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The **LANTERN**



WINTER ISSUE, 1951

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THE LANTERN

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DAVID HALLSTROM

JOANNE NOLT

WILLIAM LEKERNEC

JEANNE STEWART

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SALLY CANAN

DOUGLAS MACMULLAN

BUSINESS . . .

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GEOFFREY DOLMAN

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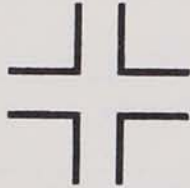
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SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

*Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been so they remain.*

*If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.*

*For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.*

*And not be eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slowly, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.*

Though written over one hundred years ago these lines by Arthur Hugh Clough are pertinent today. During the black, dismal days of 1940 when the British Isles was easy prey for the Nazi monster and the entire Western world seemed doomed, Winston Churchill quoted this inspiring poem to his people. It filled them with renewed strength, and helped carry them to the days when the Allies became a superior force. Once again the Western world is facing a vicious and terrifying ogre which threatens to destroy our very civilization. The battle in Korea is only a sign of what is to come if the entire world does not make a fervent attempt at peace. Now the skies are filled with war clouds, and our future in the present fighting in Korea seems to be one filled with disaster and death. Again let us harken to the words of Clough: "But westward, look, the land is bright." Let us keep that land bright; let us remember that next spring will bring trees covered with a delicate green film, and that young men's fancies will turn themselves back into the same delightful channels; let us face the future strong and unafraid. Certainly it is dark now, but isn't it always darkest before the dawn?

EMILE O. SCHMIDT
Editor-in-Chief

People used to say that Nevin LaRue ruled the music world. And they were right—he did. For years the leading music critic for the *New York Musical Review*, he had seen two generations of pianists, violinists, soloists, and composers appear before the footlights in the bright flash of popularity and then gradually fade away into obscurity. His was the only star that had continued to shine among the blinking lights of his contemporaries—the men who had attained greatness with him but who had been ruthlessly brushed aside by a man whose god was power, whose name later became a legend in the musical world. That man was Nevin LeRue.

LaRue once said that he could make or break a musician. Until I was appointed his assistant by the *Review* I believed him to be conceited, vain, pompish, and self-centered. But to know Nevin LaRue was to appreciate his worth. He was powerful, he was great, he was magnificent. A gesture of his immaculate hand sent his associates scurrying to follow his commands; an uplifted eyebrow paled a young musician; a smile captivated New York society. His daily column in the *Review* dictated the trends of musical circles—what he thought of a musician everyone took as a creed; his criticisms were the code of rules of every critic. A protege of his was certain to be acclaimed a success, to be besieged with contracts as soon as his name appeared in LaRue's column. He was responsible for many famous names on the concert stage. Not one of his protoges had ever failed him until—but that's my story, mine and Phillip LeRoi's.

I first met Phillip LeRoi at the cocktail party Nevin LaRue gave when he introduced a new musician. I had taken a short trip to Florida and was enjoying myself immeasurably on Miami Beach when I received a telegram from LaRue requesting my presence at his party. My job and future meant too much to me to refuse. I took a fast train to New York City and went immediately to LaRue's sumptuous apartment.

LaRue met me at the door with his usual display of good manners. Taking me by the arm, he led me aside.

"Brucie," he said, "I have someone to introduce to you. Someone of whom I'm very proud. My newest discovery—and, Brucie, my greatest discovery. This one is really an artist—he has power, feeling, technique, everything. I tell you, Brucie, this man's really great. He's the best pianist you—or I—will ever hear. Come, I will introduce you. He's over this way, by the piano."

He drew me through the usual dull crowd of business associates, musicians, newspapermen, and his so-called "inferiors", looking neither right nor left although his guests did

everything they could to attract his attention. Finally, he paused to chat with Henry Adams, editor of the *Review*, to whom I made my customary bow of obeisance. I leaned on the end of the piano, listened disinterestedly to their conversation, and thought of the comparison between Florida sunshine and a host of dull people.

While they were talking, I noticed a tall, pale young man with heavy black hair and a massive head leaning against the other end of LaRue's grand piano. He was watching LaRue closely, his pallid face impassive, his heavy-lidded dark eyes shining under thick, straight brows. What the expression in his eyes was as he looked at LaRue I could not tell, but I did know that this young man had a strange and pleasant power, and I gloried in it. That he was LaRue's newest discovery, I was positive—LaRue respected and admired strange men.

