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TO PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE

A United Nations is a goal which is not impossible to achieve. In its design it parallels that of our own government. It is a government of nations as ours is a government of states. Wherein lies the difference? Why hasn't it worked to the extent that we wish it to? There are many reasons given for its failure, most of which stress the veto as used by Russia, but whereas superficially this may be true, I contend the real reason is one of lack of faith in humanity and its government.

I have drawn a parallel between the United Nations and the United States. Let's look at that parallel a moment. The United States is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and so is the United Nations. The United States is composed of many diversified colors and creeds, and so is the United Nations. The Constitution of the United States guarantees certain liberties and freedoms to the individual, and so does the Charter of the United Nations. The government of the United States was framed on paper by the people (our representatives), so was that of the United Nations. And so we could go, on and on, comparing the two.

When we come to the way in which the constitution of each was formed, we find, for the sake of practicality, that there was little difference between them. There was even a deep faith that the country and United Nations could work. In the former case that faith did not waver to any great extent because it was deemed necessary for the common good that the Constitution must work, and the country prospered to its present greatness. In the case of the United Nations, the faith had hardly begun to grow before it began to die in many ways—a little at a time. There were factions in the United Nations which placed their country's or national well-being above well-being of humanity, and in doing so planted the seeds of suspicion.

Now suspicion has bred hatred and distrust. There is no amity between nations. There is only argument—war is imminent as the situation stands. Of this we are all aware.

I have contended that the real reason for the malfunctioning of the United Nations is one of a lack of faith. I will go further and say that not only was there a lack of faith that it could work, but also that there was no really sincere effort or action on behalf of any one nation to pledge its allegiance to the United Nations.

Here in the United States we have many rivalries. We place our town above others as best, our state above others as grander, and, when it comes to nations, our country above others as greater. We, as states, may have differences among ourselves; but we pledge allegiance to our country. We may quarrel endlessly, but there is no longer any dispute between the states which leads to war. We place above our own good our nation's well-being. It is time now, late as it seems, to go further and pledge allegiance to humanity—placing its well-being above that of our country. I contend that no nation has achieved this broad viewpoint. Without it, how can we expect a United Nations to succeed? We must have one world as we have one nation. We must have a oneness in humanity. We may still have our rivalries between nations, but we can no longer allow humanity as a whole to suffer because of the self-interest of one segment.

The continuation of civilization as we know it is at stake. The preservation of humanity is reason enough, surely, why we should not find it difficult to take the step from allegiance to country to allegiance to humanity. We have had ample warning. Horrible pictures haunt the mind. We can no longer remain narrow minded, sanctioning self-interest of nations.

I do not propose that we give up allegiance to our country. I propose only a greater allegiance. We must take pride in humanity and pledge ourselves to it. Having succeeded in doing this, we can feel justified as a "United Nation" in putting down any element bent on the destruction of our world, or any element harmful to our "Nation's" well-being.

ALBERT J. MAZURKIEWICZ, Editor.
I think I’d been working at the Van Dyke’s place near a year when I run into Bill—or he run into me—I guess that’s more like it. It’s funny the way it happened, but then again, considerin’ all that stuff that happens in the movies, there maybe ain’t much supprisin’ about it either. “Natcherly, them girls in tha movies gets their man,” I usta say, “Look at ‘em!” A course, fer my age I don’t take no back seat fer looks myself. I ain’t too tall, but I got other things to make up fer it. Lydia Johnson over at the Venus Beauty Saloon always said my hair was one of my most valuable assets. “It’s just enough of reg’lar blond to be interesting,” she used to say. A course, I hafta admit not even that woulda mattered about meeting Bill. I got Mrs. Van Dyke to blame fer startin’ all that.

Every day I worked lots in that kitchen, doin’ stuff like puttin’ th’ milk bottles out and feedin’ tha setters— Rus and Bell, they was called—that Mr. Van Dyke kept out by tha garage. Mr. Goodman came every mornin’ wi’ tha milk from Meadow Brook Dairies. He and I got on extra good together. He’s one a th’ nicest fellas! The first time he sees me out on tha back porch he pretends like he almost drops some bottles from supprise or somethin’.

“Well! Good morning, Miss America,” he yells, givin’ me a once over with a whistle, like he was a beauty contest judge.

“Go way,” I says right back, “You prob’ly pull that on all th’ girls.”

“Nope, only on the ones with blue eyes,” he says.

“Ha! Mine’s gray,” I says, and he leaves grinnin’.

A couple of mornings later when I’m in tha kitchen, he comes in and says to Mrs. Van Dyke loud enough so I can hear, “You know, so many a my customers are gettin’ such pretty maids, I think I’ll start collectin’ a kiss fer every empty.”

“Ha!” I cracks as I shove past him into tha dinin’ room, “And you’ll prob’ly collect somethin’ from Mrs. Goodman, too . . . after she finds out.”

Well, we battle wits back and forth like that a couple times a week, always kiddin’ about somethin’. Mrs. Van Dyke never liked it much, the way we carried on some times. She was too old-fashioned strict.

I forget how long I’d been workin’ in tha kitchen when this one mornin’ I take th’ milk bottles out to tha back porch. I us’ally put them out kinda early, but this mornin’ I’m late ’cause Mrs. Van Dyke had her bridge club th’ night before, and I had lots to do, believe me.

I hear th’ milk truck comin’ into th’ drive-way and I think, by Jove, I’m gonna call Mr. Goodman’s bluff! So I wait there on th’ edge of the porch holdin’ th’se four bottles. As soon as I spy his white uniform and cap through th’ high hedge that grows up close by th’ porch, I close my eyes and holler, “One kiss for every empty, or you don’t get ‘em!”

I hear him walk up th’ steps and clank th’ full bottles together when he sets ‘em on th’ porch. And then, am I surprised! He kisses me! Act’ly kisses me, and all four times. I’m gettin’ more flabbergasted right along, specially since the last one wasn’t exactly a peck. So I open my eyes and say, “Why Mister Goodman! . . .” only, I see it ain’t Mr. Goodman!

Boy, am I ambarrassed! I just stand there like a dumb ox while this guy takes the empties away from me and set ‘em on th’ steps.

“Well, that was a good trade!” he says, lookin’ at me and laughin’.

