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EDITOR

BETSY SHUMAKER

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Editorial

BETSY SHUMAKER

Spring is coming! Although it is early in our school year, signs of spring are already appearing on our campus. The signs may be misleading and spring may still be some distance away, but "It's comin', by gum." With it is coming that feeling of awakening—that knowledge that no matter how bad things have seemed, they are going to be better.

With it is coming also a disinterest in things of the past and a much stronger interest in the present. Soon will start the search for the first crocus to peep through the ground; soon also will come rumors of robins seen on the lawn. Afternoon hikes and after dinner sessions of baseball will before long become commonplace.

It seems as though it would be robbing ourselves to allow these first impressions to slip away. There can be no finer time for trying our hands at writing, therefore. Poetry and prose alike serve as mediums for catching and holding the wonders of a new world. More than that, they serve as mediums for transmitting enthusiasm to others perhaps less aware.

The enthusiasm with which contributions were handed to the LANTERN for this issue was quite gratifying. It is the fervent desire of the staff and of the present editor that such enthusiasm may continue and increase. Only in this way can be built up a magazine of which we may all be proud.

This is the last issue to be published by the present staff. Into the hands of a now-unchosen editor will be placed what we have always considered a valuable trust, the perpetuation of the LANTERN. To that editor and his staff we wish the best of luck and just as much joy as we found in producing our series of the magazine.

Dog Daze

HELEN HAFEMAN

"Come on, come on, get up!" I shouted. "We gotta make that train!"

Mose just settled back on his haunches and glared at me defiantly.

What's one sailor against a pup like that? After all I'd been through at Lavina's house that day, I was in no mood to be trifled with.

"Please, Mose," I begged desperately. "Won't you please just get up this once? Look, we're going home now. Yep, right back to the nice old pet shop where you came from. After this, I won't ever pull you around any more. In fact, I won't have a darn thing to do with you if I can help it. Now for the luv'a Pete get up!"

Mose became deeply absorbed in studying the glass panes that formed the ceiling of New York's Pennsylvania Station. For a Scottie pup, he was the stubbornest critter I'd come on yet.

"O.K., then sit there," I said disgustedly as I tried to wrap my arm around Lavina's picture without dropping any of my million other packages. Where in a Navy hospital ward she expected me to put a picture that huge was beyond me. And I still can't figure out why your girl's mother has to knit you a woolen helmet when its nearly spring and you will never get near sea duty again for the rest of your life because you're being discharged next month. Oh, she's a well-meaning old lady, I guess, even if she is a bit wacky. Anyhow she gave me a swell cake to take back, so I can't kick. She was the only one in that family that hadn't given me a pretty raw deal lately.

"Come on, darn you," I shouted, as I yanked the leash and in regular plow horse fashion began dragging the growling puppie, who skidded along behind me. "I have to get back to Philly in time to return you."

I noticed that I was becoming the center of attraction. People were standing laughing at me. I must have looked like a kid with a pull toy that had lost its wheels, and I was beginning to feel pretty foolish when Mose finally decided walking was easier than toe nail retreads and gave in. He walked along behind me with the hurt look of a martyr; but he walked, and that was all I cared about.

I edged up to the ticket window with Lavina's portrait poking successively three sergeants and a corporal before I got my money out. It's times

like this that make me really appreciate being in the Navy.

"You're going to put the dog in the baggage car, of course?" the ticket agent asked in an emphatic tone that left me only one possible answer.

"Huh- Oh, sure, of course."

Grabbing my ticket, I hurried off with Mose and ducked behind a row of automatic checking lockers. "I'm taking no chances on you getting sick again like you did after you raised all that rumpus in the baggage car coming up." I unzipped my bag and shoved him in. "You're worth thirty-five bucks to me, and I want you in top condition when I take you back."

Mose whimpered a little, and I felt kind of sorry for him as I zipped the bag part of the way shut. If it hadn't been for Lavina, I never would have had all this trouble. I don't know why she had to get so darn sophisticated all at once. There was a time when she would have gone into raptures over any old mut. Now she had informed me that she was sorry but she just couldn't stand a Scottie. Really she couldn't! Dogs with character, like Afghan Hounds or Sheepdogs—the kind that go so well with tweed suits and pigskin gloves—were what she wanted. Can you beat that! Lavina now in anything but silk and sequins would be a laugh, but in a tweed suit with the horsey look . . . Ohhhh, I can't bear it! Why, that glamour job never came any nearer to looking like the outdoor girl than I look like an admiral. Maybe she's beautiful, but sometimes she sure is dumb. Still, I was sorry that things sort of went pffft. I could look forward to a nice steady diet of humble pie for a while, and in the meantime I had to lug that blasted dog around some more.

Using my best spearhead tactics, I aimed Lavina's picture at the gate and plowed through. At least it was good for something. Her mother had insisted that I take the picture anyway, 'cause she knows how we always patch things up in a little while. With her cake in my other hand, I hadn't been able to say no.

I shuffled on down the steps and into the train. The car was filling rapidly as I looked for a seat. A nice little brunette was balm for my aching heart, I decided, as I settled down beside her. I knew Lavina was the only girl for me, but at present I had some pretty heavy sorrows to ease.

