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## The Lantern Vol. 47, No. 2, May 1981

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*Ursinus College*

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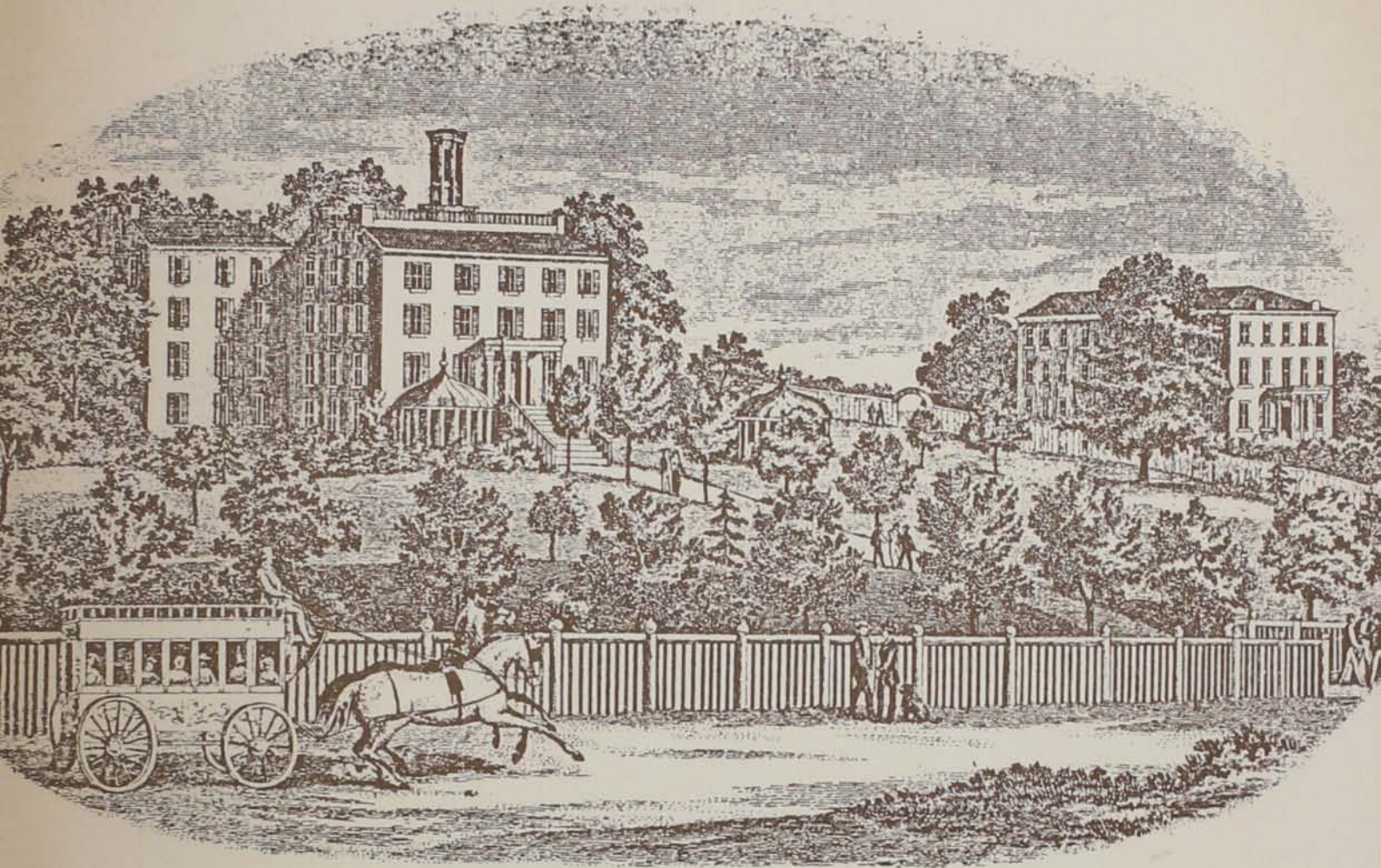
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*J. F. Tinkley lith. 218 Walnut St. Phila.*

1869    URSINUS COLLEGE    1981



the

Lantern



# Course of Instruction in the College.

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## FRESHMEN.

### FIRST TERM.

Xenophon's Cyropædia—Livy—Loomis' Algebra—Ancient History and Geography (Weber's)—Biblical Antiquities—Biblical History—Composition and Declamation.

### SECOND TERM.

Homer's Iliad—Livy—Algebra continued—Geometry—Ancient History and Geography—Biblical Antiquities and History—Composition and Declamation—German.

### THIRD TERM.

Homer's Odyssey—Odes of Horace—Geometry—Plane and Spherical Trigonometry—History and Geography of the Middle Ages (Weber's)—German Grammar, with Exercises—Composition and Declamation—Lectures on Language.

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## SOPHOMORES.

### FIRST TERM.

Plato's Apology—Satires of Horace—Surveying—Leveling—Navigation—Zoology (Agassiz and Gould)—Modern History (Weber's)—Psychology—German Grammar and Exercises—Composition and Declamation.

### SECOND TERM.

Demosthenes de Corona—Epistles of Horace—Analytical Geometry—Gray's First Lessons in Botany—Modern History (Weber's)—Psychology—German Grammar and Exercises—Composition and Declamation.

### THIRD TERM.

Demosthenes de Corona—Cicero de Oratore—Differential and Integral Calculus—Gray's Manual of Botany, with Lectures in the Field—Lectures on Inorganic Chemistry—Modern History (Weber's)—Psychology—German—Composition and Declamation—Lectures on Language.

## Patrons

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Dr. Roger Staiger  
Dean William Akin  
Dean Blanche Schultz  
The Biology Department  
Dean Leslie March  
Dean Ruth Harris  
Dr. Joyce Henry  
Dr. George Storey  
Mrs. Geraldine Edwards

President Richard Richter  
Dr. Gayle Byerly  
Dr. Peter Perreten  
Dr. Derk Visser  
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Dr. Richard Fletcher  
Dr. Bruce Rideout  
Dr. Catherine Chambliss  
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## Vol. XLVII, No. 2 May, 1981

A collection of Poetry, Prose, Photography and Artwork composed for the Fall Term, 1980, by the students of Ursinus College.

The Lantern, the literary magazine of Ursinus College, symbolizes the light shed by creative work. It is named after the top structure on Pfahler Hall, which has the architectural design not of a tower or spire, but of a lantern.

## Arsinus College.

**TERMS OF ADMISSION.**—Candidates for Admission into the Freshman Class must be qualified for examination in English Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geography, Latin Grammar, Greek Grammar, Cæsar's Commentaries, Virgil, Cicero's Orations, Jacob's Greek Reader, and Xenophen's Anabasis. To enter a higher class, the qualifications of the candidate must rise according to the established course of studies.

**RECITATIONS.**—Each class has at least three exercises daily, in the way of recitation or lecture, on the branches of study embraced in the course.

**EXAMINATIONS.**—Public Examinations, continued through several days, are held at the close of each Term, and at the termination of the whole course: A Test Examination in writing is held at the end of the Sophomore and Senior years. The study of modern languages is optional.

**PUBLIC WORSHIP.**—All the students are required to attend Prayers in the College Chapel every morning, and Public Worship in the Chapel or in some adjacent Church on the Lord's day. As Christian instruction and Christian worship constitute the basis of sound culture and true refinement, the Faculty lay special stress upon this part of the College exercises.

### Expenses of the Year.

Tuition,	- - - - -	\$ 36 00
Contingent Expenses, per year,	: - - - -	5 00
Boarding and Room Rent, with a furnished room and attendance,		
can be obtained, for forty weeks at,	- - - - -	150 00
Washing can be had at 50 cents per dozen, or \$1 per month	-	10 00

A special announcement of the precise time of opening the College proper will be duly made.

