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J. H. Ryan  
_Ursinus College_

Phyllis W. Furst  
_Ursinus College_

Pete Vennema  
_Ursinus College_

Sharon Lucas  
_Ursinus College_

D. Newcombe  
_Ursinus College_

See next page for additional authors

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I felt horror that day

Snow and wind and children living
A car barely moving
A sled fairly flying
An interminable moment of truth
A child dying

I felt compassion that day

Snow and wind and parents whining
Endless years of mothers crying
A world simply moving
A life truly flying
A child's dying

I knew loneliness that day

Snow and wind and my still living
Endful days with my soon dying
A work never moving
A night always coming
The whining never dying

I knew despair that day

Snow and wind and my heart
Awful moments alone
Happiness but always the debt
Failure and regret
Where is honor?

I saw happiness that day

Snow and wind and people living
Days and nights with memories fleeing
Children growing, rivers flowing, to some the knowing
With the living and the dying comes the trying
Life is only worth the trying.

J. H. Ryan
The door opened noiselessly and John Ten, in the two hundredth year of his man-made immortality strode effortlessly across the translucent domed room. At the far side, he stopped before the wall, pulled switches, turned dials, delicately applied paired electrodes to temple and wrists, punched three buttons and waited. The wall hummed. Man-created machinery probed, analyzed, and presently synthesized the delicate balance of compounds necessary for John Ten's physical and mental health.

While waiting, John Ten scanned the screens built into the wall. The year, 5025, the month, the day and the hour flashed on a perpetual calendar. A kaleidoscope of current events, (encapsulated, predigested, and without advertisement) was accepted by his resting mind. Finally his attention was drawn to the screen which depicted his commitments and assignments for this day. With pleasure he realized he was free. A day of rest and leisure was his to spend as he saw fit.

The humming wall was quiet now and from ejector tubes he took and swallowed the prescribed pills. He detached the electrodes, switched off the machinery and turned gladly to his day.
Across the domed room facing huge light spaces was another instrument. In physical form it resembled an organ with banks of keys, stops and foot pedals. However, John Ten was not aware of the word “organ” nor did he know of music. But this instrument, before which he stood, went far beyond music. In it, modern technology had incorporated the memory of all sounds, of all time, occurring in all space. It was the history of the Universe, the knowledge of the Universe, the key to the Universe. But to John Ten it was a plaything for idle hours. Of such men as he was the Universe composed in the year 5025.

John Ten seated himself at the console of the machine and allowed long, spatulate fingers to find harmony and melody in past ages and other worlds. Effortlessly he crossed space by pulling out two stops. Aldeberan, his home, faded and Earth’s green hills, the cradle of his forefathers, was present. Time fell away until he reached his favorite jumping-off place. His fingers idly played a fragment of Time in a miniscule of Space—

Stars of the Summer night
Far in yon azure deep
Hide, hide your golden light
She sleeps, my Lady sleeps.

“Lovely”, he murmured. Without conscious volition he pulled out two more stops and two more centuries ceased to exist—

Wel han they cause for to gladen ofte,
Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make
Ful blissful may they singen when they wake;
Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe,
That hast this wintres weders over-shake,
And driven awey the longe nightes blake.

He was deep in reverie now, playing an enchanting game. Without pause he selected stops and two thousand years fell away and ceased to exist.

Suddenly the instrument was quiet. John Ten sat upright, his fingers groping for the rest of the story and song he had begun to live. No sound, no meaning came from the silent machine. The balance of this fragment had been lost from the memory of man.

“Damn”, said John Ten loudly. With the use of the archaic word his fingers accidentally touched the theological connotation the word had
once held. Immediately he sensed a shock, watched in amazement as a bank of lights on the keyboard blinked out. A fuse had blown. "Damn", he said again in another time sequence and another register. A second fuse blew; another row of lights went out.

He sat quite still now, a perplexed expression on his ever-young face. "Curious," he thought, "why should an archaic combination of sound and meaning evoke such a reaction in an immortally perfect machine?" Softly he experimented, playing the letter "D" in all time-sequences, not neglecting to add sufficient stops to correct for local superstitions in primitive worlds. The machine responded smoothly and with no deviation from a normal performance. John Ten added the letters "A" and "M" to the "D". The additional letters brought no change in the machine's behavior. But when he added the letter "N" there was again a small shock, followed by a blown fuse. By experimenting he discovered that the abnormal response was only evoked between the years one and two thousand, and only occurred on the planet Earth. Prior to, and after this period the letter combinations behaved as usual.

Fully aroused, and conscious of a novel feeling of fearful expectation and discovery John Ten played the 5025 version of four and seven letter swear words. He played them in all time and space combinations. Nothing whatsoever happened. Thoughtfully, he rose and entered the room housing the machine's soul. He replenished the exhausted fuse bank with freshly synthesized fuses and returned once again to the console.

Long he sat staring through the opalescent lights that were native to his home. Although the possibility seemed remote past his wildest imaginings, it appeared that the machine was capable of major failure. Never since man had achieved immortality and had departed from the restrictive confines of Earth had the omniscience of the machine been questioned. But this was not the loss of something simple, like the loss of the end of the early Greek tale. No,—one word used in a special sense over a period of two thousand years on the planet Earth had been left out of the machine's memory bank, and this same word used in a special sense of which he had no understanding was sufficient to cause a short circuit. A short circuit in a perfect machine which had had no mechanical failure in almost 3000 years of continued use.

John Ten gave careful instructions to the machine. The result was increased resistances in the critical area of the circuits where the short had occurred. He stepped-up the voltage and rebalanced the circuits. At length he was satisfied and began to play systematically backward through 2000 years of Earth history. He locked the stops of the instrument in the positions in which they had been when the original short-circuit occurred. Then he played every combination of letters in every language which had
exists on Earth during that period. Each time he played a letter combination that had theological significance the machine faltered. But many instructions to the machine rectified each error and strengthened and reinforced its capabilities.

John Ten was really excited now. Here was a whole area of knowledge not originally included in the machines' memory banks. How a mistake of such magnitude had occurred 3000 years ago he did not know, but he, he would correct it, and undoubtedly receive the Citation of Merit from the Citizen's Supreme Council.

