



Spring 1947

## The Lantern Vol. 15, No. 2, Spring 1947

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### Recommended Citation

Leon, Barbara; Turner, W. E.; Sare, Ronnie L.; Deitz, Barbara; Burton, John; Wentzel, Richard; Williamson, Charles H.; Small, Stanley; Juppe, Bob; McCullough, Kathleen; Mazurkiewicz, Albert J.; and Tanner, Raymond, "The Lantern Vol. 15, No. 2, Spring 1947" (1947). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 39.

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# Lantern.

*Ursinus College.*



'47  
Twenty

• Spring Issue •  
147

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



1945 NEWS ITEM  
Cigarette Shortage  
Still Acute

Crowds Queue Up... Millions  
Try Different Brands... Smoke  
Whatever They Can Get.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



## EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Result: Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not.

And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels... always great... grew greater still... so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

*Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*

*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

### MORE DOCTORS SMOKE **CAMELS**

*than any other cigarette*

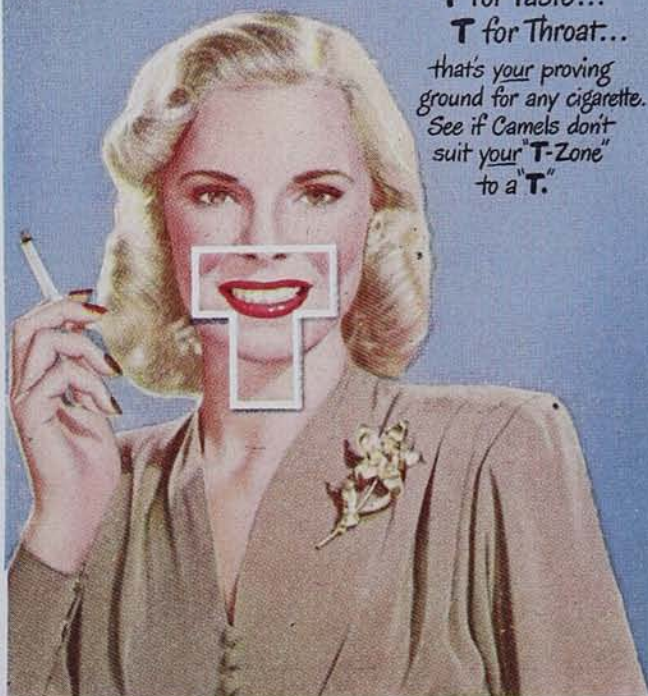
When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!



Your "T-Zone"  
will tell you...

T for Taste...  
T for Throat...

that's your proving  
ground for any cigarette.  
See if Camels don't  
suit your "T-Zone"  
to a "T."



# THE LANTERN

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Spring, 1947

Vol. XV, No. 2

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THE LANTERN is published three times during the college year at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania  
Subscription, 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents. By mail, one dollar per year.

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# Editorial

The time has come again for another LANTERN editor to bow out and to turn over her responsibilities to a new editor. I wish, in leaving, to express my appreciation for the copious amount of material submitted to the staff by the students; and I only wish that it were possible to print more of the articles and poems we judged. Unfortunately, our budget for this year does not permit a larger LANTERN, and the staff was forced to reject some of the material only because of lack of space. I hope the authors of these poems and stories will not let discouragement deter them from submitting them again for a later issue.

I should also like to thank the staff, as well as Dr. Yost, Mr. Witmer, and Mr. Child, for their help and encouragement, and to turn the position of editor over to Richard Wentzel with congratulations and good wishes.

JOAN WILMOT, *Editor-in-Chief*

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## Lantern Who's Who

Although still in her freshman year, "BARBIE" LEON has already shown her interest in extra-curricular activities. Besides winning the first prize in the *Lantern* short story contest, she has recently been elected to the *Lantern* staff, and has joined the Curtain Club and the French Club. Barbara Anne, to use her full name, came to Ursinus from that "suburb of New York," Cranford, N. J., and is planning to major in French. Interpreting and acting rate high on her list of careers, but the field of writing is her choice right now. This impressionistic story of a summer's dream presents her ability to do clever and creative writing.

Nine months in Ireland gave JOHN BURTON the background to write this haunting story of a man's "Exile" which uses the scenes of Ulster for its setting. The Irish interlude was all part of three years in the Air Corps; before that John was born and brought up in Philadelphia. Although he has been active in the Record Club at Ursinus, and one of the instigators of music at mealtime, his first love is the English group. After his graduation in '49, he hopes to enter the field of writing and journalism.

# Midsummer Afternoon's Dream

BARBARA LEON

"Gonna' be another scorcher!"

Raymond blew his nose and sat down. "Yeah," he said disgustedly.

His father spat philosophically and went out.

A blast of hot air from the street ruffled the pile of requisition sheets and bills on the desk. Raymond eyed them distastefully and lit a cigarette. Then, as if in sudden protest against the dull emptiness of the store, the dreariness of the long afternoon ahead of him, and all dreary afternoons thereafter, he swung around in his chair and surveyed his surroundings resentfully. Rugs lay upon the floor in piles and coiled in bundles draped over chairs or leaning against the walls, almost graceful in their sweet repose. Double columns of linoleum marched down the sides of the room in doubtful regimentation. Rugs of assorted sizes, shapes, colors, and prices, slanted against the casements, shutting out the brightness of the noonday.

With mock solemnity, Raymond stood up and straightened his tie. Sales book in hand, he approached a pastel rug reclining against the wall. "Good day, madam, how may I help you? Something in a bear rug? Yes, indeed, madam, and might I add that we have the finest selection this side of Jane Russell. Now we have a few numbers here on the floor," Raymond continued facetiously, "—but you'll find the more expensive—what's that? You're looking for something for the bathroom? In orange? . . . We-el, I'll look."

"Does it float," said a small thin voice.

"Well, I admit, madam, that this is a rug for the bath but that is one attribute that our rugs . . . Oh, my," said Raymond sitting down suddenly.

"Through the air, I mean," said the owner of the voice suddenly materializing. "Did I alarm you?" "I'm deucedly sorry to interrupt you and your customer, but—"

Raymond blinked.

"I'm in very much of a hurry and wonder if you might possibly show me some thing in the way of a magic carpet—most reliable conveyance I know of."

