



# MARQUIS

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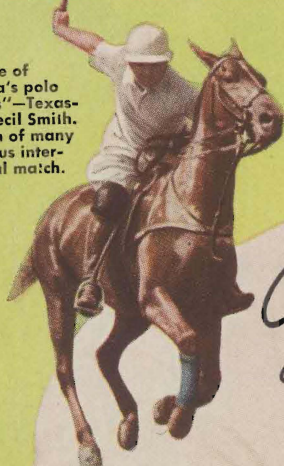


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# an editorial . . .

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    provide managerial experience;  
    foster better spirit.  
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the editors

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# Exchange

We were looking over a few of the student publications of some of our contemporary institutions the other night and we happened to run across a headline story in the Syracuse University *Orange* that all but floored us.

It seems that the student government elections at Syracuse were held a few weeks back and they were accompanied by a rough and tumble campaign. Some six thousand students went to the polls in the contest between the fraternity and non-fraternity blocs. The Greeks, so the story goes, were beaten for the first time in years and the results appeared at first to indicate the end of importance of the dynasty that had so successfully held every position in student activities since the days of raccoon coats and hip flasks.

However, the Old Guard was not without its bag of tricks. Realizing that the existing government would be in a "lame duck" session until the end of the present term, the Greeks coincidentally discovered that the visitors had spent just as much money campaigning as they had spent. Now there is a ruling at the University to the effect that all campaign expenditures should be strictly limited to a very small amount of money. No one had ever observed this; but then again, the Greeks somehow had in their possession photographs and other documents proving conclusively that their rivals had hired busses, printed literature, and hired halls to get out the vote.

At length, the whole situation was referred to the existing student court, made up entirely of fraternity men. The court decided that all leaders of the victorious party should be debarred from all responsible positions in the student activities of the university for the rest of their college careers.

Speaking of hard times, a couple of Lafayette freshmen went up to Vassar a few Saturdays ago and made perfect fools of themselves. Obviously of questionable backgrounds, the frosh wore ties, left their pantlegs unrolled, sat on chairs, and admitted that they did not know the *Wiffenpoof Song*. They were forced to retire in shame after the third *Bah*.

The Princeton Tiger let out a roar a few weeks ago when it discovered that the theme song of the radio show *It Pays to Be Ignorant* contained a few bars of nostalgic *Going Back to Nassau Hall*.

Indicative of the close personal contact among the student body at the Colossus of Manhattan, the N. Y. U. *Varieties* tells about a student who surreptitiously left his class, using the back door. It opened into another room in which a student organization was holding an election of its officers. While he was passing through, the student became interested in the proceedings, stayed on, and at length was elected secretary.

From Dartmouth, the *Jack O Lantern* relates

(continued on page 27)

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# THEATER

AN EXPENSIVE SEASON OF REVIVALS,  
 CLASSICS, COMEDIES AND HEROINES

Broadway ran the gamut of theatrical emotions during the 1946-1947 season. Eugene O'Neill, after a 13-year absence from the tumult of the war years, came back with a four hour drama, *The Iceman Cometh*. It was too long, too verbose, too slow in starting, and too digressive once it had started. It has since left New York. On the other hand, Mr. Bobby Clark, complete with painted glasses and cigar, turned up with one of Victor Herbert's poorer shows, *Sweethearts*, and made it a framework exclusively for himself. Mr. Clark's rather merry vehicle shows no signs of boxoffitis, the disease that quickly killed *The Iceman*. So it went on Broadway. The people want to be amused. After four years of war, they didn't want plays that presented deep and absorbing problems; they wanted to laugh and to forget, and the plays that provided that type of release were almost assured of a profitable run.

Perhaps the most notable and memorable event of the past season was José Ferrer's exciting revival of Rostand's immortal romantic comedy, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Mr. Ferrer is certainly not an actor of heroic stature or penetrating charm, but he quickly becomes a matinee idol, not only with the older playgoers, with memories of Walter Hampden's *Cyrano*, but also with the new generation who have come upon the beauty of Rostand's verse for the first time. It seemed that Ferrer played *Cyrano* for its great wealth of comedy and he was able to bring laughs to lines that had never known them. The play is now on a nation-wide tour and for a memorable performance I recommend *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

The hits of other seasons are still with us and they seem destined to play on and on. The oldest living inhabitant is *Life With Father* and if you see it you'll know why. The cast has been changed at least a dozen times but the play still retains all the natural charm that it first displayed when it opened in 1939. At the Morosco Theatre is John Van Druten's play, *The Voice of the Turtle*, which is very truthfully advertised as "America's most romantic comedy." It's a gay and clever piece about a sergeant on a weekend pass. It may not be appreciated in Boston, but tickets, after three years, are still difficult to obtain. The invisible rabbit, *Harvey*, becomes believable after three acts of Frank Fay's incomparable acting. This Pulitzer Prize Play remains one of the most delightful and imaginative shows ever to reach Broadway. *State of the Union*

holds forth at the Hudson Theatre but it is beginning to show signs of political age. Ralph Bellamy, however, is still the best presidential candidate that the Republicans have had since the days of Teddy Roosevelt.

This has also been a season of heroines. At the Alvin Theatre, Miss Ingrid Bergman appears in Maxwell Anderson's intelligent and frequently exciting drama, *Joan of Lorraine*. Incidentally, Bergman is well worth \$4.80, tax included. She plays Joan tremulously and beautifully. She is an actress of tenderness and eloquence, excellent in voice and in gesture. Miss Ruth Gordon, who wrote *Over Twenty-One* some three seasons ago, has now turned to her girlhood in Wollastan, Mass., in writing a gentle, sketchy and thoroughly sentimental account of those times. She calls it *Years Ago* and it stars Fredric March and his wife Florence Eldridge. The show itself is a bit on the skimpy side, but it has heart, Mr. March, and warmth, and you might possibly settle for that. The Misses LeGallienne, Webster and Crawford (not Joan) are presiding over the operations of the American Repertory Theatre. What they have done to date has been energetic (*Henry VIII*, *John Gabriel Borkman*, *Yellow Jack*, etc.) but not inspiring. On April 5, they open with *Alice in Wonderland* and it promises to be a theatrical event of importance. Lillian Hellman has taken the characters from *The Little Foxes* and has put them into a gloomy little number called *Another Part of the Forest*. It certainly does not match its predecessor. Then there is the calliopic Ethel Merman in the musical hit, *Annie Get Your Gun*. There will be no report on this show simply because we are waiting until Miss Merman is replaced by something a little younger and more attractive—something like Sophie Tucker. The Berlin music is good and you can hear it on your radio or perhaps buy a Victor Album.

The treat of the current season is now at the Royale Theatre. It happens to be a comedy in high style—Mr. John Gielgud and company offering a brilliantly mannered Oscar Wilde revival, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. It is quite a comfort to discover that England can send us an emissary whose mission is, simply and gloriously, to give. Mr. Gielgud's purpose is not to plead for food or money, or to pull a long face and tell us that the Empire is doomed, or to lecture about the profoundly uninteresting politics of our cousins across the sea. All he has come for is to give an Oscar Wilde comedy the way it ought to be given. There is another Wilde revival at the Cort Theatre called *Lady Windermere's Fan* which is about as exciting as its title might suggest. Its chief merit is the wonderful paint and drygoods job that Cecil Beaton has done for it. But why not go to a Trans-Lux newsreel and spend the other two bucks for something to eat.

Helen Hayes is also around this season to amuse one and all in a slight comedy called *Happy Birthday* . . . Oscar Straus's *Chocolate Soldier* has risen again but much of its sweetness has melted away and the vehicle now seems a trifle moldy . . . *Call Me Mister* seems to be good theatre for all who never saw army duty beyond Fort Dix. Otherwise, it seems to be a sketchy and second-rate revue . . . The divine Tallulah Bankhead is now growling about the Plymouth stage in something called *The Eagle Has Two Heads*. It seems destined for the guillotine. Incidentally, the circus is in town. Damned good show!

JAY PURSEL

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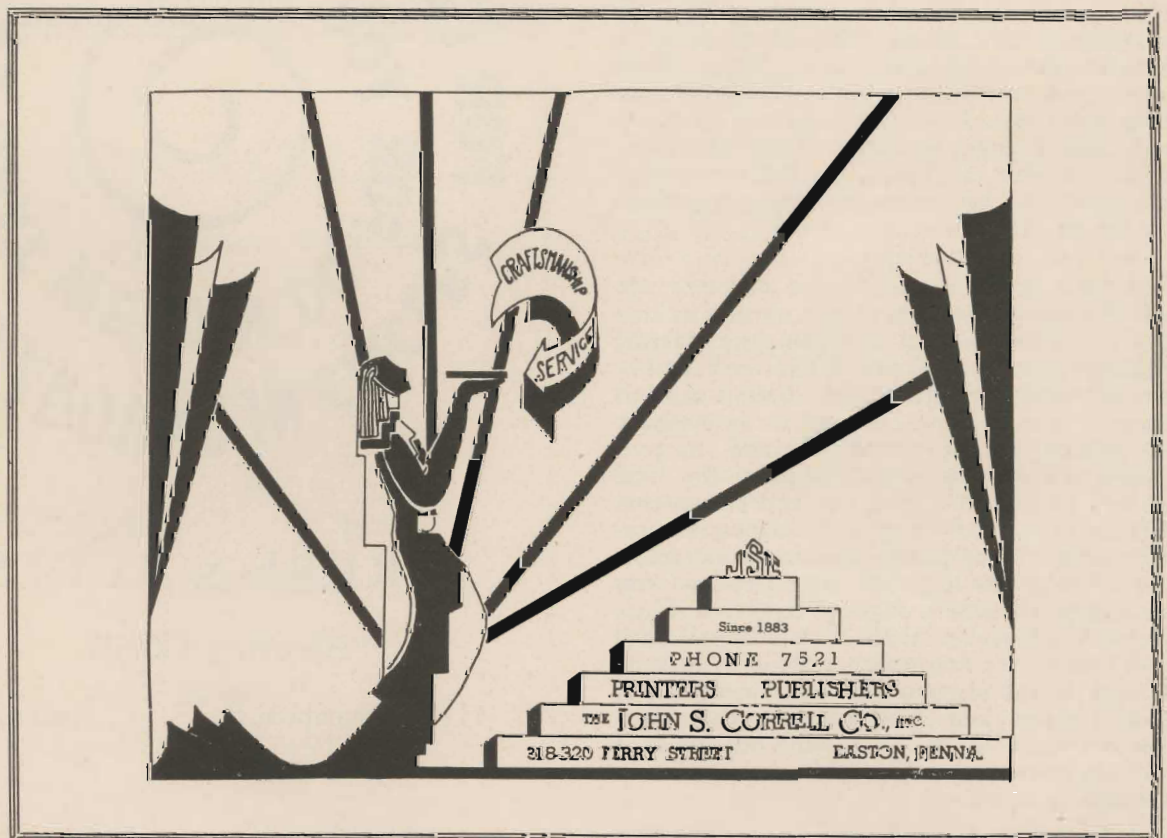
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# LAFAYETTE