When at length, as the day was waning and the green Aldeberan night was closing in, he felt satisfied that he had fed the machine enough examples of words to enable it to reconstruct the old discipline called Theology.

He drew a deep breath. He pulled stops and played a chord. Softly, faintly came the words:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God.

John Ten smiled with quiet satisfaction. The machine was omniscient! Man and his works were supreme. As his hands lay quietly in his lap and the machine stood quietly awaiting his next command, there came a sudden loud, clear voice:

Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.

With these words the world of John Ten disappeared.
Man existed and he laughed
cried
tried to make bombs
which went boom
and zoom
and even
jizzled
Everyone was impressed
and suppressed
the gods
but they laughed too
Jehova
and Baal
and Sitka
and all
Then Adam (or Atom,
we don't know which)
was made in a blast
(or blastule?)
He killed all the people
and the meek,
we cockroaches
(except for the Russians
who are weak, not meek)
inherited the earth.

Pete Vennema
VILLANELLE

Though you might lean and touch me now, I say
That never have you seen so sightlessly.
So near, so near, but Lord, so far away.

I do not wish in Venus' fold to play.
Just understand this soul inactively,
Though you might lean and touch me now, I say.

I need sometimes to think away the day
With friend. Your thoughts so easily could be
So near, so near. But Lord! So far away.

Why must you fear the coming of a day
When all is ill? But speak. Just speak to me.
Though you might lean and... Touch me now, I say!

Elysian fields are made for elf and fay,
And I would play a pretty game, with thee
So near, so near. But Lord! So far away.

A pretty husband would I make? But stay;
For when I'll show aged anatomy,
Though you might lean and touch me, now I say
So near! So near! But Lord, so far away.

Pete Vennema
My Capitol Viscount roared and screamed and eased into its painted nest; twin turbo-jets, with decibels and tortured hi-jii blasphemies, stopped.

"Goodbye, Sir; we hope you've had a pleasant flight." I crossed the field, which in its hospital nakedness emphasized my insignificance.

And turned into a lobby teemed with boards of the zombies who, faceless and as useless as a cast of thousands, exist but for a twist of our memories.

I touched her shoulder; she turned. Bitter-sweet bats of memories swept from their dust crusted cupboards and cried for me to notice them. Her eyes still held, and hoped, and hurt; lone years turned, like heated butter, to a puddle, a mist, nonentity.

Time has passed, and pastel thoughts of her are all that are. I'm older, perhaps wiser now; for even rocks crack with wear and time. Then was spring, and reality seems a shoddy thing to offer in her place.

Pete Vennema
The fellow wore a beard and peered at the world through small black eyes. He hated convention, loved contention, fought long and hard for personal freedom. The rights of man ran foremost in his mind, and kind fellow with a beard, he forced these rights on others. But they ignored him, and eyes dim, hapless lad bade goodbye to all, faced his fate, and found a place to meditate.

The all-important question rose, his woes were easily seen. In the battle against convention, was attention his goal instead of freedom? Because something was odd, did he nod in its favor? Why? Don't lie. Was something fantastic because it was weird, or feared? What made it unique? Was it a freak, did it leak, was it weak? Might is not right: if many believed for long, it was wrong. Does this make sense, dense fellow with a beard?

By the way, do you think you can win with a hairy chin? Doesn't it itch, or twitch, or get in your way? Demand your right, fight for freedom of razor. Given a blade you have it made. But the fuzz does not fade.

Still the fellow wore a beard. Attention he needed, so he ceded his rights for loftier heights. In time he got rid of the thing, for they made him king and copied his style. He then cut the hair off his chin in an effort to win — honorable mention, a pension, or maybe attention.
Last year was an election year in the United States and one of the most important campaign issues was foreign policy. More specifically the question in the minds of many Americans is what has happened to American prestige abroad in the past decade. Undoubtedly this extremely complex problem has no one answer; however, I believe that if we isolate the philosophy which underlies our relations with the other nations of the world we might approach the reasons for the decline of American prestige.

American post-war foreign policy can be summarized by a single phrase; ie, contain Communism. To gain this end we have built a nuclear stockpile that we dare not use, anathematized with the label of Communist many men who dared to think creatively about our situation, and so intimately associated ourselves with a long list of ambitious generals and fascist dictators that the uncommitted nations of the world believe themselves to be left with the equally distasteful alternatives of an eastern Communist dictatorship or a western fascist police state. Which one would you pick?

I think with these facts clearly in mind we can begin to see ourselves as others see us. Put yourself in the place of a foreign neutral observer who is trying to objectively assess American foreign policy. The United States is supporting presently, or has in the recent past supported, such men as Franco in Spain, Batista in Cuba, and Syngman Rhee in Korea. Each of these men is a dictator, each an avowed anti-Communist, but to the people of these countries Communism is often a welcome alternative to oppression of the fascist variety. The United States has been willing to actively support any government which it deems to be a “bulwark against Communism”. However, our neutral observer is left with an uneasy feeling. He wonders if the United States is “for” anything, if in fact the United States is for democracy or simply against Communism at any cost.

The two alternatives left to our foreign friend in his search for the American motive are equally devastating to American prestige. Either he finds the United States dominated by capitalistic business interests and leaning too far to the right politically, or he comes to the realization that America in 1960 is running scared. If he comes to the latter conclusion he is probably very close to the truth. Regardless of his conclusion the United States has lost at least his respect, if not his trust. Multiply this loss by the millions of people in the uncommitted nations of the world and you have an idea of the reasons for the decline of United States prestige abroad in the past decade.
To put this problem on a more academic plane, American foreign policy has been one of complete reaction. Russia drops the gauntlet, chooses the weapons and the battleground, and we show up generally unprepared to even put up a good fight. It is true that we cannot take aggressive action; however, this is not to say that we cannot take the initiative in many areas. The United States is sworn to a policy of peace; however, this does not mean that we cannot play an active role in international relations. If the United States began an active program of technical aid to the underdeveloped nations of the world simply to help them improve themselves, without any sword rattling, in ten years the United States would again have its place of dominance on the world scene.

