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Barbara Cooke
Ursinus College

Helene Berger
Ursinus College

Ralph Mendenhall
Ursinus College

E. Mae Whitney
Ursinus College

Garnet Adam
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Barbara Cooke, Helene Berger, Ralph Mendenhall, E. Mae Whitney, Garnet Adam, Jean L. Patterson, Gladys Heibel, Emily Kehoe, Elizabeth Jane Cassatt, Ethel Cunningham, and Eleanor Grubb

the

DECEMBER 1941

LANTERN



... the light of creative work.

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

CAMELS

PRINCE ALBERT

Season's Greetings

Make your gift Camels. America's favorite cigarette is sure to please. The gay gift package below contains four boxes of the popular flat fifties. No other wrapping needed.

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

GIFTS THAT ARE SURE TO PLEASE IN BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS WRAPPERS

for december, 1941,

. . . the lantern presents

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december, 1941

vol. x, no. 1

... the lantern

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... editorial

THE simple joys of the Christmas season have suddenly taken on a deeper and greater value in the past few days than they have ever possessed. Our simple and often unthinking lives have taken on a certain significance. From now on we may live every minute as if it were our last. But this determination does not necessarily connote despair and desperation. When one comes to a realization of the intrinsic importance of every small act, his life is enriched and made purposeful. It is difficult to avoid hysteria and depression, but only with purpose and courage we may become valuable to our country and to ourselves. Our simple duty as students is now apparent. To do the work before us with increased effort is our responsibility. We need not feel futile and useless. Education prepares us for life and useful citizenship. Those of us who will be chosen to serve in the American armed forces naturally have different responsibilities; but we who remain in college must make a special effort to concentrate upon the immediate duties of studies. We must not question the practical value of these tasks in this time of war. The objective values of study have too often been over-emphasized. The real benefits derived from scholarship never immediately appear, but are always developing and subtly influencing character, enriching the student with a knowledge of the eternal ideals underlying the universe. Only with such a knowledge may we become worthwhile citizens of the world.

The sudden and tragic materialization of the spectre of war has chilled our hearts. Tears and apprehension are natural results of such a shock, but we must control unreasonable hysteria. Our ultimate victory is sure. But it can be accomplished only by each individual's victory over himself.

The work we must do seems incomprehensible and overwhelming. And from every side we will hear words of advice and exhortation. To remain calm in the greatest crisis of our short lives is a task, but we shall soon accomplish that task. We the youth of the nation have been accused of softness and selfishness, but now challenged to act, we shall arise to accept that challenge. We know, deep within us, that life, no matter how tragic at times, is sweet, and that life in a free nation is life in paradise. This possession we shall never surrender. This possession must be forever ours.

. . . misty

ONCE upon a time, away out in Oregon, there grew upon a great thick oak tree a tiny sprig of mistletoe. The other sprigs called him Misty, since he was so little and wasn't very bright. He was very happy because he never had to worry about food or shelter; all he had to do was grow. Misty didn't mind what the others said about him; he just nestled a little closer to the oak tree and covered his little white berries with his leaves. It was summer, and lulled by the sultry breath of Auster and the music of the leaves, he was devoid of ambition and lived a continuous dream of delight.

One morning he was awakened by someone nipping his feet and the end of his little white nose. Indignantly he threw up his leaves and looked all around to poke his tormentor. Seeing only his neighboring sprig, Toto, he assumed him to be the offender and promptly drove a long bare twig into his right front berry. Poor Toto, howled and nearly fell off the limb. "What's the idea?" he cried.

"You pricked me first!" declared Misty.

"I did not."

"Did."

"Didn't."

"Ooh! Someone is biting my ear!" wailed Misty. He heard a laugh, and looking around, discovered a merry-eyed boy hopping about on the branch beside him. "Who are you and where did you come from?" he asked astonished. Misty shielded his eyes from the dazzling brilliance of the fellow.

He stood no higher than a foot and continually jumped about like hail stones hitting a tin roof. He was dressed from head to toe in a white suit sparkling with snowflakes and diamonds. On his head he wore a perky, pointed cap which failed to cover his little pointed ears, and hail gleamed in his hair. Icicles adorned his collar and sleeves and his saucy, turned-up shoes. In his left hand he flourished a crystal wand tipped with a flashing star. A cold white mist completely enveloped his little person.

Misty, naturally overcome by the sight of such a boy, could only whisper again in an awed tone, "Who are you?"

"I'm Jack Frost, and I come from the back of the North Wind. It's high time you got to know me," replied the animated snowflake. "I've been

developed, but now that I'm here, we'll have lots of fun. I will see you often, but now I have work to do," and with a mischievous thrust of his wand into Misty's ribs, he jumped out of the tree.

"Well, who do you suppose HE is?" murmured Misty when he had recovered his composure, and his breath too, which for the moment had been poked quite out of him.

"I don't know," said Toto. "Let's ask the oak; he knows everything." And so they did.

"Yes, I know Jack Frost well," replied the oak in slow, rumbling accents. "Every year he comes and takes away the green from my leaves so that they turn quite brown and become so weak that the tugs of blustering Eurus and Boreas tear them away from my branches. He is the harbinger of winter and does me a service by ridding me of my foliage, for it would burden me in winter. You will like winter, little Misty. You will not turn brown, but will look greener than ever; AND if you are big enough and handsome enough, you may be chosen to be a Christmas decoration."

"A Christmas decoration? What is that, wise oak?" You see, Misty was a brand new sprig and he had never seen a Christmas, no, nor even heard about one. So the oak explained the old custom of the Christians, which was to employ mistletoe at Christmas time as an excuse for kissing each other. Misty wasn't quite sure what that was, but he decided it must be nice, because all the sprigs said so.

After that he saw Jack Frost every day and became very friendly with him. He liked Jack Frost because he made him feel so exhilarated. He was sorry to see his summer musicians turn brown, and sorrier still when they fluttered past him with a sigh of farewell, but he decided not to think about them and to concentrate instead on growing big and beautiful—he did so want to be a Christmas decoration. Not a day passed that he did not ask, "Do you think I will be chosen?"

