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## The Lantern Vol. 11, No. 2, March 1943

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Carl A. Schwartz, Elizabeth Jane Cassatt, Richard C. Wentzel, Raymond Lockhart, Barbara Cooke, Ethel M. Cunningham, Marion Hamilton, Mary-Beth Bookhout, Carl B. Hoffman, and Ruth Hydren

the

MARCH 1943

# LANTERN



SPRING ISSUE

**WOMEN AT WORK**

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**WHERE A CIGARETTE COUNTS MOST**  
*It's Chesterfield*

for march, 1943,

. . . the lantern presents

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*march, 1943*

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• • • *editorial*

WITH this issue the **Lantern** concludes its tenth year as the literary magazine of Ursinus. In the spring of 1933 the publication appeared with Eugene H. Miller as editor. The first issue enjoyed wide acclaim, attracting over three hundred subscribers. The **Lantern** is about to begin its second ten year lap. It is true, there is a war in progress — still, doing creative writing affords relief from nervous tension just as the reading of what others have written offers relaxation. The **Lantern** must become a stronger magazine than ever!

The editors of the class of May, 1943, know the next ten years can be ones of achievement and success for this publication. To the new staff and the editors of the future we leave our wishes for good luck!

Carl A. Schwartz's

## . . . *hypnosis— a study in sleep*

PERHAPS one of the most interesting and baffling studies of the eccentricity of the human mind is the hypnotic sleep in which a modified consciousness is produced in the hypnotic subject. The mind of the subject retains its functional ability of response but is stimulated only through the suggestion of an external mind. The subject then can be said to have established a condition of rapport with the hypnotist. In this strange circumstance the power of the individual will appear to have been relegated to another will, a will which exerts complete control over that of the subject.

There are, of course, various methods employed by the hypnotist to obtain his power over the subject. The one most familiar is the hocus-pocus method of the swami. This method, which is really an ostentatious representation of a simple principle, has been more of a detriment than an aid to the art of hypnotism. It is this method that has destroyed the feasibility of hypnotism in the minds of the spectators. We can, however, adopt the principle of the commercial hypnotist regardless of the method. The hypnotist in this case, without fail, uses the powers of auto-suggestion. After having established a rapport between the subject and the master, the hypnotist proceeds to demonstrate his complete power over the subject. I am a sincere adherent of the art because I have seen it used and used successfully. The old adage, "Seeing is believing," then, you must admit, is inviolable in this case. The demonstrations in which I have participated merely as a spectator have been most convincing; they have been performed not by a commercial hypnotist but by a college student with no previous hypnotic training, a fact which makes the principle of hypnotism so amazingly simple. Anyone possessing a sincerity concerning the results and a soothing voice can obtain the desired success.

The qualifications of the subject, however, are more complex. Actually, the subject must have more will-power than the master. It can be seen, therefore, that only a conscientious individual possessing a relatively high intelligence quota can act as a subject. I say this because a high intelligence rating is necessary for the individual to think of absolutely nothing.

To focus one's entire attention on the oral exhortations of the master requires will-power, too. This is the underlying principle of the auto-suggestion method. Of course, you can see that the environment in which the experiment is taking place must be perfect for the establishment of rapport.

The amateur hypnotist regulates the conditions for the experiment in the following manner. He first makes the subject recline and completely relax. Having done this he darkens the surroundings and requires the subject to focus his visual attention upon a single object. A steady candle flame is excellent for this. If the subject feels that he can succeed better by closing his eyes, the master may allow him to do so. The hypnotist then proceeds to speak to his completely relaxed subject. In a soothing voice he tells the subject that he is very sleepy, his arms are heavy, his legs are heavy, his eyes are heavy, he wants so much to sleep. . . It must be understood that he is not in a normal sleep. While in the hypnotic sleep, the subject is completely under the control of the hypnotist who is now ready to demonstrate this fact. He first tests the completeness of his power by commanding the subject to manipulate his limbs in various fashions. If this is successful he then demands that the subject raise himself to a vertical position. The subject, of course, responds and then will execute the orders to the nth degree. Whether the subject has his eyes open or closed, he can walk about eluding successfully certain obstacles which he knew existed beforehand. The subject can also speak but will do so only to answer a question or to say something requested by the master. While in the hypnotic condition, the subject is amazingly frank and cooperative and will answer truthfully all questions. He will execute any commands given him. A most amazing observation can be made at this point. He will not answer any questions or perform any tasks which are detrimental to himself. He is ready to obey the master but his obedience is limited to those things which he would say or do while in a normal conscious state. After several minutes in the hypnotic sleep, the subject will usually appear very tired and will admit upon

