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The **LANTERN**



FALL ISSUE, 1951

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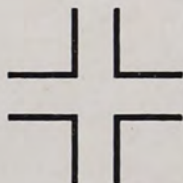
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The LANTERN

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EDITORIAL

This editorial will be about a lot of things. Chiefly, it will be concerned with the *Lantern*, in all its phases — its purpose, the current criticisms of it, its staff, the material printed in it, and the steps necessary to make it a popular student publication. The *Lantern*, we feel, has never been very well understood by the student body. First, the purpose of the *Lantern*: Dr. E. H. Miller, our first editor, stated the need for a literary publication on the campus. His successor stated the aim as being "to provide . . . an outlet for creative writing." Clearly, this precludes any intentions of printing a humor magazine, *per se*. There will be more concerning the humor magazine later. In a later issue, another editor remarked that "it will be surprising to most students to know that the first *Lantern* was financed with seven small advertisements and student subscriptions." We feel that students may still be surprised by this bit of information. The same editor made the offer that has since been the standing offer of the *Lantern*—"to students interested in creative writing, we offer an extensive field of subjects — art, music, history, research science, criticism of modern trends, reviews of current literature, lyric and didactic poetry, etc. If you feel that your writing is not good enough to be printed, remember that the *Lantern's* aim is to foster all literary endeavour through careful schooling and revision. No article is too bad to be given a correction and helpful suggestions." Another editor, in 1937, somewhat peremptorily divided the student body into two classes: "—those who desire to create their own literary expressions and those who enjoy reading and criticizing the writings of others." This editor goes on to state that these two classes supplement each other. With the latter statement we are inclined to agree; with the former we cannot. The present student body falls into classes far remote from literary creation, criticism, or appreciation. Or at least, such has been the observation of this editor in relation to the *Lantern*. We have remarked earlier that there would be further remarks on the humor magazine. Somewhere in the late thirties an editor named Showalter stated our view nicely; "The *Lantern* will never be a *Punch Bowl* or a *Froth*. It could be, of course, and if it were, Editor and staff would have a much easier task, with talent much more readily available. But the *Lantern* is not that kind of magazine, and we have no desire to make it one." Finally, one editor, almost ten years ago, wrote that "Ursinus is fortunate in having a literary magazine which has been published for ten years. Believe it or not, few colleges can claim such a record. But to maintain that record we cannot remain passive. We must write and produce work of that quality of which we are capable. Sharpen your pencils and get busy. Don't let that next announcement of the deadline find you unprepared."

The whole point of the foregoing is to show that nothing I might say has not been said before, and probably better, by other editors. The

history of the *Lantern* is there for the critics to look at. One editor boasted that it had lasted ten years. We thank our predecessors that it has now lasted nigh onto twenty, with some hopes of another twenty, God willing.

The purposes of the *Lantern* have been stated. The only one of importance is that of providing an organ of literary expression for the student body. At this writing, it would seem to have failed, since only a small minority of students seem interested in expressing themselves in the *Lantern*. Nonetheless, it is here, and its pages are open to all students. To make this perfectly clear, let us outline the manner in which material is selected. The student places his work in the hands of the editor or an associate editor, who *deletes the author's name from the manuscript*.

This does not insure the author against the recognition of personality which might prejudice the staff, since at times styles and themes may be easily identified with a writer; but it does protect the unknown and many of the known contributors from unfavorable biased opinions.

Theoretically, the staff does not know whose work it is criticising, and after a critical session there are many red faces when one staff member learns that he has been brutally frank in his criticism of a work by a fellow staff member, *while that person was present*. The contributions are judged first on interest. If they are interesting, the next criticism is that of execution, finally, there is the all important consideration of general interest. Granted, the staff may find a contribution interesting, but are our tastes parallel to those of our readers? Frequently they are not, since the staff invariably includes a predominance of English majors whose tastes would hardly be expected to be in complete accord with persons of other major fields. As a result, some poems, such as some featured in this issue, while most amusing to English majors, may land as duds to people who only go to Bomberger for chapel.

As *Lantern* editor, we are also exchange editor. (If this construction seems peculiar, please keep in mind the use of the editorial "we".) As exchange editor, we receive the products of other colleges, in the field of publication. Some of these publications we make available to our dormitory mates. Recently one of these publications ran an exceptionally amusing group of items. The immediate response was that "other colleges have this type of publication, why hasn't Ursinus?" The answer was as *immediate*. First, we are limited in the extremes to which we may go; the second is that this is one of the so-called humor magazines which the *Lantern* refuses to become: finally, the other colleges are either larger (much larger) colleges, or heavily endowed colleges. Certainly Ursinus is neither of these. Ursinus is a small college, not at all heavily endowed, and limited in its publications by a church affiliation. Therefore, the matter is not what Ursinus lacks, but what Ursinus is to do with what it

has. The answer must be supplied by the student body, which can answer by submitting its material and waiting to see if it is accepted for publication. One cannot say "this is too risqué" and refuse to submit it. He must try it on the staff, which will bear responsibility for its publication. But there can be no progress at all as long as people feel that their material cannot be published. The *Lantern* is a student publication; let us keep that in mind constantly. Without student contributions there is no material to publish; without a reading by the students there can be no point to its printing. Students must write for and read the *Lantern*, or it has no right to exist. It can go on indefinitely, but not without student support.

Having devoted an unreasonable amount of space to theory, let's come down to practical matters—the material included in this issue. The list of prose articles includes a list of completely new writers to the *Lantern's* pages. First of these is pre-med Charlie Stahl with a bit on the life and lives of a pair of feminine hotel owners in France. If you don't like it, let us know why. Carl Reifus does a piece on the reactions of a schizophrenic to his treatment in a mental hospital. Ed Abramson has a fanciful tale on the origin of salami, and the reasons for its ascendancy over pastrami. While perhaps it is not historically accurate, who cares about accuracy as long as it's fun? At the end of the prose list is a sketch called *The Little Soldier*. This anonymous author has a few bitter reflections to make on the essential selfishness of people in general, and he shows what he thinks of people who take advantage of a lonely soldier to make themselves feel like benevolent, patriotic citizens, while primarily making themselves more at peace with their consciences. I could say much more of this piece but I will leave it to the reader to place his own interpretation upon it.

