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THE LANTERN

MARCH - 1938



Spring Comes to the Perkiomen

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THE LANTERN

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1938

No. 2

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"And Having Writ, Moves On"

EDITORIAL

EVEN though the sheaf of articles submitted to the LANTERN has grown steadily larger, imparting to us that coveted joy of every editor, the privilege of selection and rejection, still some of the best potential writers have remained among the missing.

Speaking as a male, we realize that our fellow student's life, as our own, is usually a busy one from the first morning struggles to the last activity of the evening. Moreover, today's co-ed as well must have interests which call her from her desk to the life beyond.

Before laying down the editorial pen which we took up one spring ago, we commend to you whatever of goodness or novelty there may have been in these pages; and long since we have commended to ourselves the lessons of experience which our mistakes have taught us.

We would thank the departing staff members, Misses Basow and Wingate and Mr. French, for their good-natured co-operation. We would also thank the three faculty advisors, not so much for their literary taste (which was always an indispensable control) as for the tolerance and humor they displayed at staff meetings, to bridge an age gap so pleasantly that one failed to perceive that a breach existed.

Our hope is that the new and personable staff may stir the lagging enthusiasms of their classmates who both can write and have something to say. Moreover, let there be born in at least one new mind the realization that literature is life!



"The student's life is a busy one from the first morning struggles . . ."



". . . to the last activity of the evening."



"Today's co-ed has interests which call her from her desk to the life beyond."

Among Our Contributors

Vernon Groff, whose editorial "Peace Be With Us" appeared in the *Ursinus Weekly* a few days before the LANTERN went to press, gives more fully his views on the United States and war in his article in these columns. Though the criticism of the isolation policy is Groff's first argumentative essay, LANTERN subscribers in former years enjoyed his fiction and familiar essays.



How green algae give the Red Sea its color is only one item in "Of Special Interest to You," **Frank J. Tornetta's** science essay. Tornetta, a regular contributor, won the LANTERN essay prize in the December issue.



Robert Peck, freshman author of the December issue's "Truth In Print," and whose name was omitted from this department last time through error, has completed a survey of the German naval re-armament, which, because of space requirements, is being withheld until a later date.



Departing temporarily from advertising problems to write a dramatic review for the December LANTERN, Business Manager **Eli Broidy** this time continues his senior-year spurt of literary activity with a short short story, "Episode By a Lake Shore."



Warren Fuerman, long known by day student and class room audiences to have opinions on a wide range of subjects, makes his first LANTERN appearance with a behind-the-scenes political essay, "The Two Camps in Washington."



Mary Hyde, first-year student, makes her college debut in print with "The Note," a story whose unusual plot and deft handling won it the Manuscript Group award as best prose selection.



Robert Yoh, a frequent contributor of both prose and poetry, appears with a delicately turned description of two scenes from nature, in "To the North Lies New Hampshire."



Dorothy Shisler, a new writer in the last issue, portrays another nonchalantly gay adventure of Tony this time in her comic sketch, "A Chinese Mystery." Among the poets, we find former contributors **Evelyn Huber**, **Mabel Ditter**, and **Robert Yoh**, together with **Kenneth Snyder**, for the first time a versifier, and new poets **Georgine Haughton** and **Dorothy Shisler**.

Of Special Interest To You!

FRANK J. TORNETTA

VERY seldom do nature magazines mention those striking "creatures" called *algae*. I call them "creatures" because I don't want to apply the name "plants" to them; if I did, you would take your eyes off this paragraph and turn to the next article.

Don't ask me what algae are—I don't know myself. To give a correct definition of them, I should have to copy it out of some highly scientific journal—so, not wanting to commit plagiarism, I shall just say that they are colored plants having no true roots, stems, or leaves. (How I dread to use that word "plants!")

"Well, what about these algae?" you ask me. "Why make so much fuss about them? Where do they grow? What do you mean by 'colored' plants?"

Algae grow everywhere, or as some high-browed Ph. D. would put it, they are ubiquitous. Algae are found in practically every puddle, pond, fountain, brook, river, lake, sea, and ocean of the earth. They vary in size from a pin-head to a massive form of several hundred feet, and grow on trees, stones, decaying matter, rocks, cabbages, and kings.

Fourteen species of these striking algae have been found living in the digestive tract of human beings. Not satisfied to occupy every nook and corner of the world, they grow even in a vacuum! One algologist succeeded in growing thirty-eight species in a bell jar vacuum for forty days!

By "colored plants" is meant that the algae contain chlorophyll, a green pigment essential for self-dependent living. Besides this green pigment, the algal plants also contain blue-green, red, brown, or yellow-green colors. It is upon these colors that the algae are scientifically classified.

Why the Red Sea Is Green

The famous granite of Rio de Janeiro owes its pretty brown color to an alga. A blue-green alga beautifully paints the lime sides of the Austrian Rhaetebon Mountains a bright blue color. The Red Sea gets its red color from a blue-green alga called *Trichodesmium*. The Sargassum Sea is called after an alga of the same name.

Red snow is due to the green alga, *Sphaerella*. So you see, these algae are really the most beautiful wonders of nature.

One green alga that may be of interest to you is *Pleurococcus*. (I can't pronounce these long scientific terms, so let's just call this alga "Coccy" for short.) Well, Coccy is a one-celled alga, but it can do anything that any large-sized plant can do. In fact, Coccy never dies of old age. It is potentially immortal! But the one lesson about it is that Coccy is always found growing on the bark of the North sides of trees. So if some day you're strolling in the woods and become lost, look for this Coccy plant, and it will be faithfully pointing to the North.

