deserted my post only long enough to lay hold of a few magazines to occupy the time until Hisham-al-Khajji chose to reveal himself.

Even as the clock was striking two, my vigilance was rewarded. Down the hall, bare of foot, clad only in shorts and wrist-watch, came Khajji, and I knew that the early morning hours were to be full ones.

I ventured a "Hi, Hish."

"Hi . . ."—so menacing was the tone, that I rejoiced inwardly that the gods had seen fit to hide my room a good fifty feet from the spot.

Oh, he was thorough. First he gathered all the empty cardboard milk cartons from the trash bins, hid most of them, and filled fourteen with cold water. Then, with the skill of an old soldier he deployed his forces—six or seven metal chairs from the library—in a straight line before the doors of the room. Finally, the lights in the hallway and library were turned out, and the battle was about to begin.

Casually, so help me, casually, Hish opened the doors of what was to become a new black hole of Calcutta, turned on the lights, threw one of the cartons at each bunk, tumbled the steel lockers which supported his bed, and let go with a series of whoops which must have discouraged Richard the Lion-Heart centuries before, when he made so bold as to question the rights of Khajji's ancestors to Jerusalem!

Not until the havoc had been wrought did the room's occupants become aware of the fact that all was not well. Struggling up from Morpheus' arms, and voicing threats of the most dire sort, they made ready to boil Hish in oil.

Poor souls. Particularly the first who ran madly out into the hall. The chair slid beautifully, swiftly, across the carefully waxed floor, and smacked his shins with the same sort of noise a mild auto-collision might produce.

Apparently, the others were too sleepy or too angry to pay heed to their room-mate's experience, because on they came. So did the metal chairs. Calmly, methodically, Hish would take aim and shove. Yelping, dropping, the crusaders were halted in their tracks.

Finally, the chairs were expended, and Khajji took off down the hall.

They looked for him for all of a half-hour. Dashing into rooms, switching on lights, questioning the occupants, peering under beds—but all to no avail—no Khajji.

At last it was decided that the scoundrel must have started for Bagdad, for no-one in his right mind would show his face again after a trick like that. Back to bed they trooped, while I lit my pipe and resumed a perusal of the then-current magazines.

The little beggar was punctual, give him credit for that; for no sooner had three o'clock sounded, then Khajji was back, even busier than before, planning some new and thrilling adventure for his sleeping roommates.

So astounded were these poor devils, when they realized that their tormentor had actually been brazen enough to return, that it took them even longer to organize a counter-attack than had his first visit. The results of their unenlightened charge were even more devastating by far than their previous faux pas had proven. By the time Hish took to his heels, at least half of their number had been incapacitated, and so stunned were the remainder that the culprit easily made good his escape.

One thing certain, however, their search on this occasion was a thing long to be remembered. Each closet in the dorm was painstakingly probed. Search parties combed the grounds. Rewards were offered to the other occupants of the dorm for information leading to the doomed man's apprehension. The roof was checked. Cars parked a block away were inspected. But, amazingly enough, no sign of Khajji!

One discerning member of the group had noted that the attacks arrived shortly after the hour had struck, and so lots were drawn, and two guards placed inside the doors, ready to seize the heathen when he appeared for his four o'clock appointment.

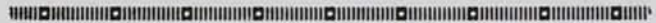
I must confess that I was not a little disappointed when four-fifteen had come and gone, and Hish had apparently done neither. The guards decided that even an Arab was too intelligent to tempt fate again—especially the one they had in store for him—and so hit their bunks. Even I lost faith, and left my post for the warmth of my bed.

But if my bed was warm, there were fourteen hot ones at five o'clock. So help me, he did it! Hish returned. The fury of the five o'clock attack, so it was reported, made the other two visits seem like tea parties. In fact, it was so vicious that the boys decided they'd had enough. Word was freely circulated between ten after five and breakfast that all was forgiven—Hisham come home!!

The fifteenth bunk was set up in its normal position; Hish's locker was righted and straightened; Val's picture was torn into a million pieces and burned; and, from nowhere, that evening, Hisham-al-Khajji appeared. Not a word was said, but then and there, Hish was just "one of the boys."

To this day, no-one knows what happened to him during those deadly intervals which occupied the time between attacks. Perhaps he used a magic carpet, or one of those ropes you climb and disappear—at any rate, Hish won't talk.

