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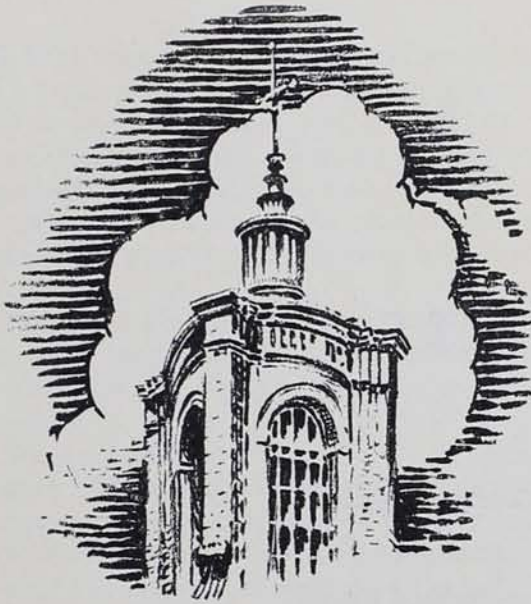
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EDITORIAL

WITH this issue the **Lantern** completes its twelfth year of publication and again passes into a new administration. Our aims are high. With everyone on campus receiving the **Lantern** we should hear from more contributors. Our thanks to those who have helped us and a special invitation to everyone else on campus who is interested in writing. Your work is judged carefully; criticized truthfully; and the thrill of seeing it in print is worth the effort.

An especial honor is accorded us in this issue—that of presenting to you the first essay to win the new Fogel prize. We hope you enjoy it.

H. K. H.

CONTENTS

| | Page |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| A Peek Through A Byberry Window—Constance Johnson | 3 |
| Fragment—Beverly E. Cloud | 4 |
| My Grudge Against the Fiction Detective—Richard Hunter | 5 |
| Haunting Refrain—Henry K. Haines | 6 |
| The World and I—Helen M. Gorson | 6 |
| They Said—Ethel Cunningham | 6 |
| The Brook (a translation)—Rosine Ilgenfritz | 6 |
| “By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them”— The 1944 Fogel Prize Essay—Emily Greenawald | 7 |
| Why—Helen M. Gorson | 11 |
| Green Leaf—Joan Wilmot | 11 |
| Night Drama—Elizabeth J. Cassatt | 12 |
| In That Same Hour—Henry K. Haines | 12 |
| The Greeks Had a Word for It—Elizabeth J. Cassatt | 13 |
| The Call of War—Emily Williams | 14 |
| The Promise of a Pearl—Ruth Hydren | 14 |
| The Apiary—Alice R. Haas | 15 |

Random Ramblings—or a Peek Through the Byberry Window

By Constance Johnson

EVEN those of my friends who realize that I am perfectly harmless, even when I'm out of my strait jacket, look at me askance when I speak casually of going back to you-know-where to work for a week or ten days.

"What do you see in the place?" demand some, giving me a pitying look or one of utter horror.

"What's it like to work there?" demand others, who have either a genuine interest or a morbid curiosity about such things as insane asylums.

What's it like to work there? It's a strange mixture of hilarity and heartbreak—a three-ring circus of mirth, tempered by a series of interruptions in the form of quarrels, complaints, requests for doors to be opened or locked, requests for soap, shoes, stockings, dresses, writing paper, pencils, and other sundry objects. It's a constant, discouraging struggle to discipline, firmly but kindly, a group (gang, mob, or horde would better express it) of women who are just like naughty children—a struggle to keep them clean, clothed, and fed; to prevent them from harming their weaker sisters; to listen to their life stories with a straight face; to refuse their more impossible demands as diplomatically yet truthfully as possible—and above all, to keep from becoming like them. For one can't help realizing, sadly, that most of them will never be better, and the only thing to do is make them as comfortable and happy as one can.

You learn certain infallible truths about your charges, one of them being that if at any time you mount a stepladder in the presence of a number of them, for the purpose of hanging Christmas decorations, curtains, or (in moments of extreme desperation) yourself, they will wait until you are poised perilously on the top step of the ladder, and then murmur, in voices hushed with awe (but still plenty loud enough to be heard), "My goodness, Miss Johnson is up high! I'd be afraid to go up that high; I'd be afraid I'd fall." Then your step-ladder, none too firm to begin with, reveals the true weakness of its character, and sways gently in the breeze. You sway, too; then, getting a grip on

yourself—or on whoever is holding the stepladder—you try, try again.

