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the Lantern

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Turning the Pages  

By LORETTA MARSHELLA

Yield to the Night, Katherine and I'll Cry Tomorrow are among the most outstanding books on this year's best seller list.

Joan Henry's Yield to the Night, a diary-like account of an Englishwoman's emotions as she is about to be hanged for murder, reveals all of drama of approaching death, and the effects of the event on the woman. Miss Henry has succeeded in capturing the prisoner's growing terror, her contemplations of death, her almost child-like gratitude for a simple kindness, and her stirring cry as she yields her life to the night. Yield to the Night is a realistic book with universal appeal.

Katherine, by Anna Seton, portrays the panorama of feudal England. The author weaves her heroine into a background with princes and paupers and manages to give a fine description of court intrigue, social divisions and class uprisings while telling a good story. Miss Seton successfully depicts the gentleness of Katherine, the virility of the Duke, the sarcastic art of Chaucer, and the unpolished manner of the rustic folk. The historical background and personality analyses give the reader an excellent picture of the England of Chaucer.

I'll Cry Tomorrow by Lillian Roth is a frank and honest story of an alcoholic. The author tells of her rising acting career which was later destroyed by alcoholism. I'll Cry Tomorrow is a true and tender story of lost fame and a brave comeback. Lillian Roth wrote her life story to help other alcoholics; it is the type of story that cannot help but give hope, help and encouragement to all those with and/or without all kinds of personal problems.

INTRODUCING

Another new feature in the Lantern, “Spinning the Platters,” by Ann Leger; Ann is a member of the Class of 1958, and a contributor to the Lantern in a very real sense. The column is for the many record fans on campus, and its introduction is in line with the Lantern’s policy of attempting to provide more features of the special-interest type. Miss Leger’s initial offering, on page 4, is a good one, in my opinion; I hope the column finds an interested body of readers on the campus.

HAROLD SMITH

Now Showing

By KARL BILLMAN

At the end of March the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences takes the spotlight out Hollywood way. Each year the coveted Oscars are given out for the most outstanding achievements in the Motion Picture Industry. Technicians, costumers, designers, cameramen, musicians, directors, and actors are presented with awards at the movie industries most important function . . . The Annual Academy Award Presentation. This year will mark the twenty-seventh year for these awards.

All critics, would-be critics, and just plain moviegoing folks like to predict some of the top awards. Since I am somewhat of a “lover of the cinema”; I, too, would like to make a few predictions, and furthermore, make a list of those pictures which I think are the best which were turned out during the past year. In drawing up such a list I am taking into my hands; needless to say, it is a very difficult task to limit any list of artistic works.

Now that 1954 is finished and done with, I think it is only proper to commend Hollywood for some very fine pictures which were released this year. Naturally all movies aren’t as good as the ones below but, it is noteworthy that I found it difficult to limit the list to the best ten. (By the way, the films must be released after March 1954 and before March 1955 to compete for the Academy Awards). Among my list of the “ten best” are (in order of release not merit):

1. The Glenn Miller Story—James Stewart, June Allyson — An unusually fine film biograph enhanced with Miller’s immortal music.
2. Executive Suite—William Holden, Frederick March, Paul Douglas, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and others. An excellent account of present day big business.
3. 7 Bridges For 7 Brothers—Howard Keel, Jane Powell—Some of the brightest singing and dancing ever seen on the screen.
5. On the Waterfront—Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint—Brando at his very best with a powerful story.
6. Rear Window—James Stewart, Grace Kelly—A jewel from suspense master Alfred Hitchcock. Did much for Grace Kelly. (Continued on Page 15)
Spinning the Platters

By Ann Leger

A new addition to The Lantern, this column is devoted to reviewing briefly new records in all fields of music from Brahms to Brubeck. Improved recordings and reduction in price of long-playing records by a few major companies have led to a steadily growing increase in the sale of records. In accordance with this growing interest, The Lantern has initiated this new column.

Jazz is becoming increasingly popular with Dave Brubeck and Chet Baker currently the leaders among the new and old groups joining the jazz bandwagon. Many of the frequently released albums are actual recordings of these groups at the popular jazz concerts. The old favorite, Louis Armstrong, has recently recorded a new Decca LP (DL 5532). Along with Bud Freeman, Barney Bigard, Billy Kyle, Kenny John, Arvell Shaw, and Tommy Young, he plays “Basin Street Blues” and “Margie” among the five numbers in the album. The vocals are outstanding, easily outclassing the instrumentals. For Erroll Garner fans, it’s his new album entitled “Mambo Moves Garner” (EmArcy 12” LP MG 20055) which presents Earl in his first all Latin-American recording. With help by Candido, Wyatt Ruther, and Eugene Heard, he plays nine numbers, among them “Mambo Garner,” “Old Black Magic,” and “Begin the Beguine.” All in all, Earl does very well in this album of mambos and beguines. That old-time great, Woody Herman, has recently issued an album containing a group of twelve tunes played by his three different bands from 1945 to 1954 (Columbia 12” LP CL 592). Well-done and typically Herman, these numbers include “Non-Alcoholic,” “Four Brothers,” and “Mulligan Tawny.” For those who like unreserved, emotional jazz, there’s “The Six,” an experienced and versatile group composed of Bob Wilbur (clarinet and tenor), John Glase (trumpet), Porky Cohen (trombone), Tommy Goodman (piano), Eddie Phye (drums), and Bob Peterson (bass). Although relatively unknown at present, this group has the necessary material to become big-time. In their first album they demonstrate their ability to play everything from blues to Dixieland. (Norgan LP MG M-25).

(Continued on Page 20)
The Lantern's Place on the Ursinus Campus

There comes a time in the life of every campus organization when its position in the life of the campus must be re-examined and reorganized; the Lantern has been in this process for several semesters. After some twenty years of existence as a magazine such re-examination is a good thing; I might add, a very good thing. For, the Lantern has been put to the pragmatic test by the campus, and, I think, has responded to, and met, this challenge in an excellent manner. It is well to look at the responses that the Lantern has made and to see exactly how and when the Lantern fits into the life of the Ursinus campus.

One of the first of the pragmatic tests to which the Lantern was put was one which questioned the magazine's purpose; why have a magazine at all? "In order to provide for the students of Ursinus College a medium for literary expression" the Constitution of 1953 answers; and the journal has attempted to provide just such a medium for creative literary writing.

Why do we need a magazine for literary expression? This question can be answered simply and directly; a magazine for literary expression is needed in the same way that basketball, baseball and football teams are needed for athletic expression. It is felt that the campus gains through participating in and viewing athletic contests; similarly, it is felt that the campus gains through participating in and sharing the literary expression that comes from the campus itself.

If Ursinus is going to turn out a literary magazine, why can't it be better? The Lantern, like every other campus activity, can be no better than those who contribute to it, and help (by hard work) to make it what it is. If good material isn't submitted to the Lantern, good material won't be contained in the magazine. Campus cooperation, interest and action are all needed to make a magazine a good one. The Lantern has gone a long way toward improving itself however; at least that's the way I feel.

Why can't Ursinus have a humor magazine? This is a real grievance and complaint, and, an arrow usually aimed at the Lantern and its staffs with great vehemence. Yet, the Lantern is not ordained a literary magazine by the powers-that-be; the Lantern is chartered as a literary magazine, and that is what it must continue to be. The nearest the Lantern can come to the humor-type magazine is in the publication of good satire, literary satire, in prose and poem form. The above question is still not answered, however.