This is the big step that the United States must take in the next decade. We must stop gaining allies against Russia, and start winning friends for ourselves. The only possible way to win friends is to show friendship, to act sincerely and for the best interests of the countries in question. Here is our opportunity, we have only to discard the old philosophy of foreign relations and adopt this new look. We must forget our old ideas of foreign relations on a government-to-government basis and accept the idea of a new people-to-people diplomacy. The people of the underdeveloped areas of the world must walk before they can run. They need food and shelter before they need large dams, modern highways, or airfields. If the United States is to persist as a world power it must recognize the equality and dignity that all men desire, and we must bend our knees and backs and with humility stoop to help the people of the less fortunate countries lift themselves out of the darkness of their squalor. However, we must always realize that the people of the world will not be used, they do not desire to be pawns in our gigantic game of Russian roulette. Only if we sincerely desire to help them to find a better way of life will they respond, and the sound of free people rushing westward to support the ideals of democracy is a noise that will obliterate forever the Sirens of the East.

CONTRAST

I saw a white duck
in the icy water,
As I crossed the bridge.

Then I realized it was only
a mass of snow floating to the sea.
I thought of all the people I had known.

Sharon Lucas
Camp Crowder was a World War II Army Camp, in Neosho, near Joplin, Missouri. It was one of the small, hastily constructed war camps, with square frame buildings on the post, and rows of box-houses surrounding it. The camp grew with the war, but as quickly as it had grown up, so did it become useless and dead afterwards. The soldiers left, the camp closed down, and the few civilians who had held jobs on the post were left jobless.

My family lived on the nearby Indian Reservation. Father had worked on the post doing odd jobs and running errands which not even the lowest private was required to do. His job enabled us to live at least as well as most Indians on the reservation. But when the job was over, Father decided that it was time for us to move. Neosho was now almost a ghost town, and the Reservation had little to offer, so, in spite of Mother's protestations, the decision was made. Mother hated to leave the security of the reservation, and the warm-dry flatland that she loved, and the people she knew, but she helped pile our few belongings into the old 1935 Chevrolet, and we headed West.

I had always considered my mother very beautiful, not only because she was my mother, with a look of warmth and love, but because she had a classic elegance about her, with long straight black hair, flawless skin, and Indian high cheekbones. Today she was as lovely as ever, but tears fringed the warmth in her eyes. She appeared sad and even a little worried.

"Do you know where we're going?" I heard her ask Father in a low voice. She apparently did not want the children to hear her.

"It doesn't matter," he said.

She did not answer.

My father is an unusual person. He is not a skilled worker and does not appear to have any great drive or ambition. He had no education other than that at the schools on the reservations where he had spent his childhood. But he has courage, and his own personal philosophy of life. I once heard him tell Mother, "Life is not meant to be hurried, or held back, it is to be lived, in the way one feels is best for him." His interpretation of this philosophy included Mother and us children; we did not question.

Mother kept glancing back at our two suitcases carrying the few articles of clothing we owned.

"Did you bring Jana's overalls off the clothesline?" she asked me.

"Yes, Mother," I replied, "I packed everything in the bureau."

She turned to Father. "Are you sure we have everything?" It was as
if she hoped we had left something in that little shack so we would have an excuse to return.

"Everything I could find," Father answered. He smiled happily out at the landscape, which was now beginning to become rocky with small hills on both sides. He seemed oblivious to her concern.

This new land was unfamiliar to me, and even I, excited as I was, began to feel a little strange in this new atmosphere. As it approached dark, I noted with surprise that the evening sky did not differ in any particular way from that back in Missouri. Although there was a new and different and distinct chill in the night air, I felt on the brink of a completely new experience, and looked forward to it.

In my youthful optimism, I could not understand my mother's genuine unhappiness. I hated to see her staring into the black road, with a look of weary resignation. By now even my father had stopped smiling and her sadness seemed to pervade the entire car. I could not realize how very deeply this move was affecting her. It was the first time she had been out of Missouri, and it seemed that the real person she was had been left behind on the reservation.

Finally she spoke, "Must we go on?" she asked Father.

"It is the best thing for us now," he answered. "We'll make a new life, with better opportunity for us and the children."

"I try to understand," she said, "But I feel that my life is behind me."

Father became angry suddenly. "Is it not true that the wife's duty is to her husband and her family?"

Her eyes flashed. I had never seen her look at him that way. "Is it a husband's right to make his wife miserable by giving her no opinion when a decision is made?"

Father looked startled. She had never spoken back to him. He thought for a moment, staring out into the night. Then he quickly braked the car, took a U-turn, and headed East.
WHISPERED SOUNDS

Where the waves on the shore so gently resound
Once on the sand a seashell was found
When pressed to the ear — was heard a dull roar
Whispered sounds from this seashell — so softly arisen
This diminutive world alive in a prison

Curtain drawn o'er the ocean, its tide and its swell
Attention applied the ephemeral shell,
With a small universe cloistered inside
A mere echo of man, his earth and the tide.
But contented and charmed with this slight fascination
Do I hear from within a low lamentation?

Justine

PITY, LOVE

Of teapot, ticking clock, and thee
A tale of brown monotony.
You pour another cup. I yawn despondently.
'Tis sad to think my love, soft Apathy,
Is chained to yonder pot of tea.

The clock clicks on didactically:
'Tis sadder still that I should be
Bound to its short rhyme and thee.