Then one day they came—men bundled in great furry skins carrying big scissors and knives. They swarmed over the tree, cutting and snipping branches of mistletoe. Misty crossed his berries and hoped. Two little eyes eagerly watched the movements of the clumsy

(Con't p. 16)

. . . the evils of initiations

Helene Berger, '42

HAVING once experienced and having three years witnessed the initiation of college freshmen, I have come to the conclusion that the effect of such initiations as I have seen is in many instances a bad one. Supporters of tradition will say that the freshmen must no longer consider themselves the important individuals that they might have been in their high schools, and must be "put down a peg." I do not want to oppose this attitude, as I feel that it is true in part; but it is my purpose to explain the impression which I have received of the effects of some prevalent types of freshman initiation.

My ideas on the subject originated, of course, when I myself was a freshman. We students who lived in a dormitory some distance west of the Ursinus Campus were compelled many times to spend several hours of a day doing errands in the shopping district of the town for upperclassmen who were perfectly capable of attending to their own business. Studying for the lessons of the morrow had to be postponed, test or no test. I saw a number of friends suffer under the persecuting thumb of a particular sophomore. I saw the meek and cooperative students tremble at being made ridiculous and conspicuous, while bold freshmen, if attractive, were already favorites in the school. I saw myself and others losing incentive for keeping up appearance and dress.

It is during the opening months of school that a few—a very few, I hope—formulate a wrong impression of college life that will last all too long. "I hate the place," some freshmen have been heard to say. "I am grown up and enjoy no privileges. I must crawl my knees ragged and bloody at the command of a fellow student, and I cannot see why. They say that this will not last long, but don't they want me to get to like them?" A sensitive person, no doubt, but I think he's right.

I read part of a letter this fall—a letter which my roommate had received from a friend who had just entered another college. This happy freshman said, "I'm having a grand time here and love everybody. The upperclassmen tell us that we had better make the most of our freshman year, as we will never be treated so well again. We wear freshman insignia, but everyone goes out of his way to make us feel at

home." It is easy to see that that college will not have to "grow on" the affections of those students after the ordeal of initiation is past.

Yes, it does pass, and the worrying over sophomore rules and freshman duties is soon forgotten by the majority of students, even to the extent that they are willing to make their successors suffer. But isn't this a sad effect of their own experience of initiation, that they should determine to "take it out on" the next freshman class? "We had to go through it; so why shouldn't they?" becomes the attitude.

It is my opinion, therefore, that when freshmen are initiated, or "instructed in the first principles" of college life, they are orientated not to the college life of a student at a particular institution, but to the college life of an underdog.

Not only do I think that some forms of physical and mental initiation are superfluous and even cruel; but, to my way of thinking, the required expenditures are not always easily met. This idea is not based on my personal experience, but upon close observation. Any parent will tell you that the expense of sending children to college is great enough without adding the purchase of numerous articles that are of no use except to make the wearer or bearer conspicuous. The green ribbon of freshman girls at Ursinus is traditional and results only in a loss of pride in appearance, but a freshman girl who does not care for vivid knee-high socks or black stockings may have to invest in them for one day of initiation, one football game—and then by chance it rains, and the freshmen are not on parade at all. "Each freshman must have a cow bell," announce the sophomores. "We will get them for you for twenty-five cents." It is a fact that the same bells are on sale in the five and ten cent stores for ten cents.

Take it from me, it is hard to leave home. And it is even harder to become settled at one's new home, though it be a temporary one. If only after one is a freshman no longer one did not often forget this fact, forget the nervous strain of arising from a tear-dampened pillow to the sharp bark of "Bring me my breakfast, Freshman!" or "Get up and answer the 'phone, Freshman" and forget the comfort in finding a sympathetic upperclassman in whom to confide and whom to call a friend. Pure hyperbole, you may

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. . . ursinus, fifty years ago

Ralph Mendenhall, '44

IF I understand the fundamental rules of mathematics, I can subtract fifty from nineteen hundred and forty-one, and my result is eighteen hundred and ninety-one. That is the year.

1891 was prominent in the history of Ursinus. One outstanding feature was the erection of Bomberger Memorial Hall. The Board of Directors decided to build it as a monument to the late president, John Henry Augustus Bomberger, who had passed away in the summer of 1890.

Frank R. Watson, the architect, chose a style of Romanesque architecture for the building. The outside walls were to be of blue marble, with finely cut trimmings. The construction began with the ground-breaking exercises, April 21 and 22. The ceremony was performed very handily by Mr. Robert Patterson, the donor of \$25,000 toward the Hall.

On June 25 the ritual of laying the cornerstone took place. Within the cornerstone were buried the following: a list of all persons who had donated one dollar or more to the edifice; the Charter, Rules and Regulations, and By-Laws of the College; copies of the **Reformed Church Messenger** and the **Christian World**, the **Memorial Ursinus College Bulletin**; and the Bible used by President Bomberger in his classes.

By the end of July, Bomberger had reached the height of the second floor joists. At the end of the year the tower was practically finished, and many of the rooms were ready for the plasterers.

There were six other buildings already on campus, which were watching with resentment the construction of this newcomer. Ursinus had a library, and students who wished to avail themselves of its services were required to pay a fee to the librarian. There were three residences for women: Ladies' Hall, Glenwood Hall, and Hunsicker Mansion. A small chapel, and, of course, Freeland, completed the collection of buildings.

Subsequent to the death of President Bomberger, Rev. Henry W. Super, D.D., vice-president, became the acting president. After his retirement in the summer of '91, Rev. George W. Williard was made acting president. The faculty consisted of sixteen members, among whom were Alcide Reichenbach, A.M., principal of the

Academic department and Ambrose L. Custer, M.E., vice-principal and instructor in English.

The student organizations fifty years ago were of three types: religious, literary, and musical. The religious element dominated in the Y. M. C. A., the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, and the Prohibition League. 1891 marked the eighth year of the existence of the Y. M. C. A. It had various functions, one of which was to conduct the Sunday services at the Montgomery County Almshouse and the Garwood School House near Phoenixville.

The literary societies were the Zwinglian (in its twenty-first year), the Elvard (in its third year), the Schaff (in its twenty-first year), and the Olevian. The musical organizations consisted of an orchestra, a banjo club, an ocarina club, and a very active glee club (only one year old).