(Con't p. 13)

Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's

. . . *ursinellins*

EVERYONE on campus, I am sure, has often been annoyed by those little accidents and unpleasantnesses which seem without reason. You know, your alarm fails to go off or your room's colder than the north pole, and you have a cold to begin with. However, there is a reason. For quite a while there has been a group here on campus, dedicated to a general program of gumming up the works. This element is the Ursinellins, a family closely related to the gremlins.

There are many species of the genus, each group particularly evolved for its own brand of deviltry. When it gets so cold in your room that emigrant penguins wear overcoats, the faions have been in action. They have used commando tactics to keep the heat way back in the radiators. Your room has also been invaded by a hoard of plain faions, made of a special substance which gives off cold.

Then there's another breed of the critters that run around in phys-ed suits. They are masters of clever little tricks like standing around the basket to push the ball out when it's teetering on the edge trying to decide whether to go in or not.

Innumerable campus happenings can be blamed on them. Has your perfume vanished? Perfume is a favorite drink of the Ursinellins, so blame them. Of course, perfume is about twenty per cent alcohol, so you might suspect your roommate, too. Has your eyelash curler disap-

peared? One of the lobettes (gremlin wolverines) has wanted to curl her hair for an Ursinellin dance. Does the organist in chapel hit a terribly sour note? Not poor playing, just a souron in the pipes. For years Ursinus students have been griping about Mystery Balls. That's because the cheffets have been dropping into them tooth powder, coal dust, charred tobacco from old cigarette butts, and anything else they could get their hands on.

One of the most tragic instances of the activities of the Ursinellins occurred at the recent performance of the "Messiah." Everyone sympathized with the trumpeter (and with his audience, too); but I suppose I was the only one who saw a pleased looking souron climb out of the instrument, to be immediately surrounded by a hand-shaking, back-slapping, congratulating crowd of his fellow imps. Yes, a good part of the campus deviltry can be blamed on the little varmints.

Now, what shall we do about it? The best minds of the American and British armed forces are now engaged in working on this problem, but so far with little success. However, some authorities, going on the relationship between gremlins and leprechauns, believe milk may be the ideal solution—whether for bribery or drowning, I'm not sure. However, until further developments and information appear, we can only do our work from day—u c h x z q l—those Ursinellins again.

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Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's

. . . *senorita luna*

There's a pine outside my window  
That makes a lacy grill.  
Through it the moon coyly peeps,  
A Spanish senorita flirting over a cloud fan.  
But I am aloof and ignore her;  
I know she's flirting with  
At least one hundred other caballeros too.



Richard C. Wentzel's

. . . realization

AFTER you have been up here a while you start to talk to yourself. Not just because you're alone, but because the endless sky and the motionless sea, the clouds and the wind, and at night the stars, those specks of light that you feel you could fly right into but never reach, start to ask you questions — questions that you've heard before but never had time to understand. And when you try to answer it's easier to bring out a point when you say it aloud. If you're not careful you leave your transmitter open and right in the middle of a sentence the contact back on the flat top slips in and asks you if every thing is okay. That is if they are not under enforced radio silence. It always seems scary to be slamming along at three hundred miles an hour through nothing at all and right out of that emptiness have a voice pop up asking you to calm down or get rational. You're glad for the voice most of the time, though.

You sit up here listening to the motor and hoping your mechanic got out on the right side of bed, and even though you're slicing away faster than any man has a right to be, the sea is flat and unchanging, the clouds revolve on a circular runway, and you feel as if you were just hanging here waiting for something to happen. Waiting—always waiting. You wait to get your wings, you wait to be assigned to duty, you wait in the "Ready" room for the order to go up, and then you're up here and you're still waiting. For what? That's what worries you—for what?—not for some little son-of-Rising Sun to come up and waste his ammunition on you; not to go winging down on a pocket battleship thrown up by the horizon. That's what you're up here to find, but it's not what you're waiting for. Maybe you're waiting to get home after it's all over. No, No. You think of Mom and Pop and your sister Jane and you want to see them just once more, but that's not what you're waiting for. You think of Helen, wearing your ring, and you pray you'll get back or you'll never forgive yourself for not taking her before you left. You think of the guys in your gang — George and Jack and Bob and Tom.

