



5-1940

The Lantern Vol. 8, No. 3, May 1940

Robert C. Yoh
Ursinus College

Virginia Shoffner
Ursinus College


Joseph G. Dubuque
Ursinus College

Dorothy Kinsey Shisler
Ursinus College

Paul Morris
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Yoh, Robert C.; Shoffner, Virginia; Dubuque, Joseph G.; Shisler, Dorothy Kinsey; Morris, Paul; Green, Valerie H.; Huber, Evelyn; Miller, Franklyn; Hydren, Esther; Heibel, Gladys; Haughton, Georgine; and Smith, Winfield S., "The Lantern Vol. 8, No. 3, May 1940" (1940). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 19.
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/19>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.

Authors

Robert C. Yoh, Virginia Shoffner, Joseph G. Dubuque, Dorothy Kinsey Shisler, Paul Morris, Valerie H. Green, Evelyn Huber, Franklyn Miller, Esther Hydren, Gladys Heibel, Georgine Haughton, and Winfield S. Smith



M
A
Y

I
9
4
0

THE LANTERN



For the Merry Month of May
MISS ELAINE SHEPARD
New York and Hollywood's celebrated
model in Chesterfield's Sundial dress

Chesterfield

THE CIGARETTE OF THE HOUR

Today more than ever, smokers are turning to Chesterfield's skillful blend of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. Now is the time for you to light up and enjoy a Chesterfield... they're **COOLER SMOKING, BETTER-TASTING AND DEFINITELY MILDER.**

You can't buy a better cigarette



New to Old

To the man who rated all the superlative reviews the new Editor can say little. Ken Snyder is so much a part of the LANTERN and the campus that he will not leave for years, although he graduates in June. We enjoyed our work together and appreciated all the helpful suggestions. Now we say, lots of luck, Ken. The LANTERN is proud to remember you.

Sincerely,

HARRY SHOWALTER



THE LANTERN PRESENTS

FREELAND	- - - - -	Cover
	WINFIELD SMITH	
BOARD OF EDITORS	- - - - -	Page 2
EDITORIAL	- - - - -	Page 2
AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS	- - - - -	Page 3
SONNET FOR THESE DAYS	- - - - -	Page 4
	ROBERT C. YOH	
PEACE BE WITH YOU	- - - - -	Page 4
	VIRGINIA SHOFFNER	
CREATIVE CITIZENSHIP	- - - - -	Page 5
	JOSEPH DUBUQUE	
TONY SOLVES AN ICHTHYOLOGICAL PROBLEM	- - - - -	Page 6
	DOROTHY SHISLER	
TIPPY TIN	- - - - -	Page 7
	PAUL MORRIS	
A SURGEON PAINTS	- - - - -	Page 8
	VALERIE GREEN	
THOUGHTS	- - - - -	Page 8
	VALERIE GREEN	
STANDING AT EASE	- - - - -	Page 9
	EVELYN HUBER	
NATURE'S MISTAKE	- - - - -	Page 10
	FRANKLYN MILLER	
TOMORROW	- - - - -	Page 11
	EVELYN HUBER	
THIS IS ENOUGH	- - - - -	Page 11
	EVELYN HUBER	
I BUILT A SHRINE TO LOVE	- - - - -	Page 13
	ESTHER HYDREN	
INTEGER	- - - - -	Page 15
	GLADYS HEIBEL	
I LOOK FOR HER	- - - - -	Page 15
	GEORGINE HAUGHTON	



BOARD OF EDITORS

EDITOR

HARRY L. SHOWALTER, JR.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARY HYDE
WINFIELD SMITH

NADINE STURGES
GLADYS HEIBEL

JOSEPH CHAPLINE
NADINE STURGES

CAROL SWARTLEY
FRANK HYATT

BUSINESS MANAGERS

ROBERT NULL

EVA JUNE SMITH

ROY HEYEN

FACULTY ADVISERS

FRANKLIN I. SHEEDER

MARTIN W. WITMER

CALVIN D. YOST, JR.

THE LANTERN is published three times during the college year at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania
Subscriptions, 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents. By mail, one dollar per year.

Editorial

ONCE again a revised and partly new staff takes control of this magazine. We are all fully aware of the fine job done by the outgoing Editor and Staff. Many changes and additions they made in the LANTERN will undoubtedly be continued. It is only just and proper, then, that we should offer them sincere congratulations on the precedent they have set for us.

After that we take over. But we do not assume our duties with any illusions. To make this magazine interesting and salable to the Ursinus student body is no easy job. Well written and carefully edited issues have been none too well received in the past. We think we know why, but we do not choose to compromise with the reason.

The LANTERN will never be a "Punch Bowl" nor a "Froth". It could be of course; and, if it were, Editor and Staff would have a much easier task, with talent much more readily available. But the LANTERN is not that kind of a magazine, and we have no desire to make it one.

Somewhere in the archives is a constitution, the preamble of which states, "In order to provide for the students of Ursinus College a medium of literary expression, the Faculty ordains the establishment of a literary journal which shall be published by an Executive Council under the style

and title of the LANTERN." This is not a high-sounding resolve. It is not one too lofty for college men and women to accept. And it does not so hamper our desires in editing this magazine that we wish to have it changed. We can and will give you a chance to express yourselves in a "literary journal" called the LANTERN. But we hope it will be a different LANTERN and a different student response.

In scanning the contents of this issue you notice that a literary journal can have variety. It can have fine examples of well written discourse. It can have an artistic layout. And it can have interest and appeal for most of us. If we could not give you this blending of variety, artistry, and literary style there would be little pleasure in editing this magazine. But we can do this if you are willing to contribute your own work and your own reader interest to our effort.