In poetry we find our classical, romantic, and scholarly poet, Dave Hallstrom, a veteran of our pages, lending his talents to a completely modern theme and doing a thoroughly effective job on it. Two poetry-weary English majors show their feelings in parodies of Scott and Coleridge within our pages, and certainly our English majors will appreciate these items. Sally Canan, another veteran of our pages appears, and comparison with previous issues will show that Sally has been improving continually over the years she has been at Ursinus. A new poet, Bob Williams, makes his debut in this issue; he lends a light touch to our pages with some views of college and life. Bill Lukens' lead character, with the improbable title of "Pooh-Bah" happens to be an actual character with an actual title, that mentioned in the title of the poem. Bill saw an article on an Iranian pooh-bah and it inspired this bit of poetry. Our other poem is a bit by Joan Sapp, who is no newcomer to our pages. It's a poem that strikes us as being quite thoughtful. We liked it: we hope you do.

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"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his church to absolve all sinners who truly repent"

A priest and a gendarme led the young woman through the dismal corridors. Each footstep resounded like a salvo of artillery shells. The prison of Fresnesles-Rungis in Paris bespoke of similar occasions, for its greystone walls and concrete floors were noticeably worn. As they neared the steel door at the end of the corridor, her hollow cheeks became even paler. The gendarme led the woman into a high-vaulted room illuminated only by dawn coming through narrow, barred windows. Besides the priest and the gendarme, the room was occupied by only two other people — the superintendent of the prison and the black-robed executioner. The guillotine stood in the center of the room.

As she ascended the concrete steps, the woman glanced at the slant-edged knife suspended at the cross beam by the taut release rope. She shuddered at the thought of dying at the hands of such an instrument. The executioner fastened her, in a kneeling position, to a board, placing her neck on a movable block.

" . . . and believe in Him of His great mercy forgive thee thine offenses. . . ."

The superintendent began to count. At the count of three the headsman would release the cord which held the heavy knife aloft, and it

would fall hissing downward between the grooved upright guides.

Her attention, however, was absorbed by the pulsations of her heart — an almost unbearable, pounding beat. Perspiration began to flow freely from the pores of her face and armpits. She laughed inwardly. The sound reminded her of someone thumping for a drink on the bar of the hotel.

As these thoughts flashed through her brain, she became unconscious of her surroundings. She did not hear the superintendent reach the count of three. He nodded to the executioner. The swishing, gliding blade began its downward journey.

The barroom of Hotel Briand on Rue Des Ursins was crowded with the rabble of Paris. The dimly lit, smoke-filled room seemed to reproduce the eclat of the past. A chandelier, denuded of its crystal finery for many years, hung in the corner of the room. The oak bar was worn and badly in need of refinishing, as were the other fixtures, and a cracked plate glass mirror behind the bar reflected the disfigured visages of the patrons.

"Have a drink on the house," said Jeanne Aumont as she reached for a flask. "It's been over two years since I saw you."

"Thanks."

"You ain't changed much, Sophie, but prison never seemed to affect you." Jeanne laughed. "Look at me — I gained twenty pounds in little over a year."

"Yes, I guess we are both getting older," said Sophie. She looked into the mirror. Her companion seemed decrepit compared with herself, though Jeanne was only five years her senior at forty.

"What have you been doing since you got out of Tourelles?" Jeanne asked.

"Nothing."

"Do you want a job?"

"What kind of a job?"

"You can help me take care of Briand."

"It sounds alright," Sophie said unconcernedly.

"Times have changed since you and I operated Briand," Jeanne said reminiscently. "Remember how we had to save every franc we made to break even at the end of a year? And look at the business I have now!"

"You seem to be doing all right by yourself."

Jeanne went to the other end of the bar to wait on two sailors, and Sophie turned to look around the room. As she scanned the scene, she noticed a handsome, swarthy man eyeing her intently. He sat at a small table in the farthest end of the room. The smoke from his freshly lit cigarette encircled his well-groomed black hair. By the light of the candle on the table, Sophie saw that he had clean cut features — a not too prominent nose and high cheek bones. A thin mustache covered his upper lip.

Sophie turned to Jeanne who was leaning on the bar behind her. "Who is that man over there?" she asked.

"One of my roomers. Why?"

"I just wondered. Do you know him very well?"

"Well enough."

Jeanne looked questioningly at Sophie and proceeded to pour another drink for each of them. As they sipped the wine, a fight started near the door. Jeanne hurried to quell the commotion.

Sophie lit a cigarette, picked up her drink, and sauntered over to the table at which the man was seated.

"My name's Sophie, Sophie Duverte," she said quickly.

The man looked into her green eyes for what seemed like hours to Sophie. She felt uneasy. Finally he spoke.

"Hello, I am Selim. Sit down and have a drink with me." He rose and offered her a chair.

Selim-ul-Capudan seemed to be out of his element. His clothes were well cut of expensive material. He wore a grey suit — a color which made the darkness of his skin even more pronounced. His black eyes gleamed as Sophie looked at him in the candlelight.

"Have you been in Paris long?" Sophie inquired, looking at the table so as not to be caught in his stare.

"Six months," he replied.

"I have been away from home for some time, too."

"Oh," he said, raising his brows.

She decided to drop the subject. "Where is your homeland?" she began.

"Algeria."

"It must be very beautiful there this time of the year."

"Yes, but isn't Spring a beautiful season in any land?"

"I suppose so. I really hadn't thought of it that way."

Sophie had almost completely forgotten about Jeanne. Her attention was focused on Selim. She noticed a thin but distinct scar running from the outer corner of his left eye to the lower margin of his ear.

"Were you in the army during the war?" she asked.

"Wasn't everyone?" he replied quietly. "I served with the Foreign Legion in the North African campaign."

They sat for several minutes without speaking. However, the unspoken words between them seemed to have more effect upon them than anything they could have said. Selim broke the silence.

"How long have you known Jeanne Aumont?"

Sophie appeared startled. "I didn't say I knew her," she replied, looking at him quickly.

"It was quite evident from the way you carried on your conversation with her at the bar."

"Yes, Jeanne and I are old friends," she said resignedly. "We used to run this hotel together, before the war. After the Germans crossed the Maginot Line, I joined the Resistance and sold Jeanne my share in the Briand. Later I was captured by the Gestapo and deported to Ravensbruck."

"And what have you been doing since the termination of the war?" Selim asked inquisitively.

