



Summer 1957


The Lantern Vol. 25, No. 3, Summer 1957

Betty Tayes
Ursinus College

Tomas O. Rosenborg
Ursinus College

James R. Bartholomew
Ursinus College

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Recommended Citation

Tayes, Betty; Rosenborg, Tomas O.; and Bartholomew, James R., "The Lantern Vol. 25, No. 3, Summer 1957" (1957). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 62.

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The

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Issue

JUNE

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Talk of the Gown

It is with this issue that the *Lantern* closes its files for the year, and concomitantly this editor's tenure expires. Not without some sigh of relief, he tucks this issue into its proverbial bed. This feeling, he imagines, is that of all those who have ever stepped down from the helm of a campus publication, but somehow he feels that in this year there is just a little more to sigh about. The opening words of our Fall issue were, "the limp and lifeless *Lantern* was resurrected . . . etc." None of our readers save the immediate *Lantern* family could have any idea of the true meaning of this phrase. The *Lantern*, so long the financial weak sister of the College had fallen into bad days and was unable to even contemplate operation with only the dole of the Activities' Fund. The accumulated back debt alone was more than the *Lantern's* entire year's endowment.

With hat in hand, we approached the seat of justice and implored that the back debt be written off as profit and loss due to poor management in the past and that we be given a clean bill of health and some good clean money on which we might try to start again. The answer we received was more than we should have expected but less than we had hoped. We could start again; we could have a fresh endowment; but the old debt would stand. If the *Lantern* were unable to operate at a profit this year, the College would discontinue its literary publication for good.

Rebuilding *Lantern's* finances after the previous debauch was no small task. Our credit was weak and our advertisers very reluctant. The editor knew full well that he could not assume any of the business functions of the magazine and searched frantically for someone who could.

Good fortune turned up Bob Quinn, Clark Minter, and later Lou Dryfoos. Bob as business manager, was shown the books, given sole responsibility for securing ads, and asked to prepare a budget.

Six months later, as we glance backward, the *Lantern* has operated completely in the black and has accumulated enough surplus to repay the five years debt in its entirety. Of this we are extremely proud and extend our hearty thanks to the three men whose fine and continued effort made it possible — Bob Quinn, Clark Minter, and Lou Dryfoos. We, of the editorial board, wish them and their new editor Bert Wendel the very best for the coming year.

• • • •

When we as seniors survey our brief stay at Ursinus, there are certain things which call forth memories. Such reminiscences may be pleasant or unpleasant. We remember the outstanding men and women of our teams and how they fought hard and earnestly. We also remember some of the nonsense which oftentimes made us laugh. But most clearly in our minds will remain associations, friendships, and our undergraduate comradeship. Because most of us never get to know our classmates as well as we would have liked to, some friendships are deeper and some clearer in our memories. Such friends are the four pictured in our cut. They have been loyal to College and to class and have manifested this loyalty in their services to us. They are by no means all of those whom we should have liked to honor, but space permitted only a random sampling of campus leaders.

We need not reiterate all that Betty Tayes, Helen Stevenson, Bill Rheiner, and Joe Donia have done. We will remember them.

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THUNDER ROCK

The fog had lifted, and the sun would be coming up in a few minutes. Already the sky was taking on that pale brightness which hints of the fiery brilliance lying just below the horizon. This thought made the young man hurrying across the seaweed strewn beach quicken his step even more, until by the time he reached the waters edge he was running at a slow trot. Here he hopped to a series of rocks leading out to the majestic form of Thunder Rock rising out of the surf. He navigated the "stepping stones" without any trouble and easily mounted the crude natural stairway etched by wind and wave up "Big Thunder's" sloping side. Once on top he strode to the side projecting farthest out into the sea and dropped to sit, with one foot dangling, on the very edge of the rock. As he cast an appraising eye along the horizon, he pulled a small notebook and pencil from his partially-zipped jacket and placed them at his side.

"Timed it just about right," he thought, "the sun should come up in around ten or fifteen minutes."

Far out to his right a hazy trail of smoke from a steamer just off the horizon made a smudge against the gray-white of the sky. Overhead a gull uttered its hoarse cry as it glided inland toward the bay, and all around him he heard the soft wash of the ocean and the sound of its gentle lapping along the shore.

This was where he would do it; this was where he would write the poem that lay locked in his mind. So far he had been unable to fulfill the promise that he had shown in his early writing, — the promise of something more than just good work, the promise of something truly great. The high praise of the local paper wasn't enough. What did they know, anyway? He wanted to set down poetry that would be immortal, poetry that would reach the souls of men years after he had gone and bring something of beauty and meaning into their lives.

He had to do it; he had to succeed this time. If he could just find words to express the depth and quality of his feelings. If the transition from emotion to writing didn't rob his phrases of their warmth and purity. If only . . .

The sky suddenly brightened. That burst of light which abruptly ends the gradual creeping of brightness into the sky, as a clash of cymbals ends the increasing crescendo of a symphony, had flooded the heavens.

The young man's mind abandoned its wandering, and he intently watched Nature's most impressive pageant unfold.

A windswept mound of clouds stretching above the horizon foretold the approach of the blazing sun. The upper hollows were in hues of purple and deep violet while the entire under surface blushed a vibrant rose in color. Finally, the sun itself edged into brilliant view, spilling across the gentle waves its rays of light.

The young man's face, as these first rays lit

his features, was aglow with emotion. As he watched Nature add a riot of red and gold to the clouds and horizon, the words that had been so long unreachable filled his being. A hymn of such beauty and meaning enveloped him that he couldn't move. His head was filled with its almost celestial depth and simplicity. Phrases capturing the splendor of the sunrise, the power and gentleness of the sea, the loneliness of the gulls' cry, the vitality of his own pounding heart stifled him. He closed his eyes and heard them all . . .

He felt the warmth of the sun touch his face. He felt his breathing return to normal. He felt his skin tighten as salt spray dried on his face and hands. Slowly he opened his eyes. The color was gone from the horizon, and the sun had taken on the white glare that makes it impossible to look directly at it.

His eyes dropped to the clean sheet of note-paper, its whiteness unblemished by any scrawlings called words of man. He looked at his useless pencil. He picked it up and poised the lead over the page for a moment; then, slowly he turned his head toward the horizon again. Deliberately he raised his eyes to the blazing sun. The glare — and something else — caused tears to leap into his eyes. His vision blurred. With a sweep of his arm he threw the notebook and pencil into the waiting sea.

Somewhere in the village a middle aged man is having trouble sleeping. He has seen his doctor and has found that his chronic cough has had a more serious origin that he had anticipated. The thought of a lingering and painful illness causes him to shudder. He is touched by fear and agony. Borne by the wind the voice of Thunder Rock comes to his ears. An echo from his past, a day in his youth when he sat and watched the sun rise over the ocean stirs in his mind. What he heard and felt that morning he has never felt since, and yet, the mere echo of it carried now on the wind brings him peace and a feeling of assurance. As sleep enfolds him he knows where he will find the will and the strength to face what lies ahead.

The breeze from the ocean playfully buffeted the figure of the slim girl running rapidly and lightly across the moonlit beach. It caught the full skirt of her white evening dress and made its scattering of sequins dance in the greenish glow cast by the moon.