Students at Ursinus are an intimate, friendly lot. They exchange advice and opinions very freely. We have no desire to bring to such a group a magazine that is foreign to this traditional Ursinus spirit. We have striven to make this issue acceptable to your reasonable demands. If we have failed, tell us about it. In as full a degree as any other on the Campus, the LANTERN is your publication.

Among Our Contributors

We would like to thank **Robert Yoh** for his frequent, consistently good writings submitted during his four years, and for his work on the LANTERN staff during his last two years. Gladly, we offer you his *Sonnet For These Days*, because we like it, but sadly, because commencement will soon snatch him from us. In the future, we shall be watching for his poems and essays in greater publications than this one.

It is appropriate that three of **Evelyn Huber's** writings should appear in this, her last issue of the LANTERN, for during her four years we have proudly presented her excellent poetry and poetic essays and short stories. By all means, read her poems, *Tomorrow*, and *This is Enough*, and her familiar essay, *Standing at Ease*, for Evelyn has a way of expressing thoughts which we less artistic ones have tried in vain to express.

We remember **Valerie Green's** delightful essay, *Camera-Phobia*, of our issue of December, 1939. Last year her *Commencement Sonnet* appeared in the LANTERN, and two more of her poems are in this, the issue of her own commencement. Valerie always brings us a new idea, presented from an unpredictable, often startling point of view. Read *A Surgeon Paints*, and *Thoughts*, and see if you do not agree.

The rollicking conversation of **Dorothy Shisler's** *Cappie* stories, and her unusual poetry, have been in our pages often since her freshman year. Now she tells us how *Tony Solves an Ichthyological Problem*, and we hope that next year, as president of the Manuscript Group, she will introduce new authors and poets to the LANTERN, as well as continuing to contribute her own delightful writings.

Gladys Heibel writes much good poetry, as the Manuscript Group can testify. A fine sample

is *Integer*, in this issue, and we hope to present more of her work in the future, for, since she entered Ursinus at "Mid-years", about seventeen months ago, she has proved herself a loyal contributor.

Georgine Haughton, an English Group Junior, has written for the LANTERN before, and now we gladly print her poem, *I Look For Her*, and we extend to her the wish that she will continue to contribute in the future.

Esther Hydren has graced our pages in the past with her poetry and stories. Once again she appears with her poem, *I Built A Shrine To Love*, and we are looking forward to printing more of her writings next year, which will be her last at Ursinus.

Joseph Dubuque, whose prize-winning speeches have brought him fame in the debating world, has "burst into print" in other campus publications. Now he comes to us with his essay, *Creative Citizenship*, which arouses our interest, and makes us think.

Paul Morris, a junior of the "History-Sosh" group, introduces himself to the LANTERN with his story, *Tippy Tin*. This cleverly written familiar essay makes us hope that Paul will reveal more of his writing ability in the magazine next year.

Virginia Shoffner presents the beautiful thought, *Peace Be With You*, in a poem that comes as a calming suggestion; most needed in these troubled times.

Franklyn Miller knows what he is talking about when he tells of *Nature's Mistake*, in an amusing essay, for he is a "Chem-Bi" sophomore. We always like to greet new writers in the LANTERN, and we hope he returns to our pages frequently during his remaining years.



EVELYN HUBER



ROBERT YOH

Sonnet for These Days

ROBERT C. YOH

The Roman gods of old are not yet dead,
Nor will they die for many years to come,
For, though the Christian God rules in their stead,
The dripping lips of Bacchus are not dumb,
And Mars, cold-blooded, hateful, warring Mars
Joins with him in the lustful call of strife
And woe. Up to the region of the stars
Their shrieking cry screams out against all life,
Against all good, all lovely worthwhile things,
And life becomes one constant pain and fear;
Until, at last, there comes the beat of wings
And God's good angels bring the word of cheer,
And sing that Roman gods have fought in vain,
And all the world is peace and calm again!



Peace Be With You

VIRGINIA SHOFFNER

In the morning when thou wakest
Let the prayer upon thy lips be "Peace."
Pray God for peace with every grace
Thou sayest above thy daily bread.
Let all thy work within the day
Be but one silent plea that war may cease.
In the evening keep thy thoughts on peace
And let that be the wish with which
Thou seekest sleep.
So shall peace come within thine heart
And to the world.
Men cannot hate whose every breath
Is prayer.

Creative Citizenship

JOSEPH DUBUQUE

IF I were to ask each one of you, "Who is the true patriot?" I should in all probability receive as many different answers as there are people in chapel every weekday morning. To the majority of us, the concept of the man who is a destroyer of government is much more clear and definite than the concept of the man who is a builder of government. The words, Bolshevik, Anarchist, Pacifist, Communist, Red, slip off our tongues so easily that many of us imagine that we have defined the patriot.

Back of this confusion lies the theory that the American government was created in 1789, and that, therefore, the duty of every patriotic citizen is to preserve that which was created. So thoroughly have we adopted this theory that many of us seem to be unaware that a nation, like history, is in a constant state of growth. America never was created. America is being created. And to the citizens of this country come the opportunity and the responsibility for keeping this creative process in motion. We inherit a nation which is the creative work of our fathers. But we pass on to our posterity a nation which is our creative work. It is shaped and determined by our thought and our ideals.

Define the true patriot as the creative citizen, and the question "Who is the true patriot?" becomes not the subject for a corner grocery discussion or the topic for a Fourth of July oration, but a challenge which you and I must answer in some way. We may answer it by applauding while some one else attempts to carry a double load of creative work, his own and ours. Or we can answer it by taking off our own coats to the job of building this nation.

