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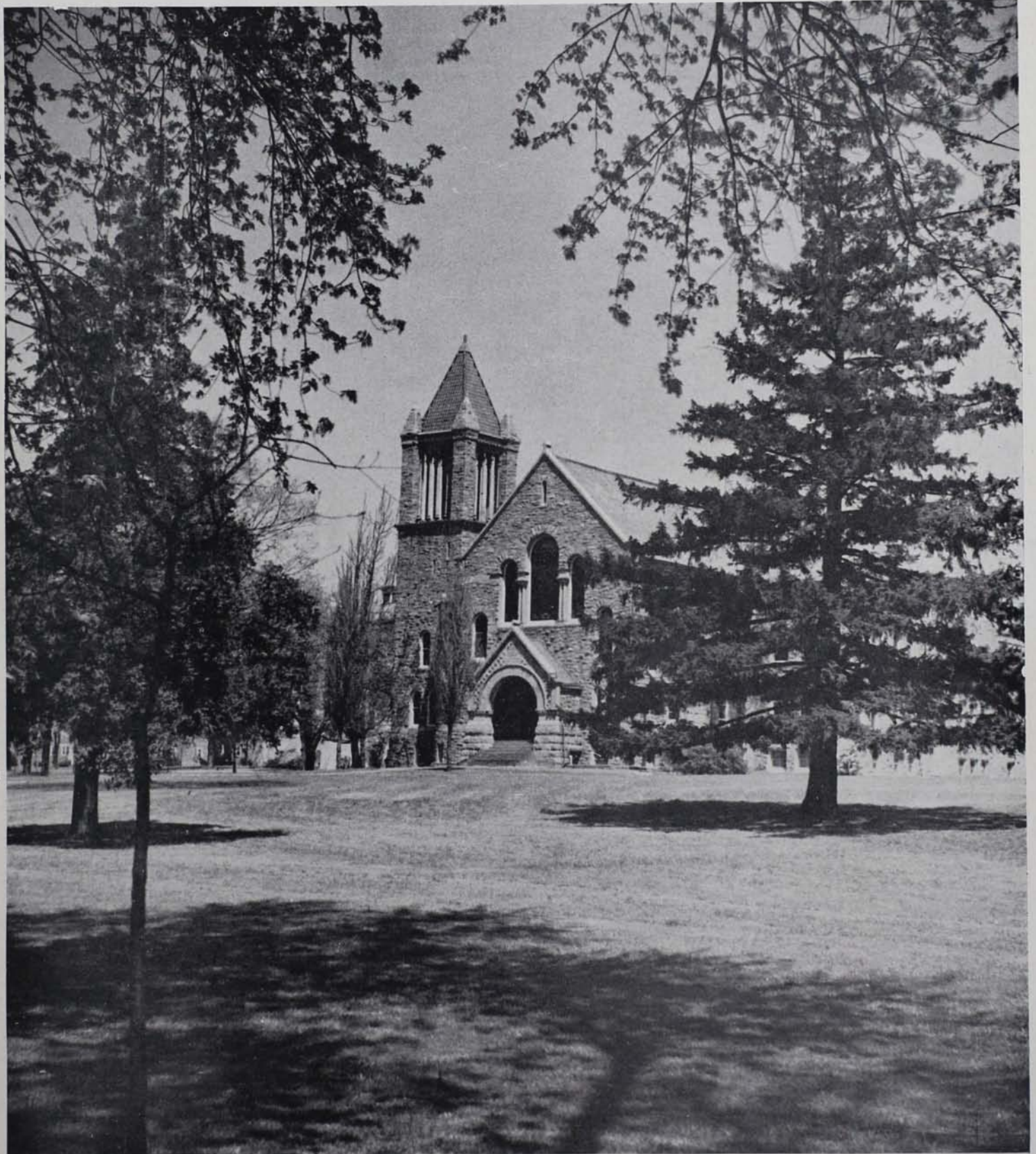
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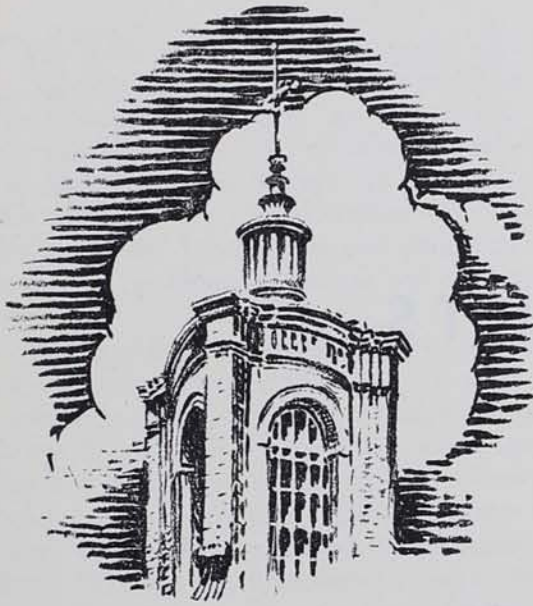
Helen Hafeman, Elizabeth J. Cassatt, William McE. Miller Jr., Ruth Hydren, Jane VanHorn, Constance Johnson, Irene Sufas, Albert F. Rothwell, Joan Wilmot, and Henry K. Haines

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THE LANTERN



THE LANTERN



April, 1945

vol. XIII, No. 2

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EDITORIAL

ONCE again the LANTERN changes hands—a healthy diet for a magazine—and we who are leaving or have already left Ursinus wish the best of luck to the new staff which will be headed by Miss Betsy Shumaker, the new Editor-in-Chief. We have tried to maintain the standards left us by our predecessors and to continue as always with the LANTERN during these war years. We have endeavored to make the situation one which we could utilize to our advantage—as evidenced by the amount of material published herein which was written by members of the Navy V-12 unit at Ursinus—rather than an excuse for doing less than our best. We have failed at many places but we do hope that our efforts have brought some enjoyment to our readers and inspiration and satisfaction to our contributors.