## Table of Contents

<i>Title</i>	<i>Author</i>	<i>Page</i>
Two Foals	Theresa A. Waldspurger	1
Festival	Calypsio	2
Ode to Old Tom	Heinrich Wichemann	3
Penguin	Raymond D. Snyder	3
Living Room	Jennifer Bassett	4
Writing a Poem	Jean Morrison	9
Ultimate Goal for Histology	John Mulvey	10
Mission Impossible	Xenia C. Politis	11
The Hinge is Oiled	Anonymous	11
The Potter's Field at Malvern	Steve Martino	12
Points of Time	Diane Newell	14
102 Lecture	Anonymous	15
Attempted Autonomy	Jennifer Bassett	17
My Love	Ace	26
Love, not War	Ace	26
Death Comes Quickly	Christopher Poe	27
You Can't Always Get . . .	Duncan C. Atkins	29
You See (Johnny's Tale): An Elegy	Robert Pfeiffer	31
Photo	Angela Morrison	33
Sanguine Hopes	Anonymous	33

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*Cover and Course Descriptions are from Ursinus College's First Annual Catalog, 1869.*





## Festival

I touched it, I felt it  
I heard it, I smelled it  
But I still didn't believe that it was there.  
It was the eve of the festival of life;  
Yet death was in the air

It fell in the snow that blanketed the grass  
It froze like the winter's dew  
It crept up behind me as I went to mass  
And sat down with me in the pew

"What is it you want," I asked of him  
As he turned to me and smiled  
"It's you I want," he then replied  
"You've got just a little while"

And as he spoke the church dissolved  
And all was empty air  
And all around me stars revolved  
And only he was there

"Your time has come," he said at last  
As he took me by the arm  
"All the good are dead, and you're the rest," he said  
As we approached the crack of doom

But suddenly I heard a voice  
And death writhed and cried  
And as I ran sunbeams overtook me  
And swept me into the sky

"A penance justly paid," they said  
As I was borne aloft  
"The day is here, now death is dead!"  
As the stars became a cross

by Calypsio

## Ode to Old Tom

Tom Snyder

One A.M. Rider

On the network with NBC Chimes.

He says, "What the heck!"

He's a nervous wreck

As he delves at the life of our times.

Be it politics, sex, art or crimes,

His view is wider.

Tom Snyder.

Tom Snyder

Determined strider

Man with the beetle brows.

No evasion or fluff, sir,

Will be "Fair enough, sir,"

To this seeker of "whys" and "hows"

The straightforward is all he allows.

He's no slider.

Tom Snyder.

He can educate, inform, or amuse.

He stands tall, while his countrymen snooze,

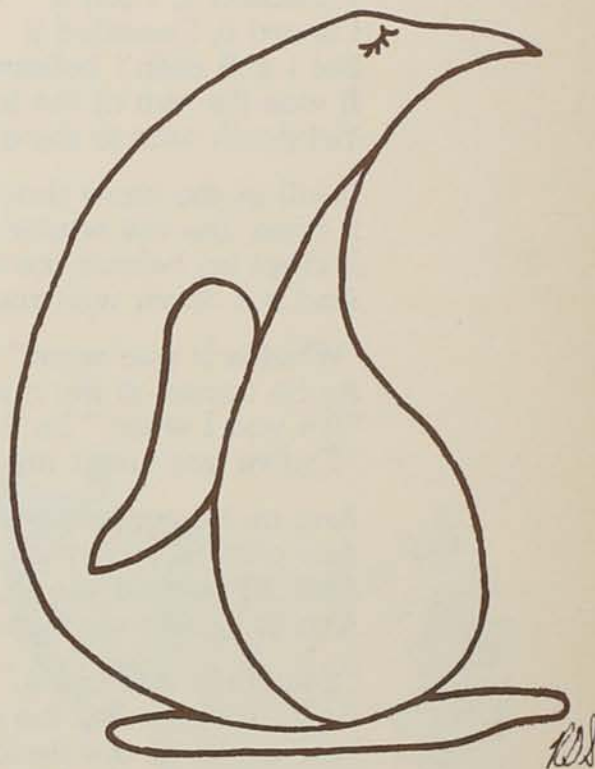
Beside her

To guide her

That's Snyder—

With the light through the night from a tube.

"Barump-bump!"



Heinrich Wichemann

## Living Room

Johnny Carson was doing his opening monologue while Tara's eyes were closing. She was nestled in the living room's solitary piece of furniture, the armchair, and beneath a homely red and green patterned afghan, which was the room's sole escape from bareness. Consequently she spent many nights there, since it was the apartment's only chair and there wasn't any money to spare for bar hopping after she finished paying the bills. It had become a routine, at first only on weeknights, then spreading into the weekends as well. She was at the other end of the social spectrum now. It takes money to buy attention. She would come home from work shuddering with relief, throw together a liverwurst sandwich or maybe a tuna casserole if she was feeling energetic, and then quench her thirst for money, a stimulating career, love and beer by guzzling down several six packs. Soon afterwards, she would doze off, sometimes even before the news. Then, upon waking up around one in the morning, momentarily disappointed by her surroundings, she would shrug it off and go to bed for the night.

Her school days were over and she had been warned that it would not be one continuous party after graduation. Sure it was disappointing and monotonous now, but Tara did not see how having a nervous breakdown about it, like some of her friends seemed to be headed towards, would help matters any. Tara never dwelled excessively on her surroundings, since she was one of those fortunate individuals who can voluntarily abstain from that neurotic introspective behavior that most people indulge in, commonly known as worry or panic, and she didn't even have to work at it. She floated into this lifestyle

with little resistance, except for occasional ambitious pangs for more spending money. It was easier for Tara than for someone like her creative friend Jane, who would kill for the chance to pound out columns for *Cosmopolitan*, to adjust to life after college in many ways, especially since neither of them as yet had the jobs of their dreams. Jane, who had painstakingly selected each object d'art in her tiny apartment, never missed an opportunity to nag about the starkness of her apartment.

"This apartment wasn't furnished. My other apartment had the furniture in it already," Tara would curtly reply, as if it was a reasonable excuse.

"At least try the Salvation Army," Jane, who would never go there herself, would say in exasperation. "They've got all kinds of furniture there for practically nothing. At least get a card table for your kitchen. You can't expect your visitors to sit on milk crates indefinitely. How do you think it looks to a guy you might bring home? You could do so much with this place . . . paint it at least. It's big for a single, bigger than mine. Really. If you didn't spend so much on beer. How much do you spend a week on beer?" Jane could see having a couple of bottles on hand, say of wine or vodka, for entertaining purposes, but she was not about to guzzle away half her paycheck every week. She used whatever cash she could to enhance the decor of her place. A unique ashtray, an inexpensive but unusual tapestry, or even a small figurine could do so much to give a sense of identity to an apartment or reflect the personality of its owner. Last month she had splurged on a cast iron, glass top breakfast table that everybody who visited complimented her on. She had even bought pink satin sheets for special occasions. Tara, who hardly ever visited Jane anyway, had never once commented on her prized possessions. This seeming ignorance of her surroundings annoyed Jane, who wondered why she even sought this girl's approval any more. In college, though, Jane had envied Tara's carefree live and let live attitude towards life. Tara was the hit of parties, while Jane sat pecking away on the typewriter in her room.

"Shud-dup," Tara would drawl facetiously. "I don't need any flea bitten trash from the Salvation Army. You don't know where that stuff has been or who's been in it. My mother might give me some furniture. Alan said he's giving me his sofa. At least I have that nice balcony over there." All Jane ever did any more was yell at her.

The nice balcony Tara bragged about was a cozy sofa sized, porch with skinny black railings that extended from her second story apartment. It connected to the living room and had its own sliding glass door and bay windows on either side. Balconies like these are often useful for giving struggling singles and young divorcees an urbane notion of urban living. The rest of the living room was windowless, as were the kitchen and bathroom. The rambling rectangular bedroom was a mirror of the living room, minus the balcony.

The sparsely equipped living room, where Tara spent most of her sleeping as well as waking hours in the apartment, was in a state of flux like its owner. Cartons of unpacked record and photo albums, books and various paraphernalia were carelessly arranged about the expansive rectangle, serving as impromptu end tables or substitute chairs. An abused stereo monopolized the west wall, while a large, second hand television was the focal point of the north end of the room. The threadbare but comfortable recliner that Tara took refuge in was never more than ten feet from the television. Often Tara would play the stereo and watch television at the same time, which always annoyed and depressed Jane when she came to visit even more than the untamed state of Tara's apartment. In fact, she had been fearing for Tara's mental state since shortly after graduation.