“Boy, have you got nerve!” I say and start headin’ fer th’ door, but he grabs me by th’ wrist.

“Well, I was invited, wasn’t I?”

“Who should I thank then?”

“Thank! Ya mean apologize, don’tcha?”

“Okay, but I have to know your name.”

“None of your business!”

“I think it is. After all, it would be nice to know who I’m dating.”

“Dating!”

“Haven’t you heard? Tomorrow night . . . you and me.”

“Brother! You got another think comin’!” I tried to yank away, but he was too strong fer me.

“Hm . . . m . . . m . . . spunky, too, besides good lookin’,” he says.

“Let me go, you!”

He just laughs. I let go with a kick, only I miss his leg and kick one of th’ milk bottles, and th’ whole works goes bustin’ down over th’ steps.

“There!” I says, “Now I hope yer satisfied!”

And I jerk loose and run into th’ kitchen, slammin’ th’ door behind me. Then I think, oh-oh, and I quick get a broom outta th’ cellar way and go over and open th’ door again. Tha guy’s still standin’ on th’ steps, scratchin’ his head and lookin’ at th’ mess.

“Here’s a broom, Romeo!” I hollers, and I sling it out on th’ porch and slam th’ door. I watch through th’ winda to make sure he cleans up. He does it all right, but he don’t look too happy about th’ deal. Serves th’ fresh thing right. I thought. Maybe now he’ll know how to act in th’ presence of ladies! He fine’ly puts th’ broom by th’ door and leaves.

When I wake up next mornin’, I realize I been dreamin’ about them kisses most of th’ night . . . and kind of likin’ tha idea, too.
wasn't even feelin' mad any more. Come to think of it, it was kinda funny Mr. Goodman wasn't on the route. Funny thing, too, I couldn't remember nothin' about what tha new guy looked like. I musta been kinda excited to skip all that.

Well, I puttered about tha kitchen that mornin', thinkin' I'd find out what's what when tha truck came. I thought, why sure, Mr. Goodman will prob'ly be back, and I can ask him what kind of a nut that other character was. Fine', I hear tha milk truck pull up, and I look out tha winda. Nope, it's the new guy again!

He kinda looks around when he puts tha bottles on tha porch. He's got a nice face, kinda thin maybe fer my speed, but anyhow his hair's dark. When he goes, I notice how he fills out his uniform across tha shoulders.

I was just gonna open tha door and bring in tha milk when I see him comin' back. He's got one hand behind his back, and in tha other one there's an empty milk bottle with water in it. He puts it down, and then—imagine!—he takes a bunch of flowers from behind his back, and puts them in tha bottle! He goes away again, and this time I hear the truck leave.

When I bring in the bottles, Mrs. Van Dyke's right there, takin' it all in. "Well! Where did the peonies come from, Nan?" she asks.

"Maybe somebody left 'em," I says, sarcastically.

She snoops around, and then reaches into tha bouquet and takes somethin' out. It's a card, and before I can grab it, she reads it out loud. "For Miss Blondie Hothead ... from Bill ... How about a date?" and then she hands it over with a "Humph!"

I can't help laughin' at tha guy. He might be nervy and all that, but anyhow he's pretty sharp about it. It looks like he ain't burned up about tha bottles, either.

I figgered I might as well act polite, so the next mornin' I left a note on tha milk order card, sayin' "Thanks for the flowers." A little later I remembered somethin', and went out and added "What's your last name?"

His answer was on an order card he stuck under a cream bottle. He had wrote inside: "Mercer—and you might as well get used to it." I tried it out to myself while I put tha milk in tha refrigerator. "Bill Mercer ... Mrs. Nan Mercer ... boy, not a bad name!"

Well, the next day or two—Friday and Saturday I guess they was—I was kept busy up-stairs and didn't have no chance to see Bill at all. Come Monday, I was back in tha kitchen again. When I went out fer tha milk that mornin', there was a pint of cream and straw-

berries waitin' there marked fer me. To tell you tha truth, by this time Bill had me guessin'. I kept wonderin' more about tha guy right along —jeepers, maybe he was innerested!

On Tuesday, I hung around waitin' fer tha truck to come, to see if I could catch him and maybe work up a conversation of some kind. It was pretty late when it did come, and when I look out, there's Mr. Goodman bringin' tha milk! "Boy, now what!" I says, and I yank open tha door.

I poke out my head and holler at Mr. Goodman, "Hey! Where you been?"

"Oh, I hadda cold," he said, and it sounded like it, too.

"Well, where's this Bill?"

"Oh, he's back on his reg'lar route," Mr. Goodman says, "Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered. Say ... is he nuts or somethin'?"

Mr. Goodman just laughs and reaches down to get the empties. "Not that I ever heard. Why?"

"Boy, ain't you nousey, though?" I says, and I slam tha door.

Well, I think, that fixes that, and I was sorta wishin' I'd tried a date with Bill when I hadda chance. I was busy upstairs tha rest of tha
day, until a quarter of six or so, when I remembered I forgot to go out and feed the setters. So I hurry down and fix up the pans right away and take 'em out to the pen.

Rus and Bell are clawin' at the wire fence and whimperin' a little when I come up to them. "Jeepers," I say, "You must be hungry today, huh?" and I slide a pan under the wire for Rus.

"Got somethin' for me, too?" I hear Bell say. Then I quick realize, heck, that wasn't no dog, and I turn around and see Bill standin' there. He's dressed up pretty flashy, with his hair slicked down, and a sport coat on.

"Boy!" I says, pretty near droppin' Bell's pan, "Where are you goin'?"

"Toh ... teh ... always kiddin' ..."

"Who says I'm kiddin'?" says Bill, tryin' to figure out what's the joke I pulled.

"Why ask where I'm goin' then?"

"When a person don't know, she asks."

"Why ask where I'm goin'?"

"Well, since you want to know . . . I'm going on a date."

"Ain't that nice?" I says real sarcastic, "I think it is . . . and you'd better hurry and change if we want to make the first show." 

"Who? Me?"

"Sure. You don't think I came to take out Bell, do you?"

I thought of a crack, but I decided I'd better not pull it off.

"No," I says, "But what makes you think this is my night off?"

"Mrs. Van . . . Oh, I have ways of finding out things."

So that's the snake in the grass, I think.

"Well, what do you say?"

"Well, I donno. This is kinda sudden . . ."