"Pretty crowded for this time of day," I said by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes," came the reply.

"Going far?" I asked.

"No, not very."

"I could see I wasn't making much headway, so while she was looking out the window at the picturesque blackness of the tunnel, I dug out a chocolate bar and gave some to Mose, who was enduring his forced relaxation in the bag at my feet. He was quiet then, and I kept hoping the conductor would come through for tickets while the peace lasted.

Again I tried to start a conversation, and this time learned that there was more rain predicted for tomorrow, which was really quite something compared with past results.

Above the rack of the train I began hearing funny gurgling noises coming from the bag at my feet. My brief acquaintance with Mose had already taught me to inspect first and wonder later, but the brunette had asked me of her own free will how long it would take to reach Trenton. I gave the bag a push with my foot and turned to answer her. She was a funny little thing, not very pretty but sort of cute in a way—like my kid sister probably seems to other guys. After she once opened up, she kept on talking, and I began to feel less mad at Lavina, Mose, and the whole world in general.

The conductor had just announced that we were at Newark when Mose began yelping in no uncertain terms. I tried to drown him out by coughing loudly and quickly opened the traveling bag. I took one look and shuddered.

"Do you see what I think I see?" I asked the girl, who was now trying to peer over my shoulder. There was a blinking Scottie pup half out of the bag with most of his face covered by a white frothy foam.

"Rabies!" the girl exclaimed, turning rather pale as she edged over against the window.

"No," I said, "shaving cream!"

Sure enough, there were the remnants of my partly devoured tube that Mose had used for the main course after the chocolate bar.

"You dumb dog," I said, lifting him up between us, "don't you know that soap tastes awful? How in the world could you eat that stuff?"

Mose just whimpered and sniffled as I wiped the soap out of his eyes. Then the crazy pup began licking my hand, and for once I sort of had a warm feeling for him. We'd just about gotten him cleaned off when I looked up and saw the con-

ductor coming down the aisle.

"O my gosh," I muttered. "What'll I do?"

"Here," she said, grabbing Mose and stuffing him into her fur muff. "This is black, and he'll never show in there."

"Tickets, all tickets!" shouted the conductor as he came down the aisle. I didn't think he had seen the dog, but I was so nervous I could hardly find my ticket.

"Hold on to that muff," I whispered, as the conductor came to us.

Methodically he punched my ticket and gave me the receipt stub. The girl took her hand out to pass him her ticket. I gulped, for suddenly the muff had developed a tail, which began waving back and forth, back and forth in steady rhythm.

I looked on in horror and was about to do something desperate when the girl noticed it too. She quickly looped the tail over so that it looked like a big handle on the end of the muff's zipper compartment, and began swinging it absent-mindedly. She smiled at the conductor, and he was gone before Mose began yipping at her treatment and I was again forced into a severe coughing spell to cover up.

"Whew, that was close!" I exclaimed. "If it hadn't been for you, we'd be done for. Guess I'd better put him back in the bag and keep him there from now on."

"What! And have him start gnawing on your tooth brush next!" she laughed. "You'd better leave him here for a while. I don't mind."

She had pretty brown eyes that sparkled when she laughed. Lavina had hardly laughed once during the whole time I was there. I guess that was mostly my fault, though.

June, for that was her name, got telling me about Trenton then, just a suburb of Heaven, it seemed. She didn't exactly live there, but in a little town right outside, called Whitesboro.

"Ah, I bet that's a dinky little two houses and a cow affair that takes you half a minute to drive through," I kidded. "Now you see it, now you don't."

"Well, you just better not tell my Dad you'd do our metropolis in half a minute. You see, he's the police chief."

"Right up my alley," I replied. "I was the proud sergeant of our junior police force in grammar school days. At least that was until they discovered I was the guy who'd varnished the

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Locomotion

LOIS GOLDSTEIN

Oh the ugliness and the squalor,
The hunger, the pain and the dirt!
'Though the nights are long
Yet the trains go on
And the whole of the nation's at work.
Yes, the nights are long,
But the trains go on,
And the whole of a nation is singing a song,
A song of the trails,
The song of the rails,
And the whistle's shrill shrieking from out of the
dawn.

We've run the trains from Baltimore,
We've run them from Seattle,
We've run them packed with war-machines,
We've run them full of cattle.
We clothe a nation—
And feed a nation—
And ease a nation's pain—
Still, the nights are long,
But the trains go on,
And the whole of a nation is singing a song—
A song of the rails,
The song of the trails,
And the whistle's shrill shrieking from out of the
dawn.

We've run the coal from Pennsylvania,
We've run the lumber from Maine,
We've run the cotton from Georgia,
And we run the milk and the grain.
Yet the nights are long
While the trains go on,
And the whole of the nation is singing a song—
The song of the rails,
A song of the trails,
And the whistle's shrill shrieking from out of the
dawn.

We've passed a hundred stock-yards,
We've passed as many camps,
We've passed the road-gangs, working hard,
We've passed so many tramps
That the days pass,
And the years pass,
And home's still far away.
Still, out of new dawns the trains go on—
The life of a nation, singing this song.