# MARQUIS

F. EATON LOUGEE  
ARTHUR H. DIX, JR.  
*Co-editors*

*"We watch, we listen, we write,  
we reject, we edit, and out of all this  
we try to shape a magazine into which  
we put as much time and talent as  
we can."*

*The Marquis, Apr. 30, 1947.*

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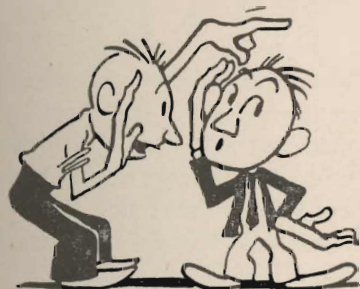
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# Hill Talk



## STAND IN

In Raymond Chandler's "Lady in the Lake," we finally got into the act. We were the leading man. And we did fine, too, until we got suspicious of Audrey Totter, our luscious little leading lady. She overemoted for our simple country tastes. Her slithering and eyebrow arching made it clear that it wasn't us she was after, but our dough. Playing straight to the camera made her try too hard, we figure. Probably because even when she put the pressure on she couldn't get a rash of blood to its cheeks.

Then, already disillusioned and low, we got it in the kisser with a set of brass knuckles. We saw it coming and ducked in our seats, but we got it anyway. This embittered us towards Robert Montgomery (who we were every time we passed a mirror), but we felt better when he got the black eye from it, not us. All in all, we don't want to see another movie using that technique unless it's something like "Lassie Come Home" or possibly "Ecstasy."

## OMINOUS NOTE:

Mrs. Carty reports that, what with the atom bomb and all, she's not ordering any more of those last-your-life ball-point pens.

## OLD LACE

The proprietor of a local book store told us a story which we pass on to you. We didn't believe it at first, but he swore on a stack of "The Revised Standard Version of the New Testament," (which, incidentally, is selling like hotcakes), that it's true.

He was puttering around in his store one afternoon, wondering what to read, when an elderly woman walked in and asked him if he sold books there. He thought at first that she was joking, but, luckily, played it straight, and answered, yes, they did sell books there. "I want to buy a book," she said. "Yes," the proprietor said, trying to muster his wits. "Yes. Er—what kind of a book, madam?" "I don't know—just a nice book. I've never read a book before—only magazines."

He went over to the shelves, staggering a little, and picked out a light novel. "No," she said, and then, bracing herself on her worn black purse, "Have you *The Dark Ledger?* by Mr. Werthan?" The proprietor, suddenly finding himself on firm ground again, relaxed gratefully, and said, "I don't believe so, but I'll be glad to order it for you. What's it about?" She looked up at him, a timid smile dimpling her kindly old face, and answered: "About a boy who murders his mother."

## F. T. C.

The other day an agent of ours went into a five-and-ten to get some socks. The label on one pair he saw read, in big, black letters: "100% PURE WOOL." Then, down on the bottom, in very fine print, was added: "except 10% nylon."

## SEEING IS BELIEVING

Up till about two weeks ago, if you had happened to look straight in front of you in 101 Kirby, and the teacher wasn't in the way, hovering over his dictaphone, you might have noticed three strange-looking

pieces of cardboard, shaped like curved lampshades, pinned to the wall. They were an example of an optical illusion, left over from a demonstration in Psych 2. Though the pieces were exactly the same size, it appeared that the bottom one would fit into the middle one, and the middle one would fit into the top one, like three cups of a thermos jug.

It was a bit of poetic justice, we think, that this particular illusion was left in 101 Kirby. Maybe some students of other classes held there—classes wherein the tailor-made pieces of information slide together so neatly—have happened to look up at it, just as their last vestige of individuality was about to escape them, and have been saved.

## "FLOOR, PLEASE?"

A couple of the boys in Kappa Phi Kappa were down to the education convention in Washington a few weeks ago. Headquarters was "The Statler," which, at the time, happened to be housing another convention. When our delegates stepped sedately into the elevator there staggered in after them a chap with a half-empty bottle and a happy, drunken smile. He was wearing a saucer-size lapel pin, which read, "Alcoholics Anonymous."

## FICKLE

In chapel, two or three times now, we've heard reference to W. Somerset Maugham's *The Razor's Edge*, as being an excellent example of a young man's finding happiness through Christianity. We became more embarrassed each time we heard it,

because, actually, in Mr. Maugham's book, what Larry finally decided on was not Christianity, but a compound of several religions, mostly Indian, with "Brahmanism" the major ingredient.

Apparently the chapel speakers didn't bother to read the book, but just picked their idea from the movie. And this, we think, is where they strayed. For movies, like politicians, are notoriously fickle. We'll bet that when *The Razor's Edge* gets to India, 20th Century Fox, despite Colton Memorial, will have Larry right back with the Brahmins.

## VERDICT

Last February, a new student went by mistake to the Northampton County Court House to register. His case came up quickly, and he was ushered in to see the judge, who told him his error and sent him up the hill. Or, as he now says sadly, "Up the river."

## STRAY LAMBS

One of our confidants was in the library, feverishly studying for the big religion test, when he overheard a conversation that indicated a more efficient method to the same end. Two fellows at his table were studying for it too—by carefully planning how they were going to steal it out of the Kirby office.

## OLD FRATERNITY TIES

A graying, distinguished, but harried looking stranger walked into the Deke house the other day and approached a group of the brothers. "Pardon me, gentlemen," he said. "I happen to be a Deke, and I'm badly in need of a comfort station. Could you—?" The brothers were a little startled, but, rising to the occasion, they slipped him the grip and rushed him upstairs.

Newest Rationalization of Apple Polishing: "But, fellows—I was just appealing to his cultural interests!"

## TEXT CLUES

"Inability to read is a frequent cause of poor learning in college students." *Psychology and Life*, Ruch.

"Bananas are of relatively little value in Central America." *Principles of Marketing*, Maynard and Beckman.

"There are people at large who should be in insane asylums." *Business Law*, Conyngton and Berg.

"In understanding and handling mechanical things man's superiority to animals is very great." *Psychology*, Woodworth.

# The Schedule

At hallowed old Siwash they follow this rule:  
At ends of semesters through all of the school,  
The schedules are made out with one's class adviser.  
(About that last word I shall make you all wiser.  
It just means a fellow who can never find  
The time to turn problems of yours in his mind,  
And after he helps you, most often, I fear  
You'll still be befogged while he thinks it is clear.)  
And when with the scheduler's help you have found  
A program with which you will not be too bound,  
But gone home despite it to spend your vacation  
While all things are well with both you and the  
nation,

Why just at the time you are set to return,  
The mailman comes ringing with news that will  
burn.

Each course that you'd carefully figured last spring  
Has now been rejected for some other thing.  
Some other arrangement has been substituted.  
Instead of the one you had fully computed.  
It's scarcely a wonder that you are now vexed,  
You've four classes one day, and one on the next.  
And then you might notice that Government 10  
You had as a junior is on there again.

You think, "This is something that I'll have to fix,  
I'm not to be taken by any such tricks.  
I'll work on my program, revise and review,  
And change things; it's obvious something's  
askew."

Well, in you go quickly and solemnly press  
To have it corrected and claim a redress.  
"Prof Schedules" will talk to you, somber of mien,  
Saying, "None of you knows all the troubles I've  
seen,

The change you wish made here will simply not go.  
In short, I'll be brief, and the answer is 'No!'  
(You should have been ready for such things, old  
sport,

This man is renowned for that famous retort.)  
We all know that making out schedules is tough,  
But that is no reason to always be gruff.  
He could at least check a man's schedule a bit  
Before saying briefly, "Your courses don't fit."  
But no, that is final—his word is enough,  
You get just a thoughtless sarcastic rebuff.  
And informal methods you're then forced to take  
To gain rearrangements that you have to make.  
And "Schedules" is placed on the list of your foes,  
How many he's on now the Lord only knows.

C. STANLEY FELVER

# THE YOUNG MAN

The days are lonely and no one comes. I used to see the young man skating, but he is gone now. All day long the gray clouds stream by and everything seems as mute as I am. *Mute*—a word that comes easily to mind now, but in the distant past it would have seemed strange and out of place. But I am only mute in the sense that I cannot speak as loudly as other people and no one hears me in the din. If I could, the young man might still be keeping me company. He looked so friendly and strong. And how he could skate! *Skate*—there's a word that seemed normal not too long ago, and now the sound of it is linked with no sensation. It's just another sound that goes from one side of my head to the other and I tire easily when I think of it, now that the young man is gone.