Bath days, which should be happy occasions, are periods of storm and stress for all concerned. There is always one sweet soul who sits on her chair and favors you with an amiable, smile, as if to say, "See? I'm all nice and clean." Believing her to be so, you return the smile; and it is not until you have turned off the water and put away all the clean clothes that are left over that some dear old tattletale informs you, "Mamie wasn't down with us." Then, and only then, do you discover the false hypocrisy of that smile, and sternly order its now sullen owner to follow the example of her thoroughly ablated (if such a word exists) neighbors. You conceive a certain reluctant admiration for an old Negro woman, who, on being invited to seek that state which is next to godliness, looks you in the eye and replies glibly, without batting an eyelash, "Ah done had a baff lass night!" You learn to convince her, with a minimum of effort (that is, after you have received not more than three scratches), that she'd just love to take another one.

If you happen to be the only attendant in the building on Sunday, with no one but the nurse to keep you company, you take it in your stride. There isn't so much to do, really—just provide a dozen patients from the second floor with clean, attractive dresses, since they are to have visitors that afternoon (it matters not that one of them, an old crone of seventy-two, continually leaps round the room with the agility of a grasshopper, making it necessary to sort of throw her dress at her as she dashes by, since she can outrun you without half trying); let Laura, the errand-runner, out so she can go to the store; let Laura in when she comes back from the store; answer the phone, since the nurse has gone to church; run upstairs, when a scream is heard, to find out who's fighting now; run down again in answer to the plaintive cry of "Miss Johnson, will you open this door so I can take the trash out?" After a day spent in this delightful manner, made even more joyous by the advent of countless visitors in the afternoon, you feel the corners of your

mouth beginning to sag a little, and your sense of humor, if any, starts to leave you. If, however, you are lucky enough to be asked to work a double, you smile and reply eagerly that you'd just love to!

You learn to answer to a variety of names: "Miss Johnson" from the nurses and most of the patients; "Johnson" from the attendants; "Beautiful" from certain of the less discriminating (or possibly more near-sighted) patients. There are other names, too, but you learn not to answer to them.

If you have any sense, you wear uniforms on duty, so there can be no doubt in anyone's mind that you are an attendant. If you don't wear uniforms, you gradually resign yourself to being mistaken for a patient; in fact, after the first half dozen times, you really become quite philosophical about it. After all, there are some patients at Byberry who are really beautiful women; and if you yourself look like a Harpy, it's not surprising that those who don't know you sometimes mistake you for one (a patient, not a Harpy).

For the student of languages, there is wonderful training at Byberry, and countless opportunities present themselves for using your knowledge. You never know just when you are going to be called on to inform a man who speaks almost no English that visiting hours

are over. Believing him to be Italian, you try Spanish, which is pretty close. To your utter chagrin, your beautiful Castilian rendition of "Las horas de visita son finidas" elicits only the reply, "No understand English." Later you learn that the man who took your Spanish for English was not Italian, but Greek! At this point they lead you gently away to an isolation ward, where you can sit and think black thoughts to your heart's content.

What do I see in the place? I see what is, as yet, a hospital in name only. Now it is an asylum—a place of refuge where individuals who are at peace neither with the world nor with themselves are furtively concealed by their ashamed relatives, some of whom visit them faithfully and others of whom neglect them cruelly, now that they are rid of them. I see that hiding-place being transformed, slowly and painfully, into a helping-place, where those who are sick in mind will some day be restored to health. It will take years of hard work and many millions of dollars to change Byberry from the dirty, decrepit, overcrowded place it now is, to the clean, comfortable, spacious, modern structure which should be the only curing-place for physical or mental ills. It gives me a feeling of pride and joy to think that I can help, though only in a small measure, to bring about this transformation.

Fragment

By Beverly E. Cloud

This hand holds a piece of cake
That's lighter than a dream;
In this hand there's a penny
That will buy a chocolate cream.

Wise men say I can't have both
Because it isn't fair,
And life will punish me
For having more than is my share.

The cake may cause a night of tears,
The cream a pain or frown,
But ah, my jealous friends,
They taste so luscious going down!

My Grudge Against the Fiction Detective

By Richard Hunter

FIFTY years ago they handed us this sort of guff:

Sherlock Holmes eyed the man keenly. Twice his hawk-like nose pinched slightly, and then he said, "I'm very glad to meet you William Crowsby. How was the journey from Worcestershire?"

The man gasped, taken back. "How did you know me and where I came from?" he asked.

"Elementary," Holmes replied. "The Crowsby coat-of-arms is on your signet ring, and there is but one male Crowsby living—William."

"But Worcestershire—we don't live there, you know."

"Simple," Holmes chuckled. "I perceived on your breath the faint odor of a salad dressing which only Harold of the Worcestershire Inn is capable of preparing."

"Well, I never——," said Mr. Crowsby.

Today we pick up a contemporary thriller and read:

The tall, pleasant young man leaned nonchalantly in the doorway, polishing his pince-nez glasses. "Well, dad," he asked, "What's your theory?"

Inspector Richard Queen cocked his bird-like head at the sound, then turned despairingly toward Ellery. "I don't know, son; I don't know," he sighed. "All I'm sure of is that he was killed by this knife in his heart."