What must we do in order to stamp ourselves as creative citizens? Unless we can answer that question successfully, American history is a closed book.

We become creative for the first time when we regard our citizenship, not as a gift, but as an attainment. The man who carelessly accepts his citizenship as a gift is not an unfamiliar figure to any of us. He is one of the fifty per cent of the qualified voters who failed to go to the polls at the last election. He is the man who expects Congress to represent the thought of the people, but he, himself, refuses to think unless the problem

touches his own pocketbook. He is the man who expects that the President and Congress shall understand what the people are thinking about, but he takes no part in creating an intelligent public sentiment concerning law enforcement. The Constitution has conferred upon him the title of Citizen, and he is satisfied. But if somehow in our thinking, we could amend our Constitution so that citizenship were something conferred upon a man, not because he was born, but because he did something to deserve it after he was born, there would be far greater vitality in our patriotism.

It has often been said that the foreigner who becomes naturalized makes a much more responsible unit of government than the average natural-born citizen. This may be an exaggeration, but it would not be surprising, would it, if it were true? To the foreigner, citizenship is held up as a goal—something to be attained only after he has proved that he can obey law, and make himself a useful and a constructive member of society. If the same test were placed before each one of us here in college how many of us would be considered citizens? There is no law of the state which can force us to measure up the same standards of citizenship that we require of the foreigner. But there ought to be a moral law of our being which forbids us to accept the privileges of citizenship unless we are willing to pay the price of citizenship—participation in the process of government. Democracy is not a gift from the past. It is an attainment of the present. We, citizens of 1940, live in just the kind of a Democracy that we ourselves have created.

Again, we qualify for creative citizenship when we put the emphasis in our thought and activity upon that history which lies ahead rather than upon that history which lies behind. Nations are not built by men and women who spend their time in admiring the past. If such is our attitude we are like workmen who sit down on top of a wall half completed, kick their heels over the edge and say: "What a fine building we have erected!"

The works of Washington, of Lincoln, will stand as mighty memorials to their vision. But unless you and I do more than admire those foundations they have laid, unless we build upon them,

(Continued on page 12)

Tony Solves an Ichthyological Problem

DOROTHY SHISLER

ALTHOUGH Uncle Hilary was away, the party eventually broke up. Fortunately Carlos had asked me to stay overnight, so I merely (!) had to climb the steps and totter into the assigned guest room.

I had somewhat laboriously undressed, sat down on the bed, and inserted my right foot into my bedroom slipper. I withdrew it with a speed I had not exhibited since my imitation of Sonja Henie at the party. Instead of the expected fuzzy warmth, my toes had encountered something damp and chill.

After pondering a moment, I decided that the situation warranted an investigation. Upon bending over to pick up the slipper, I sustained a rather nasty bump on the forehead. Shaken, but undaunted, I sat on the floor and resolutely shook the blasted slipper.

Out plopped a goldfish which, upon examination, proved to be quite dead. Out of the left slipper fell another goldfish, equally dead.

After several unsuccessful trials, I managed to stand up, meanwhile maintaining a firm grip on the two corpses. I strode into the hall and ceremoniously deposited them, one by one, over the bannister. Then I crawled wearily into bed, musing upon the cruelty of the fate that had sent those two animals into my slippers to expire.

As I stretched luxuriously, my toes felt something cold and hard. With great effort I reached down and removed the offending object. Icy water drenched my feet and the adjacent area of bed, while my hand emerged holding a dripping bottle. Never have such indignities been heaped upon my long-suffering feet.

The gold-fish incident had unnerved me more than I realized. I was unable to cope with this new crisis. And when, a second later, I heard firm footsteps in the hall and a hand upon the knob, I simply pulled the covers over my head and silently awaited whatever gruesome prank fate had in store.

"Oh, no, no," a female voice said. "You need air." A determined female hand pulled down the covers.

"Why, Tony, how odd! Gaffney told me one of the maids was ill, so I came over to see what I could do."

I looked up without enthusiasm at Daphne Hefflington-Stoopnestor. Being the daughter of a bosom pal of Unkie's, she had been automatically included in the party.

"This is my room, and I'm not one of the maids," I told her, neatly concluding the conversation, as I fondly supposed. "Goodnight."

She sat down chummily on the bed.

"Tony," she began in tones of playful reproof, "didn't you get enough to drink at the party?"

I realized that I was still holding the bottle.

I was not so much embarrassed as hurt, deeply hurt, to think that anyone could suspect my motives in connection with that accursed bottle. I simply disdained to explain.

"Listen, Daffy, old thing," I said, "this is neither the time nor the place for mixed conversation."

"Don't evade the question."

"Please go away," I pleaded.

"But, Tony—" she was beginning.

Something she had said before was simmering around in my subconscious. Now it burst violently to the fore.

"Gaffney!" I yelled. "Of course. That insufferable little worm is at the bottom of all this." Gaffney and I had never been pals since the time I had protested rather strongly at his tying knots in my shoe-strings, although he assured me that he merely wanted to save me the trouble of tying the strings after I put on my shoes. I considered the excuse inadequate, even if it was supposed to be his good deed for the day.

Anyway, I brandished the bottle so furiously that Daphne disappeared with remarkable speed. But the furious bottle-brandishing exhausted me. I sank back upon the pillow.

"Oh, well," I sighed. "I can get him tomorrow. I won't disturb him now."

A mightier will than mine closed my eyelids and lulled me to the popped regions.

However, the next morning Gaffney, as was his wont, arose earlier than any other member of the household. Tripping lightly down the stairs, he skidded upon one of the fish I had so providentially dropped, and was injured so that he had to refrain from sitting down for the rest of the day.