The news publication on campus, a half century ago, was **The Ursinus College Bulletin**, issued monthly. This periodical was "devoted (head, heart, and sinew) to every worthy thing that might pervade the individual prosperity of the Black, Old Gold, and Red." A single copy cost five cents, and a yearly subscription cost fifty cents. Among the editors in 1891 were two familiar names, Calvin D. Yost and Whorten H. Kline. Evidently traditions had already been established at Ursinus. Witness the following extract from an editorial in the **Bulletin**:

"College sophomores should bear in mind that vandalism is not fun. Hazing is out of date. The college rowdy is no longer respected and will not be much longer tolerated. It is not manly to raise a false alarm of fire in order to bring the engines pell mell to the college yard; and, besides, it is open to objection because firemen are learning to turn the hose on students whose overdeveloped sense of fun leads to the playing of pranks with the department. It is not worth while to blow up the building of a rival Greek letter society with gunpowder. Fastening a suckling calf in the chapel belfry before morning prayers is a piece of humor that has lost its original merits. For various reasons it is now a first-rate idea for sophomores to be gentlemen—provided, of course, they are not ladies."

The predecessor of our **Ruby** was the annual **Ursinus College Commencement Herald**, the

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... my conversion

ONE of the most striking memories of my childhood days is that of my "conversion." One bright summer's day when I was eight years old, I felt my naturally pointed nose grow even more pointed with tomboyish curiosity as I watched some black-capped Salvation Army men erect a huge tent on a lot near the drug store. Caressed by the warm rays of the sun into an idle mood, and being a child not yet impressed with the seriousness of life, I snooped around the tent, quite unmindful of my mother's aching head, which was throbbing with anxiety for the box of aspirin I had just purchased.

Presently my snooping nose had smelled out the answer to mind's question. A prayer meeting! As the captains and ensigns of the Army set up the rows of folding chairs and the crude platform with its chancel rail, I hurried home with the speed of one who has a burning purpose to pursue, and entreated my mother to let me go to the prayer meeting. Out of sorts because of her headache, she was only too glad to get rid of me by saying that I could go with my brother, who was ten years old.

That night my brother and I walked into the tent with high expectations. We knew about the fervor of Salvation Army prayer meetings, and we sat down in our chairs with mental images of the good "show" that would follow. The testimonies, we had heard, were very entertaining. Yes, it had been told around the neighborhood how ex-drunkards, convicts, and good-for-nothings had testified at previous prayer meetings that, after they were "born" again, they stopped beating their wives, holding up stores, and loafing. Not less prominent in our minds was the report that our next-door neighbor had testified that she had thrown away all her red nail polish and lipstick after she "saw the light." That was true beyond all doubt, for I had rescued a bottle of her red nail polish from her rubbish can.

Needless to say, we got what we were looking for; we had profited by the Bible admonition "Seek and ye shall find."

Having been skillfully eased into a receptive mood, the gathering was now urged to the altar with ardent persuasion. This persuasion, however, had no satisfactory effect upon my "hard-boiled" brother. Only "sissies" gave way to

sentiment; and he certainly wasn't going to prove himself a molly-coddle, especially since Doris was sitting right up in front near the altar.

I, however, being a girl and thus more easily impressed by the soul-touching entreaty in those eloquent lines: "Come home, poor sinner, come home," could not keep the tears, much as the tomboy in me wanted to. I was determined, though, that they wouldn't get me up to that altar.

All my determination went for naught, I am forced to confess, when a captain of that glorious Army started to "work" on me. I wept with shame as I was brought to realize my guilty manner of living.

"Did you ever tell any lies?" the man examined me in a low voice.

"Yes," I panted forth, panic-stricken, as I remembered that only last week, after I had promised my mother not to go floating on the frog pond in the old washtub, she had caught me sneaking in through the back door with my clothes wet from head to foot.

"Did you ever steal?"

I was about to reply no with a glad sigh of relief when my trembling fingers felt the raisin cookie I had slipped into my pocket without permission earlier that evening.

"Don't you know that you are a wicked girl, and that you won't go to Heaven if you don't confess your sins to God and ask forgiveness right away up at the altar?"

But I still refused to humiliate myself by going up to the altar.

"What would you do if the end of the world came tomorrow? You know that the Saviour said that only those who are born again can enter the Kingdom of Heaven," warned the captain.

That was too much for me. I was a truly miserable and penitent girl as I staggered up to the altar, laden down with all the awful guilt of my eight years of life.

"Do you honestly promise to lead a different, truly Christian life from now on?" asked the ensign, who was waiting for me up at the altar.

"Yes," I promised fervently in all my naivete as I knelt by the chancel rail.

Just then I heard the noise of something being dragged over the hard ground. My surprise

(Con't p. 11)

... our gang

ALMOST ten years have passed since our gang was in full force, and riding high as the best gang in the town. Yes, our gang was the best in the whole community; anyway, we thought so. What other fellows were there who had a football team, a baseball team, and played he-man games every night, and never bothered with the girls? Our gang was the only one.

Now, when I look back at that gang, I still think of it as the best one in the whole town, but for a different reason. I believe now that there were other gangs in the town who had a program of activities as wide as ours, but it was the way we went about those activities that made us different. Each man in our gang—and let's see, there was Red, Scruff, Jack, Bill, Seno, Wibbe, Wimpy, Matt, Jim, and a host of others—had an imagination that could meet any situation. That was why we went about all of our activities with such zest and intense fervor.

Our year's activities were as complete and thorough as those of any active college. Starting with football season, we followed our active program right through the year until the following year; and then again through the same cycle, with changes here and there.

Yes, there were other teams in the town, and we usually played all of them; but they had not the zeal or the fun that we had. When we played, each and every man on our team lost his own identity and took on the name of one of football's great players. We had Red Grange, Ernie Nevers, Frank Carideo, and many other stalwarts of the football world playing with us. Not only did we have the name of that player, but we did everything to imitate him, even to running with the football as he did. That was one of the reasons why we had such a good time.

Each year, during the football season, we had our own Army and Navy football game. I can still feel the excitement that ran through us on that occasion. We divided ourselves into two teams, the Army and the Navy, and then practiced for the big game. For that great event, we moved to another field; our own small field was certainly not a suitable site for such an important game. We played the game on the large high school field, and each team brought along

its own cheerleaders and rooting section. Spirits ran high as the two captains met in the middle of the field and received all instructions from the referee, who was specially selected for the occasion.

