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or associations
We ask preference over:
the O6 Melange,
Buick Magazine,
the pipe catalogue.
We like poetry,
good short stories,
cartoons and items.
We welcome suggestions
(Our box is thirty-two).
We are not a factual weekly
or unifraternal.
We have a constitution
and a threefold purpose:
to give an outlet for literary expression;
provide managerial experience;
foster better spirit.
We ask your support,
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your criticisms.
This is a college magazine.
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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 Orang 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 party position in student activities since the days of moccasins 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" position until the end of the present term, the Greeks in collusion discovered that the visitor 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 buses, printed literature, and hired halls to get out the vote.

At length, the whole situation was referred to the existing student council, 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 freshmen, it appears, in their enthusiasm at Vassar's forthcoming, got to work on the campus toilets and elsewhere, cursing the Vanwyk Song. They were forced to retire in shame after the third Bath.

The Princeton Tiggelet, a new, 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 nostalgia, "Going Back to Nassau Hall.

Indicative of the close personal contact among the student body at the Colossus of Manhattan, the N.Y. U. Vigilante 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 was elected secretary.

From Dartmouth, the Jack O' Lantern reports...

(continued on page 27)
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, *Sweetheart*, and made it a framework exclusively for himself. Mr. Clark’s rather merry vehicle shows no signs of boxofficeitis, 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 Jose 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 seems that Ferrer played Cyrano for its great wealth of comedy and he was able to bring laughter to lines that had never known them. The play is now on a national touring 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*...
The Misses LeGallienne, Webster and Crawford (not Joan) are presiding over the operations at the Hudson Theatre but it is beginning to appear that most of the political fallout has not been present. However, it 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, "The Old Man." Incidentally, Bergman is well worth $4.80, tax included. She plays Joan sentimentally and beautifully. She is an actress of tenderness and eloquence, excellent in voice and in gesture. Miss Ruth Gordon, who wrote "Our Twenty-One" some three seasons ago, has now turned to her childhood in Wollaston, Mass., in writing a gentle, sketchy and thoroughly sentimental account of those times. She calls it "Yours Again" and it stars Frederick 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 calliope Ethel Merman in the musical hit, "Arrows Over 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 monitored Oscar Wilde revival, "The Importance of Being Earnest." It is quite a comfort to discover that England can send us an eminently 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 interesting politics of our countries 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 B. DeMille has done for it. But why not go to a Trans-Lux neon show 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 Strauss'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 growing out of 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 PURSELL
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"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."


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Hill Talk

STAND IN

In Raymondu 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 virtuous little leading lady. She overheard our small country taxes. Her stiffness and eye

Hill Talk

He was gurning 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 reassure his wife. "Yes, Sir—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 Lodger?" by Mr. Werthan?"

The proprietor, suddenly finding himself on firm ground again, relaxed gaus-

ily 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 displacing 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."

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 we were on a streak of "The Revised Standard Version of the New Testament" (which, incidentally, is selling like hotcakes), that it's true.

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 dictionary, 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 5. 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 threecup jig.

It was a bit of poetic justice, we thought, that this particular illusion was left in 101 Kirby.

"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 hosting another convention. When our delegates stepped ecstatically into the elevator there staggered in after them a ghost with a half-empty bottle, and a happy, drunken smile. He was wearing a five-piece tape 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.
The Schedule

At hallowed old Swartham they follow this rule: As end of semester through all of the school
The schedules are made out with one's class advisor.
(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 when he thinks it is clear.)
And when with the scheduler's help you have
A program which with you will not be too bound.
But gone home doesn't it 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 composed.
It's secretly 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 such tricks.
I'll work on my program revise and review.
And change things: it's obvious something's askew."
THE YOUNG MAN

The days are lonely and no one comes. I used to see the young man standing, but he is gone now. All day long the river flows 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 dim. If I could, the young man might still be keeping me company. He looked so friendly and strong. And how he could skate! Skater—that'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 been this dark since the last day. The sky was just like this and there was a sound about it. I do not recall what time of the day it was, but I do remember standing from a short nap. I opened my eyes and pretended I was just lying still as I used to when I skated. 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 hit everyone who can see 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 then he lay there beside me as I enjoyed watching his hands move so quickly, and I didn't feel the moving, nor 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 marvelous—some feet followed the other so easily and I had no idea how I had moved out of my sight.