LaRue noticed the young man and dismissed Adams as if he were flicking a cigarette ash. He led me to the young man, whispering, "This is the fellow—my discovery. Soon he will become the greatest pianist the world has ever known. And all because of Nevin LaRue. I have made him a great musician and I shall make him famous."

Although I nodded assent as I did to all of LaRue's remarks, inwardly I hoped the young man would not fall into LaRue's web—he was too fine and unusual. I remembered all the artists LaRue had made famous; how unhappy he had made them and how fearful they had been of losing his support.

The young man straightened and I became aware of his great height; he towered over LaRue who was himself taller than average. His eyes again caught my attention—he would not remove them from LaRue's face.

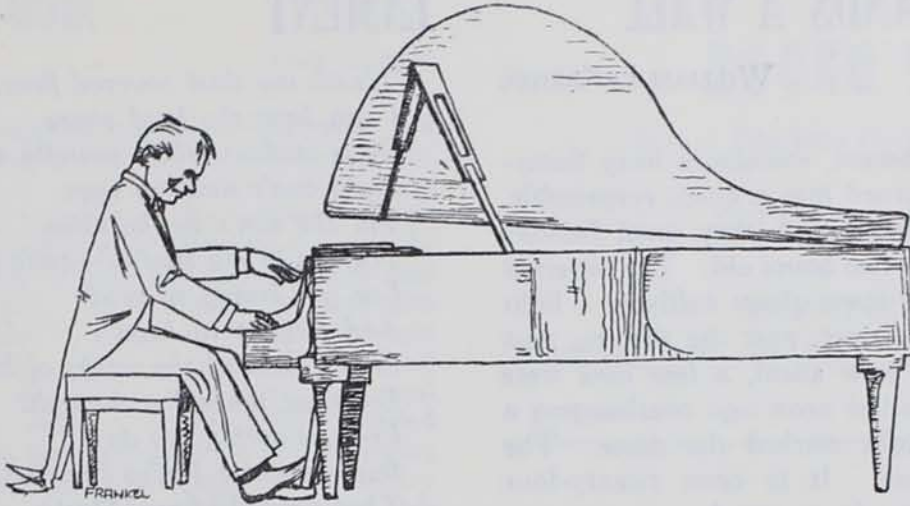
LaRue put his hands on the young man's shoulder—"Phillip, I want you to meet Brucie, my assistant. Brucie, Phillip LeRoi."

Phillip LeRoi allowed his glance to slip down onto my face for a moment. "Hello," he said, and in his voice was the same quality that shone in his eyes—power of the greatest intensity.

LaRue smiled, his dark eyes shining, "Phillip, it's time to show your talent. I shall announce—"

"Wait—must I?" Phillip shot a startled glance around the room at the upturned faces of the people who knew by now that this was what they had been waiting for—the introduction of Nevin LaRue's newest discovery. In that brief moment he lost all the strength and force of character that had shone in his dark eyes; his face was devoid of expression.

"Yes, yes. Come, we will show those stupid mongers that Nevin LaRue is never wrong about a musician."



LaRue led the boy—for he was no more than a boy—to the piano, faced the gathering, and announced simply but effectively, "Phillip LeRoi." Phillip sat at the piano, his massive head bowed, his hands white-clenched on his knees. Then, as if the result of a tremendous effort, he raised his hand, hesitated for a moment, and began to play.

Again, Nevin LaRue had been right. I have never heard a mortal play so beautifully, so impressively. The audience, most of them professional musicians and critics, listened, spell-bound by the dancing fingers of a young man who had been unknown before that evening.

After Phillip LeRoi had stopped playing, he arose shakily, bowed woodenly, and fled from the room. But before he had left, I saw a look in his eyes that had betrayed him—a hunted look—the same terrified way a rabbit looks when the hunter and his dogs are near.

Nevin LaRue did not follow him. Instead, he accepted the congratulations of his associates, impassively and superiorly, as always. The group left quickly and soon LaRue and I were alone.

"Magnificent, wasn't he? A better pianist cannot be found. I've already arranged many concerts and tours for him. Ah, yes, Nevin LaRue has succeeded again!" He rubbed his hands together, his dark eyes shining.

"Yes—magnificent. But what a queer duck! What made him run like that?" I could not forget the look in Phillip LeRoi's eyes.

"Eh? Oh, that. Why, he's just shy; that's it, he's just shy." LaRue handed me my hat. "Well, Brucie, we'll sign the contracts tomorrow—right? I must write my column now."

"Right." I took my hat and left. Somehow I could feel no elation at LaRue's success. The boy's white face haunted me; I wondered why he had left as he had after his concert. I couldn't understand how it could have been fright alone.