The football we used on that day was not the same old light one that we used at ordinary times, but one that we had borrowed from the high school coach, whose son was a member of our gang. Not one detail was omitted on that occasion. Of course, the day after the game we always made sure that a suitable—and, in fact, more than suitable—write-up was handed to the sports editor of the Record-American, the local newspaper. He saw to it that it received a prominent spot on the sports page. Never will I forget that spectacular event. Every one of us in that gang went about preparing for the game as if it were the greatest event in the world; we played in an even more stirring manner. I'm sure the thrills and satisfactions felt by those small youngsters that day were just as great as those felt by the players in the real game.

In the summertime, we conducted our own track meets. The Keds Shoe Company at that time gave away with each pair of sneakers bought from them a set of cardboard medals for a complete track meet. Of course, as you can easily see, the number of track meets we held was dependent directly on the number of pairs of sneakers purchased by gang members or brothers of gang members. Many times we had to give a complete sales talk to some rather skeptical mothers on the value and advantages of Keds sneakers, but each year we managed to get at least three complete sets of medals.

The meets were held on the street where we played all the time. You see, Market Street—or rather "Creek Alley", as we called it—had an open creek channel about twenty feet wide running right through the middle of it. The rather narrow unpaved roads on each side of the creek made an excellent track for us. Besides that, the school yard, which was our pet stamping ground, made an excellent spot to hold the field events.

The gang member who got the set of medals was in charge of the whole affair and his word was law, or else—he'd take his medals home. The days preceding the meet were days of hard

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... from rabble to royalty

LIKE slippery serpents, the tracks of the railroad wound their way along, now in a hollow looking up at dirty-paned warehouses, now on a level with old, dilapidated dwellings, twisting first this way and then impulsively that way, stubbornly refusing to content themselves with a straight path. They gleamed fiery hot in the broiling sun; they gleamed metallicly cold in the drizzling rain; and all day and every day huge iron monsters rumbled back and forth on them, monotonously fulfilling their duty of carrying weary human beings to their jobs and to their homes. And so life went on.

But life wasn't limited to the train occupants alone. In the pools of stagnant water beside the tracks, there existed another world—a world of leaping things, of tiny, squirming, fish-like things. If someone had been there to peer through the muddy water on one particular day late in March, he might have seen gradually emerging from what appeared to be a mass of gelatine, a tiny black object—so tiny indeed, that it would have fitted under a little boy's finger nail. It was a tadpole—a helpless, shapeless little fellow without a mouth to feed with or a leg to stand on.

Although no one was there to observe—for each world was quite oblivious of the other—our little tadpole was not lonely. In the course of a few days the family had grown to include several brothers and sisters. By this time, too, with the appearance of a mouth bordered by horny jaws, our tadpole was quite able to care for himself by foraging for vegetable matter. He propelled himself about with his tail, which had grown so amazingly in such a short time that he seemed to be two-thirds tail and one-third body. His newly-acquired gills made him the envy of all his younger brothers and sisters, and gave him more than ever the appearance of a wee fish.

Life was cozy and secure in that ditch, for the full-grown frogs and the snakes refused to associate with the rabble from the other side of the tracks—except, perhaps, when driven there by necessity in times of famine. But that was rare, and the only thing which really disturbed the peace of their home was the vibration set up by the passing trains. Even that was eventually ignored. And so the weeks passed and the

tadpoles grew very, very slightly and became very, very much spoiled with their safe existence.

Then one drowsy afternoon they were startled by a violent heaving of the water, and by something which grabbed at their tails. Before our hero could say a prayer (assuming that even tadpoles have their god), he was snatched up and dumped unceremoniously into the water that was too cold and much too clean. There he was all alone, a frightened little tadpole swimming frantically about, bruising his nose and tail on . . . well, he couldn't figure out what it was, for it didn't seem to be there until he bumped into it. Little did he realize that he was now the possession of a ragged boy who was carrying him away proudly in a glass jar.

Being an adaptable tadpole, however, he was soon at home in his new surroundings, contenting himself with feasting on the weeds and vegetable matter which his owner supplied him—regularly at first, and then at longer and longer intervals as the novelty of owning him wore off. With the honor of having a huge fish bowl all to himself, came the honor of having a name; and "Wiggles," despite his master's lapses of memory, continued to grow toward froghood.

As time passed, changes seemed to be taking place in Wiggles. His outer skin began to crack, and one day a queer thing happened. He not only took off this outside jacket, but he ate it as well—which is one way of storing your coat for next season. Then little buds appeared at the root of his tail, gradually increasing in size until they became divided into joints with webbed toes at the end. His gills disappeared, and in their place were fore-limbs just long enough to keep him from falling on his nose when he folded up his hind legs and sat down. As a young tailed frog, Wiggles now acquired new interest for his master. Sitting on his master's hand, and spurred on by a few prods from behind, he would hop about, using his rear legs as springboards.

Wiggles was getting restless. He longed for the companions of his tadpole days. Furthermore, now that he was no longer a fish, it was becoming increasingly difficult to live in a bowl. Each time he breathed he had to float around on the surface of the water with the tip of his nose

(Con't p. 10)

... "so you want to be an editor!"

Gladys Heibel, '42

DO YOU see that upper-classman running around with a manila folder under his arm? He is the editor. Notice the "I've-got-to-see-So-and-So" look about him. He always seems to be ready to reach out his long arm to collar a prospective or negligent writer. If you see anyone swiftly disappearing backwards into a room, you will know that there is a hand attached to his collar and an editor at the end of that strong arm. A female editor employs different tactics in order to get material. Her arm is not strong enough for collaring people, nor her voice loud enough for cross-campus bellowing. She must appear helpless and unprotected and sure of respect. In this state she appeals cheerfully but urgently to male members of her staff. They become the collarers and bellowers for her, and all contributors are attacked and frightened into submission by proxy. You may choose whichever method is suitable to your sex, age, and station.

A more subtle and psychological method of approaching artists is by means of the daily announcement in the chapel. When the editor has decided upon the deadline for all contributions, he writes the Dean and students a little note which the former reads at nine o'clock to the assembly. The majority of the seniors are usually absent; half of the juniors are asleep; and one-third of the freshmen, hearing this urgent plea for contributions, turn away, modestly realizing their own unworthiness and inexperience. Consequently, receiving nothing all week, he submits another notice to the Dean, wording this one more attractively than before. The Dean does not recognize this announcement and reads it aloud. However, our man imagines that he sees the light of recognition and annoyance dawning in the Dean's eyes and that the student body and faculty are visibly chafing under the yoke of boredom at this repeated and public lament of some obscure editor. Editors are essentially meek, you know. As a result, he takes to tacking up witty and fetching posters laboriously drawn in the wee hours by some inarticulate and unartistic staff member. By ineffective and incorrect announcements in the "Weekly", he further exhorts the student body to contribute. But still the manila folder remains empty.