After a while he came back to the point from which he started and there he stopped for a moment. He took off his gloves and blew on his hands, and I was so far away that his hands looked small and were barely recognizable as hands. Nothing about him was clear, actually, because of the darkness. I couldn't see his hair, 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 enough so far away.

Sometimes the things I saw hang as 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 passed before I realized that the young man had fallen through the gray ice. His dark hair and red shoulders were right at the line between the black running water and the gray 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 lay on. And then the confused feeling left me and the familiar one took hold. It was the old desire to move. I used to torture me, and I have almost stifled it now, but for that one moment it set me free. I knew he would drown and I would see him, skate no more and I would be alone, alone with the gray stream 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 worked me and told me that nothing would happen to him and that it was natural for him to be in the water as it was for him to be skating on the ice. I became detached with the contemplation 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 on the blank scene, just gray ice, gray clouds, and black water. It was so empty without him. Intense loneliness followed around me and choked me and the consciousness 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 colder and the red jacket and the thin legs seem like a dream that quickly faded. And I lie here, and I cannot move, nor even my lips, but sometimes I believe I could if I wanted to and no one cares.
THE GUN

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 most one of these, Jimmy?” his father would say. “Here, see this little gadget? That’s what you press when you want to open his 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.

“Hey, want to try it?”, his father would say, and he’d give the heavy .35 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.

“Makin’ believe you’re shootin’ a cop with it, Jimmy. Hold it up and aim it. Go ahead.” His father would laugh, but Jimmy just held it and look at it, and wouldn’t even smile.

“Awe, you’re afraid of it, a big kid like you. You won’t even make a cop. You won’t ever do what they done like I told you about. Like you 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 Sonny Tenetti and Gregory Shaw when they broke from that hospital, he could practically write his own ticket. The Chief had said it was the most 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 crowd, he figured he’d be put in charge of training rookies when he got his promotion. Jesus, but wasn’t Jimmy’s eyes big and round when he heard that? It made Jimmy say 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 to 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.’ He’d go to the machine shop in the factory where his grandfather worked. His hands was big enough now so he could hold it pretty well. It felt good in his hand; balanced just right, the trigger going smoothly when he tightened his fingers—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, boy? 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 afternoon 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 screamed around him, pulling at the medals—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—he hadn’t even 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 range, 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 ‘transit’ lists. 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 throw him last all the time, and he got so he wouldn’t do much in the gym but stand around and watch 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 those other kids—always running around—talking and yelling. Even the girls, pushing and pullling—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. “I think he needs more kids—always running around—talking and yelling. Even the girls, pushing and pullling—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.

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Terry McGold, kid can really play. I saw him catch a few drives that I wouldn’t have even tried. Why don’t you go out there? Don’t you like baseball?"
May 1947

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

"That don't make any difference, Jimmy. There's some little fellows on the force, too, but they wouldn't have got there by just mopin' 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 stand around 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? Chris, 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? Just Chris. Here, take this handkerchief. Now go to your room. Chris, 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 staring at the ceiling. Why couldn't he play baseball or something? Why couldn't he be good at something? He closed over on the bed and buried his face in the pillow. The tears on his face got in his eyes, and he tossed convulsively. He could smell the last week's 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 around. Well, he'd show his father. He'd go out and when he came back he wouldn't be there; he'd be out walking in the rain.

He got up, put on his coat and walked to the front door. He stopped at the door and stood still. His stomach felt tight and burning. "If I get the gun," he thought, "I'll get the gun and talk is 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 frizz oil. The polished steel glittered 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 closed the cylinder once, and then snatched it back into the frame.

The street lights and the rain made creases that continued down the street, smaller and smaller, as far as he could see. It was a cold, howling rain, and he shivered, and bunched his thin shoulders under the windcoat. He felt his feet getting wet and, he remembered he'd forgotten his rubbers. He shuffling still crept over him at short intervals, but he didn't notice it. He felt good; he didn't notice it. The gun was the thing he wanted, and the gun was hard and positive in his hand. He knew how the only puzzle needed by the rain, was colored metal out of the light from the street lamps, and he heard the precise, measured click of his bullets on the glowing sidewalk.

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

(continued on page 2)
CLASSICAL MUSIC

Recently, there have been two important developments in classical recordings: the English Decca's "Fire" of 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 often the case with domestic recording, lost in a muddy welter of sounds. The use of Vitaphone, a piano, besides reducing surface noise, allows greater freedom of handling.