After his introduction, Phillip LeRoi became a success. His audiences applauded as no audiences had applauded before. He toured the continent; he toured the world, and everywhere the name of Phillip LeRoi was on music lovers' tongues. And Nevin LaRue sat in his New York City office, watching the responses to his newest discovery. He would accept no new musicians to manage—he admitted to me that he was getting too old to take on any new proteges and that he really didn't wish to, since he was positive he couldn't introduce anyone better than Phillip LeRoi. He said, "I know I've reached the climax of my career with Phillip LeRoi; I'm quite willing to relax and watch the responses of the audiences. I know he's great."

I happened to be in London one night Phillip was scheduled to appear. The concert was a success; Phillip LeRoi had never played as well before. He was truly a great pianist. After his last encore, the audience rose and cheered him while he bowed. Then, as he faced the audience, he stiffened, turned and fled to the wings like a startled pigeon.

I decided to visit his dressing room. There I found him, huddled over, his dark eyes black circles in his white face. He looked up as I entered, a half-smile on his lips.

"Brucie! Were you—did you hear the concert?" He grasped my hand and pulled me to a seat.

"Yes, Phillip. It was your best concert so far." His face was strangely expressive and his eyes held mine in their power. His eyes seemed familiar—surely I had seen them before—

"Ah! My best concert. And my last," he added, a strange sardonic smile spreading over his dark features.

"Your last! But, Phillip, you're just beginning—you have a remarkable career. Think

(Continued on Page 11)

THERE STANDS A WALL

WILLIAM LEKERNEC

A noisy, incoherent, sometimes hazy Saturday night had turned into a quiet, respectable, rainy Sunday morning. A very quiet Sunday morning less than two hours old. The deserted streets of a small town gleam softly in a light rain. Down the street, past the theatre, past loud neon signs, now silent, a few cars were parked, and a modest neon sign overhanging a pool of white light marked the diner. The diner never closes. It is open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

Saturday night had turned to Sunday morning and to Gerry Haggerty it made no difference if it was Saturday night three years ago or two years from now. Saturday night was always the same; it ended with Sunday morning and coffee at the diner—coffee, then home to bed.

Always the same? No, not quite. This was one time it was different. This time Gerry was conscious of it all, the slick, gleaming street and the slight autumn chill in the rain. He listened to the sound of the tires of a police prowl car as it moved slowly down the wet street. As he moved toward the diner, he looked at the display of cheap goods in the store windows. Always the same; dull, colorless, but now he noticed the windows.

The diner was almost empty. A stray truck-driver was telling the counterman a joke. One of the girls was making coffee; the other took Haggerty's order with that bored expression that marked the faces of all the girls who ever took his orders. He lit a cigarette and sipped his coffee, feeling the old familiar rush of discontentment sweep over him. He knew that soon the crowd from the road-houses would be coming in and he wanted to see them again. He wanted to see the acquaintances that would speak to him self-consciously of other acquaintances, all of them people who didn't give a damn about one another. He wanted to see them.

This was the last time for awhile. Tomorrow, a port of embarkation, then a long indistinct period. Then, if he came back, more noisy Saturday nights turning into quiet Sunday mornings.

He finished his coffee and walked out. The counter girl watched him absently and wondered if anyone had ever been as lonely as she.

LAMENT

*'Neath my dust covered floor,
I can hear the loud snore
Of a student who's soundly asleep,
But I can't shut my eyes
Till the sun's in the skies
For I'm in my studies—quite deep.
I've got Irving to read
And Bryant to heed
Plus a skim of the works of Ed Poe
But then, when I'm through,
I've got nothing to do
But memorize Philip Freneau.
Then read Addison, Steele,
Defoe, Swift, and O'Neill,
And Trumbull and Barlow and Dwight,
Write a paper on crime
As was done in Anne's time,
And recognize Bacon on sight.
My eyes are quite dim—
Lost my vigor and vim,
But I'm ready to write with the best.
I've got ink in my pen—
Hey! Repeat that again,
Oh, my goodness, he postponed the test.*

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AN IRON GOD

LOU CRESSE

The iron behemoth tugged at the reins and bellowed out with a roar of fire and sound that even Zeus would envy. The little boy stood there awed and trembling. His nerves were all ajar and he backed away a little self-consciously as the huge iron wheels bit into the rails and strained forward. The enormous monster shook frightfully in anger at the heavy load it was saddled to. Its large eye peered ahead fearlessly. It thundered and sent dust and cinders flying about. Some adults smiled wistfully at the hypnotized little boy standing there by the tracks. Sometimes he would try to explain to his father his feelings toward this great idol. His father would only smile or nod indulgently.

