



6-1938

The Lantern Vol. 6, No. 3, June 1938

Richard Yahraes
Ursinus College

Evelyn Huber
Ursinus College


Esther Hydren
Ursinus College

C. Kenneth Snyder
Ursinus College

Georgine Haughton
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

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Recommended Citation

Yahraes, Richard; Huber, Evelyn; Hydren, Esther; Snyder, C. Kenneth; Haughton, Georgine; Yoh, Robert C.; Shisler, Dorothy Kinsey; Gemmell, Alfred; and Seidle, Elizabeth M., "The Lantern Vol. 6, No. 3, June 1938" (1938). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 12.
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Authors

Richard Yahraes, Evelyn Huber, Esther Hydren, C. Kenneth Snyder, Georgine Haughton, Robert C. Yoh, Dorothy Kinsey Shisler, Alfred Gemmell, and Elizabeth M. Seidle

June
1938

UNIVERSITY OF
COLLEGE

THE LANTERN

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The Old Elm

*— and my new cigarette
is Chesterfield*



*Chesterfields are made of
mild ripe tobaccos . . . rolled in
pure cigarette paper . . . the best
ingredients a cigarette can have*
For You . . . there's MORE PLEASURE
in Chesterfield's milder better taste

They Satisfy

THE LANTERN

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1938

No. 3

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

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EDITORIAL

THE title of the preceding LANTERN's editorial ran like this: "And having writ, moves on." Instantly we recognize the aptness of this, as we, the new board of editors, take up the loose ends and carry on. For so they have moved on, the 1937-38 editor and all but two of his associates; and the LANTERN will miss them. So we would not produce this, their commencement issue, without a word both of praise for what they have done, and regret that they will be with us no longer. As they leave these pages in our hands, wishing for us the same satisfaction that they had from them, we in turn wish them success and joy, and send with them our sincere hope that they but "finish to begin."

We would like to speak of plans for next year; of the purpose for the LANTERN, and its aims. Instead we have found a poem which embodies this and more: it is the answer to the question, "Why Ursinus?" Because it says it so much better than we could, because it is written by one of the LANTERN's faculty advisers, whose ability along this line is known by only a few of us, and because this year the *Ruby* is dedicated to Professor Martin W. Witmer, we gratefully print here his poem, "Hallmarks of Ursinus":

*The cunning workman has a touch unique;
He stamps his character upon his wares.
Likewise the college man or woman bears
An image and a superscription, weak
Perchance, or coined with features strong, that speak
Of sterling worth. What have Ursinus heirs
To show the impress of her fostering cares?
What hallmarks may the expectant public find?*

*A zeal for truth that frees the fettered mind;
A striving after beauty out of reach;
A courtesy of manner, cultured speech,
Combined with rugged strength to wield the rod
Against ignoble aims and base mankind—
Her mark is service; her foundation, God.*

Among Our Contributors



Richard Yabraes brings to us in this issue his last contribution to the LANTERN; and he does so divested of his customary post as editor-in-chief. So we are more than glad to print this reminiscent mood of his, worthy as it is, in appreciation of his originalty and versatility, evidenced in the good work done since the LANTERN has been in his hands.

Esther Hydren contributes for the first time to the LANTERN this June, and we welcome her to the list of LANTERN writers. She has written a story not so much for it's plot as for the deep and gripping emotion behind it, and we hope that she will continue to give her support to our pages with her exceptional ability.

Kenneth Snyder offers us this issue a descriptive essay on a subject which will appeal to all—students and alumni alike. A sophomore this year, Ken has contributed often and willingly to the LANTERN, and now we welcome his ability to the editorial staff.

Alfred Gemmell, a senior next year, does a little reminiscing too, and relates for us in this issue the thoughts and events of a summer spent between the Palisades and the Hudson River. To all of you to whom these spots are familiar, we submit this work of Al's knowing that it will give you moments of reminiscence yourself.

Robert Yoh, familiar to the LANTERN's subscribers through his poetry and prose, has written again of lands unfamiliar to the majority of us. This time he contributes an interesting and well worth reading description of three of the Caribbean Islands.

Elizabeth Seidle has not contributed to the LANTERN for some time, and we have wondered when we would be able to print something of hers again. So we are happy to give you her poem "Solace," along with another unusual verse from **Robert Yoh**. **Evelyn Huber**, newly appointed to the editorial staff, gives us "Affinity," and **Dorothy Shisler** and **Georgine Haughton** also have contributed with excellent examples of their ability as poets.