A humor magazine is a very real need on the Ursinus campus, and, it would be well for the literati into whose hands the organs of literary expression fall to recognize this need. Until a humor magazine is established, the literary publications will enjoy only limited popularity. There are many practical problems connected with such a venture into the humor field however, but, these problems are not insurmountable. I, for one, feel that with a little drive, interest and money, the first issue of such a magazine could be off the presses before the end of May; if the campus got behind the idea, completely. This is a digression from the main thought, but it is an interesting digression — note, once more everything depends on the campus.

Who contributes to the Lantern (anyway)? The number of contributions to the Lantern would surprise not a few people on campus (especially if they saw some of the stuff that the Editors were required to read before they could reject it). Last year (1953-1954), the Lantern printed over fifty contributions from some eighteen individuals. Contributions so far this year (1954-1955) have numbered well over eighty, contributed by some thirty-five individuals; of these offerings, some forty pieces of material have found their way into the first two issues. The fact that it is always possible to contribute to the Lantern is every bit as important as the number of contribution accepted and printed through.

What has the Lantern done for the campus? The answer to this question is not as obvious as the answers to some of the other questions that have been raised, but the answer is telling nonetheless. The Lantern has given the Ursinus campus a medium for literary expression in the same way that the athletic teams have provided a medium for athletic development and expression. (In connection with this point it is significant to note that two of the Lantern's contributors have been recognized for their poetic abilities and have had some of their poems published in the National Anthology of College Poetry within the past three years; this is no small recognition for a college of Ursinus' size.)

In summary, I think that it is fair to say that the Lantern has met the re-examination of its life and functions in a fairly satisfactory manner, at least thus far. This is far from a cause for complacency however, for, the Lantern is still far from what it potentially could and should be. Campus support of the Lantern and its functions is the magazine's chief need. Each issue offers new opportunities for constructive criticism; each issue offers new opportunities for improvement on the past issue; each issue offers new opportunities to help make the Lantern what the campus wants it to be.

Harold Smith

WANTED

A business manager for the academic year 1955-1956.

Contributions for the Commencement Issue (coming out in May).

Letters to the Editor (we might be printing them in the next issue) which can be placed in the box at the desk in the Library.

Support of the Lantern and its activities on the part of the campus.
Roy Blakeslee on Mt. Washington——— By C. D. HUDNUT

Roy Blakeslee and his friends Ralph Dodder, George (‘Crash’) Cranston, Jim (‘Bent’) Fender, and Orville Cratch sat in Roy's garage drinking buttermilk and eating fudge cookies as they planned the yearly trip of the Fedge Crossing (Ohio) MG, Morgan, Ferrari, and Crosley Foreign Sports Car Club to Mount Washington, New Hampshire. Roy was speaking:

"Fellows, I think we are all ready except for you, Jim; you've got to get the club initials on your car so's people who see us while we are driving along the road will know who we are. Ralph, give Jim that F.C.(O.) M.G.M.F.C.S.C. stencil, will you? Now, Ralph, when we have shoveled sixty thousandths off your head and set up your new monochromatic Rudge-Rangoon dual sidedraft carburetor, and Orville, when you have greased your seat slide mechanism, ground your valves, and sprayed the last ten coats of lacquer under the 'bonnet,' or hood, we will be ready to go. Mother Blakeslee—'Mom—is making peanut butter sandwiches for us all."

It was good to see all these healthy young American boys — Roy, and Ralph, and 'Crash,' and 'Jim,' and Orville — drinking buttermilk and eating fudge cookies in the cozy Blakeslee garage as they worked on their fast little foreign sports cars. The boys had been together in Fedge Crossing since boyhood; they had all risen to Eagle Scout together except for 'Crash' who was only Life and now they all held responsible positions in the town. Roy had charge of Directing Swimming in the Summertime When Cratch Creek Wasn't Dried Up, Ralph was his assistant; and, oh, it would take too long to tell you all the other things the boys did.

In ten or fifteen minutes the boys had their cars ready, Mother Blakeslee had packed a peanut butter sandwich in each car, and they were off on their Adventure. But 'Crash' Cranston had put a thermos bottle of milk in the glove compartment of his Ferrari...

As they went out of Fedge Crossing Roy was leading in his racing green TC MG, Ralph was next in his Flaming Red Morgan, Orville next in his gray and olive-drab Crosley, Jim next in his yellow TA MG, and 'Crash' was bringing up the rear in his big red Ferrari. Junior Wacker, the town Grocer's sixteen-year-old son, followed them for a while in his father's '41 Buick, but the boys made him turn back and anyway he couldn't keep up. Roy was setting a blistering pace for New Hampshire at 42.9 miles per hour. 42.9 miles per hour! Forty-two point nine miles per hour—almost fifty miles per hour! They were traveling!!

Just outside of town they stopped to adjust Ralph's carburetor and do a motor job on Orville's blown Crosley. In not more than three hours they were ready to push on. Ralph went ahead with his flaming red Morgan, and Roy smiled and dropped with a sportsmanlike flourish back into second place in his racing green TC MG Orville was next in his gray and olive drab Crosley. 'Jim' next in his yellow TA MG, and 'Crash' in his red Ferrari. Outside Ringo Flats, Ohio, near the Pennsylvania border, Roy's MG threw a rod after having run at six thousand RPM for eight hours straight, Orville's Crosley blew up, and Ralph's Morgan blew one of its spare tires. Roy and the others wasted no time, and the adventurous quintet was soon on the road again, because of their skill in repairing motorcars.

The next day they came to the edge of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, and 'Crash' Cranston's Ferrari roared past all the others when 'Crash' leaned over too far to scratch his foot. Roy chastised the impulsive young racer over the special Blakeslee Intercar Intercom System. "Look here, George, you have got to play fair. Now drop back into first gear and let's stay together all the way."

It wasn't long before these sterling mechanics were driving up through New York, then New England, and then Mount Washington stood before them. Roy said: "Fellows, let's eat the rest of our peanut butter sandwiches and hit the hay. Then, first thing in the morning, before dawn, we'll put a new clutch in Ralph's Morgan; we'll re-wind my generator and pack my wheel bearings; we'll drop a new engine in your TA, 'Jim'; Orville, we'll rebuild your Crosley; and 'Crash,' you'd better do something about that F.C.(O.) M.G.M.F.C.S.C. stencil... It's peeling." Then they all lay underneath their cars because it was summertime and they liked to be out in the open except for Orville who was too tall. And in his dreams poor Orville was driving 'Crash' Cranston's Ferrari but he could not get it out of first gear.

In the morning a carload of girls from Mount Holyoke drove into the parking lot next to the Fedge Crossing boys. It was an old 1954 Cadillac, and, as the boys worked on their cars, all five of the Cadillac's tires went flat and the engine burst into flames. The girls leaped out, screaming and beating at the fire with their hands. Roy looked over at Ralph and said: "Look here, Ralph; these valves are warped. Lend me your Frisson-Thompson introverter-converter, will you?" The fellows soon saw the flames and smoke and ashes and drove their cars a hundred or so yards away to protect their finishes.

At about two in the afternoon they were ready to go up the hill. Roy had an idea: "Look here, fellows," he said, "let's race to the top. (Ralph, see that the first gear lock is still working on Cranston's Ferrari). Last man up buys Delaware Punch and Black Crows for the whole crowd." Just then five young ladies from Vermont came over and looked wistfully at our boys and their powerful cars. The boys jumped into their MG's, Morgans, Crosleys, and Ferrari's and made a blistering start for the beginning of the hill. Jumping Jupiter! they were traveling! At the first turn they stopped to adjust the valve clearance on Ralph's Morgan and to replace the green fuel light on 'Crash' Cranston's Ferrari. Orville's Crosley needed rings, but they thought it could wait.