The Battle

MARJORIE HAIMBACH

I feel a sudden horror,
And my body starts to shake
Like thunder from the heavens
Or a violent earthquake.
'Tis all because a battle rages
Deep within my soul,
For which my heart is bleeding
And my mind has set its goal.
A battle which involves much more
Than heart and soul and mind,
A battle in which God's own hand
Must lend its help divine,
A battle that will last with life
Unless His help should come,
A battle—though I know I've lost—
My faith alone has won.

In Westminster Abbey

RONNIE SARE

Poor Ben Jonson,
Who was buried upright,
Must in eternal sleep
Evermore fight
The rising ridicule
So significantly attached
To his standing tomb,
Which, we trust, is latched.

The Farmer and the Professor: A Parable

KENNETH B. MARION

A certain young farmer—I'll call him Jones—had gone to a well known university to study Agriculture. Along with his technical course, he was also handed English Literature, English Grammar, and Ancient History. Now Jones was a young "dreamer" with an improvement in the breeding of seed corn floating like an impelling vision before his eyes. He was so preoccupied that he dreamed all through Beowulf, Chaucer, Phoenician culture, Hannibal, and a multitude of other cultural headaches every good farmer should know. This bothered no one so much as Professor Smith, an ivy-covered grammarian who was devoting his life to teaching young students the advantages in knowing how to speak and write the English of the *socially acceptable*. (A worthy task indeed.) Whenever he was lecturing, Jones would be figuratively out the window and in the cornfields beyond, a long way from syntax, which, of course, was not being "on the ball," as the fellows say. This was slowly annoying Professor Smith to the boiling point. And one day, while he was on his favorite theme, he suddenly boiled over and shouted ungrammatical epithets at Jones that when properly depolluted meant, "Remain after class, you young—!"

Jones did. And their discussion went something like this.

"Well, Jones," Professor Smith said (much quieter now), "am I to understand that this constant day-dreaming you do in my class is your way of expressing a lack of interest in English Grammar? (Jones meant to answer, but the professor continued as if the question had never been asked.) "It seems to me, young man, that you should be quite aware of the advantages in knowing correct grammar, since you come from a small town where the language of the socially acceptable is certainly more evident than it might be in most sections of a large city. Just as a matter of personal curiosity, what is your conception of the basic element needed in rising to the top of the ladder of success?"

"Money, I guess, sir," Jones said slyly.

"I am not speaking of materials, Jones; kindly do not be facetious. I mean what aesthetic quality is of the most value?"

"Aesthetic? Oh, you mean like *pull* or *playin' politics*. Sure, I know, that's how old Barnhouse got to become mayor."

"I mean nothing of the kind. I am referring to English, since you don't comprehend me—English, the first requisite of the cultured individual. A thorough knowledge of the correct grammar will set you high in the esteem of your neighbors. By Jove, can't you see that?"

"I can see it a'right, Professor, but I kinda doubt it. You see, folks down my way sorta get sore when somebody tries to use high-falutin' language around 'em. They might not say nothin', but they'd sure resent it. And what's more, they gets suspicious too. I think—if you don't mind me sayin' so, sir—people are sorta proud of their speech. It's part of 'em, like their music. It might not sound like Mo-zart or one of 'em, but it's their way of lettin' other folks know what they think and feel. And that's what counts, as I see it."

"Perhaps, Jones, perhaps . . . but don't you think that a knowledge of the fundamentals of English would help you communicate your thoughts more clearly, particularly in writing them down?"

"Well, Professor, I can see where it might be pretty good for one of them writer fellers who's got big ideas to tell the world. But me, I just wanta go back to my farm and breed this seed corn I got in mind. The only writin' I wanta do is a little scribblin' to my Uncle Harry livin' in Boston and maybe to Sears once in awhile when I need a extry suit. The Sears folks will understand a'right, specially when they can get my business, and, o' course, I don't worry none about my Uncle Harry livin' in Boston, 'cause like he says, 'It ain't the words you use, it's the feelin' what counts.'"

"Listen, I'll come to the point," Professor Smith said, becoming more exasperated all the time. "You're a boy with ambition. You wish to be successful. Young men like you try to rise above the ruck of humanity. Don't you see? that should be your password: To rise above the people! This is the meaning of success, Jones. This is what you should strive toward. And you can best build a foundation for your rise with a thorough knowledge of the English of the successful!"

"No, sir, I say you're wrong," Jones said, the force of his own convictions driving words to his lips. "I ain't lookin' for this success stuff the way you talk about it. I don't wanta rise above the people; I'd rather rise *with* 'em. That's why I

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Darkness at Dawn

PFC. HERB REICHLIN

Over there, while he was being shunted from one hospital to another in Czechoslovakia, in France, in England, it wasn't so bad to have those long windings of bandage on his head. It's funny that he hadn't really regretted what had happened to him while he was over there. That last two weeks when new replacements were being sent in so fast and yet you always had to be calling back and trying to get new guys to replace the guys who had replaced the guys who had—it had seemed that his luck wouldn't last much longer. His turn would come any minute. It was as if he had carried his wound with him a long time; and when he regained consciousness after it actually came, it seemed the most natural thing in the world.