One thing sure, Hish didn't need the elevator shoes after demonstrating his technique of proving himself, for, as I said, the practice has become so widespread, that a fresh approach to the problem is highly commendable, and guarantees its inventor a place among the "big men on campus."

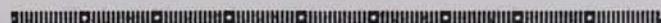


COLLEGE DINER

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COLLEGEVILLE, PA.



IS HE going to die? He's really sick, you know. It's horrible just to stand around and watch a life ebb away to nothingness. You would think his step-children would try to do something after all he's done for them; but they're his business rivals now, and you can't expect one to bolster the opposition—or can you? Well, maybe I'm an optimist, but I don't think his time has come. Why? because someone once told me that the theater never dies, and I believe him.

Twenty years ago the "fabulous invalid" was feeling wonderful. Producers brought out three hundred shows in one season; and in New York, generally recognized as the center of the American theatrical world, seventy-seven legitimate theaters flourished. However, at the beginning of last season, it was predicted that ninety shows would hit Broadway. After the smoke had cleared it was discovered that a bare sixty-three had managed to reach the little Shubert Alleys which surround The Great White Way. Out of these only fifteen made a profit. This year the prediction has dropped to sixty, and even that seems improbable. Furthermore, only twenty-eight legitimate playhouses are now in service. The rest have either been demolished or converted to other uses, such as movie palaces, and radio and television studios.

Why? Is it because the public has abandoned the theater for other forms of entertainment? On the contrary, the American people have come to appreciate this method of amusement more than ever before. There are many good plays available, and there are still theaters in which to house them. A shortage of actors would be unbelievable. The greatest factor working against the sock and buskin today is that infernal, eternal troublemaker — the Almighty Dollar. It seems that no one wishes to be an angel (in this case an individual who, through the goodness of his heart and the generosity of his wallet, backs a play). Show business is not as solid an investment as it was in 1929. The costs of theater rentals, sets, props, costumes, have risen to ridiculous heights. Within the comparatively short space of twenty years, production costs have gone up two hundred percent. Where formerly a show could be produced for \$25,000, the bill now comes to \$75,000. Musicals are in an even more serious predicament. Before the opening night curtain rises approximately \$200,000 has been invested. The show will have to run for almost an entire year before it can begin to render a profit. The public screams for lower prices, and yet if prices are lowered, so are the number of productions. Over the past summer one show reduced prices enough to make an appreciable difference noticeable. Garson Kanin's *Born Yesterday* (produced by Brock Pem-

berton) cut the top for evening performances from \$4.80 to \$2.40 and matinees from \$3.60 to \$1.80. The profits realized were exceedingly small, and everything was operated on a minimum scale—including the actor's wages. This, however, is the exception rather than the rule. We must not forget that *Born Yesterday* has been running for four years and has most likely repaid its angels tenfold. Another factor is that it was the only comedy on Broadway during a steaming summer.

The summer theater is another important section of American dramatic scene, for it invades a fertile territory in which quite often it is the only live theater seen throughout the entire year. Last June approximately two hundred barns opened their squeaky doors to the followers of Thespis. A number of these doors, though, closed long before September. The reasons for this are numerous. Several could not afford name stars, an important drawing card. Others did not have air conditioning and were about as comfortable as a steam bath in the tropics. In many instances the choice of a play was a poor one (something of which even the rustics are aware). Nevertheless, the summer theater must not, should not disappear: it serves as a training ground for new actors, and, perhaps even more important, it is a system through which the drama can be diffused.

New York and the summer theater are not the only places where legit. are forfeiting their positions to the silver screen. Philadelphia, fourth largest city in the country, not long ago had eleven playhouses, but today supports only four. A similar situation exists in Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Washington, D. C., the nation's capital, has none, the National Theater—the city's last legit. stronghold—closing after a fight over racial discrimination.

How then, after viewing these facts which indicate the demise of the legitimate theater in the United States, can I cling tenaciously to the idea that the theater is not on its way out? First, I have a faith in the people who make up this original form of dramatic art—the actors, producers, playwrights, yes, and even those wonderful wingless angels—a faith in these people which tells me they will not *let* it die. It's much too important to all of them that it live.

