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Betty Tyson
Ursinus College

Henry K. Haines
Ursinus College


Richard E. Hunter
Ursinus College

Henriette T. Walker
Ursinus College

Elizabeth J. Cassatt
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

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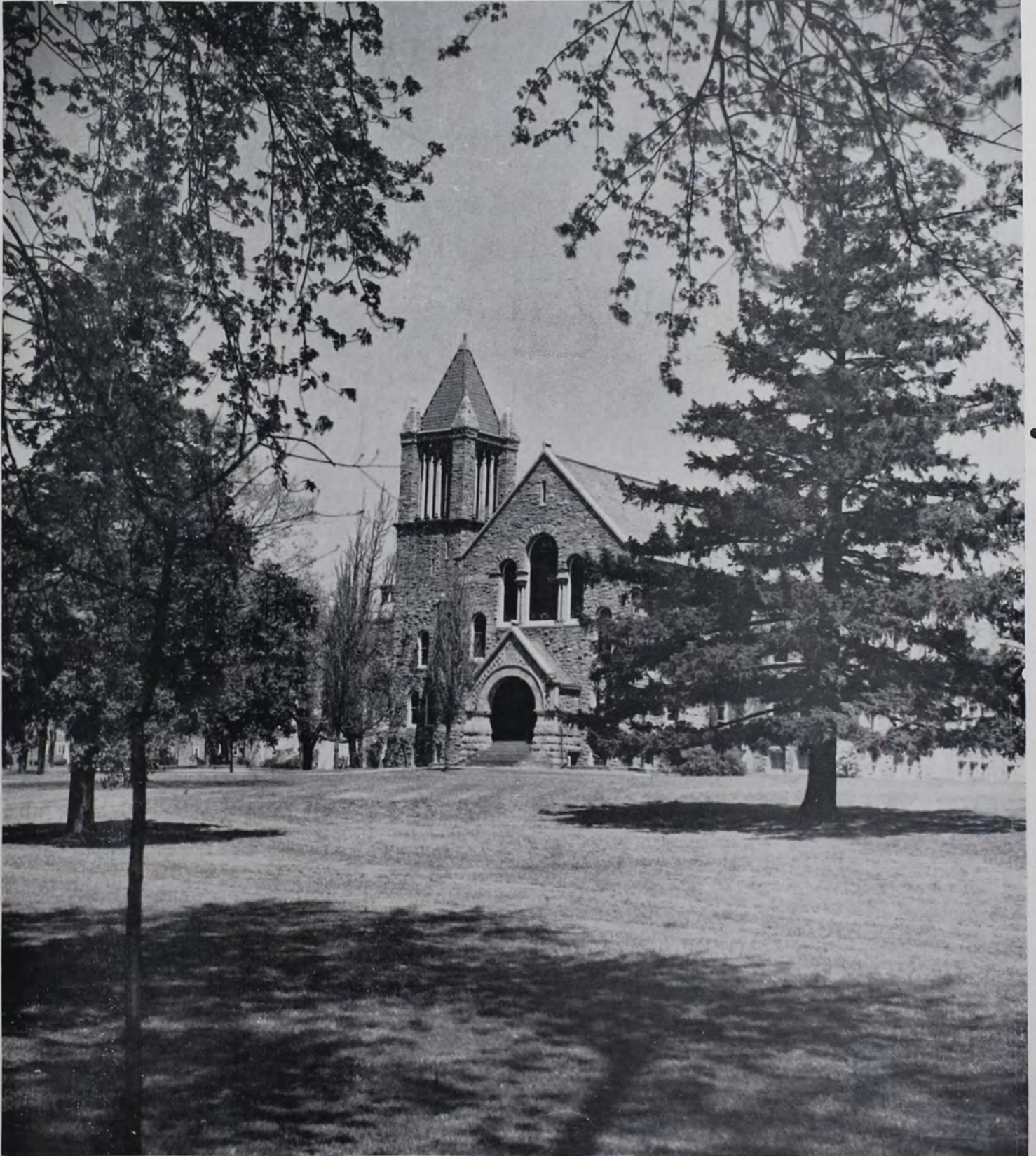
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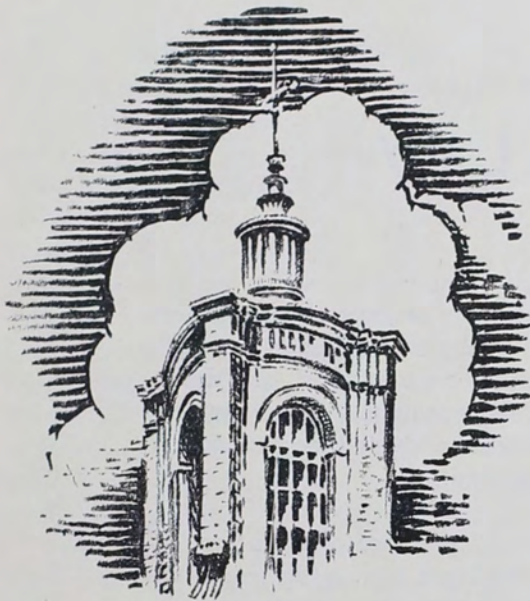
Betty Tyson, Henry K. Haines, Richard E. Hunter, Henriette T. Walker, Elizabeth J. Cassatt, and Benny van Acker