He used to come almost every day when there was ice on the river, but I can't remember how many times it has become dark since the last day. The sky was just like this and there was not a sound about. I do not recall what time of the day it was, but I had just awakened from a short nap. I opened my eyes and pretended I was just lying still as I used to when I awoke. I pretended I could move when I wanted to, but for that moment I would just lie still. Now that the young man is gone, pretending doesn't help any more.

As I lay there, a small figure appeared at the edge of the river where the ice was. I felt glad because I knew he had come, and then it isn't everyone who can lie so perfectly still after a refreshing nap and see a young man skating right before him. He sat down on something dark, a stump I suppose, but I don't like to use words that have no meaning for me now because they go from one side of my head to the other and I tire easily when I think of them. He put on his skates and his hair looked dark as he bent over to fix them, and I just lay there because I enjoyed watching his hands move so quickly, and I didn't feel like moving, not once. And then he stood up and put his gloves on and started to glide, and I liked watching him do that more than anything else. It seemed miraculous—one foot followed the other so easily and he soon had moved out of my sight.

After a little while he came back to the point from which he started and there he stopped for a minute. He took off his gloves and blew on his hands, and I was so far away that his hands looked small and were hardly recognizable as hands. Nothing about him was clear, actually, because of the distance. I could only see his bright red jacket and dark hair, but mostly I watched his legs. How could he balance himself on those two thin limbs? And yet he was easily able to speed along the ice.

Back and forth, again and again, sometimes fast and then more slowly as the time passed. I thought I would smile—if I could, because the figure seemed friendly though so far away.

Sometimes the things I see hang at the entrance to my mind like the sounds that continue long after a bell is struck. So it was that day. I don't know how much time elapsed before I realized that the young man had fallen through the grey ice. His dark hair and red shoulders were right at the line between the black running water and the grey ice. And I lay there with the same contented feeling of watching things happen and not wanting to move. He was struggling and the current made a little wave where he hung on. And then the contented feeling left me and the familiar one took hold. It was the old desire to move; it used to torture me, and I have almost stifled it now, but for that one moment it seized me. I knew he would drown and I would see him skate no more and I would be alone, alone with the grey clouds and the empty ice on the black river. I was terribly frightened for a minute and I felt suffocated, but then I was able to calm myself again . . .

He had stopped struggling and he held onto the ice a long time with no visible motion. My mind soothed me and told me that nothing would happen to him and that it was as natural for him to be in the water as it was for him to be skating on the ice. I became drugged with the contentment again, and by the time the next thought had entered my mind, he was gone. What is it like to be cold all over? To be wet? What is it like to know that you are going to drown in the next few seconds? These sensations are so remote to me that I could not think of the young man as anything more than the red coat and dark hair and tiny white hands. And he never would return, would he? For minutes I looked out onto the blank scene: just grey ice, grey clouds, and black water. It was so empty without him. Intense loneliness billowed around me and choked me and the emptiness of the scene made me afraid because I knew the young man would never come again.

"The young man is drowning and I will be alone." The room was quiet. I struggled to move, but no movement could be seen. And all the while the black water moved quickly out of sight and the ice was empty and there was no red jacket . . .

Now I am calmer and the red jacket and thin legs seem like a dream that quickly fades. And I lie here, and I cannot move, not even my lips, but sometimes I believe I could if I wanted to and no one comes.

BURTON SCHORR,

# T H E G U N

Jimmy's father was a cop and kept a gun in the bureau drawer. Jimmy played in his father's room when he was a little kid, and on Sunday mornings, when his father cleaned the gun, he'd watch intently.

"Want to grow up and shoot one of these, Jimmy?" his father would say. "Here, see this little gadget? That's what you press when you want to open her up. Like this." And he'd snap out the cylinder, spin it, and snap it back in again, with a flick of his wrist. Jimmy's face would be serious and he'd follow his father's every motion.

"Here, want to try it?" his father would say, and he'd give the heavy .38 to Jimmy. Jimmy would hold it shakily in the air with both hands. He'd stand there, holding it, looking from it to his father and back to it.

"Make believe you're shooting a crook with it, Jimmy. Hold it up and aim it. Go ahead." His father would laugh, but Jimmy would just hold it and look at it, and wouldn't even smile.

"Aw, you're afraid of it. A big kid like you. You won't ever make a cop. You won't ever shoot bad men like I told you about. Like your pop did. Here, give me back the pistol."

Jimmy would start playing with his toys again, but he wasn't really interested in them after seeing the gun. His father knew this, and it pleased him. He had always been nuts about guns, too; ever since he was a little kid; and it had led him to join the police force.

He had come up fast on the force. In a few months now he was going to become a lieutenant. After that show he'd put on getting Sunny Tenetti and Georgie Shaw when they broke from that hotel, he could practically write his own ticket. The Chief had said it was the nicest shooting he'd ever seen. It had been, too. There wasn't another man on the force who would have even tried a shot like the one he got Tenetti with, when Tenetti was running toward the crowds. He figured he'd be put in charge of training rookies when he got his promotion. Jesus, but weren't Jimmy's eyes big and round when he'd heard about that Tenetti scrap! Good little kid, Jimmy. Kind of puny, and awful quiet, but he'd grow out of that. Hell, he was only eight.

When Jimmy was big enough to reach the top drawer in his father's bureau, he went in every day after school and got out the gun. He'd examine it; snap out the cylinder, work the ejector, and try the trigger a few times. He liked the smell of it. It smelled "clean," like the machines in the factory where his grandfather worked. His hand was big enough now so he could hold it pretty well. It felt good in his hand; balanced just right, the trigger giving smoothly when he tightened his finger—it looked so powerful, and there it was, ready to shoot. He just had to make one little motion. He stepped in front of the mirror.

"Okay, Tenetti. You're through, now. Just don't try to make a break for it. Oh, going for your gun, hey! Bang! Bang! Bang!" He pulled the trigger again and again. The hammer made a loud, hard click each time it hit the stop, and the cylinder revolved quickly and precisely. Jimmy felt light and taut; his eyes sparkled and he smiled. He felt as if he could do anything.

On Sunday afternoons he'd go to the pistol range with his father. Most of the time his father would win the matches; he was the best shot on the force. Jimmy was very proud of him. He wore one of his medals to school and the other kids examined it and exclaimed over it. It made Jimmy nervous when they jumped and screeched around him, pulling at the medal—they didn't even really know what it was for. But he liked the attention. Most of the time they didn't pay any attention to him at all. He didn't care, though. They were all so crazy and noisy—his father wasn't like them. His father talked to him as if he were a man, and taught him about the gun and told him stories about the police force. . . .

When he was thirteen his father let him shoot the gun. The first time he was so nervous he didn't even hit the target, but after that he did better. He was still too small to be able to hold the gun steady, but he got so he could hit the target most of the time even with "rapid fire." But his father said he'd have to get bigger and stronger before he'd really be able to shoot.

Shooting was the only sport Jimmy liked. When he got to high school he thought he'd like basketball, but all the other kids were too big for him. They'd choose him last all the time, and he got so he wouldn't do much in the gym but stand around and wait for the period to end.

He didn't like school, anyway. It made him nervous to sit in class and wait for the teacher to call on him. And all the other kids—always running around—talking and yelling. Even the girls, pushing and pulling—he was glad to get out and go home in the afternoon. There he could study the instruction book some more, and maybe surprise his father by offering to clean the gun after the match on Sunday.

"Why don't you go out more, Jimmy?" his father said to him one night that Spring after school closed. "Your mother tells me you just hang around the house all day long. Why don't you go out and get a job for the summer? Or go out and play some baseball or something? I see Bobby McGurk and all the other kids playing every night on Anderson's lot."

"I don't know, Pop, I . . ."

"That McGurk kid can really play. I saw him catch a line drive that I wouldn't have even *tried* for. Why don't you get out there? Don't you like baseball?"

"Yes, Pop, I like baseball all right, but those guys are too . . . they're better than I am, and they got those teams . . ."

"That don't make any difference, Jimmy. There are some little fellows on the force, too, but they wouldn't have got there by just moping around because they were little. You have to be pretty tough to be a cop. If you want to be one, you got to go out and do something. You can't sit around here all day."

"Well, I haven't anything else to do, Pop."

"What do you mean you haven't got anything else to do? You could get a job. What's the matter with getting a job? Christ, you're a big kid now. Going on eighteen. Eighteen! When I was eighteen I had a good job. I was going with your mother, I . . . what's the matter, kid? Are you crying? Jesus Christ. Here, take this handkerchief. Now go to your room. Christ, a kid of mine crying like that . . ."

Jimmy went to his room and threw himself on his bed. He cried for a long time. When he heard his parents go out, he stopped crying and lay still, trembling, and stared at the ceiling. Why couldn't he play baseball or something? Why couldn't he be good at something? He rolled over on the bed and buried his face in the pillow. The tears on his face got it wet, and he tossed convulsively. He could shoot. Last week he had come in third in the junior match. But his father was ashamed of him. His father thought he was a sissy. He wanted him to "go out." He didn't even want him to be around the house. Well, he'd show his father. He'd go out, and when they came back he wouldn't be there; he'd be out walking in the rain.

He got up, put on his rain coat and walked to the front door. He stopped at the door and stood still. His stomach felt tight and burning. "I'll get the gun," he thought. "I'll get the gun and take it with me." Then he turned and walked back to his father's room. He opened the top drawer of the bureau and lifted out the long-barreled pistol. Turning it in his hands, he examined it slowly and carefully. He caught the smell of burned powder and fresh oil. The polished steel glinted sharply in the light from the hall. Reaching back in the drawer he opened a box of shells, picked out six of them, one by one, and slipped them into the chambers. He spun the cylinder once and then snapped it back into the frame.