D. Newcombe
"Well", he thought as the key turned in the massive lock, "the time is here at last." Then he faded slowly away into the newly fallen shadows. He was next seen strolling away from the building that had swallowed the sun only minutes before, but on his way there he didn't neglect to admire the flowers and vegetables that lined the path. As he left the grounds of the building, his brown clothes merged into the similarly colored clay wall around it, and he vanished. Now out of sight, he stood before a tree growing against the wall and grabbed the thickest branch that presented itself. His hands struggled to remain wound around the branch as he hoisted himself up to where the flailing legs under his overfed body could find rest in a cranny in the wall. Peaches came tumbling down onto the newly hoed earth and among the crops; swears were mumbled, and a very quiet "God forgive me". He rested for a moment wedged between the tree and the wall, then he began inching upwards again. Upon reaching the top of the wall, he rolled onto the layer of loose stones that completed the wall, and in doing so, he tore his wrap, which brought forth oaths slightly stronger than those before. He jumped down to the other side; his knees collapsed under the flesh that had developed above them over the years and he sank into the dew-covered weeds. He salvaged himself and strode off down the path that wound by the wall.

His whistling during this walk was interrupted by the flapping of wings, and for the next ten minutes or so he amused himself by throwing pebbles at the bats flapping through the vestiges of daylight. He soon came to a stile that separated the road from a pasture; he stepped over this and immediately stopped whistling. He now concentrated intently upon where he placed his feet as he wound through the pasture. Upon reaching the fence on the opposite side, he climbed up the three split beech railings that formed the fence and then climbed down them to another and larger road. About a hundred yards to the left was a light, which he walked towards with such zeal that he stumbled in a rut.

As he opened the door of the house from which came the light, all heads swung to see who had come to join them. As soon as they recognized him and his garments, they shouted and bade him enter, which he did silently. He wormed his bulk as best he could through the men, and gave a signal to a man in a leather apron; within a minute the large man in brown had a mug of ale in his hand. Only when half of the ale was inside him did he condescend to speak to the men surrounding him. Then his jolly face came to life. The laughter he caused was amazing — considering that he was so somberly dressed. People milled around simply to hear him talk.
Later in the evening, after a good number of the men had left, the man in brown shouted for a chess board and pieces. It was quickly produced. He chose a partner, one he thought he could defeat, and the two set up the pieces in their proper places. The man on the white began the game. As each piece was moved, the mover signified by means of a long draught of ale, that he was satisfied with his new position on the board, and that the game should continue. It was a long game, but from the amount of laughter which went on, the two players enjoyed themselves. When the challenger saw he was actually losing, instead of finishing the game, he swung his arm across the board so that his heavy sleeve swept the pieces onto the floor. They went rattling down, and came to rest just after the man in the leather apron bolted over, swearing at the offender. He was forced to grovel on his hands and knees and pick up the pieces. His brown cloak swept the oaken floor clean wherever he crawled, and his face became quite red due to the uncompromising mixture of ale and exercise. At the end of a few minutes, he had found all but one of the pieces, but since the bishop couldn’t be found, the man in brown was allowed to return to his humorous stories.

Presently, a man dressed in brightly colored clothes swaggered in and drew a mandolin from under his coat. The eight men who were left inside the house congregated around the musician, and began to sing. The tunes were made slightly less enjoyable because of the voice of one certain man who was a good deal out of key. However, as with the chess game, all enjoyed themselves. Even the man in the leather apron mouthed the words, although nobody could hear him. By the time the mandolin had vanished, it was well into the morning, and only a few men were left; the man in the brown wrap was among them. After a final mug of ale before the fire, to which no more fuel was added, even this man left and went into the chilly morning air. When the door had closed behind him, he took a deep breath so as to tuck in his belly, and pulled the cord around his middle a bit tighter. He began to retrace his steps of six hours earlier.

He returned to the beech railings, but instead of climbing over them, he squeezed through the spaces to enter the pasture. By this time, he wasn’t concerned where he stepped in the field, but simply walked to the bothersome stile. He became rather entangled in it, although he managed to free himself without mishap. Once back on the path that continued at least as far as his starting place, he walked slightly faster with the intention of going straight home, but he stopped abruptly upon seeing a coop just behind a hawthorn hedge. He stood still for over a minute, as if thinking over a grave problem; he walked a few more steps and stopped; he returned the few he had just taken; then he hopped over the ditch that divided the hedge from the road and turned his back to the thorns and pushed against them with all of his remaining strength. He went tumbling through without a scratch, for his face had been protected by his thick hood and his hands had been inserted in the tubes of his sleeves, onto
the mud and straw enclosed behind the hedge. He walked to the hut, drew back the wooden door and cautiously, if somewhat unsteadily, placed a foot inside. Then he drew himself in after it and peered about. He took a hen off her nest but replaced her with a minimum of noise. He did this with four others until he found an egg, which he put into one of his pockets. By this time, the hens had made quite a noise, so he quickly backed out of the coop and exited through the same hole in the hedge he had made minutes before, and disappeared around a bend in the road just as the owner of the birds came to see what the disturbance was. In leaving the pen, the rowdy gentleman had scratched his exposed feet, so that when he came to the bridge under which a stream ran, he attempted to reach the water in order to wash them. He stepped on the mossy floor that was hidden from the sky by a shivering curtain of foliage above, and slid to where the water babbled over marble-like stones. He unstrapped his sandals and dropped his feet into the stream, left them there only long enough for the blood to be washed from his scratches, then took them out and placed them straightaway into his shoes. He groped up the slope and resumed his journey.

He reached the wall surrounding his building about three quarters of an hour before the sun was due to rise, and stood perplexed before the decaying but lofty solid fence. He took off his cloak, which had now become a mass of wrinkled cloth, and threw it onto the top of the wall; the egg cracked as it hit the stones, so that he had to throw away his proposed breakfast. Next, he clumsily placed his right foot and both hands into holes scooped out by Time's hand, and with a groan and a heave he found himself atop the wall with his face down and his right leg hanging against the stones. When he finally jumped to the other side, he seemed to have forgotten his cloak, but as his head sunk from sight, an arm flew up and dragged it down. Once on the other side again, he wrapped himself up and walked towards the lone building within the wall. He cautiously opened a door on the outside of the building and crept through the short passage into which it opened. He passed two closed doors, one on either side of the passageway, and went into a courtyard that was surrounded by cloisters. Just inside the arches was a walkway open to the weather, and it was around this that he walked to the base of a tower at the far end, almost opposite the door he had entered. He brushed himself with his hands to get rid of most of the loose leaves and dirt, and retied the cord around his middle; then he pulled the rope hanging down in front of him.