"How can you process both of them at the same time? It's impossible to enjoy one or the other completely. That's really spacey—only burnouts do that. Tara, are you *asleep*?"

"What? No. Don't worry about it. Turn it up," Tara would say, point-

ing to one or the other. Then she would sheepishly notice that Jane's face was twisted with concern and impatience.

The apartment would retain its transitional atmosphere as long as Tara put off unpacking and furnishing it, but that was fine with her, in fact intentional. She didn't want to invest time, love, or money in a place she didn't want to settle down in. She detached herself from the dreary neighborhood in the industrial outskirts of Phila. that the apartment was located in as much as possible because she didn't want to get attached to anything that had to do with her lackluster job. It and the apartment were merely an unpleasant stepping stone from college to the real world, but it was no career and no home. Nothing as transitional as that job or that apartment was going to work up a sweat in Tara.

Johnny was interviewing Burt Reynolds and Tara was having an unpleasant dream about key-punching when she was roused by gentle tapping on her door. While Tara was wondering if she had really heard anything, a lanky and gentle looking young man turned the handle—hesitated dazedly in the doorway. As if slightly relieved he sauntered up to her, his sneakers squeaking on the bare floor. He had soft brown eyes and hair, was rather thin for his height, and though not spectacular looking, he was attractive in a quiet sort of way.

"Are you crazy, leaving the door unlocked at this hour? I bet you go to sleep nights with it open. Thought I'd see how you're doing here. I just got out of work. Got your address from Donna. I can't believe you're not out. How are you, kiddo?" He chastised her softly.

"I forgot to lock it when I came in. It's good to see you, Tom. I'm alright, see? So what if it's Friday, I don't have the bucks to be out." Tara was neither pleased nor displeased with his presence. She was comfortable enough around

old boyfriends and rarely let men upset her. Right now, she just wanted to sleep.

"I can see that," Tom said, surveying the can of empty Millers next to her chair. He thought back to when they were going out steadily. He had enjoyed her company so much, but regretted that they had spent so much of the time drinking together and felt partially responsible for her present state. He would have to come over more often. She needed him now, whether she knew it or not. He pulled a cart up to her side, not noticing the black scuff marks he was making, even though he was looking down. Next he scanned the entire room critically, taking it all in—the lack of curtains, the artlessly arranged stereo and speakers, tiny shelves that were good for little else than holding tiny knickknacks, the empty walls and full cartons. She had made some effort to brighten the place with some cheap souvenirs. He also noticed a buildup of dust and general grime and a rash of patched and unpatched cracks in the walls. Then he inspected the beloved chair Tara was curled up in—its smooth wooden handles and knicked feet, even its discolored turquoise flowered upholstery. Finally, he came to her still beloved countenance, which looked like that of a sleepy child at the moment. Seeing her huddled in the spacious room's solitary piece of furniture reminded him of a story he had read a long time ago, about a child who had been sent to sea in a tub. It was a cruel thing for a man who still cared to see.

"Are you really tired?"

"Yes, exhausted. I had a rough day."

"Well, I better be going. Just wanted to see how you were doing. I'll stop by again. Hey, how about dinner tomorrow?" He guessed that she hadn't been eating right.

"You can stay if you want, Tom. Really." She didn't look like she felt really about anything right now, except sleeping

"No. that's all right. I've got some errands to run early tomorrow. How does eight sound for tomorrow night?" He was at the door already.

"Okay, I'll see you then."

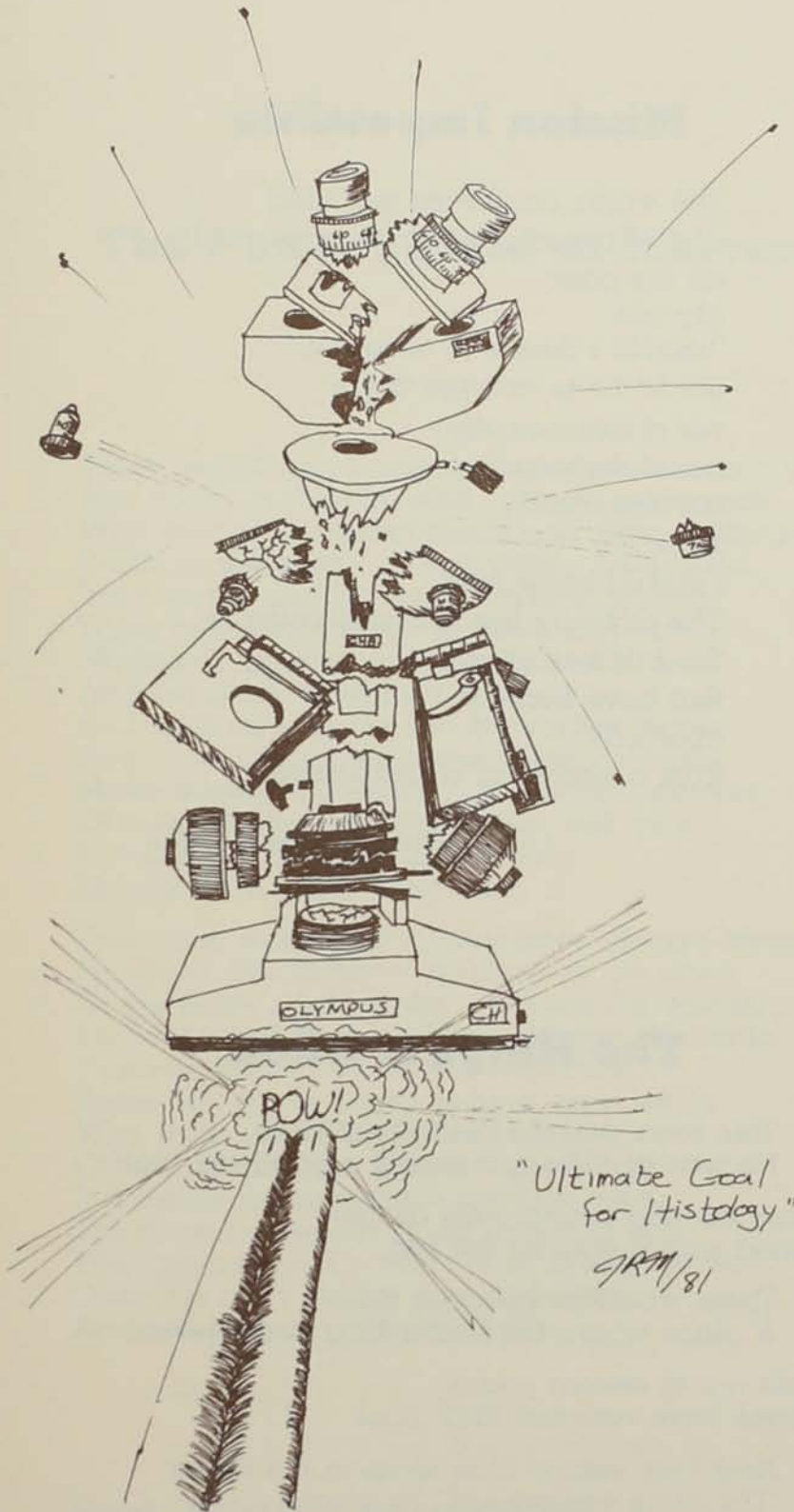
"I'll see you then. Good-night, Tara." He thought of kissing her, but her eyes were closing already. She'd feel better tomorrow, if he could help it. He closed the door gently behind him, making sure it was locked.

Jennifer Bassett

Writing a poem  
is a little  
like love  
If you force it  
nothing but  
frustration will come  
But  
if you let  
yourself relax  
you'll find  
beautiful words and feelings  
flowing from your  
mind and soul.

Jean Morrison





"Ultimate Goal  
for Histology"

JRM/81

## Mission Impossible

The words leapt from my mind  
and scattered themselves sporadically  
on the page.

My job,  
"should i decide to accept it,"  
would be to arrange them;  
not chronologically,  
not alphabetically,  
but intrinsically.