Bill folds his arms. "Going once . . . going twice . . . going . . . ."

"Hey, wait," I hollers. "Give a girl a chance!"

We had a swell time. Bill is one swell fella, lemme tell you. And is he a good talker! I learned more stuff about how a dairy works. Natchery, he asked me to date him again, and I hadda say yes. Us'ally on the way back to the Van Dyke's where I live we'd park the milk truck up on Salem Heights and look at the moon. One night, Bill asks me would I marry him.

"I donno, Bill," I says, "I ain't sure. We've only been goin' together a couple weeks or so." I turned him down two more times in the next couple of weeks. After all, a girl just can't throw herself at a man.

A couple of days after the last time I said no, I came down stairs early to get Mrs. aVn Dyke's breakfast ready. When I go into the kitchen, I'm suprised to see Bill already standin' there with Mrs. Van Dyke. I hear her say "so you're going to tell her you're going to quit and go way up there . . ." Bill sees me come in, and he punches Mrs. Van Dyke with his elbow and she shuts up.

I pretend I didn't hear or see nothin'. I don't know why, but I almost start cryin' when I think what it'll be like if Bill quits the milk route. I suddenly realize, I guess, I like that guy too much . . . and what if he even leaves town altogether like it sounds? And here all the chances I've been slin' away! Well, I thinks, chokin' up, that's the way it always happens in real life—not like in the movies at all.

Bill says, "Can you come outside a minute, Nan?"

"Uh huh, sure," I says, dryin' my hands and tryin' to act like I don't know what it's all about. He goes out and I follows him, pickin' up the empty milk bottles on the table to go back.

When we're outside, he turns around so he's facin' me, and I stand there with my back to the kitchen.

"Well, Nan," he says, "I don't know how to say this . . ."

"Maybe you better not say it then," I says, kinda weak like.

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"Going?" I says, tryin' to keep my voice from shakin'.

He looks down at his feet. "I have an offer of a job."

"Oh?"

"It's in... Alaska."

"Oh."

He looks up at me again, and smiles. "It's going to be cold up there."

I can't think of anything to say. "Would you like me to knit you some mittens?" I asks finely.

"I was thinking of something else."

"I'm not so hot at sweaters," I says.

He takes his eyes away from mine again, like he can't bear to face me. "Well... it sure has been nice, Nan."

"Yeah," I says, pretty near breakin' down. "Just think... you won't have to say 'no' anymore to a certain question."

"Na," I says, tryin' to laugh, "I guess I won't." And I think—prob'ly nobody else'll ask me either. Bill looks at me again, and we stand there a while, kinda fidgety. Then, all of a sudden, I get an idea! Oh. Brother!—I think.
I'm a bus driver, one of those fellows who has the long runs out into the country. Sometimes the bus is empty, the road is empty, and a guy gets plenty of time to do some thinking. Ordinarily I don't talk much. You know us fellows aren't supposed to talk to the passengers, and they're not supposed to talk to us, so we get into the habit of keeping our mouths shut. Wife says it gets on her nerves sometimes. Anyway, as I said, we don't talk much: but every now and then something happens that I think is a good thing for everybody to know—like a couple of weeks ago.

For some time I'd been noticing this fellow on the bus. He'd get on about six miles out—nothing but farms around there—on the seven o'clock run into town, and come back again on the nine thirty. I figured he'd been in to see a show, for there was never a girl with him. Seemed funny, 'cause he was a nice-looking fellow, not handsome you understand, but clean cut and friendly-looking somehow. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not a buttinski, but I got a kid of my own about that age, so one night when he looks lower than usual I figure maybe I can lift the gloom a little. The bus is empty and we got about six miles to go, so I duck the "no talk" rule. I tell him I've been noticing him for the last couple of weeks, and he sorta rouses himself and says, "Yeah?"

Well, now that I'm started I can't back out, so I go on to say that he looks kinda low and maybe he'd like to talk it out. That did it! He must have been looking for somebody to unload his troubles on. Guess he was taken in by my gray hair.

It was an old story, no new twists. Seems that he had girl trouble, or maybe you'd call it no-girl trouble. There had been one: he showed me her picture. You know how people are about pictures. From the picture you could see she was just about his type, not a raving beauty, you understand, but pleasant and decent looking. Now he was sure he'd lost her, and just as sure he loved her. But he hadn't always been sure. When he got out of the army with no attachments, and found that the girl he left behind had gotten married, he started going with this girl. You see his mom had mentioned her—her name was Ruth—in her letters, describing how she was one of his Dad's "share-the-ride" travelers, what a nice, simple girl she was, that sort of stuff. He'd let it drift because his mom was always matchmaking, and there'd been a succession of "nice" girls pushed off on him. But he wrote her a letter, she answered, and about once a month there'd been an exchange of mail. Her letters tried hard to be sparkling, but they just succeeded in being "nice."

Their first meeting hadn't been much. His Dad had picked him up in town, and she was in the car. They had said "hello," not much else. He decided she was all his mom had said, but he didn't especially want the quiet type. He took her out a couple of times, and she thawed a little, even managed to hold her end of the conversation up.

That was the start of a summer of dancing, bowling, swimming, all the stuff that goes with dates. He'd sort of drifted into it. It was a lot easier dating her and having a fair-to-middling evening than going to the trouble of finding someone else. Then she began to get possessive, and he began beating a quick retreat. She got that "altar" look on her face, and at night instead of seeing moonlight reflected in her eyes, he saw the gleam of a plain gold band. This was tough, because he didn't want marriage—couldn't afford it, she was a swell kid, but he didn't love her, all the stock arguments. Me, I think he was just plain scared of married life. So he figured out a nice dodge. He'd have to go out of town on a job, and he'd see her once a week on Saturday. Then his job would demand more attention and he'd see her maybe twice a month, gradually lengthening the time between dates until she'd catch on. He could have dropped her short, but she was a good kid and as he
was sure she loved him. He didn't want to hurt her.

Well, he put his plan into action. There was a new town, new girls, and a lot of fun. Slowly he broke away from Ruth. I guess she still thought a lot of him, though, because every time he'd come to town she'd break dates to spend the Saturday night with him. He was riding high—good job, plenty of fun, and when he had to come back to the home town his spare time was well taken care of.