Tom—you don't think too much about him. There wasn't much to send back for the funeral.

How did he feel when he knew he was tagged? Maybe he didn't know. Maybe they crept up on him and never gave him a chance. He should have had a chance, but then it's better to go fast and not know what hit you. Dear Lord, let me go fast. Don't let me go like Higgins—all the burning way down, his screams filling the air until you wanted to dive over the side just so you wouldn't have to listen. And Gregory —pancaking in with half his face chewed off by shrapnel. Let me get it quick, through the head and out again and dead before it gets out.

And then that flat voice floats in and asks your position. You snap back and realize you're flying off course, and that voice becomes the most beautiful thing you've ever heard. "Zero, three, seven," you answer, and hustle to get on it. So you're on it. So what? Still the same clouds, the same horizon, and you curse the greedy flat sea. You're waiting again. That's life—waiting, waiting. You're a kid and you wait to be a man and then you're a man and you're waiting for security. Then some sex-starved egomaniac makes a bloody checkerboard of what should be Europe and you're up here waiting. If you get back you'll be an old man. No matter how you look from the outside, you're an old man. And what good will the waiting have been? You'll be an old man and you'll wait.

You never see them coming. You're supposed to be swinging your head from side to side keeping an eye out for them, but you're a thousand and two thoughts away when they sneak down out of the sun. The first thing you know, you feel the ship buck and as an afterthought you hear their hot steel chipping into the flesh of the tail assembly. No time to think. Yank that stick hard and don't bother looking back. Now over on your side and down. How far is down? Wire screams from the pressure and cloth gasps from the fire burning into it. You can almost feel the lead inching closer hole by hole. You're scared now. Go on, admit it. You're scared silly. You don't want that fire inside you. Keep the nose down. Stop sweating, you fool. If the wings tear off you'll never know it. Pull it out now—fast. Scream, scream your fool head off or you'll black out. Scream curses, scream

(Con't p. 13)

## THE DAYS OF OFELIA

By Gertrude Diamant

MOST of us have never been to Mexico, but most of us would go if we had the chance. Well, I was there—last October. I went with Gertrude Diamant, and you can go too. You see, when she was there, she met a fine little Mexican girl by the name of Ofelia Escoto, and she liked her so much that, when she came back to the United States, she wrote a book about her and about Ofelia's Mexico. That is how I went to Mexico, by the magic express of her train of thought revealed there on the printed page.

Here is a book about Mexico that cuts through the surface and shows you real people. It is entertaining, vivid, delightful, and completely real. Here is Mexico as revealed through the lives of simple, laboring people, the people who are the heart of Mexico.

The author first went to Mexico on a pleasure trip, but while there she became so interested in the Otomi Indians that she was persuaded to remain to test their intelligence. In searching for an apartment she met Ofelia, who became her maid. Ofelia's father was a night-watchman with a family of thirteen to support. They all lived in a wretched hut, and for many months the author witnessed the life of the Escotos and sympathized with them in all their hardships. The happenings in the Escoto family can be traced throughout the book; especially prominent is Daniel's love affair and its tragic denouement. But it is more than just their story. The book tells also of the market places, of Mexico's strange days of celebration (as for instance the Day of the Dead, when one can buy skulls—two for five), of the beautiful Pan-American highway from Laredo to Mexico City (which everyone who goes to Mexico must know), of a Juchitan wedding, and of the parched country of the poverty-stricken Otomi Indians. She describes the attitudes of the people about education, about their language, about life. They are unhurried, kind, happy people, content to put up with great misery and discomfort. Her picture of the wretched slum children is most vivid. "In Mexico one learns patience."

The author tells of the music of the language and their curious idioms which reveal their character traits. For example, the Mexican says "Quien sabe?"—"who knows?" rather than "I don't know," for "I don't know" has a ring of responsibility, whereas "who knows," said with a great deal of weariness, implies that the question is utterly unknowable, or at least, it would be asking too much of them to find out.