Why the Seashore Smells

That characteristic "salty sea" odor that you smell at Atlantic City, Ocean City, or whatever your favorite ocean resort may be, is due to decaying algal plants. The brown and red algae are commonly called "seaweeds." Of great economic importance, they are used as a source of iodine. In Sweden they are used as a source of illuminating gas. Agar agar, a culture medium, is obtained from the red algae. The Japanese eat red algae and use them as delicacies exclusively. Irish moss, one of these algae, is used as a dessert in this country. Try it sometime; it's delicious.

Listen to this mystery drama concerning the algae. One night at one of the large lakes of the Newark park system all seemed serene. But the next morning fifteen tons of dead fish appeared. Hundreds of bass, roach, sunfish, catfish, suckers, eels, and even carp were found dead in all parts of the lake, but especially near the inflowing brooks. At the clear spring in the center of the lake there were still some fish living. The park authorities were puzzled over the mystery. The lake had been poisoned, they thought. Detectives were put to work. They, too, were baffled. Then the ichthyologists (the learned fish men) found that the fish had died of suffocation. The algologists learned the cause of the suffocation and closed the case. They found that the humidity

MEET "COCCY"

and the other members of a family which inhabits everything from you to the Sargassum Sea. In his latest article, the LANTERN's science writer reveals why Atlantic City smells salty, and why some snow is red.

had been so high that it prevented evaporation of the water. Since there was no circulation of air about the lake the carbon dioxide manufactured by the bacteria at the bottom of the pond was not equally distributed through the water, thus depriving the growing algae of their food. The algae then rose to the top of the lake for better aeration and formed a film of scum over the lake. The lake, being somewhat overstocked with fish, did not have a sufficient supply of oxygen for breathing. Hence the fish suffocated.

Another interesting mystery drama concerning the algae happened in Alberta. For years a Canadian farmer had watered his livestock at a certain pond. Then one day his horses, cows, hogs, chickens, and even the wild birds were poisoned by the water in the pond. Examining the water, the farmer found numerous oily green masses. He thought these masses to be Paris green, a deadly chemical poison. But when the government officials investigated, they found the green stuff to be the alga, *Gleotrichia*.

Why Water Tastes Fishy

At numerous times you have probably drunk water that had a fishy taste. You blamed it on a dirty glass or

perhaps you called up the water company, and told them to take the fish out of your water pipe. Well, the disagreeable taste was not due to the fish; it was caused by the alga *Synura*. But don't worry; drink all the fishy water you need. This alga is harmless.

Another interesting alga is *Euglena*. For years and years this supposed alga has caused much dissension between the botanists and the zoologists. The botanist says that *Euglena* is a plant of algal form. The zoologist insists that *Euglena* is an animal of protozoan form. For centuries they have argued and drawn conclusions, but as the years come they take up the problem anew.

Not long ago I asked a prominent algologist from Vanderbilt University whether the *Euglena* problem had been solved. "What problem?" he furiously asked. "There never has been any problem about it; *Euglena* has and always will be a plant, and don't let any zoologist tell you that it isn't, either!" So he convinced me that it is an alga. But if this problem may be of special interest to you, go up to the biology laboratory sometime and find out for yourself whether this plant is an animal, or whether this animal is a plant.

JENNY LEE

GEORGINE HAUGHTON

*Oh, Mrs. Jones, can you come to the fence a minute
To look at this old picture, and see the art that's in it?
I see you're hanging out your Monday's wash to dry,
I will not keep you very long this time, but I
Thought you'd like to see a picture drawn of me
By a girl who lived where you live whose name was Jenny Lee.
Believe me, Jenny surely did know how to draw.
Why, this is better than some photographs I saw.
Drawing wasn't all that Jenny Lee could do:
She could write, and sing, and play piano too.
I thought she'd be a singer—she had a lovely voice—
That is, unless things happened so that she'd make art her choice.
When she was just a little girl, she ran a fast foot-race,
And won a copper medal for coming in first place.
For a time she thought she'd try to win Olympic fame,
But instead, she turned to arts, and made them her only aim.
The last I heard of Jenny, she was living in Lemold;
She's married, and her little boy is six years old.
It doesn't seem that long! My, how time does fly!
I'd better let you go now, or your clothes won't dry.*

The Arguments Against Isolation

VERNON GROFF

MR. Herbert Hoover is an isolationist. I believe in collective action. Therefore, for the most part, we disagree.

Mr. Hoover made a speech some time ago—about the time of the first semester examinations in the present year. And, for the most part, I disagreed with the larger policies of international relationship which he advocated that the United States should pursue.

Who am I to disagree with Mr. Hoover? Why I did so at the time, in case the reader wonders, Dr. Elizabeth B. White can best answer. Why I still do, I can best answer.

There were eight key ideas in Mr. Hoover's ideology. They prove that he is an isolationist. What I have to say about them proves that I believe in collective action.

I

"We must fight for our independence to the last shred of our material and physical strength. And the world should know that if we are to have peace."

Right, Mr. Hoover! This policy, in my opinion, is sound. What Mr. Hoover means by this, when he says "for our independence," is that we must fight *in case of invasion*, and certainly the people of the United States will fight to the last ditch to preserve their sovereignty.

The significant part of this statement is that we must let the other nations of the world know about it if we are to have peace. And I think this, too, is sound. As long as we show that we can take care of ourselves, the world will stay away *from our borders*.

II

"The greatest assurance from aggression against us is preparedness for defense."

Again Mr. Hoover is right, *as far as he goes*. It is the same principle that lies behind the first quotation. If we look big enough and are big enough, we will not be the helpless object of aggression. I believe in the paradoxical principle that we must arm to keep peace; we must threaten war to prevent war.

III

"We should limit our armament solely to that necessary to repel aggression against the Western Hemisphere, without responsibility for the Philippines or interests further outside."