Raymond looked up quickly into the kindly eyes of a tired-looking gentleman with a bow tie, who punctuated his sentences by nervously looking at his watch.

"There now, it *is* getting late," said this strange customer. "Speak up, young man. Have

you anything that would interest me?"

Raymond backed away open-mouthed, rubbing his aching head tenderly, and narrowly missing a collision with a large rug coiled up at the entrance of the stockroom.

"Fine, fine. It's not often that I'm so pleased with the appearance of my first selection. Here—untie it, please, and test its pick-up."

Raymond obeyed blindly. Numbly he untied the cord which bound the carpet and crawled upon it. No sooner had he uttered the words "This is absurd," than he was carried upward with such tremendous momentum that his head met the ceiling with a resounding crack.

"Ouch," protested Raymond.

"Excellent," contradicted his customer, rubbing his hands gleefully. "You may come down now," with which the carpet descended with such violence that the other of Raymond's extremities met with disaster.

"Excellent," repeated Raymond's patron. I shall certainly reward you when my wife presents me with my allotment from her bridge club winnings. Gracious, I've delayed long enough," he said, lugging at the carpet until he had worried out of the door and onto the street, "and by the by, it just crossed my mind that you might care to share this trip with me. Will you join me?"

"Why, I—" stammered Raymond.

"Fine," concluded his partner, "Hop on, you'll enjoy it. Educational, you know."

With that the two were whisked high into the air and buffeted gently about on a sea of clouds. Raymond caught his breath and stared at his companion, who was visibly pleased with his purchase.

"Most satisfactory," he said happily. "Unfortunate about my last carpet. Wife had it cleaned and it lost all its stardust repellency. Homeward bound, on my last trip, I was completely thrown off my course. Found myself sipping a frosted on the Milky Way instead of inhaling revenues where I was supposed to have descended."

Raymond nodded in sympathy and turned his attentions to the earth below. Faintly he could discern the names of the territories beneath them. Why, it was as he had always imagined. There was Hoeland and Weedon — both agricultural

*(Continued on page 4)*

## *Midsummer Afternoon's Dream*

*(Continued from page 3)*

countries, and Angleland—famous for its extensive fisheries, Capricia, Frenzy, Freezia, and a disputed territory called Defrost. There was—

"We're here," interrupted his companion.

"Where?" shouted Raymond above the shrill voice of the wind.

"There," returned his colleague, pointing to a huge green fairway which soon received the rapidly descending carpet into its grassy confidence.

"Priorities, priorities," barked an offensive voice in Raymond's ear.

"But I haven't a priority," mourned Raymond.

"Here," said his colleague, shoving into his fist a green piece of cardboard.

"Read what it says on the ticket," retorted the ticket seller with the prominent eyebrows, purpling.

"It says Right, Left, and Center. It gives you three choices."

"That's for you to decide," he answered, leering unpleasantly.

Raymond edged past his adversary nervously, entered the grandstand, and seated himself behind a man who sat bolt upright. Glancing on both sides of him, Raymond noticed that his neighbors leaned either to the left or the right.

"Very unwise choice," muttered a voice to the right of him.

Raymond turned and stared at the owner of the voice, who was poking a needle threaded with ticker tape through a stack of hundred-dollar bills.

In answer to the questioning look on Raymond's face he replied, "I'm sewing up my future, young man."

"They're beginning," cried Raymond's carpet companion, mysteriously appearing.

Raymond again directed his attention to the activities of the golf course and was astonished to perceive a cow and an overgrown baby walk upon the fairway together, brandishing their irons threateningly at each other. Raymond coughed and asked to borrow his friend's program which, when opened, revealed that the afternoon's match was to be conducted between Labor and Management.

"Which one's Management?"

"The one on the left, my boy. First name's Bossy, I believe."

"Isn't that overbearing infant with the bushy eyebrows, the ticket seller we met at the gate? I thought he'd be on the outside looking in."

"He was for a while, my boy," his companion replied mystically.

"Tee off!" shouted a voice from the audience.

"Tea off?" queried the man with the ticked tape. "How much?"

"Four and a quarter," responded the same voice impatiently. "On with the game!"

"I'm puttin' glutton," called out the cow to her adversary.

"Fore!" shouted the baby, completely disregarding his opponent's announcement and whacking his ball into a sand pit.

"Four?" bawled the cow, accompanying his antagonist to the sand trap. "A dozen is more accurate. There's the coal strike, steel strike, automobile strike, telephone and telegraph strikes—" she paused gasping for air.

"I suggest a thirty-day cooling off period," intervened a large woman on the stands, fanning herself.

"Suggestion overcooled," retorted the leftists.

"Mud in your eye," screamed the cow, aiming a well placed divot.

"That's one product you haven't been able to subsidize," shrilled the infant, pulling at his bonnet strings.

Gentlemen, please," interrupted a soft voice.

A hush descended upon the audience like a bird of portent circling above the multitudes, stilling strident voices, inducing dissatisfied faces to strain forward and wait.

For out on the fairway stood a tired-looking man, a kindly expression on his executive countenance. In his hand he carried a rule book whose covers were of a wondrous golden hue.

"Here, sirs, is your answer, I believe," he said quietly.

Slowly the two adversaries took the book from their mediator's hands and read the single inscription which stretched across the page. Having read, they stared at each other shamefacedly for a moment.

"Fair play is the essence of the game," ventured the self-appointed referee. "Shall we go on with the match?" he queried, brightening.

"Yes, let's go on," responded the cow sheepishly.

"On with the match," added the infant, sucking his thumb confusedly.

*(Continued on page 8)*



# Poetry

## *Lost Love*

W. E. TURNER

Sweet bird of innocence—  
Oh, daemon bird, of one-and-twenty hues—  
How straight, how swift, thy graceful flight:  
How soft thy passage, lacking lie or ruse.

How clear thy farewell note.  
It comes—on some bright thread of sunlight  
wound—  
Cascading o'er me in my night,  
To shatter, scattering opaque flakes around.

My spirit with the note,  
Sinks with the flakes, melts with the sound.  
No more to dream caresses in the clouds;  
Or, dreaming, graze sweet Passion's pastures round.

