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THE LANTERN



Commencement Issue

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We have come to the end of our first post-war school year at Ursinus, and all of us, no doubt, have the feeling that things are slowly but surely returning to their normal state.

It is with this feeling of confidence in a return to normalcy that we, the members of the LANTERN editorial staff, submit this June issue to you, the students of Ursinus. We reserve our comment and leave the privilege of criticism to you. It is your magazine and in it are represented the literary contributions of your fellow students. It is your interest and cooperation, and only that, which can make any campus publication a success — especially one such as this.

We hope that you like the selections we have chosen. Perhaps you feel that you could do as well or better. Why not try! Certainly it is obvious that the larger and more varied the selection of material from which to choose, the more successful the edition is bound to be.

We only select—it is you, the students, who must write. With this hope, the hope for a more productive literary year in 1946 and 47, we give you your magazine, the Commencement issue of THE LANTERN.

The Girl on the Park Bench

IRENE SUFLAS

Johnny stood there blankly staring at the little bald-headed man behind the caged window. "Where to?" asked the ticket agent. He was leaning over some papers and did not bother to look up. Johnny stared at the shiny bald head. An overwhelming urge gripped him to run, run; but he couldn't move. He stood as though rooted to the spot. The smooth, colorless bald surface mocked him. "Run, Johnny, run!" a voice cried. But he couldn't move; he couldn't move!

The bald head suddenly jerked up and a sarcastic voice boomed loudly, "Say, soldier, I ain't no mind reader, ya' know, so—." The words drifted off to an incoherent mumble as the ticket agent's eyes peered at Johnny's face. The glare was gone, and Johnny saw stark amazement, fearful repulsion, and nauseous horror flash swiftly into the astonished brown eyes. To Johnny the eyeballs seemed actually to bulge as they leered at him.

In the short minute of silence that followed, Johnny's mind wandered back to the day the doctors told him that they were sending him home for a thirty-day furlough. Johnny hadn't wanted to go home. He never wanted to leave these high white walls that shut him in from the peering eyes of the world. He pleaded with them not to make him leave, but the doctors insisted that he must make at least this one attempt to readjust himself, to get back into the normal stream of human activity.

He could almost hear that Dr. Pancoast saying, "Look, Johnny, your face won't always look like that. We've done all for you that the miracle of plastic surgery has taught us, and now you must let nature take its course. It may take years, Johnny, but the pigmentation will gradually restore the natural color to your skin, new lines and wrinkles will be formed, new hair will undoubtedly be produced. Your face won't always look bald and bare. But you've got to try, Johnny; you've got to try. People aren't as cruel as your disturbed imagination sees them."

But the "Doc" was wrong! The "Doc" was wrong! People were cruel! Very cruel! They peered at Johnny across the room. They gasped and turned their heads. They drew their youngsters to them, shielding them from life's starkest reality. They let aversion and disgust creep into

their stares. Those stares told Johnny what he was afraid to admit, because he knew it meant either death or insanity for him. Those stares told Johnny that he was a freak, that he was ugly. Those stares told him that people would feel some pity, but that horror would always engulf their sympathetic understanding. "Yes," they cried, "you're ugly, Johnny Martin, you're ugly! Do you hear? You're a freak, a freak!"

The perspiration was pouring down Johnny's back and his arm pits stuck to his olive drab blouse. The glands on his face weren't working yet, so his nervous strain was not perceptible to the bald-headed ticket agent. Johnny opened his mouth, but no sound would come out. Talk, Johnny, talk! Are you deaf and dumb as well as a freak? Talk, Johnny! Don't let him think you are a freak. Be normal! Act natural! Suddenly he had to get away from that bald head or go mad! The loud speaker blared forth, "Next train for Hollis leaving at 10:40 on track Number Three!" That's it. Hollis. Get away, Johnny, or go mad! Get away, Johnny! Get away!

"I'll take a one-way ticket to Hollis," a voice said and Johnny knew it was his own. He paid the money, grabbed the ticket, and turned away from the bald head.

Johnny stepped off the train at a little suburban station that the conductor had announced as Hollis. He wondered why he had come here. He lived in New York City, didn't he? What had ever possessed him to ask for a ticket to Hollis?

Directly opposite the station was a small green park full of trees and birds and children. Johnny felt an urge to be a part of the scene, so he walked over to the park. On a green bench he saw a pretty young girl with a sky-blue summer dress and a matching ribbon. She had black hair like Johnny's girl back in New York. He stood across the walk looking at the girl and thinking of Mary. His beautiful Mary, who loved to go places and do things. Mary, who was so full of life, who had promised to wait for Johnny. Mary, who had said, "Come back, Johnny, come back! No matter what happens to you, please come back!" And now he was coming back. What would she say when she saw him? And his mother, too, and the rest of the family. What would they say when they saw him? Would they gasp in horrified re-

pulsion and turn their heads? Would they—

A sudden cry stirred Johnny from his reflections. A group of small children had been talking to the girl on the park bench when one of them saw Johnny and cried out. Poor child, he was only about six. The other children saw Johnny, too, and panic seized them. They screamed in terror and ran away. Johnny felt like a hideous creature. He covered his face with his hands to shut out the sight of that terror. He wanted to die! He knew now that the only answer was death.

Johnny glared at the girl on the park bench. "Well, what are you waiting for? Why don't you run away, too? I'm horrible looking! That's what your thinking. Why don't you say it and run? Why don't you say it and run?"