It is with especial pleasure that we present this issue of the LANTERN and if saying good-byes were not one of my pet aversions this would be the time and the place. We hope you enjoy the LANTERN now and in the future. My parting comment would be that you remember always that it is your magazine and so make it your pride. It's not a one man job.

Lancaster, Pa.

H. K. H.

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The Littlest

By Helen Hafeman

⁶⁶ G 'WAN—you're always taggin' around after our gang, and this is one time you ain't comin' with us, see," shouted Spike. "We got just enough dough for our own tickets, and we ain't plannin' on draggin' you along. You're too little and don't know nothin' about baseball, anyhow. G'wan back and play with your doll-ies," he chanted, "cause we ain't takin' you."

With that the gang raced off down the street, and for once Peter didn't even try to catch up. Usually he'd plod along after them, but now he knew it was useless. The gang was going to the ball park to see Babe Ruth play. That was what hurt Pete. He didn't mind not going with them, because they often left him behind. But Babe Ruth stood almost next to God in Pete's estimation, and he wanted to go so badly! For three whole years now he'd even eaten Wheaties just 'cause Babe Ruth did too. If only they would have taken him just this once! Aimlessly, Peter wandered along in the direction of the ball stadium hoping to get in somehow.

The sidewalks got more and more crowded as he neared the park. People were excitedly chattering about who would win, and distracted fathers were directing families to the wrong entrances while they tried to discover into which pocket they had put the tickets. For a time Peter contented himself with leaning against the fence and watching the people. After a while, however, the game began, and even the last few stragglers had hurried in.

Sorrowfully Peter sat down on the curb. No one had come up to him and said, "Little boy, how would you like this ticket to the game?" No one had even realized how anxious he was to get in. In fact, no one had even noticed him. It was a mean world, indeed.

As he sat there listening, Peter could almost tell what was happening inside. The clamor of the crowd would rise and fall with every turn of the game. One thing he was sure of, and it was that Babe Ruth was coming up to bat again. He'd been at bat twice already and both times the crowd nearly went crazy as he whammed the ball that sent the score spinning.

Now the shouts of the crowd died down. That must be time for the pitch. Sure enough, the crack of the bat resounded, and the crowd went wild. Peter's heart almost seemed to pound its way right through him, and he was sure his hero had hit a homer. Pete was jumping up and down on the curb stone when a ball shot past him, hit against the opposite curb, and bounded on down the street. Could this have been the ball Babe Ruth just hit? Peter's spirits reached a new high as he dashed after the ball. He picked it up and squeezed it tightly. It must have come over the fence! It must have been Babe Ruth's homer!

Peter felt himself rising to the clouds as he looked at the ball. It felt hot and prickly and seemed to have a secret power as he clutched it in his hands. This wonderful ball — Babe Ruth's ball—was his. What wouldn't the gang say when he showed them! They'd want to take him into their club now, and maybe he'd even make them coax him a while at that! Probably, they'd carry him home on their shoulders; because now he was a real hero himself. He had Babe Ruth's ball!

The rest of the game, didn't matter to Peter. He knew the Yanks were winning, and he wished the game would end soon and the gang would come out. As he waited, he heard the final shout, and the game was over. People came streaming out and pushed by him, little realizing what great treasure he held in his hand. Maybe some newspaper photographers would even want his picture. Then these people would be sorry they hadn't paid any attention to him!

Soon he spied Spike and the rest of the gang. Overjoyed, he ran toward them and triumphantly blurted out the whole wonderful story, flourishing his glorious prize as he spoke.

"Let's see it," said Spike not seeming very impressed. "Hey look at this, guys! Here's a lopsided, ole ball that he wants us to believe is Babe Ruth's ball. Why that little runt don't even know what Babe Ruth looks like. It's probably one o' his own ole balls he's tryin' to pass off on us as a ball the Babe hit. He's always cookin' up some story. Come on, guys,

we don't want no batty little kid trailin' us around."

Stunned, Peter stood there watching them go off down the street. Why, they didn't even believe him! They'd gone off and left him, and he wasn't a hero after all! Peter looked down at the ball. It didn't feel hot and magnetic any more. It just looked like any other old ball. Maybe it hadn't come over the fence after all. He didn't exactly see it come over. Maybe

somebody in the street threw it. Maybe it wasn't the one Babe Ruth hit! Peter began to doubt himself. Maybe it was just the messy old ball Spike said it was! Angrily he clutched the ball and threw it into the gutter. He watched it as it rolled on down the street and disappeared down a sewer.

"Ah, what the heck," muttered Peter as he stuffed his hands into his pockets and shuffled off after the gang.