She describes the Mexican diet, which consists principally of tortillas and black beans. On one occasion, however, she was invited to dine with the Escotos and was confronted with a variety of strange dishes, cooked in her honor. Seeing that the others were not served, she waited; and they, in turn, supposed that she did not like the food. Finally they told her that they would not join in the repast, but would watch to see if she liked it. She realized that there was not enough for them too. They encouraged her to "eat with confidence," which she did. She quailed only when they went to fetch puluque, a noxious beverage made from the juice of the maguey plant, which does great harm to the people. Her description renders it most unappetizing, and she was spared from drinking it.

We see Mexico in torrential rains and in sunshine. We see it in cities and villages, in the homes of the humble and of the great. Her account of her run-in with Mexican officials and Mexican logic is one of the highlights of humor in the book.

The trip with Gertrude Diamant does not take long and it is very much worthwhile. To quote H. B. Parkes, author of HISTORY OF MEXICO: "It is amazingly well written; it has humor, it has charm, and it conveys the flavor of Mexican life with extraordinary accuracy."

Wouldn't you like to go to Mexico, too? Some rainy afternoon, perhaps, go to a sunny country where dark faces flash friendly smiles from under wide sombreros? "The street behaved just like a river. It rambled through empty lots and circled a field of corn, and then it disappeared." That is the beginning. I went there. Why don't you go, too?

## . . . often a bridesmaid

It is the best fun in the world, being a bridesmaid, and I liked it so much that I want to tell you about it. I had already witnessed quite a number of weddings when Louise asked me to be one of her attendants, and I was thrilled at the prospect, especially since it was going to be a Quaker wedding.

As you know, the Friends' meeting for worship is quite different from other church services; and, as might be expected, the Friends' wedding is different, too. The most startling aspect, to most people, is the absence of a minister. But the Quakers have no ministers and wish to avoid ritual as much as possible, striving always for simplicity and direct communion with the Holy Spirit. For this reason, the very formlessness becomes a ritual itself in a quiet, unassuming way. But I am getting ahead of my story. I shall explain the wedding more in detail later.

I found that there is more to this business of being a bridesmaid than just walking down the aisle. It is really one round of happy festivities, after the task of choosing a dress and color scheme is over. This task did not take us long, since Louise knew what she wanted. After this, all I had to do for the next four weeks was to enthuse with the bride over her wedding gifts as they arrived one by one. At last the very week of the wedding was upon us, and Saturday, the day itself, almost here. The air crackled with electric excitement.

Thursday night the festivities began with a little dinner which Louise gave for the bridesmaids and maid of honor. At our places we each found a package tied with a ribbon corresponding to the color of our bridesmaid's dresses—Louise's gifts to her attendants. We opened them eagerly, and such oh's and ah's, as we found the beautiful gold bracelet inside! I was thrilled with mine. The dinner was followed by an evening of light, scintillating chatter. Our gay hearts formed a perfect setting for the bride's beaming face.

The next day, Skeets (the other bridesmaid) and I went to town to have a final fitting and to bring home our dresses. I wonder if a boy could ever enjoy buying clothes as a girl enjoys it? I just loved my dress. Skeets' was lavender;

mine was pink, and the two colors blended softly. All the way home I carefully kept the labeled side of the box turned out so that everyone could read "Bridal Fashions."

On Friday evening the maid of honor gave a dinner for the bridal party. There it was that I met the best man. He was a First Lieutenant in the Army, and his uniform wrought havoc with my heart; but, of course, he was married. White candles cast a soft glow over all the happy company, and white flowers paid homage to the bride. It was a lovely affair.

The rehearsal at the Meeting House following the dinner was fun for all. Such mistakes, and such arguments! I imagine that is a part of weddings everywhere.

Saturday came, shrouded in a cloak of rain, but even this could not quench our spirits. Thirty-three found the bridal party in a comfortable glow of excitement. The flowers had just arrived, and Skeets and I were practicing holding the bouquets. Then we went upstairs to help Louise in the final stages of dressing. She looked so young, so lovely, so radiant! I envied her and was happy for her, too. But we had to make haste!

The bridal party formed outside the Meeting House, as music played softly inside. As you know, Friends do not have music in their meeting for worship, but they can have it at weddings if they choose. Since there is no organ in the Meeting House, Louise used orchestral recordings. I have seen Quaker weddings where the musician used a harp; others, only a piano. Louise, by some whimsey of her own, did not choose to walk in to the usual Lohengrin wedding march. She preferred, instead, merely a soft background of music, and for this she chose Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile." I, myself, had been disappointed, at first, but I have since decided that the effect was entirely in keeping with the Friends' way of simplicity.