Some of the available recordings of this series are: Bruckner's "Don Juan," Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony ("Pathétique"); Stavinsky's "Poetinotchina;" Franck's "Enchanted Violin Sonata," Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Suite, and "Three Elizabeths" by Coas. The company's catalogue includes many recordings which have not been available on domestic pressing for many years. The performances are all of the first class nature although the orchestra and artists may not be familiar.

The Victor "Heritage" series are re-pressings of recordings made as long as thirty-five years ago by such outstanding artists as Opera's "Golden Age," as Tiberri, Maa, Jourdan, and Caruso. These 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-MM64: Mozart Operatic Arias sung by Ezio Pinza with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra under the direction of Bruno Walter.

An outstanding recording from every point. Mr. Pinza's interpretations show why he is considered. In this or any other age, to be the outstanding singer of the leading tenor roles 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 Franko Clavec conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra.

(continued on page 24)
Profile . . . .

ROGERS REVISITED

Alix they mar: Old South, the builders still had much below material which couldn't have been moved away from the campus at low cost: so the supervision of contractions, the president of Lafayette College, and a delegation of Presbyterian, decided to remove wood, bricks and plaster into West College. The small, gray building, with its jacks of thick green ivy, wedged in by the Rogers house, the Theta Delta house, and several now-old cars, has long been identified with rambling lectures on psychology, splashed with politics and frequent verbal results against Convention. The Ward, and the Band-Wagon. The Department of Education quietly holds classes upstairs in West, but we students know much about the Department of Education: on campus. West College usually stands for Doc Rogers and Psychology.

The building's splintered chairs crack and given: deal gentleness of onomatopoeia terrifies now fill up their own holes in the wooden frame and the olders forever chalk off a barrow of metallic helmets: the lab equipment is old, much of it (the crooked, worn statistical charts and the faded, broken color-experiment discs), obsolete or inadverse. After every lab last year the students left West with sticky bits of plaster down their backs, that came from lattice thanks to the ceiling that broke away to clash and crumple below against tables, chairs, and heads.

Despite its material failures, or perhaps you could say a result of them, West is a friendly, informal building. You can lean back in the seats of West; they aren't called to the floor the way they are in Fanny or some parts of Song. You can lean back and stick your feet up on the tables and smoke. The North doors, 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 till the end of the hour.

Buck's bandy gray hat perched smack-straight on his protruding, dome forehead: smiling wrinkles fronting a Dick Tracy nose: usually set off by a you-can't-kid-my-smirk: you've seen "Doc" would, judging from the expressions and eyes, too, is the 220-odd New York intercollegiate swimming champion (1928-10), or officiating at the college bridge tournaments.

Maybe you have him for class. That cumber- some Elementary English lecture in Kirby doesn't really show him in true form. Try some of his advanced courses. You'll find a refreshing relief from the inhibitions and prejudices so cutting in many classes. Walk in late, and his eyes follow you across a snowy, frosty room full of hats till you reach your seat. Then begins his usual warming-up drill, pomposity and all. "Mr. Fisker is late, I am shocked. Did you enjoy your breakfast?"

We are pleased to find you so greatly attending our little gathering this morning." Later on, as the banquet 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. Rocker, let us show that difference due to the integrator. I know that there's the differentiation..."

Once a freshman who had heard "Doc" speak in chapel thought he was awfully holy; 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 monotonous, "Doc" was another trick, too. If, as he is luxuriating, he sees you are getting out of the window, he will wait a few seconds until he has finished a rather obvious corollary statement, then quietly glancing up and fixing one gripping, searching eye on yours: 'Is that right, Mr. Dicker? HHm? You don't know? What the hell? Brothah! We are sorry if we bust you.'

He packs his course to fill up the entire class house, even to the last minute, with baseball talk. P.M. news, the "score unusual bridge hands" (he thinks Calhoun's all wet), and labor union- ings. 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 "rab- bish" boys and a follow-the-crowd type of thinking; he's a great rationalist and can discuss with a straight face tongue-in-cheek practically any- thing; but he won't commit himself unless he knows what he's talking about... as he usually does.

ERIC C. LASSER
All the World's a Stage

May be 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 thinking of 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 glimmer of light some distance in front of me. I looked up, but as I expected, I couldn't see the sky. Probably the roof tops are obstructed. I thought, and satisfied with this explanation, I turned to go back to the street. I had taken two steps or two before I realized there was no street—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 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 moved 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 by a desire, 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 carrying old machines over the sidewalk and sides of the buildings, while others were spitting dirt and dust over everything. I watched them reduce 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?"
Vignette . . .

