

ALL-U DAY

To the whole student body-sales for any event for all U-Day are over. A notice will be given when the tickets come in and those who signed up for orders must pay then.

As for other activities you must open your eyes and look, we can't cover the school with posters. Everyone received a calendar of the events scheduled. Every week the Social Committee sponsors a movie on Wednesday night at 8:00 P.M., admission 75c. Last week we had a turn-out of 10 students, this week 4, we can't afford it if students can't afford it. Check out your calendar, support your activities. Also last week, there was a fantastic movie by the Cultural Committee called "Savages" but only a few lucky people saw it.

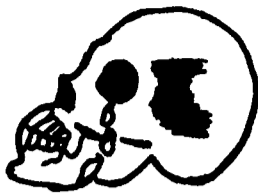
By the time this gets out, one of the few things that attract people will have been held; beer parties. The first KGI Keggar and the Autumn Buzz both on Saturday are examples of what is done on this campus.

People won't go to a gathering unless it's free beer and music. The XGI's do well going off campus and maybe that should be done more often. But why must there always be beer? The Social Committee had a band at the beginning of the term, no one showed. WZAP had a record hop a few weeks ago, no one showed - why? If we, the Social Committee, can't make money the less activities you will have. Be part of your activities.

Social Science Senator
Andy Pivarnik

As a special feature for Halloween, we present a tale of modern fiction in the classic style of Edgar Allen Poe

Lilith



by P.R.J. Smith

The first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, and the fourth for madness.

- Anarcharis

My search brought me at length to the pallid and lifeless village of Ankleton, and it was in this bleak Colchis that I found my wandering Lilith. Though my mind is now old and feeble by the scarry and callous veils that drugs leave in memorial to their fantastic reveries, I am still able to recall perfectly (although with some taint of sorrow) all that transpired in that useless town where people resided only because their parents did so or because they had no where else to go. Here, at the very brink of Styx, in an old and crumbling house, living in commune with twelve other derelicts, I found Lilith. It had been two long and unfortuitous years since I had last lain eyes on her; we had grown up together in a small Connecticut business town. We eventually grew a strong love for each other and made long, happily contented walks in the country and joyous excursions into town a pleasant habit, but her clutching parents, out of the jealousies of age, put a stop to these and all her other pleasures, keeping her locked away for months at a time with only their leering presences for company. At last she was forced to run away from her parents and their influence, to curb the growing depression and ensuing madness that gripped at her each day. When I learned of her persephonic escape, I was determined to follow, and at some unforeseen and unknowable time in the future, to make her my wife. Alone and in vain, the shadow of Odysseus smiling down in contempt superfluous, I searched two years for Lilith. A letter I received in the middle drudge of October from a friend back home stopped my wandering and brought me to this death town of Ankleton and the sterile house where Lilith dwelt.

How my friend secured Lilith's address, or how that letter ever found me, I shall never know; indeed, the years and my drugs have ceased my caring about his methods, although in my reveries I sometimes wish that my eyes had never read those lines and idly wonder in hopeless meditation where I would be now if I had never found Lilith.

I came upon Ankleton in the twilight of evening as the nocturnal gloom was just spreading itself among the ancient hovels that lined its streets and proceeded directly to the address mentioned in the letter; not once as I walked through the narrow twisty lanes did I see another living being; no men, no women, no children, not even a dog or a rat crossed my path as I trudged on. I found the decaying house locked permanently in the shadow of a mountain on the desolate southern side of town. The crumbling old mansion had been a stately bit of architecture at one time with cylindric towers and carved wooden moultings hinting at past glory, but now it was tattered and in ill-repair, passing like Comet into an irrevocable old age. The great fascade of the structure had, at one time, been painted white, the dingy brown that clung like a disease to its shell now, however, was just a shadow of that colour. The lawn was unmown and dotted with tufts of long grass that rose in blotches like the hair of a man stricken with scurvy. I looked upon the rotting building and wondered how such a structure could house my beloved and beautiful Lilith, how her warmth and kindness could possibly survive in a dwelling of this stoic nature.

I swallowed these sullen thoughts remembering that my search was at an end, and walked up the cracked concrete steps to the scratched and stained doorway where I knocked. The call was answered by a sniffling young man named Cerberic who let me in without a word. He had dark hair and deep lusterless eyes that formed a gripping contrast with his complexion which was so pale as to seem transparent; I imagined I could see the blood throbbing through his veins beneath the pallor of his flesh. I walked into the dimly lit hallway that was bereft of any decoration save for a rotting oriental rug and a cracked and dirty wall mirror. Months of uncaring living had painted everything with dust, and unhealthy odors identifiable only as the scent of human habitation wafted through the stale air like ghosts. Cerberic was staring at me and scratching an insect bite whose red welt trespassed upon the pallor of his forearm. I asked him where Lilith was and he silently pointed into an adjoining room at a flight of stairs that climbed to the second story of the house. The very air of the rooms seemed oppressive and alive with some malignant form as I walked alone up the stairs. More than once I thought I saw dark shapes with long tangled fur creeping about at the edges of my vision, but whenever I turned to look they had disappeared.

At the head of the steps was a door that hung open and slightly off its hinges through which the flickering light of a candle drifted out into the corridor. I entered the room and saw Lilith lying on a bare mattress on its floor staring up at the ceiling where the light from the candle, which crouched on the floor beside the mattress, traced revolving patterns of light in mock gaiety. Upon my entrance, she shifted her gaze to me, arose from where she was lying, and crossed the room with slow steps whispering my name. Hearing her speak thusly with the low musical tones of her voice all the doubts and worries of my two years search fell away from me like so many dead hairs, but one look at her countenance restored them threefold. My emotions ran toward sorrow and

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Frank Deyo joined ROTC.

Why don't you?



Frank is an Army veteran. He entered the Advance Program immediately and started drawing \$100 each month of the school year.

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