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THE LANTERN



THE LANTERN



October, 1944 vol. XIII, No. 1

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EDITORIALY

A SUMMER issue of The Lantern was requested by several of our readers with the hope that since the apportionment of the student body was different we might draw from more of the Navy men for contributions. The deadlines were extended but the fulfillment of these expectations was not accomplished. In order to maintain the standard of the work accepted for publication we have therefore decreased the size of the magazine.

In regard to future issues, which will appear at the close of each term as long as the trimesters are conducted at Ursinus we have here a fair representation of the type of work we would like to receive from you so that we could print it for you. Here we have a longer short story, we have several examples of attention to form in verse and of verse with a light yet thoughtful nature without it becoming entirely pessimistic, and we have free verse built entirely upon the figures of speech used. These may give you an idea as to the nature of the material upon which we would like you to work.

To help you in your composition the Manuscript Club will function next term. The condition of the manuscript submitted is important. Remember—the staff usually has to refuse twice as much material as it accepts and appearances can help!

In addition to the written material, The Lantern would like to make use of the artistic talent on campus. Cover designs are a primary concern.

So you see that although we are proud to present this issue for its intrinsic value that value may be enhanced if we all look at it as a kind of specimen and determine that those little thoughts and day dreams are worth being set down for print and that as long as no one else tries, of course the same people will be represented in The Lantern—after all, we want what's best!

H. K. H.

One Doctor's Story

By Betty Tyson

IT ALL seemed so strange to him now—the characteristic smell of the hospital, the buzzing undertone of the nurses as they moved about him, and the pallor of the boy on the table before him. His hand shook a little, and he thought frantically—No! It can't shake this time, I've got to be steady!

Now his motions became automatic.

He left his mind wander back to another operating room, eight months ago. He had been tired, overworked, and nervous. His hand wasn't steady then, and the pretty young woman had died. They'd said it wasn't his fault, even Edith had told him that when she saw him that night.

"You'll have to lose some cases, Chris," she said, when he told her about it. "Every doctor must. You did all you could."

But he couldn't take it, so he left. It wasn't hard to drop out of sight for a while. He moved further west and got a job in a defense plant. The town was a typical war town—crowded, booming, prosperous. The people there didn't care who you were or where you came from. They didn't ask questions—you were just another cog in the wheel. In that town he started a new life where he was no longer Christopher Martin, a doctor who had failed. He was Chris Morrison who worked in a war plant.

One day he received a message that there was a friend waiting for him in the office. Puzzled, he started down the corridor. He stopped at the door of the office.

"Chris! It's really you!" A young man got up to greet him.

"Tom, I'm glad to see you. How did you find me?"

"We've been searching for you since you left New York. It wasn't easy, but we had detectives—"

"And Edith, how is she?" he hesitated over the question.

Tom smiled, "She's here too, Chris. But she wanted to make sure it was really you before she came in. We've followed so many false leads . . ."

"I'd like to see her again."

"She's at the hotel now, resting. Look, let's

have dinner together and make it a real celebration. Where's a good place?"

"Club Martinique's as good a place as any."

"Okay. Club Martinique—at seven."

At dinner that evening both Tom and Edith were careful to avoid mentioning the past. Tom talked a great deal about the private practise he had in New York.

"Why don't you join the Army, Chris," Tom said suddenly. "They need men like you. I tried to join last month, but they wouldn't take me."

Chris flushed a little, "I'm better off here," he said, "the Army doesn't want failures."

"Don't say that, Chris," Edith pleaded.

"That's not true!" Tom flung his words at him. "The Army needs doctors badly and you're a damned good one."

Chris rose to his feet and said angrily, "Listen to me, both of you. I closed the door on Christopher Martin, M.D., when I left New York. I'm washed up, through as a doctor! And if you came here to try to get me back . . ."