"Suppose," said Ellery, "suppose I told you that he wasn't. Suppose I told you the way he was really killed, and more important, by whom."

And so it will go, on through the years. These super-genii, invariably too intelligent to be encumbered by cooperation with the law, will continue to pull wonderful solutions out of the bag in good old "it's always darkest before the dawn" fashion. They will keep on proving that sweet old grandma really stuck the poker in Mr. Frisby's gut, and will never fail to leave a group of astonished characters with wide open mouths worshipfully cluttering up the last few pages.

For the last couple of years this has worried me as much as the refusal of comic strip people

to grow older did in my more tender days. "Why," I say to myself, "does the Saint always outsmart his opponents and how can Nero Wolfe so consistently catch his man?" Something just doesn't seem kosher.

Perhaps some famous mystery writer will have a change of heart someday, or perhaps a new star will mount into the heavens. Maybe we'll even see this:

The great detective sat back and sighed with contented self-satisfaction. "Well, Mr. Squirch," he smiled, "it was rather distasteful sending that young mother to the chair, but when I convinced myself she killed her father, I knew guilt could have no justification."

"It is all a closed book now, tho', my friend, isn't it?" asked his companion.

"Oh, yes," the great detective replied. "Even the stupid, inefficient law has washed its hands of the bloody mess by now."

"Thank goodness!" Squirch said. "At last I can unburden myself. I did write a confession once and put it on the living room table; but you didn't look at it. You touched it to the fire and lit your cigarette with it. I didn't have the courage to try again—'til now."

The great detective looked straight at Squirch, a hurt look in his eye. "Gee, I didn't think I was wrong," he said.

That's a bit too drastic, you may say. So what? If, in the next mystery novel I read, Ellery pulls another impossible solution out of the hat, I shall be very much tempted to break a law or two, and send a time bomb through the mails; then let Philo Vance or Inspector French figure out "who-dun-it." Ellery will speak no more!



Haunting Refrain

By Henry K. Haines

To look at her you thought she'd never left the town. She's all the earmarks of the small town style. Her clothes are home-made-overs and she's let herself get fat but if you get to hear her talk you overlook all that.

Her voice remembers all the crowds it charmed. She's lived with Lillian Russell and knows her make-up tricks, but what can be the use of them way down here in the sticks? She's played with Otis Skinner and done well in the Hall, but what good can remembering do?—her time is at its fall. The man she loved did not love back, and married she was not. She wonders from her village bed if he forgot.

And still she walks the village street as all the others do and only looks at them to ask if they have memories too.

"They Said"

By Ethel Cunningham

They said when first I was aware of all your charms

That it was "puppy love", that I would soon forget

You, and find fulfillment in another's arms.

All very well for them to say, my dear, and yet I find my love has deepened with the years, until

You have become a part of me, vital as breath Inseparable as thought, nor can I distill

You from my very blood. So am I yours till death.

Yours for what? To suffer long nights of loneliness

To start in pain at memory of your kiss?

I wish with all my heart, that I could love you less.

Cold ashes would be easier to bear, than this White fire that sears my soul and blinds me with its light.

They say that time will heal a wound—perhaps they're right.

The World and I

By Helen M. Gorson

We are partners—the world and I.
For I am part of it
And it is part of me.
Together we swing around the sun;
Together we mark the fleeting hours;
And I in my small heart
Echo the mighty pulse
That throbs beneath my feet.

We are friends—the world and I
For I can see through it,
And it can see through me.
Together we mock our vanity;
Together we mourn our shallowness.
And I with tearful eyes
Sigh with the heavy sighs
That rock the earth beneath.

We are one—the world and I.
For I know what it feels,
And it knows what I feel.
As one we see and think;
As one we hear and say
And I in loneliness
Feel with a curious warmth
The world is lonely, too!

The Brook

By Rosine Ilgenfritz

You, oh brook, so clear and bright,
Hasten past as if in flight.
I sit by your bank and wish to know:
From whence you come and where you go?

"I come from a dark and rocky cell;
My course runs through a peaceful dell,
Upon my surface soft and even
Sweeps the likeness of the heaven.

Therefore I'm merry, I have no care,
I'm driven on, I know not where.
He who calls me to his side
He, I think, shall be my guide."

—A translation from Goethe

“. . . By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them”

(Dealing with the literature of the Pennsylvania Germans)

By Emily Greenawald

Ed. Note: This essay is the first winner of the Fogel Prize for a research paper on Pennsylvania German culture. It is a pleasure to be able to present it to the readers of the *Lantern*. Our apologies to the author for the editing required because of lack of space to print the entire essay.