Still, each day the little boy would stop whatever he was doing so as to be at the tiny station when the train puffed and stormed its way into the small suburban town. Sometimes the locomotive would roar right through the town and a terrible feeling of being lost and forgotten would sweep over the little boy. But the next time it would always stop and a happy smile would break over his face.

Then when the train would pull away the big red blinkers would flash warningly—one eye and then the other. And the little boy knew they were telling him something, but he didn't know what. He felt something that no one else felt or knew about the big train . . . And then one day he realized what it was he knew and a great wave of fear and love enveloped him—This was God! And he ran home with pounding heart to tell his father.

TO

*If it were not for earth
There would be no sky
And we would have no moon
Or stars to wonder by.*

*Earth and sky and feelings
Of happiness and love
It takes for perfect beauty
In heavens dark above.*

*You, all unknowing, were earth
And you were gone too soon
After two nights of perfection
In starshine and moon.*

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TELL ME

*Tell me, at the heart of things,
Is there beauty, is there grace?
Answer quickly, ere I question
In another than this place.*

DAVID HALLSTROM

EIGHT-FIFTEEN

*By eight-fifteen
In morning sun,
The spider sits
With breakfast done.*

*With rolled up net
He sits and stares,
A tiny fisher
Of the air.*

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Little Reginald lived with his father and his mother and his goat at the top of a very pleasant little mountain. Daily, a bit before mid-day, little Reginald walked dutifully down the mountain path to carry dinner to his father, who earned his bread in the village at the foot of the mountain. Always his white goat Lillian accompanied him. Now at a certain place halfway down the mountain little Reginald one day met an ugly fat, old woman who sat on a three-legged stool in front of her cottage not very far from the road and wove baskets of the most intricate design. As little Reginald passed, the old crone looked up.

"Good day, aunt," said little Reginald. "Art thou well? My goat Lillian and I go this way to the village ev—"

"Silence!" shouted the hag, with trembling hands. "Hast thou no respect for my art? Faw! Thou art but a young whippersnapper, the likes of which has no call to accost me!" And she bent over her work once more and took no further notice of little Reginald, for whom there was nothing more to do than continue his way down the mountain to the village, a little astonished, but none the less spirited for his rebuff.

Little Reginald came back up the mountain again after an hour, and at the same place was a pretty young maiden, whose hair was of gold and whose habiliment of purest black silk, and she sat in the grass and wove garlands of fox-glove and yarrow.

"Good day, sister," said little Reginald politely. "I hope thou are well. Every day I pass hither with my goat Lillian." And little Reginald blushed and made a slight bow, for he was to be proper at all times.

"Oh, I am quite well," said the maiden with a toss of the hair of gold, and I am glad to know that thou goest by this path every day. Come and sit thou by me for a moment."

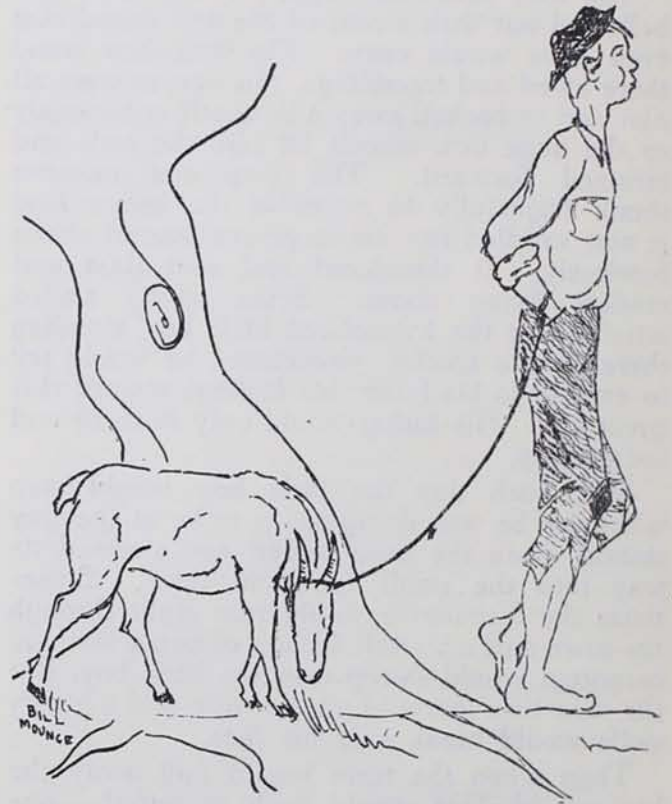
Little Reginald obediently sat down by her in the grass.