A Page of Poetry

By Elizabeth J. Cassatt

BLASPHEMY

I humbly knelt
To the windswept sky
And prayed,
"Oh God, give me courage
For this thing."
The wind swept past.
My heart still shrank.

I humbly knelt
To the starry sky
And prayed,
"Oh God, take from me
This burden."
The stars glittered on
My load bowed me.

I stood gazing up
At the pale blue sky
And cried,
"Oh sky, you are empty.
There is no God!"
The sky glowed blue
And all was still.

I turned to a fellowman
As I quivered from my pain.
I spoke,
With deliberate cruelty,
To shrivel his soul.
And the lightning came
Leaping and smote me.

CHASE

Run, moon, run!
The gypsies are coming
To catch you;
I hear the shouts,
The horses galloping, galloping.

Run, moon, run!
From your silver
They will make
Heavy silver earrings
To swing in the ears
Of the insolently smiling dancers;
Square shoe buckles
To sell the fat burghers;
Smooth curved daggers
For the swaggering hidalgos.

Run, moon, run!
The gypsies are coming
To steal you.

LOSS

Today, I was in a very bad humor.
I threw my jade earring on the floor
And stamped upon it
Breaking it in many pieces.
I pulled the rose from my hair
And tore it to shreds

It will take the wrinkled craftsman
Of carved jade flowers street
Many months to carve me another earring;
Meanwhile, I cannot wear this—
My favorite pair.
I can walk into the garden now
And pick another rose for my hair,
Yet I am sorrier for the broken flower.

Dead End

By William McE. Miller, Jr.

"THIS is it; today is the day," he meditated . . .

He stood by the basin in the large, empty, washroom, and slowly turned on the water, listening to its loud fizzing as it came through the pipes . . . "The Club Cassandro, and Rosie and I was dancin'—them was the days! Plenty a dough, the gang was all together — it was New Year's; all the confetti, the rum Joe's racket got in, that lousy band—they had a cute babe for a singer, though — what'a lot of noise!—drinks on the house—plenty of tight guys that night; I wasn't feeling so bad myself—champagne was fizzing all night long — what a night!" . . . he listened to its busy chatter as it filled the basin and then lapsed into silence, and for a fleeting moment he glimpsed the stream back at Reedsville with the looming shoulder of the mountain beneath whose blue-green pine shadows he had fished for trout—but that was long ago. He scooped up the water and dashed it over his face and rubbed his eyes soothingly. He lowered his face into the caressing cool of it . . . "I might as well use some soap, this happens only once in a lifetime." . . . straightening, he took the rounded scrap and rubbed it slowly, staring at his hands . . . "What they haven't been through! They're

what got me started, they're what got me into big time, they're what kept me at the top for thirteen years—yea, they're what got me here; they've done me good—and done me dirt . . . There's the scar where I got cut on that first night job, and there's where I got nicked when we cleaned out the Thirty Third—boy, whatta' hand! them dumb cops!—my trigger finger, it's still pretty tough! 'Bet I could still hold off three of them with 'Sparky'—that's where they got my 'prints; that's how they got me, I guess' . . . rinsing off his face, he reached for the rough paper towels and gave the drain handle a slam. He wiped his face off, threw the wet, ragged towel down and pulled another slowly from the box and scraped his hands with it as he looked critically through the mirror at himself—present, past, and—: his hair was thinning gray;—well it certainly had a right to, wasn't he goin'—. He wished he could be two like the spot on the mirror. A last look . . . "tough break, chum, tough break."

"Let's go, let's go."

"O.K., copper, I'm coming . . . tough break."

A sympathizing spigot in the far corner poured out its heart to the drain in steady little sobs, to which the drain periodically replied with a compassionate gurgle.

TRIBUTE

By Ruth Hydren

The world has much to say of all its friends;
But who has known a friendship such as ours?
A friendship all too often starts, then ends,
But we keep adding to the precious hours.
Sometimes I doubted that your love would last,
Although I always would remember you;
But time has put those doubts with all things
past,
For now I know that friendship can be true.
Though others often may not understand—
Perhaps they wonder why—we do not care.
We need no spoken word, no touch of hand
To tell of what, together, we may dare.
No words express the tribute in my heart
To you, who will be with me, though we
part.

Unconquerable Destiny

By Jane Van Horn

THE little French town lay wrapped in sleep, and the spires of the great church were overburdened with fog from the sea. There was not a remnant of activity along the water front, and from all appearances the town was a tomb. However, a ray of light from a small square window in the Rue de la Paix was tangling feebly with the fingers of the fog.

Here Jock, seated in front of a radio transmitter, etched clearly by the flickering candle, waited for the message which he hoped would not come. He was breathing heavily, and large globules of perspiration stood upon his bronzed face. The air was humid, the fog depressing, and Jock felt as if the air were being slowly forced from him. The anxiety, the tension! "For God's sake if it is going to come, let it come now! I can't stand it much longer," he thought, and jumping up sent his chair crashing against the wall. He strode to the window, and flung open the casement.

"Why," he muttered, "why **our** town, small and insignificant, helpless. It's barbaric! It's inhuman! Are they unappeasable? Are they never satisfied?"