"That's none of your business," Sophie snapped.

"If you do not wish to tell me, I'll forget about it," Selim said respectfully. "It seems that you have had enough unpleasant experiences without going through another ordeal of questions."

Sophie smiled. She appreciated the consideration Selim had given her. Sophie had met many men during her lifetime, but none seemed to equal Selim in courtesy and sincerity. As she sipped her brandy, its warmth seemed to intermingle with a new sensation — one which Sophie had never experienced before. Selim interrupted her reverie.

"It is a shame to waste a beautiful evening in such a dismal atmosphere," he began vibrantly. "Would you care to take a walk with me in the park?"

"I would like it very much," Sophie said enthusiastically.

They crossed the room heedlessly. As they closed the door behind them, they did not notice the scowl on the face of Jeanne Aumont.

Sunlight filtered through the dirty windows of the barroom overlooking Rue Des Ursins. Jeanne was washing the dishes as Sophie entered the room.

"What time is it?" Sophie called to her.

"Ten o'clock," Jeanne replied curtly. "It's about time you got out of bed. I've been up since seven trying to clean up the place and look at you — dressed like Josephine — for what?"

"If I want to wear a new dress once in a while, I don't see why that should concern you," Sophie said sweetly as she walked behind the bar to prepare her breakfast.

Jeanne eyed her intently. The dress was beautiful—jade green and made of rayon taffeta. Sophie's hair touched her shoulders, and the low-cut neckline accentuated her firm bosom.

"Where'd you get it?" Jeanne blurted.

"Do you like it? Selim gave it to me."

Sophie poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down at one of the tables.

"I thought I made it clear to you when I told you to stay away from him," Jeanne shouted angrily. Things have sure changed since you've come back. For a whole month I've allowed you to have the run of the place, and tried to be nice to you — gave you a job and what did you do? You took advantage of me. You might think that you owned the hotel and I worked for you. You hang around Selim all night, sleep late in the morning — you don't even do enough work to pay for your board. Either you get busy, or you can get the hell out of here!"

Sophie appeared unconcerned. "You can't fool me," she said mockingly as she lit a cigarette. "You aren't worried half as much about the work I do as you are about Selim. He told me that you thought you were in love with him. Yet I can't imagine him having an affair with someone as unattractive as you."

"You damn bitch!" Jeanne screamed as she threw down her towel and walked around the bar. "If you hadn't come back, Selim and me might have been married by now. What have you to offer him? Good looks — nothing more."

Sophie had not moved. Her face was without expression as she continued to drink her coffee.

Did you tell him of your escapade since your release from Ravensbruck — how you were convicted of robbery and housebreaking and sent to prison?" continued Jeanne, flushed with anger. "And what about your child?"

Sophie stiffened and paled.

"I see you haven't told him. What would Selim say if he knew that you had given birth to a kid fathered by a Nazi soldier? No, I won't tell him. At least I still have pride — something which you never had. Now get out and leave me to my work!"

Sophie got up from her chair and threw her cigarette to the floor. "I'll go," she said brusquely. "Anyway, I was going to ask you for the day off. Selim and I are going to the Louvre."

Sophie turned and left Jeanne standing in the center of the room. She went through the archway that led into the small lobby. Selim met her at the door.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully. "You look very beautiful in your new dress."

She looked at him pathetically.

"What is the matter? Have you had another argument with Jeanne?"

"Yes, but I'd rather not talk about it," she said, taking his arm.

"As you wish."

They walked to the street where he hailed a passing cab. As the taxi pulled away from the curb, Jeanne left the window through which she had been watching and sat down at a table with her head in her arms. She sobbed uncontrollably.

A knock sounded at the door. Selim, attired in a silk dressing robe of oriental design, laid down his book and the stem of his water pipe. He went to open it. Jeanne stood on the threshold.

"Can I speak with you?" she said breathlessly.

"Certainly. Come in."

Selim gave his chair to her, and he sat down on the edge of the bed, smoking his nargile.

"It's about Sophie," Jeanne began.

"What about her?" Selim said as he leaned forward with anticipation.

"She's no good for you, Selim."

"I do not understand," he said, frowning.

"She was in prison. And she has a child."

"I know."

"What!"

"Yes," Selim continued, "she told me this afternoon while we were at the Louvre. I rather suspected that Sophie had been in some kind of trouble. The first night I met her she became very upset when I asked her what she had been doing since the war. Today, however, she seemed perfectly willing to tell me about her past."

"And you are still going to bother with her?"

"Yes. I love her."

Jeanne looked as dejected as a dog which had received its first beating.

Dorm 5-6: Notes

"Selim, were you ever in love with me?" she said remorsefully.

"No," he answered flatly as he glanced at her and turned his eyes to the floor.

"But the night that we . . ."

"It meant nothing to me," he broke in.

Unable to control her emotions, Jeanne dashed for the door, sobbing. After the reverberations of the slamming door had subsided, Selim went to his chair, picked up his book and began to read.

The last patron left the bar. Jeanne extinguished the candles, locked up the place for the night, and tiredly ascended the stairs to her room. As she opened the door, she was surprised by the stale smell of liquor and cigarette smoke. Sophie was waiting for her.

She closed the door: "What are you doing here?"

Sophie sneered. "Have a drink, Mistress Briand. Oh, the bottle is empty."

"What do you want? Get out of here. You're drunk."

Sophie didn't move. "Jeanne, don't you think it's time you retired, dear?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Selim and I have decided to become the new owners of Briand," Sophie said tauntingly.

"Pack your bags and get the hell out of here. And take him with you."

"I said Selim and I have decided to become the new owners."

"I'm calling the police," Jeanne said as she reached for the telephone.

"Get away from the phone," Sophie said threateningly.

Jeanne started dialing.

"Pig!" Sophie cried as she jumped out of the chair and grabbed the phone.

"You damn hellcat. I'll kill you for that," Jeanne screamed, slashing at Sophie.

Sophie covered her bleeding face with her hands. She backed until she was against the wall. Jeanne followed.

"Take Selim from me, will you."

Sophie took her hands away from her face: "You fat bitch," she cried, clawing at Jeanne's eyes.

Jeanne shrieked in terror. She ran into the table, upsetting it. Sophie grabbed her arm and swung her around. Suddenly, she shoved Jeanne to the floor. A large metal crucifix hung above the bureau. Sophie ripped it from the wall.