A bell sounded loud and clear for about a minute. When he had finished ringing the bell, he walked to the main gate, produced a key and undid the lock. As he shuffled back through the garden with his hands clasped and head bowed, he passed one of his associates already working down among the radishes and interrupted him with, "Isn't it a lovely morning, Brother?"
The car was designed to go fast: a huge motor, finned fenders, and a transmission that could use tremendous torque made a racing machine out of an invention conventionally used as a convenience. Its color was light, just a blur at night when it was going fast. The speedometer had markings up to 140 mph.

Money does not provide an appreciation of such power—lack of money might. And this car, going only about 40 mph, north on Jenkintown Road, was expending a tremendous amount of energy. The traffic light ahead, at the entrance of the country club, turned red, though there was no traffic coming from the left. The brake pedal was pushed forward; red lights went on in the back and the car came to a halt with uncomfortably rapid deceleration. Power brakes were virtually a necessity when such a heavy car could move so fast; its momentum could be very great. A lever moved. The left parking light and the left rear stop-light blinked on, off, on, off. So did the little green bulb on the left side of the instrument panel. A click-click came twice from the box on the traffic light pole, and lights changed. No other noise was heard but the whirring of the engine, because it was three a.m. and Oak Lane Road is in the suburbs, quite deserted at night.

The Chrysler swung left crunching a few cinders scattered across the intersection. The “1” button on the transmission control was pushed in, the brake pedal down as soon as the turn was fully negotiated. The car was at an absolute standstill; suddenly the gas pedal was jolted against the floor; a minor grumble from the engine, a little skidding of the back wheels on the stones and dust, and then the car leapt forward, not making much noise (the car was much quieter than one would expect it to be under such strain) until the red pointer went past the “40” mark, in less than four seconds. The engine started to roar, as it wound out. Punch, in went button “2”; this took place when the car was going 55 miles per hour, and the car jumped forward, accelerating even faster because of the high engine speed. The steering wheel got a bit damp in two places. As the car continued to pick up speed, the engine adjusted to the different strain of second gear; in eight seconds the speed had reached more than 60 mph. The car switched lanes, riding over the center line of the road, as the driver’s eyes came off the clock. It rushed along, leaving behind the houses and poles as it went whooshing on its way in the cool night air. The engine started to wind out again; the tires made a lot of noise at this speed on the narrow concrete road. After thirteen seconds it had reached a speed of 85 mph; then the hands tight on the steering wheel relaxed, the gas pedal was released, and it hurtled onwards oblivious to the blinking yellow light two blocks ahead.
Wheeling, soaring, whirling — I —
At the rim of the world, edge of the sky
Cast gimlet glances from rimmed eye
At the verdant world beneath.

Banking, weaving, gliding — I —
Soar through sun-drenched heavens high
Plummet down a ray of sun
To the skulking prey below . . .

Snarling, crying, whining — He —
In cornered fury turns to rend — I —
Straight from golden light of sky
Strike only once his light-blind eyes.

Then dew-wet pinions arching high
And blood-wet talons tucked beneath
I thrust against the sighing air
Climb through motes of sun-dust sky
Serene, I ride the heavens.

Phyllis W. Furst
THE SECOND APPLE
by Gail Ford

Time: After the seventh day.
Place: A large garden, in Eden.

A warm yellow light pours over the stage. Adam and Eve have eaten the first apple, pear, peach, plum, or whatever from the Tree of Knowledge. God stands over them and speaks.

GOD: Adam, where are you?

ADAM: I'm hiding. You see, fig leaves are not very concealing, and I'm rather naked.

GOD: Who said you were naked? You do not even know what the word means—unless you have eaten of the Tree of Knowledge.

ADAM: That I did, but Eve gave the fruit to me.

GOD: Eve, did you do this?

EVE: Yes, but the serpent told me to.

GOD: Enough. Now that you know both good and evil, now that you are aware of yourselves, you must leave this garden. You must pay for what you have done with pain and labor. Be gone.

(God points his finger toward the exit. Adam and Eve run off, passing the Tree as they leave.)

ADAM: See what you've done, stupid.

EVE: Oh, shut up, you didn't have to eat it.

ADAM: I guess we were both at fault. A life like that was bound to go wrong. It was too good.

EVE: Wait a minute, dear. Here's that tree again. I'm hungry.

ADAM: You're always hungry. That's what started all this.

EVE: (Pulling another apple, pear, peach, plum, or whatever from the Tree) Here, you're first this time. Eat heartily, we have a long trip ahead of us.

ADAM: (He turns the fruit over in his hand slowly and looks back over
his shoulder. He is trying to decide whether or not to eat the apple. He turns suddenly and throws it belligerently at God, who is still pointing to the gate.) Let's get out of here, Eve! We're falling fast.

They run toward the gate. When they get out of the garden, the gate slams with a bang. An angel quickly snaps a combination lock on the heavy golden doors and forgets the magic numbers. She probably never knew them, not anticipating a need for the lock. Adam sits on a rock to right of the stage. He is breathing heavily. The closed gate is behind him. After a few minutes Adam realizes that Eve is not beside him. He rises quickly and looks around. Eve is toward the back of the stage, pulling something from a tree.

ADAM: Eve, what are you doing? Come over here.

EVE: (Running excitedly, carrying a piece of fruit) I was hungry, so I looked around for something to eat—and look what I found! (She holds up a shiny red piece of fruit. It looks very much like the apple of Eden.) Taste it!

Adam bites into the fruit hesitantly, as if he is afraid of the consequences. Then he smiles slowly.

ADAM: This is good,—has an unusual taste. Not as good as the one in there (he points to the forbidden garden), but I like it.

EVE: Oh, I think it's better than that other one. This is spicy and more tempting.

Adam takes another bite of the fruit. He chews it thoughtfully.