The street lights and the rain made crosses that continued down the street, smaller and smaller, as far as he could see. It was a cold, blowing rain, and he shivered, and hunched his thin shoulders under the raincoat. He felt his feet getting wet and he remembered he'd forgotten his rubbers. The trembling still came over him at short intervals, but he didn't notice it. He felt good; he didn't mind the cold: the street was deserted, and the gun butt was hard and positive in his hand. He saw how the oily puddles, needled by the rain, made vari-colored metal out of the light from the street lamps, and he heard the precise, measured click of his heels on the gleaming sidewalk.

He had walked a long time when he saw the cop. He might have walked past him without see-



ing him at all. He was standing in a store entrance, out of the rain. Jimmy jumped when he saw him, and quickly covered his face with his hand. He couldn't let anybody on the force see him walking around in the rain like this. And if the cop recognized him he'd have to talk to him, and maybe he'd see the gun. He walked on, a little faster.

He realized it was a mistake to have covered his face when he heard the footsteps. They were faint, but they were steady, following him. The cop was suspicious of him; he was following him. His hands went cold and he felt the hair stand up on the back of his neck, but he didn't turn around.

He walked faster against the blowing rain, and listened. The footsteps were still there. He had to go somewhere, hide somewhere.

All these stores—there was no place to go—he walked faster, until he was almost running. The footsteps increased their tempo. He felt panic coming on—like he used to feel it in school—but it was different, there were all the street lights and the stores—if only the footsteps weren't there. He was running now.

"Hey! You there! Stop! I want to talk to you!"

There it was. There it was. He looked wildly around for an escape, but there was none. He ran on, holding the gun in his pocket hard against his thigh.

"You'll get it that way! Just keep running!"

He took a few more steps and then heard the explosion of a shot. He ducked into a store entrance way. He was panting heavily and his hands felt weak as he fumbled to get the gun out. It caught in the corner of his pocket, but he strained frantically, and ripped it out. He held it in both hands. It shook and waved back and forth as he pointed it at the entrance between the store show cases. He listened for the footsteps.

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# MUSIC



## CLASSICAL MUSIC

Recently, there have been two important developments in classical recordings: the English Decca "Ffr," or Full Frequency Range records, and the Victor "Heritage" series.

The Decca records reproduce almost exactly every sound of each instrument. This is particularly enjoyable in concerto recordings, for the solo instruments stand out with concert hall clarity, and are not, as is so often the case with domestic recording, lost in a muddy welter of sounds. The use of Vinylite, a plastic, besides reducing surface noise, allows greater freedom of handling.

Some of the available recordings of this series are: Strauss' "Don Juan," Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony ("Pathétique"), Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," Franck's "Enchanted Huntsman," Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Suite, and "Three Elizabeths" by Coates. The company's catalogue includes many recordings which have not been available on domestic pressings for many years. The performances are all of a first class nature although the orchestras and artists may not be familiar.

The Victor "Heritage" series are repressings of recordings made as long as thirty five years ago by such outstanding artists in Opera's "Golden Age" as Tetrazini, Ancona, Alda, Journet, and Caruso. They have been made on the new plastic records of which the Victor Company is so justly proud. The vocal performances are beyond reproach and the records make an interesting historical addition to any classical collection.

## RECENT RELEASES:

CM-MM643: Mozart Operatic Arias sung by Ezio Pinza with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra under the direction of Bruno Walter.

An outstanding recording from every aspect. Mr. Pinza's interpretations show why he is considered, in this or any other age, to be the outstanding singer of the leading bass rôles of Mozart. Bruno Walter's sensitive handling of the orchestra demonstrates his true love of Mozart operatic music.

CM-MM612: Celebrated Operatic Arias sung by Bidu Sayao with Fausta Cleva conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra.

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## J A Z Z

### Musicana

Because I have a report from Harrisburg to pass on to you, I am devoting the greater part of this column to Jazz Concerts and recordings thereof. When I was there several weeks ago, waiting in line at a drugstore for a quick lunch, who did I find standing next to me but an old acquaintance, "Feets" Constant, a musician of no mean talent. "Feets" (he wears size 14 shoes) is a drummer and would-be-leader who finds it necessary to talk in musical jargon and wear single button roll suits.

"Dig this!" said he, clutching my topcoat, "I just caught the jazz bash at the Forum! You should have been there—Eldridge, Hawkins, Buddy Rich—a fine session!" "Go on," I said. "A real socko opening," said he. "Flip Phillips hit C above C, Buddy broke both sticks." "Slow down," I told him, "and tell me about the quality of this music, not the names." "Okay," he replied, "confidentially, not so good. Plenty of noise but not much solid stuff. In fact I think you might be better off if you bought some of those Disc recordings of jazz concerts. They are really Vout!" And with this he faded into the crowd, padded shoulders swaying.

I digested all this with my egg salad on white and came to the conclusion that this is just about the situation where jazz concerts are concerned. If you have seen a jazz concert you know to what I refer; they have become pretty well stereotyped and not worth the high admission price. Recordings of the better concerts are definitely the thing to add to your record collection. Be selective, however, for the market is flooded with concerts on wax and many of them are not worth your consideration.

You may as well know it now, I do not like dixieland as it has been offered of late. I have in mind a musician who holds forth his particular brand of music nightly in the Village; namely, Eddie Condon. A few months ago Decca saw fit to record one of Mr. Condon's little sessions and presented same to the public under the title of (logically enough), "Jazz Concert At Eddie Condon's." This opus is corn from the opening blast of Teagarden's trombone to Pee Wee Russel's final belch on clarinet. The better of the four 10" re-

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Profile . . . .

# ROGERS REVISITED

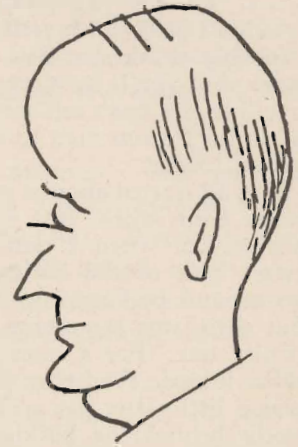
After they made Old South, the builders still had much leftover material which couldn't have been moved away from the campus at low cost; so the supervisor of construction, the president of Lafayette College, and a delegation of Presbyterians, decided to combine wood, bricks and plaster into West College. The small, gray building, with its jacket of thick, green ivy, wedged in by the Rogers' home, the Theta Delt house, and several stout old cedars has long been identified with rambling lectures on psychology, spattered with politics and frequent verbal revolts against Convention, The Herd, and The Band-Wagon. The Department of Education quietly holds classes upstairs in West, but few students know much about the Department of Education; on campus, West College usually stands for Doc Rogers and Psychology.

The building's splintery chairs creak and groan; dead generations of once-greedy termites now fill up their own holes in the wooden frame; the radiators forever clank out a barrage of metallic belches; the lab. equipment is old, much of it (the cracked, worn statistical charts and the faded, broken color-experiment discs), obsolete or inadequate. After every lab last year the students left West with flakey bits of plaster down their backs; that came from larger chunks from the ceiling that broke away to clack and crumple below against tables, chairs, and heads.

Despite its material faults, or perhaps you could say as a result of them, West is a friendly, informal building. You can lean back in the seats of West; they aren't nailed to the floor the way they are in Pardee or some parts of South. You can lean back and stick your feet up on the tables and smoke. The Psych. classes, too, are informal, and all the Doctor asks is that a student start him off on any subject so that he can carry it through til the end of the hour.

Black-banded gray hat perched smack-straight on his protruding, bony forehead; smiling wrinkles framing a Dick Tracy nose; usually set off by a you-can't-kid-me smirk; you've seen "Doc" around, judging track and swim meets (he was the 220-yd. New York interscholastic swimming champion in 1908-10), or officiating at the college bridge tourneys.

Maybe you have him for class. That cumbersome Elementary Psych. lecture in Kirby doesn't really show him in true focus. Try some of his advanced courses. You'll find a refreshing release from the inhibitions and prejudices so nettling in many classes. Walk in late, and his eyes follow you across a silent, frozen room full of heads till you reach your seat. Then begins his aged warming-up ritual, pompous and slow: "Mis-ter Fielder; I am shocked. Did you enjoy your breakfast?



We are pleased to find you so graciously attending our little gathering this morning." Later on, as the humdrum lecture turns into a verbal brawl with one or two eager students: "We endeavor always to approach the subject objectively, in the true scientific spirit. Let us not degenerate into the mysteries of black magic." Or, if the argument is getting out of hand: "Please, Mr. Recker, let us show that deference due to the instructor. I know that's the definition. Go upstairs and get the dictionary."

Once a freshman who had heard "Doc" speak in chapel thought he was awfully boring; the freshman complained that just as he started to fall asleep, Doc woke him up with a couple of very loud words and then slipped back into the original monotone. "Doc" uses another trick, too. If, as he is lecturing, he sees that you are gazing out the window, he will wait a few seconds until he has finished a quite obviously correct statement; then, quickly glancing up and fixing one glittering, searching eye on yours: "Is that right, Mr. Decker? Hunnh? You don't know? What the hell, Brothuh! We are sorry if we bore you."