Jeanne's face was contorted with fear. "No! No!" she cried convulsively.

Like the crucifix shattering the air and life, the guillotine descended.

". . . and by His authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins in the name of the Father, and the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

*College is a mystery
Of French and World History,
Chapel, football, track and hockey,
Bourbon, rye, and knickerbocker;
Freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors,
Demerits for your misdemeanors;
General psychology,
Particular zoology;
German, Latin, Greek and Spanish;
Sometimes Russian, never Danish.
Weekends lost in dorm adventures,
Pre-laws, theos, meds and dentures,
Busy-ads and future teachers
Future chemists, future preachers;
Join the chorus; Join dramatics!
(But don't forsake your mathematics.)
School-mates, class-mates, dorm-mates, room-
mates,
Soon become each other's womb-mates.*

*Some on campus make their roots,
Some can stand it some commutes.
Day labs, night labs bio-chem labs,
Hear the latest seasoned confabs,
Who likes whom and what is what;
Take a bromo, take a cut,
Take the college population,
(Take the drafting situation.)
Watch the varied campus habits,
Watch the squirrels, watch the rabbits,
Note the teachers, note the students,
Note their vascillating prudence;
Note the beams and note the notes,
Note the lectures, note the notes.
Here a sack-rat there a chow-hound,
There a lazy good for no-hound;
Get a mark and get ahead,
Get to class or get to bed;
Get a major get a minor,
Eat lunch here or at the diner.*

*Cheer the team and cheer the beer,
Give a rousing cheer for cheer;
The Junior Prom and Senior Ball
Crowd the customary hall.
And not among the rarities
Are, (excuse me girls), sorarities;
Then fraternities, then societies,
(Blessed be our notorieties).
Study early, study late,
(Even study on a date!)
See the sights and see the town,
Look around you 'round and 'round;
Live its life and breathe its air,
Tip your dink and pull your hair.
But if you reach your final summer,
If you're still an up and comer,
You're a success and all that's due it,
And what is more, you'll be a graduate.*

ROBERT WILLIAMS

Each year, about the time of the vernal equinox, the little town of Salami, Italy holds its annual festival. This is an old custom, dating from the time of Victor Emmanuel II and possibly before. Just for the heck of it, let's trace the origin of this celebration.

Many years ago, in the not too northern part of Italy, there were two little towns: Salami and Pastrami. For ages the people of these two towns had lived in comparative peace. True, there were occasional water fights and name-calling contests, but these may be considered as merely the escape valves for the steam that normally builds up in active people. One day, however, an event took place which was to have far reaching and earth shattering results.

There came to the town of Pastrami, the governor of the province. Naturally, the Pastramians did just what they would be expected to do upon the arrival of a prominent figure: they threw a party. Wine, women, and song there was much of, but the feature attraction of the whole feast was the cold cuts. The Pastramians had perfected a method of cooking, pickling, and spicing the meat of the steer so that it had a pungent odor and a sharp taste, and left the eater in possession of a mild case of acute halitosis. The governor, upon sampling this tasty morsel, smacked his lips and cried, "Egad, what a tasty morsel this is! I shall take some back to the court." What happened during the rest of the festival is of no importance to us. Let it suffice to say that when the governor left, he took with him fifty pounds of the wondrous meat, which he called "Pastrami" after the town in which it was made.

The meat was an immediate hit at the court, and soon Pastrami was flooded with orders for Pastrami. The town grew wealthy and expanded almost to the outskirts of Salami, overshadowing in importance this latter town.

Now Salami was not a town to take this sort of treatment lying down, but what could they do? The governor was on Pastrami's side. So they waited and waited for their chance to come. Soon it did come; the governor died. The new governor, an outsider who knew nothing whatsoever about Pastrami (either the meat or the town), was immediately invited to attend a great party in the town of Salami. Wine, women, and song there was much of, but the feature attraction of the whole feast was the cold cuts. The Salamians had perfected a method of cooking, pickling, and spicing a sausage so that it had a pungent odor and a sharp taste, and left the eater in possession of a strong case of acute halitosis. The new governor, upon sampling this tasty morsel, smacked his lips and cried, "Egad, what a tasty morsel this is! I shall take some back to the court." What happened during the rest of the festival is of no importance to us. Let it suffice to say that when the governor left, he took with him fifty pounds of the wondrous meat, which he called "Salami" after the town in which it was made.

The meat was an immediate hit at the court, and soon Salami was flooded with orders for Salami. The town grew wealthy and expanded until there was no room for it to expand except into the town of Pastrami. This wouldn't have been too bad, except for the fact that the Pastramians wanted to expand also, and the only direction in which they could expand was into Salami. Now, as anyone knows, when two irresistible forces meet, something has got to give. A war started. After three months of warfare, neither side had made any substantial gains, and the war probably would have continued until present times, had not the general of the Salamian army, a chap named Scallopine, hit upon a shrewd plan. One day towards the end of March, the Salamians retired to their tents, and for the whole day they ate Salami. On the next morning, they advanced on Pastrami, exhaling as they went, burning the whole town to the ground. The Pastramians, having had their supports knocked out from under them and their Pastrami factory burned, surrendered.

From that time forward, each year, about the time of the vernal equinox, the Salamians hold a festival to celebrate their victory over the Pastramians. This festival is called the Salami Festival.

Dishwashing

*I wash the dishes every night
Within this sullen sink
While rainbow-colored bubbles cloud
The thoughts I always think.*

*Tonight beneath the dreaming foam
I found a sharpened knife.
(The man I dreamed of meeting soon
Already has a wife.)*

*Oh, drop my china dish of dreams
And smash it from my heart;
Worlds fashioned out of fragile things
Too often break apart.*

*Worlds should be made of cheaper stuff,
Of plastic light and shade,
Of toweling clearly advertised
No-Shrink and Never-Fade.*

SALLY CANAN

Hoorah For Pooh-Bah!