"Hold on, Chris," Tom's voice was smooth. "I didn't mean to make you angry. Sit down and let's forget it."

Later when he and Edith were alone, Chris asked, "Have you forgiven me for what I've done, Edith?"

"There wasn't anything to forgive. I knew that you needed a rest, Chris. From everything—even from me. But when you didn't come back and the months passed, I began to be anxious. I called Tom and he hired some detectives to try to find you. I wasn't really angry, I was just scared—awfully scared."

"I wanted to call you or write so many times, but something held me back. I felt I couldn't really face the past until I'd made a success of the present."

"And now, Chris, are you really happy?"

"Of course," he said sharply, then his tone softened, "why shouldn't I be? I have a good job now, good pay and a few close friends . . ."

"Do they know about Christopher Martin?"

"No. They know me only as Chris Morrison. They don't ask any questions here about your past."

They were both silent for a while, Chris watched Edith's face, the dark outline of her hair against her fair skin, the turned-up nose and stubborn chin. She hadn't changed at all. Then suddenly he realized how much he had missed her in these seven long months, how much he really needed her.

"I was wondering if you still feel the same as you did seven months ago?" he ventured to put his thoughts into words.

"I still love you, if that's what you mean, Chris."

"Yes," he said. "That's what I mean. I'm happy here, but I need you to make it complete. Will you marry me, Edith? I can offer you now what I couldn't have given you seven months ago—security."

Edith looked down at her hands nervously, "No, I can't marry you, Chris."

"But you said . . ."

"I know I said I loved you, and I do. But—well, Chris, Tom and I came here for two reasons. First of all we wanted to find you because we were worried about you and then we thought maybe we could get you to come back."

"I don't see how that affects us though. What difference does it make what I do for a living? I'm still the person you love."

"Don't you see, darling, that when you left New York you were running away. You couldn't face realities. Then there was some excuse for it—you were tired and overworked, but now after seven months you're still running away. Won't you come back with us?"

Chris shook his head. "I'm through as a doctor."

"Then I'm sorry, Chris, but if you run away from the past and refuse to face it, what assurance have I that you'll be able to face the future? I won't marry a man who is a coward. That's not the kind of security I want."

Chris sat there, stunned by the force of her words. Somehow he had never thought of things in that light.

Then Edith said softly, "Will you please take me back to my hotel, Chris?"

And that was all. Edith left the next morning for New York, and he had not seen her since. Tom stayed almost a week, and then he too went back to his practise. Chris kept on working but he lost interest in his job. Then one day about a month later he got a telegram

from Tom saying he was coming out for a few days.

The voice of the nurse beside him interrupted his thoughts. He was once again in the familiar operating room. Then he realized that he had been working automatically and methodically over the boy, while in his mind he had been reliving the events of the past eight months. He'd forgotten to be afraid.

"Do you think he'll live, doctor?" the nurse was saying.

"It'll be a few hours before we can tell for certain," he said wearily. "Take him back to his room."

"You'd better rest for a while, doctor. You look tired."

He took the nurse's advice and went into a little office in the hospital and threw himself down wearily on the couch there.

Tom had been there only two days, Chris thought, but they had seemed like two months. He'd met him at the station and taken him to his hotel, then he went off to work with a promise to meet Tom for dinner. That evening when he came out of the plant, the sky was darkened with the clouds that precede a summer thunder shower. By the time he was dressed for dinner the rain was pouring down the windows of his apartment. He got the car out and started to drive over to Tom's hotel. There weren't many cars on the road so he gradually picked up more and more speed. He'd reached a dark intersection when something white fluttered across his vision. He didn't have time to think, he just slammed on the brakes, but the roads were wet and he couldn't stop in time. He heard a dull thud and a muffled cry. Before he was out of the car he knew what had happened.

It was a boy about sixteen. He could tell by just glancing at him that he was hurt badly. A crowd seemed to gather from nowhere.

Chris looked up as somebody said, "Call a doctor."

He hesitated then said, "This boy is an emergency case. He needs to be taken to the hospital."

At the hospital he phoned Tom. After telling him the details he said, "Will you come over and take a look at him, Tom?"

Tom did come. Two long hours passed while Chris waited for him to come out of the boy's room. Finally Tom entered the room.

"Well?" Chris looked up.

"He's in pretty bad shape," Tom said. "Do you know the boy?"

Chris nodded "Yes, he's got a job at the plant this summer. Nice kid. He's got to pull through this. I'll stand all the expenses, naturally. I'll . . ."

"The boy needs an operation, Chris."

"They have good doctors here. I'm sure they can handle it."