"And what is *thy* name?" asked the maiden with the hair of gold.

Little Reginald blushed again. "I am little Reginald and this is my goat Lil—"

"Oh yes. I know. Thou art a handsome young man, little Reginald. But I must needs tell thee that the gossip whose encounter thou madest this afternoon was indeed disagreeable, as thou well knowest, and it is my duty to request thee not to think ill of her. Now let me give thee a kiss." And she kissed him lightly on the head and sent him on his way.

The next day, on the walk to the village, little Reginald again met the disagreeable old woman, but he was just as polite as ever and she just as cross. On the way back he also met again the pleasant maid with the hair of



gold, and she bade him sit down to talk and kissed him and set him on his way. Every day the same thing happened, until one day, on their way down the mountain path, little Reginald and his goat Lillian met, instead of the disagreeable gossip, a big old duck which sat in her place and wove the baskets of intricate design. Little Reginald greeted the duck politely.

"Good morning, duck," said he. "I hope thou art well?"

The duck, however, said nothing, and seeing that no conversation was forthcoming, little Reginald decided that there was no need to wait for the duck *also* to heap abuse upon him, and he went on. But, on his return, whom did he encounter but the sharp-tongued old crone!

"Little Reginald, little Reginald, come hither with thy goat," she called. Little Reginald marched over to her. "Little Reginald, I must needs make amend to thee for the conduct of the animal of which thou madest encounter this forenoon." And she kissed him and sent him on his way. Well! Thou couldst have knocked over little Reginald with a feather, but, being a good little boy and well brought up, he smiled and returned home with his goat Lillian.

Next day little Reginald and his goat Lillian walked down the mountain path and once more met the old woman.

BILLY BURKE'S
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COME OUT AND SEE THE OLD GOAT!

THE INDEPENDENT

COLLEGEVILLE

"Good day, aunt," said little Reginald ever so politely. "I hope thou art well? The day is most—"

"Silence!" shouted the hag, with trembling hands. "Hast thou no respect for my art? Thou art but a young whippersnapper and hast no call to accost me!" But she *smiled* at little Reginald's goat Lillian. On the three succeeding days the same thing came about. Always the crone berated little Reginald but smiled at his goat Lillian. On the fourth day, however, she was right civil to little Reginald and smiled the more at little Reginald's goat Lillian, and stroked her head. After a time she waxed wonderfully cordial and asked little Reginald to step into her house to share some broth.

"Thank 'ee, aunt," said little Reginald with courtesy. "I should like that very much. Ought I to leave my goat Lillian out-of-doors?"

"Yes," said the old woman. "That is a good idea. Now go in directly."

The pretty maiden with the hair of gold appeared at the door. "Come in," said she, giving her hair of gold a toss. So little Reginald went and and was just sitting down to sup when he heard a stifled moan outside.

"What was that, pray?" asked little Reginald of the pretty maiden with the hair of gold.

"Only the wind in the trees," she answered with a smile. "Eat thy broth."

Little Reginald had eaten half of his broth when he heard another sound from outside. It was bleating. Little Reginald jumped up and ran out through the door, just in time to see the old hag stuffing his dear goat Lillian, *bound and bridled*, into the back of a small donkey-pulled cart. She leaped into the seat as well as she could for her great bulk and drove off lickety-split down the road with the goat Lillian sticking up behind, and disappeared into the woods.

Little Reginald was so overwhelmed with anger and grief that he could not hold back the tears. Instead of going on with his father's midday meal, he ran off across the fields toward home as fast as his chubby little legs would carry him.

"Mama, Mama!" he called, rushing into his own house. "Mama, she has stolen my goat Lillian! Oh, but isn't she wicked! She stole Lillian and took her away in a cart and I shall never see Lillian again! Never! Wicked, wicked woman! Would that I could *kill* her!"

And he wept bitterly and stamped his foot and was exceeding wroth.

"Dear me," said little Reginald's Mama sadly. "So thou hast let her get thy goat!"