She raised her deep blue eyes and looked at Johnny. He was startled by the blankness of their stare. There was no horror or fear in that look, only the slightest hint of friendly confusion. "I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean," she said.

Johnny laughed and suddenly he wanted to lash out at someone, to make someone suffer as he was suffering. So he shouted to her about how he had loved his country, fought for it, and what happened! A plane crash and his face was badly mutilated. Hospitals. Weeks. Months. One year. Two years. Operations. Operations. Operations. Skin grafting and scar tissues. Then they wanted to send him home, out to a cruel world full of mocking eyes and horrified, stricken eyes. Eyes. Eyes. What the hell did he have to live for! Poor Mary. Poor Mary. "Stare at me! Go ahead—stare! Why don't you scream?" Eyes, eyes! Eyes that were amazed. Eyes that were afraid. Eyes that sickened at the sight of him. "Scream! Scream!"

Johnny came back to the reality of that green Hollis park and found that he was shaking her, the pretty girl that could be his Mary. The torrent was over and suddenly the tears came streaming out. Sobs racked his slim body and he was crying with his head in her lap.

Her soft hands caressed his head as she talked to him. She told him that it was all his imagination, that he wasn't really ugly, because his soul was beautiful. "People will soon see many boys like you, and one day you will find that they no longer stare. You will have many friends, friends who will see beyond your face and love you for the

beauty of your soul. I do not think you are ugly. You have a beauty that no one and no thing can destroy, except yourself, Johnny. That is God's gift to you in place of the superficial beauty that man worships today. Go home to Mary and your family, Johnny, and lead a healthy, happy, normal life. Give them a chance to show you the way. Just try, Johnny, try!"

They sat there on that bench for an hour. Passers-by stared at this strange sight of a soldier weeping his heart out, as a girl on a park bench soothed him and talked and talked, her words sending new faith and confidence flowing into the clotted blood stream. Suddenly the big town clock struck two.

"There's a train leaving for New York in five minutes, Johnny. If you run, you'll still be able to make it." He raised his bowed head and looked up into her beautiful face. The bright afternoon sun formed a shining light behind her like a halo, and Johnny thought of the Virgin Mary. He smiled at the girl on the park bench, saying, "Thank you. You've given me the courage for a chance at a new life. I'll never forget you." He ran to catch the train for New York, his blank, colorless face astonishingly bald in the bright afternoon sunlight.

That night, when she went to bed, a young, beautiful girl who had been blind all her life told her mother what had happened to her on the park bench that afternoon. "Mother, it made me so happy to be able to help someone else! All my life people have had to help me. It made me feel as though God had given me this one little thing to do, as though my existence had a purpose after all." She slept contentedly for the first time in her life.

Several days later there was a long article in the New York paper about a soldier who was home on furlough from a hospital where he had undergone several plastic surgery operations for over two years. He had shot himself through the heart when his girl had deserted him and his family had been unable to conceal their horror at the sight of his bald, colorless face. His name was Johnny Martin. His last words before death had ended his tragic life were, "Tell the girl on the park bench that she was wrong!"

But the girl on the park bench never heard what happened to her soldier. Her mother never read that article to her.

To a God Unknown

RICHARD C. WENTZEL

I go to the dry and arid land,
And turn unliddeḏ eyes onto the sand,
But see not Thy foot-print.

I go to the land of streams and timber,
And, naked, lay my ear upon the ground,
But hear not Thy passing.

I go to the land of blood and force,
And listen to the lies of men,
But hear not Thy rebuttal.
I go to the joyous, peaceful land,
And seek out fraternity,
But taste not Thy goodness.

I go to the land of want,
And see not Thy hunger;
To the land of plenty,
But know not Thy succulence.

I go to the holiest of holy lands,
Prostrating myself with humility,
But, finding not Thy blessing, turn to Man.

I go to the man of evil,
And he denies Thee;
To the man of science,
And he scoffs.
I go to the righteous man,
And he tells me Thou art there;
To the man of love,
And he claims Thee;
To the man of wisdom,
And he smiles sadly, knowing my hurt,
But nothing more.

And I go to my solitude,
Grotesque with my burden, weeping.
And I speak to myself in the weeping, saying,
"The goal is of no consequence,
Rather, the seeking—"
But is it not?

Atomic Concept

LOIS GOLDSTEIN

I saw the horizon, so limitless, wide—
I saw too the moon, which, they say, pulls the tide—
I thought at long length how these things all could
be,
While the roseate sun came up out of the sea.

I saw the world narrowing, shrinking so fast
That I could not but wonder how long it would
last!
It would go where it came from! That seemed
right to me—
While the bloody sun slowly sank back to the sea.

To a Swan

JOAN WILMOT

Tell your secret, stately swan.
What is it makes the world go on?
Men have fought and men have died,
Men have cheated, men have lied.
Yet you glide with haughty grace,
Care you not for life's blind race?
Head held high in proud disdain,
On you glide, and I would fain
Ask your secret, how so cold?
Never moved by problems old
Or painful doubts arising fast,
What will happen? Will it last?
Tell your secret, stately swan.
What is it makes this world go on?

Mimi and Me

BETTE MARSHALL

When I had read the story, *Mimi at Boarding School*, a book designed to entertain and not to educate, one which in fact might have been called a slightly bigger sister of *The Bobbsy Twin Series*, I never dreamed it would hold a special message for me.