At the point where dry shifting sand, still a little warm from its day of basking in the sun, meets the hard-packed wetness left by an outgoing tide, she stopped suddenly. In one lithe motion she bent and slipped satin ballerina slippers from her feet. Then, straightening slightly, she swept her billowing skirt to her thighs which she quickly unfastened garters and stripped off her stockings. Then she resumed her fleet dash to the water.

Hopping from rock to rock she misjudged

the distance once because of the dim light and lost her balance. For a moment she tottered dangerously on one foot, awkwardly flailing her arms and twisting her body until she regained her footing. The rather incongruous cry of "Oops" sounded above the noisy hissing of foam swirling in the backwash of a wave. Then a musical laugh was caught on the breeze as she pictured herself splashing around in the waist-deep water in her gown.

On top of Thunder Rock she quickly crossed to the far side, stopped and took a deep breath of the cool night air. A half smile tugged at her mouth, and she clasped her hands behind her back. The rock felt cool and damp to her bare feet. Tilting her head to one side she began to hum a popular dance tune. At first she stood swaying to the rhythm, and then turning and dipping she danced around in a small circle. At the end of the tune, heedless of her dress, she dropped to her knees and then stretched full length on her stomach facing the unbroken expanse of the ocean.

This time it's real, she thought. He's everything I could want. He's so much fun and so easy to talk to, and we like so many of the same things. — The breeze stirred her soft dark hair, making one pesky curl tickle her ear — . . . and so tall! There is just something about a guy that is tall. Absently she tucked the impudent curl behind her ear. — I'm glad Mom and Dad were asleep; I couldn't have gone to bed yet. I'm still too awake. — She pushed herself up to a sitting position and tightly clasped her knees in her arms. — I like the way he dances . . .

For a long time she sat like this with her cheek on her knees. Her eyes gazed at the shimmering path that the moon cast on the ocean, but they saw instead a shining knight in a summer tuxedo. Her ears were filled with the sound of the waves, but they heard the halting compliments of a young gallant. Her face was brushed by a salty breeze, but it felt only a heart-fluttering good night kiss.

It was time to go. She tilted her head far back and looked at the starlit sky. A deep laugh of pure happiness bubbled from her throat, and she returned the stars' twinkling with a conspiratorial wink.

It is a humid night, and she peevishly throws off the covers. The man at her side is lying on his back, and his harsh, raspy breathing grates on her nerves. Gradually the sound of the waves breaking on Thunder Rock drives out this irritant. Slowly she relaxes, and soon she is no longer a drab, middle aged housewife and mother of three children. Soon she is a young girl impetuously dashing down to the ocean at one-thirty in the morning to savor the thrill of a new romance . . . a young girl in a pretty white dress . . . a young girl. Peacefully she slips off to sleep.

• • • •

A rather thin nine-year-old boy sat on the beach. His face had a tightness about it, and his lips were firmly pressed together. Only his eyes betrayed him, and they held a suspicious amount of moisture which he repeatedly tried

to blink away. The insults still rang in his ears. "Stop taggin' around with us. We're goin' swimmin', so just stay here and quit botherin' us. It isn't any fun havin' some jerk who can't swim hangin' around after us."

As if he could help it, as if it was his fault that before his family moved here he had never seen the ocean or been swimming . . . Who were they, anyway? He wished he'd never moved . . . He wished Tommy had moved with him, at least; then he would have one guy to hang around with.

If I could only swim. If I could just walk into the water and swim out to that big rock like the kids did yesterday. He could just see them splashing and laughing and racing to see who got there first, and then running around and yelling, pretending the rock was a ship that they had captured.

I wish Dad would give me more lessons, he thought, as he angrily drove his heel into the sand and then stood up.

I bet I could swim that far if there weren't any waves.

For a time he stood just watching the ocean. Slowly he walked down to the ocean. At the waters edge he again stopped. It seemed farther out to the rock than it had yesterday. Hesitantly, he waded in up to his knees. The water was warm. Slowly he continued to wade in, jumping waves as he went. He cautiously stayed near the smaller rocks leading out to the big one. When he was out above his waist he stopped again. His heart sure was beating funny.

I should walk as far as I can, so that I won't have as far to swim, he thought. His plan was to no avail when a few seconds later a big breaker came rolling in knocking him off his feet. He went under and swallowed a gulp of water. Frantically flailing his arms, he came to the surface. He was choking, and his eyes were burning from the salt, but he began stroking and kicking as his father had taught him. Luckily he was near one of the smaller rocks leading out to "Big Thunder" and was soon able to get a grip on it and hang on until another breaker had passed, and he had stopped choking.

Then, stubbornly, he started swimming for the next "stepping stone." He was tense when he saw another wave bearing down on him, but he kept on swimming. As it broke he held his breath and closed his eyes. He was churned around and jostled, and for one awful moment he was afraid that he wasn't going to come up, but just then his hand hit the next rock, and he was all right.

One more rock and he had reached the point where the waves were breaking, and beyond it the water looked more encouraging. He was about halfway.

Pushing off from the rock he concentrated on his swimming and with the aid of a backwash passed two rocks without having to stop and rest. When he finally caught the next rock he was breathing heavily. He stretched his feet down and quickly pulled them up. The water out here was colder, especially the deeper part. It also seemed to be swirling around him more

than it had back farther. He looked toward the shore, and it was so far away that he had a terrible empty feeling. He quickly looked at the big gray rock ahead. He stared at it until that feeling had gone. Only two more stones to go. His arms felt so tired. Maybe he had better float a little way.

His floating wasn't too good, but by some very vigorous kicking he managed to get to the last small rock. It was hardly any distance at all to "Big Thunder." He could almost reach out and touch it from the small rock, but there was no way to climb out of the water right here. He had to swim to one side where there was a low ledge. The water was really swirling around out here. It kept almost pulling him away from the rock. He was so tired.

He pushed off from the last rock. Almost there, almost there, almost . . . He chanted it over and over. He had to swim hard. The current kept pulling him the wrong way. He felt sort of dizzy. His arms were so heavy. He wasn't getting anywhere. The current was so strong. Fear clutched at him and gave him added strength. His fingertips touched a slimy rock, but they slipped off.

I can't reach; I can't reach. — Suddenly the shifting current sucked him against the rock. A rough edge scraped his shoulder making it sting. Gratefully he clutched the ledge.

He lay on Thunder Rock in the sun. The chill from the water was gone, and he felt good. He had done it. He would walk back on the stepping stones, but he would swim out again tomorrow and again the next day and again the next until he could do it without stopping. And then, someday when everyone was racing out here he would join in and win. Then he would climb up here and yell, "Hooray, I've captured the ship. Come on, men, follow me."

A young man has just returned to the village and is having trouble sleeping. He has finished medical school and hopes to open practice here. He is a little nervous about whether he'll succeed or not. He's listening to the sound of the ocean. He is thinking of a stubborn little boy. As he drops off to sleep with a touch of a smile on his lips he imagines that the sound in the wind is a very young voice shouting, "Hooray, I've captured the ship. Come on, men, follow me."

From the beginning of civilization, Thunder Rock has held an undefinable fascination for man. From the period when a young Indian brave spent the night on its cold back to communicate with his gods through the time when a solitary coast guardsman sat smoking a cigarette, stealing a few minutes relaxation from his lonely shore patrol, men have been drawn by some unknown force to this place. They come with mixed feelings bringing their fears, their hopes, their failures, and their triumphs, but they all come seeking the same thing. They come seeking an answer, an answer to life itself. No one knows if they find that answer there, but they all listen when the glistening gray rock makes a thunder-like rumble when the surf is running high.