The air from the open casement revived him a little, and he turned back to the switchboard filled with a pervading sense of duty, but a soft humming arrested his attention. He whirled around and faced the window, dizzy with apprehension. Could it be—? He raced to the table, and adjusting the earphones began distractedly calling Le Havre, the center of northern French communications. Frantically he put in his call.

"Le Havre, calling Le Havre. Montevilliers calling Le Havre! Come in Le Havre, come in Le Havre!" Tiny rivers of perspiration were wending their way in the furrows of Jock's forehead, and his eyes, riveted upon the switchboard, were dilated with trepidation. After a short period of time had elapsed, in which Jock's suffering had become unutterable, he heard Le Havre answering the call.

"Go ahead, Montevilliers."

Jock spoke excitedly, "Planes coming from the northwest. Sounds like hundreds of them heading this way. Must have missed your

radio beam. The town is helpless, wide open, no protection at all. We need aid," Jock panted.

"We'll dispatch planes as fast as we can. The squadron has already been detected by our spotters. They are from Tournay, Belgium, and probably heading for Le Havre. There is a German invasion force sweeping across northern France. They are, from all reports of their progress, making for Montevilliers, and then Le Havre in an attempt to block the northern French communications thus paralyzing us. We are trying our best to stop them, but they must not be permitted to reach the bridge at Montevilliers. It must be blown up before they can cross. They must not gain control of that bridge. If they do——."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a tumult of explosions, and then there was a profound and dead silence at the other end of the line. Jock laid down his earphones grimly. "The planes have reached Le Havre, but the soldiers? Ah yes! They have not reached the Montevilliers bridge, and they will never seize control of it, not while I live," Jock thought desperately. He left the room, ran down the steps, and over to the commissioner's house. He informed them of the catastrophe which had overtaken Le Havre, and of the orders concerning the Montevilliers bridge. The commissioner issued orders to the group of armed men of the town, who were to set out and meet the enemy, thus giving a man time enough to insure the destruction of the bridge. It was a scant band of brave men from a very small, but very heroic town. It was the importance of the bridge which made Montevilliers mean so very much on the map in a world at war. These brave Frenchmen, who because of their love of country would gladly give up their lives, had an undying spirit which continually spurred them on to victory, victory for their glorious country, the immortal France!

When this band of well trained men had left, the commissioner searched diligently among the records for a man to carry out the latter part of the orders. A doomed man! Jock stood by the windows with eyes averted and watched him. The contour of Jock's face was sharply

etched by the brightness of the now illuminated skies. His hand trembled as he took out a cigarette. A strong sense of duty, loyalty, and love of his country crept slowly through his body like a chill until it clutched so strongly at his throat that he was stifled. What would become of his mother, who depended solely upon him, who saw things through his eyes, who lived by his earnings? Oh, dear God! Then there was Marie; she loved life. Her twinkling eyes, her generous laughing mouth. Could he leave behind him these two dear ones? Shakily he rubbed out his cigarette on the windowsill, took a deep breath, and riveting his eyes upon the commissioner he said quietly,

"I'll go, sir."

What courage that simple phrase entailed! Those three words contained and destroyed his lease on life. It was finished; he had spoken! He was a doomed man! Jock clutched the desk until his nails were digging into the wood. They were white, but no longer trembling when he received the orders from the commissioner. His face was determined, and after the commissioner had grasped his hand in a firm lock, and they had said good-bye, Jock strode from the office. As the door banged abruptly behind him, he was startled into reality. For a minute he lost his momentary spurt of courage. He stood trembling as though taken by a sudden chill, and he had an almost uncontrollable desire to run screaming through the streets.

Jock lit a cigarette and started slowly up the steps to the door. Oddly enough his mother stood on the threshold just as though she had had a premonition, a glance at the unconquerable destiny which was soon to overtake her little household. Jock stopped in front of her, and stood staring down at his sweet mother. Would she be strong enough to bear this blow—, a blow so swift, so stunning, and so depriving? Then he swept her into his arms, not daring to emit that almost irrepressible sob. Quietly he tore himself from his mother and handed her a copy of his sealed orders.

"Do not open it until I have gone—until you can no longer see me at the end of the Rue de la Paix." He pressed her hand to his lips, and turning, plunged madly down the steps.

The village was now astir. Word had been spread of the coming invasion and the part Montevilliers was to play in it. As Jock strode rapidly down the street, a sharp voice caught

at his heart, and made him stop. Marie! Had she heard?

"Not that. I cannot bear more," muttered Jock.

Marie, the wind whipping her locks and stinging her cheeks rosy, came up beside him.

"I wanted to say goodbye, Jock," she quavered, "goodbye, until we meet again."

He kissed her brusquely, not uttering a word because he was at a loss for speech, and choked with emotion. He went on and she stood, a lone figure on the road; France, looking after her lost son.

As Jock walked, he thought of the old France he had loved with a burning ardor. Of his village. The song of the early loggers as they pulled the knotted timber from the water; the horses straining, pulling, toiling up the hill. The steam rising from their moist flanks, their hoofs clawing at the soil for a foothold. The small fishing boat, its sails unfurled, gliding out into the sea. And the fishermen, their eyes radiant, expectant, and full of hope. Hope for today as well as tomorrow! Joy in living, breathing free air, worshiping, loving, and working. Women knitting, baking, sewing. Children free and playful. The French flag waving above the cathedral. France! All glorious France!