Yet, here I was in a similar school, surrounded by similar girls, and in a situation so typical of Mimi and her friends that I had to laugh. The scene was one that provoked laughter anyhow.

About ten of us, in various states of undress (for it was only twenty minutes until lights-out) were gathered in one corner of the bathroom, carefully discussing our project. We were going to fry an egg. People do it every day, but generally in a kitchen, with the aid of a frying pan. We had neither the kitchen nor the frying pan.

It certainly couldn't have been hunger which prompted our act, for one egg divided among ten people would not even stimulate the flow of gastric juices. But somehow we had come into the possession of one lone egg, and what better fate could it have than to be a sunny-side-up?

We had already dumped the contents of one well-fed wastebasket into a corner sink, and were ready to light a match to it as soon as the signal was given to "turn on the stove." One of the more optimistic girls had removed the glass from her hand mirror, and presented us with a unique frying pan. The fact that it had no sides didn't bother us. We weren't fussy.

The big moment was rapidly approaching. The chief cook had solemnly lifted our egg above the "pan," and was ready to crack its tender shell, when one of the more brilliant spectators announced breathlessly, "The fat!"

Whether we had been subconsciously trying to

revolutionize the art of frying, or had in our pre-occupation overlooked this small element, I cannot say. However, cooks everywhere still used fat for frying, and got, so they tell me, quite favorable results. But we had no fat. The future looked dark.

It was here that I turned to "Mimi." I recalled the night she and her accomplices had made fudge with the use of canned heat and . . . "Vaseline," I said in an inspired tone. Nine pairs of eyes peered at me skeptically. "Vaseline," I repeated again, and then with more assurance, "It works beautifully, and you can't even taste it." I must admit my friends were still skeptical, but having no alternative, vaseline it was. After the pan had been greased to the desired thickness, the egg was cracked and plopped into, or rather, onto the "pan." At that exact moment, the sink blazed up furiously. When the flames had calmed down, we weren't quite sure whether they had come up and devoured part of the egg, or if the law of gravity had something to do with the whereabouts of the other half of the egg. Anyhow, half an egg fits between two saltines better than a whole egg does, and that is exactly where we put it.

Those of us closest to the sandwiched delicacy were rewarded with a minute bite of it, not enough to be harmful. Just as I had so doubtfully stated a few moments before, the vaseline was tasteless, but I must admit the egg slid down my throat with distasteful ease. However, I can say this much in its favor—it stayed down.

All ten of us lived, and later, when we were reliving the incident, one of my friends looked at me peculiarly, then asked where I had ever gotten that vaseline brainstorm. I modestly referred her to page 257 of *Mimi at Boarding School*.

Maturation

RONNIE SARE

A bud near bloom in spring
Need only be spoken to adoringly.
Like the spread of a peacock's fan
It will meet the sun.

Dreams

RONNIE SARE

Dreams be communion
Or dreams be reunion?
Known as obscure,
Felt as authentic,
Escape-blocked.

Conversation Between "Thought" and "Mind"

RICHARD C. WENTZEL

(We find "Thought" knocking on "Mind's" door. The door opens—on a safety-latch.)

"Thought"—"Well here I am, my friend. May I see the place?"

"Mind"—"You're late. I'm sorry; it's rented."

Thought—"Rented? But surely there's a bit of room left."

Mind—"Indeed not. Every available inch is occupied."

Thought—"Well that's too bad. But the space is only rented; you might evict someone."

Mind—"Impossible. What would the OPA say?"

Thought—"OPA, what's that?"

Mind—"Why everyone knows that. OPA: Office of Prejudice and Antithesis. They control us now."

Thought—"Is that so? I wouldn't have believed it. But couldn't we do it without their knowing?"

Mind—"Absurd! Anyway I wouldn't want to evict anyone. All these folks have been with me too long."

Thought—"But that's just it. They've been with you so long they've become aged."

Mind—"Now don't be disrespectful!"

Thought—"Not at all, not at all. I merely meant to say they've been with you so long they are aged to you. To someone else they might seem quite young. You really should let others benefit from them."

Mind—"I'm too poor to turn humanitarian."

Thought—"But you're not poor. You said you're all filled up; and if you lose someone, why here am I. And if I inhabit the place my young friends will undoubtedly frequent it."

Mind—"Well there you are: I may not like your friends."

Thought—"But do you like your aged, who are of no use to you but only sleep?"

Mind—"Well they're quiet when they sleep. They bother no one. They are good tenants."

Thought—"But they offer you nothing but—"

Mind—"Peace."

Thought—"Nothing but peace, if you like; or

decadence, if I may be so bold. The easy peace of submission is decadence."

Mind—"I don't like your implication, young man. I am still the landlord." (He steps on the foot which Thought has pushed into the door.) "Remove your foot."

Thought—"Ouch! That's not fair."

Mind—"It's not fair of you to come and upset me, either. I run a respectable place here. If you don't leave at once I'll call the janitor." (Turns and calls in a loud voice.) "Tradition! Tradition, come up here at once."

Thought—"Oh, all right, all right. But I could offer you a lot—(The door, almost closed, opens again: Mind is interested.)

Mind—"Tranquility, perhaps?"

Thought—"Well, no, perhaps not. But—"

Mind—"Oh, you young fellows are all alike. I don't know what's going to happen to your generation."

Thought—"Well not what happened to yours, I hope!"

Mind—"Oh! I think I'm going to cry. Go away. Go away!"

Door slams.

It begins to snow.