Of course, having thick bandages across his eyes, not seeing at all was a hard thing to accept; but only a couple of days before he had seen his whole damn squad get it from one smart "88." So it wasn't bad—he was alive, wasn't he! Or was he alive? Why in hell live when you can't open your eyes and look—when a passing sweater wouldn't be able to interest you—when you didn't know who or what was talking to you—when you couldn't go outside and enjoy yourself doing wacky things—when if you're lucky enough to have your girl marry you, you can't give her all she should get—when she's doing you a favor by saying "I do"—when the minister says "love and honor." Why in hell go on living?

No, it wasn't too bad over there in England. He had seen death such a short time before that he knew what the difference was between what he had and what they had gotten. But when the Queen Elizabeth steamed up into New York Harbor and

he heard the other guys yelling about the Statue of Liberty and calling to the girls dancing on the welcoming Red Cross boat, that's when it hit him. Why live when he was the way he was?

He wished he was brave enough to let himself have it. But he knew he was a coward. He found that out when they carried him off the *Elizabeth*. It was probably a Red Cross lady giving out stuff, because down the line you heard the boys saying "Thank you, ma'am." But when he came by her and heard the sigh she made—that whispered sigh coming from 'way down deep showed him he was a coward. Because instead of yelling like most of the others were doing on hitting the States, he was crying. Crying because he could hear the people pitying him, crying because he was a coward and wasn't dead and too much of a coward to make himself dead.

But having a bandage across his eyes hadn't made the months stop going by. The hospital was comfortable, except for those times they wheeled him down someplace and the doctor worked on him. This was the fourth time it had happened, and any minute now the Major would probably come along and look him over. God, how he wished that just once it would be him looking the Major over.

But here he came now and he gave him the usual cheerful bull that was "expected to raise the patient's spirits." But Lord, what was this—the bandage was off and it wasn't black! There was a mist that looked like a man in front of him! Had he finally gone crazy? Was he imagining it? No, it was a man, and he could see it! He was alive and he could see! He could live! He could be a man again! He could stop being pitied! He could have a life! He was alive—

come up here to learn agriculture, so as when I go back I can help folks grow better corn crops. That's what I work for, and that's what I dream about. It's the only success matterin'. No, sir, life's too short to worry about much else. Spend your time givin', I say, and less of it takin' away. See—?"

Professor Smith had no chance to say whether he saw or not, for at that moment he received a telephone call summoning him to more urgent business. So abruptly the discussion ended. In fact, there was little else to say that would not have branched out into an argument over religion or politics. It was better left to time.

Well, the years tumbled over each other the way they have a habit of doing. The ivy-covered professor could still be found preaching to his flock, although to the observant eye the ivy had become dried and withered in the passing like the dying groan of his formula for Success. But Jones, who had gone back to his folks, could be seen breeding the seed corn of his youthful visions, wonderful seeds that gave birth to golden ears of better corn for the prosperity of all.

Moral: *The only social advantage in knowing anything is that it be used for the betterment of society.*

Room for Error

IRENE SUFLAS

I stepped into the room reluctantly, filled with trepidation and premonitions. The room was small and concealed in semi-darkness. It reminded me of a tomb, bare and forbidding. I had just entered from the outdoors and my eyes were still blinded from the glare of the sun. Blinking savagely, I tried to accustom myself to the darkness. There was a half-muffled cough and feet shuffled on the floor. I trembled at the thought of the reason for my presence. Stumbling into the nearest chair, I huddled for protection within its arms.

"Ready?" asked a gruff voice. I nodded my assent, too scared to trust my voice. Lights suddenly illumined the darkness and I saw them. My eyes tore over them. Was it this one? Or that one? Maybe that other is the real one! I don't know. He looks like him, but— Oh, I don't know! I don't know! I don't know!

This wasn't my idea in the first place. I told them I couldn't be sure. I didn't know. Suddenly I had an overwhelming desire to run—run—run— But I couldn't move. I was trapped. I had to choose one, but whom? Whom?

I looked at them again, cringing at the hatred in their eyes that lashed over me. There were five of them. Three were just young boys about twelve, fourteen, and sixteen. They wore dirty dungarees that had a sad, beaten air about them like their owners. Their light blue denim shirts, which hung dejectedly on their loose frames, had a faded, washed-out look. The boys kept their hands behind their backs and their eyes pleaded with me, half-frightened, half-frightening.

The fourth, a man, was well-dressed in a dark brown tweed suit. He was very huge—sort of burly—with thick curly hair tumbling over his forehead. He was about thirty-five, quite clean looking, but with such a hard veneer about him that I retreated before his sinister glances as he towered over me.

The fifth man was about forty-five. He had thinning hair, a protruding nose, and wore glasses. He was of medium build and seemed outwardly calm. He attempted a smile but only half-succeeded, and ended somewhere between a leer and a sneer.

I started to turn away, shrugging my shoulders, when I suddenly felt a magnetic pull back to

the fifth man. I stared hard at him, trying to penetrate his mind, to get behind that lop-sided grin. All he needs is a hat and he could be the one! Yes, that's him! That's him!

Excited now, I turned to the man with the gruff voice, pointed accusingly at my victim, and said with a very assured tone (I didn't feel very assured), "He's the one!" My finger shook even as it accused. Suddenly the room became alive with embarrassed laughter, dispelling the tomb-like illusion. The three boys breathed sighs of relief and relaxed. Their laughter seemed subdued, as if they were afraid to really let go. The two older men stepped forward. I was confused, uncertain; my assurance had fled. I groped for the answer. Then I heard the gruff-voiced policeman say, "This man you chose as the thief who robbed you is actually the probationary officer. This other man is a state policeman. Those three boys are the real suspects."