ADAM: Maybe you're right, Eve. It seems to be tastier than the other one, now that you mention it. Perhaps life here will be pleasant after all. (Adam is now munching contentedly on the fruit) I might even like it better than our garden.
I was not in high spirits; going into this house never gave me much of a kick, very little even the first time. But this was Mike's girl, now; maybe he'd give her the kind of treatment she deserved. Mike's just the guy who could do it some day; him she'd never suspect; he could kick her in the stomach when her back was turned.

We didn't get lost; we found "the fourth oldest house in Wyncote" without going astray among the poorly lighted suburban lanes. I went along because I'm Mike's friend. He only had a learner's permit to drive that month; he needed a favor, so I did it. Maybe I shouldn't play an altruistic role: driving this '51 Buick, borrowed from his grandfather, was the first chance I had had in over a year to drive a car with a clutch. So I knew the evening couldn't be a dead loss. If anything happened, I would take it out on the car. I was going to keep it at my house overnight.

Mike led the way through the hedges, up the flagstone walk to the side door, the one which led into the dining-room. Once, I had entered the front door, but that was when I still had hopes about Gina and me. He rang the bell and waited. We waited for what seemed to be one minute; it was probably twenty seconds. I asked Mike to ring again, but he didn't have to: "Don't worry; she's home. Reggie never rushes to answer anything. She probably had to turn a record off." A moment later she opened the door.

Gina certainly looked good. Her shoulder length black hair was straight hanging, all around, in cascades, except where the bangs were over her forehead. She wore a black turtle-neck sweater and a grey pleated wool skirt. She was a big girl—wide shouldered and wide hipped, tall, not quite chubby but yet big, had a long Grecian nose. And on paper she was pretty substantial—she seemed intelligent, interesting, wealthy, and talented. We just didn't swing well together. The fault was related somehow to the way I expected her to act: I called her Gina; she preferred to be called Reggie; her real name was Regina.

Mike didn't understand what the problem was. I think he was experimenting that night to see if she was still the same; he kept looking at her face whenever she looked beyond him and saw me, her smile losing a bit, but just a bit, of pleasure, much as a hostess will appear in greeting a neighbor after talking to a sister. "Come in, come in," she said, returning to Mike. I can see why—Mike was good in several characteristics I was only fair in: less money, more intelligence, honors courses at Michigan, parents who were intelligent and versatile, a wider reading background, less reserve, and, most important, a poorly developed sense of social
"I've just been listening to a pre-war release by . . ." I've forgotten the name. It was probably Leadbelly or Bessie Smith or one of the early blues singers; Gina was a folk singer. She played a guitar and sang, both very well, every Sunday night during the summer at "The Gilded Cage", every Sunday afternoon during the winter. She had a very sweet voice, well-suited for ballads, but she told me she didn't like "Greensleeves". Her family had quite a collection of records; that was what impressed me most when I first met her—not the age or location of the house, nor that her father owned a pharmacy on South Penn Square, nor that she was taking a summer school course at the U. of P. in American literature even though she had not yet graduated from high school. I fairly jumped for joy when I saw a dozen albums of "78" records at the end of the long counter where the others were; I actually left her and went gleefully to see what they were—some standard works of classical music. I was tickled, to think I had found a wealthy girl who wasn't nouveau riche. It was then that I met her mother, who entered with a suitcase and some other traveling equipment.

We were introduced; a very gracious lady she was, taller than her daughter: "Oh, how do you do (perfect hostess smile)? You must excuse me, please; we've just come back from Tanglewood. That's such a terrific place for young people (emphatic with some kind of emotion). They have everything you'd want. . . ." She stood there smiling at me, evidently waiting for me to comment, but we had already shaken hands. At that point I discovered the loveliness of the pet terrier and decided that he'd be pleasant to play with.

I didn't especially desire to talk now with Gina, so I left Mike with her in the living room and went into the library-music room. I wouldn't have been presumptuous and asked Gina to play some music; all that I did was to look at the books. Of the eighty feet of books on shelves I found only six books that impressed me as the music facilities had. I sat in a comfortable chair and read through one of them.

Two hours later I walked into the living room. Gina looked up: her eyes raised, then her eyebrows lowered and she made a tight-lipped frown. Her face said, "What is it? Oh, the party-popper." She looked at Mike—they had been sitting on the floor, a few feet apart—and said, "You have to leave soon?" She looked sad and worried, with a pouting mouth, and her eyes pleaded with him to stay, stay if he loved her; "Stay; I want to be with you yet." Mike evidently read the message. I knew he liked to stay up late—three or four A.M. was nothing for him to remark about. He rose and told me, "Well, I'm hungry. Reggie will make something for us to eat and then we'll go, eh? (seeing me frown) Come on, stay, damn you." Mike didn't care about the time; he wasn't working the next morning. Gina rose
behind him, looking sad still. But when she followed him and me into the kitchen, holding on to his arm, she reminded me of a young lady I once saw holding on to the coat sleeve of an intern at Jefferson hospital: she was proudly grinning.

Coffee was made and some home-made cake was brought out. She started fishing in drawers for a knife. I reached in my pocket and pulled out my pen-knife—a stiletto with a six-inch blade—and snapped it open with a “snick”. She heard it and turned around sharply. “How about this?” I offered it to her, pointing the end of that pig-sticker at her. I was acting like a small boy who was trying to tease his teacher by bringing a frog to her desk. She glared at me, with the untame eyes of an eagle; I was never able to see the talons. She wasn’t afraid: “Put that thing away! Put it away!” She stood there, glowering, breathing forcefully, pointing her finger at my weapon. I looked at Mike; salvation never came; no one distracted the teacher so I could make a get-away. “Yeh, put it away. Don’t hack around; that thing is dangerous.” Mike really cared more about the food than about the knife; he showed no excitement. I was caught; the teacher was holding my wrist, reaching back somewhere to grab a ruler. Gino advanced two steps: “Put it away! (slowly, forcefully)” I looked down at the knife and thought to myself. I wanted to hear if she would say “or else” or some other definite threat or remark; she didn’t quite, though I thought she might. I knew she was right—I shouldn’t play around with such a toy; I was caught. I closed it carefully, making no sound with it. She stared at me for a moment more, slightly relaxed, not so hateful. I put the knife away, hurt, embarrassed, like a schoolboy after he has had his knuckles rapped with a ruler.