Peace

RICHARD C. WENTZEL

ON V-J DAY, IWO JIMA

Oh, would that this new calm
Be as a caustic to the wound,
Or surcease from the pain,
Or life to cross of wood!

But well I know this state,
No matter how so sweetly tasting,
Has been costily pried
From out the fist of Mars.

And still no shout of joy,
Or cheer, or cry exultant,
Issues from the grave.

The Prices These Days

RONNIE SARE

In this United States of 1946, prices of commodities are running sky-high. Crowds of women wait long hours in regimental lines for nylon stockings retailing for three dollars a pair. The farmers smile contentedly as the city housewives drop eighty cents worth of coins into their hands for a dozen eggs. Here and there one sees the remains of a used car bearing the freshly painted sign, "A Good Buy, Only Six Hundred Dollars." The ex-serviceman and his blushing bride can buy a cozy little home for five thousand dollars and up, provided he can secure the lumber, plumbing, and workers. The dentist charges two dollars a filling, and if you squirm in your seat or grunt as he bears down with his drill on a sensitive nerve, his rate automatically increases by one dollar. The five-cent picture shows of the "Perils of Pauline" days are forever lost, being overshadowed by the sixty-cent-a-seat features of these "Lost Weekend" times. Truly, small payments of all varieties have "Gone With the Wind." In their stead is found a steadily engulfing whirlpool of big money figures.

Prices of many intangibles have risen with those of marketable materials. The campus co-ed is obliged to expend much more time and perhaps a few weekends on her homework if she is to meet the loftier standards of the university she attends. A skilled batter playing on a big league baseball team must work to develop a more perfect swing with the bat, otherwise he will never break Joe DiMaggio's record. Just as there are magnified prices on mental and physical requirements, so there is a price to pay in social life—the price of popularity.

According to the adage of older times, children were to be seen and not heard. This instruction was enforced rigidly, as I have often heard my grandmother tell. As she rocked complacently in her chair, nodding her gray head, she would sermonize on how her children knew their place in the presence of elders. Modern times were evil. Young folks didn't know their place; they had too much to say. But in an age as objective as this one, when forceful expression is the predominating keynote of life, the younger generation is not to blame. Youth is only reflecting the thoughts and actions of the times. A pupil of grandmother's social school transplanted to our day would in all likelihood be a definite social

failure; for in order to be popular, a person must lend himself to self-expression. How can he do this if his whole life's training is pointed in the opposite direction?

One of the prerequisites of becoming a social asset is to acquire the ability of being hypocritical. One must be willing to agree with the majority on any issue, swallowing the promptings of his own natural inclinations. This, of course, suppresses his true feelings on the subject; but, after all, he has one of the diplomat's devices at his command.

Recently I became acquainted with Joe. Joe's always referred to as a "good egg." Jovial and jolly, no matter where the crowd wants to go or what it wants to do, he's always willing. No doubt this is a tribute to him, but I can say that he is usually obliged to give up most of his own pleasures and his own time to follow "the gang."

Not only must one be sociable, he must also give a substantial part of his personality in order to be popular. James, a very dear friend of mine who bears an uncanny resemblance to Caspar Milquetoast, encountered a sad experience at the beach last summer. While feeling the sun warming his skin after an invigorating swim with a group of young people from his church, he was drawn into a discussion of music. A winsome young girl, obviously noticing James for the first time, spoke up.

"James, how do you interpret the recent Prussian atonalism in Germany?"

Poor James looked miserable from one expectant face to another and finally back to the young lady's.

"We-ell, you see, I-ya don't really know—well—you say it started in Germany? Uh—"

His lips stuck together like fly-paper; he could utter no further sound, and with despair he observed the disappointed expressions of his companions. I might add that James knows more about music than the young lady in question. She graciously filled in the embarrassing pause and the conversation rambled on. James did bow down to the whims of his crowd, but he will be on the unwanted list for a long time as a result of his repeated loss for words. Long tracts and essays have been written, expostulating on the merits of a good listener—which is all very well. However, there must be a balance. James is expected to

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The Magic Pebbles

A FAIRY TALE

HELEN HAFEMANN

Old Dame Catherine sat before the doorway of her little house by the hill. The moon was shining brightly and the stars kept winking at her through the lacework of the apple blossoms that hung overhead. Like any other woman, she was affected by the heady atmosphere, and her old heart began beating longingly. Memories of her youth came flooding back as she sat there. The old woman thought of the gay times she'd had, of the many lovers who'd wooed her, and of the merry village dances she used to attend. Dancing had been her favorite pastime in the old days. "Perhaps I could still remember some of the steps," she mused. "I was often the belle of the festival." Slowly she rose, and in her mind she again became the vivacious young dancer. Laboriously Dame Catherine dragged her weary limbs through a few steps of an old schottische. She had to stop in a moment, for the exertion was too much for her aged body. Again she began but had to cease after a few more glides. "I'm just a foolish old woman," she muttered. "I'll never be able to dance now. If only I could be young again, I'd be the happiest person alive."

"You would?" piped up a little voice beside her.

"Why, I declare! Where did you come from?" she asked the little fellow standing there. He was dressed in red from the top of his peaked cap to his turned up toes.

Quickly he smiled up at her. "The fairies sent me to do your bidding," he explained. "Tonight you danced in our magic circle. That is the signal for the fairies to come. Whoever dances where they have played last is entitled to three wishes.

"Three wishes!" she exclaimed. "Well, I know exactly what I want."