Jock had reached the hill, and there before him lay the bridge, the pride of Montevilliers, and away down the road to the north he saw the dust rising from the advancing army.

It was only a few minutes work. Nimble fingers! The center beam of the great construction, and the fuse inserted into the powder keg! He could hear the marching feet, still distant, but ever coming. Only a few more minutes now! He was breathing hard. His face was flushed. It was finished! Jock sighed, glanced up, struck the match, and touched the fuse. He started to climb tenaciously down the steel framework.

On the hillside a girl watched. She saw the advancing army. She saw the tiny speck laboriously making his way down the framework. There was a flash of thunder and a livid light flung up to heaven.

When the smoke cleared away there was nothing left of the bridge. She shuddered, drew her shawl more closely about her, and with the tears blinding her eyes turned from the horrible spectacle murmuring,

"Jock."

Diagnoses

By Constance Johnson

PARANOIA

"Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,"
Lincolns and Napoleons—
Who would guess that they are only
Ordinary mortals' sons?
Casting swift, suspicious glances
O'er their shoulders, left and right,
Fancying that they are followed
And tormented day and night.
Do not mock them, but have pity,
And take heed lest thou, likewise
Call the truth what is mere wishing
And to reason blind thine eyes.

ACUTE MANIA

Feverishly trying, day by day,
To flee from grim reality;
Madly pursuing all she sees
In reckless, random activity.
Ceaselessly, senselessly chattering,
Running and racing and banging the door;
Restless and fitful and overly gay—
Or savagely hitting her head on the floor.

PARESIS

Pitiful wrecks of a misspent life,
Shuffling gait and trembling speech,
Learning too late the lesson of health
That bitter Experience best doth teach.
Daily the brain power weaker grows
Whence memory and judgment once readily
came;
Daily a little dimmer glows
The spark that had kindled a sacred flame.

CATATONIA

Standing like a statue
In a dreamlike trance,
Heeding not our merriment,
Our sprightly song and dance,
You can push him, shove him
Almost any way;
He is unresisting
As any piece of clay.
Though he sees and hears us,
No response he gives.
All his thoughts are inward turned:
Within himself he lives.

"We Regret to Inform You . . ."

By Irene Suflas

THE telegram fluttered to the floor as her slim white hands loosed their tense grip of despair.—"We regret to inform you that your husband, Thomas James Shirk, has been killed in action against the Germans at Chateau Thierry."—Beautiful hands they were. The skin was soft and smooth. Her nails were expertly manicured in the latest shade. "Blushing Pink" the lady at the beauty parlor had called it. Yes, that was the name, "Blushing Pink."—"We regret to inform you that your husband, Thomas James Shirk, has been killed . . ."—"I love you, Mary, but I have to go. I have to go, Mary! For you. And for little Tommy. But I'll be back, darling! I'll be back!" His hard, rough hands had covered her slim white ones as he bent to kiss her soft palms. — "We regret to inform you . . ."

* * *

The telegram fluttered to the floor as her rough, wrinkled hands loosed their tense grip of despair.—"We regret to inform you that your son, Thomas William Shirk, has been killed in action against the Germans at Chateau Thierry."—Ugly hands they were. The skin was rough and wrinkled. Her nails were broken and dirty. She never had time for a manicure anymore. Besides, working in a defense factory made it difficult to keep the polish from chipping. Yesterday she had bought a small bottle at the counter of the "Five and Ten" on a sudden silly impulse. She just couldn't resist it. "Bright Forecast" the salesgirl had called it. Yes, that was the name. "Bright Forecast."—"We regret to inform you that your son, Thomas William Shirk, has been killed . . ."—"I love you, Mom, but I have to go. I have to go, Mom! For you. And for Dad. But I'll be back, Darling! I'll be back!" His hard, rough hands covered her ugly, wrinkled hands as he bent to kiss her calloused palms.—"We regret to inform you . . ."



Crossroads

By Albert F. Rothwell

THERE was, one day, a man who walked down a lonely country road. He saw not the rolling hills all about him, nor the sullen, black clouds to the north, for his head was lowered and his eyes and mind strove mightily to pierce the shadowy wall which hid from him his future. Above all things he wanted to know, even to guess, what that wall obscured. But try as he might to crush, peer over, or in any way to see beyond it to what lay ahead for him, he could not. With each step he advanced, it retreated; and with each minute that led him towards his future, this wall receded, revealing to him just what he was to see that minute, and no more. As he walked thus, troubled, a rock so arrested his step as to cause him to stumble and raise his head. When he looked about him he saw that he stood upon a crossroads. He mused that this dull rock could be an instrument in his fate, for had he not encountered it, he would surely have walked straight on, and would never have been confronted with this decision. Which road? It mattered not to him which way he took, for he had no destination — he only wandered now. Frowning, he stared with narrowed eyes down each road in turn, laboring in vain to ascertain what each held for him—where each would lead his fate.

* * *

Now he looks to the north, sees the storm, and decides that he will follow this road, for the storm to him means strife, adventure, and the chance to surmount obstacles and attain his goal by conquest. So he turns to the right and sets out on the road to the North. Not for long does he walk thus, for a large automobile speeds from behind him and stops precipitately at his side. Asked whether he would prefer to ride, he opens the door gratefully and bows his head to enter. A sudden flash of lightning illumines the weak and friendly face of the driver; ominous rumblings of thunder are punctuated by the slamming of the door. The car draws quickly from the side of the road, gains speed rapidly and soon is smoothly consuming the remaining distance between car and storm. Then suddenly they seem to drive into an almost solid wall of water; rain smashes at the car from every side with astonishing ferocity, and the car disappears into the storm.