WHAT is more comforting to a native Pennsylvania German, or Pennsylvania Dutchman, as he is familiarly called, than the cherished memories of the days of his youth? It was in those bygone days—when every boy and girl waited, half in dread, half in anticipation, for the coming of the Belznickel; when long winter evenings were whiled away at the gay community spelling-bees; when, with the approach of summer, the long awaited family reunions and picnics became glorious realities—it was then that the treasure chest of Pennsylvania German folklore was being filled. It is unfortunate for this generation to be losing so much of what its parents carefully hoarded for it. Many of the delightful, if quaint, customs of past generations have by now fallen to the wayside. This is necessary if there is to be any progress, we say, and maybe we are right. Unfortunately, however, so much of what we are losing takes with it more than we are aware. The youth of this generation tends toward a great national feeling—a desire to be just like everyone else—and in aiming for this homogeneity it loses sight of any provincial customs which distinguished it before. We are losing our rightful heritage and do not know it.

In recent years quite a bit has been written about the Pennsylvania Germans, their character, their customs and their folklore. Much of it has been written by people who know only what they have heard about this group of people, and who, therefore, cannot understand their temperament and feelings. Some of this literature has been very biased in viewpoint, and, when read by other non-Pennsylvania Germans, gives the impression that the Pennsylvania German group is just a crude, uneducated class of people, who are smug and satisfied in their own little circle. This is a mistaken viewpoint, but is easily reached. I should like to take the side of the Pennsylvania German, and try to show him in his daily life as he really is and has been from the time of his

settlement in this state. One may say that this is an impossible task. For one person to do alone, I agree, it would be a difficult job, but there is something which is of inestimable aid in showing us the people in their true light, and this is their literature. It is the literature of a people which records its true feelings and its true regard for life. The deepest emotions, as well as the lightest, gayest moments of life find expression in the literature of a race, and it is to that we must refer for a real picture of the Pennsylvania German and his life and customs in the past.

Now the question arises as to what should be included as literature in a study such as this one. It would be unfair to consider only the works written about the Pennsylvania Germans, and it would be equally unfair to include only that dialect writing which was produced prolifically between 1860 and 1900, by specific authors. According to Webster's definition, literature is "the total of preserved writings belonging to a given language or people." That is the definition which will be followed here, for only by considering everything which the people read or wrote, no matter how insignificant it seems now, can an authentic picture be drawn. Unfortunately, much of this literature has not been preserved for us, but still, the amount of material which we have covers a vast field. There are religious books—hymnals, prayer books, and catechisms; there are books of a superstitious nature, on powwowing and hexerei; there are beautiful legends, dialect letters, ballads, riddles, lullabies, and poems dealing with practically every phase of life. There is serious literature, and literature in the lighter vein, and there are works in German, English, and the Pennsylvania German dialect.

When the first German settlers came to Pennsylvania in October, 1683, they spoke only their mother tongue. By association with settlers already here they came into contact with the English language, and gradually their once

pure Frankish and Allemannic dialects were transformed into the Pennsylvania German dialect. This new vernacular was a combination of the German language and English words which slowly crept into daily use. There is no positive proof as to how this Pennsylvania German dialect came to be called Pennsylvania Dutch, but it is a safe assumption, I believe, to say that "Dutch" came from "Deutsch", the Pennsylvania German modification of the German, "Deutsch". By 1800, the dialect was in common daily use, but had not yet been applied as a written tongue. It was in about 1834 that the first true dialect writings appeared. Of course, there was no grammar nor any set rules of spelling at that time, and hence, each author wrote as he spoke. Even today variations in spelling are to be found which make difficult the reading of the dialect writings, especially for inexperienced readers.

In 1875, A. R. Horne wrote **A Pennsylvania German Manual**, which contains rules of pronunciation, a vocabulary, some literature, and a section devoted to grammar. Other books of the same and similar types have appeared since, but still Pennsylvania German is known better as a spoken, than a written dialect.

Religion was a part of the everyday life of these settlers, and during the first century of their settlement here, their literature reflected this deep, religious nature.

The first book of a Lutheran minister published in America appeared in 1708, and was a treatise on the chief doctrines of the Christian religion. From then on many books of hymns, and of a devotional nature appeared. We hear, in 1743, of the first German Bible printed in America, published by Christopher Sauer at Germantown, who also, in 1752, printed the **Geistreiche Lieder**, the first hymnal of the Reformed church.

According to the Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, "The reading of God's word, and the prayer of the prayer-book, the singing of hymns, the reading of the sermons in the sermon-book, and the recital of the Catechism strengthened the pioneer and his descendants in their faith, quickened them in their walks in the truth and comforted them in their trials of life in this new world."

As proof of the truth of this quotation I should like to relate one of the better known early Pennsylvania German stories, which clearly

shows the religious influence of the period. The beauty and pathos of the story of Regina Hartman is known to many a Pennsylvania German reader.