With the first notes of the Andante, we began our slow, and we hoped, stately, procession down the short aisle. I glanced at Skeets. Her flowers were trembling, and I wondered how she could be nervous. For my part, I felt quite calm and insignificant. As we arrived at the facing benches, the ushers filed to the left, the

bridesmaids to the right. I watched Louise coming toward us on her brother's arm (her father had died recently). She joined the groom at the end of the aisle, her brother giving her right hand into his. They sat down on the platform between the facing benches and meeting began.

It is the custom at a Friends' wedding to begin with a quiet meeting for worship. When the spirit moves the bride and groom, they rise, face each other, and repeat the words of the ceremony to each other. As I sat in the quiet, I noticed how pretty the plain room looked with the ferns and flowers in the windows and directly behind the couple. I wondered how Louise could sit there so quietly, and I worried for fear Parker, the groom, would forget the ceremony.

A rustling caused me to turn my head. They had arisen and Parker was holding Louise's right hand. "In the presence of God and those assembled here, I take thee, Louise Gardner Acuff, to be my lawfully wedded wife . . ." His voice was firm and strong, with never a trace of nervousness. I thought how much better it was to pledge yourself to your sweetheart than to repeat meaningless words after a minister. I listened to the words and thrilled to their sincerity. Presently, I heard Louise repeating similar words, and then the best man handed the groom the ring. He slipped it on the bride's finger; the kiss—they were married.

They resumed their seats, and two ushers placed a table before them on which was the certificate of marriage. The couple signed it; the groom first, and then the bride—she signing her new name for the first time. The ushers removed the table and delivered the certificate to one of the overseers of the meeting, who read it aloud and invited each person present to sign the certificate after the meeting.

Silent worship was resumed. At this point, there is a choice of procedure. Either the silence is broken after a short time by another elder, who announces that "at this time it is proper for the wedding party to withdraw," or the bride may have asked a certain member of the meeting to speak a few words. In this case Louise had asked a former teacher of hers to speak to the meeting. This he did, and I thought his sermon, if you could call it such, very appropriate and fine. Another silence followed this, and then came the announcement to withdraw. The words were welcome, and we glided out in characteristic, joyous haste. For us, the wedding was over; but inside the meeting continued. It was shortly broken by the customary shaking of hands by two elders. No one wished to prolong the meeting on such an occasion. This, then, is our Quaker wedding, quietly dignified and reverently simple. For me the ceremony is like a jewel of great price lying resplendent upon a black velvet cloth of silence.

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Ethel M. Cunningham's

*. . . unfinished symphony*

I have music in my soul.  
I know, because he came  
And laid his hand upon my heart strings,  
And played the first sweet throbbing notes of  
love.

At first he played so softly  
That he did not hear the melody;  
Then he was called away by the war-drums,  
And in the silence of the night  
He heard the echo of my music and was en-  
chanted.

Oh, God, please give him back to me,  
That he may play my composition to its end.

Marion Hamilton's

. . . *interview with a wood-carver*

ONE approaches No. 127 Second Avenue, Collegetown, Pennsylvania, down a narrow macadam road winding south from Ridge Pike past scattered homes of old Dutch origin. The exterior of the house, though freshly painted and well kept, presents no hint of cultural achievement cozily clasped within its walls.

The owner of the house himself greets you at the door and hospitably asks you into the warm well-lit hall where nestle against the walls various examples of hand-carved wood which cheer even the inexperienced eye. Before you can enjoy the display in its entirety, however, you are ushered from the hall into a many-windowed room where repose such treasures as might have kindled envy in kings of old were they here to see them.