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OBSERVATION CONCERNING THE LIFE OF AN INTERNATIONAL NOMAD

"About the International Nomad Himself"

My life and background, when you get right down to it, is a simple one. I was born in Geneva, Switzerland, which makes me Swiss (*Jus Soli* I think the lawyers call it). Of course to be honest, I am not pure Swiss because my parents are Swedish and live in Indonesia. My parents don't always live in Indonesia though. Sometimes they live in China or Egypt or Ecuador or someplace else. Anyway, this makes me Swedish by *Jus Sanguinis*. I guess I am part American, too, because if one is a product of one's environment, I have to say that I have been visiting the United States off and on for fourteen years. That is to say when I am not living in the Netherlands, Uruguay, France or Haiti.

To be fair, I must not forget to mention that I have two brothers and a couple of sisters-in-law. I don't see them very much as one lives in Brazil (even though he is a real American) and the other one lives somewhere in the stacks of the Library of Congress in what the government calls a security area. The sister-in-law that I remember best lives in Mexico but is Austrian.

My permanent address is United Nations Headquarters, New York, U.S.A., but I do not live there very often. I only keep the address to satisfy the International Postal Union. You know how it is, people just will not face the fact that I do not live anywhere. My friends tell me that I am international, and I guess I am as I do not have the right to pay taxes or vote anywhere. Off the record, this does not really bother me that much.

I have a passport that says that it is issued by *Kungliga Svenska Utrikesdepartementet* (Swedish Royal Foreign Office), but last year a King's Councillor told me I was stateless. I changed that fast. You should have seen the stuffy bureaucrats in Stockholm when I dropped in and demanded to have my citizenship returned.

At the Foreign Office, they sent me straight to the First Secretary in charge of Protocol. I dropped my passport in front of his nose and showed him that he had signed it himself. He picked up the telephone and in two minutes the office was teeming with attaches. One of them plucked up his courage and suggested that there was, to his knowledge, a form No. 264873946/Rev/UD/Stock/8-11-55 which was designed for just such a case as mine. He pointed out, however, that although the form in question was printed in Sweden, there were none left in the country as only the Swedish Embassies abroad had them. The entire group of attaches looked very serious until one of the dapper gentlemen in morning dress said that this was obviously a case for the Chancery's Third Judiciary Bureau.

I went to the Third Judiciary Bureau and they called the Home Office who called the Board of Trade who could not get anywhere because the line to the Third Judiciary Bureau was still busy. The man at the Third Judiciary Bureau finally

put the phone down and said that the bureau refused to exercise jurisdiction in this matter. He suggested that I try Special Branch. I did so and was sent back to the Foreign Office.

When I returned to the Foreign Office, I found, without surprise, that they had gone to luncheon. I waited for two hours and then caught the First Secretary of Protocol as he returned to his office. He finally decided to send a telegram to UNO (United Nations Organization). Dag refused jurisdiction in the matter but sent a cable to Gustav VI in which mentioned that he had "reviewed the matter with concern but suggest solution lies within local jurisdiction." Gustav VI decided to naturalize me himself in accordance with Swedish Public Law No 64839 and two weeks later I became a citizen again by Royal Proclamation No. 2895375 A.

As a post scriptum to this little episode, it is worthy of notation that the Archbishop of Uppsala found that, according to his records, I had been inscribed in the church books and therefore should never have lost my citizenship in the first place. The naturalization process was, then, technically illegal. He therefore called the King and pointed out his error. The King became extremely angry and threatened separation of church and state and the matter was dropped. To be quite frank, I don't believe in apostolic succession anyhow and the word of Gustav VI is good enough for me.

II

The International Nomad and Military Service

As I have said earlier, I am international. Now the World being what it is, with Brother Bulganin's big bear walking into Hungary and John Foster Dulles hopping around from brink to brink promising that he will retaliate massively and instantaneously, as well as unleash Chiang, everyone has to have an army.

Three armies, one home guard and a merchant navy have let it be known that they are interested in me (not to mention Civil Defense in Trappe and the Rahns Ground Observer Corps). Now I am not hard to get along with and I like to see that everyone is satisfied; but there is a limit after all. Being a political realist, I have to do that which is most expedient for myself. You know yourself that if you give an inch, the governments today will take a mile.

Take the Swiss for instance. They think that just because I was born there I would make a good ski trooper. They feel that I should be willing to defend my homeland by joining the army until I am sixty-eight. They do not seem to understand that I may be a citizen of someplace else, too. Besides that, the Genevese want me to stay in their home guard. I forgot to mention that since Switzerland is only a confederation, I am also a *citouen de la Republic et Canton de Genève*. Well, it all boils down to the fact that the Genevese are a bunch of ethnocentric blokes.

The Swedes are just as unreasonable. They

feel that since I have traveled in warm countries I would be just the type of soldier they want to serve in the Gaza strip with the Swedish battalion of the United Nations Emergency Force as a camel instructor for *Gävle Regiments Stabspluton*. I asked them what was in it for me once Nasser finished getting his little rusty boats and kitchen sinks out of the Suez Canal. You know what they said? They said that they would offer me an igloo on the Swedish-Finnish border in Lapland where my job would be to report to headquarters if I saw the Russians coming. I don't quite remember how the rest went except that *Kungliga Kommerskollegium* (the Board of Trade) called the War Office and said that I could not possibly go to Egypt as I held a temporary commission in the Royal Swedish Mercantile Marine and was needed to sail the tankers to get the oil so that the army could run. Needless to say this whole thing hinges on Nasser and Ben Gurion — which is perfectly natural.

Of course the Americans get into all this with their selective service laws and draft boards and the like. They want to make me an atomic soldier; or is it cobalt by this time? Now I am not sure if I want to spend the rest of my life shooting around the sky in Honest John rockets. The alternative seems to be a job as a military observer on Taiwan, but who wants to be unleased anyhow.

I have still not solved the army problem. There have been offers from the French Foreign Legion to serve as mounted sabre instructor for the *Troisième Régiment de Spahis Marocains* but that is not my war, and I have no desire to visit Sidi Bel Abbés, or Rabat, either, for that matter.

I will probably end up working for Interpol (International Criminal Police Commission) and get an exemption till the nationalists cool down enough to get an international army where I would be willing to serve. You see, candidly speaking, I am not only a product of my environment but an unfortunate victim of circumstances. In order to survive, I have to be constantly one step ahead of my environment. Once you get to know the ropes, it is not hard. For further information on this subject, I suggest that you read Stephen Potter's book entitled *One-upmanship* (being some account of the activities and teaching of the Lifemanship Correspondence College of one-upness and games-lifemastery).

You see, in order to survive as an international nomad, one has to learn how to live one's life and get away with it without being an absolute plonk.

III

The International Nomad and — Regulations

Traveling, the chief pastime of the international nomad, would be a great deal easier and more enjoyable if there were no government regulations. For the moment, I am sad to say, we live in the age of immigration visas and customs declarations.