Farewell, my only bird!  
'Tis subtle loss that only dreams have won.  
(Oh, Reason, have compassion on me now;  
I am yet young, and yet my death's begun!)

Fly on, small voice of truth!  
Fly, ever free, above love basely waged.  
Far better my heart melt a thousand times,  
Than thou once caged.

---

## *"Speak Now - - -"*

BARBARA DEITZ

When, out of war's fierce blasting, we emerge,  
To see where peace, for which we hoped, now lies;  
And find that here before our blurred eyes,  
The world creaks on, unmindful of that dirge.  
How can men say with scorn, "It concerns not me,"  
When, two brief years ago, they crawled, mud-  
soaked,  
Arm limp, across a narrow road, then choked  
With fury of a gun they could not see?  
If men knew what war was, there'd be no war;  
Yet those who know, tell not, and place a shell  
Over those fearful days, to forget that hell.  
Complacency, unknowing, brings it more.  
And if 'twere done again, to what avail—  
To keep some promise—though again we fail?

## *The Rocket*

RONNIE L. SARE

A rocket flames from earth  
To scorch the atmosphere,  
And views the world  
As a crystal ball,  
Upon its constant  
Upward fling.

The cares and toils of day are gone,  
The craters and ridges disappear.  
All that's left is smoothness,  
mystified, yet clear.  
On the surface of the scene,  
The world, that planetary thing.

The rocket slips through handless space,  
Boundless that it is,  
While time, the record  
Of man's days,  
Neither halts nor moves  
Its forward pace.

For time is but invention,  
Machinery to hold  
The appointments of men  
Before the eternal fold,  
Convenience to the end.

So as in life  
When true emotions rise,  
Smallness in human values  
Is lost in engulfing space.  
Time floods its boundaries  
And tranquility fills the place.

## “Unique Experience”

His career in the Foreign Service is often used as a criterion for those wishing to enter it. Yet he considers with most pride his success in the writing field!

He was fired from the Harvard *Crimson* by the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt because Roosevelt, then an editor, thought he would never make a journalist. Years later, when Roosevelt was in the White House, he made a private aircraft available to Dr. Chandler in order to get the latter's opinion on a pertinent issue and learned that plans were then being laid for publishing his book “Inter-American Acquaintances.”

He is probably the only Harvard alumnus who uses as an illustration for his Sociology course an instance concerning a Yale football victory over his alma mater.

His memory is an accepted phenomenon—calling to his command seven languages, untold depths of American and European history complete with dates, and the names and positions of innumerable personages he has encountered in his forty-seven years since high school. Yet several times he forgot the telephone number of his own residence!

He was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, on December 29, fifty-eight years before America entered the second World War. Yet in 1942 he was appointed to a position with the Rubber Development Corporation in Brazil, a position which included strenuous duties on the Amazon—next to the Equator! And in June, 1943, while in Brazil, he accepted a position with the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. This position largely dependent on his knowledge of Portuguese—learned fifty years before!

His is the old-world courtliness, effected by foreign service experience in such courtly countries as Japan, Portugal, Brazil, Chile, and Argentina. His soft conversation is always polite, seldom flattering. His humor touches lightly and is gone. Once, answering the request of a student for an extension on an already extended period in which to prepare a report, he said; “Yes, you may put it in blank verse if you like.”

His, also, is a list of “firsts,” beginning with a medal for excellence in Latin from Brookline High School. In Harvard, although he graduated *Magna Cum Laude*, he faltered momentarily,



DR. CHARLES LYON CHANDLER

standing only eighth in his class of 550! However, after Harvard and a year as personal secretary to Colonel Charles Page Bryan, American Minister to Portugal, he took—1906—the first competitive examination ever given in this country for the Foreign Service. Huntington Wilson, former Under-Secretary of State, in his book *Memoirs of an Ex-Diplomat*, says of this examination, “I remember that Charles Lyon Chandler came up for appointment as a student interpreter and passed brilliantly. In addition to sound education and wide reading, he showed prodigious memory. I never knew another man whose mind so automatically placed in indestructible files of memory everything he learned, dates and all. His papers were so excellent that I had the unique experience of reading them a second time for pleasure.” (page 158). As a result of the examination referred to, Dr. Chandler became the first student interpreter from the United States to Japan. (Dr. Chandler is also not only the first, but the *only* citizen of Pennsylvania who is a Knight Commander in the Order of the Southern Cross of Brazil; he was promoted to that grade on September 29, 1944, having been made a Knight thereof on July 29, 1938. He has, as well, been decorated with the Order of Boyaca of the Republic of Colombia and with the Order of Merit of Chili.)

He had now a speaking acquaintance with the French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, and Japanese languages and his fame spread. He became, in December, 1908, Vice-Consul at Montevideo and

(Continued on page 13)

## The Exile

JOHN BURTON

*I. The Friend*

The time is today; the past, yesterday; and the future, tomorrow; for I remember vividly how we walked from the harvest fields toward the cluster of houses that comprise the village of Mayola. Even now I can see the farm of Martin Nicholson and, in the distance, the gentle contours of the Mourne range, Slieve Donnard rising above the others with the smoke from the town of Newcastle creeping slowly up its side. It was one of those evenings that fills one with remorse at the passing of time, with a mad desire to halt it and a feeling of hopeless impotence in the knowledge that to do so is impossible.

Who has not been captivated by the splendor of a September? Who has not been enslaved by its lush autumnal beauty, gloried in its mellow richness, and listened to the call of a thousand voices, echoing down the corridors of long-forgotten cities and through the valleys of buried continents? Who has not felt the hot breath of summer expire late of a September night and been driven into a land of exile, alone and naked, lost in a maze of unfamiliar streets and strange places?

In the dusk of a September night the kingdom of Mourne was alive with the shadows and songs of an autumn season.

The people of Mayola were troubled that evening by the death of Martin Nicholson. From house to house the news spread quickly, filling everyone with the nameless dread that seizes people when someone they have known dies. They gathered in dimly-lit kitchens to confirm the rumor and to speak of their late neighbor with that special reverence we save for the dead.