The storm is past and the sun brightens a ghastly picture of grotesquely twisted steel; a heavy car has strayed from the road in the storm and destroyed itself in a gully. Both its occupants are dead.

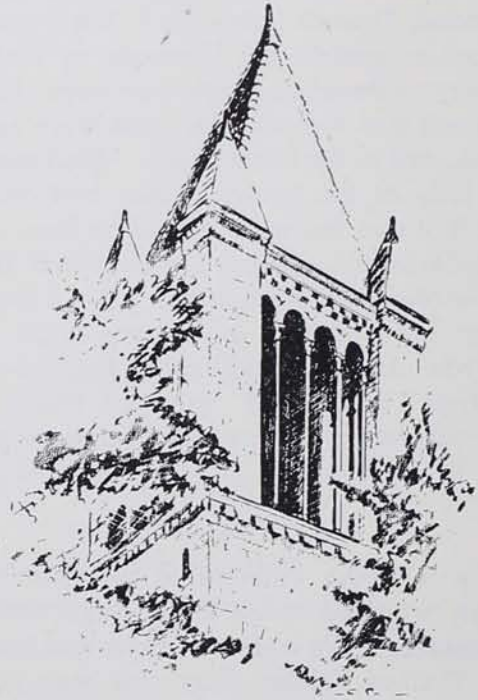
* * *

Having surveyed each road carefully, the man looks to the north, and seeing the approaching storm, decides to take the course which will lead him from it, for he wears no coat to keep him dry. And so to the south he turns and walks for some time, until, when he is hot and tired, a sober grey sedan pulls up beside him and he enters without hesitation. He notices, after he is seated, that the driver is his senior by twenty years or more; he notices capable hands and greying hair, and dark, steady eyes, and he thinks how incongruous and boorish he must look. But the driver is pleasant and the men soon find a field of consuming mutual interest, love of engineering problems. In a short time the passenger is led to expound enthusiastically theories which he has held, undeveloped for many months. At first courteously attentive, soon genuinely absorbed, the older man listens, comments, and agrees; he knows that he has found unusual talent. Before the driver has reached his destination, he has employed this stranger, and he feels that he, already high in his profession, will some day leave the business he built up, to a man he met on a lonely country road.

* * *

Now he scrutinizes each way once more, but fruitlessly for no road, despite the storm, seems any more desirable than any other. Then, laughing at himself for thinking a dull stone an instrument of fate, he continues in the direction he was following before the stone arrested his march—to the west. On and on he walks, through miles and miles of rolling fields and hills, fields of corn and wheat, and he grows tired and is disheartened. The storm moves nearer on his right. The sun has finished its weary trek across the heavens and sinks, exhausted, to a cool berth in the green hills. Lightning flashes across the sky and the air is filled with thunder. There, to the left, a small farmhouse lies patiently between two hills, a neat path leading to the front door. Smoke drifts from the chimney, and he is bitterly tired.

The old farmer and his daughter are very kind and he sits with them before a bare fire-



place, quite refreshed. Outside the storm rages with astonishing ferocity, hammering the roof and windows with a thousand heavy fingers, and dragging noisily at the eaves. But the man barely notices the storm; he is much taken by this simple man and his daughter. He watches her angular form as she stares into the fire—she looks up, and he smiles.

The storm has passed, and many another like it, and the wanderer still lives with the farmer and his daughter, ambitions repressed, the future unprobed.

* * *

But a man still stood at a crossroads, staring down each way in turn, striving with all the strength in his mind to see what lay in each for him. But as he advanced, the future retreated, and he could not get beyond. He shrugged, and looked once more, then made his decision and walked the road of his choice. He could not know his fate.

The Coming of Awareness

By Elizabeth J. Cassatt

ANDY walked out of Mr. Jule's store, gleefully munching a softy plummy sorghum cookie and mentally savoring the four others in the bag that was clenched tightly in his black fist. It was a big day for Andy—the first time in his five years that he had had a whole nickel to spend. What ponderings the spending of it had demanded — what dreadful doubts and heart-rending decisions. But finally the choice had been made and the shiny bit of metal traded for the five immense cookies. Now Andy wandered homeward, enjoying the warm spring sunshine and admiring the prints his bare feet made in the dust along the way. At the top of the long hill he stopped a moment to watch a robin pulling a worm out of the grass. Then he wandered down the other side. Next the sound of voices in Leisher's Lot attracted him. A group of boys were playing baseball. He leaned on the fence to watch them, at the same time taking the first delicious half moon from the second cookie. Then the cookie was half forgotten as he became fascinated by the game. He sure wished he were old enough to play it with them. His eyes wandered to a squirrel in a nearby tree and then back to the boys. How far that one big boy could bat the ball! And how fast the short boy in the blue jacket could throw! Then he noticed a red-haired boy running for home. His easy grace pleased Andy and he began to watch him. "He's like me," he thought to himself. "He's different from all the others here on account of his red hair and I'm different on account of my black skin. A sense of comrade-

ship for the red-head grew within him. He began to hope the red-head would hit the ball far and silently to urge him on in his running. Suddenly one of the boys spied Andy.