A foreigner desiring to visit the United States faces certain formalities. If these formalities

occurred only once in a lifetime, they would not be so bad. For the international nomad who visits the United States often, they are extremely enervating. The alien must first proceed to an American Consulate and fill out a preliminary application form for non-immigration visas. He is then forced to wait a week while this form is "processed." Finally, in desperation, the alien returns to the consulate and asks what the trouble is. An attractive receptionist looks up in a file and finds out that no one has yet had time to look at the form. She says, candidly, that that is "O.K." as no one ever looks at those darn things anyway. She hands him a standard application form and tells him to fill it out in triplicate. He is then permitted to go home until this has been filed away in an obscure drawer.

The following day there is a letter requesting the alien to return to the consulate for an interview with an official. The official asks a few questions about the foreigner's reason for visiting the States. He then refers to the Macarran-Walter Immigration and Naturalization Bible of 1952 to see if the reason is a valid one. If it is the process continues. Six passport photographs must be produced and signed across the bottom.

The alien is then whisked into a sealed room where he is told that he must write a composition on that delightful topic: "I am not a communist, I have never been a communist and I do not advocate the violent overthrow of the government of the United States of America; — explain, giving reasons." (These compositions have been a source of more than a little amusement to me these past few years. I can't think of anyone who would want to read them except possibly Mr. Shine or Mr. Cohn.) After filling out some additional forms, the foreigner goes to the office of the Vice-Consul who stamps a visa into the alien's passport. This visa is finally made official when a USMC guard affixes the Great Seal of the United States.

I have gone through this procedure so many times that I perfected a way of getting the whole mess done in twenty minutes. I went straight to the Consul and pointed out that I had already eight visas to the United States and that there was an identical file of forms filed eight times in Washington. That meant that they had (taking triplicates into consideration) twenty-four copies of my composition on communism. The Consul saw that there was some validity to my claim as he found fifteen copies of my standard application form in his own files. He shortened the process and wrote some remarks on the back of my form. This is an example where a Consul has managed to cut through red tape with a little understanding and some adroit use of his powers.

Customs is another matter. Customs officials simply do not understand the international nomad. It seems that I have spent a good part of my life bickering with customs men. In nearly every situation the fault lies with the official. The reason is usually a result of narrow-mindedness on their part.

(Continued on Page 20)

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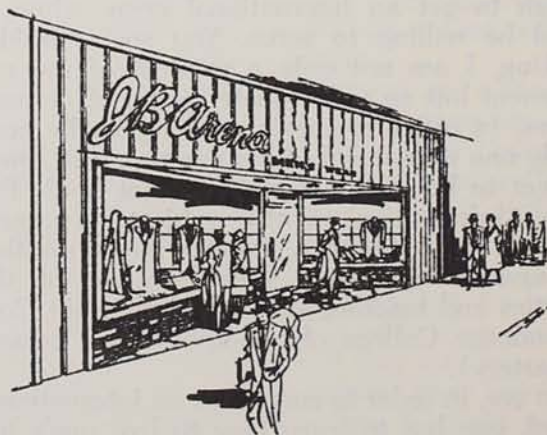
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The Dingleworm Dilemma

Characters in Order of Appearance

Narrator
Chester B. Dingleworm — a garbage collector
First Millworker
Second Millworker
Mrs. Small — Mother of Jamie
Jamie — A young sculptor
Charley — A policeman
Mrs. A — A housewife
Mrs. B — A housewife
Mrs. C — A housewife
Mr. C — A businessman
Mr. D — A businessman
Mrs. E — A housewife
Chairman of Town Council
Councilman Jones
Councilman B
Councilman C
Councilman D
Councilman E
Councilman F

THE DINGLEWORM DILEMMA

FADE IN. The scene is an intrablock alley of a small town.

The Time: Early morning.

Setting includes one and two car garages, waste burners, and garbage cans.

Dingleworm is seen at a short distance, lazily emptying the contents of trash cans into his open-top garbage truck. After each dumping he climbs back into the cab, drives the distance of a garage or two, then gets out and repeats the action. He is dressed shabbily; both his clothes and battered hat are laden with dust. Soft, eerie strains of music lend a quality of fantasy to the clatter of Dingleworm's activity. The narrator's voice has a haunting, "once upon a time" inference.

NARRATOR: There was in the town of Sprinkle, Pennsylvania, a man called Dingleworm. Dingleworm was an odd chap; odd because Dingleworm was the only man in all of Sprinkle who had a wart the size of a jelly bean on the tip of his nose. But there was something else about Dingleworm that set him apart from the rest of the people of Sprinkle — Dingleworm was Sprinkle's only garbage collector. He lived by himself in the poorer section of town, in a home which he had constructed himself out of second-hand lumber and tar paper.

Dingleworm seldom talked to people, even his closest neighbors, and he charged an exorbitant fee for collecting garbage. But although everyone complained that Dingleworm was at least partly responsible for his high cost of living, practically everyone gave his business to Dingleworm, because, after all, who wanted to put smelly garbage into the trunk of his car and haul it to the dump himself.

Early one morning, on a particularly warm day, Dingleworm was making the rounds as usual.

Dingleworm stops his old battered truck by the side of two uninviting trash cans, steps out of his cab, leaving the cab's rusty door hanging open. He lifts off the lid of one of the cans and sets it on top of the other. He gives a quick glance into the can, then, stoops and grips the can preparing to hoist it into the air, when suddenly he releases his grip, his body straightens as he again peers at the contents of the can. His eyes bulge; he swallows uncomfortably. A guttural "Yeeeee" can be heard vibrating from his partly opened mouth. Suddenly he whirls around, and leaving the can uncovered and the contents therein exposed, he slowly backs back into his cab, giving frustrated glances about while doing so. Once within the safety of his cab, he drives away at a rather rapid speed.

A camera follows the truck. Shots should be taken at varying angles, sometimes from behind the truck, sometime from the front; sometimes the truck should pass over the camera thus giving the illusion that the unseen cameraman has been run over. Close-up shots should emphasize the fact that, because of the high speed of the truck, pulverized coal ashes are being blown off leaving a cloud of dust behind. Upon turning sharp corners, an occasional tin can or paper container will fly off. Sound effects should be thus that the tin can can be heard hitting the street or sidewalk. The roar of the truck's motor should be over-emphasized. A shot or two should be sandwiched in of Dingleworm huddled behind the wheel with a frightened stare in his eyes.

The truck proceeds from alleys to main streets and back into alleys again. In the process Dingleworm knocks over one of his customers' empty trash cans, it rolls with a clatter. The town is still sleeping but an occasional mill worker is to be seen on the pavement looking on in amazement. An "early to bed, early to rise" housewife looks on from a window. The expression on her face denotes disapproval.

FIRST MILLWORKER: Good lord! What do you suppose has gotten into Dingleworm? He's driving like a maniac.

SECOND MILL WORKER: I don't know but there should be a cop on duty. I'd like to see Dingleworm's reaction to shelling out some of his rusty money on a reckless driving charge.

FIRST MILL WORKER: I bet he could pay a thousand fines, and it wouldn't even scratch his pile — the cheap skate. All he eats is bread. I was in the Super Market the other day when Dingleworm came in and bought fourteen loaves of bread. They told me it's a big day when Dingleworm buys anything else.