He packs his course to fill up the entire class hour, even to the last minute, with baseball talk *P.M.* news, the "latest unusual bridge hands" (he thinks Culbertson's all wet), and labor unionology. His pet topics are politics and teachers' salaries; he likes Wallace, the New Deal and the Socialists; he apparently dislikes Truman, the Republican Party, and the "conservatives." He hates political corruption and can talk for minutes and minutes about it. He's disgusted with the "rah-rah" boys and a follow-the-crowd type of thinking; he's a great rationalizer and can discuss with a straight face tongue-in-cheek practically anything; but he won't commit himself unless he knows what he's talking about . . . as he usually does.

ERIC G. LASSEN

# All the World's a Stage

Maybe I'm making a mistake in telling you this story. I know you aren't going to believe me. I wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't seen it. You'll probably think that I'm crazy after you hear my story, but you'll be wrong. I'm not crazy yet, but I will be if I don't tell someone soon. It's too great a burden for one man to carry alone and I can't do it any longer.

It all started about a month ago. I was coming home from work, just strolling along, the way I always do, when I noticed a little alleyway between two of the buildings. Ordinarily I don't go around peeking into every strange alley I see, but there was something peculiar about this particular one. For a moment I couldn't figure out what it was. And then it struck me. Although it was a little after five o'clock and the sun was directly behind the building, the alleyway, which should have been filled with light, was nearly dark.

I took three or four steps into the alley and stopped. The darkness was complete except for a gleam of light some distance in front of me. I looked up, but as I expected, I couldn't see the sky. "Probably the two roofs are connected," I thought, and, satisfied with this explanation, I turned to go back to the street. I had taken a step or two before I realized that there was no street—or at least there was none visible.

But that was ridiculous. I couldn't have gone more than ten feet into the alley. I reached out with my right hand, trying to touch the wall. I extended my arm to full length and took several steps to the right, but the result was the same. The wall had apparently melted away. Suddenly the darkness seemed overpowering and frightening. I started to move around more and more quickly, searching for the wall or the entrance or anything solid and substantial, until I was almost running. I shouted for help but there was no reply, alone in the middle of a bare, deserted plain.

I stopped, breathing heavily, and tried to think. This had all the aspects of a nightmare. Perhaps that's what it was. In any case, nothing could be gained, even in a dream, by becoming hysterical. I looked around again. There, directly in front of me, was the faint light I had noticed when I first entered the alley. No other signs of life were visible, so I moved toward it.

I came out on the street. It was as simple as that. I thought to myself, "I must have lost my sense of direction during all that silly running around and now I'm right back where I started from." Yet it was strange that there were no people around except for some men working on the street. Some of them were running odd machines over the sidewalk and sides of the buildings, while others were spraying dust and dirt over everything. I watched this senseless activity for a while and was about to question one of the men when I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"What are you doing here?"

I turned and saw a man dressed in a long white robe standing beside me. This garment, together with a completely bald head and a pince-nez, gave him a superior, regal appearance, but the effect was dissipated when you looked into his eyes. They were old and worried and gave you the impression of a man who has been living under a constant strain.

"Well, why don't you answer me? I have enough trouble without having to bandy words with an extra who doesn't even know enough to stay on stage."

On stage? What was he talking about? He must have seen my amazement, for he changed his tone abruptly from annoyance to one of wheedling condolence.

"Yes, I know. You probably have a complaint to make. You want more money or a more important part. The Big Boss can't see you right now, but leave your name and address and I'll see what I can do for you. Now get back on stage before you mess up the whole production."

By this time I was convinced he was a madman who had somehow escaped from Bellevue and was wandering around the streets. That explained his costume too; it was a hospital gown. I looked down the street for a policeman, but the strange emptiness of the street still continued. Only the sound of the workmens' hammering and the machines whirring cut the silence. He apparently thought I was an actor, so I decided to humor him.

"Are you the producer of this show?"

"Yes, yes. Now go back on stage. Please."

"Well but I . . . I haven't got my script."

"Oh, by Zeus. Don't tell me you haven't even learned your part yet. It's certainly simple enough."

"I couldn't I never received any script."

"What! How long have you been in this play?"

"Why . . . I'm not sure. When did it start?"

"Ooh, no. And this is the material I'm supposed to work with. They don't even know when the play started. All right, I'll ask you in a simpler way. When were you born?"

"In 1908. Thirty-eight years ago."

"Thirty-eight years! And you haven't had a script in all that time? Yet I'm held responsible for this whole play. No wonder things haven't been going right. Wait till I get hold of that stage manager. Zeus only knows how many of the other actors haven't got scripts. The inefficiency there is around here! It wasn't that way in the old days, when I had complete charge of everything. But Bacchus and that crowd would interfere and start picking their own men. Now nobody knows who is responsible for anything."

All during this tirade I had been looking at the roll of papers, something like a manuscript, which the madman was holding in his hand. Finally my curiosity overcame me and I interrupted

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## COOK'S TOUR

Old Pardee!  
Who designed thee:  
Thou monstrosity  
Of human animosity,  
Crumbling monument  
To emolument.

Jenks.  
Formaldehyde and insecticide.  
Oldish, mouldish  
Always  
Stenks!

Van Wickle!  
Very necessary  
For research,  
Also relaxation  
Afternoon naps  
And recreation!

Kirby Hall!  
Freedom for all!  
By mottoes surrounded  
The law is expounded  
By use of fortunes  
Others have founded.

CWB

Vignette . . .

## BLACKBALL

"Here comes that guy Tom blackballed," Leo said, nudging his companion. And when they had passed him: "Poor guy didn't have a pledge pin on—all the other houses must have figured he was pretty wet, too."

"Yeah," said his companion, "they got the word fast. That guy's a knuckle-head if I ever saw one. Geez, the way he talks. Were you there when he was talking about the atomic bomb? All we hear all day and all night is the "atomic bomb," and that jerk brings it up on a rushing date."

"Well, the kid is pretty young," Leo said. "He doesn't know what's going on. But I'll bet I wasn't that dumb at his age. Hell, I at least knew what fraternity rushing was for."

"Yeah, wouldn't you think any moron would realize that? We got one lousy week to get to know these guys—they were told that—and they pull that kind of stuff. Geez." Leo's companion shook his head and kicked at a pebble on the sidewalk. They walked on. Leo's companion half-skipped to get in step, and said:

"Hey, Leo. What do you think the story'll be on the Bucknell game?"



"But I'm a Phi Beta . . ."



# BOOKS . . .

## PAVILION OF WOMEN

by PEARL S. BUCK

Miss Buck is a veteran author, writing from years of experience with many kinds of people. She knows China and its people, who, looking back for the wisdom of the ancient scholars of their land, also exist for the future through their children. Miss Buck does not expound moral theories. Instead, through the medium of a slowly meandering, closely knit pattern of human events, a life-stream filled with ripples of gaiety, eddies of frustration, and cross-currents of conflict, she guides us to its source, from which we may drink, or not, as we please. She takes us back to the earth and to nature's primary laws of preservation and propagation, which the Chinese consider the essential reasons for life. Not alone in *The Good Earth*, *Dragon Seed*, and her other novels has Miss Buck carefully painted for us her mural of Chinese existence, but also in many short stories does she excellently portray these Eastern people about whom we understand so little.

*Pavilion of Women* shows in detail the life of a rich and powerful provincial family of Chinese. Mr. and Mrs. Wu have successfully fulfilled their expected duty: conceiving and raising sons. Mrs. Wu has great intelligence, is feared and respected, loved by those who know her. But she wants to



"It's our world now, Jim. Ours."



be free, and persuades her husband to take a suitable concubine so that she can devote the rest of her life to cultivating her mind. The novel is based on this commonly accepted, friendly separation, and the resulting effect on the Wu household. Wrapped in her thoughts, trusting in her just goodness, Mrs. Wu is introduced to an entirely new concept of living by André, a heretic who has left his Catholic home in Italy to live among the people of China, devoting himself to the good of others. After Father André's violent death, Mrs. Wu, through her intellectual love for André, believes that they both are immortal.

Miss Buck's description is not merely accurate; it demonstrates her ability to capture and record truly indicative incidents. A little first-born child, greedily suckling milk from its wet-nurse, screaming loudly when she leaves him for a day to see her own little, yellow, sickly boy who is weaned on a mixture of rice and water and has no taste for his mother's milk; Mr. Kang's first meeting with the hard callous of nature's brutality when he holds his forty-year-old wife, as Mrs. Wu's skillful hand extract a ripped, still-born baby son from her womb to save her life; such events have great significance among a people obsessed with family con-

(continued on page 31.)



## *Problem with a Liquid Solution . . .*

The dean of Izzit College  
 Sat talking with his wife  
 On sundry campus happenings  
 In Izzit College life.  
 His learned brow was furrowed,  
 With care his face was lined.  
 His wife knew all the signals.  
 He'd a problem on his mind.

So she was sympathetic,  
 She'd seen this mood before,  
 And sat there while the learned man  
 Paced up and down the floor.  
 She waited while he muttered  
 Some "Latin" words he knew  
 And asked him quietly if there  
 Was something she could do.

"Just what is wrong?" she asked him,  
 "I haven't seen you thus  
 Since students bombed the physics lab  
 And caused that nasty fuss.  
 Whenever you're in trouble  
 I always lend an ear."  
 He scratched his head and said to her,  
 "It's somewhat grave, my dear.

We need a new professor  
 For history next fall,  
 And I am forced to make a choice,  
 My back is to the wall.  
 We've funds to pay just one man,  
 I don't know what to do.  
 I saw the coach this morning  
 And we need a halfback too."

And then the dean fell silent.  
 What more was there to say?  
 From many such emergencies  
 His hair had turned quite gray.  
 He pondered on the problem  
 That he'd be forced to crack.  
 —The halfback or professor?  
 —Professor or the back?

His wife, with understanding,  
 Looked sad and shook her head.  
 Then suddenly she smiled at him  
 And this is what she said,  
 "One thing must be remembered,  
 Our low financial store,  
 So get the new professor, dear,  
 For halfbacks cost much more."