It was in October, 1755, during the French and Indian War, that Mrs. Hartman and her son set out for the mill. Her two daughters, Barbara and Regina, had been left at home with their father and another brother. While the mother was gone, the Indians attacked the home, killed the father and son, and took the two girls captive. The story of Barbara is pushed into the background, as we follow Regina into captivity. All of the captives were distributed among the Indians, and it fell to Regina's lot to be given to a dirty, old Indian squaw, whose faithless son had deserted her, thus leaving Regina to support the old woman. She had to dig roots and pick berries, and her life was not very happy. Regina was only ten years old when she was taken captive, and hence the hardships of this new life were even more terrifying.

When the shock of what had happened wore off, Regina found her chief delight in remembering the hymns and the Scripture which her mother had taught her, especially the two comforting hymns, **Jesus Evermore I Love**, and **Alone, and Yet Not Alone Am I**.

After nine years of this life, Regina was rescued by Colonel Bouquet, and taken, with other white children, to Fort Pitt, and then to Carlisle, where the settlers were to come to identify their children.

Mrs. Hartman was there. The years, and her great sorrow had aged her, but there was an eager look of hope in her eyes as she marched up and down before the captives, looking for Regina. At last the hope faded, for she could find no one who resembled her daughter. The Colonel, seeing her despair, begged her to try again. Perhaps there was some mark by which Regina could be identified. No, there was none. And then, suddenly, the ray of hope again illuminated her eyes, and she began to sing, slowly and softly, the beautiful hymn:

Alone and yet not all alone
Am I, in solitude though drear,
For when no one seems me to own,
My Jesus will himself be near,
I am with Him, and He with me,
I therefore cannot lonely be.

At first nothing happened, and then Regina

joined in the hymn, as she recognized her mother, and a happy reunion followed.

There is more to the story, but the general tone and beauty is gotten from the main incident of the joyous reconciliation.

Even the literature of this period which was not strictly religious in nature showed the religious influence. One very interesting work appeared in 1764, in Sauer's **Geistliches Magazin**. This was Schoolmaster Christopher Dock's **One Hundred Necessary Rules of Conduct for Children**. Not only did this work contain proper manners for general appearance, but specified the necessary rules for certain occasions. Just a few selections will illustrate the general tone of the rules. Dock's advice to children upon rising was, "Offer up the morning prayer, not coldly from custom, but from a heart-felt thankfulness to God, Who has protected you during the night, and call upon Him feelingly to bless your doings through the day. Forget not the singing and the reading in the Bible."

In 1789 there appeared a book which is still regarded as an authentic source of the nature of the Pennsylvania German settler. This was Benjamin Rush's **An Account of the Manners of the German Inhabitants of Philadelphia**. This account describes at first hand the religious life and community life of these settlers.

This brings us to the time of the Revolutionary War. During the war little or no literature appeared, and afterwards, for several decades, writing was at a standstill because the settlers, poor and hard-working, found little time to write.

By this time, 1800, the Pennsylvania German dialect had become common, but as yet no writing in it had been attempted. The burning religious fervor of the earlier period was subdued, and the Pennsylvania German, working as a group apart from the interests and social inclinations of other groups, soon found another field to which to devote its attention. This field was the one of ancient folk-beliefs, superstitions, hexerei, powwowing, and witchcraft.

The first real break from religious writing came in 1820, when John George Holman wrote his book of practical witchcraft, entitled **Der lang verborgene Freund**. This book, which was quite popular, told how to cast and break spells, how to cure common ills and how to bring good and bad luck in love. This book is probably the foundation on which the arti-

fices practiced by the witch doctors and the powwow are based.

Another type of equally incredulous literature of this period was the "Himmelsbrief" or letter of Jesus Christ. There were several popular versions of this letter, but all had the same general characteristics. They were published in regular letter form and were purported to have been written by Christ himself. These letters, written chiefly in German, were warnings to sinful man that it was time to repent, and possessing one was supposed to ward off "hell, disease, and disaster." In translation, part of the Magdeburg "Himmelsbrief" reads thus: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as Christ stopped at the Mount, sword or guns, shall stop whoever carries this letter with him. He shall not be damaged through the enemies guns or weapons, God will give strength."

It is difficult to understand how anyone would be credulous enough to have actual faith in these charms and letters, but the people of this period had turned from a deeply religious superstitious nature, and reflected this new nature in their writings. The opinion of a Pennsylvania German as a highly superstitious person remains even today.

About 1829 the first dialect writing appeared, and from this time on the customs peculiar to Pennsylvania "Dutchland" became evident, especially as reflected in the literature. The first dialect specimen is **Ein Neujahrs Geschenk**, which is a dialogue telling of the passing away of German and the coming importance of the dialect form. Since the earliest writers used this new dialect just to show that it could be written, the first examples are not very noteworthy. As early as 1849, however, Emanuel Rondthaler, in his **Abendlied**, which contrasts the beauty of the morning and evening with the joys hereafter, showed that finer themes could be treated in the dialect.

The dialect letter was the chief product of this early dialect period, and was not very commendable, since it tended toward vulgarity at times. Its chief value was in expressing the people's sense of humor, but its coarse tone tended to lower its estimation in the minds of the more cultured people.