Then came the blow. On Christmas he'd gotten a couple of days off and thought that out of the bigness of his heart he'd call Ruth and show her a good time. First time he called he got a "busy" signal, the next time she had another engagement. Puzzled, he called the next night—"sorry, she was busy." He got to thinking maybe this thing wasn't as soft as he'd thought it had been. He had to go out of town for a few weeks, but the first thing he headed for on his return was the phone. No soap, she was busy. Slowly the thought struck him that she might be giving him the brush, but his ego brushed aside that explanation. He'd reasoned, "Maybe she really is busy." So he kept trying for weeks with the same result. Finally he cornered her where she worked and walked her home. He was afraid to get right down to what he wanted to say, but as they neared her home it was a case of "now or never." So he popped the

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question, "Why?" She'd said that ever since the end of summer she'd had the feeling that he didn't care, that he was just being kind. This hit so close to the truth that he was kinda knocked for a loop. He started protesting that it wasn't so, and in her quiet way she agreed that perhaps it wasn't. He started explaining how it was—that he'd called her every time he was in town, and that his job kept him out of town for long periods. He hinted of love, just feeling around the edges, and when he left he was satisfied that she was his again.

To make a long story a little shorter, he hadn't fooled anybody but himself. Her phone was still busy, and her story was the same. That's how he came to be riding my bus tonight, going home after the fifth night of seeing movies alone, feeling sorry for himself, but being honest and admitting it was his own fault. He was going to try once more before giving up. It was a pretty smart trick he'd thought up for his last chance. He was going to buy that record "The Things We Did Last Summer," smash it and mail the pieces to her with a note asking, "Does this have to be?" As I pulled up to the crossroads where he got off, I asked him if he didn't think he was hurting his pride by doing such a thing. And you know, he had a pretty sensible answer. He said, "Pride is a poor companion when you're lonely." How did he make out? I don't know. I've been transferred to a new route.
A PORTFOLIO—HEADS IN PEN AND INK

By Al Miglio

- An Eskimo Mother with Child
There was a knocking at the door. I had only been in Carson City for about two weeks, and the few persons I knew were the other musicians who were gathering from all parts of the nation to comprise the rapidly organizing Nevada Symphony Orchestra. Thinking it was no doubt one of them, I went to the door and opened it. Standing in the dingy hall of the cheap hotel was a tall, dark complexioned man about thirty years old. He was wearing a much worn olive drab top coat with the collar pulled up around his neck; a bull-like neck which was needed to hold the large head that was focusing its piercing eyes on mine. I had never seen this man before.

"May I speak to you?" he said in a deep, powerful voice. "My name is Strassburger—Carl Strassburger."

His reason for getting into my room was pressing him and it showed very clearly. I stepped aside and permitted him to enter. "Jerry told me you might be of some help," he explained. "Jerry was a girl who frequented Cody's Cafe. I had often tried to make some headway with Jerry, but it was like trying to pick up a drop of mercury. I motioned toward a chair, and while we were sitting down, I asked, "What kind of help?" "I know it sounds strange," he said, "but would you use your influence and ask the orchestra to play a newly written symphony sometime when DeGarrie isn't there to conduct? Say at one of the rehearsals?" I frowned, but he quickly added, "What I ask is not outlandish. You're the concert-master and the other members will listen to you. And as for the symphony—it's not an ordinary symphony—it's a musical pattern that's completely unique. I don't mean that it's just clever and novel—far from it. Its whole structure, its very musical essence, is a form that has never before been discovered. But once it's heard, it will revolutionize the art of music."

I sat up straight and looked at him. "Who wrote this symphony?" "You wouldn't know him," he answered. "He's an unknown." "It couldn't be you, could it?" I asked cocking my head. "It could be, but what difference does that make?"

"Brother!" I said to myself as I eased back in my chair. "I've heard a lot of disillusioned beginners try to crack the field, but you take the cake. You're the composer, all right, and I must admit that your sales talk is revolutionary. But as for your music—no, my friend, I'm sure your music is quite ordinary."

A quiet stillness hung thickly around us while I was thinking of a tactful way to say no. But before I was ready, he spoke. "Have you ever cut yourself—real bad, I mean?" A chill ran through me, and the scar that extended from the base of my neck out over my shoulder twitched at his words. My shirt was unbuttoned and he was staring at it. Slowly and deliberately he continued, "Remember how you felt when you first looked inside the gaping wound?" "What the devil are you driving at?" I demanded. "Just this," he said, leaning forward in his chair. "If that new realization of flesh and blood could stir you so, how do you think you would react if faced with a new realization of the spiritual stuff that makes up this thing we call the soul? If you could operate upon your soul—cut it open—tear it apart—do you know what you would confront? Let me tell you. You would hear your soul scream of its love and hate, laugh of its happiness and joy, sigh of its melancholy and sorrow. You would hear in your soul the very key of the universe."

"Oh, if only you will let me prove that my music will do this. One hearing—just one, that's all I ask," his voice choked as he hoarsely pleaded, "Don't you see—? You must get the orchestra to play my symphony!"

I got up from the couch and went over to the flusk and poured myself a drink. My back was toward him, but I felt his eyes boring through me. I tried to think, but I couldn't. I needed to be alone. I couldn't think with him staring at me.

"Leave the score and I'll have it played as soon as possible." I would have promised almost anything to get him out. "No," his deep voice said, "You tell Jerry whenever DeGarrie doesn't show up. I'll come and direct it. "You'll what—?" His strange determination frightened me. What he was asking was impossible, but I didn't have the courage to face the uncertain outcome if I would refuse. In order to keep peace, I simply said, "O.K. I'll tell Jerry."

I heard him get out of the chair and walk to the door. He paused; I knew he was still staring at me, but I did not turn. My heart was thumping as though it were trying to pound its way through my ribs. Then he opened the door and was gone. Shortly after he had left me, I got a grip on myself and began to analyze what had happened. I reasoned that he was unbalanced. Not enough to be put away, but just enough to have wild dreams. As a result, I regarded his visit as an exciting but harmless experience and resolved to forget him and my promise.

In the meantime my infatuation for Jerry was growing by leaps and bounds, but I could never break my way through the solemn, pensive silence that always surrounded her. She was in her early twenties, and possessed a subtle beauty which at first sight was obscured by its simplicity, but when once dis-
covered, was a source of never ending fascination. She had black hair that carelessly draped over her shoulders, naturally red lips, and dark eyes—lips and eyes which tried to evade yours for if they would ever relax their vigil, she would be a helpless prey to the sex she guiltily realized she excited.