SID FRANK



# SPORTS

## Players of the World, Unite!



The vicious exploitation of the underprivileged athlete by that capitalistic enterprise, the American college, has only recently come to my attention. The athlete is, after all, the rock upon which the financial structure of our modern university is founded and without him it would be impossible for the school administration and faculty to draw their outrageously high salaries. He, however, is expected to be satisfied with a mere pittance. This, obviously, is exploitation in its most virulent form and I intend here to suggest a remedy.

Perhaps the fault for this deplorable situation rests principally in our distorted sense of values. There is still a strong element among us which would have us believe that it is the instructor and not the athlete who is the prime factor in college life. A word should suffice to spike this typically bourgeois propaganda. Consider the professor, stodgy old academician that he is, smugly usurping the precious time of youth with dust-dry writ and formula while the athlete teaches us in one Saturday afternoon all we need know to prepare ourselves for Life. "Carry the ball"; "Do or die;" "Never bring up a lady's name in the Mess"—these are the essentials. I may be confusing the last with something else but no matter; the intelligent reader will readily agree that I have completely carried my point. Should the reader, because of some ill-founded personal prejudice, still disagree I have only to refer him to the weekly Chapel where even the most recalcitrant will learn by football analogies that first and foremost one must learn to play the Game.

I therefore suggest the immediate formation of a Committee for Athletic Organization which will be dedicated to achieving a more equitable rate of pay and better playing conditions for the college athlete, the forgotten man of education. As a preliminary step, of course, all teams throughout the country must be organized and a completely closed shop must prevail. This can be achieved with a minimum of difficulty by burning down the fraternity houses of scab colleges thus bringing pressure on the most influential group of the student body.

With total organization complete, we can turn our attention to gaining adequate compensation for the players. First, regional boards will have to be established to job-rate the various positions and set

wage scales in accordance with the cost-of-living index prevailing in each particular part of the country. A superficial survey would seem to indicate that the center, who apparently does nothing but lie down in the middle of the line, would be the lowest paid, while the half-back, who at the beginning of each offensive play runs toward the sideline as a decoy, would be the highest. Not only does this man work harder than anyone else but since no one seems to pay any attention to him he must find his job most discouraging. This board will also establish rules concerning maximum and minimum playing time as well as overtime which would, of course, include all night games.

Other unbiased boards, selected by the Committee, would have to be formed to mediate player-management disputes which may arise. Such issues as portal-to-portal pay, depending upon the size of the stadium, and renegotiation of contracts would come within the province of the boards. I would suggest that the cost of maintaining these boards be born proportionally; approximately fifteen per cent by the Committee and the balance by the colleges.

Furthermore, the colleges would be required to establish funds for the payment of sickness and injury benefits. At the present time there is, I believe, an unwritten agreement that the schools will supply medical care to a person injured while playing. It scarcely need be said that this is woefully inadequate and must be enlarged to cover not only the individual but also his family. Only in this way can his mind be left completely free to concentrate on the intricacies of the double reverse.

The suggestions offered here are, of course, subject to minor revisions, but I earnestly feel that only by their adoption can we eliminate one of the gravest threats to our national intellectual life. I realize that this will bring a wave of protest from such reactionary educators as the President of the University of Chicago but to such as he I can only say that the college which can not adequately support a first-rate athletic program can scarcely consider itself an educational institution. It will be left to public opinion to see that such an institution does not long remain in the national scene.

# THE COLD, CRUEL WORLD OF MOTION PICTURES

Scene I (1910) A shabby, cold water flat, three flights up, its flowered wallpaper covered with mildew. One small window looks out on an airshaft. A heavy old dresser, complete with pitcher and bowl, a chintz-covered rocker, and a narrow, tarnished brass bed are the only furnishings. But poor Ophelia will never suffer another lonely day here, for now she lies face-down across the bed, very still, with a greenish froth on her lips. She has ended it all.

A carriage stamps to a halt in front of the building and footsteps pound up the stairs. This tall, dashing fellow with the elegant moustache must be her old lover, Rudolph. He swaggers in, to freeze in horror at the sight of the once fair Ophelia stretched on the bed. Respectfully, he doffs his hat and pulls Ophelia's tattered skirt down over her exposed knee. Then he notices a letter pinned to her pillow, and, gathering strength, reads it: "My dearest Rudolph; I can no longer endure the agony of our separation. I have lived only in the hope that one day I might become your bride, but now that you have met Theodora, I know that I shall never again be first in your affections. It is better that I should take my own life than envy your happiness. Farewell."

Rudolph sinks to his knees beside her bed and sobs bitterly. Suddenly the door opens and he whirls, stuffing the note into his pocket. A slim, dark-haired girl in a flowing black gown swirls in. Seeing the body, she screams and immediately faints. Rudolph uncorks his flask and waves it under her nose. She shudders and shrinks from him, her eyes glistening with fear.

"You cad, Rudolph! So this is the girl you have dishonored! Oh horrible, horrible! The shame of it all, to be engaged to such a man!" She whips out a tiny silk handkerchief and sniffs into it.

"My darling, I swear to you I know nothing of this. The relationship between Ophelia and me was of the purest."

"But why was she seen entering your apartment?"

"I was giving her piano lessons, Theodora. But only in the daytime, mind you. Would you believe those vicious gossips rather than my avowed word?"

"Of course not, Rudolph. How wrong I was about you. Now take me away from this poor wretch ere I faint again."

## CURTAIN

Scene II (1947) A modest, working girl's apartment of five or six rooms, heavily carpeted and scented. Two love seats flank the fireplace in the living room, and between them is a half-empty



"I saw your advertisement for a baby sitter . . ."

bottle of scotch on a coffee table. In the bedroom is a huge, satin-upholstered bed, white fur rugs, and pink mirrors on pink walls. The body of Jeannie is draped gracefully across the bed, her negligee falling loose around her. There is a hole in the center of her forehead, freezing a slight smile on her face. She is also dead.

A key turns in the lock and Sam walks in. Sam is big and broad-shouldered with wavy hair and muscles that ripple under his dark blue suit as he strides silently across the carpet. He stops, seeing the half-empty bottle in front of the fireplace. He seizes the bottle and drains it in one draught, exhaling violently. He carefully wipes his fingerprints off the bottle and begins searching through a little desk in the corner. Suddenly another key turns in the lock and a baby-faced girl with eyes of steel and a coat of scales bounces in.

(continued on page 25)

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# The Cocktail Hour

At quarter past five the Algonquin bar began to wake up from a dull matinee afternoon. Everything increased its tempo now and one could hear a mélange of whispered words, low laughter and chronic coughs. Ermine touched mink and tweed brushed against gabardine. Delicately manicured hands held gold Dunhill lighters which lighted cigarettes from Georg Jensen cases. Diamonds sparkled here and there like so many stars twinkling through a cloudy sky. Mouths moved with the rapidity of a machine in high gear turning out links of conversation. Adjectives outnumbered nouns and all verbs took objects. Occasionally these human speech machines would halt; refuel with a cheese cracker and lubricate themselves with cocktails sipped from dainty glasses.

An anemic and thin young man with large, soulful eyes and carefully combed blond hair seated himself at the piano and began to play mood music that produced a sort of nostalgic atmosphere and would eventually lull the patrons into an extra cocktail. He blended the best of Cole Porter with Rodgers and Hart, Debussy with Chopin and Gershwin with Stephen Foster. Someone bought him a drink which he acknowledged with a Rachmaninoff prelude.

A young, lusty-looking brunette glanced languishingly at her obese, middle-aged companion.

"George, darling, please ask him to play the score from *Finian's Rainbow*. I'm simply mad about those tunes."

George put down his double scotch and water, gave his protégée a helplessly weak smile and lumbered towards the pianist. Rachmaninoff made a quick exit and by the time George got back to his table the pianist had reached the chorus of "How Are Things In Glocca Morra?"

An effeminate young man from the cast of *Lady Windermere's Fan* swished into the bar and, after glancing about the room for several moments, he spotted a friend sitting alone at a corner table. He made a sweeping gesture with his right hand, screamed a rather piercing hello and flew to his friend's table and sat down.

"Oh, these damned matinees simply ruin me. I just can't put anything into the evening performance after a matinee. Really, you know, you get a miserable class of peasants the minute prices go down a cent. My God! those chattering Westchester bitches in the fifth row this afternoon. Everytime Cornelia appeared with a new gown they simply buzzed like a chorus of magpies. Well, my God! they missed every one of Wilde's cleverest lines and then they simply belloved with laughter at the obvious remarks. My God! where is that waiter? I simply must have a stinger. My poor throat is parched."

The pianist finished playing the last of the songs from *Finian's Rainbow* and left his piano to join a table where two cigar-smoking producers sat. At that moment, the genial Boniface of the hotel picked up his cue and began to walk through



the crowded cocktail lounge, touching a shoulder, shaking a hand and exchanging a word or two of stereotyped conversation with the more familiar patrons. His face was pale and heavily camouflaged with after-shave powder. His small, gray moustache partially disguised his weak upper-lip. Finally, he sat down at one of the center tables occupied by two ancient ladies, resplendent with jewelry and ghastly with make-up. They were sipping dry martinis.

"My dears, Bankhead was simply magnificent. She hasn't been as tremendous since *The Little Foxes*. Of course, she's beginning to show her age but she's still terribly vigorous in the love scenes. Oh, the play itself is a miserable bore, absolutely the weakest plot I've seen this season. I can't understand what Tallulah saw in the play to begin with. The decor is gorgeous and you know the famous Bankhead wardrobe—simply incomparable."