The Golden Age of Pennsylvania German literature was enjoyed from about 1861 to 1902. It was then that a conscious effort was made

to use the dialect as a language of culture, and to use it as a vehicle to express the past existence and folk-customs of the people.

In 1843 education became compulsory, and hence the school, too, became an important part of life. In Henry Harbaugh's poem, **Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick**, we have a good picture of the influence of the school on the Pennsylvania German.

Of youthful customs now outgrown and perhaps even unknown to present generation children, we have the boyish prank of catching "Elbetritscha", or elves. This prank is recorded in the poem, **Catching Elves**, by Henry Lee Fisher. It tells the tale of sending out one unsuspecting victim with a big bag, and accompanying him to a deserted place, leaving him there to catch the "elbetritscha". While the victim "holds the bag" the pranksters return home, telling him they are going to chase the "elbetritscha" to him. After weary minutes of waiting, the poor victim realizes the prank and returns home empty-handed, to be laughed at by his friends.

Then there is the old prank of sneaking into mother's pantry when she isn't looking, and stealing jam. Charles C. More wrote **Die Tschollyschlecker**, which has been a favorite with Pennsylvania Germans.

Since the chief occupation of the Pennsylvania Germans was agriculture, another of the outstanding features of Pennsylvania "Dutchland" was the markethouse. Henry Lee Fisher's poem, **S Alt Marik Haus mittes in der Stadt**, describes the old market house at York. The custom of "going to market" is an old one. Bright and early on market days the farm produce was loaded on the wagon or truck and was taken to the market-house, where a "stall" was rented. Here the farmer would set up his wares, and be ready for a day's business. Not only was this an opportunity to sell his goods, but likewise a chance to see all the neighbors.

Die Singschul in dem Land, by Milton C. Henninger, better known as Hons Christion, describes the country singing school as a means of diversion. This means of entertainment, as well as the old-fashioned spelling-bee, is found only rarely anymore. A very interesting description of the singing school is given in Ann Hark's book, **Hex Marks the Spot**. It describes the big barn in which the festivities

were held, and the games played by the young folks afterwards.

The feminine point of view in Pennsylvania German literature is not to be neglected. Many of the better known Pennsylvania German customs were products of the women. The old-fashioned quilting party is still rather common in some parts of Pennsylvania, but the carpet-rag party is not so well-known anymore. **Die Lumpa Party**, by Astor C. Wuchter, tells of the household and neighborhood activity from the feminine point of view.

Then there is the old country store, which must not be forgotten. **Die Hucka Rum** gives the picture of the old Pennsylvania German store with its "cracker-barrel" philosophers sitting around the stove.

Thus, briefly, we can see the importance which the dialect literature had in this period, for it preserved for future generations the life of that era.

Only the one side of the life at that time has been presented, the less serious side. In this same period the deeper emotions and feelings were likewise expressed in poetry. One of the most important of those feelings was the love for home. It was the early pioneer's chief ambition to obtain his own home, and to settle down quietly with his wife and children. Often, getting a home involved hard work, but the Pennsylvania German was not ashamed to work. He was proud of his ability to work, and was likewise proud of the results of his labor, his home. Hence, through the years, home became a favorite theme with the writers, and many nostalgic works appeared.

This feeling is expressed by Charles Calvin Ziegler in his poem, **Drauss un Daheem**. It shows his realization of the truth of his mother's words when she warned him, "drauss is net daheem". It compares the safe, assuring comfort of home with the unfeeling outside world.

After 1900, the Pennsylvania German became more written about than ever before. Many books appeared with Pennsylvania Germans as leading characters, but these are the books mentioned previously, those which present a biased viewpoint of the group, and show it to be ignorant, revengeful and superstitious.

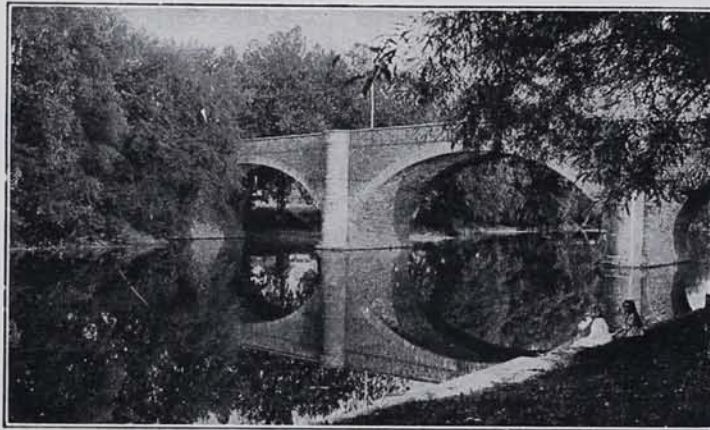
Gradually, however, men really interested in the Pennsylvania Germans began to write about them and their customs, and to present

a very readable body of authentic material about them.