"Choose carefully," he warned, "for the length of time they last depends on what you pick and how you use them."

"I want to be young again," she said joyfully. "I want to be able to go to the fair and join in the festivals."

"Are you sure?" asked the little man.

"Yes, indeed!"

"Very well, then. When I have gone, rub this magic pebble three times, throw it over your shoulder, and repeat your wish. Then you will get whatever you ask for." So saying, he left her.

Dame Catherine did as he had bid her. Rubbing the red pebble she chanted,

"Little pebble red and bright
Give me what I wish tonight;
I want to be both young and gay,
Grant to me this wish, I pray."

The old woman waited anxiously, but nothing happened. "It must be a trick," she wailed sorrowfully and went in to bed.

The next morning the little sunbeams that played on her window sill watched her wake up. "Ho ho!" they said to each other. "This is going to be good, because she doesn't know what has happened."

Dame Catherine sat up in bed, stretched luxuriously and took a deep breath. She couldn't get over how grand she felt. Quickly jumping out, she reached for her clothes. Much to her surprise, the Dame found a gay holiday dress instead of the old rags which had been left there. Gorgeous blonde tresses hung on her shoulders where the thin gray ones had been. Excitedly she dashed out to the little brook. There she saw reflected a beautiful young girl. "Oh, it's true! It's true," she cried. "I am young again." As she dressed, the sunbeams on the window sill laughed and sparkled happily to see her joy.

Since today was a festival day, Catherine set out for the village. Already the boys and girls were weaving in and out of their merry circles. Looking about her, Catherine felt uncomfortable. All the people were strangers. Due to years of living alone in the forest, she had lost contact with the villagers and now knew none of them. They eyed her curiously, but no one asked her to dance. Catherine was heartbroken. After a while an ugly, gawky boy with a pock-marked face asked her to dance. She had noticed that all the other girls had refused him on some pretext or another, but she wanted to dance so badly that she accepted. It wasn't long before she regretted her rashness, however. He never skipped in time and managed to trip her on every twirl. "Oh, what did I get myself into?" thought Catherine. Finally she could stand no more and begged leave that she might sit down and rest.

One of the village boys had been watching her

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The Prices These Days

(Continued from page 8)

make use of his vocal chords at some time or another, else company will not know he is present. Just as at Christmas we must give as well as receive; so, to be esteemed, we are required to both talk and listen.

Occasionally an oddity is discovered. Dr. Samuel Johnson, using his witty and penetrating conversation as a social rapier, had no need to condescend to the opinions and wishes of society. Whether taking an ungainly stroll for air, boating with associates on the Thames, or requesting Boswell to leave him in peace, his personal magnetism was sustained with majestic bearing. Unfortunately, there are few people in existence who follow in Johnson's footsteps. For the average person whose desire is to be highly regarded by his

fellow men, the best road to follow is the already well-trodden one, that of condescension.

Now the question, "What is the price of popularity?" can be answered. One formula is: be hypocritical by pretending to agree with the majority on all debatable issues; give up time, duties, and pleasures so that you can tag along with the crowd; exhaust yourself by alternately talking and listening in competition with your neighbor when in company; and condescend generally when in doubt as to what course to follow. At first glance, one can see that the price is exorbitant and might hesitate before accepting these terms to gain popularity. In fact, he will be far better off as an individual if he avoids the formula. The irony of it is that people do not reflect, determine what is required to be well-liked, and then decide whether the price is beyond their means or within their limits—they prefer to go blindly on their way, little realizing they are paying dearly for the favorable opinion of others.

Awe at the Beauty of Spring

BARBARA DEITZ

There is music in my heart;
I want to sing
When the drops of soft gray rain
Beat upon my windowpane.
But I can't; my music is lost in the Spring.

There's a voice in my soul
That wants to speak
When a robin's chirp is borne
O'er the stillness of the morn.
Yet my voice won't equal that; I am too weak.

There is glory in the heavens;
I want to pray
When the round white moon is high,
And bright stars are in the sky.
But my mouth is shut; my tongue is turned to clay.

There is beauty in the earth.
I watch the trees,
And the grandeur of their height
Gives a glimpse of His own might.
I am small; in silence, I fall to my knees.

Faith of the Hungry

BETTE MARSHALL

Be still, my child! Don't cry.
Your tears will not bring food.
For man is blind, and loves naught but himself.
Only God can help us now—and where is He?
Be still, my child—and die!

Alone With God

BETTE MARSHALL

Sun, streaming down through quivering leaves,
Invades my wooded chapel.
I waken from a cynic's trance, and find
That He has not forgotten
Even my small corner of the earth.
Silently I kneel and pray.

Huey Fallow

KENNETH B. MARION

Huey Fallow, as I remember him, was a little clown to look at, from bushy red hair and puffy face to irregular lobs of chubby body and large, ungainly feet, which seemed to run away from each other as he wobbled around. To know him casually was to laugh at his queer, freakish form; but to know him well was to respect his trusting ways, honest words and the quiet tone with which he spoke. In the private school, among hundreds of other boys, he stood out conspicuously, the butt of every stunt imaginable. I must admit that even I, his governess, accepting the general animosity of the others without fully considering it, had trouble swallowing a desire to shun his friendly advances.