This is where I balk. Mr. Hoover is an isolationist, and I believe in collective action. In the first place, the Philippines are United States territory, and if we want to control them, we *must protect them*—or give them up. And if we are to follow this policy to its logical conclu-

sion, we will give up every outside interest, political or economic, that we now have, or else Mr. Hoover's dream of complete isolation can be nothing but a dream. But in the cosmopolitan world community of today, everyone knows that this is impossible.

The reader may have noticed that I agree with Mr. Hoover in his first two statements, as far as he goes. Yes, we must be strong, and we must show it. Why? For more than just the reason that we can protect ourselves against invasion. We can withdraw into our shell and resist conquest, now, maybe, and against one or two aggressors, maybe, but the lasting peace of the world depends upon collective action.

Mr. Hoover should have learned a lesson from the World War. After it was all over, Lloyd George offered the comment that had Germany known of the forces that finally stacked up against her, she would never have started the war. And it is my belief that had the United States and Great Britain let Japan know that they would not tolerate any designs upon China, back in 1931, there would now be no Sino-Japanese Armageddon.

You say, "What about Hitler and Mussolini?" But we need not, in the long run, fear Germany and Italy. They are both poor compared to the collective "have" countries—the United States, Great Britain, France, the

HERBERT HOOVER



. . . whose speech for the isolationist cause Groff disagrees with in this article.

Netherlands, the Scandinavians—which are by political category and circumstance in position for alignment.

Perhaps it sounds like benevolent despotism, the altruistic international rule of the righteous. Idealistic or not, action would make it practicable, for the present, at least. And the United States must participate. Maybe now she can take care of herself at home. But she cannot live in the world and stay at home. Furthermore, if she does not now help to curb the fascist aggressors, there may come a time when she cannot take care of herself at home.

IV

“We must preserve our neutrality.”

This one fazes me a little. It is in line with Mr. Hoover's whole policy, yet I feel compunction in condemning it. There are degrees of wars, and degrees of the rightness of wars. Undoubtedly no war is right, but there are wars that are justifiable. And there are wars that are simply international anarchy, *e. g.*, the present Sino-Japanese conflict and Signor Mussolini's Ethiopian venture.

I believe that the present tide of aggression must be stopped, and the only thing that will stop it is threat of ruin for the aggressors. Concerted action—and this involves throwing neutrality to the winds—will make the Fascist aggressors pull up short.

I believe that we do not even have to fight, but only threaten to fight. Japan knows—her own writers have said so—that if it ever came to war between herself and the United States, she would be hopelessly beaten.

V

“We should not engage ourselves to use military force in an endeavor to prevent or to end other peoples' wars.”

This is just another way of putting the general disagreement between Mr. Hoover and myself. In case it comes to the test, we must fight other peoples' wars.

I believe in democracy, and the rightness of democracy.

GROFF:

“It is merely a matter of isolation now and present security, or collective action now and future security.”

Fight the world's battles or try to avoid our own?

Whatever the reader's conclusions, he will find “The Arguments Against Isolation” thought-provoking.

The war threat in the world today is coming almost 100 per cent from Fascist dictatorships; and they are the “have nots.” In a test between the two, democracy will win.

Collective action will do one of two things: either it will quell aggressors without the loss of a drop of blood, or else a dictator, when he is faced with ruin, will fight—and then the dictatorships will be removed, and with them much of the present cause for war. It would even be logical to hope for the latter alternative as soon as possible. It is merely a matter of isolation now and present security, or collective action now and future security.

VI

“We should not join in any economic sanctions or embargoes or boycotts in an endeavor to prevent or to end other peoples' wars.”

The fight goes on. This is another phase of the same thing. I shall try a new attack.

We, and the other powers, failed to apply sanctions to Italy in 1935, and Mussolini took Ethiopia. We kept ourselves out of a mess, Mr. Hoover would say; but I say we missed an opportunity to halt the rise of war.

As soon as Mussolini had Ethiopia, he said he was satisfied. But he wasn't. There is nothing that feeds aggression like success; and he was flushed with victory. So he immediately threw his Fascists into the Spanish civil war. What will come of that we cannot foretell, but we can foretell that with every victory, the aggressor nations take a step across the Atlantic. Even Mr. Hoover would not be so naïve as to deny that the peace of America depends upon the peace of the world.

VII

“We should cooperate in every sane international effort to advance the economic or social welfare of the world.”

These last two points are anticlimax. I have done with the main issue, and this no longer applies. Mr. Hoover would isolate America politically, but not economically, intellectually, or socially. His interest in the furtherance of the world in trade, industry, science, the arts, is commendable, but how he intends to separate the two I do not know.

VIII

“We should by every device and on every opportunity cooperate with other nations to exert moral force and build pacific agencies to preserve peace or end conflict in the world.”

Words, mere words! And they always will be. Mr. Hoover should be a Sunday School teacher. I do not believe that peace can be preached. I believe in collective action.

From all I have said, it may sound like the long-ago disproved saw of the tyrant that might makes right. And that is what it is, right now, because we are ready for the second stage.

(Continued on Page 17)

The Note

MARY HYDE

I ALWAYS felt, as I turned up the long walk that led to Laura's house, that there was no one at home, although I knew that she would be there. Yet each time I climbed the mansion's numerous steps and looked more closely at its great grey-white pillars and peeling walls and darkened windows, I realized more than ever that no one would want to live there. It was comforting to know that there was one contradiction to the haunting air of the place. This was Hartley, butler by profession, friend in manner and disposition.

"Good afternoon, Miss Simmons," he said as he opened the door; and then, while leading me through the hall, "May I talk with you, Miss Simmons, before you go to Mrs. Bolton's room?"

"But she is waiting for me," I protested.

"This is very important."

Puzzled, I turned back to face him.