The men jammed on their hats, laughing heartily, as they handcuffed the three young boys again and started to leave. I tried to apologize to the man I had accused, but he lightly waved his hand and said, "This ought to prove anyway that our theories of identification are often incorrect."

They all trooped out. The three young boys threw a last glance over their shoulders. Their eyes mocked me. My face grew hot as I sheepishly glanced down at my feet.

Milestones

JOAN WILMOT

I can no longer turn my head aside
And say, "I am too young."
I cannot now refuse to look at life
And think, "It is too soon."
Today the world lies waiting at my feet:
Joy, gladness, disillusion, grief,
Are shapes emerging from the mists of careless
youth.

What is there for me now but to accept?
Today I count my milestones twenty-one.

Elegy Americana

CHARLENE TAYLOR

A colony of small, weather-beaten cottages stood among the trees, the moon sliding over their roof tops. From one cottage the soft notes of "We'll Meet Again" floated across the lake. Inside this same cottage sat a girl, deep in thought, beside a brown maple victrola. The record ended, but the girl did not seem to notice. She was thinking of the man she loved and of the choice she had made. It was a strange choice—a ring or a victrola. Ted believed the "vic" would be more useful and would make things easier for her after he had gone. She took it, and it had eased things for awhile—she'd turn the lights low and listen to their favorite melodies. She could almost feel his arms around her in the dance. He had promised to send her a record of his voice. Ted had told her, "I can be right here with you even though Uncle Sam has me." It had never come and now she was glad; for it would have been too much like seeing ghosts. Especially now that she knew he would never come back.

It had been hard for her at first—Ted had been so full of life and so strong. She had known him only about a year, but in that relatively short time there had developed a deep understanding between them and a never-dying love. Now he was gone. Somehow it didn't seem right to play jazz. She had been thinking of selling the "vic" and using the money to buy a ring—a small one, but a real one. The ring would sparkle and remind her of the home she might have had. "Yet," she thought, "the vic was his idea, and so—I wonder?"

Suddenly the scratching of the needle on the record brought her back to painful reality. She reached over, her fingers dragging across the maple surface, and slowly turned the disc. The sad notes of "Always" broke the silence of the room as a voice sang, "I'll be loving you always."

"Oh Ted! Ted!" A torrent of heartbroken sobs began filling the room and drowning out the voice until the tender strains of "Always" could be heard no more.

Will This Happen Here?

BARBARA DEITZ

"Look ahead!" cried the young man, "plan anew,"

"The old powers failed; the world's askew."

"What! Change from our perfect way of life?"

The old man gasped, "T' would lead to strife."

"No!" cried the young man, "justice for all,

And freedom to live in a world of law."

"Contradict our teachings?" the old man asked.

"The status quo worked all right in the past."

But when the sun rose and the clouds were gone,
And the curtains rolled back to reveal the dawn,
T' was the same old world in the same old way,
For the old man's words had held their sway.

Last Mission

ARTHUR F. BARKER

Master Sergeant Mike Curtis figured that their luck had run out. They had come back the last time on two engines. There had been enough holes in "Sweet Sue" to give competition to any sieve old Fat Frankie, the squadron mess sergeant, could offer. "Sweet Sue" was Mike's ship; that is, he had been ground crew chief during the Liberator's last thirty-four missions.

Last thirty-four—that seemed morbidly final to Mike. He chewed the stogie Big Jim Norris had given him. Big Jim was the pilot of "Sweet Sue." For thirty-four missions Mike had waited and each time they had returned. But, Mike reminded himself, the last few times, especially number thirty-four, had been rough.

According to the existing policy, the thirty-fifth mission would result in the reassignment of "Sweet Sue's" flying crew to the States. That was pretty nice, Mike thought; thirty-five missions and then home. Mike had no idea when he would go back home. He had been over for almost two years—well, twenty-one months to be exact. No rest for him; no medals either. Yeah, medals; the flying crew had plenty of medals. Mike had the Defense Service Ribbon and the Good Conduct Medal, and he could wear an Asiatic pin too. Everybody had those.

He ought to resent the boys; they got all the glory. Resent them? Hell, no! he did not resent them. They weren't flashing their decorations. In fact, Big Jim had often said he didn't give a damn for the decorations. He just wanted to get his job done. Get it done and go back to—where was that place, somewhere in Missouri — Green Tree? Yes, that was it—Green Tree, Missouri.

Who'd ever want to go to a place like that? How about Philly? That was Mike's hometown. He had worked in the Ace Garage before the Selective Service gave him a new employer. He had been drafted in '41—right into the Air Corps and the A. M. School. He had thought that life during his Aerial Mechanic's training course was tough. Saturday inspections. What an easy life that had been. And working on the line back in the States? Changing engines under bright as day floodlights. Hard work? He had to replace number four engine, after it had been battered by a Jap twenty millimeter on that thirty-fourth mission, under practically candlelight.