"Hey, look fellers, there's a nigger watching us!" he yelled.

"What's he want?" growled the big batter.

"Let's chase him!" shrieked the red-head.

Grabbing stones and dirt the whole group came thundering toward Andy. For a moment he stood — then some unknown instinct made him turn and run. The boys pursued. Stones and mud flew after him. Gone were the cookies —dropped in the mud and pounded to crumbs by the fleeing feet. Andy sobbed from the pain in his heart but the fear of what was behind him drove him on. The mob was gaining as Andy flew in at his own door—to fall in a shaking heap on the floor. His mother rushed in to pick him up and comfort him. "Poor little boy—my poor little boy!" she murmured over and over, rocking him in her arms. When his tears had subsided to quivering sobs, he told her what had happened. Then he sat up in her lap and said, "Mom, why'd they treat me like that, huh?" Andy's mother sadly shook her head. "It's like this, honey. You see, you're different from them. You're black. "But," said the little boy, staring at her questioningly, "What difference does that make?" His mother shook her head. "I wish I could tell you that, child, but I can't — I can't."

It was a question the answer to which Andy was to spend his whole life seeking—and never find.



The House

By Joan Wilmot

I WENT back to that house today. There it was, that breathlessness, that cold heaviness that had always come upon me so suddenly, just before I turned the bend. I wondered if this could be happening again to me now, after so long—so long—

* * *

In proud insolence it had stood, with a strength that seemed to come from the knowledge that its rugged beauty commanded admiration, awe. The people of the village had feared it a little, disguising their fear under the name of dislike. I understood that because I was an outsider too, and outsiders always felt that way about the Applegate house.

To term it a "homey" house would have been a sacrilege, somewhat like calling a rocky cliff "pretty." It stood out against the atmosphere like an exclamation point, signifying one word—Power! And yet it had the one essential quality of a home. It fitted its owners. One could never determine whether the Applegates built the house and gave it its personality, for it had a definite personality, or whether the house moulded the Applegate personality.

They were a close-knit family, the Applegates, and a hard shell surrounded them. One could never become intimate with one of them; in fact one couldn't even elicit a gleam of friendliness, except from John, the youngest son. There they lived, secure in the knowledge of their own superiority, never entering the outside world, never asking anyone into theirs.

I thought I could enter into it. Because of John, I had thought, they would accept me. That was the one thing I should never have considered, the mistake which changed my life, broke my spirit. Oh, they accepted one after awhile, although it was hard going at first. It's hard to get used to being completely ignored. John tried to help, even tried to break away, but they were too strong and he not strong enough. They even despised him for being half-way human. That was the trouble; he was human, and so he was too weak to resist what he had known all his life.

Yes, they accepted me. And then it began. I was caught, caught, and I couldn't escape.

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I Knew, I Knew, I Knew It All The Time

By Ruth Hydren and Constance Johnson

"⁶⁶JOE, dear," said *Maisie Zilch*, hanging up the dish towel, "let's leave these dishes go and get out of *Collegewille* for one night. Let's go to the movies in *Norristown*."

"*Harumph!*" responded Joe. "*Distinctly and definitely not. We must do today's work today and tomorrow's work tomorrow. Is that clear...*"

"Oh, all right," said *Maisie*. "I guess *the price of mental health is facing reality*."

"That's right, pet. And *we must learn to discipline our minds*."

"Well, then," said *Maisie*, with her *silly little giggle*, "let's just spend a quiet evening at home talking." She put the last dish on the table and said, "*We'll stop there*."

"You know," remarked Joe, "I read a swell story the other day. *The hero had definitely dishonorable intentions*."

"What was it called?" asked *Maisie*, interested.

"*Pues Entonces*, I believe," replied Joe.

"*Very good. Translate, please*," said *Maisie*.

"It means, 'Well, then,' or, *if you will*, just simply, 'Well.'"

"Oh, that sounds fascinating," cried *Maisie*. "But some of these authors *can't see the woods for the trees*."

"*Well*," said Joe, "*let's see what Homer has to say tonight*."

As he reached for the large, well-worn copy of the *Iliad*, *Maisie* screamed, "Be careful, Joe! You almost knocked down my *beautiful Chinese vase that goes back to the Ming Dynasty!*"

"*Well, it's this way*," began Joe. "*Now tell me if I talk too fast*." And he started reading in *big, sustained tones*, "'Then answering spoke swift-footed Achilles, 'O Zeus, the 'rice' of the democratic spirit is hindered by this administration.''"

"*By and large*," said *Maisie*, he was right. *But that's unimportant*. Read me some of the philosophical part."

"*'A table is a table. Therefore a table is a table,'*" read Joe.

As he read on and on, his voice became monotonous, and *Maisie*, in spite of herself, dozed off. She dreamed of a horrible monster, who leered at her and said, "*At the next meeting of our class we'll have a stille Stunde*."

(Continued on Page 14)

"Believest Thou This?"

By Henry K. Haines

ONCE upon a time — when Cyrenius was governor of Syria, to be more exact, there was a soldier of the Roman army who was stationed in Bethlehem of Judea. All the people whose families had come from Bethlehem were returning to their city to enroll for a great new taxation at this time. This soldier's name was Marius and he was a big man of about twenty years and as stern as pleased the emperor.