(Continued on Page 20)
The Sound of the Bell

By Roland Dedekind

The emptiness before his eyes was now spinning with a lighter shade of black. As the darkness dissolved and the spinning subsided into a steady rotation, he began to hear voices, dull and far away. At each word his head throbbed, but he could not make the effort either to turn away or to tell the voices to stop.

"I'd never let him fight again," a somber voice said. "One more clot like that could finish him. The ambulance will be here in a minute. I can tell you more after a detailed examination at the hospital."

"Are you sure he can't fight?" asked a deeply concerned voice. "Gee," it continued after a pause, "I hate to tell the kid. This is the only racket he knows. He'll be finished if he can't fight. And the return match is scheduled already. . . . Ya sure, huh?"

"Almost certain. Of course, I can't be positive until I see the X-rays, but I've seen enough to know."

The voices drifted away into the distance. Images now formed before his closed eyes. He was sitting in his corner of the ring. A boy was carrying a large sign past with a black number fifteen on it. A bell clanged; he stood up and moved out into the center of the canvas.

From the opposite corner ambled a short, squat figure. Its nose was broken and its right eye was swollen and almost closed. There was a slowly beading cut under its left eye.

He moved toward the figure, backed away from a wild right, and moved in again. He blocked a jab, drove a hard left to the ribs, and followed with a right to the head. The left hand landed solidly, but, when his right connected, he felt a sharp, paralyzing pain in his hand. He stood motionless for a second. Suddenly, he caught sight of the figure's right hand flashing toward his head. He threw up his left to block it, but too late. An array of bright lights flashed behind his eyes. He felt himself falling, as a wave of empty blackness swept over him with a growing roar.

When Michael Fury opened his eyes, he found himself between stanch white sheets. He looked around at his small white room. Sunlight was slanting in a window at the side of his bed, gleaming on a low, round table and a cushioned metal chair. A pitcher and a glass of water stood on the table.

Michael moved experimentally under the crisp white sheets, first his legs and then his arms. When he tried to sit up, a blinding spark of pain made him drop back on his bed.

He lay quiet for several minutes. Suddenly the door opened, and a nurse came in. She walked quickly to the door and opened it. "You may speak with him now, but don't stay too long."

The nurse returned to Michael's bed, took the thermometer out of his mouth, read it, and left the room. A thin, old man walked over to the bed. His white hair was neatly brushed, and the creases in his blue suit were faultless. Sharp gray eyes peered at Michael from a long, deeply-lined face.

"How are ya, kid?" Jacob Miller asked softly. He tried to smile, but the result was only half successful.

"Feel great," Michael answered. "I'll be up and around in no time. Say, what in blazes happened? I don't remember a thing — Wait a minute, right! Wait'll I get that Zeldin again! I'll beat him all around the ring!"

He paused and looked at Miller. "What's the matter, Jake? I'm sorry I let him get that fluke punch in, but I'll make up for it next time. I hit him with a right, and my hand felt like it was dropping off. Seems all right now."

Michael looked at his hand. For the first time since he woke up, he noticed that the first two fingers on his right hand were in a cast.

"Oh, no wonder it hurt!" He looked questioningly at Miller. "Broken?"

Miller nodded.

"There's something else, kid. I'll let you have it straight — you're not going to fight again. That chunk you got last night gave ya a concussion. The doc said one more punch may kill ya."

"I remember hearing something like that last night," Michael muttered.

"Ya know what I think of ya, kid," Miller went on. "You're the best middleweight in the States. Ya were ahead on rounds — ten to four — when ya caught it. " He groaned, "Oh, why did it hafta happen to me? Here I get a champ, and what happens? A lucky punch knocks the pins out from under a crown!"

"Who will they get to replace me?" Michael asked slowly.

"Forseen, I guess. That bum! He's ranked next. They'll decide in a couple of days."

"Suppose I don't let anyone hit me," Michael said. "I can keep away from them."

"While I'm still your manager," Miller said determinedly, "What the doc says goes! I don't want to get ya killed or get mixed up with the commission. " He hesitated. Then pleadingly continued, "Now look, kid, you know what ya mean to me. We've been through a lot together. Every- time ya get hit out there in the ring, I feel it. I can't let ya do it."

"O. K. " Michael answered wearily, "I need time to think. Can I stay on in the stable for a while?"

"Sure, kid," Miller answered brightening. "As long as ya want! I got to look at his watch. "I gotta be going. Have to see Zeldin's manager about a replacement for your fight."

"Yeah. Well, see you later, Jake."
"Right, kid. Come over to the gym when you're out. So long."

The door closed, Michael stared at the ceiling as a flood of thoughts swept through his mind.

He had no family. His mother had died when he was born and his father had raised him on the money he earned as a prize fighter. Michael had taken boxing lessons from his father until the latter was killed in a car accident ten years ago. Now there was nothing he could do but fight. No one was dependent on him, no one owed him anything, and he was in debt to no one.

But the middleweight crown burned before his eyes. That had been his goal when he was fighting old pros has-beens in hick towns. Big time fighters who had to fight because they could do nothing else, reduced to fodder for young boxers!

He remembered the words of his father: "Look, son, you've got to set a goal for yourself and work toward it. Don't set it too high at first, but when you reach it, set another a little higher. Always work toward something, because, once you're satisfied with what you have, you're no good to yourself." Michael smiled to himself. A nice philosophical thought! He always remembered those words when things did not go well.

Yes, he had followed that advice; first to become a fighter, then a professional, a gate attraction, a challenger, and, finally, champion. Only a lucky punch had stopped him short of that last goal — to be the champ.

He had to do something. He just couldn't let his hopes and plans slip away from him — all because of one bad break.

Again a whirling cloud of darkness engulfed him. In several minutes, Michael Fury was asleep.

Two days later, Michael left the hospital and took a cab across town to Miller's Gym. As he walked into the locker room, familiar voices assailed him, "Hey, Mike! It's great to see ya!"; "How d'ya feel?"; "When are ya goin' to start trainin'?" "Michael smiled to everyone and threw back as many answers as he could. Then he walked through a small green door marked "Office."

Jacob Miller was sitting behind a battered desk, rummaging through an immense disorder of papers.

"Yeah, what is it? Make it fast. I'm busy."

"Hi, Jake," Michael said.

Miller jumped to his feet and leaned across the desk to shake Michael's hand.

"You're lookin' great, kid! How do ya feel?"

"Fine."

Michael replied. "I have nothing to do for a while so I thought that I could work out in here."

"Sure, kid, the place is yours! Do what ya like, only be careful! Your stuff's in the usual place."

"Right, thanks," Michael slapped him on the back and retraced his steps to the locker room.

He walked up to locker number 123 and looked at it for several minutes. He could almost see "Champion" painted below the "Michael Fury" on the green locker door.

With a sudden movement, he jerked the door open. There was all his equipment just as he had left it — headgear, gloves, all the way down to sneakers.

Michael changed his clothes quickly and walked to the gym. He joked and chatted with some friends as he made his way over to the corner where he always trained. He picked up a jumping rope.

He was instantly caught up in a new spirit. He felt nervous and calm at the same time. The steady whack of the rope on the floor and afterwards the rat-tat-tat of the small punching bag gave Michael the feeling of preparing for another fight — another step toward his goal. He stopped when his head started to ache.

The days dropped off the calendar as the date for the return match approached. The newspapers did not give Forseeni much chance, but Zeldin, the champion, confident now that his main rival was out of the running, had agreed to fight anyone on the date of the rematch.

Five months passed, during which time Michael Fury trained as determinedly as a title contender. His punches were sharp, and his legs and wind were in top condition. The night of the rematch was a week away.

The afternoon before the fight, Jacob Miller came up to Michael's apartment.

"The fight's off tonight, kid! Forseeni's just been hurt in a car accident!"