"Well, I'm not as sure," Tom spoke slowly. "That boy needs a surgeon and a highly skilled one at that. None of the doctors here has had enough experience."

"But . . ."

"Will you operate, Chris?"

"But, Tom, I haven't been near a hospital for eight months. Couldn't you do it?"

"I'm a practising physician, not a surgeon."

"But I couldn't . . ."

"Yes, you could!" Tom was persistent.

"What are his chances of living if we don't operate?"

"About one in a hundred."

"All right," Chris said, "I'll operate."

He had operated this morning. It had seemed strange and wonderful at the same time to hold the delicate surgical instruments in his hands once more. But if the boy died . . . There was no chance to finish the thought, because the nurse entered.

"He's conscious now. The crisis is over," the

words were like music to his ears. "Your friend is waiting to see you in the other room."

Chris went out to see Tom, who extended his hand in congratulations.

"Good work, doctor," he smiled. "You've got the whole town talking about you."

"He's going to live! Did you hear? I was so afraid I couldn't do it."

"But you did it, and a very nice job of it too," Tom said warmly. "Now that you've got a little of that old self-confidence back, how about coming back to New York? Good surgeons are needed."

"I'm sorry, Tom, I won't be able to do it. I've got a date with the Army tomorrow. I hear they need doctors too!"

Tom laughed, "Well, we'll certainly miss you on the trip back."

"We?" Chris looked puzzled. He turned as he heard the door open.

"Edith!"

She crossed the room to him. "Tom called me last night and told me. Fortunately, there was a plane . . ."

"How long have you been here?" Chris asked.

"Long enough to hear what you said about the Army. Do you think you'll have to leave in a few days?"

"We'd have time enough to get married . . ." and then he took her in his arms.

"Oh, Chris," she said, "I'm so glad!"

SONNET FOR A FRIEND

By Henry K. Haines

A greatness falls upon the village small.
A greatness, not of victory or defeat,
But of the living of a life as tall
And lean and straight as men upon that street.
A boy who's known to everyone in town—
Remembered for the things that all boys do;
Remembered; loved; nor ever seen to frown;
He loved the living of his young life, too;
He loved all people—he would never curse
The man whose duty sent the shaft too true;
Nobility, his sign. It could be worse;
He could have been unfaithful—heart-sick, too;
That boy walked up to God and took His hand
And told Him He is needed in our land.

LINES

By Richard E. Hunter

The day is tired, its brilliance starts to fade,
The bright blue dome of one brief hour before
Takes on a grayish look—lifeless and flat
It seems. Only a patch of gauzy sky
Above the western hillocks, with their trees
Pointing sharp spires to Heaven, is alive
As a vibrant vermillion ball rolls downward fast
To vanish; harbinger of the night it is—
Night, which stalks steadily over the vale
Until we all are smothered in its bosom,
And coolness, whisp'ring, sweeps thru countless
leaves,
And whitest light shines forth from myriad
stars—
Unplayable music of the universe,
There on the bridge I stand and gaze.
All else but those bright stars is dark and
vague;
And as the rippling stream flows by below,
I half expect the warrior, tired and bruised,
Orion, to reach over the black sky,
Lay hold on the Great Dipper with his hand,
And plunge it in the running rivulet
Beneath my feet to slake his burning thirst.



SONNET

By Richard E. Hunter

Apollo's laugh of carefree joy rings clear,
Exulting as he drives his fiery steeds
Across the sky; no bank of clouds impedes
The sun's bright orb, bound tightly to the rear
Of his gold chariot—only a few
Small, fleecy wisps of white are in the sky
From which Diane, his sister fair, may spy
His flight—her feet set thereupon: the dew
Which ever wreathes her sparkling golden brow
Inspires, while zenith heat beats down on
earth,
Sweet lots of evening coolness and of mirth
And revelry and joy and lover's vow;
But then one whispers, "Fool! Those gods aren't
there!"
And I must wake to life, that's cold—and bare.

CHANT

By Henriette T. Walker

These things are mine for ever and ever:
Freshening, cleansing of cool winds
Met by strong bodies, unafraid;
Full communion of complete silence;
Infiniteness of all creation;

Shelves of willow-ware, radiant, indigo,
Telling its tale of ceaseless devotion;
Well-loved, well-worn volumes;
Subtle modulation, stark strength of great sym-
phonies.
These things are mine for ever and ever.

Fluidness of a cat stalking through tall grasses;
Clasped hands, pudgy, of a small child
praying.
No conqueror's chains, no oppressor's heel
Can take all this from me;
For these things are mine for ever and ever.