Late one night, after I unsuccessfully tried to feign my meeting with her as pure chance, we were seated in one of Cody's famous curtained booths. As usual, the atmosphere around her was pensively heavy and quiet, but not in the least boring. I was happily surprised that she didn't object to my arm being around her shoulder. In fact, every now and then she'd squeeze my hand, but inevitably she would quickly check herself. Finally I drew her closer and in a half whisper I asked, "Jerry, is it Carl?" She grew tense and tried to sit up, but I held her tightly against my chest. "So it is, huh? Look, kid, I'm not trying to cut his throat or hit below the belt, but he's no good. Jerry. He's big and strong, yea. And he's clever, smooth with the talk, but he's not normal. Take my word for it, honey, he's only trouble and heartache."

She tore herself free and spun savagely toward me. "You hog, you! You sneakin', low down hog! How dare you speak of Carl like that? He's more of a man than you'll ever be. Don't ever let me hear your filthy tongue slander him again. Now get out—get out and never come near me—or I'll make you sorry; so help me, God, I'll make you sorry!"

She was frenzied—gloriously, ferociously frenzied—and I loved it. I grabbed her and deliriously smothered her with kisses. Tears streamed silently from her eyes and their salty taste drove me nearly insane.

We were locked in each other's arms until I gradually loosened my hold. Her arms slipped limply down. Her head sank to the table. I started to sit up and straighten my position; but, suddenly, through the opening of the curtain, there loomed the large head of Strassburger—his eyes tearing my soul to shreds.

He spoke—calmly, "Can't you hear, my friend, is there any news about DeGarrie?" I wanted to shout apologies for my actions and congratulations on his broadmindedness, and all such cowardly explanations, but my lips were like cold taffy. Somehow I twisted them so I could answer, "Yes—yes—I have news—." I fumbled in my coat pocket and pulled out a telegram. It came the day before. "Here—read—."

He took it from me and read it silently. Stuffing it into his pocket he said, "Good. I'm glad DeGarrie will not be here tomorrow. You can expect me at the music hall promptly at eight. I want to thank you." Gently he placed Jerry's coat over her shoulders and bade me goodbye. With Jerry leaning heavily upon him, they went toward the door and disappeared, going up the steps to the street.

That night I got very little sleep, for I couldn't shake off the nightmarish hold that Strassburger either unwittingly or unwittingly held over me. I tried reasoning as I had before, but it gave me no satisfaction or peace of mind. Possibly I was too emotionally upset by Jerry to see events clearly.

The hour of rehearsal drew closer. I was glad Strassburger was confused as to its time because it gave me a half hour to explain to the other members of the orchestra, as evasively as possible, the predicament in which I found myself. I begged them to play his music so that I could get the whole affair over and done with. Jokingly they decided to humor me, but underneath I'm sure they realized it was more involved than I revealed.

I looked at my watch nervously and frequently. The time neither dragged nor sped by. It just relentlessly bore down upon me and left me helpless and unnerved. If he were coming, why didn't he hurry? Maybe he forgot it. Maybe he was the nervous one and would back out. But then, promptly at eight, Strassburger appeared carrying the scores of his symphony. I met him with perhaps too warm a greeting for he ignored my inquiries and remained sober while I yielded to spontaneous outbursts of unnatural laughter. With little ceremony, the music was distributed and the tuning grew loud. Strassburger tapped the baton to draw our attention. Then he spoke, saying only, "Play it as it's written and give me your undivided attention."

No one stirred. His strange gift for demanding attention held everyone as though in a trance. Never had I seen such a reaction to any conductor before. Slowly he raised his
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“Get out!” he snarled. “I thought the last time I had made it clear that we don’t want your kind around, you two-bit minstrel.” Strassburger looked into the rage distorted face of DeGarrie who was picking up the score from Strassburger’s stand and hurriedly scanning it. “You don’t have the audacity to call this music, do you? Look at it! Symphony Primus—ha! It’s ridiculous! For society’s benefit as well as for your own, choose an occupation suited more for your talents. I suggest you try hod carrying. Now get out, you beggar, and be thankful I don’t take a more severe measure in seeing you penalized!” He threw the score in Strassburger’s face, and then, in utter contempt, spat upon him.

Strassburger’s startled expression changed to wrath. His large head lowered while his piercing eyes narrowed and glazed with maddened rage. DeGarrie turned his back and tried to hide his cowardice by cursing violently while walking toward the right-wing of the stage. Strassburger’s eyes stalked him until he disappeared. For a moment Carl just stood there, then he stooped to gather his crumbled score. When he straightened, he walked past me and out the left-wing exit. I saw tears flowing from his swelling, reddening eyes, and my heart burned with bitter anguish.

That was the last I had seen of Strassburger, but it was not the last I thought about him. Somehow he had rooted his imposing character and fantastic theories deep within my memory, and try as I would, I couldn’t shake him out of my mind. Jerry had strangely disappeared, too. I grew worried. Could it be Strassburger had done something he’d regret? But why this haunting concern about something so far removed and impossible? Why were Strassburger and Jerry so hopelessly coupled in my mind?

The days grew into weeks and still there was no trace of Strassburger. By now I had grown unexplainably desperate and was on the verge of having the officials conduct a large scale search for him. However, late one night, while walking from the music hall to my car, I caught a glimpse of Jerry leaving a small grocery store. I began to run and shout her name. I knew that she heard me, but instead of stopping, she hugged her huge parcel closer and quickened her pace. Finally I overtook her. Grabbing her arm and spinning her toward me I said, “Jerry! Jerry, it’s me. Don’t you remember?” She took one look and then turned her head and tried to get away. “Now wait a minute, please—Jerry. What’s happened? Where’s Strassburger?”

“Leave me alone,” she pleaded.