"The scene of rare loveliness was ending"

A Senior Muses

RICHARD YAHRAES

I was a long time ago . . . as days go . . . in the week just after Easter recess, when tints of spring were abroad on the campus. During the half hour between dinner and seven o'clock, I thought of a philosophy examination scheduled for the next day, and wandered to the library, where I stood musing, waiting for the doors to open. Slowly then my eyes widened.

In the middle of the East Campus, halfway between the library steps and Main Street, stood the huge old elm, a part of the evening. Traceries delicate and complex hung in tiny green festoons from its branches; and the whole geometrical panorama of the tree unfolded itself to the evening sky.

The Recreation Hall music had turned saucy, more suited to winter and scintillating lights and grilled cheese sandwiches and dance floors than to the scene before me. But the soft symphony of spring took up the notes, made them harmonize with the pastel evening, and blended all into that insidious potency of the season that makes hearts restless.

I was suddenly discontented. I hated to be alone. Thoughts I had penned to girls . . . "It was lovely, and I wanted you to be here with me" . . . mocked me now. For now the loneliness was mine . . . it was a time, not to write benevolent letters to her, but to be with a girl. The restlessness of the evening sang in me, and I left the library steps.

As I walked, I could see soft purples and pinks stretching toward the horizon, hazy impaled comets of color, spiraling gently into the sunset. On the campus, forsythia blossoms were faintly yellow in the deepening dusk. Delicate tones above matched delicate tones around me, and no breeze blew in the coolness.

In all the beauty, I forgot my urge for casual romance, for the sound of gay, clicking heels on the sidewalk, for laughter. As I turned out and up Main street, the calm of the twilight made me walk a little more slowly. The yellow half-light from above, filtering through the budding maples, outlined the way, and the pavement became a cloistered avenue, receiving me silently in the perfumed dusk. Far from my earlier mood, I had now the wistful thought that on this evening only a Girl could suffice for a companion.

Probably half drugged by the evening and my solitary broodings, I had passed the Science Building, crossed the

street, and found myself turning in Ninth Avenue to the right, past the parked motorbus.

Down the macadam road toward me came two couples, hand in hand. I knew they would be part of the scene, just as love is part of the springtime.

As they came nearer, one of the girls was turning sideward to fling some remark to the couple behind. Both boys were grinning. A casual "hello" to me, and they had passed, hurrying to reach some hall by seven-thirty. I could hear heels clicking behind me in the dusk. A strident feminine voice rang out once; then the scene closed over me, and I was alone again in the quietness.

A few hundred feet along the road, where the path turns off at a right angle and runs to the back campus, I stood at its edge a moment before starting down. Across the land dip, etchings of buildings loomed in the sky: a glass-bound tower, two colonial roofs, and farther away an indistinct mass that was Bomberger.

Already a few windows were lighted beneath the colonial roofs of the twin dormitories. From somewhere I could hear faint music. I allowed the mellowness of the scene to delude me . . . the campus ahead was a small village, peaceful and remote from the world . . . the students, its inhabitants, . . . all neighbors contemplating life quietly, together.

Nearer at hand, nothing moved, nothing breathed. Apple blossoms formed a motionless ceiling across the sloping path. I stopped underneath some of the white fronds and looked up at them, not remembering whether or not the blossoms would have a scent. I reached up, pulled down one of the branches, held it to my face. The flowers were richly sweet, with a fragrance too earthy and cloying to belong in the scene. I let the blossoms swing upward again, and continued along the path.

With the green carpet of the golf course finally beneath my feet, I felt far enough away to inhale deeply the odorless evening air, and to drink the chaste greyness that enveloped me; and by such means as these I tried to cleanse myself of the sensuousness that lingered from the too-sweet valley of the apple blossoms.

Wanting, as I did, to be only a grey shadow in the twilight calm, I must have known nothing of the intervening distance . . . for suddenly I realized that for several seconds I had been back again on the library steps, staring out into the darkening twilight.

(Continued on Page 18)

AFFINITY

EVELYN HUBER



*"You are mad!" cried the wind.
"I know," I whispered softly,
"For your song is in my brain,
Pouring melodies more sweetly
Than this gently coursing rain."*

*"You aren't living," sang the shadows.
And I tenderly agreed,
For our living is a madness
Through which living dead do breed.*

*"And you weep," spoke up the leaflets.
"Yes, I weep," I lightly said,
"But, happily, dear leaflets,
In the sorrows that tears shed."*

*"And your sighing, why this sighing?"
Pressed the spirit of the night.
"'Tis delirium and longing
For your patterns in my sight."*

*"Yet you smile now," called a raindrop,
"And you dry away your tears;
You may be living madly
But I've carried off your fears."*

From Darkness Into Light

ESTHER HYDREN

DARKNESS hovered broodingly around the Trevor cottage. It fell, like a mantle, over the door, as if to screen its own entrance into the tiny dwelling. Through every room this darkness crept, increasing in intensity until it reached Jessann's bedroom. Here it seemed to gather with suffocating denseness, lending a malicious unrest to the spirit of the room's occupant.