Dingleworm's truck continues on its way and finally may be seen entering his unpaved driveway. He immediately parks the truck, still laden with garbage in his flimsy, self-made, three-

sided garage which lies to the side of his black tar paper-covered home. He wastes little time in entering his house through the doorway on which is hinged a charred door with peeling varnish.

Dissolve to the Small kitchen.

The time is mid-morning. Mrs. Small is standing before the sink washing a small collection of dishes.

NARRATOR: The garbage can, whose contents has frightened Dingleworm, lay to the rear of a home owned by a widow named Mrs. Small. Mrs. Small lived in this modest residence with her son Jamie. Jamie was a sculptor and a very good sculptor; everyone said that. But Jamie would make the wierdest creations out of the wierdest kind of materials.

JAMIE: (Entering kitchen) Mom, what happened to my head?

MRS. SMALL: If you're referring to that grotesque replica of a human head your so-called artistic hands created, I threw it out.

JAMIE: What! What do you mean you threw it out?

MRS. SMALL: Now don't think you're going to salvage that horrible thing. I told you time after time to get that thing out of this house — but no; you wouldn't get rid of it. So I did.

JAMIE: (Iratly) Where did you put it?

MRS. SMALL: In the garbage can. (Jamie exits out the rear door and goes directly to the can Dingleworm had uncovered. Mrs. Small goes to door and calls after him.) But it's too late now. Dingleworm collects every Wednesday morning and today is Wednesday.

JAMIE: Ah ha! (He reaches into the can and removes the head which is slightly covered with yesterday's left-over tomato sauce. He calls to Mrs. Small who stands at the kitchen door looking out.) Mom, get a bucket of luke-warm water.

MRS. SMALL: Oh heavens, it's still here. I thought surely it would be lying on the dump by this time.

JAMIE: Mom, water, luke-warm water.

MRS. SMALL: Oh well, I suppose I've lost. (calls to Jamie) Just a minute, Jamie.

JAMIE: (Returning to kitchen, carrying the head with both hands.) It'll never be the same. It'll never be the same. Mom, I worked weeks perfecting this head. Human hair. I used human hair. Sent to New York for it special.

MRS. SMALL: (Handing him a bucket of water.) Maybe I've wronged you, Jamie, but I swear, that head is enough to scare a person out of his wits.

Dissolve to the interior of Dingleworm's home. The time is mid-morning. Setting includes a small wooden table near which rests a cast iron stove. Two chairs are to be seen, one on either side of the table. On that table rests a new gas lamp, which Dingleworm had felt obliged to purchase new a month ago. There is no telephone or electricity, for Dingleworm considers these a useless extravagance. In addition to these bits of furniture, the room holds many oddities, lying about in slovenly fashion, most of which

Dingleworm had rescued from the trash cans of his wealthier customers. Dingleworm is seated at the table, clumsily playing with his hands. There is a knock at the door. Dingleworm grows tense. He rushes to the window, views the person knocking, then, goes to the front door and opens it. A policeman enters. Dingleworm immediately becomes awkward — his hands begin to shake, his knees tremble, his voice cracks as he begins to speak.

CHARLEY: (Entering) Hello, Dingleworm.

DINGLEWORM: Hello, Charley. Gonna stay long? If you are you might as well sit down.

CHARLEY: This will only take a few minutes, Dingleworm, but I suppose I may as well take the load off my feet. (He seats himself on the chair nearest him, then looks directly at Dingleworm.) I suppose you know why I'm here?

DINGLEWORM: (He avoids his gaze, seats himself on the other chair, and again begins to play with his hands, fixing his own gaze upon them. As he speaks he feigns surprise.) No. No I don't. Something the matter, Charley?

CHARLEY: Yes, Dingleworm, there is, and I think you know what I'm referring to. But if you don't. I'll tell you. We've had a complaint about you, Dingleworm. Now I've know you for years, and I've never known you to disobey any law, but it seems we have a statement signed by a . . .

DINGLEWORM: (Cutting him short.) An eye witness?

CHARLEY: Well, yes, the person could be called that, I guess.

DINGLEWORM: (Becoming defensive.) Well, I didn't do it. I didn't do it, you hear? They're just trying to put the blame on me, so they can take suspicion off of themselves.

CHARLEY: Dingleworm, what the devil are you talking about? We have a signed statement that you were seen . . .

DINGLEWORM: (Cutting him short.) It's a frame up. That's what it is — a frame up. Trying to put the blame on me. They're against me — all of 'em. They never wanted me in this here town. Always talking about me behind my back. I know they are — I hear 'em talk, pointing at me and laughing. They think I'm not as good as them . . . Well, I'm better, do you hear?, better. (He begins to wring his hands rather than just playing with them as before.) They can think what they like about me, but I know what they are — hypocrites. Sneaky hypocrites. Well, they won't get away with it. No they won't get away with it. Trying to frame me for something I didn't do. I was just collecting trash like I always do, and—

CHARLEY: (Cutting him short.) That's just the point, Dingleworm, you weren't collecting trash like you always do. You were seen . . .

DINGLEWORM: (Cutting him short.) That's what they tell you — the sneaky hypocrites. They did it, not me. They think just because I'm only a trash collector, they can pin it on me. They think they are somebody and I'm nothing to them. They don't like me; I know they don't.

CHARLEY: Dingleworm, you're talking like a

mad man. Nobody wants to see you get into any trouble. They're your friends, Dingleworm. All you have to do is to be a little cleaner in the way you take care of yourself. And for god's sake be a little more sociable.

DINGLEWORM: I don't want to be sociable with 'em — not those hypocrites. To my face they'll be real nice, and then, when I turn my back, they'll try and frame me — just like they're trying to frame me now. No, I don't need 'em. I have money; I can buy anything I need.

CHARLEY: Well, maybe you have money, Dingleworm, but that doesn't excuse you from disobeying the law.

DINGLEWORM: I suppose I'm under arrest, is that it, Charley?

CHARLEY: No, I'm not arresting you, but I'll have my eye on you, Dingleworm. Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not trying to be unreasonable about this, but . . .

Sound fades out completely, but action continues as the Narrator's voice is heard. Upon Dingleworm's face there is an expression of extreme bitterness; upon Charley's, exasperation.

NARRATOR: But Dingleworm had misunderstood. He had entirely misconstrued the entire situation. Now Dingleworm was convinced that all were against him, and what was worse, he thought he was being accused of murder. Weeks passed and Dingleworm hadn't so much as collected one can of garbage.

Dissolve into gossip scene.

Scenery is non-essential; however, a background of kitchens, living rooms, and street scenes could be used most effectively. A background of mist might prove even better, depending on the effects desired. Two people are to be seen during each bit of dialogue — the speaker and the listener, who in turn becomes the speaker.

MRS. A: (To Mrs. B) That's right, Sarah. Charley said Dingleworm told him that he has enough money to buy anything he wants. I always thought Dingleworm had money. Look at all the money he's made on that business and compare that with the money he's spent.

MRS. B: (To Mrs. C) I tell you, Lizzy, Sarah ought to know what she's talking about — got her information directly from Charley, who talked to Dingleworm. He's rich, Lizzy. Dingleworm's filthy rich. Besides all the money he's made on the business, he's probably got relatives somewhere, and you know how relatives are — always dying off and leaving a lot of money to people.