I knew Martin Nicholson as well, I think, as anyone outside his immediate family did; yet I knew him scarcely at all. He was not the kind of man one grew to know well, and still I believe that he desired friendship even more than personal success. Was it not odd then that he remained a stranger even among those whom he had known for years? Why did he reject the companionship of his neighbors while secretly he hungered for their fellowship? What dark secret did he carry with him beneath the ground for eternity?

Even the place of his birth was a closely guarded secret. He had not reached the position from which he could point with pride to a humble

dwelling and say, "You see what I have become in spite of my low birth?" This gave the townspeople a wide area for speculation and countless theories of his origin were circulated freely, each with its small group of believers. This much, however, was certain: Martin was a self-made man. He had come to Mayola without friends or fortune; and he left it second to none in property, though he failed to acquire many friends, for, as I have already said, he was essentially a lonely man. As he lay motionless in the oaken bed, people came from the village hoping that what had been enigmatic before might prove obvious then. They crowded about him as they might have encircled a lifeless monster, ready to spring back should he suddenly awake and catch them in all their naked curiosity. But death only served to deepen the mystery of the man and they went away unsatisfied.

Since then I have wondered a great deal about Martin Nicholson. I have asked myself many times what lay behind those stern features and always the answer has been the same—man is, for all his endowments, a helpless creature. Even among those he holds most dear and in the places he has known from childhood, he is a victim of his own insecurity; and he fails to know happiness until it has left him forever, never to return.

The people of Mayola found escape in sleep that night. Only in a farmhouse on the edge of the town was there a sign of activity. In a single upstairs room sat a woman of some forty years and near her, a young man. Together they watched over a gaunt visaged figure and listened to the muted sounds of a September night.

*II. The Wife*

Margaret Nicholson waited impatiently for the dawn. "When will it be light again?" she asked herself. How much longer must I sit here? How long has it been since we've eaten anything? My God—can it be that he is dead? Who will manage the farm until John is through school? What's wrong with me? I must try to be calm. I shouldn't think of such trivial things now.

No, the past is not dead, she thought. I can remember the day we met more clearly than these past few hours. It was harvest time just as it is now. He had come with a group of itinerant work-

*(Continued on page 12)*

1940-41... You, you there, with your "isolation"  
plans,  
And hopes for a secluded promised land  
Within neutrality,—  
What word have you for those  
Whose migrant sons till soil unselfishly?

1942-43... You, you there, with your castles of  
desire  
Producing oil and armor-piercing shell,  
At monumental fee,—  
What word have you for those  
Who fathered sons to man your industry?

1944-45... You, you there, with your brimming cup  
of gain,  
And greedy dreams of greater wealth to  
come  
From war's prosperity,—  
What word have you for those  
Whose blood writes history's page  
indelibly?

1946-... You, you there, with your senatorial  
stoop,  
And proclamations, now that war is  
done,  
That reek of infamy,—  
What word have you for those  
Whose sons' citations came posthum-  
ously?

## *Procrustean Dike*

CHARLES H. WILLIAMSON

The order seen in the universe  
Is an illusion,  
An ineradicable curse—  
Confusion!

Imperfection and crass chance  
Are Nature's rule.  
Inexorably they dance  
And fool

The ever wishful specie  
That innately tends  
To systematize and see  
Explicit trends

In the erratic swing of planets  
And in desultory courses  
Of historical events.  
And sources

Explicit and orderly are sought,  
And procrustean-like  
Are seized and wrought  
Into a dike

To stay the flood of evidence  
That would invalidate  
The last tenuous defense  
Of complacent mandate.

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## *Midsummer Afternoon's Dream*

(Continued from page 4)

A great roar went up from the crowd who  
surged from the stands to congratulate the inter-  
cessor.

\* \* \* \*

A blast of hot air from the street ruffled the  
pile of requisition sheets and bills on the desk.

Raymond opened one eye to find the room com-  
pletely enveloped in darkness.

"Phew, it's hot!" Stretching, he got up and  
poured a glass of water from the water cooler.

His father came in and spat wearily.

"Gonna be another scorcher tomorra'!"

"Yeah," said Raymond thoughtfully.

# A Faëble

STANLEY SMALL

Once upon a time, in a very old kingdom, there reigned a very old king. His name was Rolando, and he had grown old very quickly, so that, although he was really a good king, he had only the knowledge of age, not the wisdom.

Now the king had many beautiful wives. But most beautiful among them was Aphasia. She was, indeed, the most beautiful maiden in the kingdom, or in many kingdoms for that matter, and she was of course the king's favorite.

Until a terrible thing happened.

Aphasia began to read and to sing in bed.

Well, the king was not *that* old, but he just didn't know what to do. He could administer the state and preside over the courts and collect taxes. But when a queen read and sang in bed, he didn't know what to do.

First he asked her not to read and sing. And then he threatened her. And finally he begged her.

But she wanted to read and sing.

And she did.

Now it happened that in this same kingdom there was a very very wise man. People from far and wide came to him for advice and he charged them nothing. So that, as it is with all very, very wise men, although his fame spread, he was very, very poor.

So one day a messenger of the king rode into the yard of the wise man and called to him, "You, wise man. What is your name?"

And the wise man answered, "My name is of no consequence other than to those who collect taxes, and even of little worth to them, for I have no money with which to pay. Therefore I shall not tell you."

"Oh, come," said the messenger, "I want only to take you to the king so that he may share of your wisdom and you in turn may share of his wealth. Tell me your name."

"If you speak the truth," replied the wise man, "my name is Sylvidus. And if you lie you will have a difficult time finding me on the tax sheet."

And Sylvidus walked beside the messenger's horse all the way to the palace.

The king received him in the royal chamber and made him rise from his knees and told him to sit beside the throne. And when everyone had gone from the room he said to Sylvidus, "Oh, wise one, I am a great king. I have gold enough

to pave the world. I have gardens and birds to sing therein. I have servants to do my every bidding. I am able to destroy a mountain or make a city. Yet I am unhappy. I am unhappy because," and here the king blushed, for even though he was a king he was, too, a man, "I am unhappy because my favorite wife reads and sings in bed."

At this Sylvidus frowned.

"O revered king," he said, "this is indeed a problem of vast proportions. One to tax my wisdom sorely. I shall need time. Perhaps two weeks. And I must speak with this wife."

The king rubbed his hands. "The time is yours, and gladly," he cried. "And you shall speak this very night with the wife."