After all,  
i should know how.  
The difficulty lies in giving order to  
the fragmentations  
that have become  
abortions  
from a stream of consciousness.

Xenia Constantine Politis

## The Hinge is Oiled

This sage was the dreamer of dark  
He was god-like; possessed a prophetic bark

However night and the day cannot exist as one  
So all that remained was to wait for the sun

There would be the other side  
A place where the Lizard King could reside

At last! The souls are at eternal peace  
Those crazy indians have returned their base

Now free, eternal bliss waits in the wings  
'The storm has passed', he sings

anonymous

## The Potter's Field at Malvern

### I

These cracked and craggy dogwoods ever bend  
And creak in the old wind. These goldenrods,  
With their wind-chafed shafts and their empty pods,  
Bristle in the gusts. (They yearly bloom and  
They yearly die, but seem never to grow.)  
These hills continue to dip down and turn  
Sluggishly upward again, long and slow.  
And the rivaling seasons ever vie  
And push and tug against each other here.  
How these scraping Chester County winters  
Make abandoned sticks, make brittle splinters  
Of a wood; how the coming sun will burn  
The hilltop turf yellow before July,  
Exactly as in every other year.

That these same cold winters have always blown  
Is carved, like gunners' notches, on the stone  
Of the potter's field walls. Witness the cracks,  
The chips and the crumbling, witness the tracks  
That rain cuts in the naked serpentine.  
There are rebels buried behind these walls  
Who were routed by British bayonets,  
Or else by thieving British musket balls.  
It is rebels the springtime leeching wets,  
The shrivelled womb of our maternal war.  
Two hundred cold winters have briskly blown  
Over this once defiant dust and bone.  
And will blow two hundred more.

### II

Steady Malvern — an old coalition  
Of tired farms and dusty shops and homes.  
Sturdy Malvern, despite old ambition,

Can never seem to squelch to constant drone  
Of morning, afternoon and quiet night.  
Wear knicks the furniture, a rim of light  
Pales the fam'ly photographs — such is change.  
Things merely shift in Malvern. They narrow,  
They expand, but they don't exceed that range.  
Corn, or maybe beans, or maybe fallow.  
For years the potter's field was adequate,  
But as the old coalition thickened  
Her needs deepened; the dead no longer fit.  
The War was won, but people still were stricken  
By drought or flu or fire: the village built  
A proper graveyard. Growth demanded  
Room, and as the town grew she built her homes  
Around her cemetery. Winter and wind,  
Winter and wind — needs still expanded.  
The graveyard, with its one-time grassy quilt,  
Gradually became quarry-like — all stones.  
So Malvern found she needed to rescind  
Some growth. She bought the Mantz place, which bordered  
On the village grounds, and ordered it down.  
Things are cramped again. John Arne, nineteen-sixty,  
Is separating Fredrich Mantz, eighteen-ten,  
From his daughter, Anna, eighteen-fifty.  
Council voted: the yard must grow again.

### III

What is this! Who are these dead!  
Who are these that push the living  
Out? Why do we allow it? Why are we giving  
Them the run of Malvern? Oh, we've fed  
This ugly graveyard long enough!  
Smell the stagnant mud and rotting onion grass.  
See the godless, tattered crows harass  
The bloated worms. No! Cover your eyes!  
Beneath their granite scruff  
The stones are screaming  
In an infrared voice,  
*Dust! Dust! Dust!*  
Cover your ears! Cover your eyes!  
The Goodness of the Lord isn't streaming  
From these granite-spined crosses.

Only death.  
There is no Justice beaming  
From these fertile weeds and mosses.  
Only death.  
And what is Good and what is Just —  
I may teach but Death won't learn.  
*Remember, man, that thou art dust,  
And unto dust thou shall return.*

#### IV

It's quiet on these winter afternoons.  
The blank overcast sky is cold and hard.  
The December wind chisels throatless tunes  
In Main Street window sills. The shadows yawn  
Like oblong fingers across the lawns.  
Leaves rattle and flicker in the graveyard.  
And the wind knows that it will never yield  
To this potter's field.

Steve Martino

### **Points of Time**

Points of time hang loosely—  
sparking points of light  
holding within them  
possibilities of firelight.  
Thoughts sparked by thoughts  
showering themselves  
from the blazing hearth,  
fed with old tinder—  
ready to ignite houses  
and burn up wastes,  
cruel or warm as fate imposes,  
using up supplies of love and hate  
each one proposes.

Diane Newell

1/26 Movie at 7:30 in Theater - Wednesday

This will be a slow death.



This is the latest, long lecture from the lap of the  
lascivious laborers to the lower limb.

I'm O.K. You're O.K. They're ~~all~~ all dumb.

Hello Dr. of Doubt

Do you know

that you're making me pout<sup>(s)</sup>.

Your lectures are boring

I can tell

By the snoring.

[Impotiss - impotent, now really Dr. of Doubt, what do you mean?]

Help me please! I'm a victim of boredom!

I can't take it anymore!

Dr. of Doubt, my mind is wandering! Don't you  
realize how DANGEROUS that is?

NoNoNo

Revolution French? American?

Altered States

Napoleon - Short little guy, bucked  
traffic. It wasn't his fault,  
the little bastard.

Why was there a F.R.

They were prosperous.

The R. was violent.

Brought in ideas, groups of geni who  
would overthrow the gov't

23 min.  
to go

Reality? I'm sorry, I was dreaming.

It was a social revolution (1790's)  
had lasting political repercussions.

WAKE UP CATHY! SHE MUST BE DEAD! THAT'S  
ONE DOWN, HOW MANY TO GO?

Causes:

3 groups (estates) Church, nobility, and  
everybody else.

Look at the girl in front of us with the curly fro  
WE COULD MAKE A MOVIE OUT OF THAT:

15 min.

THE ATTACK OF THE CURLING  
IRON BEAST! or  
BURN, BABY, BURN!

Union between nobility and monarchy.  
monarchy.

7 min.

GOLF ANYONE? NO BILLY, TEE!

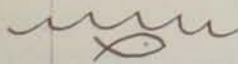
ABBURDITY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS.



← A COAT OF ARMS

I think I'm losing it very quickly.

5 min.



a-fish-in-sea.



a common  
thread

Tax, sacks, lacks, max, facts, nacks, stacks, blacks,  
tacks, quads, duck, ah no!

I want to leave, NOW! so shut  
UP!

## Attempted Autonomy

They were talking about her downstairs. She crouched on the topmost stairs above the landing that wound around and over the living room. Eavesdropping was against Jennifer's principles, but it seemed to be the only way to find out what was going on at her house. This type of conversation never failed to fascinate and infuriate her, because it was so one sided it seemed like her mother was thinking out loud and that her father was being meanly used as a sounding board. It also sounded like a pack of lies to her this time.

"Harry, listen. Jennifer came in really late last night, you know, pulling one of her three o'clock stunts, and I tell you, she's on something, something stronger than pot. Know where she was? At that Scarlett's disco and I know that people take hard drugs like cocaine there. I don't want her going there, she has a bad enough reputation. The next thing you know, she'll be shooting up if she keeps going there. To think that I raised such a child! Tell her, as long as she's in this house there are rules. Her eyes were glazed and bloody, just bloody. And she was wringing wet sweated and it wasn't just from drinking. The look on her face. She looked rabid. They'll call us to the hospital yet one night. She went with Monique who you know is trouble. Poor Meep and Gert, with that one. Harry, you're going to have to talk to her or I'm calling Dr. Yu again. He'll straighten her out. She won't listen to me." By now, Marie was transported with visions of disaster.

Harry had no reply, as usual. Jennifer always wished that he would defend her or make some kind of statement, but the most he did at times like these was grunt in acknowledgement of her mother, being deeply absorbed in Polka Time, the news, or *Popular Science*.

It was true that Jennifer had gone to Scarlett O'Hara's last night with Monique and she had been drinking, but her flushed face and sweat had come from vigorous dancing, and not drugs. Scarlett O'Hara's was not an elite



enough disco to have cocaine flowing freely within. Besides, Jennifer had tired of drug usage several years ago. She was tempted to leave her purse on the kitchen table later on that day, wide open with a vial of baby powder in it, knowing her mother would quickly confiscate the "booty." Then she could prove that her mother got upset over nothing.