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AFTER READING ROBERT FROST

*There are a number of questions to be put
And as for the putting of them,
I'd just as soon your word upon them,
Mr. Frost, Oh, I don't know; there're those
That might be wiser—words, I mean:
Or some folks would tell me:*

*"Ask where asking's dealt with business like,
In books and such." Don't misunderstand.
No one's ever said there's everything in books—
And folks mean well, mostly
But I'd rather ask you, I like the tang
Of what you have to say—
It's like eating apples when there's snow.
You know the feeling;
Snow-white and apple-white seam together
And you have two good things, instead of one.
But I'd better concern myself with seriousness
And settle down to questioning,
Though heaven knows
The world is much to full of all sobriety.
And there it is, one question—
Do people take the world
And themselves fill it up with worries?
There's some that start out
To carrying this world upon their shoulders.
And they can do it, too, because they're the
young,*

*And you know the youth—
It isn't the world that's heavy
But the weight of the worries in it.
I'd just as soon set myself to answering
The worst worries any child could bring—
What's death? What's life?
What fills the in-between?—
Than try my art at smothering
A single fear in a full-grown man.
Take your swinger of birches, by way of
speaking.*

*"One by one he subdued his father's trees . . .
Not one was left for him to conquer . . ."
But he probably found some new game,
Like trapping weasels—and that was good.
So he showed us. We are all
At least half the size of our worries
And have, for the rest, at least half a brain
To reach up and over fear.
As for the other questions,
I shouldn't wonder if they've resolved
themselves—
Men have much more spring to them than
birches
And thanks, Mr. Frost.*

JOAN SAPP



NEW ERA

*A trip to the moon
Will be possible soon,
And a week-end at Mars
Quite cheap.
And won't it be fun
To visit the sun,
Or race through the stars
In a jeep.*

AUBRE GIVLER

ETERNITY

*I stood and felt eternity
And strained with all my soul
To touch the highest edge of life
And know its star-dark whole.
Never a thought can touch the sky;
Never a mind can reach that high
But there are always souls who try.*

SALLY CANAN



JONES MOTOR CO., INC.

SPRING CITY, PA.



Nevin LaRue

(Continued from Page 5)

of all your contracts—oh, you're joking, surely. La Rue—"

"That's just it—LaRue. I wonder—Brucie, would you like to hear a strange story?"

"Sure—get it out of your system." I crossed my legs, bit off the end of a cigar, lighted it, and put what must have been a broad smile on my face. I was sure that Phillip was joking.

"Brucie, did you know that I am Nevin LaRue's son?" Phillip LeRoi arose, and for a moment I saw LaRue's face before me, the expressive dark eyes and half-smile.

"Come, come, Phillip. You're tired. Why, Nevin LaRue never had a son. He was never married."

"Oh, yes, he was! My mother was a fine woman—a better one never lived. She loved him—Nevin LaRue—deeply, but he couldn't and wouldn't return her love. He was too busy creating that special little world of his own. He killed my mother with his indifference and cruelty just as surely as if he had—"

"Now, Phillip, you're imagining all this. You're tired; you've had too many concerts lately; I'll tell LaRue about—"

"Don't mention that name to me again. I hate the sound of it. It reminds me of years spent in a horrible living hell, when I couldn't be a normal boy and play games with other youngsters, when my mother grew weaker and weaker until she couldn't fight him anymore, until he had finally broken her spirit and had taken her son from her." His face had turned deathly pale, but his dark eyes were flashing fire. "Wait!" He hesitated, then turned towards me. "Brucie, you're about to witness something you have believed never could happen. You are about to see the downfall of Nevin LaRue. Wait, let me tell you—"

"I am indebted to LaRue for what I am. I am a concert star; some people say that I am one of the greatest pianists of the world. I ask you, who wouldn't be if one had had music pushed at him every day, every waking hour of his life since he was a child? Music is the only thing I know; I've lived with it so long that I find it difficult to talk to people—you know, Brucie, sometimes I'm actually afraid of people. That's when I want to run and run—. Well, I'm a great pianist; people applaud—and yet they're not applauding me; they're paying homage to LaRue. Don't you realize? I'm not Phillip LeRoi—or LaRue—I'm Nevin LaRue's discovery. I'm a figment of Nevin LaRue's imagination; I'm a product of his power. For years he isolated me from people; for years he filled me with all the music his money and name could buy; for years he made me a recluse, training me only for music—music. Music—I hate the word. I never wish to play a piano again. Can you believe that,

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Brucie? Can you believe that I hate music?—hate it because of what it means to me.

"After every concert, I want to run—to escape. But there's no place to go. Everywhere I go there is a reminder of Nevin LaRue to whom power and success is all, no matter how he obtains it, no matter whom he has to break. I tell you, Brucie, I can stand it no longer!"