The time has now come for him to call a staff meeting to alleviate his need. He sets the time at 4:00 p. m. to avoid classes, thereby interfering with afternoon naps and snacks. A few people straggle in to be harangued and dispatched to their respective dormitories on a hunt for material. He, himself, humbly petitions members of the English department for the best compositions and themes composed in the various classes. His desperation finally begins to lessen as staff members approach with piles of manuscripts secured from innocent bystanders by bribery, flattery, force, barter, and theft. He begins to feel as important and self-confident as he did during his first few weeks as a freshman. The breadth of the editor's chest is directly proportional to the width of his rapidly filling manila folder and inversely proportional to the number of his chapel and bulletin board notices.

Now that he has the needed material, he finds the rest of the work fairly easy. The contributions, consisting of all types of writing, are now passed among the staff members for editing. With the exception of a few mad dashes, just before the curfew, from one dormitory to another in an attempt to ferry the material from one reader to the next, there is very little physical strain in this work. When the material has been read, the editor begs the staff for help in fitting it into a specified number of pages. At this request everybody looks down at the floor. The editor looks heavenward and spends a good half of the next day counting words. With a little re-typing and re-wording the material is ready for press.

The work so far has strained the editor's patience; it now begins to drain his pocketbook. Every day, for at least a week, he must telephone the printer, who is usually amazingly busy just when he is most needed. At last he meets him and gives him the material, hoping to receive the galleys two weeks thence. On the appointed day he waits for an hour at the trysting spot, but the culprit never comes. It is then that the dreadful news arrives: the printer has just left for a two weeks' honeymoon in Florida. If the editor is the type that enjoys martyrdom, he sends his tormentor a message of congratulations.

Finally, he receives two sets of galleys, which
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... tempo

STANDING at the information desk in the middle of the great station and having a few moments to spare, I watch the world rush by me. People are hastening this way and that—very few standing still like me. However, in a very short time I, too, will be hurrying about my business. This station in the greatest city in the world is typical of all America. In it each one goes his own way, thinks his own thoughts, and works towards a goal which probably no one knows, not even himself.

Those two magazine stands on each side of the door represent the few diversions Americans allow themselves from the daily routine of getting their business done. A man buys a magazine, not because he really wants to know what the magazine contains, but just so that he will be able to do something—fill in time—while he is sitting on the train rushing to his destination.

Few individuals stop in their hurry to look around them, to contemplate, for instance, the beauty of the station or to study their fellow humans—the children running up the stairs in order that they may ride down on the escalator, the farmer, easily identified, who, changing trains here and with a minute to spare before hustling his family onto another train, allows his wife and young children to gaze at the large station; the young man and woman, obviously newlyweds, who, having escaped doting friends and relatives, are rushing to catch their train. So many people flying along into one's vision and then with the same swiftness out again! Is it all quite real? I wonder, if something compelled every one to come to a standstill for five minutes, whether he would relax for that period, look around, and observe the things about him, really seeing them for the first time, or whether he would stand tense and strained, with his thoughts merely on going, on getting to his destination? And when he does get to where he desires to go, then what? Stop? No, up and off again, ever onward, pushing, rushing!

What is it that seems to keep urging, goading, driving Americans on? Do we lead very restless, disrupted lives because we lack that certain sense of security necessary for stable living? Do we Americans, with all our eagerness for advancement, gain as much in the end from our so-called high degree of civilization as those

peoples who take life and its events as they come, instead of rushing to meet them?

How nice it would be to really be settled peacefully, restfully, to repose for, oh, just a few hours in a world of passive calmness. But it seems that in this day it is imperative to keep pace with the advancements of those who cannot rest. I, too, pick up my suitcase, buy a magazine, and hasten on with the many other Americans to catch a train, to gain my destination more quickly.

RABBLE TO ROYALTY

exposed, and his hind legs trailing limply behind him. So one day, after having eaten a big meal, he organized all his strength and gave a mighty spring. Before he realized it, there he was, rolling down the outside of the bowl—a free frog. The feminine members of his master's family were quite concerned about his absence, and each night before retiring they would look carefully between the sheets to be sure that Wiggles hadn't hopped into bed.

But that was really unnecessary, for Wiggles was out of the house and comfortably immersed in slimy mud at the bottom of a dripping rain spout. There he remained for several weeks, eating bugs and growing. His tail gradually shortened until it was completely absorbed, and his hind legs grew to be longer and more powerful levers of locomotion. Now he made short explorational trips around the garden, covering the ground in violent leaps. Then one day he returned no more to his habitat beneath the rain spout, for he had at last found his kingdom—a muddy pond in the city park.

Another year saw our hero a full-grown bullfrog. By virtue of his tremendous size, he had set himself up as undisputed king of the pond. His subjects had only to stare at his huge, solemn eyes, which protruded like headlamps of a car, and they would hop away croaking fearfully. Each day he demanded—and got—a living sacrifice among the smaller frogs; and sometimes, when they had grown just a bit beyond the required size, he had a difficult time shoving them down his throat with his front legs. A frog, you know, swallows his food whole; and one particular time a frog, which had not proved to be so dainty as our bullfrog expected, was cata-

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... a musician's allegory

Anonymous

A YOUNG man sat at his desk in a dimly lit room. He was a young composer, and as yet neither expected nor had achieved any great success. His style was unmolded.

By and by his eyelids grew heavy, his pen stopped moving, and soon his head was on the desk—he was asleep. A weird strain of music began to play in his dreaming mind. The music was not earthly; it seemed to be a glorious fusion of every melody, every harmony, and every rhythm he had ever heard. The whole realm seemed opened to him and the choice was his.

He listened intently, it seemed, for he heard Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Then he heard strains of jazz and of popular ballads; he heard the great voice of the people acclaiming its riotous rhythms and blasphemous melodies. They were salacious and enticing. He heard with dreaming indifference.

Away off in the distance he saw a figure approaching. She looked not unlike one of the fairies in grandmother's stories, with her wand and starry dress. As she drew near she spoke:

"I am the Muse of Music. I have touched you with my wand. You have talent and have only to go out into the world and make music for the delight of mankind. Choose your hearers wisely." She slowly disappeared.