Yeah, he would like to go back. Who cares about Big Jim; Lieutenant Swanson, the copilot; the navigator; or Little Louie Cassino, the pint-sized tail gunner? Who cares if they do not come back?

Mike cared. For the first time, it was evident too. Corporal Nelson, the armorer, had noticed that and mentioned the fact to ordnance man, Joe Green. Nelson and Joe were sweating out "Sweet Sue" also. They had worked on the baby for almost nine months, right from that first mission over Truk. Checked her before takeoff. After landing, too—especially when Bombardier Lieutenant McNeil couldn't get the bomb racks working over Wake.

They watched Mike Curtis. Nelson thought twice about asking Mike if he were worried. The second time he forgot all about the question, because Mike had tossed his cigar against a nearby oil-drum. They watched as Mike walked over and picked up the butt, flicked the sand from the moistened end, and stuck it in his pocket. They had heard Big Jim say to Mike: "Here, keep this burning 'til we come back. We'll buzz the ashes right off it." Mike would be in no mood for sympathetic questions.

All three looked up as the drone of engines became evident. A little late, but the squadron was coming home. Three, six, nine, ten — eleven. Eleven! One was missing—"D" flight was minus one. "Sweet Sue" wasn't in the formation! The gang had passed over the island. They'd soon peel off and come in. But they were not breaking up—they were circling. Maybe there was a cripple. The squadron C. O. always had the gang wait until the limpers had made it. Yes, there was a straggler! "There's number twelve," Nelson murmured. His voice rose as he said, "'Sweet Sue's' on her final approach now!"

Mike Curtis watched the plane's glide. All engines were turning over. The wheels were down; as they touched the coral runway, puffs of burned rubber accompanied the familiar screech. "Sweet Sue" was soon ambling along the taxi strip toward the revetment.

The propellers ceased rotating and Big Jim's bunch began popping out from beneath the bomb bay. "They let us land first today," waist gunner

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Free Trade

BILL NICKEL

There are two types of international trade: free trade and protectivism. Free trade is trade that is not regulated or controlled by the government. Protectivism embodies the use of protective tariffs which are used often for the purpose of protecting infant industries. The system I believe to be the better is the system of free trade. This system is in line with the basic economic policies of a capitalist nation. One of the features of capitalism is the idea of competition. This idea would be non-existent under a system of protective tariffs because some business concerns would be protected by tariffs while other businesses would not be. Therefore, free trade conforms with the basic ideas of capitalism, because it leaves trade entirely unrestricted and allows the more efficient producers to obtain the markets and sell their products.

An inefficient business under protectivism very often continues to need the assistance of protective tariffs and becomes a permanent burden on the consumer. By the system of free trade the more inefficient producers are driven out of business without imposing a burden on consumers.

Trading countries benefit mutually under the system of free trade. A country which is efficient in the production of one product will trade freely with a country which is equally efficient or more efficient in the production of another product. For example, if there is one country producing ten units of corn and fifteen units of wheat in a given unit of time, and there is another country producing fifteen units of corn and ten units of wheat; the former country will trade its wheat for the other country's corn. In this way each country gains more for each unit it trades than it would if it were dependent entirely upon itself, as would be the case under protectivism.

Both the producer and the consumer suffer under a system of protectivism. A protective tariff on raw materials makes the producer raise the price of his finished product. Consequently, an unnecessary charge is inflicted on the consumer and his cost of living is raised. The consumer must also pay more for finished imported goods.

Moreover, tariff laws are expensive to administer. They necessitate the establishment of additional bureaus to impose and handle the tariffs.

Along with the additional expense goes the opportunity for corruption and bureaucracy, as is the case with any government bureaus. Closely allied to the idea of corruption is the lobbying of strong groups. Certain strong groups could impose their force upon the government to give them special protection in the form of protective tariffs, which would not only hurt the sales of other businesses but would also incur an additional burden upon the consumer, who is already suffering under the burden of protective tariffs. Free trade would not give any pressure groups an opportunity of getting special benefits. Nor would there be a chance for bureaucracy or corruption.

Finally, free trade is a prerequisite of world peace. Many wars are caused by disagreements between nations about trading and by the general ill-feeling brought about by the use of trade restrictions. One country, for example, may desire to aid an infant industry; so it imposes a protective tariff upon all its imports which compete in the market with those of the infant industry. The country whose exports are cut down because of the tariff feels discriminated against and establishes tariffs on imports from the country that placed the tariff on its imports in the first place.

Although I am strongly in favor of free trade, I believe that it cannot be accomplished without full co-operation of all the nations of the world. As a representative of a capitalist economy, the United States should lead the rest of the world toward that co-operation.

Last Mission

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Rogers said. "Sort of a farewell honor, I guess." Corporal Nelson ventured to say that the ground crew could have been worried, and then braced himself for the expected growl from Master Sergeant Curtis. But Mike Curtis merely grinned and said, "Yeah, they might even have had us worried."

Love Letter

BETSY SHUMAKER

MY DARLING,

This is a good-bye letter, because today is for me a day of good-byes. People say that getting married is like being born again, and perhaps they are right. I don't quite know. But today I'm getting married, and so I must prepare to start anew.