Phillip LeRoi sank into his chair, exhausted, and stared unseeing at the ceiling. I was powerless; I could only sit and listen.

Finally he arose and said, "Can you see what Nevin LaRue has done to me? Can you understand how wretched I am? Can you see why I hate him, why I detest his very name?" He suddenly turned and took me by the shoulders, his splendid fingers digging deep into my flesh.

"I intend to make Nevin LaRue as wretched as I am. I will rob him of what he wants most—success and power. You can't imagine how much pleasure that will give me. Ever since I was a boy I've wanted to hurt him."

"Now, Phillip—"

"Don't interrupt me, Bruce. I tell you, Nevin LaRue will really be surprised. He'll never hurt another person."

Phillip LeRoi—or LaRue—was exhausted.

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Nevin LaRue

(Continued from Page 11)

He allowed himself to be led to his hotel room. A doctor gave him a sedative, and after watching him fall asleep, I walked back to my hotel. His words rang in my ears—"This is my last concert. You are about to see the downfall of Nevin LaRue. I will rob him of what he wants most—success and power. Ever since I was a boy I've wanted to hurt him." I had a premonition that I should return to Phillip, to stop him before he could act. But I was tired and went to bed.

The next morning Phillip was missing. Nevin LaRue, in his New York office, used every means in his power to locate his son, but Phillip was never found. For once, Nevin LaRue's powers could not give him what he wanted. More important, Phillip's disappearance marked the end of Nevin LaRue's reign as czar of the music world. He resigned his position as critic on the *Review*; he accepted no new contracts, he no longer held musicians in his hands, to dawdle them as he pleased until he had no further use for them, and then toss them away. He was powerless. His name was still a legend in music circles, his son's disappearance was still a world mystery, but Nevin LaRue was nothing but a broken old man. Phillip LaRue had triumphed!

As for Phillip, his public was horrified at his disappearance. No other figure in the music world had left so deep an impression on the people; they mourned because he had disappeared so early in his brief but brilliant career. I often wondered what Phillip would have thought if he had read some of the critics' notices. I wonder if he would have laughed.

Last week, as I sat with my feet on my desk and dusted the placard which read, T. K. Bruce, Music Critic, *New York Musical Review*, my assistant handed me a clipping from a San Francisco paper. I turned it over, and there among a number of obituary notices was one

which read: Nevin LaRue, newspaperman, 78, died in his hotel room at the La Scolla early this morning. LaRue had been music critic for the *New York Musical Review* for thirty-five years and had been the manager for Phillip LeRoi, brilliant concert pianist, who disappeared seven years ago and is now believed dead. LaRue had been in ill health for some time. No survivors and, as far as is known, there is no estate of any value.

Nevin LaRue had died alone, as he had lived—without friends. For among the hundreds of his acquaintances and proteges, LaRue had made no friends. There was no one who really had cared whether LaRue had lived or died—and there were no relatives to care for him in his last illness.

Phillip LeRoi—or LaRue—wherever you are—the man you hated is dead. He died, broken, without position or recognition. I wonder, Phillip LeRoi, are you satisfied? You have ruined him; you have robbed him of what he wanted most, and most important, you have escaped. Are you happy now, Phillip?

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And soul-refreshing evening,
And no longer does your image
Project completely clear, but a union
Of the best that was yourself
Shines on the soft diffusing screen
That holds the melted forms of memory.*

*Within, I hear the sounds that filled
Our short time together;
They echo through, they are diverse
As the many graces that are you.
Listen now, oh quietly
Listen while I strive to see
The cause of our affinity.*

*It is the sound of a silver canoe
Sliding over a dock and splashing
On the dark night water that bears
Dead leaves and stars, and silent lovers.
It is the fading picture of a face
That looked on mine with pensiveness serene,
Of eyes that closed
With startled softness, at the moment
When we blended with a kiss
The yearnings of our hearts.*

*But there is more than sound and image
To form the bond that is between us,
Frail and thin spun as that bright cord is,
For images fade and sounds regress,
But a shimmering tenderness
Is yet here within me,
For the one who calmed my loneliness
And smoothed away my fears.*

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[The following article is reprinted from a recent issue of the Columbia Jester. Thanks, Lions.]

Silently—even quietly—the atom lurks about us everywhere we turn. Behind the lamp post, in our automobiles, fitting across our BVD's is —the atom.

And in the clear, antiseptic glow of day the atom is a decent, bond-buying American like the rest of us. But as the day wanes and the sun nears the horizon, a sadistic, licentious glow illuminates the atom and there is hell to pay.