To your left stands a dark mahogany table, beautifully wrought and topped by a lighter mahogany fruit bowl fully two feet in diameter and cut to resemble the flower of the dogwood tree. The walls at each end of the table are indented by windows upon the sills of which rest a variety of trays, plates, and bowls cut from wood which once composed red gum, walnut, and cherry trees. On the right sill there rests a particularly lovely tray of cherry wood, lacquered by the sunlight until the thin perfect center circle of the grain stands out in bold relief. Against the opposite wall, between two more windows, a hand-cut china closet proudly displays an array of highly polished small plates, vases, and nut dishes. The remaining walls abound with shelves of book-ends, bracelets, and brooches, all cut by hand in leaf, flower, animal, or original design. Catching the glow from the windows and reflecting grained images of the well-stocked shelves, three tables of large and beautiful serving dishes, supplemented here and there by exquisitely shaped trays, fill the center of the room.

This then is the inner sanctum of Mr. William C. Hampton, the congenial gentleman who so graciously ushered you in. One time engineer and sales executive, Mr. Hampton is one of the few remaining masters of the art of hand-carving. Thin, wiry, of average height, with a receding hairline emphasizing a round intelligent forehead, and lively blue eyes twinkling

behind plastic rimmed glasses, he is at all times eager to talk about the hobby he transformed into a profitable business. Concerning his personal history, however, he is a bit reticent, considering it unimportant and not at all exciting.

Born in Bethayres in 1891, Mr. Hampton at an early age moved to Philadelphia, where in the course of time he was graduated from Northeast High School. After graduation he was offered a scholarship to the art school of his choosing or an engineering scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania. Interested in engineering, though grateful for the recognition of his artistic ability, he was graduated from the University and stepped from there to a position in the construction department of the U. G. I. After a short time with this firm, however, ill-health forced him to apply for a leave of absence and he retired to the farm for three years. This sojourn terminated in a position with the engineering department of the Dupont corporation, and here he was to remain throughout the first World War and the three years immediately following. Determined to try his hand in the merchandising field, he left Dupont and moved to Norristown, Pennsylvania, where he worked until 1932, when illness again forced him from active life. In the four years needed for his recovery the nation was thrown into depression, and even when he was once again willing and able to work he could find no openings in his line. Married now and the father of two lovely girls, he followed his wife's suggestion and endeavored to turn a childhood hobby into a means of livelihood. Needless to say, the difficulties which arose, competition from machine-made products particularly, proved, at the start, almost insurmountable. After a year of minor accomplishments and major disappointments, the family moved to its present Collegetown address and has for four and one-half years experienced a change of tide which swept appreciative purchasers to the door.

Products turned out by the now recognized Mr. Hampton are of such a variety as to range in price from one to one hundred and fifty dollars. His work is done in cherry wood, walnut, and mahogany, but the most popularly received is in red gum, and for that reason he uses twice

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Mary-Beth Bookhout's

. . . a wrong-doing?

Is it wrong  
When every moment brings  
A strain  
Of thoughts unspoken,  
Of actions with-held,  
To ride out into the open?  
There where the sky is blue, not grey;  
There where the wind is soft, not harsh,  
There it is that one feels the  
Peace transcending all human understanding.  
Is it wrong then, to ride thus,  
And perhaps  
Return soothed and calmed,  
The fire of anger quenched  
Before the first darting tongues  
Of flame could scorch a soul,  
Leaving it bruised and withered?  
Is it wrong  
To run away and return, feeling thus?

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#### INTERVIEW WITH A WOOD-CARVER

as much of this type of wood as of the others combined. His gum wood is shipped to him from the Southern States, his mahogany from South America, and the walnut used is found locally, i.e., within one hundred miles. All wood is seasoned before delivery to counteract the forces of expansion and contraction and each article is finished, without stain, with a special preparation which creates a heat, water, and acid-resisting surface. For plates and trays the carver keeps a minimum of two hundred and fifty designs in from two to seven sizes. The designs, of course, must follow the trend of the times and so are constantly changing.

Concentrating on results rather than the time demanded, a situation exists which is clearly explained by Mr. Hampton's own words. "Time determines the selling price and selling price determines the salability. My problem is to produce quickly and cheaply enough and yet maintain perfection." Whether or not that perfection endures is easily answered. His material has for some time been used in the Philadelphia flower show as a basis for various beautiful horticultural designs. In the spring of the past

year his table setting took the sweepstakes prize in competition sponsored by the Philadelphia Strawbridge and Clothier store and in the fall he annexed first prize at the same store's flower show in Ardmore. He has, in fact, come so close to consistent perfection that many of his settings are entered by individuals other than himself to avoid the accusation of monopoly. He has lectured extensively throughout the East and has sent his products to almost every state in the Union and even to other countries such as Puerto Rico. Using only chisels and gouges (straight chisels bent to various angles) as tools, his work-shop consists of one small table equipped with a vise; it is his contention that he could "work in any small corner available."