"Where is she, Harry? Is she in the house now? And she's going to go with us tomorrow. I'm putting my foot down. As long as she lives in this house . . ." Marie thought she heard a stair creak.

"Going where?" Jennifer demanded, pretending to be casually coming downstairs.

"You were spying on us, weren't you? We're all going to the Oswalds' tomorrow and that includes you. We never do anything together around here. It's a Sunday and you weren't going anywhere anyway."

"Christ on crutches!" Jennifer yelled, knowing that phrase always provoked her mother. "Didn't those slavedrivers you stayed with croak yet? I will not socialize with any of those Nazis. Why would you want to visit your fascist foster parents? Talk about turning the other cheek. Jesus!"

"You shut up. I was raised with Matilda, she's like a sister to me. I haven't seen her in years and she hasn't seen you since you were a baby. You never go anywhere with us. Are you ashamed of us because we didn't go to college? You're going. If you can't do anything with your parents or observe a few rules, get out."

"Huh!" Jennifer paused to refuel herself with more smart mouthed answers and it dawned on her rather pleasantly that her mother probably had ulterior motives for paying such a visit, like showing off her blessings. She had heard her mother going on about Matilda on the phone the other night and how Matilda's daughter was reputed to be some sort of hapless loser, who broke even more rules than Jennifer herself. Maybe she even wants to show me off as one of her "accomplishments," Jennifer thought. She sincerely hoped that her mother would get some revenge. Jennifer held the people her mother grew up with responsible for her mother's sternness. Also, she felt badly about her mother's childhood, from what she could gather about it. She would go

tomorrow, in her finest denim skirt, brag about how hard college was and toss a few big words around.

Jennifer didn't know that much about the Oswalds, although she had frequently questioned her mother about them since the time she had discovered that her mother's childhood was unconventional. Her mother had always been reluctant to discuss the Oswalds, though. Jennifer had this habit of blurting out even her most frightening faults, and imagined that her mother kept certain secrets to strengthen the barrier between them. She desperately wanted to understand her mother, and felt it was essential to know the details of her youth to do so, for an accurate analysis.

She knew a few concrete things about her mother's childhood, though. She knew that her grandmother was little more than a blur to her own mother. She knew that her mother had older stepbrothers and sisters from her father's previous marriage and two younger sisters—Dorothy and Ameda—whom she was closer to. When her mother was six years old, her mother had died from cancer of the nose and throat, which always seemed even more tragic to Jennifer—that her pure living grandmother, who neither drank nor smoked, should die from cancer. Following this tragedy, the second time widower Papa Boyer decided to devote his full time attention to conducting smooth trips on the Reading Railroad. It was not that he abandoned his children, as her mother carefully explained—it was that in order to earn a living to support all of them, Papa Boyer was forced to leave one child in a tubercular ward, two at orphanages and three at the Oswalds, where Jennifer suspected that her mother and aunts were more servants than boarders or foster children. Papa Boyer had tried to live with his children and a housekeeper, but her mother had said it didn't work out. Jennifer had come to picture the Oswalds as Pennsylvania Dutch Nazis, even though there was no evidence for the second adjective. All her mother had implied, by mimicking their Dutchy accents and listing some of the chores they had to do, suggested that the Oswalds were strict Germans, and Jennifer thought that unspeakable cruelties must have taken place for her mother to act this way in adult life.

"I noticed you talking about me on the way down and I'll have you know that none of it's true," Jennifer said, trying to appear calm.

"We were not! You're paranoid, young lady."

"How can you deny it? I heard everything. You were lying about me. Didn't you hear her, Dad? You heard her talk about me. It's not true!" Even so, she was never quite sure what her mother was really saying.

"I didn't say we weren't discussing you, I said we weren't talking to you. Pay attention!"

"You just lied again, Mom. Look, I'm not trying to start an argument, I'm just stating the truth. You badmouth me every chance you get and you've been brainwashing Dad against me for years!"

This unpleasant insinuation of Jennifer's always angered Harry. "Don't talk to your mother like that. Talk about badmouthing, I never heard such foul-mouthed language from the whores in the army as I hear from your goddam mouth."

"Harry, it's not worth getting sick over," Marie cautioned her diabetic husband. "Go upstairs, why do you always have to rile your father? I'm used to it, but leave him alone."

Jennifer went upstairs quick enough, but not before she had muttered several sacrilegious oaths loud enough so that her mother, but not her father, could hear. This kind of cussing never failed to anger Marie, who was still shocked to hear them after her devout religious background. Marie had often reminded Jennifer of the comforts she had received from the Brethren church, but Jen had rejected her mother's religious offers since she had begun making them. Jennifer decided to take a nap since she didn't sleep much last night, and she was too angry to do much else. She was still brooding on the Oswalds when she tried to picture her grandfather. Even though Papa Boyer had died years before she was born, Jennifer could never quite forgive him. Once she had even dreamed that he had tried to shake her hand and be friends with her, and she cherished the memory of dreams—good and bad. She usually woke up immediately after her dreams, straining her subconscious for details. Then she would silently quiz herself on them to strengthen her memory of them. She put a lot of mental stock in them and they would often flash back vividly during waking hours. She wasn't sure why dreams were so important, except as possible sounding boards for reality. Not being superstitious, she was convinced that they were not prophetic in a literal sense, and if anything, seemed

to indicate the dreamer's conception of the past, like that one about her grandfather. Strangely enough, she never acted out of character in her dreams—as many others helplessly function for no particular reason in their dreams. Jennifer was a little more powerful and brazen in her dreams, which is why she had refused Papa Boyer's hand and turned away when her grandfather had sat up in his coffin, with an engaging grin, for a handshake in one dream.

After an unusually calm supper Jennifer went up to her room again, so she could plan her strategy for tomorrow in privacy. She didn't have any money to go out tonight anyway. She pulled a bottle of Gordon's out of the secret compartment beneath her bottom desk drawer and sipped some of the gin gingerly, wishing she had brought up some soda. She would focus on college, her chief accomplishment, tomorrow, when asked what she was doing now. First she would make it clear that in order to remain at this school, one must study fifty hours a week and straight through the weekends, in order to stress the school's academic reputation and her own self-control. Next, she would toss off the organizations she was in—newspaper, literary magazine, marching and concert band, orchestra and sorority. Of course she still played the violins and drums. She also wrote like a fiend.

Then her mother would prompt her about her boyfriend Kevin. Jennifer would tell how wonderful he was and what a rising young executive he was, even though she was starting to feel smothered by him. Enough of this, she thought. Even studying's better than this, and she pulled a lit book out of her knapsack. Five minutes later, she was contentedly engrossed in *Cosmopolitan*. Next she read *Newsweek* and *Reader's Digest* until dozing off for the night.

After a rather harsh awakening and a hasty bath, Jennifer disputed familiar topics, such as curfews, with her mother all the way up to the Oswalds. Her father meekly said nothing, which made Jennifer miserably ashamed of herself. She wished she knew him better too. No one spoke as they walked towards the Oswalds' brick half a double. Now they were exchanging gushy greetings in Matilda's living room, with all these people they hadn't seen in ages. Jennifer still detected tension in her mother, though.

“. . . Harry, you look great—still so skinny. It's been too long. Your darling daughter's a young woman now. Last time I saw you—you were on your father's lap. She looks just like you, Marie. Very pretty. What grade are you in?" Matilda said, getting back to Jennifer.

Jennifer noted the strong square jawline that implied a capacity for cruelty and the octagonal wire rim glasses that troublemakers often seemed to wear. When she looked certain domineering self-thanking homemaker types like this one in the eye, she could see what type of humanity had found it in themselves to commit the atrocities of Buchenwald and Auschwitz. This woman was obviously a D.A.N.—Daughter of the American Nazis. She must be trying to assuage her guilt feelings by professing such profuse affection for a family she was not even related or close to. She melts, but it's margarine, not butter. Hair pulling and eye poking anecdotes that her mother had told about the young Oswald girls came back to Jennifer. "Grade fourteen, Mrs. Oswald. I'm a senior in college now—at Ursinus."