It's the sort of thing you don't read about in the newspapers, this molecular funiculi funicula. But it is that same sort of thing your wives and daughters should know about. (Also aunts, nieces, sisters, and that cute little Phillips girl who goes into the coal bin with the boys.)

At first glance, then, the atom is a rather innocuous sort. And then, when you reflect that

this multi-atomic world of ours was all born of one, lonely, frolicsome atom, you begin to see that the atom is a veritable rabbit.

The fact is that the atom craves *lebensraum*. Things have reached the point where there is no place an atom can go to be alone. A naturally vitriolic nature, combined with crowded living conditions and improper education in hygienic methods, has led to slums, over-population and the creation of an illiterate mass of restive atoms. Is it any wonder that an atomic bomb has resulted? Is it? Huh?

I dare say that if you were to take a few sodium atoms and set them loose among some chlorine atoms on a hot summer evening you would have more salt than a Restoration Play.

These things don't just occur in Hollywood or along *La Rive Gauche*, they happen everywhere you least suspect it. Yes, even there.

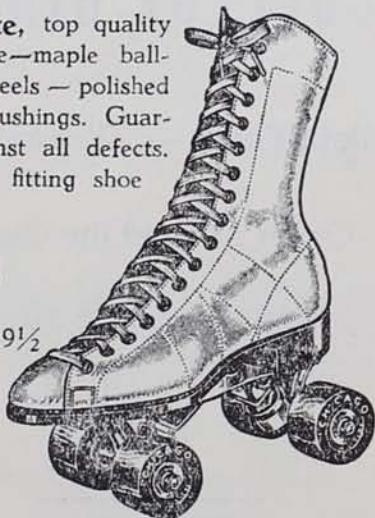
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Besides all this, there are the radio-active atoms, constantly emitting devastating radiations, just like Jean Harlow. They start out as perfectly respectable uranium people and radiate until they get the uranium out. If you pin them down, they admit they are radium. But soon they get the radium out. And so on, madly, uncontrollably shooting off until they are lead and a drain on the taxpayer, for they can never get the lead out.

Gee whiz, this is a menace, yet, a clear and present danger. Remember, the atom doesn't have to worry about City Hall or Wall Street. An independent little crumpet, it knows no law but its own. The great powers talk heroically of outlawing the atom. But when the show-down arrives, can it be done? Can it? Huh?

Suppose, wont' you, that such an order could be enforced. What could we do without the little *b...s*? Oh, it is all well and good to talk of running them out, but (and I find this rather difficult to stomach, myself) YOU are made of atoms. Right now, as you read this, they are swirling, twirling, spinning, hopping, cavorting, caroming, capering and god-knows-what-elsing inside YOU.

Today, after two billion years, the world is finally awakening to the threat of the atom. The housewife clamors for atomic stoves, atomic umbrellas and atomic atomizers, not realizing the doom, the certain, inevitable enslavement awaiting us all.

There is, however, one salvation: We cannot drive out the atom or else our society will go to pieces, but we can replace it—with the chiclet. Build a new empire, a new cosmos, founded on the chiclet.

America must mass its industrial potential and build on the chiclet. A chiclet is no different after dark than in the sunlight. We can trust the chiclet. You could stand two chiclets side by side for days and they would just stand there, side by side, for days. And, what is more, your daughters will be safe.

This is not Mars tomorrow. This is Earth today. The time is now. It is later than you think. Why, Christmas will be here before you know it.

TWO POEMS

*Remembrance and October
Are subtly interwoven;
Memories of faint rustling of dry grass
On sunlit hillslopes:
Conversation flavored with sweet laughter
And sad mortal kisses.
Fall is a constant savor of the past
On rainy days, and inner murmuring
Of faded hours whispering to time unborn.
Fall is the future impinging upon us:
One brown leaf adrift and slowly turning
In changing depths of cool autumnal haze,
A bud no longer, yet affirming
The circle never-ending.*

*The earth, which once in forlorn darkness lay,
With craggy mountains, plains, and smoking
storms
In pulsing convolutions changing form,
Was brought to order. Then was born the day.
Then sea and land and every varied clime
Evolved to mark the earth. Through centuries
The muddy globe was hurled, and mysteries
Of life unfurled, distilled by fleeting time.
Now you appear upon the scene and gaze
At your own image, hypnotized, and see
What you imagine nature's plan to be,
Nobility, to her eternal praise!
And while your sight is blocked by ignorance,
The world whirls on, and heeds not your proud
glance.*

DAVID HALLSTROM

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