I sulked the rest of the evening, like a dog rebuked, tail between his legs, lying sadly at the feet of his master; Gina did not act uncivilly to me, though I sensed a haughty air about her when I managed to stare right at her. She was busy with Michael. I didn’t say much. I left first, to give him time to say goodnight in a decent fashion. “Only five minutes”, I warned.

After fifteen minutes I started blowing the car horn. Hell, I didn’t care; it wasn’t my neighborhood. In answer a light in the yard came on; I hadn’t even known it was there. Three minutes later I honked the horn again and got out and went to knock at the door. It was open; he was finally leaving her. I started retreating, with him following; she walked with him to the edge of the porch. I turned to say a “goodnight” to her, then turned back and walked to the car. I started it and he got in.

We spoke very little until I dropped him off at the subway stop. When I left him, I almost got a traffic ticket for turning left on to Broad Street.
POOR FAMILY, MOVING

by Justine

The harvest season was over in the Mid-West corn belt, and it was time for the many wandering field hands and their families to move South, where the late corn and hay were still to be harvested. These nomadic families, living only from town to town, unable to think of a future beyond the next season, had to pull up their shallow roots and travel with the work that was their only livelihood.

The Reeds were typical of these families, with perhaps fewer children, but characterized by shabby clothes, gaunt faces, and a generally unsettled appearance. Their home for the month of August that year had been a small log shack, situated on the outskirts of a respectable, white-washed, mid-west town. The shack had two rooms and four windows, in which there was no glass, only some rusted pieces of screening. This family had not complained about its lack of comfort, but seemingly accepted it with no more reluctance than they accepted the end of the harvest, and the necessity of leaving.

The Reeds had made no friends in their short stay. They kept aloof from the other transient workers, and the townspeople had little to do with them, except for the merchants who sold them a few absolute necessities.

Moving day was accomplished with a minimum of confusion. It was as if each member of the family had performed these actions so many times before that they required no thought. Ned, the son, did the heavy labor, tying two battered brown suitcases to the roof of the ancient jalopy with old pieces of rope and wire. Ned was about eighteen years old, taut and muscular, his face already assuming the uninterested, vacant expression of his father.

Mrs. Reed was a tall and weary woman, with wisps of greying hair protruding from the ragged orange bandanna on her head. She moved steadily around the cabin picking up a dish here and there, placing them in an old cardboard box. There was a red and grey hooked rug, worn almost through, rolled up beside the door, with a few sheets and a fringed print pillow on top.

Mr. Reed, an older, hardened version of Ned, paced slowly around the cabin, taking the pieces of screening from the windows, the drain from the sink, and anything else that was not nailed to the shack. He slammed these items noisily into an old tool chest, already filled with similar junk.

This family did not seem to care if they ever got under way. Lora, the daughter, was the only one expressing any degree of enthusiasm. She
was a girl of fifteen or so, and she bustled happily around the shack, checking to see that nothing had been left behind. She was still at the age when life can never be static or dull. Every move was a new experience for her, and she never hated to leave. Her whole being seemed enveloped in the happy radiance of just being alive.

As Ned stuffed the last blanket and a folding chair into the trunk of the car, the rest of the family trailed out and got in. They did not speak. As Mr. Reed headed the jalopy South, no one asked where they were going, or what would be their next home. The family sat staring at the road with expressionless faces. Only Lora's eyes betrayed a glint of joy and a small hope for a better future.

Torch ends sputter in the pall,
Blood and tumble fill the tower,
Star-flat lords bedeck the hall;
Dawn has caused the mead to sour.
Having been a bad lad learning
How to douse the mental light,
I see the sun a-burning
Up the alcoholic night.
Having laid a rose wreath there
On the corpse of drunken fun,
I turn my back and stoutly swear
Against the sober sun.
Another eve come sweet and soon
When I can toast a Bacchic moon!

D. Newcombe
LATE DATE

by Harry L. Serio

I met Marge for a cup of tea in a Chinese restaurant off the main streets of the city. It was two days before school opened and we sat in a booth discussing our plans for the new year. The room was dimly lit by pale yellow lights and, except for the small Chinese waiter dozing at the table at the other end of the room, the restaurant was deserted. We finished our tea and as Marge was breaking her last fortune cookie, I remembered that I had a meeting with two friends at 10:30. It was 10:25. I told Marge that I didn't have time to take her home and that I'd call a cab. I hurried across the floor and paid the waiter who shuffled across the room faster than I could walk. I left in such haste that I forgot to call a cab for Marge. (She's probably still there opening fortune cookies.)

I met my two companions, Doug and Abby (short for Abdulla), in front of City Hall. We had just planned to take a ride around the city, but Doug wanted to go up to Montclair to see his girl. We parked the car in a real ritzy section and Doug and Abby got out and walked across the street to a fourteen story apartment house. I was a bit shy so I waited in the car.

It was a little after midnight when Doug appeared in front of the building. As he stepped off the curb, a white Cadillac convertible pulled out from around the corner and sped toward us. The two who were in the front seat looked like high school kids, but the fellow in the back seat had white hair and looked elderly. They all wore motorcycle jackets. As they sped past us, the old man pulled out what appeared to be a sub-machine zip-gun, and fired at Doug. Doug held his stomach and doubled up. He keeled over as the Caddy swung around the corner. Just then, Abby, who had heard the shots, came charging out of the apartment house and ran to Doug. He asked him if he was hurt, but Doug, as the blood trickled from his lip, replied that it was just a scratch. Abby helped him to the car and took from the glove compartment a 12" x 8½" band-aid which they kept there for emergencies. All the while I just sat there, too stunned to say anything. With the band-aid over the gaping wound, Doug took two aspirins and was as good as new.

I told them to take me home since I wasn't feeling very well. Every time I saw a white Cadillac along the seven mile route, I crouched on the floor. Abby laughed at me even though I told him I was looking for my ring.