*In Kuwait State
The Pooh-Bah lives,
He always gets,
But never gives.*

*He never has
To work or toil,
And all his income
Comes from oil.*

*This Pooh-Bah keeps
A score of wives,
And many other
Female lives.*

*His days are spent
In making choices,
Of buying jewels,
Or long Rolls-Royces.*

*Pooh's favorite sport
Is racing cars,
A few of which
Have well-stocked bars.*

*This sheik loves driving
To Ahmadi,
In a Cadillac
With cut-down body.*

*But now Pooh-Bah
Of Kuwait State,
Whose goods are covered
With gold-plate.*

*Is watching all
His neighbors Russian;
While jewels and cars
And oil all gush-in.*

WILLIAM LUKENS

To A Young Student

*Its mother being long gone from it
with apologies to Mr. Coleridge*

*Poor little frosh of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face:
And oft with gentle hand I pour thee drink,
Read thy nametag and pat thy greeny dink.*

*But what thy dulled spirits hath depressed,
That ever thou dost sport so sadly dressed?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?*

*Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek child of Misery! thy future fate?
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
"Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?"*

*Or is thy sad heart filled with filial fear,
To find thyself away from all that's dear?
To dream thy wretched mother's weeping face
When vacant chair proclaims her darling's place.*

*And truly, very piteous is her state,
But moreso thine, for wild fiends plan thy fate.
Thy only hope is, that thou won't be seen, or,
If the worse, appear poor cringing green.*

*Poor frosh! thy master should have learnt to show
Pity — best taught by fellowship of Woe!
For much I fear me that he lives like thee,
Half covered o'er with imbecility!*

*Do askingly your footsteps hither bend?
Thou seemst to say, "And have I then one
friend?"*

*Innocent youth! thou poor despis'd folorn!
I hail thee brother spite of the fool's scorn.*

*Yea! and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh shout of joy would be,
Were thy customs long ago and done
And thy life as fledgling nearly won.*

JONI GRAF

A Heavy Bomber Takes Off

*Far down the misty distance,
Where the runway lights converge
In darkness and in light
Where the canopy of night
Reflects a cloudy dawn
That bathes the earth
With shadowed color, a song
Of throaty rumbling power
Drifts to our ears. There,
About to launch into the air,
The massive plane is resting.
The piercing whine of jets
Screams in our ears. A hundred tons
Of metal, men and fuel begin
To slowly drive along the strip.
The straining engines roar,
The crewmen sweat,
The plane increases speed.*

*Now there is need to pray.
The earth begins to shake
Beneath our feet. The plane
Eats up the runway. Five thousand feet
Of strip are gone. The nose wheel
Leaves the concrete, as if to feel
The way, but the main wheels still
Are touching. And slowly,
Almost as if in pain
From straining every faculty, the ship
Labors into the air, shouting
Out its victory, till the hangar doors,
Like kettle drums, vibrate in reply.
Minutes pass, and still the morning sky
Sends down a sound of heavy locomotives
Rumbling in the distance.*

DAVID HALLSTROM

It was cold out. I went into a barroom on the corner and sat down and drank a beer. There weren't too many people there, but I wouldn't have cared if there hadn't been any at all. I felt all blue and empty inside — not for any particular reason, but just because it was time to be, I guess. People are up and people are down, and at that moment I was down.

I had several drinks and didn't even bother to look at the other people at the bar. And then a little soldier walked in. He was prim and neat, and he wore an expression that reminded me of a little boy whose pride has been hurt. He sat down next to me and drank a couple of whiskeys as quietly as I had been drinking my beer. I noticed that he glanced at me sidewise several times and then glanced away kind of embarrassed as if he wanted to say something and start a conversation. But I didn't particularly give a damn about him at the time. I didn't feel like talking to anybody.

But I couldn't help noticing that he seemed to shy away from the mild conviviality around him; and yet he wanted to talk to somebody, for he glanced sidewise at others besides myself. Presently the woman sitting next to him asked for a light.

"Sure, here y'are." He had a mild, pleasing voice, and he seemed to be asking, almost begging, for someone to talk to him. And the woman sitting next to him did not disappoint him.

"Thanks, soldier," she said, puffing on her cigarette. "You out at the army hospital?" She wasn't making a pass: her husband was shooting darts, she felt good, and she simply wanted to talk and be friendly and gay.

"Yeh." He said it as though exulted by the fact that the words coming from his mouth were being listened to by someone. "This is the first time I been out since I got back."

"Oh, you been in Korea?" asked the woman sitting next to him. The expression on his face said, "You're goddam right I have." He threw down a double—without a chaser. He hunched his shoulders a little and stared down the the empty glass.

I looked at him and then ordered a double for myself. "Hell, if it does him any good," I thought, "it ought to do the same for me."

The woman sitting next to him said, "Gee," and he glanced at her, and a trailing cloud of forlornness brushed across his face.

He said hesitantly, "It's — it's my birthday today. And — I live in California."

Said the woman sitting next to him, "Not really? Well, this calls for a little celebration. Hey people, it's . . . what's your name?"

"Bill."

"Hey, it's Bill's birthday today."

She was in a group of about six, and they were scattered here and there; but they all gathered around and led everybody else at the

bar when the woman sitting next to him began singing "Happy Birthday."

I sat and listened and became more fascinated by the little soldier, Bill.

After the song was over, a minor deluge of hand-shakes and back-slaps and drinks descended upon Bill, the little soldier back from Korea. There weren't too many people, but they made an amazing amount of noise as they gathered around their newest diversion — the little soldier. Drinking people are the friendliest people I know — when they're drinking. Bill smiled and thanked everyone for making him feel at home and refused the drinks they kept forcing on him.

"C'mon Billy, have another drink."

"No really, I . . ."

"How old are you, Billy?"

"I'm twenty-six today. Here, let me show . . ."

"Congrats, sodge. Say, how was it over there?"

"Oh, be quiet and let him finish."

"Let's have another song."

At this point, he looked over at me and smiled, as if to thank me for *not* buying him a drink and slapping him on the back and shouting in his ear. I smiled back, even though it came hard. And I hoped that the self-appointed Let's-Make-Bill-Happy Society didn't smother him.

Finally the little soldier announced that he had to get back to the hospital, since it was getting late. I was sitting by the door, and as he walked out with his back to the well-wishers, I saw that his brow was wrinkled and his boyish expression of hurt pride was more noticeable than when he came in. Someone bellowed a final, "So long, Bill." He just raised his arm without looking back, and then he closed the door on his hunched shoulders in khaki.

I drank up and walked out, unnoticed. The cold stabbed me, and it felt good, for I felt just as blue and empty as I did when I went in. But now I didn't know whether I felt blue and empty because I felt blue and empty or because of Bill the little soldier back from Korea.