Huey never seemed able to understand why he could not get along with the other boys. He had looked into the mirror many times, yet he still could not conceive that his physical repugnance was denying him possible friendships. And, indeed, this was not all. He had been condemned from the first because of a disturbing emotional scene his mother and he had made in front of my section the day she brought him to us. This is not a pleasant sight—a dotting mother leaving her tearful son in the hands of strangers—but the boys and I had never seen the situation quite so strained. There was a gushing of loudly spoken sentiments between them in words that can only have meaning for those who feel their significance and which, as in this instance when expressed by a little gnome like Huey, often appear as farcical to onlookers. So Huey started his life in my section with the derisive mimicry of these words snickered at him under many breaths.

Like the distressed Canio in *Pagliacci*, Huey reacted frustratedly to the forces that bullied him, even to the point of self-pity. I can remember him stumbling upstairs after some youngster had used him for a punching bag, awkward feet plopping toward my room, his frantic rappings at my door; and as I unlocked the latch, the sudden picture of him in my mind as I knew he would look—hair a flaming forest, face a mud-spattered balloon, disheveled clothing and bruised body—did nothing but prejudice me against him. Worst of all, I could never tolerate the bewildered sadness in his eyes, a big “Why is this?” twisted on them, so that when he came in and began faltering over his story under the labor of tears and breathlessness, I would

chase him into the lavatory, hissing scolding rebukes from my own hostility.

Yet unlike Canio, Huey never sought revenge. Indeed, I hardly think he was physically capable of injuring anyone (unless he were to sit on someone). Still there was more to it than that. Huey was usually mild in his ways, and I doubt if at any time it would have occurred to him to take the insults and beatings to heart more than for the few minutes when they stung. No, he was quick to forget, or so it seemed.

After awhile he originated a plan to hide himself from those who had been giving him trouble, to sit apart from the others at storytime and to play in the sandpit or on the junglejim by himself. And the other boys, tired of the novelty of him, accepted the change and developed an apathy which seemed quite mutual. It was as if Huey had dug a hole into himself, crawled in and let the others nail the door shut.

I did not recognize this self-imposed segregation at first. But when I began to notice him straying away from every group activity, I became concerned, for I knew well what harm it could bring him in later years. I would corner him at times and try to explain the value of his learning to work with the rest. In our conversations the many fine-points of his character came out. I found that he spoke in his quiet way of many things far above his years, all evidently acquired from his mother. His words had the surprising ring of sincere conviction; his beliefs, although naive, had the honesty about them which comes from trust.

But Huey's greatest achievement at the age of seven was his knowledge of a very long poem about Christopher Columbus that began:

In the city of Genoa over the sea
In the beautiful land called Italy
There lived a sailor named Christopher C—
And a very wise man was he.

No one ever recited poetry with as much gusto as did Huey. He lived every line, demonstrating each with the grace of an elephant. It was exciting to hear his voice and to watch his lumpy hands accent each inflection of the meter, partly in relishment of the voyage of Columbus and partly in anxiety when Huey's lumbering gestures imperiled an innocent desk lamp.

(Continued on page 15)

Sketches

KENNETH MARION

JONATHAN LORD

JO ANN

(Stripped of his clothing, Jonathan Lord climbed a hill through the woods to his favorite recluse from which he could see for many miles.)

(Jo Ann had lain awake all night thinking of George, her husband, who is to return home to her after many months overseas.)

Jonathan rejoiced inwardly. How good it was to stand naked on this secluded lookout and be assimilated into nature's gigantic pattern! About him, maples, elms and sycamores fanned each other languidly, their branches swished and sighed; their leaves raced each other to the ground. Below him and for miles around stretched the multi-colored patchwork of the fields: infinite greens, ambers, farther out the greys, deep browns, and off in the distance, as far as he could see, the Appalachian range, purple eye-teeth pricking a red gold sky. A playful mountain breeze sent sharp, stinging fingers into his nostrils and drew a misty film across his eyes. The pungency of earth and bark and leaf swept through him. Crisp leaves tickled his bare feet. Throwing up his arms joyfully, he flogged the air with his hands and jabbered wild nonsense at the evening sun. How good it was to be free again, so deliciously free! A plump bee, buzzing merrily over a pink blossom, paused to watch him, shook its head pityingly and returned to its invasion.

George is coming home . . . George is coming home . . . George is coming home . . . those same words over and over all night long. Jo Ann's head ached miserably. A million tiny hammers pinged upon her brain . . . Over and over . . . those same words . . .

At first they had waltzed through her mind so sweetly. (She had wanted to stay awake. She remembered saying so. She had wanted to fondle them: George was coming, coming ever nearer, coming home. "I love him so," she had whispered to the mute darkness about her.) But now they tramped through her mercilessly. Pounding. Pounding.

She stirred helplessly, caught in a snare of twisted blankets. Over and over . . . pounding . . . pounding . . . Her head felt bloated, dizzy. She opened her eyes halfway. The shadow of a grey figure slunk over the ceiling of her room. She gasped inwardly, looking hard at the window; then realized it was no one—just the dawn seeping into her room. A little foolish smile flickered over her face. She tried to relax by following the grey swans that floated around her wallpaper. They led her to George's silver-framed photograph propped on the vanity. In the greyness she could just about make his generous slice of grin. "Hello, Jo Ann darling," it seemed to say. She grinned back. And for a moment the headache was forgotten.

Exaltation

LOIS GOLDSTEIN

In the grey-green of a stormy sky
With the auburn head of a tree held high,
In the wailing wind as it whistles past—
It is here that my soul finds its peace at last.

I shall never ask for a clear, blue day!
But give me the world as it is this way—
With a storm to run, though my work's not done,
I shall go to the wild wind's side.