“I will, but can’t you tell me?”
"I—I’ll tell you some other time if you’ll only let me go."
“No, Jerry. I want to know now. What’s going on?” I saw that she would not rest until I let her go. In desperation, I said, "Look, my car’s parked in the next block. We can talk while I’m driving you wherever you want to go. Whataya say?"
"All right—all right! But we must hurry!" I knew now why I was so concerned—I feared Strassburger. Fearing him for what he might do to Jerry. There was no stopping now. I’d have to hunt him down if I expected to protect her.
Without questioning any further, I took the parcel from her arms and led the way to my car. With the engine idling. I asked, "Where to?"
"Head for Mount Hunchback."
"Mount Hunchback?" I blurted with a start. "Why that’s fifty miles from nowhere. What in the world do you want to go out there for?"
"Please don’t take the time to ask any more questions—just drive. I’ll explain everything on the way."
We left the bustling city and headed into the lonely western plain that lurked darkly before us. Jerry grew more at ease now that we were on our way and without any prompting, she began to talk. As she did, my fears and apprehensions mounted rapidly.
Carl brought me out here that night he wanted the orchestra to play his symphony. I didn’t know where he was taking me, and I didn’t care. It was the first time he ever took me with him.
When we got to the foot of Mount Hunchback, we turned off the highway and onto a little dirt road that wound up the mountain side. About half way up, the road began to narrow. When we could drive no farther, he parked the car and we got out and walked. Finally we got to a point where we could see the top of the mountain. There, glistening weirdly like a huge silver ball in the moonlight, was an observatory.
"We continued to climb higher and higher. The air became cold and blustery. I looked back and saw several little beams of light moving slowly over the highway. Off in the distance I saw the orange glow of Carson City."
"We came to a flight of stone steps and must have climbed hundreds of them before we came within the shadow of the observatory. The wind was blowing savagely and I had to hold onto Carl while we fought our way toward a heavy metal door. He grabbed a huge iron ring and with a heave flung open the door. We stumbled inside and the door slammed behind us with a clang that echoed loudly within the huge circular chamber in which we stood—exhausted and breathing heavily from the climb.
"I slumped onto the cement floor to rest myself. But Carl, not yet reaching his goal, walked rapidly toward the center of the darkened chamber and began to quickly climb a spiralling iron ladder that disappeared over head. There was a moment of tomb-like silence. Then I heard strange and bewildering sounds. They filled the chamber and echoed all around me. I was frightened—deathly frightened. But when I realized that the sounds were music—new and beautiful music.
"Getting to my feet I ran to the ladder. Quickly I climbed it and stepped from its top into a mammoth glass dome. It was completely barren except for Carl who sat in the center playing the piano. The moon and the stars had cast a milky, phosphorescent glow that lighted the dome. Carl was looking into the heavens while he played. I, too, lifted my eyes and beheld a sight that has transformed my life forever. In those brief moments that Carl played—I—a common, ordinary girl—stood upon the pinnacle of creation—alongsidethe very throne of God—and viewed the mysteries of time, motion, and life with complete understanding."
She paused a moment and I wondered if I were listening to a tale told by an idiot? Was I too late? Such thinking was interrupted as she continued.
"I didn’t know the reason why I was able to behold such a revelation until one morning, while Carl was out on his daily walk, I stumbled across a stack of dust covered manuscripts." She fumbled in her pocketbook. "These were on top," she said as she pulled out several yellow edged papers. "Carl must have written them several years ago. "Shall I read them?"
"Yes. What do they say?" She read to me what follows, and as she did, every word seemed to surge the blood up my neck and make it flow hot through my brain. It was fantastic, almost undreamable, but every word dripped with logic and reason. I was being forced to accept it as truth, but for some reason fear of the truth made me fight it.
"In the name of science and my beloved art, I submit the following as synopsis to the thirty-three volumes entitled Experiments II."
"The music of the spheres is not just a philosophic or poetic figure of speech. It is an actuality, for permeating the universe are strange sound vibrations which prove to be music in its purest and highest form. These unique vibrations spring from the soul of the universe, or as I have come to call it, the Unisoul. They are generated by the perpetual spiritual activity of the Unisoul. When these
vibrations, or the music of the spheres, are heard, they reveal the knowledge and wisdom which is in the Unisoul.

Early in the dawn of human existence, man used to share this omniscience, because man's soul was (and still is) a minute segment of the Unisoul upon which was grafted a physical body. However, man grew so fascinated with his organic mechanism called the brain, that he neglected to exercise his soul which, eventually, became inactive; and, as a result, lost the power to directly commune with the Unisoul. But if man can restore his soul to its former state of activity so that his spiritual ear can receive these spiritual vibrations, then he will be again spiritually one with the Unisoul. This can be accomplished by creating a new form of music which is in harmony with the music of the spheres. Such music will, of necessity, super-excite the physical emotions so that these emotions will, in turn, excite the slumbering soul. Repeated hearings of this new music will be the psycho-physical therapy necessary to restore the soul to its original and innate activity.

"It is with uncontrainable joy, therefore, that I proclaim that I have discovered this key to the music of the spheres and have built the fundamental chord upon which man shall re-descend to his rightful throne as Lord of lords and God of all creation."

"He's mad!" I screamed to myself while frantically struggling for control of my mind. "So power hungry, he's gone completely mad! But what if it's true? No—no! No man can be God! Somewhere something must be wrong, but where—what? Why should I be afraid, don't I hope that it's true—every impossible word of it? But it can't be true—it mustn't be—"

Jerry broke into my thought. "You don't believe it, do you?" I didn't answer. Just kept driving. "Carl was right. You all hate the truth. Oh, you poor, blinded little men."

The last hit too close. "Now wait a minute, Jerry. If you're fool enough to accept the fanatic ravings of a mad man, then do it. But don't condemn me for not falling sucker to such rot. If everything you said were true, like the time you experienced that so-called revelation in the dome of the observatory, then you should be the happiest and most contented woman alive. But you're not. There's no use trying to hide it—you're scared stiff."

"And just how would you feel if you knew all of creation was about to be destroyed?" she screamed.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

She fought through the fear that was trying to break her down, and unfolded the following nightmare. "After Carl stopped playing his Symphony Primus that first night in the dome, he told me what appened at the music hall: told me how DeGarrie ridiculed, cursed, and spat upon him." Tears swelled into her eyes. "They crucified him because he loved mankind too much." She took her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "He cursed the world and swore he'd destroy all creation because he's now convinced that the soul of man is corrupt, and since man's soul is a portion of the Unisoul, the universe, then, is also corrupt. He'll do it, too. I know he'll do it."