When Dad Burns The Leaves

*Silver hair and silver smoke
And twilight autumn air,
I look at you and think—
Too much is passing there.*

*Come away from burning leaves,
Let them lie another day;
Your hair is too much silver—
Like the smoke that's gone away.*

JOAN SAPP

Recently a group of physiognomists (people who study faces) conducted a nationwide survey and arrived at the conclusion that people without noses have an unfinished look about them. This I can readily believe. I think everyone should have a nose. To paraphrase the title of a song featured in an obscure musical, "There is Nothing Like a Nose." After serious consideration, you will agree — I am sure.

It is wise to first consider the physical nature of the nose. Most noses are located in the approximate center of the face, below the eyes and above the mouth. The reasons for this arrangement should be fairly obvious. For instance, if it were located above the eyes, the eyebrows would probably grow into the nostrils and the human race would die out through the over-exertion produced by excessive sneezing. If, on the other hand, the nose were below the mouth, the chin would have to be relocated, and chins do look so right on the bottoms of faces.

In size, noses may be classed as small, large, or medium. Aside from the unflattering sunshield, our clothes designers have not as yet devised any garment to be worn on the nose, so it is safe to assume that in regard to accurate measurement, at least, nose sizes are unimportant. At this date the only things worn in the vicinity of the nose are glasses, mustaches and pimples. Perhaps one day our fashion experts will devise a smart little bustle or something of the sort to be worn on formal occasions. I cannot help feeling, however, that our noses are being lighted.

Nose shapes are among the most distinguishing characteristics of races and individuals. *The Winston Dictionary* lists seven nose types: the classic Greek, Roman (seriously!) Nordic, Semitic, North American Indian, Mongolian, and Negro. To this list I would like to add a couple from my own experience. These are the bulbous-alcoholic and the oh-no-I-don't-believe-it. The latter covers a multitude of sins, or should I say noses. In this case the words seem synonymous. The bulbous-alcoholic type nose is noteworthy in that while most noses are of the same color as the surrounding face this nose may vary in hue from a slightly deeper pink to a red-violet color, depending on the owner's predilection to certain beverages which will remain nameless.

No one can doubt the historical significance of noses. If Cyrano's nose had not been what it was, Rostand might never have written for us his tale of that fabulous figure. "The old schnozzola" is the nick-name of one of our popular entertainers. Our children would be lost without Rudolph. Rudolph's nose is not to be confused disreputable type mentioned above — I am told that in Rudolph's case it is the type of lipstick that just stays on and on —



on the second surface it is applied to. Everyday fortunes hinge on noses; the nose of race horses of course. Decidedly, the nose occupies a place of singular importance in our civilization.

The nose is really a practical thing. It grows with us; it stays by us in our most trying times (indeed, precipitates some of these, as when someone decides to change the shape of it), and conveys our feelings in its own inimitable way. In childhood the nose is a source of delight and amusement, and bears the brunt of injuries that otherwise might mar childish features. In youth, it is an aid to pugnacity when other attacks fail; the nose is always vulnerable to disparagement. In adolescence it makes easily accessible the pimples which might otherwise lay on a flat and unmanageable plane. The perfumes intended to aid young ladies in the pursuit of young men would be utterly useless, save for the olfactory organ of the victim. After the nose has betrayed the young man into marriage it serves him further by telling him when meals are ready, and by warning him when some unpleasant task awaits him with the baby.

The nose serves science also. We are aware of its function in the respiratory tract, and in the laboratory it may warn the chemist of important developments in experimental work. The nose aids the physician in diagnosis; from the condition of the patient's nose, he may often arrive at brilliant conclusions.

In industry the nose is the indirect source of employment to many thousands of people engaged in the manufacture of perfume. The nose aids the seller of fish by making effective a form of advertising which would otherwise be useless. Many and varied are the functions of the nose in the material world.

Let us now turn to the aesthetic side of the nose, in the world of fine arts. An opinion of an artistic work may be rendered tersely in the words, "it smells." Were it not for the nose this phrase would be meaningless. How would Hamlet have known that something was rotten in Denmark if he had had no nose?

The nose has been sadly neglected in literature. Might not Gertrude Stein have written as readily, "A nose is a nose is a nose, is a nose . . ." Shakespeare might have said "a nose by any other name . . ." Keats might have immortalized the utility of a nose in "Bright nose, were I as useful as thou art . . ." Why has no one written of "My Foolish Nose?" Friml might have written "Only a Nose." What pathos Tschaikevsky might have expressed in "None But the Lonely Nose." What glorious opportunities have been neglected!

What a debt the English language owes the nose. The descriptive word *unsavoury* would be meaningless without the nose. What lost souls we should be, had we not our noses to follow! We all keep our noses clean, or at least try to. We should lose one of our greatest amusements if we could not put our noses into other people's business.

The nose has been too long neglected. I shall henceforth devote myself to the task of gaining recognition for the nose, keeping my nose constantly to the grind-stone.



Fourteen Lines That Aren't A Sonnet

*Life is faster (so they say)
Than it was in Granny's day.
We have autos, buses, trains,
Supersonic speed, jet-planes,
T.V. (colored), schick injectors,
Faster ash and trash collectors,
Super love and super woo
Super suds and super doo;
Instant coffee, frozen juices,
Longer wars and shorter truces;
Quicker weddings, quicker cakes.
Quicker people, quicker steaks;
We have our forbears beat a mile,
Come now Granny, why the smile?*

ROBERT WILLIAMS

Roderick, We All Pine For You!

(With all dhu respects to Sir Walter Scott)

*Oh, saddle my steed for I'm leaving this morn,
For I'm riding to battle as trumps the old horn;..
I'm off to Glen-Gory through fields and through
stubble;*

I'll return by the moon with my victories double!

Chorus

*Rod'rick we all pine for you, we do;
Yes, Rod, we all pine so for you.*

*Nay tarry me lassies and laddies so fair,
For I'm off through the home of the stag and the
hare;*

*I'll tear through the backlands and ride so to
glory,*

I won't spare a soul in the camp of Glen-Gory!