A young army lieutenant got out of the elevator and walked with measured and uncertain steps towards the bar. His eyes were swollen and he was badly in need of a shave. He sat at an empty stool at the very end of the bar. He lighted a cigarette and inhaled half a dozen nervous puffs in rapid succession. He cleared his throat and spoke to the bartender.

"Well, Carl, they've canceled my orders. I go to Germany in lieu of San Francisco. That's the lousy, rotten, goddamned army for you. They can take every one of those brass hats and shove 'em . . . Better give me some breakfast, Carl, and a double bourbon for later."

The bartender poured heavy cream, the white of an egg, some sugar and brandy in a large glass. On top of this mixture he put some cracked ice, sealed it and shook it violently for several minutes. Breakfast was ready.

The pianist returned and began playing a spirited arrangement of "Malaguena." Many of the tables were empty now and at other tables women were giving their faces a final protective coating of powder and rouge while their escorts paid the checks with crisp new bills removed casually from initial-ed money clips. In the dining room, people were ordering another round of cocktails and glancing unconcernedly at the menu. The effeminate young man left his friend at the corner table and took a stool next to the lieutenant. It was quarter to seven and outside the neon light that advertised the cocktail lounge broke the darkness with its dull blue glow.

JAY PURSEL

## THE GUN

(continued from page 13)

They were slow now, and confident.

"Okay, kid. Come out of there." The footsteps were close, now.

The cop couldn't see him in there. He could see the cop, but the cop couldn't see him. The light was outside. The gun was steadier now, and he was calmer. The gun felt good in his hand, balanced and powerful. He raised it to his eye level. He felt light and taut. There was the black slicker. Just two more steps.

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## CLASSICAL MUSIC

*(continued from page 14)*

Bidu Sayao adds another star to her already impressive crown. The authoritative treatment of "Non so piu" and "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and the truly touching performance of "Mimi's Farewell" from "La Boheme" show Miss Sayao at the peak of her artistic achievement. One of the best records she has ever made.

V-11-9387: "I Pagliacci"—Vesti la giubba  
"Cavalleria Rusticana"—Addio alla madre  
Sung by Jussi Bjoerling

Worthy of special mention because of Mr. Bjoerling's great power and purity of tone, minus the blubbery tears which so often marr performances of these two great tenor arias.

CM-MM666: Handel—"The Messiah"  
Isobel Baillie—soprano, Gladys Ripley—contralto, James Johnston—tenor, Norman Walker—basso. The Huddersfield Choral Society and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Malcolm Sargent.

A well rounded performance which includes some of the most thrilling choral work I have ever heard on records. Under the excellent coordination of Dr. Sargent, the soloists, chorus, and orchestra combine to make a recording which will long be a mark of perfection of its type. Despite a few wobbles and slips by the tenor and soprano, the work as a whole is inspiring.

V-11-9385: Wagner—Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"  
Played by the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Arturo Toscanini.

Toscanini's fire and drive contribute much to make this an outstanding record.

C-12437: Liszt—"Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2"  
Played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy.

An excellent transcription and a wonderful performance which gives a sparkle of new life to this tired old war horse.

V-11-9388: Tchaikovsky—"Marche Slave"  
The Hollywood Bowl Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski.

Pretty fair in the loud parts; a tendency toward mushiness in the lower quieter portions. Typical Stokowski.

VDM-1080: Mozart—Symphony No. 41 in C ("Jupiter")  
Played by the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Arturo Toscanini.

Here is a sad case of Maestro Toscanini's fire and drive going just a bit too far. The tempo throughout is laid on too heavily and lacks the free-flowing quality that one expects in Mozart. The last movement is a little better however and the listener may discern, perhaps with a little difficulty, what a tremendous work this really is.

CM-MM613: Richard Strauss—"Tod und Verklärung"

Played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy.

The resounding echoes of this magnificent tone poem are faithfully reproduced on this excellent recording. There is drive when drive is needed and the opening measures are not too sentimental. Mr. Ormandy's interpretation, together with a superb performance by the orchestra, make this long awaited recording praiseworthy.

CM-MM652: Brahms—Piano Concerto No. 1 in D minor

Played by Rudolf Serkin with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Fritz Reiner.

This romantic work is handled with dispatch. Mr. Serkin's artistry is as apparent on the recording as it is in any of his concerts. Personally, I like Brahms a little more sentimental than the treatment afforded it by Mr. Reiner.

JOHN P. EATON

### THE COLD, CRUEL WORLD OF MOTION PICTURES

(continued from page 21)

"Julie, what are you doing here?"

"Don't give me that, pretty boy. What are you doing here?"

"Selling apples."

"How's business?"

"Lousy."

"You might have saved me a drink."

"Didn't know you were coming."

Taking her eyes off Sam for a minute, Julie walks into the bedroom and finds Jeannie with a hole in her forehead.

"Sam."

"Yeah."

"This some of your work?"

"Yeah. She wanted to get married."

"Oh. She's pretty, Sam."

"Mm. By the way, what're you doing chasing me around anyhow?"

"What do you think?"

"Want to get what she got?"

"I'll take my chances."

For a pregnant moment, they stand there, trying to look through each other. Suddenly, Sam grabs her and crushes her to him. She pants in his ear, "You're my kind of man, Sam!"

Sam throws her to the floor. "Get out o' here!" He turns and walks toward the desk. Julie extracts a revolver from her purse and shoots him squarely between the shoulder blades. He grunts and falls. She walks over to the coffee table, picks up the empty bottle, and smashes it in the fireplace.

"Wouldn't even save me a drink."

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## JAZZ

*(continued from page 14)*

cordings, "Stars Fell On Alabama," is notable for Joe Bushkin's tasteful piano work. Should you be an avid admirer of dixieland you might possibly derive some pleasure from the other sides; otherwise I can hardly recommend this album to you.

*Disc*, a small but enterprising company, has far outstripped all others in release of really exciting modern jazz. I should like to suggest your purchase of the "Jazz At The Philharmonic" series. Unrehearsed, nervous, spontaneous, these sessions were recorded on the west coast by Norman Granz and represent the most sincere attempt to date to bring jazz to your phonograph. Specifically, I recommend Volumes 1 and 4. The former showcases Illinois Jacquet, Willie Smith, Gene Krupa, and others in a series of solos both smooth and frantic. "How High The Moon" is noteworthy for the excellent background work throughout. With these recordings you hear the audience reaction and applause as well as the comments of the musicians, for they were made without the knowledge of audience or musicians. In consequence there is none of the stiffness or feeling of time limit which characterize routine recording dates. Volume four is, perhaps, the best of the series. Here is modern jazz at its best, fast, loud and alive. I cannot recommend it too highly.

## MUSIC GONE MAD

Disc and Norman Granz have invaded yet another field by recording for posterity the musantics of Slam Gaillard, he of "Cement Mixer" fame, who has been called the Gertrude Stein of music. ("A riff is a riff is a riff," as it were) "Opera In Vout" is the title of the album, and it contains two 10" records, each with an introduction by Slim that is explanatory of the madness that is to follow. Although you may not be aware of it immediately, Slim satirizes, none too gently, most of the big names in the music world. Slim is aided by Tiny Brown, a bassist of considerable ability. In spite of the comedy, the beat and sense of jazz is never lost. This mayhem is a must for your collection.

## NOTED AND APPROVED

"Innovations"—Boyd Raeburn and his orchestra. Jewel Recordings Gold Note Series. . . . This is the first group of releases by one of the better bands. I suggest that you follow this man Raeburn. He is definitely on the ascent.

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## EXCHANGE

*(continued from page 3)*

a story about two of its readers who were caught in New York one weekend with little to do and less with which to do it.

The two gentlemen in question were quite ingenious, however, and before much time had gone by they were in the Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza, posing as members of the secretariat of a U. N. delegation. They were given a ring-side table, feted with bouquets, sung to by svelte Hildegard, and lavished all imaginable courtesies. The *Daily News* took, "but didn't print" photographs, and the management, at the end of the evening, picked up the check. The whole evening cost the Dartmouth boys nothing but a few laughs at the expense of the Plaza, which, if the difficulty in getting a reservation in the Persian Room is any indication, can well afford them.

At Dartmouth, the end of February is a pretty sluggish time of the year. Skiing is over—the Carnival is come and gone—and everybody seems to enter into a spring thaw stage.

This year, the staff of the Dartmouth *Jack O Lantern*, decided that it was up to "the nation's funniest collegiate magazine" to bring Dartmouth out of its seasonal lethargy. Mustering up all the ingenuity at its command, the *Jack O* set out to publish an issue of *Pravda* for American consumption.

Published on pink paper, *Pravda* contained such provocative headlines as, "STALIN PURGES SELF; U.S. WELCHES ON WAR DEBT, UNPAID-FOR VODKA PERILS WORLD RELATIONS; CAPITALIST DICTATOR FROM HABERDASHERY TO WHITE HOUSE."

Featured articles included, "I CHOSE SECURITY, by Vladimir Jones, . . . a best selling expose of life under the capitalist dictatorship." And in "AROUND THE SQUARE WITH WALTER TOVARICH" we read the following item ". . . NOTE—Watch this month's edish of WOMAN'S HOME COMRADE for factbristling piece exposing Demies who sabotaged all three of the first five year plans . . ."

The editorial was headed, "THE TRUTH ABOUT WORLD HABERDASHERY" and the advertisements included, "100% Irish Lenin Sheets; Kremlin Hair Tonic; Engle Toothbrush, leaves no marx;" and "Join the Army, Uncle Joe Needs You. Hot meals—cold borsht, shaving not compulsory."

A friend tells us that the *Jack O* staff, after reading their creation, went out enmass and joined the N.A.M.

TED KLING

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ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

(continued from page 16)

him to say, "Pardon me, but would you mind telling me what you have in your hand?"