Sometimes fate is most satisfyingly kind.

Tippy Tin

PAUL L. MORRIS

BEFORE college days, I had been an easy mark for ambitious auto salesmen. All that, however, changed during my freshman year when I passed through the valley of learning and drank from the well of knowledge. So greatly had my mental abilities seemed to increase that I considered myself pretty well prepared to cope with any kind of a purchasing problem which might present itself. In fact, I really thought that thereafter it was a salesman's responsibility to look out for himself—which I later found him quite able to do.

Thus armed with an amazing confidence, I set out to purchase an auto. At length, after having examined many used-car lots, I came upon the vehicle which I wanted. It was a high thing that had the ear marks of a Buick. To say the least, it was antiquated—dreadfully so, I fear. The salesman openly confessed the vehicle had been on the road at least by 1924. Well, love is blind, and I was in love with that contraption of bolts and steel. So I popped the question, "How much?"

The salesman pounced and before I realized what had happened, the car was mine—"to honor and defend . . . in sickness and in health."

The first of the many problems which arose after our union was a change of name. My previous auto had been named "Ichabod"; but that had been an Oldsmobile and this was a Buick, so I could hardly call it "Ichabod II". For fear of offending someone I was almost tempted to give the Buick a neutral name, such as "The City of Pottstown" or "The Collegeville-Pottstown Limited." Fate took a hand, however, and the name came automatically. When traveling in the upper speed bracket (forty to forty-five) the car had a sickening habit of swaying at precarious and breath-taking angles. So I called it "Tippy". Then there were certain people, mostly friends, who rode in the auto and passed upon it a brief but profound judgment—"tin". My intellect was too honest to disagree with them. Recalling the popular song of a few years back, I combined the name and the judgment into "Tippy Tin".

Tippy Tin and I shared many harrowing experiences. One afternoon I loaded up the scout troop for a cruise around the countryside to observe storm damages. Scouts are noted for their remarkable achievements, and I think it was no

mean one when fourteen of them mobilized in Tippy's regulation passenger quarters. Well-balanced, we churned our way down a muddy road until across our path gushed a torrential flood-swollen ford. Here was Tippy's A No. 1 chance to show his stuff, so I steered him, full throttle ahead, into the foaming chocolate. Then came the splash. Oh, what a splash!

After enough mud and water had drained from the windows to admit daylight, we observed that we were marooned, with the rear wheels sinking rapidly in the mud under the angrily lapping flood waters. The engine, as might be expected, failed to run; and this caused all kinds of suggestions for our salvation. Some scouts thought Tippy must be suffering from water-in-the-gas-tank. Others wanted to abandon the contraption before it was swept downstream and out to sea. But one able scout, mechanically minded, soon located the trouble; and with sweating brows we prayed as we oozed away from our perilous mooring.

A few weeks after this incident, Tippy Tin and I headed for New Hope, Pennsylvania. Tippy made remarkable progress at first, but soon he slowed up. Had he been a horse, I'd have said he was out of breath, but this mysterious slackening of pace baffled me. Pulling up before a pretty little bungalow, Tippy stopped of his own accord amidst voluminous clouds of black smoke billowing from every crack. Judging by those symptoms, she certainly didn't have any horse ailments. I opened the hood, not knowing whether I'd be engulfed in a mass of roaring flames or rocketed onto the bungalow roof; but fortunately neither thing happened. I couldn't even see a flame, so I just "let 'er smoke!" With a drink of water and a moment to cool off, Tippy carried me on to New Hope.

My next experience was not so lucky. Battling through a blizzard one night, I became painfully aware that poor Tippy Tin was floundering badly. Whatever the trouble a-brewin', I was sure I'd be fortunate indeed if Tippy ever reached home that night. It was impossible, for some absurd reason, to run in high gear, so I shifted into second and kept lurching. Soon steam, stench, and smoke came pouring back from the cowl and up from the floor boards. Rather than perish, I opened the windows; then, like Columbus, I chug-

(Continued on page 12)

A Surgeon Paints

VALERIE H. GREEN

Puffballs of cotton dipped in blood
Are the clouds of evening sunset in the spring,
Pulsing embers of the dying will-to-live
The rays of setting sun.
The charring hell of helplessness, despair,
Silhouette the landscape;
White jagged lines of pain join earth and sky.
Each daub of paint is human agony,
Each line a scalpel's edge in quivering flesh.

Thoughts

VALERIE H. GREEN

The stars tonight
Are sharp bright daggers
Traveling through space,
Cutting through the aura of the earth,
Tearing through the cold black shroud
Of winter night,
Shearing their way,
Clear foils of other worlds,
To penetrate the consciousness of man.

Standing at Ease

EVELYN HUBER

IN a world struggling to earn its daily bread and to right itself, the anxiety and uncertainty of the moment cause distress. But whether or not the world shows an unhappy aspect, at some time or other, every one of us stands at ease, even with awe and amazement; we find that Care may become a jester or vagabond on occasion, a poet, a melancholy Jacques or a brooding Hamlet, and it is then that life opens its pages and reads itself to our eagerly listening ears, to our search-eyes and minds. Humor leaps out of the arms of Lycidas; and Melancholy, banished, sneaks like a thief upon the heels of skipping Allegro. In one's study, solitude becomes a philosopher and friend; here Humor plays tag in the confines of desk and table drawers, where papers and notes are a miscellaneous and intriguing mass of doodling and memories; here Poetry looks in through our curtained windows and whispers of timeless mystery and romance, and of the infinite musics of the universe. No longer does Care drape himself in the shrouds of the grave, nor does he sit weeping and lamenting like a sentimental Lydia over what was, and is, and is to be. Instead, he strides in through our open door and slaps us on the back, and with a gusto and Mercutian wit, announces himself as "not such a bad fellow after all."