"A few days ago," he said, "when I brought Mrs. Bolton's breakfast to her, she looked startled, almost afraid of me, and she seemed to hide something—although I could see nothing in her hand—in the upper drawer of her desk. A year ago, I would have thought that incidents such as this one—and they have occurred often—were the results of her upset condition after the death of Mr. Bolton, but now—"

"You don't seem to realize, Hartley, what a great shock that was to her. I am sure that she will never quite recover from it."

This was strange, I thought, for I had never supposed that he did not know the situation as well as I.

"I can understand that very easily," he replied quietly, "but, surely, a year is a long enough time to help her to regain herself somewhat. It is not good for anyone to remain indoors for that length of time—especially in this house! If you would encourage her to go outside for a while, Miss Simmons, I am sure that she would benefit by it."

"Why, Hartley, how could you suggest such a thing? Don't you know—about—?"

"About what, Miss Simmons?"

"Don't—you—know—about—the—note?"

He slowly shook his head.

"About Mr. Bolton? You don't even know that he came back—that Laura saw him again? Don't you know that?"

"Miss Simmons, do you actually believe—?"

"Of course I believe it! Mr. Bolton's own handwriting is on the note—on a small piece of parchment." He was

regarding me thoughtfully, almost sadly. "You aren't convinced, are you?" I said.

"Did Mrs. Bolton show it to you?"

"Well, no. But I'm sure she would; that is, if I wanted her to."

Silently, he turned away and started to lead me to Laura's room, with an apparent desire to let the subject rest. I was surprised, then, when he spoke again.

"Mrs. Bolton is not at all well."

"I know."

"You have been with her often during the past year, Miss Simmons. Couldn't you influence her to go away from this—place?"

"No one can do that, Hartley, no one."

"Except you."

"But, Hartley—"

"Please, Miss Simmons, I am sure you can. If you would ask her to show you the note, and then—"

"And then—?"

"Convince her that you cannot see it. Perhaps you could make sure that she will not see it again—"

"Do you mean—that I should—take it away from her?"

"That will not be necessary, if there is no note."

"No note? Oh, this isn't like you. You're not even trying to understand! Listen. There is a note. It was given to her by her husband."

"Before his death, of course."

"No, no. Two nights after, and it commands her to stay here. Nothing can make her leave, even for a moment!"

"You have not seen the note?"

"No, but I shall, today." With this resolution, I walked into Laura's room.

A drawer closed with a bang, and there was Laura, her face ashen, eyes wide, her thin figure backed against her desk. When she recognized me, she relaxed with a sigh.

"Oh, it's you," she murmured. "I thought you would never get here."

"Laura, what is the matter?"

"I have been so afraid that someone might see it! They wouldn't understand! No one understands, except you! Oh, if anyone else—" She glanced at the door, and I tried to reassure her.

With my arm resting on her shoulder, I said, "Don't worry, Laura—"

"Yes?"

"Would you let—me—see it?"

She nodded and walked slowly to her desk. Watching

her open the drawer, I thought of what Hartley had said. He had seen her hide something in the same place. Was it, as he thought, nothing?

"But there must be a note," I thought. "What shall I say to her?"

Laura turned slowly and faced me, and I noticed that the envelope that she dropped back into the drawer was her own white stationery. But in her hand was another kind of paper. It was a small sheet of parchment, slightly yellowed. I spoke mechanically—almost, it seemed, against my will.

"Where is the note, Laura?"

"This is it." Stiffly, she extended it toward me, so that I could even see that the edges were darkened, slightly worn from much handling.

I stared at it, transfixed, and said, "I'm sorry, Laura, but I—can't—see it."

"But how can you help but see it?"

We stood, silent, for a long while. I couldn't force myself to answer her this time. Finally I shook my head, and turned away to avoid her gaze.

"Please go," she whispered.

"Oh, Laura, have I—?"

"No, no," she interrupted hurriedly. "I can't stay here any longer." Her excitement seemed to increase with each word. "Please go home. I'll telephone you later, after I have a chance to think. I can't talk to you now."

She rang for Hartley, and as she did so, I saw the note drop, unnoticed by her, to the floor. Impatiently, she dashed out into the hall to call him, and I stooped quickly to slip the note into my purse.

Laura was talking to Hartley when I came out of her room.

"Send my maid to help me pack," I heard her say. "I will leave as soon as possible."

"Going away?" I asked, amazed.

"Yes," she replied, almost happily. She sounded more desperate, though, when she added, "Why not? Hartley, please see Miss Simmons to the door first."

In a daze, I followed him.

Vaguely, I realized that he was talking to me, but the only words that made an impression were, "Thank you, Miss Simmons, thank you!"

A glimpse of the darkness within showed as he closed the door between us.

I walked home quickly, trying to make myself believe that I had done the right thing. Over and over I told myself that the story of the return of Mr. Bolton's spirit was ridiculous, that the note could not exist, that I had let my imagination trick me.

On entering my apartment, I threw the handbag on my table, and looked at it in a sort of triumph. I even walked around it, like a cat cornering a mouse.

"The note," I told myself, "is not in the bag, but in my mind. There is no note! There is no note!"

I seized the handbag to convince myself, and shook it

upside down, letting the contents fall rattling upon the table. No note! I continued to shake it, chuckling gleefully. No note!

But there fluttered to the floor a piece of paper. I fell on my knees and examined it closely. It was the note, with its scrawled message:

"Remain in my memory, which is my house."

Something was ringing, ringing, ringing. Mechanically, I reached for my telephone, still regarding the note in my hand. At first I didn't recognize the voice that started quickly, unceasingly, as soon as I had said, "Hello."

"Hello! Oh, darling, you were right—there is no note! I must have imagined it! My envelope—the one I kept it in, is still here! It's empty!"

The note almost seemed to glare ironically at me, but the voice went on.