Chorus

*Oh, Rod'rick your words are s' brave and
s' true;
Yes, Rod, we're all praying for you.*

*If I'm to be off and away this fair morn,
Why hasn't some laddie-boy sounded the horn?
My steed is a' ready and champin' the bit,
If I don't get to 'Gory, I'll sure have a fit!*

Chorus

*Oh, Rod'rick have patience, we're all in a
stew;
But, Rod, be assured—we're all hoping for
for you.*

*To ride o'er the Highlands and slaughter our
foe,*

*I'll ride my sleek steed who is nimble of toe.
But my coat is now muddied, and torn is my
cover,*

*Please call off your hounds which are knocking
me over!*

Chorus

*Rod'rick, Rod'rick, the trumpet just blew!
Be off and away, for we're waiting for you.*

*Please, please do nae rush me, my impatient
people,*

*I think I hear bells from the ivy-clad steeple.
Yes, yes, it's a funeral dirge, plain as can be;
And I wonder if it could have reference to me!*

Chorus

*Rod'rick, we're fed up with your lame ex-
cuses,*

*This day could be spent in a hundred good
uses;*

*Rod'rick be gone, for the trouble you've
caused us.*

*Your boasting now strikes us as being
most nauseous.*

*Rod'rick, take off, we're quite tired of you;
Oh, Rod'rick, leave us, please dhu, please
dhu.*

WILLIAM LUKENS

He sat cross-legged on a white sheet, wrapped in a white blanket, at the head of a high white bed in his white room. It was dark now, but that made little difference. He knew now that the world was white, underneath; that white is Heaven and white is Hell, and white is a nurse who came in seven times a day, came in through the wide door, and made up his high white bed, or brought his white tray and waited while he shunned a drab meal, or opened the white slats of his blind to let in the dazzling white of outside.

He had moved his bed a while ago, hoping to see something outside that window. That was about Jerry's time. He had pushed his white home over against the white water pipes and the white radiator, and when the white swish of a nurse found out she fussed and brought the fat white nurse with the notebook, and they had both fussed, and then they moved him a little bit farther from the radiator when the doctor came in, and had let him stay where he could see out of his window. The top of the window was always full of white venetian blind, and the bottom was the faded stone sill that projected outward so that he could not see downward past it, even leaning against the white bars of his little window. And staring back at him through the window, so close it seemed he could touch them, were the grey-etched bricks of a high white-painted wall — so high he could never quite crane his neck and press against the bars and see anything but that hulking white wall above. It had no window, but it was joined a little farther past his window — to his wall, he supposed — by a short section of white wall, with one window that he could see. No use ever looking there, though — the dirty grey shade was always down, and at night there was never even a light behind it.

But he needn't be afraid now. All this white, all that he saw, was all that there was. What could harm him here? White walls and white bricks do not hurt you, do not betray your trust. No. He could count on all of this white world. It was his world. It was all the world that he wanted.

Next time the nurse came in, he wasn't going to answer her. He hadn't talked to her now since the day before Thomas ran off, and that was at least three little men ago. That day he wasn't going to talk to her, just for that day, then, when he woke up the next morning, Thomas was gone, and he knew he couldn't trust her anymore, just like all the other men in white and women in white that kept coming in and talking to him, and looking in at him at night when he should have been asleep and they should have been asleep, and he would yell out at the bright light slicing from the door through the darkness across his bed, and they would go away. And then he would sit there in the black and try to watch his picture that he knew was over there on the wall somewhere. And he would listen.



His picture. He had hung it there, his high school class picture, and they hadn't taken it away. It was all he had left, and now it was turning white like the rest of the world. He hated to see it get white. Fine sort of friends they must have been. There were only three left now. Three grinning, plain-looking boys there on the little bit of school step that still remained. He had been the one there on the right — the one with the tie. That towhead was Dick — Dick . . . what was his name? And the other was Johnny Barden. Well, at least they still stood by him, these two old friends. Maybe they would stay, and would not sneak off in the night and leave a yet larger white splotch in the picture. Only three of them left now, and there had been so many! Oh, not all of them real close friends, but he had come to depend on the thirty that had been there. He had trusted them all.

He often had wondered where they went, at first, these little fellows that sneaked away from their place with him in the picture, and left only blank space where they had been. It was useless to try to catch them. After the first two were gone — he didn't know how long their absence had gone unnoticed — he had watched the picture. Once he thought he saw one of the little fellows clinging to the lower edge of the black frame, ready to drop to the floor and run, but when he looked closer they were all there, but for the two white spaces, all in their places. After that, they had dropped down and scampered off in the darkness of night. He was sure of it. They would be gone when he awoke. Twice he had heard them, and he had yelled

threats into the darkness, and the running patter had stopped, but in the morning someone else was gone. Thomas had been one of these, and he couldn't believe, for a while, that Thomas had gone. Thomas — why he had treated him so much better than any of the rest, only to have him run away when he called to him.

They had taken away the black pencil and little white paper pad he had brought along, in case he wished to write. He had had it a while, though, and had written, as nearly as he could remember them, the names of each old friend as they had left him, and he has asked the nurse what day it was then, and had had a fair record of what was happening. At first he missed one a week, then maybe two a week, then three or four, and the night Thomas ran off was the start of this week, just four nights ago, and they had taken his paper away, and his pencil, and the little drawings he had made of the cheats that had run away, but the picture still hung over there on the wall. And he knew three had left since then — they were running away from him, one a night. Now only two were left. Two there in the picture with him. The three of them stood there, smiling as they always had, over on the right-hand side of the almost blank white picture in the shiny black frame.

The white door opened and a white uniform came in and looked down at him. "It's late, and you should be asleep." She fluffed his pillow, gently guided him down from his cross-legged sitting position at the head of the bed, down under the white cover. "Do you feel all right?" I won't talk to her. "Did you have enough to eat?" Yes, I had enough, but I won't tell you. I can only trust Johnny Barden, there in the picture, and that towhead — what was his name now — was it Dick? The nurse shrugged and glanced at the wall.

She's in with this some how, he thought. She always watches . . . maybe she helps them get out. I can't trust her.

"Well, good night, and try to sleep a bit to-night, won't you?" No, no answer. She turned, switched off the light, and walked out. Sleep, she said. Sleep, so she can steal another of my friends. Steal! That was it. They hadn't left him — they had been stolen, and she had done it! She was what was against him, she, and all the others in white. They wanted his picture to be white, too. He yelled a curse after her, but the darkness swallowed it up.