BLACKBALL

"Here comes that guy Toss, blackballing," Leo said nudging his companion. "Ain't nothing like it. They ain't got no sense. Don't you know I was going to buy a new suit? Here he comes again. He's a snob, that's what. He can't stand the fact that I have a job and he doesn't."

"Yeah," said his companion, "they got the word fair. That guy's a knuckle-head if I ever saw one. Geez, you 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 tough at his age. Hell, I at least knew what fraternity rushing was for.

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

"Hey, Leo. What do you think the story'll be on the Blackball game?"
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 knew 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 ignore moral theories. Instead, through the medium of a slowly meandering, closely knitted pattern of human events, a histography 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 reason for life. Nor alone in The Good Earth, Dragon seed, and her other novels has Miss Buck carefully pired for us her need of Chinese existence, but also in many short stories does she excellently portray these Far East people about whom we understand so little.

Pavilion of Women shows in detail the life of a rich and powerful provincial family of China. 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 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, legally separa-
tion, and the resulting effect on the Wu household. Wrapped in her thoughts, running in her mind, Mrs. Wu is introduced to an entirely new concept of living by Andel, a hexer who has left his Catholic home in Italy to live among the people of China, devoting himself to the good of others. After Father Andel's violent death, Mrs. Wu, through her intellectual love for Andel, 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 sucking milk from its wet-nurse, screaming loudly when she leaves him for a day to be taken 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 kind college of nature's brutality, when he holds his forty-year-old wife, as Mrs. Wu's skillful hand extract a ripped, stillborn baby son from her womb to save her life; such events have great sig-
ificance among a people obsessed with family con-
(continued on page 71)
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 not 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 noisy 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's to the wall.
We're 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 halfback?

His wife, with understanding,
Looked sad and shook her head.
Then suddenly she smiled at him
And this is what she said,
"On thing must be remembered,
Our low financial state.
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 capricious enterprize, 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 burdened with a menial existence. 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 stoke this type of bourgeois propaganda. Consider the professor, stodgy old academician that he is, snugly basking in the precious time of youth with due day wear and beaming while the athlete teases us in the Saturday afternoon all we need know to prepare our selves for life. "Carry the ball, 'Thy or die' " Never bring up a lady's game in the first "—there 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, bearing 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 a few colleges thus bringing present 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 we 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 outer, 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 he is one seems to pay any attention to him be must find his job most discouraging. This board will also establish rates concerning minimum and maximum 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 percent 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 little, an unwritten agreement that the schools will supply medical care for a person injured while playing. It simply need be said that this is medically 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 currently feel that only by their adoption can we eliminate one of the greatest threats to our national intellectual life. I feel that this will bring a wave of protest from such reactionary educators as the President of the University of Chicago, but I can only say that this college which can not adequately support a first-rate athletic program can scarcely consider it a well educated institution. It will be left to public opinion to see that such an institution does not long remain in the national scene.

C. J. McIntyre
THE COLD, CRUEL WORLD
OF MOTION PICTURES

Scene I (1910) A shabby, cold water flat, three flights up, its faded wallpaper covered with mildew. One small window looks out on an ash-haft. 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 Opalita will never suffer another lonely day here, for now she faces down across the bed, very still, with a woman's truth on her lips. She has ended it all.

A carriage stamps to a halt in front of the building and footmen sound up the stairs. This tall, dashing fellow with the elegant moustache must be her old lover, Rudolph. He swaggers in to face in horror at the sight of the once fair Opalita stretched across the bed. Respectfully, he doffs his hat and pulls Opalita'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 carry on unhappiness. Farewell."

Rudolph sinks to his knees beside her bed and sobbing bitterly, suddenly the door opens and he whisks stuffing the note into his pocket. A slim, lovely girl in a thrumming black gown swells in. Seeing the body, she screams and immediately faints. Rudolph woos her face and waves r. under her nose. She shudders and shreiks from him, her eyes glistening with fear.

"You call, Rudolph! So this is the girl you have deserted! 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 dearest, I swear to you I know nothing of this. The relationship between Opalita 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 gossip rather than my sworn word?"