With Care once given admittance as a transitory guest, less ill-humored than his reputation would make him out, we see a torch flung like a comet across the heavens from which streams the light of happiness into our chambers. We look out of our windows and the light steps imagination and solitude in a symphony of exquisite sound. Day-dreaming becomes a loveliness and we transport ourselves into a land of idyllic existences; the spirit of adolescence, no matter how old we be, builds for us a tower of fame and fortune, and we walk the streets of an immortal Dreamthorpe.

But the every-day world brings us back to realities, to realities that are, in themselves, beautiful dreams. Standing at ease, we become vagabonds with life, hearing the voice of every human heart, knowing, loving, forgiving all these, even as we would be known, loved, and forgiven. We look upon the sunlight and the shadows that fill the world's every nook and corner; we see the light where darkness breeds, where the darkness *glooms* in contrast; we attempt to lift the shackles

from our own meager minds by bargaining away our souls with eternity in exchange for the chance of hearing and seeing beauty and of holding the pearls of reality in our hands even for the briefest of moments . . .

This morning the sunlight streamed into my study window. Its warm light fell upon my bookcase and strayed across my desk. The curtains made lacy patterns on my table top and across the floor. The room was bathed in a sunlight and warmth that brought to me the pearls of reality and emptied them into my lap. They were pearls of varying sizes and I held them in my open palm and gazed at them with the eyes of the sentimentalist who knows he is sentimental. They were beautiful, these satin-cloaked pearls. The largest were those that brought the figure of sublimity into my room and told of the grand, the mysterious, the great elemental passions, the rhapsodies, the all but too exquisite loveliness of the world. Milton leaped from my book-shelf and said, "I am here; dine with me on gold plates in the company of kings." Dante stepped forth with Vergil and led me into Purgatory where the darkness stained the face of Beauty with the "white radiance of eternity." I saw Wordsworth's "heart leap up" and Shelley's skylark soaring. De Quincey played his rich opium music to my ears and blended his magic rhythms to the strangely complex tones of "Kubla Khan." Chopin wove the mystery of life into the preludes of the soul. Life itself became a phantasmagoria of brilliant sounds and colors where all the sunrises were Shakespearian, the sunsets scarlet visions in the "land of the midnight sun," and the nights were sensuous spots of subtle moonlight shadowings and Oriental frankincense.

But mixing with these sublimely lustrous pearls were smaller ones that belong to the thought world of "Elia" and to the world of our own "good, gray poet." Faces of comrades, the recollection of friendly stay-up-all-night sessions, the little "nameless, unremembered acts," the leisurely ramblings along the countryside, the idle happy moments were the voice of these pearls. A century ago Ayrshire tumbled such pearls into the lap of Robert Burns with the odor of the Highland daisies and the fragrance of Scottish heather falling about them. These are the pearls that bring

(Continued on page 14)

Nature's Mistake

FRANKLYN D. MILLER

YOU know, a cow is a funny animal. For some unknown reason nature has seen fit to make it the most ungainly of all living things. Let me tell you about a cow, and just see if you, too, don't think it is a funny animal. I don't mean queer, either, although it is that. I mean actually funny. If you approach a cow from the side, your first impression is that you are about to run into a barn. But let's look at the front end for a moment.

The first thing you notice, upon gazing at the anterior extremities, is a pair of gigantic holes in the extreme front portion of the female bovine's cranial anatomy. Some people call it a snout, others a pair of nostrils; let it suffice here to call it a nose. These two pits of black vacancy look for all the world like the entrances to twin Stygian caves, black and ominous. Ah, but wait. Bossie is opening those huge jaws—they look like a huge vise opening—and we see a "gleaming" row of teeth in the inferior maxillary. "Gleaming", with the green of the grass of which she is partaking so freely, and as yellow as old gold. Suddenly, a long prehensile tongue shoots out from her oral orifice, wraps itself about the choicest morsels of tender green leaves and draws them in, whence they plummet into the abysmal depths of her enormous oesophagus. Later she will eject them from this first stomach and, with jaws working rhythmically, will enjoy her "cud". Then, we notice two dirty yellow horns—bony protuberances jutting up from a skull that should be large enough to house the brains of a genius, but doesn't. The blackened ends of the horns are embedded in two knoblike protuberances on the apex of Bossie's cranium. On either side a large ear flaps gracefully. But what ears! They look more like the sails of a clipper ship set to catch the slightest breath of wind. Insofar as its shape is concerned, her head looks like a crudely hewn block of marble—something a second rate sculptor started and left unfinished in disgust. And then, we notice her eyes. Such an incongruity! These eyes were never meant for a cow! Two large brown orbs that reflect all the heartbreak and misery in the world. Soft, pleading eyes. How, in the name of Heaven, did they ever get into a cow? Our Bossie is formed from the leftovers of other, better animals, what with her head being a cross between a horse and a bull-

dog and a dash of the jackass thrown in for good measure.