Michael stared at him for a moment. Then he jumped up.

"Come on, we're going to see the commissioner! I'll tell you what I'm thinking about on the way over!"

In the taxi, Michael explained his idea to Miller. Jake did not like it, but he had to agree that it was worth thinking about.

Michael's heart was pounding as he repeated to the commissioner several minutes later what he had just told Miller.

"... I'm in as perfect condition as I ever was. Jake can tell you that, and I can make weight right now. I've even sparred a few rounds and my head feels fine. You can call the doctor and have him check me right now. There's going to be an awful pile of money lost at the gate if this fight doesn't come off tonight. Think what it'll mean if I'm in there!"

The commissioner looked steadily at Michael Fury. He picked up the telephone.

"Get me Doc Harley and tell him to come up here fast!"

After what seemed like hours, the door opened, and a tall gaunt man carrying a small black bag entered.

"What is it now?" he asked. It was the somber voice in the locker room.

"Check Fury here, and tell me how he is," the commissioner said bluntly.

Harley looked from him to Fury and back again. He shrugged his shoulders.
“All right,” he said warily. “Come in here, Fury.” He nodded toward a side door.

Ten minutes later the two reappeared. The commissioner and Miller asked in unison, “Well?”

Harley grimaced.

“His head’s all right; reflexes, fine. Seems in good condition. Don’t know, though, what a couple of heavy punches will do to him. If he’s going to fight tonight keep a close check on him! One sign, no matter how small, of his not being able to see clearly or to react quickly, stop the fight fast.” He looked at the three of them. “Understand? This can mean a lot to all of us!”

The commissioner picked up the telephone again. He spoke rapidly for several seconds and hung up.

“O. K.,” he said. “Get going Fury; you too Miller! But be at the Garden tonight at seven! I want another check-up.”

He shouted to his secretary. “Tell the newspapers to come up here! And don’t forget all the other guys!”

Michael grimed and silently closed the door.

The evening papers carried the story. “Michael Fury, once believed not to be able to fight again after being knocked out in the fifteenth round of his title match six months ago, will try to win the crown in a return match at the Garden tonight. Tony Zeldin, the present champion, does not seem worried and agreed at once to the fight. Fury, reliable sources say, is in the best condition of his career. A sell-out crowd is expected to pay a record gate. The weatherman predicts favorable weather, and the odds stand at 7-5 in favor of Zeldin.”

The commissioner had done his publicity job well. The newspapers had carried the story. Sportscasters had spoken about the fight over radio and television whenever they had the chance.

By seven-thirty, an hour before the preliminary bouts were scheduled to begin, the Garden was jammed. Hundreds of eager fight fans were turned away at the doors. The crowd was tense, waiting for the main attraction.

Below the packed stands was Michael Fury’s dressing room. Doctor Harley had just finished his examination.

“Can’t understand it,” he muttered. “After that last fight, I’d have sworn I’d never let him fight again. But his recovery has been amazing.”

He turned to the crowd of press and boxing officials packed into the tiny room.

“He’s all right,” he said briefly, and walked out.

The room emptied. Soon the only persons remaining were Fury, Miller, and two of Fury’s handlers.

“All right” Miller said suddenly. “Michael, rest if you can! We don’t go on for a while. The prelims are just starting. We have about an hour.”

Michael relaxed on the training table and closed his eyes. He was too excited to rest.

Michael jumped when he heard Miller say, “Nine-thirty! O. K., Joe, Fred, let’s go!”

At ten minutes to ten, Michael was sitting on the edge of the table in his trunks and boxing shoes, watching his hands being bandaged, when the locker room loudspeaker blared, “Last of the prelims over! Main match next!”

Miller completed the bandaging. “That’s us, kid. Ya know what to do. Go out there and do it!”

He opened the door and with his two handlers followed Fury up into the auditorium.

Michael Fury stood in his corner and looked out into the crowd. The ring officials had just checked the bandages on his hands and had watched as his gloves were put on and laced up.

In the background, the voice of the ring announcer boomed out over the loudspeakers. He was introducing some headline boxers who were standing uneasily in the center of the ring.

... and now here is Duke Ramsey, a promising young heavyweight from Chicago.

There was a spattering of applause as Ramsey walked first to Fury’s corner and then to Zeldin’s to shake hands with the fighters and to mutter a few words of encouragement.

The fighters were all introduced.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, the main event of the evening. A fifteen round contest for the middleweight championship of the world. But first, our national anthem.”

The crowd shuffled to their feet at the first strains of “The Star Spangled Banner.”

... now in this corner, wearing white trunks with a black stripe, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, the challenger, Michael Fury!”

There was a split second of dead silence as his name struck the ears of the audience. Then there was a deafening roar. He was the Cinderella fighter. The crowd was here to see him win, or be killed.

“And in this corner, wearing black trunks with a white stripe, weighing one hundred sixty-three and a half pounds, the middleweight champion of the world, Tony Zeldin!”
There was a loud burst of cheering, interspersed with boos. The announcer went on to name the judges, scorekeeper, the man counting for the knockdown at the bell, and the referee. All the names were followed by mild disapproval.

The announcer handed the microphone to the referee who called both fighters to the center of the ring. He repeated the short speech which he had spoken countless times in the past.

"... no rabbit punchin' ... no hittin' on the break, ... no low blows, ... now shake hands, and come out fightin'!"

With a grin, Zeldin reached out and slapped Michael's glove, then turned abruptly and walked back to his corner. Michael returned to his, where Miller and his seconds helped him off with his robe.

The ring microphone was raised, the audience hushed, and the radio announcers prepared to begin their ceaseless flow of description.

The warning buzzer sounded, and Miller stepped out on the ring apron. He slapped Michael on the back and said, in a husky voice, "O.K., kid, it's up to you."

The bell clanged — round one.

Michael moved out into the center of the ring. Zeldin still had a smile on his face as he shuffled from his corner. Michael flicked out a left that caught him on the nose, and another which was blocked. He stepped outside a right, moved in quickly, threw a left and a right, and moved outside again.

Zeldin kept forcing the fight. He always plowed forward, taking all the punches. Zeldin wound up for another right, and lunged forward, but Michael tied him up. The force of the charge carried both fighters into the ring ropes; Michael felt the ropes burn across his back.

The referee parted them. Zeldin threw a left to the ribs, and the bell rang.

Michael walked over to his corner and sat down on the stool.

"Nice work, kid," Jake Miller whispered.

"You're doing fine! Keep away from him! Use your left to keep him away! If ya see an opening, hit and run! Ya can run around him all night."

The warning buzzer sounded harshly.

"And here's the first round, folks. So far, Fury's kept away from the champ. Zeldin hasn't landed a good punch to Fury's head, but he's kept up a punishing body attack. The challenger's used his jab most of the time and has seldom gone on the offensive.

"It's not the kind of a fight to stir a crowd, but they don't seem to mind.

"There's the bell! Both fighters come out of their corners. Fury throws a right to the head; there's another right! Zeldin blocks a left; throws a hard left to the ribs. There's a hook that grazes Fury's chin."

Michael could feel himself tiring. The strain of having to keep away from Zeldin's head punches was telling on him. He knew he would have to do something soon. He could not fight this kind of a fight and expect to win. He ducked a right. Maybe next round...

"... and there's a solid right to Fury's chin. The challenger's hurt! Zeldin's moving in. There's a right, a left, and another right by Zeldin! A left is blocked! ... and there's the bell ending round eight!"

Michael slumped down in his corner. His head was splitting, but his eyes were all right. He knew now that it would have to be this round.

"Doctor Harley was speaking. "Fury, look at me! How does your head feel?"