Suddenly there arose before him a great glow of gold and fine clothes. Gradually they arranged themselves. As he watched a beautiful maiden took shape. "Who is she?" he wondered.

Voluptuously she stepped forward to him, with inviting eyes that marked sensuality. Her exquisite face was verged with beautiful golden waves, her neck was lithesome, her arms were outstretched to caress him. She wore a gown of dazzling gold. Her voice was languid as she said,

"Come and woo me, and I will make you rich. The voices you hear behind me shall be acclaiming you if you will but be my spouse. You have talent. Why wait for generations to be heard? You can speak to your own generation; they wait to pay you. Will you have me?" So saying, she turned and walked seductively away.

All now seemed to change: riches into want, languor into labor and sweat. Soon a third

woman appeared. She was equally beautiful, but her clothes were ragged and torn, and she was not the harlot the second one had been. Calm and silence accompanied her. Her voice was most pleasing, and she spoke in superb accent.

"Come and wed me; I can offer you no riches, nor wealth nor popular acclaim. You have talent; but perhaps you will wait generations to be heard. You will not be paid in money, but only in the satisfaction that you have struck a few chords on the eternal heart-strings of humankind. Labor to create shall be your lot, if you will but have **me**." So saying, she disappeared.

Then the great din of all music gradually grew louder again; rhythms, melodies, chords; great orchestras and jazz bands; opera singers and blues singers. But as he dreamed on, the raucous and inartistic, the profane and worthless, faded away. A great symphony remained
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MY CONVERSION

at what I saw took away a great part of my newly acquired religious set of mind. There in the aisle, held half upright by two Army men, was my brother, his sides shaking with laughter as he was being dragged up to the altar. The Army evidently thought that force was a legitimate substitute for conviction of mind. Some snickers ran through the gathering as my brother, with all the mischief that his ten years had had a chance to gather in, was deposited by my side.

"Pray for forgiveness," commanded the Army captain to him.

With pointblank refusal he giggled until he was weak; then, mustering up some strength, he spurted out of the tent. In utter humiliation I joined my fleeing brother.

Today, twelve years later, I am compelled to wonder at the paradoxical ways of fate. My brother is a church deacon, a choir singer, a substitute Sunday School teacher, a former vice-president of the Young People's League and a member of the church ushers' association. I, however, prefer to stay at home and play the piano on Sunday mornings.

... and poetry

Gladys Heibel's

... flotsam

I float, a fallen leaf,
 Along the crystal stream of you,
 Nosing your soft green mosses,
 Knowing the warmth and glitter
 Of your gravel bed in the sun,
 Idling in the cool recesses
 Of your immovable rocks,
 Gliding your silken ripples
 And your laughing rapids,
 Borne, ineffectual, toward unknown falls
 This is the soul of you—
 The shimmer of your fall's clear cape,
 Your foaming rush and whirl,
 Thunder and bruise;
 Into your depths I sink
 Slow and blinded and ecstatic,
 Brushing your firm stream bed,
 And rising in the current to your surface
 Out into the air and under the sky—
 Out in the steady flow again,
 Seeking your soft-shelved banks
 And waiting for the next clean precipice.

Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's

... the years

The years are gleaming golden coins,
 Kept in a purple velvet purse.
 In youth, seeming millionaires,
 We fling them heedlessly to the winds.
 Then we begin to bargain soberly with Life
 As with a huckster selling vegetables.
 Soon we clutch them with miserly hands,
 Fearing lest we decrease our store.
 Finally, bankruptcy comes,
 And the purse lies empty on the floor.

Ethel Cunningham's

... common things

There's something sweet in sharing common
 things,
 Like walking in the rain with someone dear.
 The rain seems to enfold and draws us near,
 Our two souls are as one that soars on wings.
 There is no need to talk, each hand that clings
 Unto the other, sends messages clear
 Of love and understanding that endear.
 I'm thankful for the sweetness that rain brings.

Eleanor Grubb's

... sea moods

To watch the sea on a white sand beach
 Between the sand-snipe's feet,
 To see it roll with a long wet reach
 And chase up the feathered fleet;
 To see the run of the wild, wild wave,
 And to feel the wind in your hair,
 To find in some rocky, black-stoned cave
 The frothy sea foam's lair;
 To hear the beat of the mad, mad sea,
 And hear the sea gull's scream
 As a storm springs out of the brilliant sea
 And covers the sun's gold gleam;
 To smell the sea in the thrashing air
 As the massive, hissing mane
 On unyielding rocks breaks clear and fair,
 And comes back to break again;
 Then to see it calm once more in the night
 With its restless, sullen roar,
 And to feel its raging passionate fight
 To take more and more and more;
 While always the land with its mighty hills
 Pushes back the rushing sea—
 To know the sea in all its moods
 Is to watch eternity.

... aunt agatha's pillow

CLARISSA ANN lay in the hammock and gloated. Life was indeed good. School had ended that day, but this was only a minor factor in her happiness. The real cause was the closing of Miss Priscilla Snerp's "Thursday Afternoon Sewing Class For Young Ladies" for the summer. No more snarled thread. No more pricked fingers. No more gentle reminders, "Put on your thimble," or "You **are** here to sew, Clarissa Ann, dear." Three glorious months of freedom. Such happiness was almost too great to be appreciated.

"Clarissa Ann, Clarissa Ann," came from the back porch.

The occupant of the hammock came back with a start. Could that be Mother, back from Barlow already?

Half an hour later the swing was again occupied, but this time by an indignant and rebellious Clarissa Ann. Mother had indeed returned from Barlow—and brought with her a horrible

green pillow to be embroidered as a herb pillow for Aunt Agatha. Aunt Agatha, of all people! Aunt Agatha, who criticized one's manners and made sweetly cutting remarks about girls who behaved like roughneck boys. The perfect little lady who had never done anything bad in her entire childhood! In fact, as far as Clarissa Ann could learn, she'd never done anything at all. In vain had Clarissa Ann threatened and cajoled. Mother had not been moved. And so glorious summer afternoons were to be spent on that most hateful of occupations, thought Clarissa Ann despairingly.

It was two months later. Clarissa Ann swung happily. After many mistakes, ripped out stitches, fruitless rebellion and angry tears, the hated pillow had been finished. That morning it had been dispatched to Aunt Agatha. Clarissa Ann had spent the previous morning gathering herbs to stuff it. Among these she had included a large quantity of goldenrod. Aunt Agatha suffered from hay fever.