But that isn't all! We return once more to our barn. I think the best way to describe Bossie's posterior, with its numerous appendages, is to visualize a bean-pole (and a very crooked one at that) to which barrel staves have been tacked and over which a deer skin has been loosely stretched. Truly, she is an ungainly animal. Her torso is positively enormous. And what hips! Better they should have been used to support a bridge. I think that the worst insult a woman may get is to be alluded to as a cow. I can't tell you about the enormity of that torso. And of all things, to be supported by four spindly, knobby, broomsticklike legs. That is the crowning irony! But when we look at the legs we notice the most impossible object. A greasy white mound of flesh, hanging from the underside, with four fingerlike projections, looking for all the world like a rubber glove, distended almost to bursting by air. Poor Bossie! To top it all off, she has a tail that would find better habitat on the extreme posterior of a lion, what with its heavy bones and tufted ends.

And what a disposition Bossie has! Back in the days when steam engines and railroad trains were an up and coming enterprise, she monopolized the right of way on all tracks. Whenever it suited her pleasure—or displeasure, as the case might be—she would habitually deposit herself in the center of the track. And nothing on God's green earth could make her move so much as an inch until it suited her own convenience. More than once Bossie became beefsteak as a result of her innate stubbornness. I think she caused more trouble and accidents before the development of good fences than any other three things. Many an engineer has gone into hysterics and torn his hair with rage when he beheld Bossie so conveniently and complacently situated in the center of the tracks. How ever could the 10:10 be expected to make its run on time?

Even today, motorists are sometimes plagued by this pure essence of stubbornness and stupidity. That cranium of hers must be filled with sawdust. She claims the undisputed right of way on all highways. Once she gets into the middle of the road you can never tell what will happen. If you turn to the left, she anticipates your move and

places her ungainly bulk directly in front of you. If you turn to the right, she's right there. If you just decide to sit and wait her out, her patience usually outlasts yours by eons. She is entirely deaf to an auto horn and can never make up her mind, if any. It affects her not in the least. If you are one of those persons who happens to be handily equipped with the patience of Job, she will finally,

and unhurriedly, turn and continue on her royal way with all the regal bearing and gracefulness of an elephant, swaying back and forth with every proud step. Pity the poor motorist who finds himself in such a predicament. Who ever said that the mule is the most stubborn of animals? Bossie transcends his abilities by far. Yea, verily, a cow is a funny animal.

Tomorrow

EVELYN HUBER

This is the birthright of my soul, this knowing you;
Were I to die tomorrow or today
With nothing still to give, I'd take your heart and smile;
Were I to die tomorrow or today,
I should have stolen something sweet from life,
For looking back I should have spied your smile
And marked in you how full I was forgiven.

For though dreams fade, and laughter mocks the
unbelieved
Before its age convinces, still nothing robs the youth
Of love from love, not age nor lasting strife.

This is Enough

EVELYN HUBER

The creaking of the trees trembling on the verge of spring
The intellectual breathing of the light,
The soar of wind, the halo'd sky,
A life, a death, a sweet infinity;
The romance of the world within a moment,
Time, eternity, moving in the present;
The beauty, the ageless beauty, sounding like a sigh
Within the heart, caught like melody
And strung upon the journey of the wind—
How much of this? How much?
How much of loveliness and love?
How much of time and sound and space?
How much of light; how much of thought and life
Today, tomorrow, all our world—this present,
This loveliness, this love—like an undying whisper
It fills the heart and yields us up to life—
How much of this, how long, we do not know;
This is enough, this moment or the next,
This shifting on the scales, this moving with the wind.

Creative Citizenship

(Continued from page 5)

those very stones of thought and sacrifice become a monument to our lack of vision—a sad reminder of a nation which might have been.

It is only when we turn our eyes to the future that we feel any sense of responsibility for building this nation. If we look to the future, the responsibility belongs not to our ancestors, but to ourselves. We cannot build a great nation by loudly declaiming upon the merits of our ancestors. Admiring the spirit of '76 cannot take the place of creating a loyal respect for law in 1940. It cannot take the place of building high national ideals for our own age! Unless we rise from the shrine of the men who built the United States of yesterday to roll up our sleeves and build the United States of tomorrow, that nation will never be built.

Furthermore, we deserve the title of creative citizen when we learn to build without destroying things of greater value than our own contribution.

What does it profit that we develop huge volumes of business, if in that development the fundamental laws of honesty and faith are destroyed? And what do we gain though we head the world in efficiency, if this efficiency robs us of time to live? How long will the gross output from our great factories remain of greater importance in our eyes than the richness and sweetness of human life? And what shall we say of that self-termed citizen who uncorks the bottle in defense of personal liberty, and by that act destroys public liberty? The creative citizen must learn to build without destroying things of greater value than his own contribution.

But we cannot build extensively as long as we continue to quote the patriots of the past as an excuse for robbing America of its chance to grow internationally. There appeared in a New York newspaper recently, a cartoon of the American voter at the polls. He carried a placard on which these words were written: "We believe in the foreign policy of Washington. Note—George, not D. C." If we say we must keep our hands free from effective foreign relationships because these were the parting words of our fathers, then we crush the very hopes that these men had for the growing usefulness of their country.

In every age there will be a few men of vision who will set their citizenship before themselves as a goal, turn their eyes to the future and with a positive creative power attempt to make America powerful at home, and more helpful abroad. But in a democracy it is not enough that there shall be a few such men and women. The growth of an autocracy depends upon the power of its kind. But the growth of a democracy depends upon the creative loyalty of its citizens. The greatest danger to our nation is not that the Bolshevik or the anarchist will destroy, but that you and I will sit passively in our homes and fail to build. To such a danger there is only one answer that we can give. That is to turn to this job of nation building with all the thought and strength that we can muster. Study our nation's problems; create a vigorous public sentiment; vote and vote intelligently; see that laws are enforced, and that we stop when the traffic light is against us; cast aside our egotistical nationalism and give our nation a chance to grow.