Indeed, not every phase of the Pennsylvania German's literature has been touched. His short stories, plays, newspaper letters and essays have been hastily passed by, but not without consideration. They, too, are an important part of the literature, and serve to pass on the customs and to preserve the dialect.

Here we have sketched our true Pennsylvania German—religious, honest, plain, hard-working and home loving, not without a sense

of humor and possessed with a great desire for simple pleasures. We know that the picture is an authentic one, for he himself has drawn it for us, by means of his literature. He has passed on to us his customs, his language, and his way of life, indirectly and without conscious effort. Will we accept them? That is a challenge to today's young generation of Pennsylvania Germans. It is their duty to protect and cherish the folklore of their parents, and to foster the development of a continued interest in that which is Pennsylvania German.



Why?

By Helen M. Gorson

Why is it that
I have so much to say
And yet I never say it;
I have so much to tell
And yet I cannot tell it?

Why is it, tell,
When friends are near and waiting;
When heart would rule the tongue;
That though the mind is full of thoughts
The lips refuse to open?

Green Leaf

By Joan Wilmot

Green leaf, young, tender,
Do you know where you are?
Have you seen the pain which comes with
every hour?
Are you not afraid?

I watch you bravely grow from pale trans-
parency
To blazing beauty;
Then die, softly, gently fall to rest,
Content in your brief span of loveliness.

Night Drama

By Elizabeth J. Cassatt

Set—Filigree of dark silhouetted tree.
Backdrop—Mist-veiled sky.
Lighting—Moonlight through broken clouds.
Music—A young and lonely wind.
Plot—The beginning of spring.
Audience—You and I.
Critics Review—"The heart has no pen."



In That Same Hour

By Henry K. Haines

In that same hour when hearts are high
And all things are attained;
In that same hour when everything—
All good—is on you rained;
In that same hour when you've done your best
And are happiest, you say;
In that same hour there's something there
To snatch all that away.

The Greeks Had a Word for It

By Elizabeth J. Cassatt

SUSAN sat outside of room 6, frantically attempting to learn the Greek verbs she should have memorized the day before. Willard Bigby wandered in, looked superciliously over her shoulder and remarked, "I see your homework isn't done, as usual."

Susan threw him a glance of disfavor and continued studying. Willard went on in what was meant to be a helpful manner but only succeeded in riling Susan, "You know, I really don't see how you can expect to get anything out of a course if you don't study. Do you?"

This retort was greeted by an unfavorable silence, so he added a parting shot, "Guess I'll have time to get a coke at the supply store before class. It's a shame you're too busy to come along."

Susan favored his retreating figure with a glare. "Darn Willard anyhow. He'd had Greek before he ever came here and he knew entirely too much about it to be in a 1, 2 class. Darn Greek anyhow! She was tired. "These classes from 7-9 in the evening get me down. If only I could be home and in bed—I'd give this whole golden age of Athens for twelve good hours of sleep," she muttered. Then noticing Dr. Kenby and Willard approaching, probably discussing the mysteries of the Doric Aorist or something, she scuttled into the room to grab her usual seat in the back where she could check with her verb list occasionally. The rest of the class dribbled in and Dr. Kenby began his usual lively lecture—this time on the last symbol something or other. No one but Willard knew what he was talking about anyhow. The discussion grew more and more dull and far away.

Suddenly she was in old Athens—even wearing a toga or whatever it was ancient Greeks were supposed to wear—somehow she doubted if this were the proper word. Frantically she looked around for a familiar face—and found one—Willard's! Naturally you'd find him in Athens. Noticing her he sauntered up.

"I suppose you know I'm your opponent in the elections for mayor of the city," he informed her. "I'm sure your extensive knowledge of Greek will come in handy in making campaign

speeches," he added with a laugh. "Maybe you'd like to hear one of mine right now."

Willard mounted a large block of stone and began haranguing the crowd. From their response his speech seemed quite successful. After the applause had died away everyone turned around and seemed to be waiting for her to say something. Since she could only remember the refrain line from Byron's "Maid of Athens"—which didn't seem too appropriate—Susan remained quiet. The crowd gave up and wandered away, obviously disgusted with her. Willard wandered over "Went well, don't you think? The main problem is that they're bored with their diet of bread and cheese and olives and goat's milk. I just gave them a pep talk on the sale of that diet in their history—Achilles ate it and all that sort of thing. Oh, by the way," he added in his most maddening manner, "I've got a dictionary here if you care to use it. In fact," he added generously, "I'll even say a few words for you if you think it'll do any good."

During this speech Susan's brain had been exceedingly active and now she surprised Willard with a pleasant smile, "Thanks a lot Willard, may I have the book for a few minutes now? Oh yes, and will you tell all the women of the town to be at—at the Acropolis at 3:30?"