"That's the script you didn't get."

"For your play, you mean? Which theater is it being produced at?"

"Theater? Come now, you know very well that the world is my theater."

"What!"

A look of disbelief crept over his face. He looked at me intently and, apparently satisfied with what he saw, he sat down heavily on a stoop which two of the workmen were busily engaged in chipping. When they saw him sit down they hastily retired and started on a nearby wall. After a few moments of silence he looked up at me and sighed.

"I've suspected this for some time but I never could bring myself to believe it. I knew the organization had broken down but I didn't think it was this bad. You actually don't know what this is all about, do you?"

There wasn't much to do except agree, so I nodded.

"I guess I'd better start from the beginning. Apparently you weren't given the orientation program that all our new actors are supposed to get before, as you put it, being born. Zeus only knows how many more like you there are in the world. Oh, my poor play. How can they expect me to put on a good show with inefficiency like that. How can . . . Oh well. Here's the story. I'm producing a play for the entertainment of the gods. The way . . ."

I must have looked puzzled, for he stopped and looked at me sharply. "You know, Zeus, Hera, Athena, Apollo . . . the gods."

"You mean the Greek gods," I said. At least the madman seemed to be educated.

"Greek gods? Well, the Greeks did write about them a lot. Those were the good old days. That was when I could really put on a show. The old Greeks were great actors. They were so good that the gods went right down among them and took part in the play. I had no interference either. Everyone was satisfied. Now the actors don't even know there's a play going on. Anyway, I'm still putting on that same play and you're one of the actors in it. Apparently you haven't received a script but it really doesn't matter any more. If someone had told me about this mix-up earlier I might have been able to do something, but it's too late now. With you actors running wild, ad-libbing all over the place, the gods have completely lost interest. They say that the play is too unreal, too fantastic, too far removed from probability. They tell me that rational human beings just wouldn't act that way, cheating and killing each other. No, things have gotten completely out of hand. Zeus hasn't been at a performance in years and the other gods are following his example. At least I can be thankful that it will all be over soon."

Of course I knew that the man was crazy, yet while he was talking I felt increasingly un-

comfortable. He had such a calm, plausible manner that it almost seemed as if he were speaking the truth. I realized how ridiculous it was, yet his last words were somehow terrifying and I wanted to keep him from going on. I interrupted hurriedly:

"What are those men doing with those machines? They seem to be destroying the sidewalk, not repairing it."

"Of course they're destroying. This is the set for Saturday. It can't look the same as Friday's, since another day has passed. They are just wearing it down and making it a little dirtier."

Each of his words pounded at me like a hammer. It was so logical. Everything fitted. The man, the workmen, the street, my entrance into this place. I didn't want to believe it and yet I had to. My brain was whirling with the implications of all I'd heard. Through a sort of fog I heard the man go on talking.

"Yes, I'm glad it's almost over. Writing that atomic bomb into the script was a pretty artificial thing to do but I had to end the thing tomorrow. It doesn't matter anymore anyhow. Everything is a mess already."

Despite my confusion I could still smile at that. I had heard it so many times before. It was an oddly prosaic speech to come from a man who was otherwise so completely fantastic. In fact, it was such a commonplace statement that I no longer doubted the truthfulness or sanity of the man. As I reached this conclusion he snapped out of his reverie and addressed me again, becoming once more the harassed producer.

"You can't stay here. It is against the rules."

He took me by the arm and led me back to the dark archway from which I had come. "Just keep walking straight ahead and you'll be back in Friday again. Incidentally, I don't think you should tell anyone about what has happened. They will only think that you're crazy. And don't worry about your part. Just do and say anything you like. You won't have to do it for long."

He pushed me into the blackness and I went ahead mechanically, my brain busy with what I had seen. In what seemed like a few seconds I saw light ahead and in a few more seconds I was out into the street again. People were hurrying home to dinner, children were shouting and playing and the sun was shining brightly.

I walked through the streets to my apartment, went upstairs and sat down. I don't know why I believed what I had seen; if someone had told me the story I would have laughed at him. Perhaps that was the difference: I hadn't heard it; I had seen it. In any case, I believed it, but at the same time I realized that the man was right. No one else would believe me. I decided to keep quiet.

For almost four weeks I've done so, but I can't keep up the pretense any longer. The strain is too great. I'm jumpy, my nerves are shot and I can't even talk to anyone without wanting to shout out everything I saw. I finally decided that writing out the whole story was the best thing I could do. My mind is now free. No one will believe me but I can't be held responsible for that. I know—all I can do now is wait. The play is near the end of its run. The gods are no longer amused.

JACK C. HORN

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## BOOKS

*(continued from page 18)*

tinuance, where a woman is a useless burden if she has no children, especially sons, and where one generation is nothing in itself, but merely a single link in an eternal chain.

Children here, as elsewhere in China, play an important role. They are obedient, controlled, and kept apart from the elders in Mrs. Wu's well-managed household. In the home of Mrs. Kang, her closest friend, they run everywhere, sloppy and noisy, allowed by their nurses to wet or spit anywhere on the floors. Yet in both places they are fed well and given the utmost attention in their training for a family life in which parents are held in deep respect and devotion.

Detached, yet sympathetic, Miss Buck molds her characters not into stereotypes, but into complicated people who have many different desires and interests. Sometimes they clash, and all Mrs. Wu's nimble wit and searching intelligence are required to keep her large household of sixty in harmony under one roof. In one instance, conservative first-son Liangmo, content and secure in his marriage to Meg is enraged when third-son Fengmo, lately returned from the United States, urges Liangmo to make his idle wife help teach in Fengmo's school.

Liangmo complains of his brother's meddling to Mrs. Wu, adding in anger that Fengmo's education and improvement of the common folk are causing discontent among the masses, upsetting the accepted order of things. Mrs. Wu softens Liangmo, pointing out that where once filth and disease were in the city, now the houses are clean, the children healthy, because of Fengmo's school and foreign doctors. To these members of the Wu family, influenced so strongly by their parents, seriously conscious of their ancestors, living together under one roof so closely that quarrels are inevitable, the gods seem not so important as the accepted truths of experience, the earthly wisdom of ancient philosophers.

In two instances, however, Miss Buck ties up two loose ends in her web a little too neatly. It is as if she were afraid that her readers would be disappointed had Ch'iuming, the concubine, and Father Andre been allowed an unexplained past. Toward the end of the book, during China's wartime mass-movement to the west, Ch'iuming's rich mother arrives to find her, saying that when Ch'iuming was a baby, her evil grandmother left her to die by the city wall, wrapped in a red cloth, the same red cloth Ch'iuming brought with her when her foster parents sold her to Mr. and Mrs.

Wu. ". . . and they lived happily ever after"—this is what Miss Buck virtually says to us, when she doesn't really have to. Later, Andre's nephew comes to find out what has become of him, and explains why Andre was excommunicated by his cardinal, so that he was led to go to China. Of course, it may be interesting to know the story behind these two characters. Perhaps it's even more fun to guess.

Happily, the author preaches neither Christian nor Buddhist theories. But, everywhere through the book, especially in the conversation of Andre, Mrs. Wu, and Fengmo, she implies a gradual merging of oriental and occidental philosophy. It culminates finally in a changed Mrs. Wu, who, having already given up a mainly physical existence, grows away from her ivory tower of mere contemplation to extend her rare gifts of mind in selfless service to other people.

ERIC G. LASSEN



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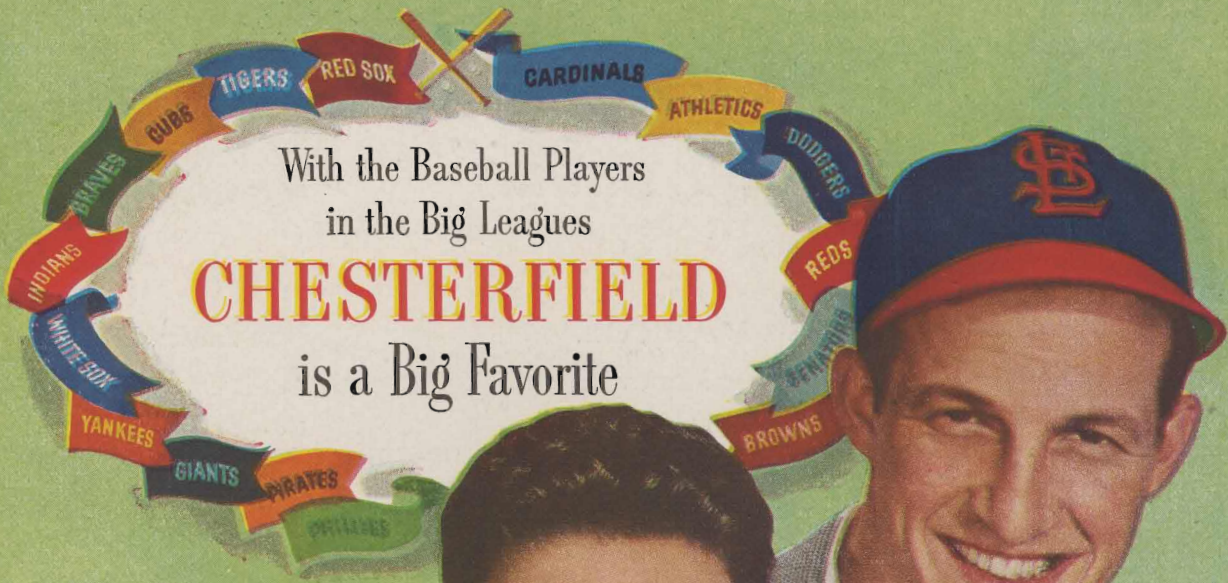
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