MRS. C: (To Mr. C) Sam, how friendly are you with Dingleworm? It seems to me that neighbors ought to be more sociable with one another. After all, he only lives a block away. Lizzy told me he's practically the richest man in these parts. Seems he got a large inheritance some time back.

MR. C: (To Mr. D) Dingleworm's rich, Bill, practically a millionaire, or so the wife tells me. That's probably why he gave up his business. He could have at least told us though, instead of letting the garbage pile up like that. But I sup-

pose there's no reason why a man with a million bucks should work. I wonder who the person was who left him so much? Maybe he has some famous relative somewhere. Wouldn't it be funny if he were related to somebody like Rockefeller? Imagine a celebrity in our town.

MR. D: (To Mrs. E) Well, Milly, I finally found out why we haven't seen much of Dingleworm lately. Sam thinks he might be a relative of Rockefeller. Probably the black sheep of the family. Well, anyway, it seems he inherited over a million dollars.

MRS. E: (To Councilman D) I'm not kidding. I tell you Dingleworm's real name is Rockefeller. Yes indeed, he's a close relative of the Rockefellers and what's more he just inherited several million dollars. Isn't that something? We have an aristocrat living in our town and he doesn't even have a wife or children to leave all that money to. George, perhaps it would be nice if we had Mr. Dingleworm over for dinner some evening.

Dissolve to the meeting quarters of the town council.

There is a large table littered with papers and ash trays, surrounded by seven chairs, three on either side of the chairman's chair which is situated at the head of the table. Seated on these seven chairs are seven councilmen. A haze of smoke billows in the air coming from the cigarettes being smoked by several councilmen and the cigar of the chairman. The chairman is a fat man. Life has gone well for him, for not only is he dressed well, but he bears the voice of a jolly, successful politician.

CHAIRMAN: Gentlemen, yesterday, in response to several complaints about our public school, I took it upon myself to pay a visit to our fair citadel of knowledge. Gentlemen, I was shocked by what I saw. The conditions in that school building are beyond belief, and I can well understand why parents have been complaining. In my opinion, gentlemen, that school has past the stage wherein it can be renovated. We are therefore faced with the problem of providing a new school. Now, if I may speak plainly, gentlemen (Clears throat producing guttural sound), there are four of us up for re-election this fall and it seems to me that this school problem is going to turn out to be a campaign issue. In other words, gentlemen, unless we take an active stand in support of the construction of a new public school, we may very well be kicked out into the cold come election day.

COUNCILMAN JONES: (After recognition by chairman.) Mr. Chairman, you know very well that last year this council was responsible for the buying of enough pipe to give this town an entirely new sewerage system, and I don't think I need to remind you that although we received a good portion of the money from the state we still had to raise the taxes. Now, I think you're overestimating the importance of a new school building; although I grant you we could use one. My point is this, Mr. Chairman: We can't raise the local taxes any higher; the people won't stand for it.

CHAIRMAN: About that new sewerage system, Councilman Jones. Who was responsible for ordering those pipes? Your brother, the Mayor, that's who.

COUNCILMAN JONES: He got 'em wholesale, didn't he?

CHAIRMAN: You're right there, Councilman Jones, but I don't think I need to remind you that that blockhead ordered the wrong size pipe and not one new pipe has been laid since the date of purchase.

COUNCILMAN JONES: If I might clarify a point, Mr. Chairman, my brother ordered those pipes on your own specifications. I feel quite sure that if this council would have been willing to follow my suggestion to pay a professional engineer to supervise the job, we wouldn't have had this trouble. I might point out that this council voted to follow the free advice given us by that brilliant eighth grade graduate who is in charge of keeping our streets clean. And he, I might add, is your brother.

CHAIRMAN: (Clears throat.) Well, I can't deny what you've said, Councilman Jones, but that still doesn't solve our problem. I don't know about you, but I hope to be re-elected this fall.

COUNCILMAN B: If I might have the floor a moment, Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN: Yes, go ahead, Jim.

COUNCILMAN B: I have a suggestion to make concerning this proposed school project. I think that you are quite right in what you have said, Mr. Chairman. I do think that this town needs a new school and I do think that it may very well turn out to be a campaign issue. But I also agree with Councilman Jones that we as tax payers are being taxed to the limit. Now my suggestion is this, Mr. Chairman. Why can't we throw the financing of this proposed new school out to public donations. If we can convince the public that it is their duty to contribute, and if the donations are favorable, I'm sure the state will be more than willing to help us out considerably. Of course, we are going to have to do some fast talking to explain why those pipes aren't laid.

COUNCILMAN C: (After being recognized by the Chairman.) Perhaps if we had some sort of benefactor that would take it upon himself to . . .

COUNCILMAN D: (Cutting him short.) Dingleworm!

COUNCILMAN E: Dingleworm!

COUNCILMAN F: Dingleworm!

CHAIRMAN: Dingleworm! Yes, why not? He's a millionaire.

Confusion of conversation follows. All but Councilman Jones appear excited.

CHAIRMAN: Order, order please. (Hitting his hand on table.) That was a most commendable suggestion. But would he do it? Dingleworm's not the sort of man to spend money, much less give it away.

COUNCILMAN E: Perhaps we could bribe him. Jonesie, didn't you remark to me the other

day that your brother, the honorable Mayor, was going to retire?

COUNCILMAN JONES: Why yes, I did. His health is getting worse, you know. It's a heart condition, I guess.

COUNCILMAN E: Well, why couldn't we push Dingleworm for the office on an independent ticket? With the stipulation, of course, that he pays for the school.

COUNCILMAN F: Do you really think he'd go for the idea?

CHAIRMAN: Go for it? Why he'll love it. After all, it's quite an honor to be mayor of our fair town. I can see it all now — We get a new mayor and a new school — that will mean we'll have happy tax payers, and happy tax payers are happy voters. Gentlemen, we're as good as in. Why with a scheme like this, we'll never be kicked out of office.

Dissolve to Dingleworm's home.

The time is the following day. Dingleworm is opening the door; the Chairman of the town council steps in.

CHAIRMAN: Ah, hello, Dingleworm.

DINGLEWORM: What do you want?

CHAIRMAN: Well, that's a fine greeting to give a man who is about to offer you the opportunity of a lifetime.

DINGLEWORM: I suppose you've come to ask me some questions. I was wondering when somebody would show up. They're liars — the whole pack of 'em. Trying to rope me in for something I didn't do. I can tell the way people look at me. Whispering to each other when they think I ain't looking. They think I did it. Haven't even come to trial but that doesn't matter to them.

CHAIRMAN: (Looking bewildered.) May I sit down?

DINGLEWORM: Sure. Why not? Sit on my chair, talk real nice, and then sit in the jury box and say "guilty" along with everybody else.

CHAIRMAN: Dingleworm, I don't know what you're blabbering on about but whatever it is you're talking to the wrong man. Here I've come to offer you a chance to get an important job and you talk as though I were sending you to the gallows. Now (Clears throat), am I correct in saying that you have, shall we say, been keeping something from the good people of our fair town?

DINGLEWORM: Good people, who are you trying to kid?

CHAIRMAN: Come, come now, Dingleworm. We know who you are. We also know that you have, shall we say, been rather fortunate.

DINGLEWORM: Fortunate, huh!

CHAIRMAN: Now (Clears throat), Dingleworm, how would you like a very important position? One that would, perhaps, befit a man of your social standing.