With an effort, Michael looked steadily at him as he answered, "Fine! Hardly felt it! I blocked most of those punches. Don't worry, I'm all right."

Harley spoke quietly to Miller, who nodded. Michael knew what they were talking about. One more punch like that first one and the fight would be over. It would have to be this round.

"The doctor's just finished looking Fury over, and he's allowing the fight to continue. He's talking with Fury's manager. Now he's going over to the referee. There's the ten-second warning!"

The ninth round began. Michael moved out quickly and caught Zeldin with a long overhand right. A look of surprise flashed across the champion's face. Michael quickly jabbed with his left and fired another right. Zeldin clinched.

After the break, Michael moved in again. Zeldin seemed uncertain. The pattern of fighting had changed and had caught him unaware.

Michael took two body punches and a left to the cheek. He no longer noticed his headache. All he wanted to do was to get in one solid round.

He drove a left to Zeldin's ribs and caught him with a right cross. Before the champion could get his guard up, Michael landed another right. They clinched and fell into the ropes.

In the brief second while the referee was separating them, Michael heard the crowd roaring its approval. He felt a new surge of strength.

After they were separated, Michael waited for his chance. He heard Miller call one minute, and flicked out a left. His right bounced off Zeldin's shoulder. Michael backed off for a second. Then he moved in, feinted a left, and drove a hard right over Zeldin's guard.

The champion's eyes glazed, and he threw a series of wild punches. A right caught Michael on the temple. Pain flashed again behind his eyes, and he grabbed Zeldin and hung on. The referee took a long look at Fury as he separated them.

"This is it," Michael told himself.

He lunged, threw a left jab, and put all his strength into a hard right hand. He felt it glance off Zeldin's guard and cash into his face. The champion wavered.

"... and there's an overhand right, a left, and another right to the head by Fury! And Zeldin's down! There's the referee picking up the count—three, four, five. . ."

Michael leaned back against the ropes in the neutral corner. The ring posts were not solid any more; they were wavering in graceful curves. The audience was a blurred vastness of blank upturned faces. He felt sick and his head ached.

(Continued on Page 16)
A City Dog——— By Harold C. Smith

A cold fall rain swept the streets of the city. It seemed to sweep even more bitterly upon that shabby street along which a small gray figure made its lonely way. The figure was that of a dog. This was not just a dog, but a city dog. Here was one of those poor creatures whose fate it was to crawl through the caverns of the city, seeking what food, kindness, and shelter it could draw from the stony heart of the city. Oft-times the kindness was a boot, a stick, or, on occasion, a sharper object flung at this creature of circumstance. And, sometimes the kindness took a more sincere and generous form: a piece of bread, a scrap of meat, and maybe even a place of shelter. But for this dog there were no scraps, and those who passed, were in too much of a hurry even to offer a kick.

So the dog made its way slowly and painfully down the street, while the elements bent their fury upon him. Occasionally he would huddle close to one of the buildings which towered above his weary body, until a gust of wind and rain would put an end to this temporary refuge, and he would be forced to continue along his way. So he plod his weary path, until he came to a steep stairway. Down these stairs and into a dark doorway he trod. There the dog sank down upon a bed of wet concrete and refuse to enjoy what blessings he could draw from sleep.

Slowly the wind drove the dark clouds away; and the morning came offering new hope to the creatures of God. Now, the sun rose touching its golden glory first upon the towering buildings of the financial district; then upon the smart penthouse apartments; then upon the tall smoke-stacks of the factories, which greeted the dawn with clouds of black smoke. Soon a golden glow covered the mass of the city, and even dared to make its way into the dark doorway.

There upon its crude bed lay the dog; his wet dirty body stretched across the portal, gaining what new strength and courage it could in its slumber. Its head, upon closer examination, bore a strong resemblance to that of a fox, while his body was somewhat taller. His hair was of medium length, and so coated with mud and blood that any markings would be completely hidden.

Now the street was awaking. Windows were flung open; wash was hung out to dry; while the buildings resounded with the tread of many feet, as people went about their morning tasks. From the window above the doorway the odor of cooking food issued. A garbage truck rumbled down the street making its daily calls. A group of children played ball in the street. And, an old, tired-looking man made his way along a dark passageway toward a flight of steep stairs which led up to the street.

Who knows upon what thoughts the man's mind was resting? Perhaps he was contemplating the high property tax which was nearly due on his shabby tenement; perhaps he was thinking of some means of revenge in return for some trick played by a scornful tenant; or perhaps his thoughts were upon those frequent coughing spells, coupled with indigestion, which he found so frequent lately. Whatever they were, they changed soon enough at the sight of the dog.

"Get out of here!" His voice was mean and biting.

The dog awoke with a growl. He made an effort to rise, but could stand on his feet for only a moment. Then he sank with a groan to the ground. Apparently the effort had been too much, and had caused the wound to open.

"You heard me, get out of here!"

Once again the animal made an effort, but once again his form slipped to the cement. The man bent and looked at the dog.

Suddenly, the man was struck with a feeling of deep concern over the plight of this crumpled form at his feet. Here was a man, hardened by the terrible struggle of city life, hated and hateful, resented and resentful, stooping to pick up an injured dog. Perhaps, the man's action might have been motivated by a portion of love that had not been crushed by the millstones of life; or perhaps by that mystical bond between one outcast and another. But to whatever force it might be laid, the fact remained, the man helped the dog.

Gently the man raised the dog, and brought it down the corridor to his apartment. There he laid the animal on a blanket in a corner. There the man washed the dog and cared for it. It was in this dark corner of the small apartment that the dog recovered. There the dog found rest, food, and a home for the first time in its life. It was there too that the animals wounds healed and its strength returned, after some three weeks.

During this time, a strange relationship developed between the man and the animal. Here in a dark and humble apartment, the dog found a master, the best the animal ever knew. However, in the eyes of a few onlookers, it was a (Continued on Page 16)
"Why, of Course, I Still Read Comic Books," She Said

By Maury Hoberman

I was speaking to a pretty young thing the other day; she was only a freshman in college. Somehow, we got on the subject of comic books. I don’t know how we got started, but, nevertheless, we did. I asked her if she still read those little gems of poorly drawn picture books with the close set, sight-wrecking type, and she, in an exclamation, seeming at once both surprised and hurt, replied, "Why, of course, I still read comic books!"

I was surprised at her reply, for I thought that most people stopped reading comic books about mid-way through their senior year in high school. Of course, I have heard of cases in which the Comic Book Habit, as it is known in ordinary circles, has persisted into the adult stage, but actually to come across a specimen of this type was an experience which I had never anticipated.

The girl must have been talking about her comic books for quite some time, for, when I recovered from the temporary numbness that had overcome me when the discovery was made, she was in the middle of a short talk on the attributes of buying and reading comic books.

... and how else can one have a deeper insight into the tortured hearts of those poor souls who write to ‘Ethical Problems’ in search of the revelation of the right path? Should Heartbreak Housewife stay with her husband, who spends all of his salary on cigarettes, or should she run off with the sixteen-year-old boy, who does not yet read ‘Lovers Lies,’ she told me.

I could not answer, but she had the solution. "I would not have known the answer if I had not read ‘Lovers Lies,’" she told me.

And, oh, there are so many other advantages to be had from comic books. She began to tell me only a few of them. "All love comic stories (love comic books are undoubtedly the best) are the same. Of course there are some differences, such as the colors of the girls’ dresses, the make of the car, the name of the gardener’s dog, but essentially the stories are the same. Therefore, one can follow the plot, learn to understand it, and get a true insight into the study of logic." From the argument she had just presented I knew the girl had a true insight into logic.