Circus Impressions

By Elizabeth J. Cassatt

TIGHTROPE WALKERS

Golden haired Princess
And lithe prince
Walking a road
As narrow as life itself.

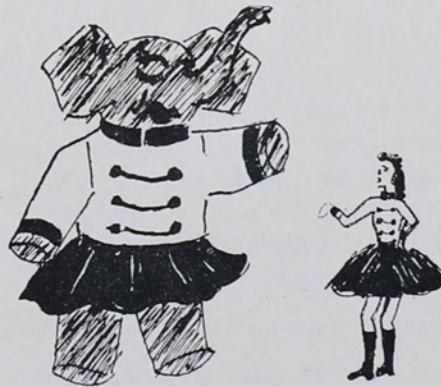


BALLOON MAN

Lean brown man,
Being tugged upward
By red and green balls,
Stubbornly digging his feet
Into the rough sawdust.

GIRL AND ELEPHANT

Red and gold figurine,
Heavy gray mass—
To the crowd,
Beauty and the Beast;
To the elephants,
Beast and the Beauty.



TRAPEZISTS

Pink streaks of light
That stop a moment
To become fluffy fairies
Poised on slender bars.

Illustrations by E. J. Cassatt

Spring Comes Late

By Benny van Acker

THE air was cold and grim, and a whisper of a South wind barely disturbed the top-most branches of the elm trees. I hated the thought of getting my hair cut, but it had to be done. This made three weeks since I last visited the Acorn Barber Shop.

"Guess it'll snow or rain or something," I thought, looking up at the heavy, leaden sky. Just then a snowflake drifted lazily down, then another, and then a few more.

"Damn this sloppy weather! When will spring come, anyway?" The sidewalks were becoming slippery, and the wheels on a passing truck spun a few times before taking hold. I stopped at a street corner to wait for the green light. A Lincoln coupe sprayed me with muddy water as it whirled around the turn. "Just had these cleaned, too," I mumbled, and brushed at the spots on my pants cuff. "Cripes."

Joe and Tony were both busy as I entered the shop.

"Hi, fellows."

"Hello boss," they said, practically in unison, and went back to their snipping and combing. "Let's see. There's one ahead of me. Ought to be out of here by ten-thirty or so." I picked up a well-worn copy of **Laugh**, and sat down in the chair next to the radio.

"How's the world treating you, Tony?"

"Not bad, not bad. Do no good to kick, huh?" Tony chuckled, and whistled a few bars of **Donkey Serenade**. He began shaving a fellow who looked as if he might work in the local steel mill. I wondered if the man noticed the aura of garlic hanging around Tony, as I always did.

"OK boss. You're next." Joe collected sixty-five cents from his customer, shook out the cloth with a Neopolitan flourish, and tucked it in around my neck. "How you want it cut? Same as usual?"

"Same as usual, Joe. Not too long; not too short."

Joe fusses over a fellow's hair like a hen. He adds his own clucks to the snap of the scissors on the comb, and walks around tilting his head from side to side to view his work. Whenever he cuts a kid's hair, he does some pretty awful bird imitations, but they all seem to like it. I looked over at Tony. He was holding a mirror behind his customer's head.

"How's that? All right?"

"Very nice, very nice," the man answered. "Say, do you want to see what the Draft Board sent me?" Tony nodded yes. The man walked over to his coat. I watched him carefully, for he looked well over draft age. His hair was quite gray, and his face was wrinkled.

"Here. Take a look at this." His voice sounded thick. Apparently, he was slightly tight. Tony shook his head, and said, "M-m-m. Looks a bad, huh?"

The man smiled and belched. "Probably means I'll be gone for a year or two."

"When you leaving?"

"Next Wednesday. Wonder if the old place will be the same when I get back? Guess I'd better hang on to these." He giggled a little, and took the papers from Tony. "Be good, boys."

"Yeah, yeah. So long. Good luck."

"So long." Joe said.

The man opened the door, turned and waved rather majestically, and walked out onto the street. I could see him going for about a block until he turned down a side alley. He seemed to be whistling, but I couldn't tell. He was too far away.

"Hair cut good enough, boss?"

"Yeah, sure, Joe. Swell."

I paid him, and left the shop feeling a bit depressed. The snow had turned into a steady, cold rain, and the cars made a swishing noise as they passed. "Looks like spring will never come," I thought once more.



Head and Shoulders
OVER OTHERS

FOR MILDNESS... FOR BETTER TASTE

And as sure as night follows day... Chesterfield's definitely Milder Better Taste is the result of their...

**RIGHT COMBINATION
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS**

**Make these 5 Key-words the key to your Smoking
Pleasure, as they are for millions everywhere.**

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