Do you remember when we met? We were blind dates intended as a kind of chaperonage for Manny and Jim, who were so very much in love. We laughed at them behind their backs and said, "Isn't it nice not to be in love? To be sane, and sensible, and really happy?" Because they weren't really happy.. They were too much strained by circumstance.

But we were. All through dinner we were the light comedy act, and we only giggled when Manny found the Wedding March on the juke box. It's strange that it should have been there. You clowned and I mocked, and Manny and Jim were afraid that we meant all those awful things we said.

The amusement park was fun, too. You wanted to make me sick by a weird combination of ice cream and aerial swings and roller coasters. But you couldn't quite, though you didn't stop until we were both almost green. We had lost Manny and Jim somewhere, but we didn't really mind.

Do you remember how astounded we were when the lights went out finally and we sat alone on the little bench waiting for Manny and Jim? The silence was suddenly thick, and when you said you believed you had at last found the perfect girl, all I could find to say was, "Isn't that nice."

I didn't commit myself then, and I wasn't going to, because moonlight had fooled me before. Besides, you were blond and stocky, and my dream man had been dark and tall and thin. So I held out for another hour, and I wouldn't have succumbed then if you hadn't grinned at me just before you kissed me. The combination was too wonder-

ful for me. Before I knew it, I was saying things I had never said before, and everything in me knew they were true.

I was suddenly frightened then, and so were you, and we tried to move back to a safer plane. But after we discovered that we were both Republicans and Methodists and lovers of O. Henry, we knew everything would be all right and we blissfully allowed ourselves to be pulled into the tide of our new love.

The next weeks were heaven for you and me. When we weren't together we wrote massive letters and made multitudinous plans. The care of the family finances was handed to me without a murmur. Almost without a struggle I yielded my preference for a collie to your spaniel. Our dream house was a very funny combination of antiquity and ultra-modernism.

When we were together we seemed almost indifferent on the surface. We were really afraid to be otherwise, I think. At least I was. There was too much storm of passion inside me: I had to battle it. Remember the night on the subway when we were having fun, and all the people smiled at us because we were so obviously happy?

But sometimes I couldn't quite tell whether your indifference was only on the surface. That one night I tortured you and we quarreled, and I said you could take your pin and yourself away if you regretted anything we had said or done. Bless you, darling, for taking me in your arms right there in the street and telling me that you loved me forever. I didn't doubt you again.

The day you went away, part of me died. You said you would be back, but I cried for the time we would be apart.

Only you never came back, really. Now I have reconciled myself to the idea that life goes on, and I am almost happy again. I'm not blissful, though, as I was. My husband can't make me feel as you could. He's a lot like you in some ways, but he's harder and a little less fun. It's odd: he bears your name, but he's not you.

Dog Daze

(Continued from page 4)

teacher's desk with Limburger cheese one morning."

We laughed a lot and talked about this and that. I was beginning to feel pretty good again. Even Mose seemed contented in her muff. We had almost forgotten about him until a W.C.T.U. fugitive came staggering down the aisle. While he was trying to steady himself against our seat, he got a glimpse of the two black beady eyes staring out of June's muff.

"I knew I shouldn't of had that last one, I knew I shouldn't," he muttered as he reeled on down the car, mopping his forehead with an old red handkerchief. Maybe Mose was good for something anyhow.

It wasn't long afterward, however, that I regretted my kind thoughts. As I said, we were talking too much to pay attention to him. It was only when I pulled him out of June's muff to put him back in the bag that I became suspicious. Beneath his stiff, bristly whiskers was a goatee of Persian lamb.

"Mose," she gasped, and examined her muff. There in the side was a nicely nibbled hole, through lining, fur, and all.

"Don't you ever feed that dog?" she asked in a none too delighted tone.

"Gosh, I'm sorry," I stammered. I didn't know what to say. She was a nice kid, and I felt awful. Mose would have to do something like that now.

"Look," I said, "I'm going to pay for having that fixed. I . . ."

"Don't be silly," she interrupted. "It wasn't your fault. I should have watched him. At least I'll have more ventilation now."

"Sure, and a place to put your key through, so you can open the door without taking out your hands—Yea, I know! It's a mess. It's all my fault, and I intend to fix it too. I know enough about you to find out who you are, so you might as well give me your full address. Otherwise, you're liable to get a letter addressed to June, in care of the police chief at Whitesboro!"

"Trenton," boomed the conductor.

"Glory, don't do that. If you must, at least put June McCoy," she flustered as she gathered up her packages. "There's only one street; and it's White Street, of course, so you don't need to bother about that. Well, good-bye. Watch out for your

tooth brush!"

Just like that she was gone; and I was left alone with Mose, who whimpered softly.

An elderly woman, the deah Aunt Meldinica type, came plowing in and sat beside me now. Her acid-dipped countenance reminded me again of my troubles with Lavina. Whenever I thought of Lavina, little shimmering hearts usually appeared before my eyes, and my insides would bounce all over the place. Now I only felt gloomy and miserable like the dull, drizzly weather outside. I watched the little trickles of water running down the steamed-up window panes. What was I going to do to clear myself this time? My mind went vacant, and I began absently staring out the window.