So that night Sylvidus waited alone in a private chamber. And soon the queen arrived and her beauty was as a thousand butterflies in candlelight. And Sylvidus fell madly in love with her and, when she had heard him speak, she with him. So that at the end of two weeks, when the king called him to the royal chamber, Sylvidus said, "O great and learned king. O fountain of compassion, I have these two weeks spoken often with the queen, and her beauty is as the ember's warmth on a cool night, and love has grasped me to its breast and binds me with its passion."

"Ah?" said the king. "AHA! I fear your wisdom leaves you, wise man. And how feels the queen of this?"

"O gracious king. O sea of understanding," replied Sylvidus, "my heart's ego lends my tongue truth. I must answer she feels also thus."

Now this made the king very unhappy. And, as you know, it is not easy for a king to be unhappy. So he put his chin in his hand and he thought and he thought. And finally he smiled.

"Now, wise one," he said, "and what of the reading and the singing?"

"Oh," cried Sylvidus, "these are indeed ghastly habits and must be broken, else they'll strangle love."

"Indeed?" murmured the king. "So I thought. So I thought. Therefore we will make a bargain, you and I. A bargain of which you must promise the queen will never learn."

"I promise. Indeed, I promise," answered the not so very wise man.

*(Continued on page 14)*

# The Paris Story

BOB JUPPE

Even before the war's end was officially proclaimed in May, 1945, Madame Perin, an ordinary Parisian housewife, had been putting items of food and drink aside—little things that were a rarity in the French capital then; edibles, for which the hungry people of Paris would have paid astoundingly high prices. Very few of the cans of meat or cheese were used to feed the family, which at the time included her husband and three children. No, these luxuries were destined for one purpose: to provide for as sumptuous a feast as the trying times would permit—for Roger, her eldest son.

To Roger had befallen the misfortune of being commandeered by the Nazis for forced labor in Germany. He had left, along with hundreds of others, one day in 1940, for a trip across the Rhine. And that was the last that had been seen, or heard, from Roger.

Much of the suffering and heartache of war was now over, but privations were all too prevalent. And the victors, the underfed French, were painfully understanding and seeing through the fallacy of a "glorious triumph."

During the days of anxious waiting for some news of her absent son, Mme. Perin was pleased to receive visits from her nephew, a sergeant in the United States Air Force. The youth was stationed about twenty miles to the south of Paris, and his love for the gay metropolis was such that all of his spare time was spent there. It was he who was the source of his aunt's special provender: he would drop in at unexpected times, but never empty-handed; his pockets or musette bag always contained something to make his old aunt's (for the war had noticeably aged her) soft brown eyes light up.

"What is this?" she would ask, making a half-hearted attempt to read the label, printed in the English language, which was incomprehensible to her. After being told what the box or can contained, she would nod, making the gesture cover both understanding and gratitude.

"I'll put this away for Roger's homecoming," she said, and did so. The sergeant looked at his aunt and marveled at a mother's undying faith. He himself was inclined to fear the worst. Five years in a much-bombed Germany, and no word. . .

\* \* \* \*

One had blonde, curly locks; the other had

brown and equally curly locks. One was aged five, the other four. Both were of the same temperament, and for their ages, both were quiet and untroublesome to mothers with big families. Both got along famously, and at five and four the lads were inseparable companions. Roger was blonde; his cousin, dark.

It had been a wonderful summer in Paris, that year 1926; but it was over now, and little, cherubic Roger was feeling very bad. His boon comrade, his dark cousin, was going to leave. Furthermore, he was going far away, and the idea of not seeing his friend for a long time was unacceptable to his childish mind.

But the time of parting came and with it a state of mild confusion: the visiting cousin was *sans* shoes. His mother had searched everywhere, but to no avail. Mme. Perin took up the hunt. She checked all the obvious places, but had no luck. The situation was assuming the proportions of a major mystery when Mme. Perin ran across them, the long-sought footgear, in an obscure closet corner. After order had been restored, Mme. Perin regarded her son.

"Roger, was it you who hid your cousin's shoes?" she inquired, having accurately sized up the situation.

The little boy looked up at his mother, but said nothing. Life could be so miserable at times.

\* \* \* \*

At first the sergeant found it a little difficult to believe. In a way it was amazing, when one considered the dire stories with the unpleasant endings that were associated with foreign workers in Germany. Nonetheless, the long-awaited return of Roger was to be a reality, for the fates had redeemed him from oblivion.

Soon, thought the sergeant, his work in France would be finished and he would be departing for America. What fine luck that Roger had made it back while he remained in France! After a break of almost nineteen years, an old acquaintance was to be renewed. Almost nineteen years gone by; how diversely had the two paths of life traveled! And now, like history repeating itself, the two paths would cross again.

The journey to Paris was swift; for, wrapped up in his musings, the sergeant had been oblivious of the time element. Now he was strolling toward

the stone house which had grown so familiar to him in the past few months.

What should he say to the stranger with whom he would soon be shaking hands? He couldn't quite picture him in his mind, for in the nineteen years he had only seen one or two pictures of Roger, and these were blurred in his memory. He did recall that family photo taken in the summer of 1926; it was a sort of landmark back home, a big brown picture that had always rested on top of the china-closet. What a handsome, chubby little fellow, his cousin! Indeed, his parents must have visualized a rosy, successful future for their son then.

The urchins playing about the front of the house stared as they always did when a G.I. strolled by; after ascending the stairs, the sergeant stood before the door and knocked. An awkward, nervous sensation, the type which used to sweep over him before he was to deliver a speech before the English class in school, embraced him.

The door opened, the soldier walked in. The unmistakable aura of family festivities was evident; his aunt's dancing eyes spoke volumes as she excitedly guided him toward the dining room.

And there he was: the curly blonde hair and

the kindly blue eyes; shyness and quietness, and an unassuming air were reflected in his slow gait as he approached to greet the guest. There was something else, too. The handsome little lad of five was now an emaciated, under-nourished youth, and he was bent and tired. But his grip was firm, his smile a trifle sad, wistful. The visitor stammered words of friendly greeting over the handshake, and concealed his shock. The boys stepped back to survey one another more closely while Mme. Perin injected her comments on the reunion in staccato fashion, fully imbued with a Latin ecstasy, a care-free happiness that she had not known for a long time.