"Then, too," she continued, "there is the subtle humor of ‘Bugs Bunny,’ ‘Porky Pig,’ and ‘Looney Tunes.’ One should not overlook the cultivation of a keen sense of humor. One must also develop a sense of imagination by reading ‘Captain Marvel’ and ‘Superman Comics.’ The future authors and poets of America will probably come from this class of readers.

“But what,” I ventured to ask, "do you do with all of the comic books you buy?"

She was quick in answering, "There are two things that the ardent comic book fan does with his comics. The first promotes social relations; the second denotes his appreciation of esthetic beauty. All over the country comic books are traded. Not only do people benefit by acquiring new comic books, but they also acquire new friends and meet new people. Why, at this very moment two men might be meeting in some imposing office on Wall Street to trade their comic books, and from this meeting, a million dollar business venture may evolve. I can see a handsome young man meeting a beautiful young woman in a secluded little restaurant with the strains of Gypsy violins filling the air, and across the table I can hear the young man whisper ‘I’ll give you a ‘Love’s Fire’ for a ‘Doubtless Desire,’ ‘Is it not beautiful?’

Without hesitation she made her second point. “The ones I really want to keep, those that I hold closest to my heart, I have bound and placed on the shelves of my library.” I thought how lovely that must be. A volume of Lester Gooch, bound in buckram and lettered in gold, sitting next to Goethe, Disney followed by Dostoevski, Henry Fielding and Ham Fisher.

I looked at my watch. "Holy Moly," it’s four o’clock. Shazam, I said, and left her standing there.

1. This is known as Comicus Liber Habitus in psychological circles.
2. Bugs Bunny frequently appears in "Looney Tunes."
3. Unfortunately these comic books are losing their popularity, but are being replaced by far superior love comics, mentioned above.
4. Unfortunately the authors and poets of America are losing their popularity, but are being replaced by far superior lovers.
5. Similar to the German "Heiliger Moses." Holy Moses is a phrase used frequently by Billy Batson of Station WHIZ. Billy is really Captain Marvel, a personality well known to comic book addicts. The original cause for the utterance of this phrase has never been established.
6. Ibid., 1.

Whenever Billy Batson famous boy newscaster says the word "Shazam," he is miraculously changed into powerful Captain Marvel, the world’s mightiest mortal, who combines in his magnificent physique the powers of the following six of the mightiest heroes of all time: Solomon, for wisdom; Hercules, for strength; Atlas, for stamina; Zeus for power; Achilles, for courage; and Mercury, for speed. (This reminds one of that dear old ballad "Mother": M is for the, etc.)
George swore under his breath as he stared through the barred window. He was watching the people in the street below.

"They're free," he thought, "they're free and I'm here in this lousy cell. But just wait," he continued, "it won't be long now.

George thought of what had happened during the past few nights. He remembered how he'd painstakingly pieced together a 20-foot line out of bits of string and cloth. He'd then lowered it from his window, which was on the second floor. Since this prison was only the county jail, there was nothing but an ordinary wire fence separating it from the street. It'd be easy for Johnny to climb this fence and tie a hack saw blade onto the line. Johnny had been George's partner and he'd planned this trick long in advance just in case he or George would someday get caught.

Last night George had sawed the bars as quietly as possible. Then he'd carefully fastened the bars in place again with bits of gum. No one could tell the difference unless he was very close. Everything was ready now—everything except George himself. He was afraid of the jump he'd have to make. He figured that a leap from the second floor wouldn't be too bad if he could only land on the two-foot strip of grass that separated the building from the concrete walk. Even so, the prospect frightened him. George had always been afraid of height, even as a kid. He remembered how he'd been called a chicken one day because he wouldn't play on a roof with the other neighborhood boys. He'd always been considered a little yellow anyway because he hadn't been as scrappy as the kids he'd hung out with. Those incidents were still on his mind.

"Maybe that's part of the reason why I'm in this mess," George thought; "I wanted to prove to myself that I'm not a coward, that I'm not afraid of anything or anybody."

His thoughts shifted to Cindy. Cindy had been his girl for six years now. He'd promised her they'd be married someday. Someday had never come. Whenever George had scraped a little money together, something would turn up. Either his car would need repairs or else there'd be some overdue payment to make—there'd always be something. It hadn't taken George long to start looking for an easier way to do things.

Johnny's business proposition had sounded pretty good. Their first job had been a liquor store holdup. The rest of the story could now be summed up by a set of fingerprints in the police files and by a number on George's shirt.

The thought of getting out obsessed him. He tried to think of a better way to escape. Suddenly an idea struck him. He'd noticed that the locks in this old jail were quite poor. In fact, the key that the guard used for the cell was very much like an old-fashioned house key. Maybe...

That night George went to work on a spoon with his hack saw blade. He cut a short piece off the handle and discarded the rest, since he wanted the key to be small and easy to hide. He had a pretty good idea of what the finished product should look like, and after a few hours of filing the piece of spoon handle and trying it in the lock, he had a key that worked. He could have walked out of his cell right then if he'd wanted to, but he knew better. Johnny would be parked outside every night from twelve to one. It was almost 2:30 now. Tomorrow would be the night.

He sat down on his bunk and did some planning. He didn't want to take Harry, his cellmate, with him unless he had to. Harry was so stupid that he'd probably make some dumb mistake, get caught, and tell the police about Johnny. Harry had seen George saw the bars, but he didn't know anything about the key because he'd been asleep for the past few hours. George could therefore escape, lock the door behind him, and leave Harry to his troubles.

The guard suddenly appeared at the door. "Get up and come with me," he said, "We just found some new witnesses and they want to have a look at you."

"This is a hell of a time for it," George protested.

"They work the graveyard shift at the Lockheed plant," the guard said as he unlocked the door. "If you don't like the timing it's just too bad. Now hurry up and follow me."

George unobtrusively let the key fall from his hand and then coughed loudly so the guard wouldn't hear it hit the floor. He then stood up and walked out of the cell and down the hall. The guard led him to a small office.

The witnesses were a middle-aged man of about forty and a homely-looking girl of perhaps twenty. They identified George right away. Both of them knew there'd been two holdup men and they had a fair idea of what the other one looked like. Of course this other fellow was Johnny, but George kept his mouth shut about him.

When the guard took George back to his cell, Harry was sitting up. He'd probably been awake ever since the guard had announced the new witnesses.

As soon as the guard had left, George looked for the key he'd dropped. He couldn't find it.

"All right," George said, "where is it?"

"Where's what?" asked Harry.

"The key."

"What key?"

"You know what I mean," said George; "let's have that key—and fast!"

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about," snapped Harry.

"Listen, stupid," George said, "I dropped a key here a few minutes ago and I know you picked it up. It's not hard to figure out what you're up to; you want to pull a one-man break and leave me here. Now gimme that key—or else!"

(Continued on Page 17)
Thanks for the Ride

By Ismar Shorch

One of the most universal enjoyments is traveling. Well, it is for many people at least. In fact, I thought it was for me too — till my last vacation when I went with my sister’s family on a short excursion to Long Island to visit our aunt and uncle. Until this fatal trip, I had loved to spend my vacation time in journeys, perhaps even more so than most souls care to, but, somehow, this particular experience dimmed my ardor. Quite possibly this was the result of my companions. If so, the lesson I learned from it is never to travel with one’s relatives when they are “blessed” with children, especially children under five. A brief description, I think, will clarify the point.

To give you a picture of the environment, I must, of course, begin by telling you that we did our driving in a rather small, but cozy, 1951 Nash Rambler. Now this vehicle would furnish a very comfortable means of transportation if it had to carry only a reasonable load; but that was not the good fortune of this Rambler, for it had to transport three adults, two children, three large trunks — at least so they appeared when packed in the car — and innumerable nonentities. Though the task of getting all this into our small Nash seemed at first impossible, my sister and brother-in-law, because of three years of painful experience, accomplished it with amazing efficiency. Then the family climbed in, and we were set for a pleasant five-hour trip.