Tippy Tin

(Continued from page 7)

ged "on and on and on" until the engine finally failed in a twelve-inch drift. Home was still two miles ahead. I found hitch-hiking out of the question and walking inadvisable exercise for such late hours.

In desperation, I sought a friend's home, and standing beneath his window I shouted to him for help. Half awake, he peered cautiously from his window into the teeth of the blizzard and cried, "Who's there?" Thanks to his hospitality, I was

spared more adversity that night.

The next snow storm proved the last one for poor Tippy. Motoring along an ice-covered roadway to Ursinus College, I started to pass a slow-moving auto. Seeing possible danger with on-coming traffic, I decided not to pass the car after all. That decision, although made in the interest of safety, proved a fatal one. The wheels locked and down the avenue we went—sidewise. I gave the steering wheel a desperate yank and Tippy straight-

ened out momentarily, only to renew his spinning. In an instant we struck the auto we had originally started to pass, which spun completely around with the impact. By this time Tippy and I were gayly sliding along backwards. My only concern was how the car was ever going to stop on the glazed incline. So I looked ahead through the back window and saw a husky Philadelphia Electric pole coming right for Tippy and me. Crash! Tinkle! Bang! The pole held. Beside the agonies of a fractured wheel, Tippy suffered from severe complications of the posterior anatomy. Garagemen shook their heads gravely.

"Too far gone to bother operatin'," they counseled with the deliberateness of Mayo surgeons.

"Yes, and even if you could fix him up, I

guess he'd be suffering from infirmities of old age," I added mournfully. Ever so carefully I cut out the still warm battery box as Tippy's life ebbed away. What a heavy heart the old fellow had! And what a stout one, too! I buried it under the garage.

Since the end had come, I made final arrangements for interment, with hours to be entirely at the convenience of the junkmen. I saw them take my Tippy Tin to the graveyard high on a hill where he joined his companions in eternal slumber.

For days afterwards I felt somehow that I should erect a memorial tablet over his grave. So, moved perhaps by a bit of sentiment, but more to perpetuate the memory of such a venerable being, I had a granite marker cut, upon which was inscribed the following:

DIED IN ACTION

For fifteen years, unmoved by his splendor of youth, undaunted by his ignominy of antiquedom, from earliest muddy lanes to latest super-highways, went this knight of the open road—a sight to be seen and a sound to be heard—TIPPY TIN.

1924

May he rust in peace.

1939

I Built a Shrine to Love

ESTHER HYDREN

I built a shrine to Love and there lay down
My childhood's heart, guileless and innocent.
My soul lay bare before you, and your frown
Tore me in agony and left me rent
And bleeding, while your smile lifted a cry
Of searing joy up to my lips. No lame
Pretense concealed my love. I did not try
To save my heart from future grief and shame.
I trusted Love. To-day my shrine lies bare;
The shattered fragments of my lifeless heart
Are patched with pain and pride. The world may stare
And find a smile upon my lips. No start
Shakes me at sight of you. Love takes its toll;
Sad wisdom masks my bruised and aching soul.

Standing at Ease

(Continued from page 9)

a sweetness and charm to life; they bring tranquillity and peace to the aged, so that when the "fire is dying, beauty remains, and we do not forget; they help to stabilize youth and make it less selfish and forlorn. When the falsity of an ideal is disclosed naked to youth's eyes, it is these pearls that to a certain degree replace the vision and the dream."

And the tiniest pearls in my palm! They look upon the visage of Comedy and give a man the opportunity to laugh at himself, to see the clown and snob, the scholar and thief, all mortals as belonging to one school, to the "comic drawing-room of life," where Comedy raises its hands like exasperated Irish Bridget, the cook, who realizes better than you or I, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Yet of these midget pearls there are those that have a priceless weight and glory of another kind, and it is this glory which creeps unexpectedly into listless hours, into heavy hours, into hours of monotony. I take a country walk and a bird sings; I open my window at night and a shooting star falls through the midnight ether; I hike in the early morning and come back to the fragrant aroma of—hotcakes. I am reading with no particular interest, when suddenly a word, and then a line, jumps out from a page and gives me the world. A knock on the door,—I open it

and find—your friendly face. I lay my hand on my dog Yogi's head, and he looks up at me with human eyes. These tiny pearls, they are the "lyrical interbreathings" in a world of prose. Should you go, your handclasp is still in mine; should the spring not return, the winters yield their sun.

The pearls I hold in my hand commingle with one another. I cease my contemplation of this world of the real dreams. I look out upon the day and see that the sky has become dark, obliterating all tokens of the sun. My study lamp is now lighted; a fire flushes the room with a dying glow; I throw a log on the fire. Yogi, dreaming of the call of the wild, looks lazily up at me. I am becoming ill-humored—there is work to be done—I have no appetite for it. The rustling of papers in my desk brings me to the realization that Humor has once more leaped out of the arms of Lycidas, and crafty Melancholy, banished, has all but closed in upon the heels of nimble Allegro. I smile to myself and pause at my window; I see the first star of evening; I laugh softly as I see Care, like a vagrant Liliom, cast his gray-shrouded cloak over a cloud in the deepening sky, and steal a yellow spark for a necktie from this first-seen star. I hear your footsteps on the stairs leading to my room. I turn from the window and strangely enough, I note, that I too, have on a yellow necktie.



Integer

GLADYS HEIBEL

I lie face downward under heaven
Pressing either hand into the grass
To feel the great cool bulk of Nature
Lying still and potent.
One part of me runs through the earth,
A thin red vein of clay
Solid and moist and living;
And I am in the little stream,
Am pebbles, sand, and glitter of the sun;
My heart is the tree's,
And my soul is the lace
Of the first new leaves;
And part of me is God—
The tears I could not weep
But burned with.
But the rest of me is Man—
The will to rise from lying in the sun.
The strength to go down to the cities again.