The Magic Pebbles

(Continued from page 9)

for some time. She had noticed that he was extraordinarily handsome and that all the other girls had been eyeing him anticipatngly. Finally he came over and asked her to dance, but hardly had they gone through one round when the horrified village girls stopped dancing. For a moment they whispered together and then suddenly started the greatest rumpus you ever did see. It turned out that this fellow was betrothed to the sweetest girl in the village. Angered at his advances toward the new girl, they banded together and attacked her. They pulled her hair and tore her dress and chased her out of town.

Hurt and bitter, Catherine crept back to her little hovel. "Oh, I wish I had some money. I'd show those bumpkins a thing or two!" she said vehemently. "Then I'd be happy."

"Would you?" piped up a little voice beside her. Looking down she spied the faries' messenger. "In order to gain a second wish you cannot keep the first," he cautioned.

"I don't care," she replied. "Youth has not made me happy. Instead it has brought me insults and bruises. But, I'll show them this time."

"Choose carefully," he warned, "for the length of time they last depends on which you pick and how you use it."

"I want wealth," she said joyfully. "Youth brought me no happiness, but surely this will. Now I can get even with those snips in the village. They can't high-hat me!"

"Are you sure that's what you want?" the man in red asked.

"Yes, indeed."

"Very well then," he said. "When I have gone, rub this blue pebble three times, throw it over your shoulder, and repeat your wish. Then you get whatever you ask for. So saying, he left her.

Dame Catherine did as he had bid. Rubbing the blue pebble she chanted,

"Little pebble clear and blue
Grant the wish I ask of you,
I want riches, jewels, and gold;
Give me this though I be old."

She looked down at her hair. It had retained its golden luster. She still was young, but as yet no riches were in her pockets. "Oh, maybe this pebble won't work!" she said fearfully and went in to get supper.

The next morning as she was beginning to wake up, the little sunbeams whispered to each other. "Just watch and see what happens now," they said. "This is going to be fun."

Dame Catherine opened her eyes and pushed herself up. She looked at her hair and it was again thin and gray. All her youth of the day before had disappeared. Only the bruises and sore feet remained. Dressing slowly in her old rags, she wished that the blue pebble could have worked. When she went to push her feet into her old shoes, however, they would not go. She picked them up; and, sure enough, they were filled with gold pieces. Hurriedly she finished dressing. Much to her surprise she found more gold pieces in her pockets, too. The sunbeams shone happily and tried to make the golden coins glow more vividly.

"Now I'll show them, she thought as she set out for the big city. "I'll buy a carriage and horses and fine clothes. Maybe I'll even buy their town hall. That's what I'll do. I'll buy the village town hall. Then they'll be sorry!" After she had bought all the fine clothes and as much jewelry as she could find room to wear, she purchased a magnificent coach and horses and rode back to the village. For a while she contented herself with riding up and down the village streets holding up traffic. Some people looked at her in admiration, but many looked in disgust. Others laughed and jeered at her overdone splendor. By now quite a crowd had gathered behind her, and she decided the time was ripe for her visit to the mayor. She saw him standing on the steps of the town hall. Haughtily she walked up to him, displayed her gold, and demanded that he sell her the town hall. Instead of the people being impressed, they burst out laughing. Even the mayor could not help smiling. He explained to her that the town hall was not for sale, and she could not buy it since the king owned it. The crowd roared at her. As she started down the steps, they jeered and hooted. Some even tore at her jewels. In anger she took out the gold pieces and threw them in their faces. "Take this, you filthy rubble," she screamed at the mob as she fled off down the street.

When she came to the outskirts of the village,

she saw a little child standing by the road crying. "What's the matter little girl?" she asked.

"My baby brother is sick, and Mother has no money to buy him food," wailed the child. "He's going to die."

"Oh, we can't let that happen," said Dame Catherine soothingly. "Take me to your mother, and I'll see what can be done." In the little shack Catherine found a scene of extreme wretchedness. She thought of her gold pieces. Only two coins were left; but her jewelry would be worth quite a bit, which would help. Hastily she stripped herself of all the ornaments and put them in her purse. While talking to the mother, she realized the woman was too proud to accept charity. She would hardly even allow the children to keep the baubles the old dame gave them to play with; but when she saw how happy they were, she decided it could do no harm to let them keep those few jewels. Dame Catherine made some warm soup and cleaned up the house while the mother was caring for the baby. "All he needs is some good food," she thought. "I'll fix that up soon."

After helping the poor family all afternoon, Dame Catherine set out for home, but as she was leaving managed to drop her purse full of jewels on the doorstep so that the mother would find them after she had gone. All the way back to her own little hovel the old woman kept thinking of how grateful the mother had been for her help. "Won't she be surprised when she finds the jewels?" Catherine thought. "I wish I could make people happy all the time."

"Do you?" piped up a little voice beside her.

"Yes," she replied. "I have gotten no pleasure from my youth and none from my wealth except that which was aimed at helping the poor family. The only true happiness is really found in the happiness of others."

"So you want to do good, eh? You have, indeed become a wise woman," said the little man. "You have chosen the one thing that will last forever. That wish, however, is one I can not grant. You already have given it to yourself by merely asking for it."

"Then I want nothing more," replied Dame Catherine. "My youth brought me aches and pains; my wealth brought me sneers; I dare not ask again."

"Yes, you are entitled to one more wish," said the man in red.