"It's Korhammer," her mother chided, between chewing her bottom lip and inspecting Matilda's furniture, which was, incidentally, better than hers. "You wouldn't remember, but this is Matilda, not Minnie Oswald—and her husband Frank. I told you that. Jennifer's a senior in college now—at Ursinus."

"Oh, I'm sorry dear. I didn't know you could get braces when you're full grown," she joked, "Don't they bother you?"

She seeks out pain. "No, but they do draw attention. Some guys think they're . . ."

"Jennifer has a boyfriend," her mother interrupted, winking to Matilda to indicate the seriousness of the affair. "All the way from Indiana. He's an executive engineer for Bethlehem Steel. She met him while staying at home this summer." Matilda's daughter had moved out permanently when she was seventeen.

"I met him at a disco—Scarlett O'Hara's. You make it sound like he came up and rang our doorbell or something, mother. He writes me profusely, but most of the time it's superfluous. One time he professed I was like a pearl on the beach." I better not overdo it, or I'll come off like a ninny. "He went to Purdue and he's building a house. He wants to settle down. Don't you have a daughter too? What does she do?"

Matilda cleared her throat. "Debbie's not living at home just now. She's twenty-two. She waitresses and has her own apartment, but it's so ex-

pensive there," she said, turning to Marie for relief.

Marie came to the rescue with the horror stories she usually recited whenever anyone, including Jennifer, brought up the topic of "young girls" living on their own—how hard it was for them to pay the rent, find their own meals and do their own laundry without the help of their mothers. Jennifer always considered her pro-dependence reasoning inane, since she had been doing these chores herself for four years now at college. Matilda went on to explain how well liked and praised her daughter was where she had been working for the past two years. While Debbie had been promoted to a managerial position that entailed much responsibility and expertise in public relations, Jennifer had picked up earlier from her mother's phone conversation that this restaurant, The Black Parrot, possessed what her mother called "questionable character," or a bad reputation. All this babbling and the fact that there were no ash trays in sight was really starting to give Jennifer the fidgets. She was sure that Matilda would deny her the privilege of having a smoke in her house.

"Mom, I do have to drive back to school tonight, and it's a long drive from here, and an even longer one from home," pleaded Jennifer, who was struggling to keep the cranky edge from her voice. Besides, she hated the way old lechers, like this Frank here, stared at her.

"Yeah, Marie, we really should get going. Jenny's got to go back tonight." Even Harry was getting restless. "We have to stop for some supper on the way back."

\* \* \* \*

Jennifer was trying to savor the exquisite flavor of a Cambridge, but her mother would never let her enjoy a cigarette—especially in public. While they waited to order at Denny's, her mother embarrassed her by cataloging a long list of friends and relatives who had died tobacco related deaths.

". . . it doesn't look ladylike. The guys I knew never liked girls who smoked. It makes a girl look hard and cheap, especially in public. A-hem, ah-hem-hem." Jennifer dragged on, unruffled.

"Yeah, it does," said Harry, who used to smoke, matter-of-factly.

"Did those girls you lived with when you were single smoke? You said they were Gypsies. When they brought home guys late, did you mean overnight?" Jennifer thought that maybe she could find some sins common to her and her mother through information about the alleged floozies her mother had once been forced to share an apartment with. If these women had been wicked, perhaps some of it might have rubbed off on her mother.

"Anna and Margo smoked, and it was disgusting. All my clothes smelled from their filthy habits. They said they had Gypsy blood in them, but they were probably just trying to be romantic," Marie huffed. "All I know is, they stole like Gypsies."

"What kind of stuff did they take?"

"Oh, they just helped themselves to my stockings and underwear. Also, a pearl ring, which they swore that I lost. They probably would have had overnight guests—if I would have let them. You better not take any more of my things back to school this time. You stole my blue blouse."

"I did not! You gave it to me last year. I don't steal your stuff. Jesus. Dad, she gave it to me—Gad!"

"Finish that, your father and I are done. We've got to get going."

"I don't want it."

When they got home, Jennifer began her last minute packing ritual, which was closely supervised by her mother, who inspected her suitcase for stolen clothing, helped her find the books and papers scattered throughout the house and made sure that Jennifer didn't make off with a week's worth of groceries. After tossing these things in the trunk, Jennifer cursed her pet Guinea pig, Kniquers, who lived in a twenty gallon fish tank that she had to haul back and forth whenever she came home from college. The poor pig always went into shock on these long car rides and Jennifer always dropped the tank at least once on the way out to the car.

"Here's your bank statement. I think you should take a look at it before you go." Why did her mother always wait until the last minute with these

things?

"Mom, it's nine o'clock! I've got to go. Just give it to me and I'll look at it when I get back." Her mother did, and Jennifer shoved it in the bottom of her knapsack, where it would remain for the rest of the semester. She turned to her father, who kissed her even more affectionately than usual.

"Take care, Jenny. I love you." This always touched and surprised Jennifer. It made her rare visits home worthwhile. Even her mother gave her a peck on the cheek, with the usual, "Be good." She had to wipe it off, though.

"I don't have any germs," said her mother in an offended tone.

"I can't go back to school with lipstick on my cheek—they'll think I'm gay. Gad!" She went to her car.

Looking over her shoulder as the car was warming up, Jennifer saw her mother lingering at the door. She honked the horn in homage to her watchful mother and pulled out, with mixed feelings as usual.

Jennifer Bassett



## **My Love**

O, my love, how I look at thee  
    And wish you were for me.  
I see you swinging to the left;  
    I see you swinging to the right;  
I see you swinging to the middle and  
    I say, "Gee that lady is alright."  
The beauty that you show  
    Makes me want to know  
The inner qualities that make you so very fine.  
    O, my love, how I wish you were mine.  
O, my love, my love, if you could only see  
    How much I really love thee  
You would give me a chance  
    To create a fine romance.

Ace

## **Love, Not War**

Never knowing if you're dead  
Never knowing if you're alive  
O, dear family, please keep praying  
    And hoping I'll survive.  
The feeling of heartbreak  
    The feelings of pain  
O, Dear Lord, the feelings of the prayers  
    If they're all in vain.  
Men of high places with extra strong powers  
    Please let our son return as ours,  
To love, to hold, to work and play.  
Home, sweet home, is where all sons should stay.

Ace

## Death Comes Quickly

I walk along the beach,  
the salt spray lightly covering  
my grief-ridden body,  
trying to find some comfort in the serenity of the night.  
We lived,

we laughed,

we loved until . . .

the shooting . . . killing . . . and finally

Death lashing out at her and

Silently leading

her away.

I now find myself reaching out for life,

to take solace

in my memories of our lives together,

but it eludes me . . .

trickling stealthily by

like the sand through my fingers;

flowing on into the dark, seemingly endless

corridor that men call

the Future.

But all that is behind me now.

No one cares.

The lonely cry of the gulls will still

be heard at night,  
the heartless sea, insensitive to my  
plight,  
creeps and swirls lazily, almost defiantly,  
about my feet.

All is as it was before except that  
She is gone.

A gun, forged of cold murderous steel,  
dangles

limply from

my hand.

With tears in my eyes, I slowly  
cock the trigger.

Nothing to live for knowing that I'll  
never love  
like this again.

By the power of the gun she had died  
and by the

Power of the gun  
So must I.

Christopher Poe

## **You Can't Always Get What You Don't Really Want**

The morning was a prologue of one of those few fine Autumn days. The sun was just rising above the hills in the east and a brisk, invigorating wind blew in the faces of those students who braved the welcomed chill on their way to breakfast. The summer had been hot and long, so the students did not mind the burden of wool sweaters and red faces. Throughout the month of September, the students of Luther College had unwillingly dragged themselves to classes in un-air-conditioned buildings. They were often attired in shorts and they had spoken longingly of skiing and Christmas, as if the oppressive heat was but a figment of their imaginations and that by referring to the pleasures of another season they could talk the present one out of its prolonged existence.

That was all gone now—the overnight passage of a cold front had brought the first signs of Autumn. Within a few months, a majority of the students would be longing for a return of summer heat. But for now they were content.