The French are a naturally effervescent group, and what with the family Perin, a few neighbors, and an American sergeant, the long-planned celebration reached a jolly crescendo. All the while the American was observing his erstwhile companion.

Over coffee and *kirsch*, Roger recounted various episodes relative to his five year sojourn in the Rhineland; he had written letters, but what had become of them no one knew. The anecdotes were basically grim, accented with justifiable bitter-

(Continued on page 14)

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## Inspiration

KATHLEEN McCULLOUGH

Where flees that flickering spark of inspiration  
That surges within my soul,  
Filling it with a bewildering yet divine passion?  
Scarcely do I chance to view that glowing flame  
When a cool breeze blows upon it  
Causing it to flicker and burn out,  
Disappearing into the darkness beyond.  
Is there concealed within my spirit a sacred haven  
In which to store plenteous fuel—  
That I might make of that spark a blazing fire  
Should it return in more seasoned times to pervade  
my yearning thoughts?  
Oh, little spark, I bid you come back  
And let me make of my dreams a splendid kingdom,  
Lest fleeting time stamp upon you,  
And extinguish that last vestige of hope and power  
Which I possess for one creative effort.

## Gently Spoken

ALBERT J. MAZURKIEWICZ

Listen, I lost myself on a long journey.  
Restless fall they, the hours  
Down from the land of the stars,  
Dropping into the vastness of time,  
Strangely sounding,  
Sounding as fall sounds and fading.  
Oh, . . . how long I forgot . . .  
And I can't overcome the breath of the hour,  
The hour that ended it all,  
Smoking is the earth and frozen is darkness.  
And I am a leaf on a wintry tree.  
Just strangely, faintly touches me the air.  
Like southwind and from nowhere, birds  
Seeing a world of undone things  
Freeing my old, old heart  
Opening a day for my long-blind eye  
Since the time you passed by.

I have been reading, in all the recent newspapers, stories of how Russia wants us to destroy the atom bomb and until we do, cannot raise the "iron curtain." I have been reading in these same newspapers our answer that until Russia raises the curtain we cannot safely destroy the bombs.

Now this gets on my nerves. It gets on my nerves because it is so apparently silly. But it gets on my nerves more because the guys that are behind such thinking are the guys who are also yelling, "We must not let our air-force deteriorate. We must keep tanks and crews and guns. We must be prepared." Their preparation reminds me of a guy I knew in the army.

I knew a guy in the army who was afraid of going blind. All of us are afraid of going blind, but this Joe's fear was a thing that just took complete control of him.

He was a radio repair-man and his eyes *were* bad. He wore glasses to offset the damage done by reading too many poorly printed schematic drawings and staring too long at tiny resistors and condensers. He needed to look at grass and trees and mountains in the distance. He needed a change of perspective. That's all he needed, and he knew it. But did he do it?

No!

Instead he worried about his eyes. He'd lift his head from a schematic long enough to say say; "I'm worried about my eyes," and then he'd duck his head again.

He wouldn't change that perspective.

So he kept on worrying about his eyes and being afraid, until he got to the point where he would stand in the shower and shave. He'd stand in the shower, shaving without a morror, *practicing being blind*.

Now it seems to me we had better look up from the schematic.

We had better stop being a bunch of people looking for a chance to be hurt.

We had better stop thinking we're the only nation with morals.

And we had just better stop shaving in the shower.

(Continued from page 7)

ers to help father with the crops. I was scarcely more than a child then. I remember carrying water to the fields. He spoke kindly to me and asked me if I had ever been lonely. "Sometimes loneliness hits you like a thunderbolt and sends you reeling." Those were his exact words; I know now what he meant. He left Mayola three weeks later, saying that he would return in the spring. That was twenty-five years ago. For twenty-five years we have lived under the same roof, eaten at the same table, and slept in the same bed; yet I know him no better now than I did then. God — to live with someone for twenty-five years and never to know him! What is the meaning of it all? Are we doomed to walk the earth alone forever? Is there no escape from the dread reality of loneliness? How I'd like to know the answers to all these things. I wonder if anyone has ever known complete peace and, if he has, what it was like?

It's almost morning. I'll have to get us something to eat. "John—are you awake?" God how can he sleep at a time like this? "Wake up, son. It will be day soon. We'll have to make arrangements for the funeral."

### III. The Son

Morning—just as it has always been. There are the Mournes, yes, and Slieve Donnard. He used to say it was like the end of the world, as if all his life he had been fleeing from something and settled here only because he could go no further. And there is the opening in the trees where the stream flows toward the sea. I walked there with him only yesterday.

"Loneliness," he said as we followed the stream, "is the one experience from which you cannot escape. Happiness is at best an illusionary and shadowy substance; but loneliness is as real and as eternal as granite. It comes to every man to a greater or lesser degree and is the one thing all men have in common. When I came to Mayola it was to escape the loneliness of a friendless youth. I thought that I could be happy but it pursued me even here. Your mother could never understand; there was always a barrier between us that neither of us could cross. I loved her as I never had loved anyone before; but when she intruded on my solitude I hated her as I had never hated before. Often I wanted desperately to leave. I even made



plans to go once. She must have known what I was thinking of for she told me that she was to have a child, and then I could not bring myself to go. I swore that you would not suffer as I have. I worked only to give you the happiness I have always lacked."

For a moment he was silent; then, smiling almost imperceptibly, he continued.

"My success has been very modest. There are few people who will remember me when I am gone. I was alone and a stranger when I came here and I will leave as such. No, it is true."

"But they admire and respect you."

"People will admire and respect anyone they cannot comprehend as long as his behavior is acceptable in their eyes. It is only when they understand someone that admiration changes to affection or contempt and respect to love or hate. Because I am a good citizen and above all, a good farmer, they respect me; but they have never loved me as a friend. I don't blame them. It has been my own fault.

"I sometimes think they pity me. Perhaps that is why I can never humble myself to win their friendship. And for my stupid pride I have paid heavily. All these years I have isolated myself so that they could never know how much I wanted their love. What a fool I have been—and now it is too late to change."