But I heard them scampering off . . . by themselves. And remember once I thought I might have seen one, squeezed in between the water pipe and the baseboard, but by the time I had crept across the room to trap him, he was gone . . . or was he there at all?

He would watch, always. Even here in the darkness, he might hear one drop, and he knew he could jump to the door and head him off, and find out why they were leaving.

* * *

"He certainly is worse", said Nurse Conklin, as she sat down at the floor desk beside plump

Mrs. Stirling, the head night nurse here in psychopathic detention ward. "He hasn't talked for five days now. He doesn't eat much, and then only the potatoes, or the centers of his bread. Drinks his milk right properly, though."

"I suppose Dr. Barden will see him tomorrow again. A pity." And Mrs. Stirling slipped the call sheet Nurse Conklin handed her into the flat file before her, and closed the drawer. "All the rest were all right, I hope?"

Nurse Conklin was surprised to find Mrs. Stirling so talkative. She didn't appear very attractive, and in the two week's Miss Conklin had been assigned there she had had to do the great majority of the talking. "Oh yes. Room Three asked for water again, but I explained the orders and he calmed down. Only Room Six bothers me any more. Do you know anything about him before — before this?" She welcomed the possibility of a little talk, and especially since it concerned her biggest problem — Room Six. He was different — she doubted if he belonged there, with the other men that improved at least a little each day. But she was not the one to decide, and he really was no special trouble — just wouldn't talk now, which was very disturbing to a young lady like Nurse Conklin. She doubted very much, though, if they could ever rebuild his mind.

"Well," began Mrs. Stirling, turning her chair a bit toward the younger woman, "he came here through some friends of his. I think there were only two of them with him, maybe four at most, but they wanted him here instead of out at the State Hospital, thinkin' he would maybe snap out of it. It's really a pity."

"Yes, but what was his work? I wonder about that so much. He only sits there now, and stares at that wall where the picture is. And he's never closed his eyes once while I've been around."

"They tell me he wasn't much of anything in particular. High-class bum, I guess. Spoke nice when he came in here. But about that picture — don't even mention it. He's zany over it, somehow. Claims it's disappearing, or somethin'. Hollered somethin' terrible one day, and when we goes in he's crawling about on his knees, 'huntin' Jerry', he says, and points at the picture and cusses to high heaven. We learned to forget about the picture. Dr. Barden says it's all he has, let him keep it, and that's that."

* * *

Good God! another one's gone! Let's see — that's Johnny up there . . . Johnny . . . uh . . . Johnny . . . Damn! I can't remember his name now. Well, it was that other fellow that ran off . . . what did he look like, again . . . what color of hair . . . strange I can't seem to remember him . . . was he wearing a tie . . . no, that's me — there I am, still in my tie. There's John and I. Good friends, we are. See us smile . . . you and me John. We're old buddies. Damn that bastard that sneaked off last night, though. You'll stay here, won't you John?

Who's that at the door? I won't talk. No. Can't trust you. Well — a man this time. How am I, he asks. Don't answer. He knows. Isn't it a nice day? Sure. Won't tell you, though. Can't trust you. . . . There's that nurse behind him, too. Wouldn't I like to chat? Hell no! — — Damn that nurse, she's looking at my picture again. My picture! Holy hell! I'm all alone! He's gone. He ran away, what was his name? Wait! he must be in the room!

* * *

Dr. Barden and Nurse Conklin were hardly expecting the frenzied scream that broke into the doctor's congenial monologue with the patient, accustomed as they were to more quiet cases of maladjustment. The good doctor swept the nurse behind him, backed quickly out through the white door, and locked it, leaving the screaming man sitting cross-legged at the head of his bed. He sighed heavily and turned and moved down the hall.

"I was afraid of this, but we did what we could. I'll call Harper at State, and we can move him this afternoon. Don't open that room." The nurse nodded.

* * *

He sat crosslegged on his high white bed in the white room and screamed till he hurt, and he sobbed, and wept against his white pillow, but he watched the picture. Half-seeing, he watched the little man that he had been edge down against the black frame, then swing out over it and down and onto the white water pipe and on down to the floor, and then race on the grey floor along the white baseboard. He jerked erect, stared at the picture. It was a blank white. Even he was gone, now. He looked again at the grey floor, saw himself scamper along the white wall, up the light blind cord, through the white bars, under the white window frame, and onto the wide grey ledge. He hesitated a moment at the edge, and stepped off, out of sight. He was gone . . .

His body shook horribly. He tensed. And like a taut steel spring, he snapped, and collapsed a shaking sobbing mess of white cover and white flesh and clean white mind. Everything was white. And he was gone.

* * *

"Yes, Harper, of course I remember him. It was just — let's see — Friday, and now it's only Tuesday . . . No! Very sorry to hear it. Much better off though, much better . . . How? well, it was a queer case." He shifted the receiver to his other ear, crossed his legs. "You see, he was a brilliant young man, but couldn't manage college. Good fellow then, I guess . . . Yes, that's right, treasurer in high school . . . Well, seems he borrowed and sponged from everyone he knew very well, all separately of course, and not too much, you know — not that anyone was really hurt over a period of years . . . Seemed to like to have him around, more than anything. Then he met this girl — woman,

you'd say . . . What? Yes, yes. In a big way. Wanted everything, and him with no job and all creditors . . . Well, they had him caught — had to borrow more and more to keep her interested, and gradually the old friends faded out of the picture. They finally arrested him on a theft charge, and there was no one left to turn to . . . No, she didn't even see the trial . . . Yes — traffic. Guess that about did it. Went berserk at the trial . . . Sure, I imagine you did. Front page stuff . . . Thought we might correct it, but no time . . . Yes. Thanks for calling, Harper. long."

Sorry to lose a man, but it's better . . . Well so He replaced the receiver, and after a quick glance threw the black-framed picture that had lain four days on his desk into the big, bright red waste basket. How young I looked then, thought Dr. Johnny Barden . . .



A Young Girl

Her face is lovely only

When seen with loving eyes:

Its slender shape is lonely

Beneath the city skies.

Yet has she gifts for glowing

With lively laughter-light

And candle arts for throwing

White life across the night.

If flame be clear and steady

Beloved glows the dark:

The well-trimmed wick is ready

To light at any spark.

SALLY CANAN





DINE — AND — DANCE

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