However, this feeling of pleasant expectancy was quickly chilled by our first problem, breathing. If you have ever had the occasion to wear clothes that are far too tight for you, then you can perhaps appreciate the crushed sensation that three adults undergo when they attempt to sit in the front seat of a Nash Rambler. It is highly advisable that they all do not inhale at the same time, for there simply is not room for this luxury.

And oh, the clothes! I was wearing a suit, tie, and topcoat. Well, by the time we reached our destination, I was the proud owner of more creases in one pair of trousers and in one topcoat than any man alive, and believe me, this distinction was not easily earned.

A few minutes after we left Philadelphia, our starting point, we received some unexpected music from the back seat. This vociferous and discordant array of notes came from the mouth of my nine-month-old niece, Leslie. It continued for some twenty minutes without even a break for a commercial. After a time, we came to the conclusion that perhaps she was hungry, and so my sister prepared to feed her. Now in a Nash Rambler, with my sister up front and the baby in the back, this becomes quite a chore, but, then again, I have come to the conclusion that my relatives are indeed a hardy race, for this slight inconvenience did not prevent her from achieving the desired goal, whereupon Leslie’s lips and eyelids closed.

Ah yes, but there was also Jan, my three-year-old nephew, in the back seat. Now, as I soon discovered, he had a rather severe cold, which seemed to bother him little. Nonetheless, it resulted in a very prolific nose that after every sneeze, gushed forth like “Old Faithful.” As I was sitting on the end of the front seat, I was the only one able to turn around with any ease (this term is purely relative), so the job of wiping his nose fell to me. Throughout the drive, I was occupied with the noble task of nose cleaner, and my only reward was that I awoke the next day with a cold that easily duplicated Jan’s.

About an hour after our experience with Leslie, it was Jan’s turn to attract our attention. In his lovable, sweet voice he informed us that he had to make a “sis,” which was his way of saying that “Mother Nature” was calling. Once again we skillfully moved ourselves about in the spacious front seat in order to accommodate him with a bottle. By this time, even I was becoming deft at such maneuvering.

Finally Jan joined his sister in sleep, and bliss was upon us, even if its presence was short-lived, for Leslie soon awoke and began to crawl around. Had she tried this exercise at home it would have bothered no one, but, in our particular car, there was not too much space for such vigorous motion. However, reasoning with a nine-month-old girl

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Now Showing
(Continued from Page 3)

7. Sahra—William Holden, Audrey Hepburn, Humphrey Bogart—A rare treat to see Miss Hepburn in such a charming story.
9. Carmen Jones—Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte—Bizet might "flip" if he could see it, but I think it is an unusually fine film.

"The poet described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Many fine foreign films were seen in the United States this year, but due to the fact that it is impossible to see them in places like Pottstown, Norristown, and Harrisburg, I have eliminated them from the "best" lists—although many of them deserve places thereon. According to Time Magazine, the New Yorker, and other periodicals, some of the better foreign releases were: Animal Farm, Ugetsu, Gate of Hell, The Detective, Aida, Romeo and Juliet, and Genevieve. It is unfortunate that many of us could not see these foreign imports.

1954 was a memorable year for musicals. M-G-M boomed through with five big ones: Rose Marie, Student Prince, Brigadoon, 7 Brides for 7 Brothers, and Deep In My Heart. Other studios delivered Lucky Me, Young At Heart, White Christmas, No Business Like Show Business, Glenn Miller Story, and A Star Is Born. As usual, only a few of these films were of any special merit.

Now to really go out on a limb and predict the actual awards. Unlike Drew Pearson, my predictions are not 82% accurate, but I will attempt to pick a few of the winners.

I predict the one starred will win the award.

Those Nominated:
Art and Set Decoration (Black-White)
- Country Girl
- Executive Suite
- On the Waterfront
- Sabrina
Art and Set Decoration (Color)
- Brigadoon
- Desiree
- Red Garters
- A Star Is Born
- 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
Costume Design (Black and White)
- Earrings of Madame de...
- Executive Suite
- Indiscretion of American Wife
- It Should Happen to You
- Sabrina
Costume Design (Color)
- Brigadoon
- Desiree

Gate of Hell
- A Star Is Born
- No Business Like Show Business

Musical Score in Musical Film
- Carmen Jones
- Glenn Miller Story
- 7 Brides for 7 Brothers
- A Star Is Born
- No Business Like Show Business

Musical Score in Non-Musical Films
- On the Waterfront
- Genevieve
- High and the Mighty
- A Star Is Born
- Silver Chalice

Photography (Black and White)
- Country Girl
- Executive Suite
- On the Waterfront
- Rogue Cop
- Sabrina

Photography (Color)
- The Egyptian
- *Bengal Window
- 7 Brides for 7 Brothers
- Three Coins in the Fountain

Best Song in Motion Picture
- County Your Blessings (White Christmas)
- High and Mighty (High and Mighty)
- Hold My Hand (Susan Slept Here)
- Man That Got Away (A Star Is Born)
- 3 Coins in Fountain (3 Coins in Fountain)

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Thanks for the Ride
(Continued from Page 14)

who is in the back seat of a crowded Nash Rambler and cannot understand English poses quite a problem. So she happily continued on her journey, which shortly brought her across her brother, whom she rudely awakened. Moreover, when Jan wakes up, he is the owner of a rather mean temper, and this time he gave full vent to it. Not only did he cry, but he also caused Leslie to start; and we were exposed for the time-being to a duet strong enough to sing audibly in Carnegie Hall.

When we arrived at La Guardia Airport, where we were to drop off my brother-in-law for his flight to Chicago, the serenade was discontinued long enough for us to say "au revoir." Then, starting again on our trip, my sister and I, mostly the latter, faced some new problems.

First Jan received another call from nature, which I had to answer myself this time, since my sister was driving. Then it was Leslie's turn. She began to cry again; this time, more persistently than before. Her asking me to hold her in the front seat, however, was too much. I had just enjoyed my first bit of free movement since the beginning of this trip, and, more important, I was no baby-sitter. But all to no avail! The little singer finished the trip on my lap.

Yes, once I enjoyed travelling, yet, strangely enough, after that trip I lost all my enthusiasm. Now, I must try to rekindle the dying embers. But if I should be so fortunate as to be approached again by my sister and brother-in-law asking me to go on a vacation with them, I will reply, "Thanks for the ride, but I think I'll take the train."

The Sound of the Bell
(Continued from Page 10)

He hooked his arms over the top ring rope and listened to the count.

"... eight, nine, ten and out!"

The cheering came from a great distance now— in waves of crescendo and diminuendo. A strong smell of sweat assailed his nostrils.

He looked up—it was fast growing dark in the huge auditorium. There was an unbearable pounding in his head. He felt his right arm being lifted, and a voice yelled close to his ear “... and the new middleweight champion of the world — Michael Fury!"

Tableau
By NANCE SHUMAKER

Someone's heart has broken and it's falling in pieces outside my window sill.

All misty moist somebody's tears caress the lips of the leaves, hang crystal in the lamp light, then fall in mud puddles on the street.

The thunder is a memory, the pedestals have fallen, just crying now, no sobs.

Fog lips kiss closed the star eyes; feathery soft fingers smooth away the ache. All is peace.

Sleep, sleep, beloved; I see a rainbow of dreams around the moon.