Secondly, I see in the small unofficial troupes and in the youthful followers of the histrionic art an actual rebirth of the theater. During the summer an avid interest was created in the seven small off-Broadway companies which flourished in New York. They adapted plays which were both new and old and portrayed them with a fresh and vigorous interpretation. One of them, Strindberg's *The Father*, has interested Raymond Massey to such an extent that it will become his fall vehicle, both as star and director.

Several of these companies have made an agreement with Actor's Equity whereby they can pay actors below the minimum wage and therefore are able to continue to present productions at a low cost. Their playhouses are tiny and makeshift, but their public is steadily growing. Try to tell these people that the "fabulous invalid" is on his last legs, and I doubt that they'll believe you—I doubt it very much.

The lights on Broadway itself are still blazing, and it still deserves the title *The Great White Way*, but the side streets are growing dark. Theater after theater turns off its marquee, signifying an empty house. There are hits, a few hits, but only one-fifth of Actor's Equity's 6,000 members have jobs on the stage. Long lines form at stage doors, but these are not lines of fans; rather they are lines of actors and actresses crying for an audition. If they can't find a role, they will do something else—teach dramatics if they are able, or if not, wash cars, or act as doormen or bellhops. They realize that today the theater is sick, but also that the disease is not incurable. They place little faith in the suggestion that the stepchildren of the legit.—radio, motion pictures, and television — will over-power it. "Death?" they ask. "Not yet!" They know the theater will live, and that eventually Broadway will call them, despite the fact that Broadway is now in a slump, and show business is slow business.

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AT A time when everyone is not only talking about the Victorian full-sleeves and bib-and-tucker effects on dresses, but wearing them as well, at a time when everyone is not only talking about the Chestnut Street Specialty Shop's display of flowery, Victorian-looking trinkets, but laughing at them as well, at a time when everyone is not only laughing at Shaw's gay, Victorian comedy, "You Never Can Tell," but declaring the costumes "modern" as well, why, I wonder is there no one talking about Victorian literature and reading it as well?

Why don't I see Macauley's *History of England* in the hands of Bonwit Teller's window-mannikin instead of a beautifully elaborate and yet dainty snuff-box? And where is Morris' *Aims of Art* and Newman's *Idea of a University* in Vogue's Victorian room furnished in such impeccable taste? The works of these men are as representative of Victorian life as either the furniture or fashions so advertised and contain as much of the contemporary ring. Oh no! I beg your pardon—this is not true of Macauley. You see, Macauley wrote history in a lively, sprinkled at times with humor, manner.

His portraits of the Whig leaders, for instance, suddenly spring to life and become masterpieces with bits about Lord Keeper Somers like "the wisdom and self-command which Somers never wanted in the senate, on the judgment seat, at the council board, or in the society of wits, scholars, and philosophers, were not always proof against female attractions." And most important, his wonderfully clear style makes him enjoyable reading. The sentences are so constructed for the purpose of the reader's understanding that they are like engineering feats in miniature. You only have to scan his page once to remember that the Whig Plan meant a willingness to dethrone the king who abused his power, that the Whigs loved William of Orange as a party leader, and that Thomas Wharton once had the reputation for being the greatest rake in all England.

For the first time, when you apply the cliché "interesting" to a history book, there is no undertone of sarcasm. Think of the effect Macauley would have today as a writer of history text books! Not only would education become revolutionized, but our reading habits as well. Why, I can even picture students raising their voices—and steins—to "good ol' Mac" as often as they now do in praise of "Paddy Murphy" and "Minnie the Mermaid!" But my imagination is running away with me.

I was saying that Morris' *The Aims of Art* and Newman's *Idea of a University* had a resounding contemporary ring. Anyone who has ever worked in a factory and attended a ma-

chine that required the performance of the same, simple arm-movements for fourteen and sixteen hours a day will recognize himself in Morris' interpretation of the workman's life. Morris manages to catch the very essence of the workman's life — its meagerness — when he writes, "his minutes too rich with the burden of perpetual profit for him to be allowed to waste one of them on art in a system which will not and cannot allow him to produce works of art." And when Morris tells of his regretting the destruction of the Raven and Oxford of the Middle Ages because they had given him so much pleasure, blaming "the monster, commercial profit," the kind of people who claim that even Christmas is commercialized will discover a fellow-thinker. They will like his definition of the aim of art, too, "eager life while we live," and especially the warmth and subjectiveness that pervades his entire essay.