I Look for Her

GEORGINE HAUGHTON

I look for her among her flowers,
Expecting anywhere
To spy her work-worn hands,
Her soft and snowy hair.

Is she there among the lilies,
The flowers to her most dear?
They only nod their heads as if
They're saying, "No, not here."

Is she breaking lilacs off the bush?
Pathetically sincere,
The little birds look down at me
And tell me, "No, not here."

Perhaps she weeds the tulip bed,
Or else she's somewhere near;
But as I gaze I hear a voice
Repeating, "No, not here."

She must be on the porch, she must,
But soft, so soft and clear
The west wind whispers tenderly,
"No, she isn't here."

Oh is she gone, forever gone?
Oh God, how can it be?
Is she in that greatest garden
Called eternity?

Dolly Madison

Ice Cream



Burdan's

Ice Cream



Aristocrat

Ice Cream



Philadelphia Dairy Products Co., Inc.
POTTSTOWN Phone 816

Hollander & Feldman

PHOTOGRAPHY



*Official Photographers for the 1940
RUBY*



1705 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia, Pa

Compliments of

Alvin D. Beyer, Inc.

INSURANCE



ROOM 414
Norristown-Penn Trust Building
NORRISTOWN, PA.

Compliments of

Levengood's

Dairies



POTTSTOWN, PA.

SHOP AT . . .

BLOCK'S

The Store of a Thousand Gifts

NORRISTOWN, PA.

Success to the Class of '40

Reed's have outfitted five generations of students in the leading schools and colleges of the country.

Since 1824—*for 116 years*—we have supplied men with the finest in Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Haberdashery.

We've GOT to be RIGHT—to have enjoyed this privilege for so long a time.

Jacob Reed's Sons
1424-1426 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA

Outfitters to College Men — Since 1824

Compliments of

The . . .

SCHULZ BAKING COMPANY

of Pottstown

Scheidt's

VALLEY FORGE BEER

Norristown

Pennsylvania

DAVIS COAT AND APRON SUPPLY

∞

∞

∞

Mervine Laundry Company

1502-10 N. Mervine Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

EVERYONE WILL WANT TO
WEAR THIS BEAUTIFUL

School Jewelry

It shows school spirit

CHARM OR PIN

\$1⁰⁰ UP



The perfect gift for the girl friend

Do your
shopping
conveniently
at the
SUPPLY
STORE

'On the Campus'

Join the Crowd at

DOC'S

∞

College Drug, Inc.

L. M. LEBEGERN

GREETINGS

To the Students, Faculty and

Business Personnel of Ursinus College

General Printing & Supply Co.

282 NORTH HANOVER STREET
POTTSTOWN, PA.

The LANTERN Staff Wishes the

CLASS OF '40

the Best of Luck for the Future.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

A FRIEND

Ursinus College



THE OLDEST COLLEGE IN
MONTGOMERY COUNTY

THE ONLY CO-EDUCATIONAL
COLLEGE IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY

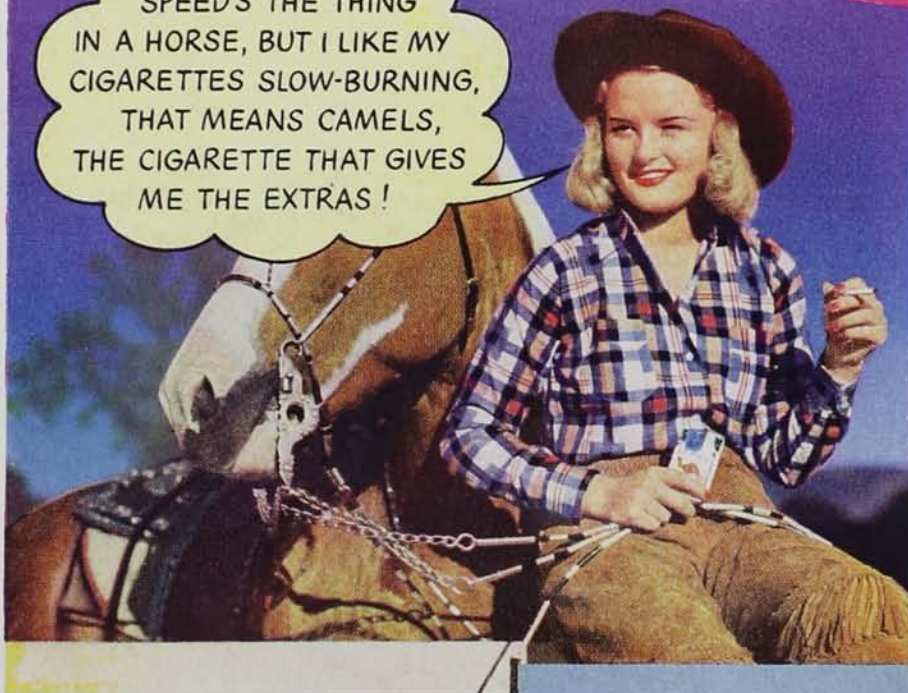
N. E. McClure, Ph. D., Litt. D.
President

OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE

SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!



...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

Extra Mildness

Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

PEGGY McMANUS (above) has won numerous cups for "all-round girl"... studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested - slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking plus equal to



**5
EXTRA
SMOKES
PER
PACK!**

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U. S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while extras in Camels—an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested (see left). Thus Camels give extra smoking... a plus equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

**MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!**

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels — *the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*