"I suppose everyone reproaches himself for the mistakes he has made. Yet I wonder if it lay within his power to do any differently. I don't think so. We are all victims of our own personalities. It is useless for a man to struggle against himself for in doing so he destroys himself and becomes a being without purpose or consistency. Yes, I have always been true to myself and followed the dictates of my conscience, even at the expense of my own happiness."

By this time we had reached the white bridge where the stream turns to flow away from the village toward the sea. He was still speaking as we crossed over to the Mayola side.

"Someday it may all become very clear and I shall know why I have done so. Maybe then I'll look back over the years and it will all be plain. When you look at the stream from here it seems to be going nowhere but from the sky its direction must be very clear. That is how it will be for me someday."

And then suddenly, "Tomorrow we begin the harvest. It should be the best in years . . . perhaps in the last twenty-five years . . ."

## "Unique Experience"

(Continued from page 6)

after three months was transferred, for a two year stay, to Buenos Aires. At the termination of the two year period he was assigned to duty in the State Department in Washington, until, in April, 1914, his resignation made it possible for him to accept the duties of South American agent for the Southern Railway System. He maintained this responsible position throughout the first World War and, as a result of the war, married Miss Margery L. Brown of Minneapolis two years later. In 1919 he turned his capabilities to the Foreign Department of the Corn Exchange National Bank and Trust Company of Philadelphia.

1945 found him, aside from his duties with the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, teaching American Shipping and the History of the American Merchant Marine at Georgetown University, and a short time later he transferred his teaching duties to Haverford College. It was after he had left Haverford that President Norman E. McClure of Ursinus College obtained his services for instructing classes in Sociology and Geopolitics.

Dr. Chandler now resides in Swarthmore and commutes to the campus three days a week.

His students have learned that, even under such weather conditions as those which made his usual half hour trip from Swarthmore of three hour duration, he will not "cut" a class.

His interest is not only with his students but with the College as a whole. He is already well acquainted with the facilities of the library and, although manifesting pleasure therein, he states, with an eye to the future, that "Everyone connected with Ursinus College might begin immediately to build a library of 100,000 volumes which may in the future serve as the center of everything related to the history of Pennsylvania. The collection

(Continued on page 15)

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The sun had risen now and the grain was neatly stacked in the fields. He could hear his mother's voice calling from below, the measured rhythm of the clock, and, in the distance, the crying of many voices, rising and falling with the tide and dying on the shores of a land where loneliness was king and all mankind, prisoners in exile.

## *A Faible*

*(Continued from page 9)*

"Well then," continued the king, "it shall be thus. Love for the queen have we both and we shall bargain for each other's share. I shall give you the queen. I shall give you the queen for one month. In return, you will try to cure her. If you cure her, you will return her to me at the end of the month. And if you do not—why, if you do not, you may keep her forever."

Now this was a very shrewd bargain. And the king knew it. The king knew it and Sylvidus knew it. Sylvidus knew that if he cured Aphasia he would have to lose her; and if he did not, why he would not want her. But what could he do?

So he walked slowly from the chambers and went for Aphasia and took her home.

Oh the king was pleased! He was pleased with his shrewdness. And he was filled with impatience for the result. So that, at the end of the month, he greeted the wise man eagerly and took him immediately to the council chamber.

"Now," said the king, "tell me quickly, wise one, is she cured?"

"Cured," echoed Sylvidus. "Oh no, most shrewd king, she is not cured."

And how the king laughed. "Not cured," he roared, "Oho, not cured. Then your love has flown. Oho!"

"But no" said Sylvidus, holding back a smile. "No, rather my love is twice that of yesterday and tomorrow will be thrice that of today."

The king stopped laughing. "What!" he cried. "What! How is this? How is this? Quickly, knave how is this?"

"Well," said Sylvidus, "the first night, surely enough, Aphasia began to read and then to sing. And I asked her to stop and I ordered and threatened and I begged. But she would not stop."

"Of this I know," waved the king impatiently. "Go on, go on, knave."

"So," said Sylvidus, "I saw that there was but one solution, and the next night I took matters into my own hands. When she began to read I left the bed and crept into the next room, and when I returned I knew that my annoyance at her reading was soon to be gone forever. I—"

Gad, man. What did you do," the king whispered in horror.

"I brought my own book to bed," replied Sylvidus.

"Zounds," moaned the king. "This is dastardly. But what of the singing, man, what of the singing? Is it not nerve-racking?"

"Nerve-racking?" quoted Sylvidus, "it was, but now I mind it not at all."

"Mind it not!" raged the king. "Mind not the singing. This cannot be."

"But, yet," corrected Sylvidus, "I mind no more the singing."

At this the king stormed. "But how, man? How can it be you mind it not?"

"Well, said Sylvidus, "for the first week it drove me nearly mad. Then on the second night of the second week I brought home a zither, and complimented her upon the beauty of her voice. And the third night, when she began to sing, I played in accompaniment, but so badly that soon she begged me to stop and would sing no more."

"Then she is cured!" cried the king grasping at any straw.

"But, no," reminded Sylvidus. "Every night she would begin to sing, and I would play until she begged me to stop. And this went on until I became accomplished on the instrument. And now we sound quite well together and sing and play every night."

And he bowed to the king and went home.

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## *Paris Story*

*(Continued from page 11)*

ness; but they were told in such a matter-of-fact, unemotional manner that the jubilant spirit of the celebration suffered little by them.

As the affair ran on, the sergeant's impression of his cousin became crystal-clear; and in spite of all the merry making about him, a combined feeling of melancholy and outraged indignation seized his imagination. Here at the head of the table was a kind of martyr, or better, an unsung hero, typical of thousands of other young Frenchmen who had endured all varieties of physical sufferings and deprivations at the hands of a blue ribbon collection of diabolical fools. The airman considered the other vestiges of human flotsam he had seen in his work during the last few months: he had flown into Germany as a crew member of a transport plane, and he had seen plane-loads of grubby, shabbily garbed, hollow-checked "Frogs" make the long trip home; he had been deeply moved in observing

shells of human beings rouse themselves to touching bursts of enthusiasm and delight as the plane circled Le Bourget Airport in Paris; and once, as the plane hovered over the City of Eternal Light, he had heard a group of these pitiable characters sing a lusty chorus of "La Marseillaise" in as sincere and as spontaneous a display of patriotism as ever was given.