The university student will be able to identify himself and his university in Newman's essay as readily as the workman did in Morris'. In these days of over-crowded classes in understaffed universities, he will find that Newman echoes his very thoughts in passages like, "knowledge is something more than a sort of passive reception of scraps and details; it is a something, and it does a something, which never will issue from the most strenuous efforts of a set of teachers, with no mutual sympathies and no intercommunion, of a set of examiners with no opinions which they dare profess, and with no common principles, who are teaching or questioning a set of youths who do not know them, and do not know each other, on a large number of subjects, different in kind, and connected by no wide philosophy, three times a week, or three times a year, or once in three years, in chill lecture-rooms or on a pompous anniversary."

In the light of all this, I can conclude that the advertising people had their reasons for neglecting Victorian literature and emphasizing Victorian fashions. They didn't want to shock those who knew of Morris only as the inventor of a comfortable chair, those who believe in the "dry as dust" history-writing technique, and those who think the atmosphere of a university to be always intellectually stimulating.



Seasons Greetings

from

The Lantern Staff



Dawn

ANONYMOUS

*I stand on a bridge at break of day
 And watch her
 Stealing noislessly o'er the bay,
 Its water
 Touching with beams and rays of light,
 Dispelling
 All remaining shadows of night
 And darkness.
 Her fingers trace the eastern sky
 And color
 The gray with pink, and these with yellow vie
 And battle
 Each for possession of the heavens as its own,
 To paint
 In glory and in colors—names unknown
 And curious,
 Until they are blended into one by*

*The painter,
 Who upward climbs, higher into the sky
 And things
 Now the horizon with brilliant hue
 And hovers
 There, until at last the glorious sun breaks
 through
 And bathes
 The world in warmth and joy and light
 And all men
 See day victorious over night
 And rejoice.
 Who is this woman who sets free
 The day
 For mankind's benefit and comfort? She
 Is Dawn.*

Sentiments

NELSON MOWRY

*Around the town the people pass,
 Snazzy,
 Ritzy,
 Great!
 The air is alive, the buildings vast,
 The streets are wide, the subway's fast,
 And all these stupid shells can say is,
 Snazzy,
 Ritzy,
 Great!*

MUSIC enthusiasts who treasure popular popular records like "Moonlight Serenade" and "Chattanooga Choo Choo" as dearly as an art collector would value an original Rembrandt, will probably remember that December 15 will make the fifth year since the disappearance of Glenn Miller.

It was December 15, 1944, that the Army announced that Major Glenn Miller was "missing" in an air accident between London and Paris. Miller had given up his million-dollar civilian band and had entered the Army to form its finest musical organization. Miller added a string section to his Army Air Force orchestra and traveled throughout the United States and Europe entertaining the Allied forces.

The story of Glenn Miller is interesting not only because he was one of the few musical figures thought to have lost his life during the war, but because the Miller tradition has remained alive in the popular music world. There are few popular music fans who cannot instantly recognize the blend of saxophones and muted trumpets which Miller employed so well in most of his arrangements. This style has been both copied by other orchestras and carried on by former members of the Miller band.

As for his life before the war, it is the usual account of a young musician who rose to the top, playing a trombone with many of the nation's top orchestras. He broke away as an ordinary musician and formed one of the most profitable dance bands in this country. At the height of his career, Miller gave up this profitable enterprise and accepted the commission of captain in the air force with the special assignment of organizing its official orchestra. With the new string section, the usual Miller arrangements, and a group of talented musicians who had also been chosen for this special assignment, the Army Air Forces band equaled any of its type in the country.

But there is another aspect to the life and death of Glenn Miller. Those who can remember back to December 1944, when Miller boarded his plane for Paris, will recall that he was on his way to France to make arrangements for his band's appearance there. The band did not accompany him on his trip, nor did Don Haynes, Miller's business manager. When the Army reported Miller's plane missing, only meager details found their way into the press. To this day, there has never been official confirmation of Miller's death.

Early in 1946, Hollywood announcer Jimmy Fidler told the radio public that he could prove that the plane on which Miller was supposed to have been traveling, landed safely—but Miller was not aboard. Fidler's challenge to produce

witnesses to substantiate this statement went unheeded.