"This is Laura—Laura, not some strange person who thinks an imaginary command can keep her from enjoying life. I'm going away from this horrible house—as soon as I can; tonight, perhaps! Oh, I don't know how to thank you! You'll have a letter soon, from some sunny, sociable place! Goodbye, darling!"

"Goodbye," I said.

She was laughing merrily when she hung up, but once more I was alone, with the note.

Then, as though suddenly inspired, I struck a match and held the note over the flame. The fire had no effect on it. I watched, entranced, expecting, hoping, to see the flame grow, and eat the paper into a black, curling, crackling cinder, but nothing of the sort happened. Instead, the flame burned my fingers, and I threw the match to the floor.

I hurried outside. I walked faster and faster, without noticing the growing darkness, without knowing where I was going, nor caring. For hours, probably, I walked on, and on, cutting through lanes, crossing streets, disregarding honking horns, screeching brakes, people I collided with, everything, everybody.

One idea managed to form itself in my bewildered mind. I must return the note. It wouldn't burn. It was powerful. It gave Laura an order that she was about to disobey. She was leaving. I must return the note—return the note!

I halted, noticed that I was not far from my newly-chosen destination, and turned my steps in the right direction. Soon I found myself banging at the door of Laura's great, joyless house. I waited for Hartley to appear, fidgeting with the note, unfolding it, reading it—"Remain in my memory, which is my house"—refolding it.

"Good evening, Miss Simmons."

"May I see Laura?" I was prepared to rush past him, drop the note in Laura's lap, and dash away again.

"I'm sorry, Miss Simmons. Mrs. Bolton has left for—"

"Left?" I was almost shrieking at him. Trying to gain control of myself, I stretched my hand, with the note in it, toward him, and explained,

"I wanted to give this back to her."

(Continued on Page 17)

Visit of the Grandchildren

MABEL B. DITTER

(The eldest speaks)

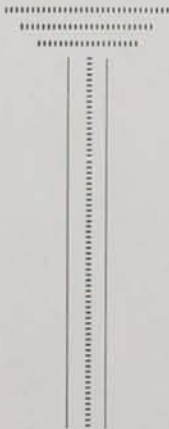
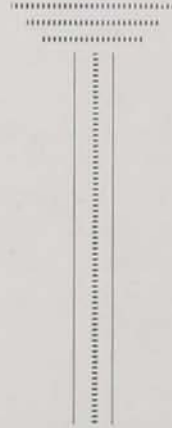
*Open the door gently,
For one sleeps within;
Cross the floor quietly—
We must not trouble him.*

*And so tip-toe softly
Over the sunlit floor;
All must stand silently
For just a moment more.*

*Lift the kerchief carefully—
(He lies so very still,
Just as we remember,
And so we ever will.)*

*Smooth his hair tenderly—
Where the sunbeams play—
Pause a moment, prayerfully,
And then we go away.*

*Cross the floor silently,
For one slept herein;
Close the door quietly—
We would not waken him.*



ONE FINDS GOD

ROBERT C. YOH

*As far as one can see,
One finds God.
On mountain, moor, and lea,
Upon the sod,
One feels His presence
And kneels to share,
In deepfelt penitence
A thought in prayer.*

*As far as one can hear,
One finds God.
The thunder's echo clear
Where lightning trod,
Brings down haughty man
Upon his knee
To ponder as he can
Divinity.*

To The North Lies New Hampshire

ROBERT C. YOH

A pine tree and a morning scene

HOW many years it had stood there, braving the winds and winter storms, one could only guess, but the tall pine looked very old and seemed at last to be dying. Years ago the tiny sprout from the seed took root in a small crack on the rocky point, had grown, and by force widened that crack by many inches. The rocky point stabbed out into the lake and defied the waves which ever tried to drive it back.

On this particular late summer morning the lake was exceptionally rough. As far as one could see, the white caps gleamed in the rising sun, and huge waves beat with fury upon the point, hurling themselves against the defying rocks and letting the wind play havoc with their heavy spray. Small fish braced themselves against the under-current of the waves, holding their ground for a time, being driven back, gaining again. Eagerly the sandy beach to the left of the point drank up the angry waves which penetrated too far beyond the usual dampened area.

It was glorious to stand there on this morning. One could see the most beautiful of New Hampshire scenes in all its wildest splendor. The strong wind lashed the boughs of the pine, until they whipped this way and that, cracking and whistling in their fight against the tormentor. Even on the calmest day the point is a windy place, devoid of all life except the pine tree and a small patch of lichens, which give no outward signs of life.

Beyond the opposite lake shore, three miles distant, rose the mountains, ever changing in the sun. The sky was heavily studded with billowy clouds, which were driven westward by the wind. So fast did they move that every minute the sky took on a new appearance. These clouds threw their shadows on the mountains, causing dark spots here and there, to form a patchwork quilt of dark purple, green, and brown. They did the same with the lake, streaking it with dark and light blue where there were no white caps.

A bird winged by overhead and gave a weird, shrill cry. It was his song of the joy of life. The song seemed to have been taken up by the pine and the waves at my feet. The whole scene joined in the grand theme of the symphony of nature. One furious blast of wind added a grand amen, then suddenly all was still; not a sound was heard except the calm lap, lap, lap of the gentle waves upon the point.

The old pine tree was indeed dying, but it gave up its life with great reluctance, seeming to hate the parting from such a scene, in which it held the commanding view.

Night falls on New Hampshire

Evening had descended upon the narrow, ragged peninsula which jutted out into the lake; the stars began to peek through a blanket of dark, and above the sounds of the croaking frogs the loon's plaintive wail could be heard. The wind swept through the darkened sky; the trees waved their boughs to greet it with soft, sweet song, and the water-grasses along the lake shore nodded, pointing out the direction of its journey. The last reddened cloud of the dead sunset disappeared, leaving in its place a certain sense of mystery. One felt very small standing there then.