One cannot help being deeply impressed, not only by the quality of Mr. Hampton's work, but by the man himself and his attitude toward his work and toward his home. Characteristic of his outlook is the hand-stitched motto framed in mahogany above his desk, an age-old allegation by some long-forgotten philosopher, "The blessing of the home is contentment."

Carl B. Hoffman's

. . . *our war aims*

UNCERTAINTY seems to be the keynote of the world in which we find ourselves. Our personal lives, like those of nations, can be planned only as a day to day existence. As a result of this feeling of insecurity, we must seek those things upon which we can build, regardless of the events which will follow. In our personal lives we may say that the character traits most valuable in another day and age are just as important today; and these, then, may be sought in planning the framework of our futures.

The same is not true of nations. Some character traits which we think of as being most desirable are self-reliance, industry, and perseverance. There are others of a more idealistic nature, but all of these as well as the ones noted above tend to lead to individualism or self-aggrandizement, heritages of the nineteenth century thinkers, and restyled for the use of our present-day dictators. They can be considered only in terms of materialism, a veritable magnet whose forces we must fight if we are to "win the peace."

Theories of government, policies of nations, attitudes of those who rule change radically from one era to another. As a result of some such violent change, we are now engaged in a war that may easily be characterized as a struggle for self-preservation of the contesting bodies of principles. There seems to be nothing uncertain about fighting for a goal as clear as this appears to be. The issue becomes much more involved, however. We are trying to make ourselves feel that we are not fighting for ourselves or the preservation of our own status; but rather, we set the liberation of the world as our goal. This too is worthy of our endeavor, but is not nearly so concrete and definite a proposal for which we can fight.

On what grounds can the Allied Nations meet their differences so that the liberation of the world may be achieved and the curse of war discarded for ever? The anti-democratic and anti-capitalistic principles of Russia, the national inequality of China, the shouts for freedom from India, and the cries for revenge of all the subject peoples of Europe must be recognized and answered or reconciled along with

an entirely new body of universalized economic principles.

A few questions about our own status in a problem of this kind must be asked. Have we set our whole energy, our deepest sincerity on the achievement of this world-sized goal? Are we even equal to the task? Have we developed our own democratic institutions to the point approaching perfection, so that they may be profitably bequeathed to the more "backward" nations of the world? As we deprive ourselves of some of the comforts to which we are accustomed in order to fight the war more efficiently, do we do it so that India may be free or so that Greece may be saved from starvation? Do our sacrifices mean to us the saving for ourselves of the former way of life or do they mean achieving the freedom of all subjugated peoples everywhere? Now, as before, our discussions of aims and post-war plans are idealistic. Our sincerity is still to be proven.

How may we be certain that this world-goal is achieved? I say we cannot be certain until every man's mind is definitely focused on this one objective. This has not been done. Except for certain learned circles of advanced thinkers in Britain and America, the discussion of the question has not been emphasized so that the man in the street will be willing to lower his standard of living in the post-war world in the interest of bath tubs for China or Chevrolets for India. Though our standard of living here in America is the highest of any in the world, we have the domestic situation of poverty-stricken sharecroppers and race discrimination, two major problems which must be faced in one section of our nation alone.

In other words, our ideals must be adjusted so that they will be practical, too, for the latter qualifications alone will lead us to a program of international security. Thus the certainty of our future stands upon intelligent planning, popular consciousness, and an emphasis on reconciliation of the idealistic and practical theories of reconstruction. We failed the last time and shall do so again unless we, as students and leaders of the future, change our own and other men's attitudes toward the day of victory. This time we dare not fail.

Ruth Hydren's

. . . *singleness*

Desire, an arrow, pierced my soul;  
I searched for beauty that would last.  
I thought it dwelt within the whole—  
Because of you, all that is past.

You showed me that, in every nook,  
Eternal beauty can be found—  
The beauty of a quiet look  
When others chatter all around.

The beauty of a mere "hello,"  
By which I know you understand,  
Is constant as the steady glow  
Of heaven's light upon the land.

The joy that satisfaction brings  
Has healed my wounded soul through you.  
Within the singleness of things  
The beauty that I find is true.