Wild rumors of Miller's fate were brought home by some servicemen who had been stationed in Europe at the end of the war and during the occupation of Germany and Austria. These rumors went as far as saying that Miller had been connected with the black market and had been shot by military policemen before he could be identified. Though a great many of the rumors were inconsistent, they all seemed to agree on one point—that Glenn Miller was dead.

In 1947, Tex Beneke, who had taken over the Miller orchestra and named it after Glenn, still persisted in the belief that he was alive. In an interview at that time, Beneke said, "I still think that Glenn is alive. I dream that the guy will show up somewhere."

And because of musicians like Beneke, Ralph Flanagan, Buddy Williams, Ray Eberle, Marion Hutton, and the Modernaires, the Miller tradition has continued to reserve for itself a small part of the realm of popular music. If Miller were still alive, though it is admittedly a small possibility, he could return to find that his name is still among popular music's great men.

Dusting

SALLY CANAAN

*I am here to dust the bookcase;
I am here to clean the room;
My eyes are full of purpose pure;
My hands are full of broom.*

*But my purpose is trapped in a poetry snare;
My hands forget the broom;
My eyes ignore the patient dust;
My mind goes out of the room.*

*And there are high, rich, sad oceans
Washing the dusty shelf,
Oceans deep with urgent dreaming;
I sink and drown myself.*

*And am drifting in lofty heavens
Through mists of stirring gloom
When a voice cuts sharp, impatient,
"Why aren't you through with that room?"*

*Sad, I return to my dusting.
Why does it never seem
Important to make the mind dust free
And eye—mahogany gleam?*

IT WAS Thursday morning and my money was just about exhausted. I went into the diner as usual for breakfast, but today I knew I'd have to eat light—had to make the money last.

I watched the quick movements of the counter girl as she got a glass of water and a soiled menu card. "Two eggs over easy," I said, "and some french fries."

"No french fries," she sang out, "only home fries."

"They'll do." I watched the cook. You had to work fast in a life like that or you wouldn't keep your job. I wouldn't want to live like that, but who was I to talk—out of a job and with eighteen dollars as my total assets.

The counter girl walked back towards me again with the eggs; the butter melted on the hot toast and disappeared. I wished I had bought a paper; it was nice to read while you ate breakfast—all the big boys with money did it, only they didn't eat here.

Two young fellows came in and sat beside me. I wouldn't have noticed them ordinarily, but this morning I didn't have a paper and they seemed nervous about something. Watching them out of the corner of my eye I didn't have to turn my head. I could see the short jerky motions of the waitress as she approached them with two glasses of water. She never got there. Both of them pulled out guns—it was over in a minute, maybe less. The girl dropped the glasses and the water ran in streams across the floor. One covered us while the other one shouted orders to the cook about the money in the register. Hurriedly they backed out the door and ran out of sight down the street.

I sat down over my half finished breakfast and stared straight ahead while the cook was nervously dialing for the police. I was thinking how smoothly they had operated. Then I thought—Maybe it wasn't so smooth. They looked nervous when they came in. That was a giveaway to anybody who had an eye open. They each had guns. I wondered if they would have used them. You only get a few years for burglary, but for murder—

I guess I didn't notice the girl take my plate away. She probably thought I was done; it was cold anyway.

I wandered aimlessly down the street, but I couldn't forget what had happened. Those guys were young; they must have been amateurs. Anyone with brains could do better than that.

I don't know how long I walked, but all at once I found it—a pawnshop. There were the large grey letters on the old faded sign above the doorway. I turned the handle and walked inside where it was dark. From somewhere in

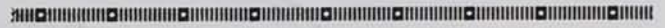
the back a short bald man, a little stoop shouldered and too fat, ambled to the counter.

"Yes, sir! What's it gonna be?"

"Why, I'd like to look at—I'd like to buy— How much is that 38 there in the case?"

"Fifteen dollars, and a mighty fine buy. You can't go wrong there."

"I'll take it; I'll need it on my new job."