At this spot the evening always has its vesper chorus, for the tired birds chirp softly to the dark, and the waves of the lake splash against the rocky shore. Again and again a loon would add its peculiar cry to this evening song, a cry that would echo back and forth among the hills. The wind took up the theme and intermingled it with the rustling leaves and bending grasses. A chorus of insects on a nearby rise of ground swelled their voices to grand volume, and then faded into silence.

Then swiftly it happened. A flash of lightning split the black sky, and the thunder smashed the melody to bits with its sudden sharp crash and roaring crescendo. Although the region was one noted for the suddenness of its storms, the awful abruptness of this one's approach startled the world of nature about me. In an instant heavy drops of rain fell, drowning out all other sounds as they splashed on the lake and shore. It was a strange ending for such a song. An occasional rush of wind would scream by, or some dead tree limb would crash down to the ground. Storm-maddened waves dashed about in confusion, splashing against the resisting shore and rushing over mossy rocks. The newborn stars were washed out of sight or drenched by the rain so that the last spark of light left them, and they stood cold and black in the sky.

I hurried from the spot and found the shelter of my cottage. For hours the storm raged, and then as quickly as it had started it stopped. The wind died down to a gentle breeze, the storm clouds vanished, and the moon smiled down upon the lake, whose churning waves had changed into calm ripples, until now it was a great mirror reflecting the moon's soft beams.

The Indians had called this region Winnepesaukee—The Smile of the Great Spirit—and I am sure He must have smiled with tender kindness as the frightened world went to sleep while the night took up the evening's chorus, and the wind carried it along.

The Two Camps in Washington

WARREN FUERMAN

AN undercover controversy of fundamental importance to the nation has been raging in Washington during the past few months. The two principal figures on the opposing sides are very interesting people, and oddly enough both are close friends of the President. They are Donald R. Richberg, ace corporation lawyer, and Robert H. Jackson, Solicitor General of the United States and the man who barked so loudly at the monopolies a few months ago.

Donald Richberg was a very successful Chicago attorney for many years. He prosecuted several cases for the city against some public utilities and he gained the reputation of being a liberal. When the Democrats invaded Washington in 1933 he came along and was soon named General Counsel for the NRA. Later, when the NRA was attacked in the courts, the President made him Special Assistant to the Attorney General to defend the Government's case. During 1934 and 1935 Richberg was also Executive Director of the National Emergency Council, and in this capacity he became well known to the general public. His power and his influence upon the President were reputed to be so great that he was nick-



"Mr. Richberg's private law practice was, of course, very lucrative."

named "Assistant President." In 1935 he retired to a private law practice which was, of course, very lucrative because of his supposedly great influence with the Administration. At the present time he holds no public office.

Robert H. Jackson was also a successful young lawyer. He likewise gained a name for being a liberal. But this is where the similarity between Richberg and Jackson

ends. In 1935 Mr. Jackson was appointed General Counsel for the Internal Revenue Bureau. In 1936 he was promoted to Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Anti-Trust Division, and a few weeks ago he became Solicitor General.

An interesting sidelight upon the nature of the two men appeared in the news recently. Mr. Jackson instituted an anti-trust suit against the automobile finance companies owned by the three big motor car manufacturers. The government's contention was that these companies monopolized the auto financing business and would not let independent companies finance their cars. The chief lawyer for the defense was none other than Donald R. Richberg. He was highly indignant with the Department of Justice for waving a big stick over his clients, who were merely trying to "plan for the future." The final outcome was that Judge Geiger dismissed the case because the government secretly tried to negotiate an out-of-court settlement.

When Advisors Differ

The essential difference of opinion between Richberg and Jackson is in the way they answer this question: Shall the government pursue a policy of encouraging monopolies and at the same time use regulation as a check upon them, or shall it encourage free competition and begin a drive upon the trusts? Mr. Richberg, once head of the deceased NRA, is firmly convinced that we should resurrect the Blue Eagle, although, for obvious political reasons, he carefully avoids pointing out any similarity between his plan and the NRA.

Mr. Jackson, who was until recently head of the Justice Department's Anti-Trust Division, believes that the system of regulating monopolies and planning for all industry failed miserably under the NRA. Therefore, he asks, why revive it? It did not get us out of the depression, so let us try something else to get out of the recession. Let us try to break down high prices with an anti-trust attack on monopolies.

Mr. Richberg has been an active lobbyist in the White House since the start of the recession. He wields a subtle but powerful influence over the President, into whose offices he is admitted with incredible ease at any time.

Many people think that Messrs. Roosevelt and Richberg are in agreement about the necessity of setting up a new commission to plan for all industries of the country. And who would head the commission? Donald Richberg, of course.

A New NRA?

Richberg believes that Congress should establish an all-powerful regulatory body with authority to fix wages and prices and specify the volume of production in every single American business. Each industry would select a central committee similar to the NRA Code Authority. Of course, this amounts to virtual elimination of effective competition, but, Richberg thinks, it is the only way we can eliminate periodically recurring depressions.

With an entirely different philosophy, Mr. Jackson believes we ought not to abandon the free economic system which has been the soil from which all our material progress has grown. It needs reform, says he; but after making these adjustments it can continue to lift the living standards of the masses to new undreamed-of heights. It is a system that encourages ambition and enterprise and it is the only system that is congruous with democracy.

What are the reforms that the free competitive system needs? They can be summarized in one sentence: Competition needs to be made effective. The auto manufacturers ought not be permitted to plan for the mutual benefit of their companies at the expense of independent finance companies and the general public. They ought to compete with the independents, and let the most efficient win out. Nor should all the cement and steel and tire manufacturers get together and submit identical prices in bidding for government contracts. Last summer the federal government received identical bids from several tire makers. The bids were turned down and a contract entered into with Sears, Roebuck and Company, wholesalers, for the same kind of tires at a substantially lower price. This kind of monopoly control is widespread throughout many American industries, and it probably bears down even more heavily upon private business, especially the "little fellow," than upon the government.