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

CURTAIN

Scene II (1947) A modest, working girl's apartment, two flights up. The living room is heavily carpeted and scented. Two love seats flank the fireplace in the living room, and between them is a half-empty bottle of scotch on a coffee table. In the bedroom, a huge, drapery-bordered bed, white fur rug, and pink mirrors on pink walls. The body of a woman is draped gracefully across the bed, her elbows 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 moustache that ripple under his dark blue suit as he strides about 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, exclaiming violently. He carefullly wipes his fingers off the bottle and begins searching through a little box in the corner. Suddenly another key turns in the lock and a wavy-haired girl with eyes of steel and a coat of blood bounces in.
The Cocktail Hour

At quarter past five the Algonquin bar began to wake up from its slumber. Wine, spirits, and other refreshments were taken with whispered words, low laughter, and a touch of ennui. Earmuffs were put on, and the scene transformed into a cozy gathering. Delicately manicured hands held half-empty glasses, and cigarette ashes were lit from George Jensen cases. Diamonds sparkled at the bar, and the sky was a vast expanse of twinkling stars. A sense of nostalgia prevailed as the crowd gathered around a piano that had been set up for a special evening.

"It's almost time," said one of the patrons, "for the real show to begin."

As the evening progressed, the atmosphere became more lively. People started to dance, and the music filled the air. George put down his drink and sat down at the piano, where he had arranged some songs especially for the occasion.

"Let's start with 'If You're Happy and You Know It,'" he said, "and then we'll move on to 'Take Me Out to the Ball Game.'"

As he played, the crowd sang along, and the atmosphere became even more lively. The evening ended with a toast to good friends and great music, and everyone left feeling happy and content.

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the crowded cocktail lounge, touching a shoulder
drinking a hand and exchanging a word or two of
tactless conversation with the more familiar
patrons. His face was pale and heavily camouflaged
with after-shave powder. His small, gray mustache
partially disguised his weak upper lip. Ex-
entially set down at one of the center tables occu-
pied by two ancient ladies, regalee and with jewelry
and gaudily with make-up. They were sipping dry
martinis.

My dear. Bushhead was simply magnificent.
She hadn’t been as tremulous since The Lives of
Little Foxes. Of course, she’s beginning to show her age
but she’s still terribly vigorous in the love scene.
Oh, the play itself is a miserable bore, absolutely
the worst plot I’ve seen this season. I can’t un-
derstand what Taftahat saw in the play to begin
with. The decor is gorgeous and you know the
famous Bushhead wardrobe—simply incompar-
able.

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

"Well, Carl, they’re canceling my orders. I go
to Germany in four of San Francisco. That’s the
least, rotten, goddamn army for you. They can
order every one of these brass bars and shave cm-
... later give me some breakfast, Carl, and a double
brownie for later."

The bartender poured heavy cream, the white
sauce of an egg, some sugar and brandy to a large glass.
On top of this mixture he put some cracked ice, u-
cluded it and shook it violently for several minutes.

"That’s done," he said. They were on the way.

"The plastic returned and began playing a spe-
cial arrangement of "Malaguena." Many of the
tables were empty now and so other tables women
were putting their faces in false protective coating
of powder and rouge while their escorts paid the checks
with crisp new bills removed casually from initia-
talized money clips. In the dining room, people were
reading another round of cocktail and glancing
gleefully at the menu. The effeminate young
man left his friend at the corner table and took a
small seat in the basement. It was quarter to seven
and outside the moon light that advertised the cock-
ail lounge broke the darkness with its dull blue
paw.

JAY DIX

THE GUN

(continued from page 15)

They were shown now, and confident.
"Okay, kid. Come out of there." The foot-
slap was clear now.

The cop couldn’t see him, but the cop couldn’t see him. The
light was outside. The gun was steady now, and
he was calm. 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 stick-
er, just two more steps.

A. H. DIX
CLASSICAL MUSIC

(continued from page 14)

Bichi Sayao adds another star to her already impressive crown. The authoritative treatment of "Nun so pia" and "Voi che sope" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and the truly thrilling performance of "Mimi's Farewell" from "La Bohème" 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 Jean Browling

Worthy of special mention because of Mr. Browling's great power and purity of tone, imbues the libratory tenor which so often mars performances of these two great Italian arias.

CM-MM666: Handel—"The Messiah"


A well rounded performance which includes some of the most thrilling choral work I have ever heard on record. Under the excellent coordination of Dr. Sargent, the tenor, bass, and orchestra combine to make a recording which will long be a mark of perfection in 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 in outstanding record.