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visit the

"DATER-UP-ER"

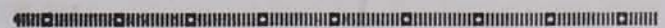
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QUESTIONS

- A** Find four letters with teeth, look for them in the name;
Though not used in this sense, the spelling's the same.
- B** When on your back, it's cut to measure,
When in a pack, it's for your pleasure.
- C** Cirrus, nimbus and cumulus; change one letter and then
Sisal, manila and hemp; change one letter again.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

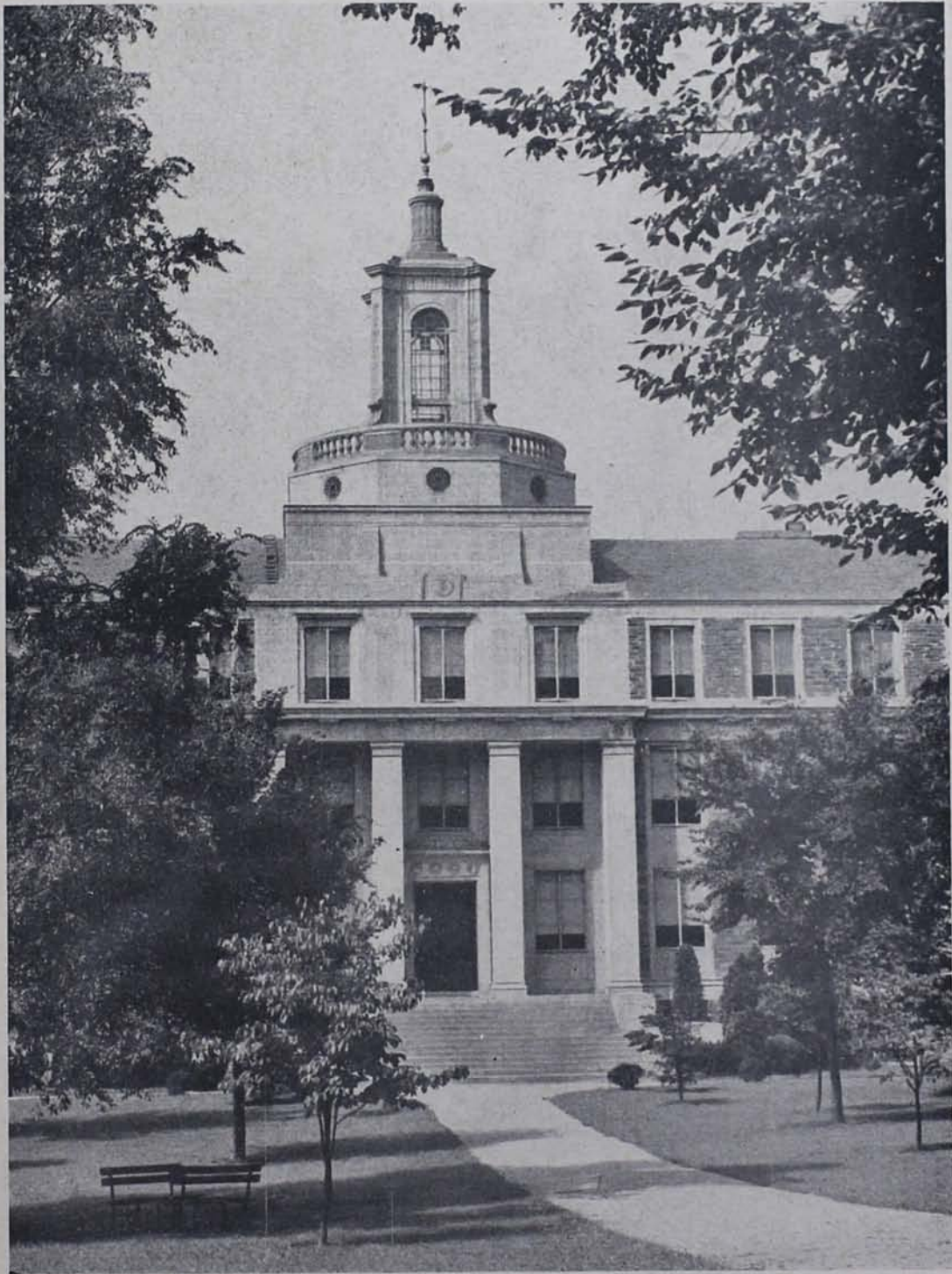
Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS
IN NEXT ISSUE

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