A City Dog
(Continued from Page 11)

wonder that the dog didn't leave. Indeed, the dog was free to do so, for he wore no collar or chain. Yet the animal remained long after the wound healed, and despite occasional beatings, was the man's constant companion. The beatings usually came after the payment of a bill, or after one of the man's terrible coughing spells. Then, the man would suddenly find fault with the comparative peace of mind enjoyed by the dog, and gained what comfort he could from beating the animal. But even after the worst beating the two would reconcile themselves.

And so it was for some five months. The street and its people came to accept the sight of the man and the dog going about their work together. During the course of the months, the street and its inhabitants showed few signs of changing. There were births and deaths (The births far outweighing the deaths.), but the new ones were absorbed, and the old ones forgotten. During the course of the months, the sun rose and sank; snow and rain fell and ran off, while the man and the dog went about their tasks with similar regularity. And, so it remained, until one spring evening.

A cold rain swept the streets of the city, and through it the dog made its lonely way home, a paper held between its jaws. The dog was alone tonight, as it had been for three nights alone,—was not because of the rain, but rather because of the terrible attacks which his master had lately suffered. It was reluctantly indeed that the dog had left its suffering master's side, despite the persuasion given by the upstairs tenant's shoe.

There was no sign of the storm letting up as the dog turned off the street and made its way down the steps homeward. But then, as he passed through the dark doorway where he had found shelter some months before, he stopped. The paper dropped from his mouth, and an expression which conveyed a deep, heartfelt sorrow crossed his face. For a scent that brought with it a terrible meaning had entered his nostrils. It could mean but one thing. He need go no further; his master was gone.

A long black car pulled up to the tenement through the rain. Out of this car stepped two men with a stretcher. They entered the tenement. Soon the men emerged from the dark doorway, and climbed the stairs. Between them was the stretcher, and on it lay a body wrapped in canvas. The men wasted no time in putting the body in the car; and so, the men were in the car as well. The car started and drove off down the street.

On its way it passed a dog.

On Necking

I didn't ...  
I don't ...  
I won't ...  
by an anonymous 20th century poet
The Challenge
(Continued from Page 13)

Harry got up angrily and stepped toward him. George caught him with a hard right to the jaw. Harry fell backwards and hit his head on the edge of the metal bunk. George waited expectantly for him to get up. Instead, he lay on the floor without moving. George knelt down and put his hand on Harry's chest. There was no heartbeat. He was dead.

A couple of minutes later, George had pulled himself together and was doing some fast thinking. He knew it wouldn't be long before the guard would find out what had happened. He had to escape right now while there was still a chance.

George made a hurried search of Harry's clothes and the cell. As before, he couldn't find the key. There wasn't time to make a better search.

He walked to the window and pulled out the bars. He looked down at the street. Of course Harry's car wasn't there now, but George would have to take his chances on escaping without it. Cindy's house wasn't far away; if he could make it that far without getting caught he'd be all right.

George climbed out of the window and then hung onto the sill with his fingers. He couldn't make himself let go. His fear of height made him break out in a cold sweat.

There was a challenge now. If George could jump in spite of his fear, he would prove to himself once and for all that he wasn't a coward.

Thoughts raced through his mind: "Got to escape. . . Let go, you chicken . . . Cindy . . . George is a chicken. . . Jump!"

He let go. The pit of his stomach suddenly felt hollow; the wall of the building rushed past him; the tips of his shoes scraped against the bricks as he plunged downward.

"I jumped!" he thought; "I'm not a coward, Cindy. I. . ."

His feet hit the sill which projected from the first-floor window. He was thrown outward and he landed head first on the concrete.

It seemed like everything was going in circles. George thought he heard a strange humming noise. His mind became blurred and confused as the life ebbed from his body.

In that moment between two worlds, George saw Cindy once more. She was wearing the blue dress that he'd always admired and she was as beautiful as ever. Then the image faded and there was nothing but blackness.

George lay very still. Everything was quiet. The moon came out from behind a cloud and glinted on a shiny object that had fallen from George's trouser cuff - the key.

"The critical power is of lower rank than the creative."  
Matthew Arnold
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Best Picture
The Caine Mutiny
The Country Girl
*On the Waterfront
7 Brides for 7 Brothers
Three Coins in the Fountain

In summary I think 1954 was a good year for Hollywood from both a financial and quality point of view. CinemaScope has come into its own and is widely accepted by all companies, barring VistaVision. 1954 saw the comeback of Judy Garland and the re-release of Gone With The Wind and Camille. Technicolor is becoming more and more in demand. Of my list of twenty movies, all but three were in color. More and more Hollywood is realizing they must produce quality in order to compete with TV, and in checking lists of releases I think the better pictures do overshadow the poorer ones.

Be Gone With You
O Pestilence of Mine

NANCE SHUMAKER

Be gone with you, O pestilence of mine.
‘Tis not enough for you to send away
My love, where new loves fill his brain like wine,
But you would have him hate me to this day.
This day? You’d have him hate me to the end.
So should his hatred of me last so long?
I paid in full because of you, false friend.
Have you not decency to mend my wrong?
I do not ask for him to be returned.
For I could never love him as before
With first love that was pure — the best of me.
I ask — I beg, on bended knee I’ve turned
To you, that he won’t hate me more this day
‘Tis small to ask of you, Naïcete!

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CLASS OF 1929
Spinning the Platters
(Continued from Page 4)

In musical shows we have only future releases to look forward to. These include the music from "The House of Flowers," "Silk Stockings," and "Plain and Fancy."

As always, classical music offers some excellent recordings. Among them is the vigorous Symphony No. 10 in E Minor, Opus 95 by Shostakovich which had its American premiere on October 14, 1954, under the baton of Mitropoulos with the New York Philharmonic Symphony (Columbia ML 4959). For lovers of Chopin, there is a new recording of his Etudes, Opus 10, Opus 25, by Alexander Uninsky, an excellent interpreter of Chopin's romantic music. These twenty-four etudes, in numerical order, can be found on this Epic record (3065). A recording new has been brought out by Remington Records under the general title of "Music Plus." Each side of one of these twelve-inch long-playing records contains a complete work followed by a commentary by the well-known authority, Sigmund Spaeth. The first series includes recordings by the Austrian Symphony Orchestra under the batons of H. Arthur Brown, Kurt Woss, George Singer, Hans Wolf, and Max Schonherr, and the Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra under the batons of Fritz Weidlich and Paul Walter. This enjoyable series includes such well-known favorites as Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture" and "Nutcracker Suite," Johann Strauss' "Blue Danube" and "Tales From the Vienna Woods," Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, and excerpts from Handel's "Messiah" as well as many, many others.

Not to be forgotten is the operatic field with its newcomer. "The Saint of Bleeker Street" by Gian-Carlo Menotti. Among those to be heard on the not yet released album are the leads, David Poleri and Gloria Lane, and the orchestra composed of former members of the NBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by the able Thomas Schippers.

These records are only a sampling of the bigger and better selection of albums available today in all fields of music.

(Those albums marked as unreleased were unreleased as of February 1, 1955).

Roy Blakeslee on Mt. Washington
(Continued from Page 6)

It wasn't long before they were nearly to the top. "Cruising omets," thought Roy, "we are nearly to the top." Just then a thick gray cloud drifted across the mountain, clouding their acute vision. A dark shape loomed next to Roy's MG, loomed next to Ralph's Flaming Red Morgan. What was this looming? What did this loom mean? Were the boys in trouble? Where they in trouble? What was the trouble?

Ask your Mother or Dad to go down to the bookstore and get the next in the Roy Blakeslee series and find out: what happened to Roy and Ralph and the others on Mount Washington. Ask your Mother or Dad to get Roy Blakeslee and the Loom in the Gloom, or: Ralph Dodder and His Flaming Red Morgan Plus Four.
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