But Robert Jackson and the other New Dealers who have recently clamored for the scalps of monopolies have one vulnerable spot. Why, if the fantastic stories of monopolies and our royal Sixty Families are true, has the New Deal failed to prosecute them during the past five years? We hear no answer. We can justly suspect, therefore, inasmuch as the anti-trust laws have during

that time been on the statute books, that the current campaign is a mere matter of expediency, an attempt to tell the people that the administration is still fighting for them, oratorically if not otherwise. Perhaps the President, who is known to favor Mr. Jackson as the next Governor of New York, asked him to deliver the tirades against big business in order to get him into the public limelight.

What Does the President Think?

What is President Roosevelt's attitude? Is he a member of either Mr. Jackson's or Mr. Richberg's camp? Or is he trying to effect a compromise? No one seems to know the answers to these questions. We cannot judge



"An interesting sidelight upon the nature of the two men appeared in the news recently."

by the past record of the administration, for at times it has endorsed strict regulation of prices and production in specific industries, and at other times it has denounced all monopolistic tendencies vehemently. Mr. Richberg is a close friend and advisor of the President, but so is Mr. Jackson. One lobbies in the White House; the other is a political favorite.

At the outset I stated that this controversy, although undercover, is of fundamental importance to the nation. Yet the majority of the American people do not even know it exists. And most of those who are conscious of its existence do not realize that we are at the crossroads where we must choose one policy or the other; we cannot choose both. Free competition and state planning are diametrically opposed. Shall we keep our system of individual initiative or shall we let the state plan for us?

We have already examined Mr. Richberg's and Mr. Jackson's respective stands. We have tried to determine Mr. Roosevelt's stand. Finally, let us look at the people's stand.

Fuerman Evaluates

Probably the people of the United States can benefit more by preserving their competitive economy than they

(Continued on Page 16)

At Times It Seems So Very Strange

ROBERT C. YOH

*At times it seems so very strange
Why love should be so cold,
When robbing age doth re-arrange
A youth, and make him old.*

*For maiden fair, she hath no care
For older man or boy,
And youthful lad seems unaware
Of aging woman coy.*

*So let it be, as it should be:
Youth still in love with youth.
Let older folk devotedly
Be seekers after truth.*

*Love will have its own strange way,
And nothing can be done,
For youth in love with youth will stay,
While love this course shall run.*

SUBSTITUTES

DOROTHY KINSEY SHISLER

*After the storm
the bare tree outside my window
blossoms anew.
The withered calyxes
that held last year's blooms
now enfold*

*lovely fragile
flowers of snow.*

So my heart

*that
last year blossomed with love
now treasures tenderly
the cold little flowers
of my poems.*

Episode On A Lake Shore

ELI BROIDY

IN the midst of the shouting, laughing group which thronged the shore of the crowded lake resort, the slender, solitary figure of the boy stood out with the clarity of black against white.

Perhaps it was this singular fact which caused the kind-faced old man to pause momentarily beside the lone figure sitting on the bench and to stare questioningly. Suddenly, after a slight hesitation, the old man seated himself beside the boy and commenced to speak.

"It's very strange to see one of your age sitting quietly in such a noisy place, when you should be shouting and having fun with other boys," he began.

The boy started and turned at the sound of the voice beside him, giving the old man a full glimpse of his face. What the old man saw was a thin, sensitive face with a delicate white skin, of such a texture that even the hot mid-day sun failed to make any impression on it. The nostrils were thin, and with every breath quivered like those of a thoroughbred. The lips were pale and bloodless, the hair brown and wavy.

But what caused the old man to pause and glance a second time was the boy's eyes. Large and very dark brown they were—with a dreamy quality about them that made them beautiful to behold. They drew the old man's gaze like a magnet, and it was only with an effort that he was able to collect himself and begin to speak again.

"You should be with others of your age," he repeated. "Sitting and watching others enjoying themselves is for us older folks, not for youngsters like you. Why, if I were your age I'd be running around on the beach this very minute, or enjoying a good swim in that cool blue lake water. My—just look at that water!" He pointed. "How Old Sol's rays make it sparkle! I feel tempted to take a dip myself." He stopped.

The boy's eyes were not even following his pointing finger. At that moment a dog with a leash wrapped around its neck sidled up to the boy, brushing his leg. The boy bent over and felt for the leash. The old man gasped as realization dawned upon him. The boy was blind.

My Campus Song

E. M. HUBER

*Two by two in a crowded room, painted faces and smiles—
Dancing together, crowding together, changing partners the while—
So I dance and I watch; yet rather I'd watch, or turn my eyes to the stars.
Alone I would glide o'er the campus outside
And be lulled to the sway of the trees!
For no matter, today; no matter, the morrow:
There is more to love in the night
When the stars glow above, and the trees are your love,
And the song is Evening's delight.*

The Two Camps In Washington

(Continued from Page 13)

can by submitting to state planning. In the past they have always been extremely hostile to monopolies of any sort; and even though there seems to have been an un-



"The administration is still fighting for the people, oratorically if not otherwise."

conscious reversal of that attitude in recent years, it seems unlikely that it will continue as a long-term trend. People are beginning to wonder how the government can reduce production and raise prices in agriculture,

coal mining, and other industries, and at the same time raise the living standards of the masses as they have continuously risen in all our past history.