Without thinking I blurted, "Who do you think he is, Jerry, God Almighty?" As soon as I said it I realized the chaotic plight of my soul. If there is no God except the corrupted soul of man, then what is in store for man?

"But I tell you he has the power to destroy the universe. He's written another symphony—the Symphony Finale. He created the perfect discord to the fundamental chord of the music of the spheres. Can't you see that if such a chord were played, it would start a chain of demolishing physical and spiritual vibrations that would shatter everything wherever the Unisoul is present? Nothing could survive—planets, stars, Unisoul—everything would be destroyed."

I knew only too well the tremendous force that sound resonance could produce. Many a wine glass was shattered by the voice of Caruso; many an avalanche has been started by a mere whisper; scientists have even invented high frequency sound guns that can kill as effectively as bullets. If all that Jerry tells me is true, then Carl, fantastic as it sounds, does hold the key of the universe. "Oh God, can it be so? Surely Strassburger's hate can not conquer Your love—or can it?" There again I slipped, or did I? Was I not actually gripping the rock of faith? There was no time to discern.

"Do you have any idea when—when he'll strike the chord?" I asked.

"It's at the end of the symphony. Carl has been playing it day after day—that is, all except the last movement and the final chord. He plays nothing else. I think he's set the exact time when he'll strike the chord, but I'm not sure. He's asked me always to be there when he comes to the final movement of the symphony because he realizes that he becomes so entranced in his playing that he might play on and strike the chord unintentionally. I've tried to beg him to have mercy on the world, but he's determined to go through with it."

"Then why aren't you with him now?"

"We must eat as long as we're permitted to live, and I know that once he starts to play the symphony, there are at least six hours more to life. It takes six hours exactly to play the symphony up to the final movement. I've grown into the habit of going for our food and other necessities when Carl starts to play the symphony."

"So that's why you didn't want to stop and talk when I met you leaving the store. When did you leave Carl?"
"About five minutes after six—he started playing exactly on the hour."

I looked at my watch. "It's now eleven-fifteen. We have plenty of time. Hunchback's only about ten miles from here."

Over and over I repeated to myself, "There's nothing to fear. There's nothing to fear. He might be drunk with power, but God still rules the universe."

But then I felt a strange vibration cause the steering wheel to quiver. It wasn't the car—I was sure of it. Again I felt the unnatural vibration. "What was that?" Jerry whispered nervously, her eyes glistening with brewing hysteria. "What is it?" she screamed at a second shimmer.

"It—it's just the cracks in the highway," I lied.

Once more the vibration shook the steering wheel, this time shaking the whole car and forcing me to slow down a bit.

"It's not the highway," she cried; "it's Carl! He's playing the final movement—he's going to strike the final chord. Oh, why did I leave him. Carl—Carl!"

Just at that moment a small light appeared ahead of us in the dark, swinging back and forth like a pendulum. When we got closer, we saw it was a state policeman flagging us to a stop. I drove alongside of him and wound my window down. "What's the trouble, officer?" I asked. "You'll have to pull to the side of the road, mister. We're stopping all traffic. A warning has been given that severe earth tremors are reported in this area. Not safe to drive. Soon as the all clear's given, you may continue."

As he spoke, I saw my headlights illuminating a black and white striped barricade that blocked the highway.

Jerry grabbed my arm. "We can't stop," she insisted. "We must get to Carl and prevent him from playing the chord. Don't stop, please don't stop!"

I didn't know what to do. Was it really Carl or was it a natural earthquake? But we never had an earthquake in this area before.

"I'll talk to the troopers and see if they won't let us through. I'll be right back."

Cars were rapidly crowding both sides of the highway. Many of the passengers gathered in little groups asking each other questions that none of them could answer.

I approached one of the troopers and shouted in his ear above the noises of engines, horns, breaks, and voices. "Officer, I must get to Mount Hunchback before twelve. May I continue on at my own risk?"

"Sorry, mister," he answered, "but no one may drive until it's safe."

"But, officer—"

"Look, mister, for the last time, no!"

It was hopeless to argue with him, so I turned to go back to the car. Another tremor shook the ground. They were growing in intensity. I heard a baby cry and the young mother call her husband in a faint voice that betrayed her nervous fright. A little farther I passed an elderly couple sitting in a car with its door open. The little woman sat with her eyes closed as though praying, and I heard her mate comfortingly repeating, "God works in a mysterious way."

I looked at my watch. It was almost eleven forty-five. If Carl were really the cause for all this, then something had to be done right away—but what?

Just as I was reaching for the door handle, there was a sickening rumble and a sharp cracking sound. People screamed and I turned to see several telephone poles crashing over the cars and entangling them in a maze of sparking wires. Panic was sweeping over the people.

I wrenched open the door and jumped behind the wheel. "Barricade or not, we're going through. Sit tight!"

I stepped on the starter and gunned the engine. We bolted forward and headed for the trestle. Someone shouted for us to stop and then a whistle was blown. We lowered our heads—then the crash and the snapping and splintering of timber. We broke through.

I struggled to keep the car from swerving into the cars that aisled the highway. I tramped the accelerator to the floor and the engine revved to a whining pitch. We sped across the bleak plain toward the looming mountain. The tremors came more frequently and severely and threatened to shake us off the highway.

Finally we arrived at the foot of Mount Hunchback. I saw a dirt road leading off the highway. "This is it—this is it!" shouted Jerry. I swung the car onto the dirt road. Almost immediately it started winding up the mountain side. Whatever held the car to the bumpy, gutted road and spared us from plunging over the rocky side, I'll never know. We came to the narrowing of the road. I slammed on the breaks and we jumped from the car. We had just started running when another tremor shook the mountain and sent me sprawling to the ground. Jerry managed to stay on her feet and dashed out in front crying and frantically babbling over and over again, "Carl—Carl—"

She disappeared around a jutting rock formation. I followed exerting every ounce of energy I had in my body. Rounding the rocks I saw the stone steps leading upward. Jerry had already climbed a third of them. Beyond her loomed the huge and glistening observatory.

My heart was beating like a sledge against my chest—my throat was dried by the savage wind as I gasped for air. Again another tremor buckled my knees, but the sound of strange music filtering down and pouring over
and around the huge black rocks drove me to hold my balance. It was Carl—he was playing—he was playing the mad finale—"Stop him—Jerry—".