DINGLEWORM: Important position?

CHAIRMAN: Yes, be a sort of spokesman for our town.

DINGLEWORM: You mean an eye witness? I'm the eye witness?

CHAIRMAN: Well, I've never heard of the position of mayor being referred to as an eye witness, but I suppose you're welcome to call it what you like.

DINGLEWORM: Then, I'm not being accused of murder?

CHAIRMAN: No, certainly not. What ever gave you that idea? Why, an upstanding citizen like you — who would think of such a thing?

DINGLEWORM: Then they know I'm innocent. Charley must have believed me after all. (He laughs.) They didn't get away with it. (He laughs again.) They thought they could pin it on me, but it backfired. (He laughs uncontrollably. The chairman of the council looks on in bewilderment.) It backfired. Yes, I'll do whatever you say. Now I'm the one who's the witness. Trying to pin it on me. (He laughs until the tears come to his eyes.)

CHAIRMAN: Well, I don't see that it's so funny, but if you want to laugh, it's your privilege. Now there's something else that has to be discussed. Dingleworm, we of the town council have been discussing the possibility of building a new school, but it seems we don't have the money. Now (Clears throat), We realize that you are, shall we say, in a rather fortunate position.

DINGLEWORM: Yes, yes, I guess I am. (He laughs.)

CHAIRMAN: And we of the council were wondering if in exchange for promoting you into office you would consider sharing with the town the benefits of your success. You could be a sort of a philanthropist.

DINGLEWORM: Yes, that's right. I could be a philopist. (Phonetic pronunciation. It is obvious that Dingleworm doesn't understand the meaning of the word.) Never thought of myself as a philopist before. (He laughs.)

CHAIRMAN: You mean a philanthropist, don't you? (He laughs to cover the embarrassment of Dingleworm's error.)

DINGLEWORM: Yes, that what I said, a philopist. (He laughs with the chairman, never realizing his mistake.) Now what do I have to do?

CHAIRMAN: Then you understand the sort of deal the council is offering you?

DINGLEWORM: Yes.

CHAIRMAN: Well, I wasn't sure for a moment, but I'm glad you do. You know, I feel rather awkward discussing a deal like this with a man such as yourself.

DINGLEWORM: (Assuming the air of a peacock.) Oh well, I don't guess I really deserve no credit. After all, I'm only doing my duty.

CHAIRMAN: Well, I hope you understand that I can't guarantee the outcome, but I think considering the fact that you are such a generous man of such distinction, enables me to give you almost positive assurance.

DINGLEWORM: Well, I'm certainly glad you stopped by. I think I'm going to like being a philopist.

CHAIRMAN: Philanthropist. (Clears throat, gets up from the chair on which he was seated,

and starts for the door.) Yes, well, I'll be around tomorrow with the necessary papers for you to sign, which will make you officially a candidate. And before I go may I shake your hand? (They shake hands.) Dingleworm, I'm proud of you, and when the citizen's of our fair town find out what you're going to do, they, too, will be proud of you. You will be helping above and beyond the call of duty — (To himself.) in more ways than one. (Chairman exits.)

DINGLEWORM: (Strutting back and forth, laughing to himself.) They were going to accuse me of the murder, but it backfired. Now, I'm the one who's the witness.

The camera remains fixed on Dingleworm as the Narrators voice is heard.

NARRATOR: Dingleworm had now become convinced that he was to be the chief witness in a murder trial. No longer was he unfriendly to people. His whole personality changed. He said "Hello" to everyone. He had become a big man and has assumed the attitude of being important. He even bought himself a new suit and began to bathe regularly. He signed all sorts of papers presented to him by the town council, but never bothered to read a word of that which he signed.

Dissolve to gossip scene.

Only two are to be seen at one time — the speaker and the listener who in turn becomes the speaker. Setting is unimportant.

NARRATOR: Now gossip began to spread. Rockefeller, alias Dingleworm, was running for the office of mayor, and if elected would put the town of Sprinkle on the map.

MRS. A: (To Mrs. B.) Yes, a new school for our children.

MRS. B: (To Mrs. C.) Yes, there's talk of a playground.

MRS. C: (To Mr. C.) He's going to redecorate the church.

MR. C: (To Mr. D.) Repave the streets.

MR. D: (To Mrs. E.) Remove all local taxes.

MRS. E: (Dreamily to herself.) Completely rebuild the town.

Dissolve to scene involving action of smiles and handshaking between Dingleworm and several citizens.

NARRATOR: All the while gossip was building up, Dingleworm remained ignorant of what was going on. Everyone suddenly began to shower Dingleworm with praises and gifts. But everyone refrained from discussing politics with Dingleworm, because all had been warned by the town council that Dingleworm would become embarrassed at the slightest mention of the word.

Dissolve to scene involving action of people milling about the polling station.

NARRATOR: The day of election came. The people of the town of Sprinkle rushed to the polls to cast their vote. Never in the history of Sprinkle had there been an election turn out like there was that second Tuesday in November. From the lips of the good townfolk came the bell-like sound of the name of one man.

Dissolve to the interior of a voting machine. Mrs. A is casting her ballot, followed by shots

of Mrs. B, Mrs. C, Mr. C, Mr. D, and Mrs. E. casting theirs.

MRS. A: Dingleworm (Pulls lever).

MRS. B: Dingleworm (Pulls lever).

MRS. C: Dingleworm (Pulls lever).

MR. C: Dingleworm (Pulls lever).

MR. D: Dingleworm (Pulls lever).

MRS. E: Dingleworm (Pulls lever).

Dissolve to scene involving action of much smiling and handshaking between Dingleworm and the members of the town council.

NARRATOR: Dingleworm had won and those members of the town council up for re-election had won. Dingleworm had received all but seven votes and they had been cast by Dingleworm's opponent and his relatives.

Dissolve to town meeting hall. Visible to the camera is the speaker's platform on which Dingleworm and several members of the council are seated, including the chairman who is speaking from the rostrum. Mrs. A, Mrs. B, Mrs. C, Mr. C, Mr. D, and Mrs. E are seated in the first row of spectators. Others are seated in a second and third row.

NARRATOR: The next day a town meeting was held. Never before in the history of Sprinkle was an elected mayor asked to deliver a speech following his victory — but this was a special occasion.

CHAIRMAN: And now, ladies and gentlemen, may I introduce the person who you're all waiting to hear. The man who, just yesterday, you elected to represent our fair town of Sprinkle. May I present Mayor Chester B. Dingleworm. All applaud. Dingleworm replaces the chairman at the speaker's rostrum. He is nervous and can hardly speak.

DINGLEWORM: I eh, eh, I eh, want to thank you all for your kindness. (There is a short pause.)

CHAIRMAN: (Whispers to Dingleworm.) Go on, go on. There's nothing to be nervous about.

DINGLEWORM: (Whispers to chairman.) Am I suppose to tell?

CHAIRMAN: (Whispers to Dingleworm.) Yes, yes, go right ahead.

DINGLEWORM: (To audience.) I want you all to know that I'm not the sort of person to cause no trouble for nobody. I've always been a man to mind my own business, but since you all have been so insisting that I tell what I saw, I suppose I ain't got no other choice.