We as a people are slowly awakening to the fact that competition is something that cannot be added to or deducted from society at will. Competition is a spirit that is a part of human nature and therefore it can never be abolished. The competitive spirit is not wasteful; on the contrary, it strengthens the race. In reality, it is the principle of evolution applied to human society. It is a test of superiority, a measure of fitness. It weeds out the weak and dishonest and destroys them just as nature destroys the weak members of the plant and animal kingdoms.

The quarrel between two politicians in Washington is not the important thing to concern us. More important is it that we recognize the principles involved. We must make a decision to support one set of principles, and we must make our selection only after very careful consideration of what will be best for America in the long run.

Heart-Rending Confessions Of The Student Postmaster

IRONY

KENNETH SNYDER

*To the mailing place strides one gay lad
To greet another whose face is sad,
And from a box the first does take
A letter, trim—and usually late.
Yet as the first the lines does read
The other's face bends low indeed.
And up above the God of Chance
Looks down as if with mocking glance.*

*For the sad-eyed boy is the postal man,
And the glad-eyed lad the "dapper Dan"
Who won the smiling, pretty girl
From the second in a whirlwind twirl.
Yet now—and this is the irony—
The second is the one whereby
The girl and "dapper Dan" do write
Of the teachings of Cupid—the devilish sprite!*

The Note

(Continued from Page 9)

Hartley looked at me doubtfully, then at my outstretched hand. Without knowing why, I didn't dare to follow his glance.

"Pardon me, Miss Simmons, what—?"

"This note! I want to give it back to Laura!"

"Note?" he asked. "What note, Miss Simmons?"

"Why—why, this one, of course!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Simmons," he said quietly, "I do not see a note."

"Hartley, don't lie to me," I pleaded. "I know you are trying to help me. I could do it for Laura, but you cannot do it for me, because I know!" I shook the note near his face. "Take this, please take it from me!"

"I am telling you the truth." He looked at me calmly, and spoke steadily, quietly. "I do not see a note."

My fingers grasped it more tightly than ever. I knew it was there. I could feel it in my hand, but I could not think that Hartley was lying. I knew he would not. . . .

Finally I turned my eyes from him, and looked at my hand. It was extended toward him still; the fingers still pressed closely against one another, but . . .

. . . there was no note.

The Arguments Against Isolation

(Continued from Page 7)

In Europe a long time ago there was anarchy, somewhere around the feudal age and before. Then came the ascendancy of feudal lords who were stronger than others, and with it monarchy and the rule of tyrants; some were good and some were bad. Lastly, and up to the present, there is democracy, in which there is sane and safe government.

Let us apply the analogy. Up to the present, the world state has been in the first stage, where it is no state, and there is international anarchy. Sometime in the future the world will reach the third stage, where it will be a world state, and it will have learned to do without war. But now we are only entering the second stage, and it must be a rule of the tyrants.

Maybe some will be good, as I believe they would be at present; and maybe some will be bad. But the world must take the bad with the good until it achieves the abolition of war. The immediate step is the squelching of Fascist war-making dictatorships by the stronger democratic powers. And if this is to be done, the participation of the United States is necessary.



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A Chinese Mystery

DOROTHY SHISLER

WE called the Ross expedition's Chinese cook Elmer—his real name was much too terrible to remember. Elmer had a cute little Chinese accent: he said l's instead of r's. I used to annoy him by imitating him.

We had a good bit of fun on that expedition in Yucatan. My artist pal, Eric Manners, went along to copy some paintings on the walls of the building that was being excavated. I was the expedition's truck driver. Of course, I'm really a writer, but I thought I might enjoy myself and get some things to write about if I went on an archaeological expedition.

One night Elmer came into the dining room to take our orders for dessert.

"Flesh stlaw-bellies and cleam," I said cleverly. Elmer scowled.

"No bellies," he said firmly. "Peaches or melon."

"Watel-melon?" I asked. Eric and Carmen Reed, our mapmaker, were laughing; Elmer was furious.

"I'll take peaches," I said. Elmer began to recover his poise. "And cleam," I added. Of course he got angry again and stalked out haughtily.

I had completely forgotten the incident by bedtime. Carmen and I went to the room we shared, and he flung himself down on my bed.

"I'm tired," he yawned. Suddenly he sprang up. "My God, I nearly touched it," he exclaimed. I followed his gaze and saw a small snake curled up on my pillow. I thought it looked pretty; I have never shared the aversion most of the human race has for snakes. I rather like them. Carmen actually looked pale under his sun-tan.

"It's just a snake," I told him calmly.

"Just a snake, you poor sap," he said. "It's a *coral* snake—the most poisonous kind in the country."

I remembered having heard some of the members of the expedition talk about the deadly coral snake. It was rather a shock to meet one in my bedroom.

"Say!" I exclaimed, "I bet I know how it got there; Elmer put it there."

"Elmer?" Carmen inquired.

"Yes," I said, thinking of some horror stories I had read. "He hates me for imitating him. He wants to kill me. What more perfect way than this? No murder charges, and so Chinese and bloodcurdling."

"It does seem like a mystery story," Carmen admitted.

"I'll write it up," I said. "I've always wanted to write a mystery book."

"Yeah? And meanwhile are you going to sleep with the snake?" Carmen inquired. That brought me back to reality.

"What'll we do?" I asked.

"I think I'll move in with Eric," he replied. Just then Eric strolled in.

"How's everything?" Eric asked cheerfully.

"Oh, just perfect," Carmen told him airily. "There's a deadly poisonous snake in Tony's bed." I overlooked the implication.

"What!" Eric exclaimed. His eyes stared glassily like those of a tropical fish, and he had difficulty in speaking. "Is—is that thing uh-poisonous?"

"Do you think we're sitting up telling bedtime stories?" Carmen was sarcastic.

"God almighty by the score," Eric shuddered. "I was carrying it around by the tail; I put it there for a joke."



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