With at least one exception; Clarence Borman was lying in his bed, drowsily hiding his face from the reality of his roommate's desk lamp with the aid of two pillows. Before the light had been turned on, Clarence Borman had been anxious, even enthusiastic about the prospect of waking up. Now that the light was on, he felt the necessity of at least two more hours sleep. Clarence Borman could hear the northerly winds blowing branches against his windows, and he silently cursed the wind and the change in seasons it represented. Clarence Borman regarded the passing of each season with the same vengeance with which he regarded the passing of each single day. He feared the passage of time because it brought him increasingly further from his undistinguished, but comfortable past and increasingly closer to something unwanted. What exactly this something unwanted was, Clarence Borman could not determine. His inability to make this exact determination only increased Clarence Borman's fear.

As Clarence Borman was considering all this, he heard a girl's voice calling to a friend outside. Although the voice was not hers, hearing it turned Clarence Borman's thoughts to the person of Laurie Bonner. In a life so full of negative uncertainty, Laurie Bonner was regarded as a positive impossibility. Clarence Borman had found her attractive the very first time he had ever seen her. His feelings for her varied from "like very much" to "love."

Clarence Borman liked her very much when she would occasionally say hello to him. He loved Laurie Bonner when she seemingly ignored him. She was of average height and had blondish wavy hair, deep brown eyes, freckles and a pug nose. She was slender, with a nice figure and small, petite shoulders that Clarence Borman thought was her most attractive feature. Laurie Bonner dated no one in particular and Clarence Borman never—he had never asked her out. Clarence Borman knew, without anyone having to tell him, that he was not good enough for Laurie Bonner. The girls that Clarence Borman became infatuated with were always better than he and Clarence Borman lamented about this fact quite often.

His roommate's clock-radio told Clarence Borman that it was 8:30 A.M. on this prologue to a fine Autumn day. The realization that Psychology class began in half-an-hour forced Clarence Borman out from under the protection of his two pillows, and into the unwanted reality of the first Friday in October.

That afternoon, Clarence Borman found himself in love with Laurie Bonner because she had refused to say hello to him when they passed each other on the way to class. The possibility that Laurie Bonner might not have seen him never entered Clarence Borman's mind.

Later, on a fine Autumn evening, the overwhelming majority of Luther's students gathered at the Student Union for a party with some kind of easily-forgettable theme. As with all Luther parties, no matter what the theme, it was an occasion for beer drinking, socializing, flirting—and deep depression. Clarence Borman watched Laurie Bonner talking to and laughing with, what seemed to be the entire student body—himself obviously excluded. This caused Clarence Borman a great deal of pain. The fact that he was sitting isolated in a corner, making no effort to talk to anyone, failed to diminish the extent of his pain.

As the evening progressed, Clarence Borman continually watched Laurie Bonner ignore him, his depression and affection increasing equally. The more Laurie Bonner did not pay attention to him, the more Clarence Borman realized that he could not hope to exist without her.

To Clarence Borman's absolute surprise, at around 11:00 P.M., Laurie Bonner walked over to him and sat down. She began to talk to Clarence Borman and she was very sweet and gentle and pretty and Clarence Borman thought her nose was a bit too pug. She smiled and laughed and Clarence Borman thought her shoulders were not that petite. She casually mentioned she did not have a date for her sorority dinner-dance and Clarence Borman did not love her. He excused himself, went back to his dorm and went to sleep.

The next morning was as fine a prologue to an Autumn day as the morning previous. Clarence Borman awoke to the voice of a female disc-jockey on his roommate's clock-radio. Although the voice was not hers, Clarence Borman had lost all interest in Laurie Bonner. He shut the radio off and slept for two more hours.

Duncan C. Atkins

## You See: (Johnny's Tale): An Elegy

They found Johnny one Sunday morning  
Between the stairwells down on Curtis Hall  
Trailing one end of a bedsheet rope,  
And doing a slow dangling dance  
To the drunken sighs of a dreaming campus.

Some Jesus freak headed out to early mass,  
Down on Sixth Avenue, but  
Had his faith shattered on the way.  
Seems he tsk-tsked the crude frat prank  
Until Johnny spun around to reveal the true hue of his Rhythm & Blues.

When the commotion had somewhat died,  
(The clock in the Union facade said it was five,  
Though it was certainly closer to nine.)  
Some unknown humanitarian among the curious throng suggested they  
    permit Johnny a seat and blanket,  
But better minds prevailed and kept him strung out there 'til  
    someone of authority arrived.

\* \* \*

On the surface Johnny was kind (of) quiet and shy  
But his lake ran clear, clean and deep  
Though at Ursinus most didn't swim, let alone drink;  
And Johnny suffered the worst reputation one might — he was "nice."  
He found a picture where others saw a scene.  
Johnny used to say he'd been designated an observer here;  
And in lighter moments, for sure, would jest to friends —  
Though these were few — of picking up a minor in Detachment.  
Subtle humor and quiet sarcasm mostly got Johnny high and by,  
But because he realized his part, no one figured when the act was complete.

\* \* \*

So along before Wismer opened for brunch,  
(Johnny's last supper had been quiche maison and carrot coins  
    w/that added Chateau touch.)  
The stressed RAs surrendered their cruel vigil  
To the gray flannel and powder blue powers that be  
Who silently brought Johnny down to earth and tried to(o) close  
    those vacantly observant eyes.

The President and the Chief of C-ville Police presided over the affair  
(Which had long since surpassed the legal party size,  
Though it was still early and only the hard-cores felt inclined towards beer).  
The investigation began by one. The rumors soon  
Flew and were "officially" hushed up by two.

\* \* \*

Johnny was easily (and often not regretfully) lost in a crowd.  
He recognized that ability quickly enough and sought to perfect it.  
For the girls at Ursinus, Johnny became a safe date — an intermission.  
He didn't mind. He gratefully melted into the background of any party, dinner  
or dance.  
Everybody liked Johnny — at a distance of course.

When Johnny talked he sounded so far away that  
Others felt compelled to ask him to repeat what he'd said  
Though they'd understood perfectly from the first. Though  
When he sang to his guitar, his voice treated the thoughtful  
Lyrics tight and neat and never failed to draw complacent crowds.

\* \* \*

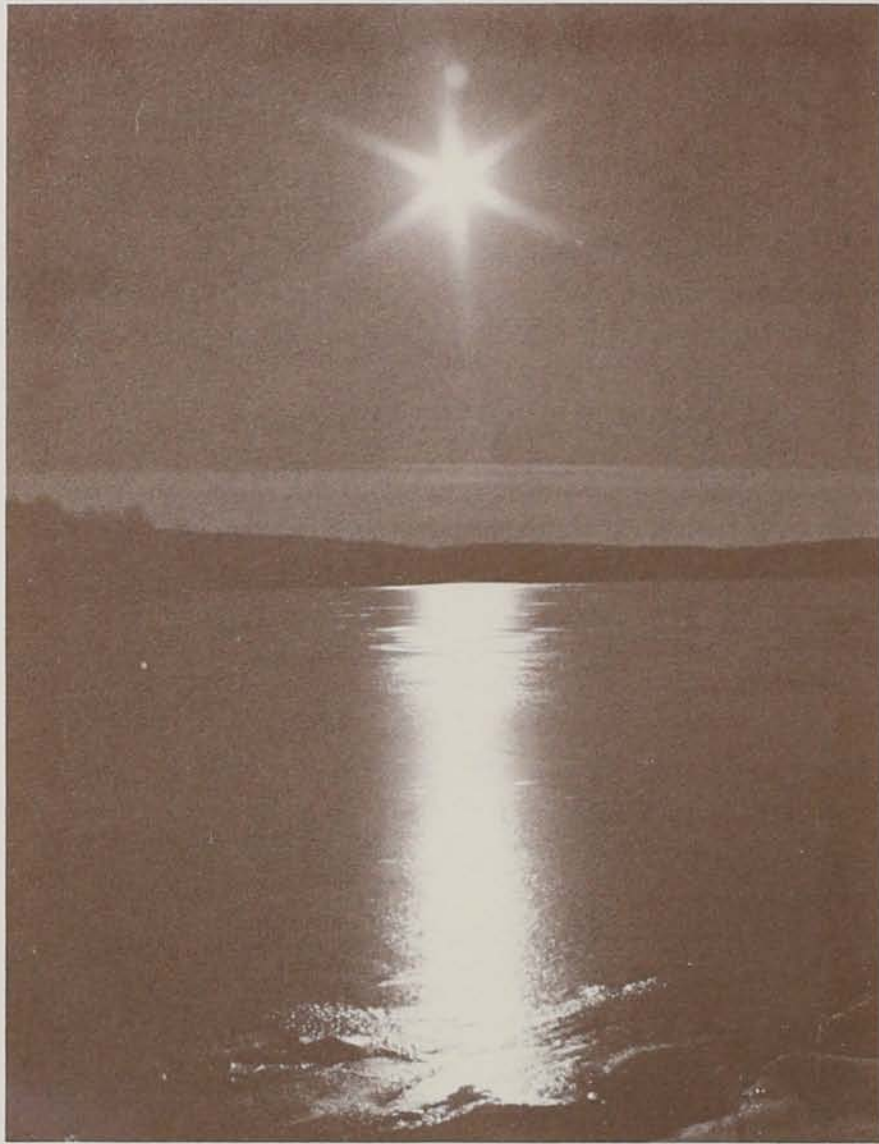
Silent now, Johnny had drawn his last Ursinus crowd.  
They lingered on, as Johnny was taken away, to hear  
The President mechanically lament the "accidental" departure of a facet of  
campus life.