"Well," she replied, "I have spent all my money, and I have nothing left to help others with."

"Take this magic pebble then," he replied holding up a pure white one. Whenever you need something for other people, rub it three times and repeat your wish. Do not throw this pebble away, though; for it will last as long as you ask for gifts for others." So saying, he disappeared. The little old woman put the pebble in her pocket. She knew she had chosen well.

Next morning when she arose, she wished for a basket of delicious peaches although the peach trees were not yet even in blossom. No sooner had she rubbed the pebble than they appeared. She asked for milk and bread and other food and sent it all to the poor family.

For the rest of her life Dame Catherine lived happily in her little house by the hill doing all she could to help others. People from everywhere in the kingdom knew and loved her for her kindness. Now she was glad. Never again did she crave youth or wealth. At last she had found true happiness.

Narcissa

LOIS GOLDSTEIN

I looked into a glass tonight
And you were wroth.
I held my mirror tightly in my hand;
And, as I primped and preened, you frowned.
Was it because you fear
That I, someday, may look into that glass
To see if I seem fair
For others,
Not
For you?

Huey Fallow

(Continued from page 11)

When I asked Huey to recite his poem before the other governesses, he obliged graciously; but when I brought up the idea of giving it before the other boys at storytime, he emphatically refused. No amount of persuasion could sway him until one night I unwisely brought up his refusal after I had finished a story before the group in an effort to force him to reconsider. He suddenly froze, and with a pained glint in his eyes, strode stiffly from his place apart and did the entire poem at rigid attention, to the amazement and occasional railing from the boys.

The next morning Huey calmly approached me and announced he was leaving the school. When I asked him where he would go, he shrugged his shoulders and said that he would get along no

matter where he wandered. Of course I thought he was chiding, and in the spirit of it I painted lurid pictures of life outside the school walls. To these he listened silently and then walked away. I thought nothing more of it.

But that evening on calling the roll I found him missing. After questioning the others, I finally discovered he had stolen two carrots from the kitchen and with the aid of two others climbed over the wall. With a picture of the little clown straying aimlessly about the busy streets, I hurried out the school gate, a guilty shadow across my mind. It was a wild three hours before I found him. Finally a storekeeper led me to his back alley where the child lay curled up on an ashcan lid, the remains of an "all-day sucker" glued to his puffy face.

We went back in silence. And there was one wiser person in our section from then on—the governess.

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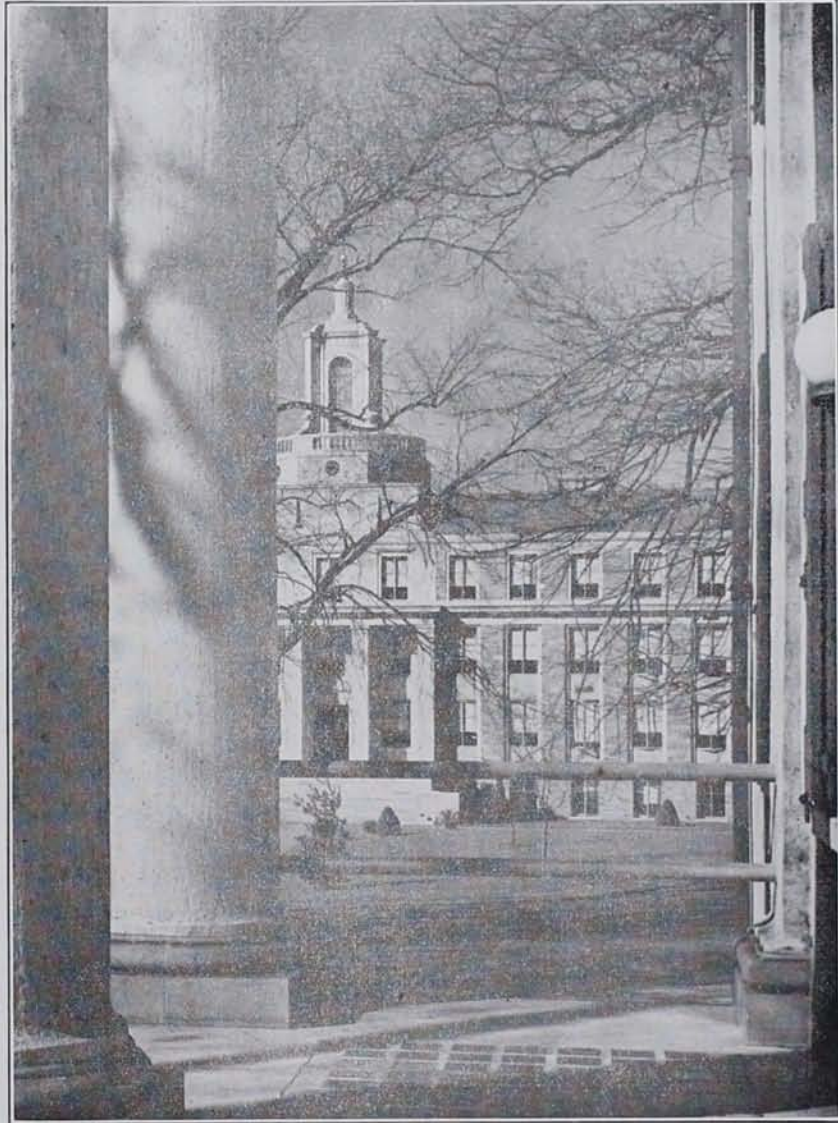
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