Richard C. Wentzel's

. . . *departure*

It's time to go, Dad,  
And as I stand here by your bed—  
As you have stood so many nights by mine—  
And watch you toss in restless sleep,  
I feel it is some heavenly design.

You never guessed, Dad,  
I knew how many nights you came to me  
And, thinking that I slept, prayed softly there,  
That I should grow to view the world  
Through eyes unbending, boldly fair.

You gave the best, Dad;  
Whatever I may be is due to your  
Unfaltering faith and ever-present trust.  
But now the pattern's changed, and I  
Into the roll of "giver" have been thrust.

How glad I am, Dad,  
That now I can endeavour to repay  
The gift of life you gladly gave to me,  
And though that gift may well be shortly lost  
I know that you will understanding be.

This fight is mine, Dad;  
And while I'm gone, pray that I justify  
Your deep inspiring love with dauntless heart.  
And may you feel the presence of my faith  
While we exist in anxious worlds apart.

A soft "Adieu," Dad—  
It's better that I go before you wake  
And—thinking, as you will, I'm still a lad—  
Try to dissuade me. Here is my salute.  
Good-bye. May God forever bless you, Dad.



Richard C. Wentzel's

*. . . soldier to a worried mother*

We know not how the voice of God  
Shall beckon us to palsied dust.  
Nor do we know when He shall call—  
But only that He must.

So when you feel His presence, kneel,  
Lay bare your faith, and weep no tear  
Ask not that I return unscathed—  
But that I banish fear.

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**REALIZATION**

prayers, but scream. You're out of it now. He didn't dare come down this far. Now claw for altitude. God bless that mechanic! Flip over on your back and let him have it in the tail. He's turning! Seesaw that rudder and let him have it broadside. That's it. Pretty streamers of fire three inches back of his head, two, one—now down with him as he dives. He'll never pull out of that one. All the training in the world won't fly a plane when sightless eyes stare out of the cock-pit. Now climb up and have a look around for his brothers. Hm! Turned tail and ran. You can start shaking now. Push back the hatch! let the wind wash the shakes out.

There you are. The sun is setting on the wreckage below. The gas is almost gone and it's time to get back. And then, hanging up there, a black speck on the grey edge of dusk, you loosen up. You just sit there and relax, because now you know what you're waiting for.

You know what man before you waited for, and what every man to come must wait for. And because you know, you're peaceful. And then you're amused because you didn't see it sooner—it's so simple. You laugh, a soft laugh that becomes strident, and you feel as if every man who ever lived is laughing with you and welcoming you home.

Death is what you're waiting for, clean and wholesome death — death that sweeps away lust and greed and petty grasping, death that neither you nor your brothers nor the one just shot down, no, not even the paper-hanger himself, could hope to escape. You plunge your head into the windstream and you shout and laugh in death's good company. You want to shout to the world that you know, that you're not afraid anymore, that you're waiting without fear—hopefully. But instead you speak quietly into the speaking tube: "Eight fox three reporting in. Scratch a Messerschmidt 110."

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**HYPNOSIS—A STUDY IN SLEEP**

questioning that he would very much like to sleep. Upon completion of the demonstration the hypnotist need not fear an inability to awaken his subject. The subject will awaken merely at the command or will fall into a normal sleep if the master so permits him.

A final point to be noted is that there are no really harmful effects produced upon the hypnotized individual. In the cases of those tested at Ursinus College there were no evidences of headache or nervous tension. The minor effects which do result, however, are very humorous. The individual is extremely silly, will laugh or giggle at almost anything. He also acts coy and feels ashamed because he cannot remember where he has been for the last several min-

utes. Perhaps for these very reasons one should refrain from the practice of hypnotism.

The demonstration, however, is not completely over, for the hypnotist has played a trick upon his innocent victim. While the subject was in the hypnotic state the hypnotist had given him certain tasks to perform after he awoke. The subject now will perform those tasks but cannot tell anyone why he is doing them. He does attempt to validate his actions through the use of heterogeneous excuses which are really most hilarious. I could proceed by citing the cases of R.S. and W.W., Ursinus students, who have been subject to the spell of the hypnotist. If you are interested, come over and I'll tell you. Better yet, witness a demonstration for yourself. There is many a thrill!

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