Camera picks up first row. Mrs. A is looking dubiously at Mrs. B, Mrs. B at Mrs. C, Mrs. C at Mr. C, Mr. C at Mr. D, and Mr. D at Mrs. E.

CHAIRMAN: (Becoming uneasy.) Go on, Dingleworm, tell them about the new school.

DINGLEWORM: New school?

CHAIRMAN: Yes, the new school — the one you're giving to the town.

DINGLEWORM: (Looking puzzled.) Well, I don't know anything about a new school, except maybe that the town is thinking of putting up a new one. (To chairman.) Was I suppose to tell that?

CHAIRMAN: Yes, yes, go on with what you were saying.

DINGLEWORM: Well, alright. As I was saying,

I'm no person to cause nobody no trouble, but I saw the head of the dead man in Mrs. Small's garbage can.

CHAIRMAN: (Perspiring.) What are you talking about? What dead man? We don't care about that. Tell them that you've agreed to give the town a new school — you're going to pay for a new school.

DINGLEWORM: I ain't never said I was paying for no school.

CHAIRMAN: What?!!

DINGLEWORM: No. I ain't paying for no school. All I'm doing is telling the folks that the head of the dead man was in Mrs. Small's garbage can.

Camera gets shot of first row. Mrs. A looks at Mrs. B in astonishment, Mrs. B at Mrs. C, Mrs. C at Mr. C, Mr. C at Mr. D, and Mr. D at Mrs. E.

CHAIRMAN: Dingleworm! You blockhead! You misrepresented yourself! You crook! You dirty (muffled word.)! You've ruined me . . . (Sound fades.)

Action continues as Narrator's voice is heard. The scene is one of confusion. People begin to stand up and arms are raised with violent implications. Dingleworm remains on the platform, a look of dejection upon his face. The chairman becomes almost frantic.

NARRATOR: Dingleworm had stood bewildered. When at last he realized why the good townfolk of Sprinkle had become so enraged, he could say nothing that would appease them. Within a week he had been impeached and thrown out of office, along with several members of the town council. Dingleworm had once again become the most unpopular man in town. Dissolve to scene of a newly constructed public school.

Children are to be seen merrily playing on the adjoining school playground.

Camera should move about, giving a running view of part of the exterior, finally coming to rest on the inscription "Dinglewood Public School, Sprinkle, Pennsylvania."

NARRATOR: Several days after the impeachment, two large cans of money were delivered to the town meeting house together with a partially buried note. "Dear Friends, You folks were saying that I had a lot of money. Maybe over a million dollars. I ain't never had no million dollars, even though I been saving most of my life. I guess you folks don't like me no more cause you think I cheated you — promising a new school and all, but I ain't never promised no such thing. I feel kind of guilty though, so I hope you will accept this here money. I don't know rightly how much is in these here cans, cause I ain't never counted it, but I guess it will be enough to give you a start on that there new school. Sincerely yours, Chester B. Dingleworm."

As the letter is finished, Dingleworm is seen coming out of the main entrance of the new school. He is dressed shabbily; both his clothes and battered hat are laden with dust. He carries a large can of trash to his open-topped truck which stands near-by. He is smiling.

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International Nomad

(Continued from Page 11)

In Ciudad, Trujillo, for instance, they put me in jail for two days because they thought that I wanted to kill their president. I pointed out that I had no intention of killing Raphael but that I always carried a gun. The Swedish Consul General posted bond for me and I was released. The officials evidently did not trust me, because I was escorted to the airport by policemen.

The Brazilian officials turned out to be dishonest. The customs man who inspected my luggage in Rio de Janeiro demanded a bribe. I refused to pay it so my luggage was confiscated. As my bag contained only clothing, the man was completely unjustified. I wrote out a lengthy form in French to try and recover my lost property but the local superintendent merely shrugged his shoulders and said that this was to be expected in Brazil. I was forced to wear the same clothing for two days until I discovered that I could beat them at their own game.

I still had some packs of American cigarettes and a few American dollars left. I went down to the *Cais do Porto* and looked for a policeman. It has been said that if one has enough money one can buy any official in Brazil. This may be a generalization, but I found at least one who could be bought. To my great satisfaction I also found that there is no feeling of brotherhood between customs and police officials in Brazil. For five dollars and a pack of Pall Mall cigarettes I convinced the police officer that I had been robbed by a customs official (which was indeed the case). He looked properly shocked, put the money in his pocket and went with me to the customs shed. I pointed out the customs man and he was arrested. A little search found my bags still intact and I departed by ship for Buenos Aires the next morning.

I have no doubt that the customs man was released after having his friends pay a bribe but this would be the type of poetic justice which the situation demanded.

IV

The International Nomad and the LAW

From time to time, as is practically inevitable, the life of an international nomad comes into conflict with the law. These instances usually arise as a result of a lack of flexibility in the law or lack of imagination on the part of law enforcement agencies and their representatives. The following is an account of such an instance where, due to unfortunate circumstances, I found myself involved with that ponderous machine known as the LAW.

Lieutenant Richard O'Hara of the traffic division of the New York City Police Department was sitting on the edge of a desk in the precinct squad room smoking a cigarette and drinking a container of coffee when the package arrived. He glanced at the Greek stamps and the Athens post mark and weighed the package in his hand. He fumbled for a moment with the coarse twine which encircled the box and began to remove

the heavy brown paper while a group of policemen stood and watched curiously.

Suddenly there was a loud rending noise as the wrappings unraveled themselves automatically. A great gush of paper was propelled into the air by a strong coil spring attached to the bottom of the box. Small squares of paper fluttered to the floor at the policemen's feet.

"Jesus, Lieutenant!" exclaimed one of the officers, "these are drachma, Greek money. My old man has some of these that he brought back from Greece. They aint worth nuttin."

"Here's a letter!" exclaimed another.

"Give me that!" shouted the Lieutenant.

He glanced at it briefly and then began to read aloud:

Lieutenant Richard O'Hara
Traffic Division
New York City Police Department

My dear Lieutenant:

It is with great pleasure and relief that I send the enclosed payment for a fine which I incurred as a result of passing through a red light at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street in your fair city last spring. I am sincerely sorry that I have not been able to make this payment earlier, but, due to a peculiar set of circumstances, this has been impossible.

I would like to congratulate you and the men in your organization for their tenacity and patience. It has been very refreshing to receive your little love notes in regard to this matter. I am proud to say that I have saved all of them, including the last one where you said that you intend to revoke my license. This will be impossible, too, I am afraid, as I do not have it any more. The Swiss police took it from me when I sideswiped a police officer and caused him to fall in the Rhone. It was his fault, Lieutenant, but you know how it is. Policemen just refuse to admit that they are wrong.

Well, thanks again for everything. If I get to New York, I will come up and thank you personally.

Sincerely yours,
Tomas O. Rosenberg
Lawbreaker

There was a moment of silence in the squad room and then the Lieutenant spoke in a low, determined voice. "If that bastard so much as sets foot in this city again, I am going to book him on every charge I can, drop him in jail and throw away the key."

Lieutenant O'Hara rose to his feet and walked to the door. After a second's hesitation, he turned to one of the police officers. "Ramsay, take that damn money down to the bank and see if you can get anything for it." The Lieutenant was smiling.

Of course I don't really know if the Lieutenant was smiling or not, but that is what I imagine his reaction was.

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