(While he mapped out, in his head, the *coup de grace* of his new line of  
"Keep off the Grass" memoranda.)

As the day was nice, the crowd threw an impromptu wake.  
And even the Batfish boys were there.  
Leo said, "I told you so! I told you so!"  
But Joe just grinned and reached for a pen,  
And once more lost his way on stranger roads  
Than those that Johnny took to his Afterglow.

All the next week, the flag outside gray Bomberger flew quite low;  
And on Friday, *The Grizzly* carried a front page memorial tribute to Johnny  
(Next to articles about room drawing and pest control).  
Soon after, all memories turned to love and finals;  
And Johnny's life — except to a very few — rose, unnoticed, above  
the stifling haze.

— Beif



Sanguine hopes are like paper cups:  
pliable and pragmatic,  
they seem so sturdy and so securable.  
Yet in truth they are fragile, frail, fleeting —  
and almost inevitably crushed.

anonymous



**JUNIORS.**

FIRST TERM.

Rauch's Psychology—Select Tragedies (Euripides)—Cicero de Oratore—Physics of Solids—Lectures on Inorganic Chemistry—Lectures on the Philosophy of History with Recitations—German—Composition and Declamation.

SECOND TERM.

Rauch's Psychology—Logic—Select Comedies (Aristophanes)—Agricola and Germania of Tacitus—Physics of Fluids—Lectures on Inorganic Chemistry—Lectures on History with Recitation, continued—German—Composition and Declamation.

THIRD TERM.

Introduction to Philosophy—Rhetoric—Select Tragedies (Sophocles)—Histories of Tacitus—Acoustics and Optics—Lectures on Organic Chemistry—Lectures on Æsthetics with Recitations—German—Composition and Declamation.

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**SENIORS**

FIRST TERM.

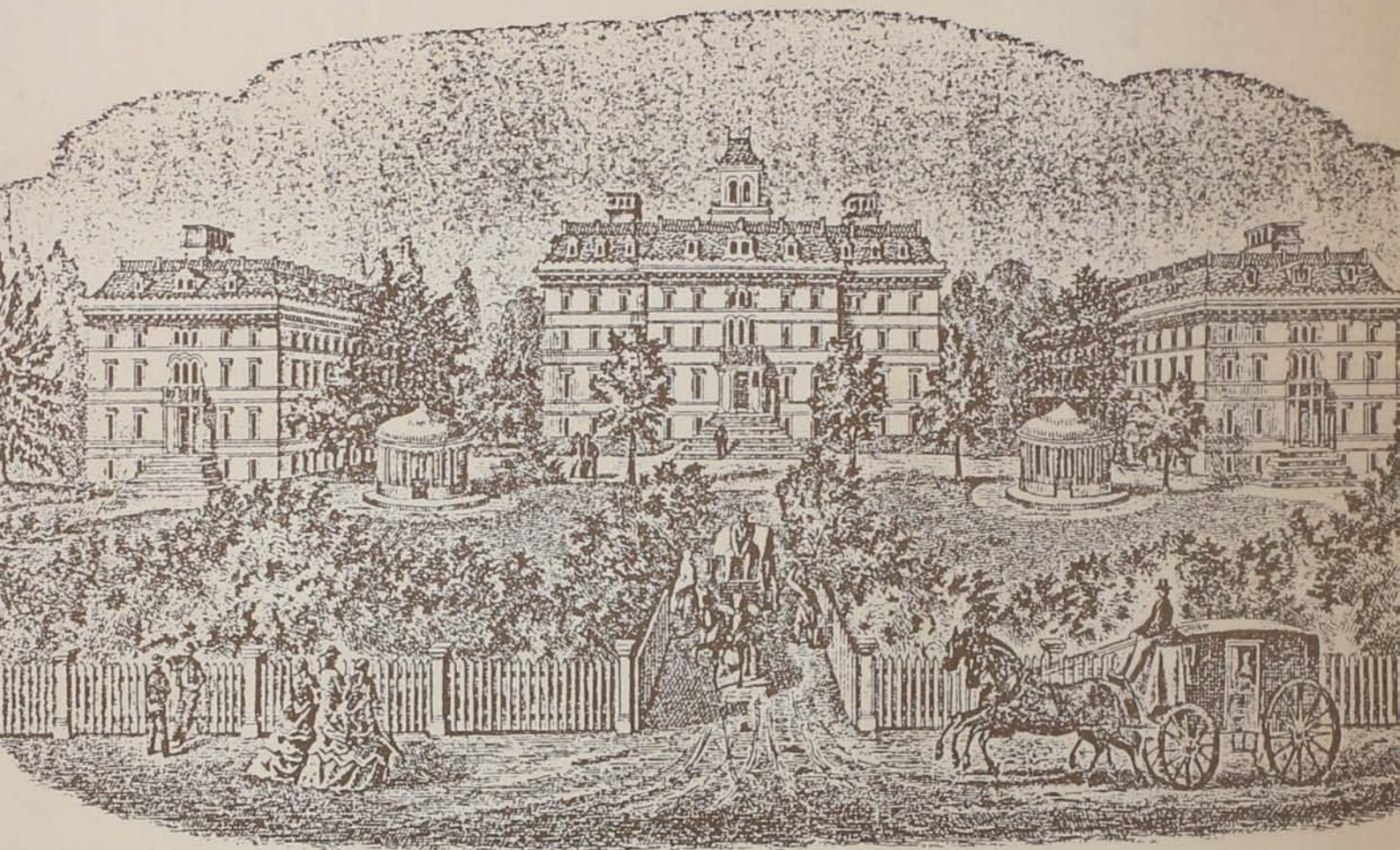
Lectures on Christian Ethics, with Recitations—Select Tragedies (Æschylus)—Terence—Astronomy—Lectures on Geology—Lectures on Æsthetics, with Recitations—German Composition—Original Orations—Lectures on English Literature.

SECOND TERM.

Lectures on Christian Ethics—Political Economy—Pindar—Juvenal—Astronomy—Lectures on Geology—Lectures on Æsthetics, continued—Lectures on the History of Art—Lectures on English Literature—Lectures on German Literature.

THIRD TERM.

Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity—Butler's Analogy—Select Passages, Greek and Latin—Practical Astronomy—Lectures on the Connection between Natural Science and Revealed Religion—Lectures on Anatomy and Physiology—Lectures on Æsthetics, continued—Lectures on the History of Literature.



M H TRAUBEL, LITH PHILAD<sup>a</sup>

Proposed Buildings of

# Ursinus College,

FREELAND,

*MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENN'A.*

1869

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