"Really, Susan," Willard answered, "didn't you ever pay any attention to our lectures on Greek culture? Are you aware that the women don't have the privilege of voting?"

"I am," Susan answered calmly. "And may I please have the dictionary?"

Willard stared a moment, handed it over and then shrugging his shoulders, sauntered off. Susan started looking up words hurriedly.

It was 3:45 at the Acropolis. Susan, up in front of the crowd with a large table and a good supply of the much disliked Greek staples, was giving a cooking lesson to the assembled women.

"Now when you have it cooked and seasoned, you pour it on the toast and serve it," she concluded (in Greek) as she began to hand out samples. Now then, if you'll all go home and cook this for your husbands for supper

and tell them I taught you how to make it, I'll be very grateful to you."

As the pleased women hurried home with their precious new recipe, Susan remarked to herself. "I guess a good recipe for welsh rabbit with olives is a good thing to have around even in Athens."

It was next day and the votes were being counted. Willard was looking like the about-to-conquer hero while Susan tried to look like the cat that didn't swallow the canary. Finally, the Ephor got up to announce the results.

"Noble citizens of Athens (he was running for reelection in three months) it gives me great pleasure to announce the new mayor of our fair metropolis, Susan Ahers."

Willard seemed suddenly to wilt. Susan favored him with a crushing look. Then putting on the successful politician's smile, she turned to greet her well-wishers. Suddenly however, the smile was wiped from her face as if it had never existed and an expression of blank dismay took its place. She fairly shouted:

"My God, here I am mayor of Athens and I don't know any Greek."

Then, the place of her constituents was taken by the surprised faces of her classmates and instead of applause there was the voice of Dr. Kenby, saying chilly:

"The latter part of that statement, Miss Ahers, is the most intelligent one you have made in class all year."

The Call of War

By Emily Williams

What right have you to say there must be war,
And cry alarms that echo once again
Across the slumbering town from door to door;
To rudely wake the peaceful village men?
What right have you who sit behind a desk
To tear young men from ties and say—"Go
Kill";

To have some find an alien soil for rest
And never know the dreams they might fulfill?
You speak to me in accents slow and clear
Like dawn when chasing darkness into light
I see. No peace when tyrants rule cause fear;
Someone must issue orders for this fight

To rid the world of fear so peace again,
Can reign as king in all the hearts of men.

The Promise of a Pearl

By Ruth Hyden

Under the shadow of a doubt
You come to me.
You ask me what it's all about,
What is to be.

Within your hand a pearl you hold,
Not wanting it.
While others sparkle forth with gold,
What good is it?

But keep that pearl, and guard it well.
It may not gleam—
Yet day by day it will foretell
Of things you dream.

Without the shadow of a doubt
Some day you'll see.
You'll know then what it's all about,
What is to be.

The Apiary

By Alice R. Haas

THE management and supervision of an apiary was my brother's favorite hobby until he accepted an indefinite date with Uncle Sam. Not willing to part with something he had become attached to, he asked my younger brother and me to care for his apiary until his return. My younger brother welcomed the opportunity. But my own personal feeling was, "What happens when you get stung?" It was loyalty as much as love that made me promise to do my best.

It was on a beautiful July day that this event occurred. The time had come to remove the clover honey from the hives. I was actually scared, though too proud to admit it. I decided I'd arm myself against torturous stings in every way humanly possible. I put on a long sleeved blouse which was tight at the wrists and neckline. I gathered the cuffs of my slacks and clipped them securely. Over my head and face I put a special veil drawn tight at the neck, designed to keep the bees from becoming mixed in my hair. I drew on thin leather gloves and picked up my smoker. Considering myself securely guarded, I headed for the apiary.

My brother Bob lifted first the outer and then the inner cover from the hive. There they were, those innocent little bees, working hopefully to have an ample supply of honey for the long, cold winter months. And there we were armed

with smoke with which to drug them and rob them of the fruits of their labors!

We worked in silence for several minutes. First we drugged the bees with smoke. After this we brushed them helpless to the ground. We removed the honey carefully and carried it away to the storehouse.

At this point I was asking myself why I was nervous and excited. I found to my amazement that there was nothing to become alarmed about. I collected my wits and we moved on down the long line of colonies. We opened the colonies in quick succession, cautiously removing the honey, as would a troop of highway robbers.

At long last we came to the remaining one. I lifted the lid and blew in the smoke until the bees buzzed furiously. Then I picked up the combs with my gloved hands and brushed off the dazed worker bees. Bob received the combs with the remark that they were the best we'd yet taken from any hive.

Finally, having replaced the covers, we turned toward the store house. As we passed the fence I plucked at a clump of honey suckle blossoms. Suddenly I felt a pin point of pain flash through my hand. I drew forth my hand to expose the cause. There in the palm of my hand lay a dead worker bee.

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