I fought and strained, but my muscles locked—I couldn't move. The music—it was growing louder—the music—the music!

We were too late—a sickening, ungodly, indescribable blare of unearthly tone shattered my ear drums. The mountain was splitting open like the huge jaws of a monster. The observatory was crumbling to pieces and was falling down, down, down into the gaping chasm.

I was thrown from my feet, but in the flashing instant in which all this took place, I saw within the falling dome the silhouetted figure of Strassburger showered in a spray of glass—still seated at the falling piano.

As I tumbled into space, I heard the voice of Jerry scream, "Carl!" which was an almost perfect echo of the symphony's last chaotic chord. And then all was numbness and blackness in which there was no time.

I don't know how long I was unconscious, but it must have been several hours, for the moon, instead of being high in the heavens, was now sitting calmly on the horizon like a lone dish on a shelf. I was tired—so very tired. But all of a sudden, my memory awakened and I relived that horrible incident over again. "Jerry—Carl! I must find them!" Muscle by muscle I forced myself into action. The wind was still lashing and seemed as though it were determined to blow me over. I looked around to see if I could find Jerry. She wasn't in sight—neither was the observatory. There was nothing except the bleak and rocky mountain top. "Jerry!" I shouted. My voice was swallowed up by the wind as soon as it left my mouth. I started to work my way toward the spot where once stood the observatory. I was about to call Jerry's name the second time when my foot sank under me. I thudded heavily to the ground, and, as I landed, sharp pains streaked through my hands as they feebly tried to break my fall. With a jerk I held them in front of my eyes. Blood was streaming from both palms. On the ground bits of jagged glass sparkled in the moonlight. My foot was wedged in a narrow crack that zigzagged through the very center of the mountain. I rolled to its edge and looked into it. I could see nothing—it was completely black. With my elbows I sent some stones and gravel into the narrow chasm and heard them falling from side to side, but they never seemed to hit bottom. For several long moments I gazed into the crack which I knew was now the tomb of the mystifying genius and the young woman who's faith in him, and perhaps deep love for him, never wavered.

---

**BRUISED HANDS**

I lived in a land of make-believe;

Thought I knew all there was to know,

I peered down from my heights on my fellow man

who lived
and worked
and died

With nothing to show for it
But a pair of bruised hands.

Then I left my own small, complacent world.

I went out to make a place for myself

In a world that was bigger than I. Found out

how little I knew,
how much others knew,
how much I had to learn.

From men I despised
Who had bruised hands.

But I wouldn't admit defeat;
My hands remained unblemished.
Didn't even realize my heights
Weren't even depths of ignorance.

Now I see myself as I am—beaten and alone.
I can but put myself at the mercy of those
with strength,
with nobility,
Men who have learned that the world
Respects bruised hands.

**JEANNE STEWART**

---

**DEFEAT**

I saw a foot step on a flower—

I saw the flower rise again;

I saw a bullet hit a sparrow,
And yet the sparrow flies again.

I saw a man completely beaten.

And he prepares his might again.

Yet now I find myself defeated;

Why can't I learn to fight again?

**JEANNE STEWART**
CONCERNING UTILITY

The rain is persistent on the windows
And I walk down a dark, foggy street
While the moths are seduced by a broken-down street lamp
That throws light on a letter
And my head spins
For I know not what I am.

I shall not want

A human aggregate of colloids and ions that creeps along the wall
The application of great laws playing on a seesaw
The numerous mitoses of a worm’s uterus
And no more—

He resteth my soul

For my greatness is appreciated by me
And my mind is appreciated by the colloids, the laws and the mitoses
And they tell me my soul is appreciated by God
For He put me here to . . . .
Why did He put me here?

For Thou are with me

To cure the ills of a malignant society
To be cured of my ills by a malignant society
To love . . . .
To be loved . . .
To establish the fact that I am great and not recognized
To be recognized and not be great.

All of the people

Then they are wrong
For to be appreciated, I am degraded
To compromise, I am nauseated
And society and malignancy are the same thing
So I am nauseated to be created.

All of the time

Let the shepherds lead their flocks to the eternal marijuana
And the demagogues in the easy chairs speak the gospel
And the presidential portraits lead us to an era of great culture
As the sheep lap up the salts of a civilization.
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful

For I will solve no problems
Let me out of the arena
Let them prod the bull
Take me back to the rain, the foggy street and her letter
And I will keep silent when I drink my beer
And desire nothing but to see her face on the bottom of the glass.

A mug of beer and thou

And when I close the door behind me
It will be because there is no room for me
In a tavern filled with shepherds, the demagogues and their holy portraits
As they brawl in the night
And I hope my only act of violence is to slam the door
So that at least somebody will know I’ve left.

And by opposing — end them

JOE MANN

I ECHO THE COMMON SENTIMENT

There upon our way we see
The door that hides eternity;
Before we enter that abyss,
Come, my lovely, let us kiss!

TRIPLET

To mortal flesh we pay the fare
Of daily labor, resting care
For our passages . . . to where?

DAVE HALSTROM

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QUESTIONS

An arrow and then a constellation
Plus hearty will give you my appellation.
The stork, 'tis said, has two legs—no more,
Yet here it seems to wind two into four.
Take these ingredients: “to heat and spice,”
When added to “taverns” I show in a trice.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

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

LAST MONTH’S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A FILE in the title “The File on Thelma Jordon.”

B CHESTERFIELD. A form-fitting coat and a pleasure-giving cigarette.

C CLAUD POPE. A cirrus, nimbus or cumulus is a CLOUD.
Change one letter and you have CLAUD. Sisal, manila and hemp is ROPE. Change one letter and you have POPE.

WINNERS...
“Smoke My Cigarette
Chesterfield
they’re much Milder”
Barbara Hale

Starring in
“Jolson Sings Again”
A Sidney Buchman Production
A Columbia
Technicolor Production

...and H. B. Harrington
PROMINENT
TOBACCO FARMER says-

“Chesterfield buys my finer tobaccos... the highest priced leaf on the market. I find Chesterfield milder and always satisfying. It’s been my cigarette for 20 years.”

H. B. Harrington
MULLINS, S. C.

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD
The Best Cigarette for YOU to Smoke

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST (See Page 20)