Mose was rather unhappy too. Restlessly he kept shifting around in the bag until I reached down and gave him some more chocolate bar. There on his chin were still a few wisps of Persian lamb fur. I bet that girl was sorry I ever sat next to her. I was at least thankful he hadn't pulled any of that stuff at Lavina's. Wouldn't I have been in a mess then! It probably wouldn't matter, though, because she was at the have-some-hemlock stage already; and matters couldn't get much worse. That girl had really been pretty neat about the whole thing. Too bad it had to happen to a nice kid like June. She didn't look like the type who had dozens of fur muffs to throw around.

I went on thinking about our conversation. I wondered what it would be like to live in a little town the size of Whitesboro. Being a big city lad myself, I'd never had much chance to find out about places like that. I guess she was what you'd expect to find in a smaller place. A town like Whitesboro is homey. It has an outside that's nice but no more elaborate than what's underneath. June's like that. She's not a smooth glittery front like Lavina, but she's a sweet kid all the way through.

Gradually, something was forming in my mind. I couldn't tell exactly what. It was like the space between turning on a fluorescent lamp and the time it finally lights up. It didn't bother me though, 'cause I kept on worrying about Lavina.

"Guess I'll send her some flowers when I get to the station," I murmured half aloud.

As soon as I got off the train in Philadelphia, I looked for a florist. I'd taken Mose out of the bag so that he could stretch his legs again, and he was actually trotting along beside me.

"Well, Mose, this better do some good," I

muttered. "Maybe if she won't take you, she'll keep roses."

He snorted a little at this.

"Ah, you're not such a bad dog after all," I admitted.

Suddenly, Mose stopped and sat down before a telephone booth.

"Ohhhh, not again!" I groaned.

Mose seemed to be grinning at me, but he wouldn't budge.

"Come on, dog! This is no game. I've got

to send Lavina those flowers."

Mose indifferently scratched at a flea I knew couldn't be there, not in a pet shop pup that cost that much! Still he held his stand by the phone booth.

I looked at him for a moment. The light was coming on now. "Well, maybe you're right, Mose," I said as all grew bright and little red hearts began shimmering before me. "Yeah, may-be. I guess I better forget those flowers. Yep, wonder how much change I'll need to telephone Whitesboro . . ."

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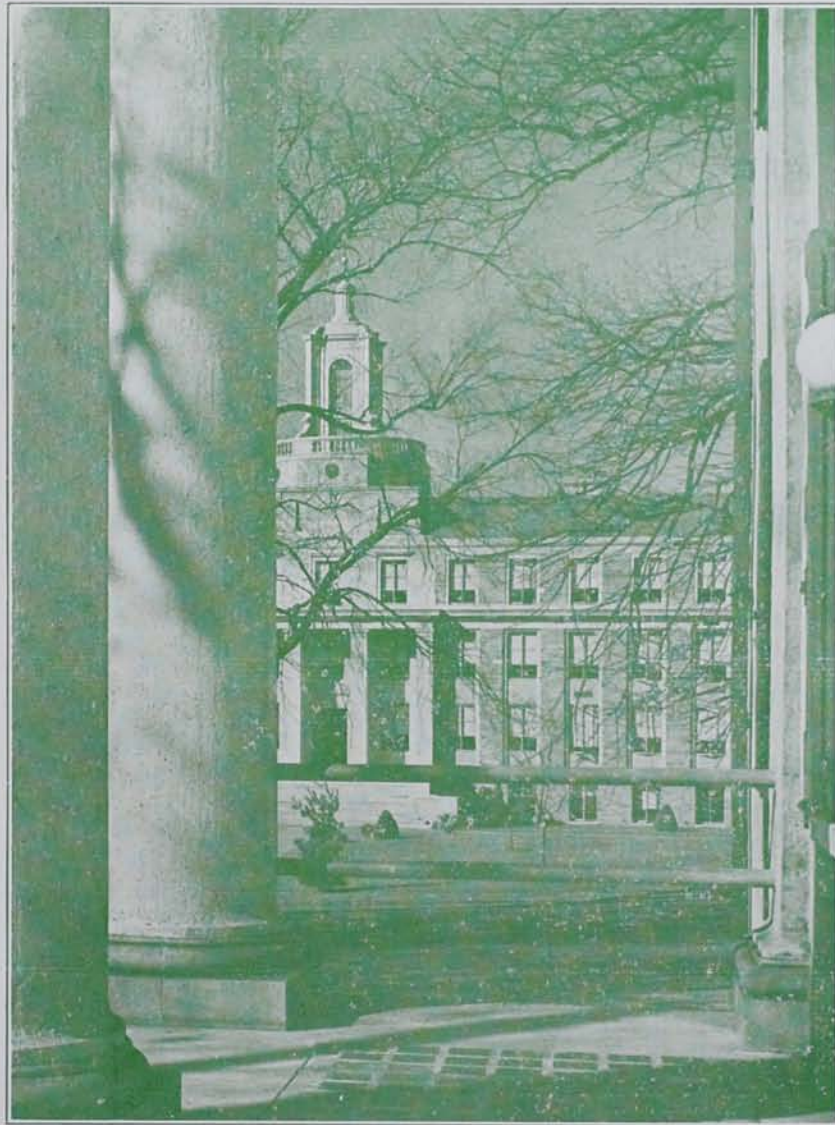
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