Ethel Cunningham's

... peace at autumn twilight

I see the sun go down behind the hill
 Among the gold and crimson autumn trees.
 The blustery wind has died and all is still
 Save a squirrel who scurries in the leaves.
 I see fleecy white clouds have changed to
 shades
 Of rose and orange and gold and fiery red.
 The bright blue sky darkens as day fades
 Into night, and wild life prepares for bed.
 I see green fields have turned brown overnight
 And in other fields I see asters nod.
 Down in the vale, bonfires are burning bright—
 Their light seems to reflect in goldenrod.
 And as I gaze upon this lovely scene
 My weary soul is suddenly filled with peace.
 All earthly cares have gone, life is serene,
 At last my troubled heart has found release.
 It cannot be the fair October day
 That lulls my soul and brings such peace to me.
 It must be God, and as I kneel to pray
 I feel His presence in each flower and tree.

OUR GANG

work on exercises and running; and the night before the great event everyone went home before nine o'clock to get a good night's rest.

How well I remember some of the articles of clothing worn as track suits on those days. Everything from the contestant's own underwear to some he borrowed, or "snitched," from his older sister. But still, they were track suits, and the owners were just as proud of them as they would have been if they had been trimmed in gold.

The implements used for the meet were not regulation, but were just as improvised as the track suits. Nevertheless, they did serve the purpose. The starters used a cap pistol to start the races, and false alarms were more numerous than real starts. The shot for the shot-put was a round stone from a nearby pile, and several times confusion was created when our "shot" cracked into pieces from being tossed around. The greatest trouble, however, came in the high jump. In this event, it was necessary to have two fellows serve as standards and hold up a bamboo cross-bar which someone had obtained

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URSINUS

cost of which was only twenty cents. Incidentally, Calvin D. Yost was likewise an editor of the '91 **Commencement Herald**. Also in 1891 appeared the second **Decennial Catalog**, a record of the preceding ten years, and **The Laws of Ursinus College**, a collection of rules for the guidance of students. Speaking of rules, today we have a comparatively unregulated life as compared with Ursinus students at the end of the last century.

Attendance at daily chapel, Sunday church, and all other religious services was compulsory, unless a student was excused by his advisor. He had to report this attendance to his advisor not later than the Tuesday evening following each Sunday.

Laws concerning the residence of students were strict. Officers of the college visited the rooms of the undergraduates as often as they felt it expedient. Pupils had to be in their rooms between Chapel and noon, 1:30 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and 7 and 9:30 o'clock in the evening, because these periods were regarded as study hours. If not in their rooms at these times, they had to be in the classrooms, library, laboratories, or traveling to or from these places. There was a common study-hall composed of day students, and resident students who were not orderly and studious in their rooms.

Athletics at Ursinus were sadly neglected during the first quarter-century of its history. No gymnasium existed, necessitating the absence of winter sports. The only intercollegiate competition held in 1891 was baseball. Walter Bomberger captained the team, which finished the season with six wins and six losses. They conquered Hill School, Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., Keystone, West Chester, Collegeville, and the J. B. Stetson Union Club, but lost to Rutgers, Lehigh, Chambersburg (twice), Dickinson, and Norristown. Their batting power was strong, but they had poor base running and seemed erratic in play. Losses were generally blamed on the miserable judgment of the umpire.

In addition to baseball, Field Day sports were held during Commencement week. There were four tennis courts on campus, but a person had to become a member of the Tennis Club in order to play on the courts. And in 1891 the sophomores and freshmen were required to exercise two hours a week, and the seniors and juniors one hour a week.

On Sunday, February 15, the Trinity Reformed Church reopened, after renovations and im-

provements had been made, one of which was a stained glass window presented by the students and faculty of Ursinus in memory of their late president.

Commencement week was observed from June 21 to 25. This class of sixteen, the largest ever to graduate, also was the last one to graduate from a tent erected on the campus. We might add briefly that Calvin D. Yost was valedictorian.

Hallowe'en in November was observed by the boys in a good old-fashioned style. The usual customs, costumes, and pranks prevailed. In December the freshmen conducted a pow-wow celebrating the termination of their subjection. "A solemn procession of freshmen wrapped in sheets, wearing steeple hats, and marching to the music of a fife and tin pan, moved across the campus and down the street. Arriving at their destination they liberally applied coal oil to one of 'the original johns', and flames took hold of it."

During this year of 1891, \$42,800 had been raised for Bomberger, \$6,000 for the Alumni Fund, and \$4,285 for general purposes. Added together, this was a record entirely unprecedented in the history of the Reformed Church in the United States. In the ten years from 1881 to 1891 the college had a total attendance of 635 students. In the twenty years preceding the college conferred twenty-two honorary D.D. degrees, two LL.D. degrees, three Ph.D. degrees, and twelve A.M. degrees.

This reminder which was given to the students of Ursinus fifty years ago is just as appropriate today, "Choose good associates, watch the bulletin boards, and do not forget your old homes."

RABBLE TO ROYALTY

pulted out into the air, and still lives to tell the story. The frogs were his "piece de resistance"; but there were also flying insects which he could catch with his quick-darting forked tongue.

The bullfrog reveled in this luxury. When he was not eating, but only drowsing in the hot sun, he resembled a small bellows. Each time he breathed, his sides expanded until the soft mottled skin was stretched taut, and then as they contracted he emitted slight guttural sounds. Perhaps he was dreaming of frog paradise, where he could wallow in mud perpetually and have his food walk up to him to be eaten.

But even frogs have their adversities; and in time the sun, which he had worshipped, became

his enemy. Gradually the pond dried up, and everything turned dry and thirsty-looking. Each day king bullfrog had to burrow deeper and deeper beneath the dry crust of earth to find a bit of moisture which he could absorb through his skin. The arrival of the cold months only aggravated conditions, but as it is customary for frogs to hibernate during Winter he just remained at the bottom of the pond.

At last Spring came, bringing the rains, and our frog awoke from his long nap. With all the power accumulated from months of sleep, he gave forth a grunting cry which echoed through the park. A strange new feeling was stirring in him. It was mating season, and our "froggie would a wooing go." He and his lady-love settled down in a secluded portion of the pond, and soon there were hundreds of tiny eggs in gelatinous masses. A new generation had been born.