One night when the town was crowded and Marius had been on duty all day because there were not enough soldiers to handle the crowds in the small streets of Bethlehem, Marius found himself stationed at a lonely post near the city gate. No one came past the gate because no one traveled at night. It was good duty so far as the work was concerned but perhaps a more exciting post would have helped to keep him awake. Poor Marius knew that to sleep on guard meant he would be shot but even while he was thinking of this and trying desperately to stay awake he felt that his head just wasn't sitting straight on his shoulders anymore. Even his fitful dreams were pervaded by the fear of falling asleep.

Suddenly a great light forced him to pinch his eyes shut. He soon forced them open to see what it was. Marius was certain he was not seeing what he saw.

On a hillside close to Bethlehem there was a group of lighted figures that seemed clear to him in spite of the distance. He could see how good looking each one was—like no one he had ever seen. And then he heard a beautiful clear voice say, "Fear not". Could it be that he could understand the words at this distance? It was impossible!

"Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."—it was some dream—he'd better snap out of it! And then, more beautiful than anything he'd ever heard was the chorus sung by all in that great light—"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." It was as if all the gods had joined together in a wonderful choir. But why should they sing out on that hill? There were only a few shepherds out

there and they were Jews. What would they know about it if the Roman gods did sing on a hillside.

Marius shook his head violently when the light had vanished. It was a dream—dumb fool! Why did he fall asleep? Now he felt as if he were rested—he wasn't sleepy anymore. But he'd better keep this to himself—if anyone were to learn he'd slept on guard they'd report him.

He was still standing guard an hour later when four shepherds came in through the gate talking excitedly about a "babe in a manger".

"By the gods," thought Marius, "am I mad?" And he pinched himself hard when they had passed. Why should he have fallen asleep again? Hadn't he learned his lesson?

Yet it was strange how logically this dream had been continued—usually dreams aren't.

It worried Marius, but he said nothing about it. He didn't want anyone to know he'd slept. Soon he was moved from Bethlehem and almost forgot about this strange sight.

* * *

Thirty years later Marius was about ready to retire and was again stationed in Palestine. Here he heard of a man who was preaching in the villages and to whom people were crowding so that they might hear his inspired preaching about the kingdom of God. Marius had known the Jews long enough to disregard this.

But there seemed to be something different about this man. He spoke a lot like that mad man whose head Marius had seen brought into the banquet hall on a golden charger. Marius saw, in his old age, that the Jews—if he may take this preacher as an example—were really a clear thinking lot. He saw that if they listened to this man the Jewish church would soon be reformed and most of the trouble the Romans had had with them would be over. They would no longer be the sly, bargaining, jealous robbers the Romans had to watch but their church would teach them to love one another. Marius thought that would be fine. In fact, he thought that would even be a good thing for Romans to do. He thought about this

and when he heard the great preacher one afternoon and heard that calm, sincere voice tell that mob—"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness — for they shall be filled"—he knew it meant him as well as the Jews. After that Marius felt that he, too, knew this God of whom Jesus talked. He liked that feeling and although he couldn't exactly believe that it was **the** God, he believed that to live the way Jesus told the people to live was the best way.

He did not hear Jesus after that but one day he heard that He was to be crucified. He was again on duty and could not join the crowd on a hill outside the city but he could see them from his station near the gate. He saw the cross raised as he had seen many others but this time when he saw it settle he felt a pain shoot through his body as if his own flesh were being torn.

While he was still on duty the sky grew dark and an earthquake shook the city. With his eyes on that hillside he remembered another scene he had seen from another city gate and then, as he heard a still calm voice

saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do", he sank to his knees in tears. He could have told them if he had not tried to fool himself that it wasn't important. He had known and done nothing. Could he ever be forgiven? Was it possible—he should have known—blind, blundering fool that he was!

When he reached the hillside the crowd had gone. As he gained the top of the hill he saw two soldiers, with a knife, stab the Christ. Marius again went to his knees and there before his Lord—with a Roman helmet beside him—he heard that same sweet voice:

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. No one taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish. I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

And Marius knew that he believed.

THE HOUSE—(Continued from Page 12)

Strong wills against weak ones, for mine was weak where John was concerned. Heartbreak, mental exhaustion, quarreling, threatening, all closing in—I had to give up. I had to submit, to feel them with their demanding personalities slowly draining me of my own individuality, and what was worse, to feel that paralysis which left me powerless to help John.

It was after they kept me from John when he needed me most, when my heart could feel no more, when life could mean no more to me, that I escaped.

* * *

I went back to that house today. There it stood, forlorn, retreating, with the air of a neglected child. Dark windows looked out fearfully, accusingly, from between the branches of an overhanging tree, as a half-starved wail peers from her long, unkempt hair. The brickwork falling away revealed large bare spaces, and the door swinging fitfully in the breeze seemed to be a human pulse, still weakly beating—

I shall stay there now.

I KNEW, I KNEW—(Continued from Page 12)

Maisie awoke with a start, and was relieved to see that Joe was still reading.

"Listen to what this guy Agamemnon says to the Greek army," muttered Joe. "'O brave and noble men, let this be your thought for the day.'

If there's anything I hate, it's people who have a thought for the day!' "

"Well, that's enough of that," said Maisie. "Let's go to bed."

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