Roger, reflected the sergeant, would wear no medals for performing his stint; he had had no opportunity to serve his country in the armed forces; all he had done was to contribute unwillingly five years of his most precious possession, his youth, to an abortive end.

More than an unsung hero, he represented a symbol of France, this young repatriate; for hadn't France itself undergone five years of sheer misery, racked with tribulations, with heartache, of a kind which mere words can scarcely describe? And now wasn't France weak and exhausted, though still spirited and buoyant?

Now the gathering was about to break up; it had been a memorable day indeed, thought the sergeant. Now it was just a memory, that's all. Respectfully he bid his adieux and made for the doorway. Roger stood by him, smiling amiably.

"I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed seeing you," Roger said. He paused, and then, "I wish we had been able to offer you more . . . but things are not as they were before . . . Paris was wonderful then!

The sergeant could think of nothing to say as he watched his cousin momentarily lose himself in the past.

"But you're going to come back and see a new Paris—even gayer than the old. You will come back, won't you?"

"Well, answered the lad in olive drab, feigning deep consideration, "I'll promise to come back if you promise not to hide my shoes again."

Roger laughed heartily as he gripped his cousin's hand. "I promise," he said.

\* \* \* \*

There's an old adage that states that a man hasn't lived until he's spent a springtime in Paris. They say there's nothing like it. They say it'll make an old man young, and as for what it will do for a young man, well—!

So, if all goes well, I'm going to try it—again. I'm rather obligated to go. After all, a promise is a promise.

## "Unique Experience"

(Continued from page 13)

should contain, also, as fine a historical section on the other Americas as is possible. Even now the College is receiving absolutely free many official publications of the South American governments."

Concerning the future of Ursinus and colleges in general he feels that "The last war brought about a closer cooperation between colleges and universities and our government. Yet it is obvious that there has never been a time when all branches of the government needed more trained men than now. One of the most important functions of the colleges and universities is to do all in their power to train men and women for the emergencies that may arise in peace as well as war. Colleges can be of inestimable help to the government by training up the right kind of people. People with, above all, character."

"Let mentality," says Dr. Chandler, "take a back seat to character. Character and devotion to duty. Devotion to duty is just as necessary in government service as in a bomber or on a battleship. The unsung heroes of every war and all peace are those who fulfill their duties no matter how seemingly trivial. I often think of a very rich man who during World II performed almost menial tasks in order to help his country. War frequently brings out the best in all of us."

But Dr. Chandler's sympathy is most certainly not with war. His emphasis is naturally on peace, for "the scientific advances of war are, in terms of civilization's future, as nothing compared to the social and cultural advances of peace. And the quality of a country's social and cultural progress is no more than the quality of its educational system. Peace for education, education for peace. That is the circle of hope."

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## On Pain

WILLIAM KELLER

For me the long, lonely path,  
For me a discarded branch, a dry leaf,  
The husk of a man with no soul, only a body,  
Forsaking the light to walk in the shadows of  
despair and grief,  
Not heeding the waters of life murmuring about  
my feet,  
But only moving slowly and inexorably toward  
eternity.



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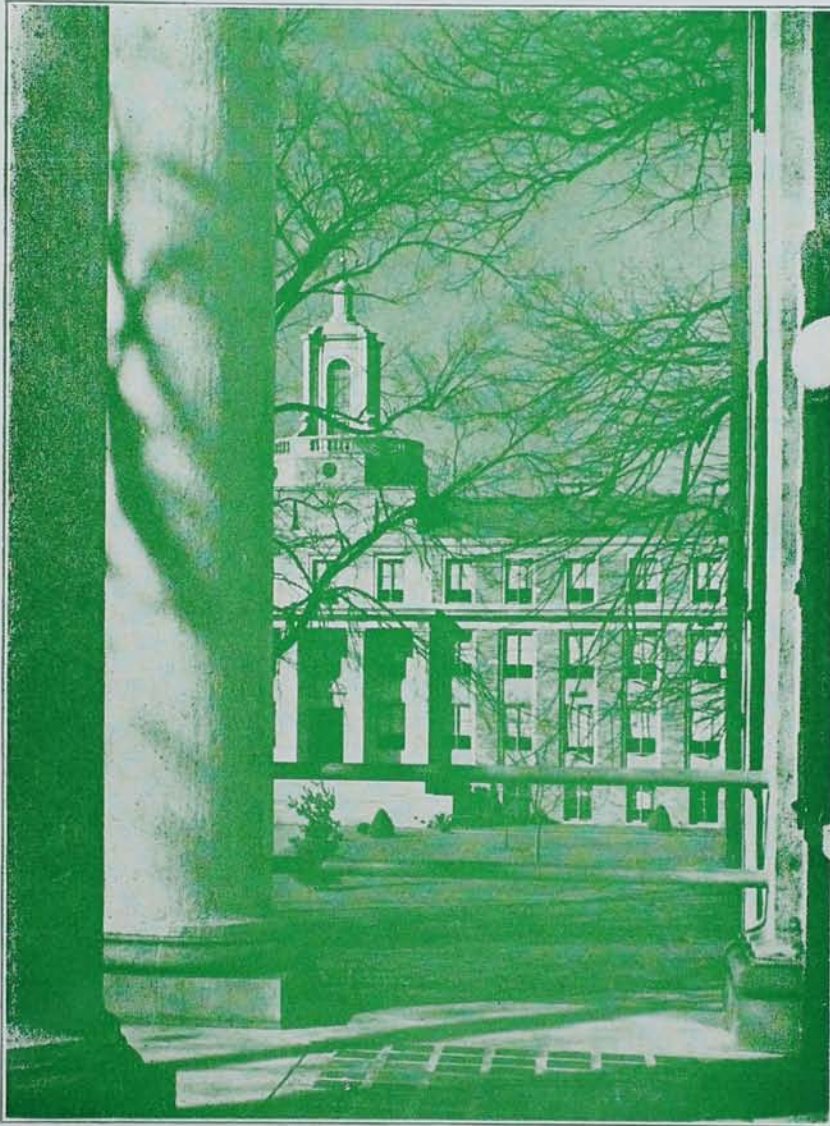
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