They dropped me off at the corner of High Street and Lamont Terrace. I walked across the street and passed a rather large white building surrounded by Corinthian columns. I thought it was the Court House, and my curiosity got the best of me, so I entered hoping to sit in on a trial. It was about 1 a.m. I climbed up two flights of stairs and walked down the
dark corridor. I noticed that one door to my left was slightly ajar so I peeked in. I stood for a moment, shocked at what I saw, then I slammed the door shut and ran down the corridor. In the room was an opened coffin, with the body of a girl, about fourteen years old, clad in a pink dress, wearing white gloves, and holding a red tulip in her hands. The room was filled with flowers, but the floor was covered with streamers and confetti.

I ran down the stairs at the other end of the corridor. I was in such a hurry to get away from that place that I tripped down the last flight. When I looked up I found myself in another funeral parlor. Along side of me was a coffin containing the body of a seven year old boy, but the head was that of the old man, the one that fired those shots at Doug. The undertaker must have switched the heads without thinking. I looked around me—the room was crowded with people, everyone happy and gay. The floor was covered with confetti and streamers like the one upstairs. More than ever I wanted to get out of this place of ghouls.

I ran out of the room, and in the outer foyer I noticed that the floor was strewn with pennies. My fear was driven out by my mercenary nature and I started to gather the pennies when I felt someone staring at me. I looked up and there stood a tall, gaunt, sallow-faced individual with a ghostly expression. Next to him stood a short, pudgy woman with a big smile. I realized I was doing something wrong before the bouncer told me that they were put there for the guests. I asked him about the two stiffnesses. He looked a little uneasy, but told me that they were part of the Mardi Gras festivities, and that the bodies represented the burial of past sins in preparation for Lent. Not wanting to make anymore trouble, I left the building. I knew the whole thing was phoney. Since when did they celebrate the Mardi Gras in Newark, N. J., especially in mid-August?

As I walked down the many steps of the huge funeral parlor, I could hear the gaiety and laughter of the merry-makers. I turned around and saw them scurrying to gather up the pennies. I realized why magnets were put out on the table in the foyer. Some of the guests were using them to gather the steel 1943 pennies. A somber looking chap staggered down the steps and remarked to me in passing, "The proud, rich people always humble themselves to add to their wealth, even though it's only a few cents."

When I reached the bottom of the steps, I leaned against a stone lion and rested. I watched the huge, bronze statue of Lincoln a few yards from where I stood. My heart skipped three beats when the statue stood up, yawned, and went up the steps. I turned around and looked at the stone lion. I could have sworn that it winked at me. That was too much. I ran out into the street. It was filled with people and cars were racing all over the place. The clock struck 2 a.m. I was caught in the night-shift rush hour. The newsboys were shouting, "Extra, extra, read all about it—'Mouseketeers Capture Ness.'"
I ran into an alley and was half-way through it when I was stopped in mid-stride by an invisible something. The alley wasn't very dark, but I couldn't see anything in front of me, and yet I couldn't get by. I fingered my way to the edge of it, and down in the corner was the label, "Prop #3, Invisible Protective Shield." I pushed the prop aside and proceeded down the alley to the parking lot to get my car.

The lot was jam-packed and filled with not a few tractor-trailers. I could see my car at the other end of the lot. It was easily recognizable since it still had the ticket on the windshield for overtime parking. I walked around cars and crawled under trucks to get to my car. As I crawled under the last truck, I accidentally kicked the chock that was holding the back wheel. The truck rolled forward and trapped my leg. Just then I heard the driver get in and start the motor. I yelled to him to hold it, but he didn't hear me. Gathering all my wind, I yelled in a teamsterian voice, "Hold it!"

Hours later, a cast upon my leg and with a special hand clutch installed in my car, I cruised the city streets until at last I found Marge, still breaking open fortune cookies in the Chinese restaurant. I sat down beside her, blinked twice, looked at the clock—it was 10:26. I said, "Marge, I think I'll miss that appointment with my friends, it's a little late this evening, and I'm tired."
SHE’LL CALL ME

by Melvin

You know how it is when you come home from work on Friday—the bus is crowded; everybody’s stepping on your toes. Anyway, this chick plants herself right in front of me. For fifteen minutes I have to stare at her back. Now while I’m staring at her back, I happen to notice that she doesn’t have a button buttoned. Ordinarily, I’d say, “What the hell—Who cares?” But I’m staring at this unbuttoned button for fifteen minutes, and I couldn’t tell her while we were standing because ten other people would hear. So I wait until she sits down, I wait until somebody gives me a seat next to her, and then I whisper, “You have a button unbuttoned in the back.”

Well, she gives me a glance and puts her hand behind her back and buttons it. Then she stares at an opposite window as though she were trying to ignore me.

“I just had an urge to tell you,” I explain.

“Thank you,” she says, and she smiles so I can see her braces. She’s still looking at the window though.

“That’s all right. I have many urges like that. For example, I have an urge to request your phone number.”

Let me explain—I’m not desperate. It’s just that I’m going with this other girl for a long time (her name is Margaret), and I feel like asking someone else out. I mean, how much time can you spend with a girl for whom you can only feel lust?

I’ll tell you, lust wouldn’t be so dirty if girls didn’t make a game of it. You see, they invite aggression and then they don’t satisfy it. That’s their game. I’m always looking for a girl who doesn’t play that game—somebody like my mother.

Anyway, this girl on the bus doesn’t look like she’s playing a game; and if she is, she’s playing it poorly. Her hair isn’t brushed too well, she has a poor figure, and her clothes are very plain. Besides, I want to give the kid a break.

“Why do you want my phone number?” she asks.
“Why do you want to talk to me on the phone?” she asks.
“Why do you want to ask me out?” she asks.
“Because you’re beautiful,” I answer.
She can't think of any more questions, so she writes her phone number on a slip of paper and hands it to me in a very bored manner.

Then she becomes tense. She looks like she's about to interrupt me, but I'm not saying anything. For the rest of the ride, I can't think of anything to say except ask her name (Alice).

One week later I decide to give her a call. Her sister answers and says Alice is out. So I leave my phone number and ask the sister to tell Alice to call me back. She'll call.
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