C.1243?: 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-1089: 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 fast (too fastly and lacks the free-flowing quality that one expects in Mozart. The last movement is a little better however and the limiter may depend, perhaps with a little difficulty, what a tremendous work this really is.
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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 moment, Julia
walks into the bedroom and finds Jeannine with a
bowl in her forehead.
"Sam."
"Yeah."
"This some of your work?"
"Yeah. She wanted to get married."
"Oh. She's pretty, Sam."
"Also. 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, their
eyes set on each other. Suddenly, Sam
gathers her and carries her to him. She pants in his
ear, "You're my kind of man. Sam!"
Sam throws her to the floor. "Get out of here!"
He turns and walks toward the desk. Julie
exits a wringer from her purse and slams her
sharply 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."
CURTAIN

RICHARD MEEKER
JAZZ

(continued from page 14)

recordings. "Stars Fell On Alabama" is notable for Joe Pashkin's graceful 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.

Dix, 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. Unrecorded, 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, Willo Smith, Gene Krupa, and others in a series of sides both smooth and fantastic. "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

Dixie and Norman Granz have invaded yet another field by recording for posterity the mammoth of Slam Guald, who is known as the Gentleman Steen of music. ("A riff is a riff is a riff," is it were.) "Open In Vain" is the title of the album, and it contains two 10" records, each with an introduction by Slam Guald, all recorded while they were in Europe. Although you may not be aware of it immediately, Slam saturates not only gently, most of the big names in the music world. Slam is aided by Roy Brown, a front of considerable ability, in spite of the comedy, the beat and sense of jazz is never lost. This may be 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 records by one of the hottest bands. I suggest that you follow this man Raeburn. He is definitely on the scene.

"Artistry in Rhythm"—Stan Kenton and his orchestra—Capitol Album. An excellent group of Kenton's style. Standouts are "Willow Weep For Me" and "Artistry in Bolero."... CWB

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EXCHANGE

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('Inscribed on front')
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 theatre is it being produced at?"

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

"What?"

A look of disbelief swept over his face. He looked as if he were trying and apparently succeeded with what he saw. He sat down heavily on a stool which two of the workers were busy engaged in chipping. When they saw him sit down they hastily resumed and started on another 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 inexperience 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 maidens seemed to be educated.

"The Greek gods? Well, the Greeks did write about them a lot. Those were the good old days."

"When I couldn't really put on a show, the old Greeks 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 as you are one of the actors in it. Apparently you have never received a script but 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 two 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, that they'd be more interested in the gods and the other gods as following his example. As long as 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 so.
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 briefly:

“Why 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 some other day has passed. They are just putting 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.”

“You’re glad it’s almost over. Writing that scene is the last pretty artificial thing to do but I had to end the story tomorrow. It doesn’t matter anymore. 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 sense of the story. As I listened this conclusion he jumped out of his story and addressed me again, becoming most the fractured producer.

“You can’t stay here. It is against the rules.”

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

He pushed me into the darkness and I went ahead mechanically, my brain busy with what I had seen. In what seemed like a few seconds I saw lights 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 been told. I had never been laughed at before. Perhaps that was the difference: I hadn’t heard 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 been so busy, 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)

In China, where a woman is usually burdened with many children, especially sons, and where one generation is nothing to 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-maintained household. In the home of Mrs. Wang, her children (and they run everywhere, shabby 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 models her characters not into stereotypes, but into complicated people who have many different sides and moods. Sometimes they clash, and all Mrs. Wu's terrible wit and searching intelligence are recruited to keep her large household of girls in harmony under one roof. In one instance, conservative Mr. Liangmo, content and secure in his marriage to Mei, is engaged when third cousin Fengmo, lately returned from the United States, urges Liangmo to take his wife to help teach in Fengmo's school.

Liangmo, complaining of his brother's meddling with Mrs. Wu, adding in anger that Fengmo's education and improvement of the common folk are causing discontent among the masses, upsets the accepted order of things. Mrs. Wu tells 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 testing devices. 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 quarks are tolerable, the gods seem not so important as the accepted truths of experience, the unshakable wisdom of ancient philosophies.

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'umming, the concubine, and Father Andre been allowed an unexplained past. Toward the end of the book, during China's wars, some movement to the west. Ch'umming's rich mother arrives to find her, saying that when Ch'umming was a baby, her evil grandmother left her to die by the city wall, wrapped in a red cloth. The same red cloth Ch'umming brought with her to her foster parents sold her to Mr. and Mrs.

Wu. "... and they lived happily ever after"—this is what Miss Buck regretfully 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 throughout 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 more contemplation to extend her rare gifts of mind in selfless service to other people.

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