In true Horatio Alger fashion, our bullfrog had risen from the rank of an insignificant tadpole on the other side of the tracks to the uncontested position of king frog in the city park. Unfortunately, however, we can't say that he lived happily ever after. Having eaten so many frogs and insects during his life, it seemed only Nemesis that he, in his turn, should be eaten. And undoubtedly he brought a high price in Lannutti's market. But such an ignominious death for bullfrog royalty!

"SO YOU WANT TO BE AN EDITOR"

are long, printed strips of paper. One set is to be proof-read for errors in typesetting and punctuation, and the other to be cut to size and pasted into a "dummy," which is an exact replica of the final issue. The conscientious editor immediately mails the "dummy" to the printer. It is here that a daring young editor should innovate the custom of honeymooning or at least travelling while the printer gnaws his nails in anxiety and the presses stand idle. However, the ordinary, conventional young man or woman gets his "dummy" ready on time.

Unless he is a very conscientious man, the editor's work is done. The agony of waiting for the copies, which are already late because of the printer's vacation, is usually felt only by the business manager. Who is the business manager? If he is a good business manager and honestly tries to secure advertisers and to sell

copies, he is the man behind the editor's throne. If he is not good, there is no throne behind which he may be, no advertisers, no subscriptions, no magazine, no editor, and consequently no business manager. He loses his identity in the downfall.

When the copies arrive, clean and new and pure, they are distributed by the business manager and his staff. The editor feels like an inventor, a poet, an artist, who, after long days of toil, finally sees his creation complete and perfect and defying criticisms or improvement. The editor is among the first to receive copies. He gazes at the cover, noting that the linoleum block is slightly smeared. But he smiles beautifully, for he is a forgiving man. Nothing so small can mar his joy in the hour of triumph. He opens, it, trembling, and sees his name at the top of the page. This is the first time he has seen it in print, and suddenly he feels humbled in the face of such awe-inspiring publicity. But alas and alack! What is this?—three titles misspelled. The readers will think him a jackass. He is horrified. He reads further. The cross grows unbearable as he notices mistake after mistake. Some editors have been driven to resigning their positions just because of columns misplaced or printed upside down.

If you are an under-classman and aspire to a glorious editorship, remember the editor's triumphs and tribulations. "All that glitters . . ."

MUSICIAN'S ALLEGORY

and a great opera, an oratorio and a string quartette; Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, and all the host of those who had trod before but still lived on, passed by—those who have eternal life.

Then arose once again the poorly clad woman whom he had seen last. He had chosen. She would be the true and faithful wife, the slow but sure, the one who could truly love. Slowly she approached him. Finally he stepped forth, and arm in arm they neared the Muse of Music, who stood with her arms outstretched as if blessing their marriage.

"Son, you have chosen wisely," said the Muse. "Together you two shall speak in eternal truths to the whole world forever, and labor and satisfaction shall be your only reward."

Then he awoke and tore up the sheet of manuscript before him and began a new sheet.

INITIATIONS

say; but it is true in many cases, I assure you, although many freshmen are hardened individuals, and one cannot tell how long it is until these students develop a love for the school. For the sake of those who find it hard to adjust themselves to their new life I suggest that the efforts of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations and the student government organizations be not thwarted by the ignorance and thoughtlessness of a handful of people attempting to initiate the freshmen.

Instead of rotten tomatoes, paddles, and errand duty I should use on the freshmen kindness, consideration, and fun. Instead of isolating the freshmen on the grandstands from their seldom-seen families at a football game I should like to see them mingle and have the parents learn how welcome they are to visit the college that their sons or daughters have taken to heart. Instead of more freshman duties I should have more freshman privileges—I feel that the college is on trial, as the students do not have to stay. In short, the idea that I am expounding involves a complete transformation of the freshman initiation at institutions like Ursinus into a program of interest and guidance which retains only the same, traditional customs for freshmen. I think that having happier freshmen will result in there being more constructive activities during a trying time. Without fear and suppression I feel certain that class work and extra-curricular activities would be more successful than otherwise.

Perhaps the situation isn't so bad as I have an idea it is; perhaps I am sensitive myself, or too tender-hearted; in any event, I have explained how I have come to feel that the initiation of college freshman does some harm when it should be doing all good. I may be wrong. I hope I am.

MISTY

fingers. He held his breath as a knife came near. "I'm going to be picked, I'm going to be picked," sang his heart. He shut his eyes and snip! Slowly he opened his eyes — Toto was gone. Disappointment surged over him for a moment, but hope returned as the gathering continued. Hope rose and fell again and again, and then the men went away in the sleighs in which they had come. Misty was all alone; every other sprig was gone.

"Never mind," soothed the oak, "next year you'll be a big sprig and prettier, too. The men just decided to let you grow. And think how lonely I would be without you. There, there, it's all right."

But the words of the kind, old oak were in vain. Misty was broken-hearted. He did not realize that just by being mistletoe he was a Christmas decoration no matter where he was, and that at that very moment he was adorning the oak very effectively.

Slowly the days passed and he looked greener and prettier than ever, even though he felt as gray and dull as the sky overhead. Christmas day dawned as he sat disconsolate on the limb. Even Jack Frost could not cheer him. The hours passed slowly and nothing broke the silence, intensified by falling snow. Suddenly laughter rang on the brittle air and Misty spied a boy and girl running down the hill. As they reached the oak the boy caught the little girl and they tumbled in the snow. "You're my girl and you promised to kiss me," cried Billy.

"No, I didn't!" said Betty Lou, "And no fair stealing one 'cause there's no mistletoe on the tree."

"But you'll go to the party with me?"

"Yes."

Misty was excited. No mistletoe on the tree? The oak heard it, too, and bent his branches low until Misty hung directly over Betty Lou's head.

Billy spied him and then . . .

"Why, Billy Jackson, you're no fair!"

"Yes, I am—see?" and Betty Lou saw. She plucked the mistletoe and ran away, holding it fast. She took Misty home, hung him carefully over her mirror and whispered, "You bad dear mistletoe!" Misty was very happy.

OUR GANG

in a new rug. Very often, the high jump event would end in a grand mess, because it was a well-known practice to hold the stick a little higher for the fellow you wanted to miss than for your best friend. Perhaps that was the reason why the high jumping event was soon placed at the end of the list of events.

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