Jessann tossed restlessly in her hot bed; once again she turned over to face the windows, mere squares of darkness, through which a cool, light breeze blew from the sea. Her damp curls stirred softly against her cheeks; time and time again this had lulled her to sleep, yet now even the light touch of the night air seemed restless and sinister. She listened to the waves as they rolled in to shore. Usually the sound was so soothing, so restful, that the rhythmical music soon faded gently from her consciousness. Tonight even the waves sounded foreign and disquieting; they had an agitated, compelling quality which served only to increase her own disquiet.

Suddenly a sharp cry rent the darkness, piercing Jessann's consciousness by its pain. She sprang quickly from her bed as the wild cry came once more in its agony of desire and terror—

"Mother!"

Jessann flew into the room next to her own, the white gown which clung about her cutting a streak of light foreign to the darkness through which it passed. She leaned over the low cot and spoke softly to the child.

"Ginny dear!—It's Sister.—Is there something you want?"

Her voice trembled with the longing to comfort, the desire to heal the pain that must lie in her small sister's heart as in her own.

Ginny's answer came in a burst of crying, "I want my mother!"

Jessann gathered her close, feeling her small body torn by sobs, her cheeks soft and wet against her sister's. Tears helped to ease pain; Jessann made no attempt to restrain the crying, knowing how she, herself, had longed to weep. But she had not been able to—not since yesterday when her mother had been laid quietly beneath a blanket of earth for her last sleep. There had been only a dull ache in her throat and a pressure on her heart.

As the minutes passed, Ginny's crying became quieter, though a great sob still shook her from time to time. She clung to her sister as if she would never let her go; finally she spoke, her tone that of the greatest tragedy that a five-year-old can express.

"Sister, won't I ever see Mother again?"

Jessann was silent for a moment, longing to answer the child, but not knowing how to comfort her.

"Someday, Ginny, I'm sure we'll all be together again. It may not be for a long, long time; but we mustn't think of that. You know how you like to look forward to things, how you've often said that half the fun is in waiting for something to happen. That's how we'll have to think of Mother. Whenever we want her to be with us *now*, we must close our eyes and say, "Some day!"—and think hard about how nice it will be when it comes, and how much nicer for the waiting. Let's make it a sort of game, shall we?"

Ginny made a dubious little sound in reply; but she was quiet now, exhausted from her crying. Sleep was not far from her as she begged drowsily, "Sing to me, Sister."

Jessann laid her down gently on the pillow, pulled up the covers, and tucked her in. Then, sitting beside her, she smoothed Ginny's hair softly and started to sing a lullaby. As she sang, the surrounding darkness seemed to lose its malicious aspect. It formed a tender, gentle background to her lullaby, while the sound of the waves outside became an obligato. Above and beyond all else, Jessann's voice soared. It was a voice untrained; yet in its poignant depth and beauty of tone, it seemed possessed of a soul. Hearing her sing, one felt that he had discovered Jessann herself, for in her voice her whole being seemed to dwell.

She finished the lullaby; still humming, she rose quietly and left the sleeping child.

Once back in her room, she seemed again to be oppressed by the darkness which closed in with compelling force.

"Why—oh, why—" she whispered passionately, "why must I know by tomorrow? Why can't I have time to think! Oh, if it weren't for you, Mother, I'd know what to do! But I hate to do what I know you wouldn't approve, especially so soon after you're gone."

She lay back on her pillow, her mind torn by the desire to be free and the desire to do what was right. If she only knew! To her, the pride of her widowed mother had always seemed a foolish thing. After the death of her father, she had never known a time when her mother had been able to rest; she had had a continual struggle to support her small home and family, ever refusing the assistance which was willingly, eagerly, offered her. And she would want Jessann to do the same thing now.

For several hours more, Jessann lay there, listening to the sound of waves retreating with the tide. She watched the darkness slowly recede and saw the first greyness which lightened the dark, starless sky. Dawn was nearly here—the dawn of a day on which she must make the choice that might affect her entire life. With a tired sigh she threw back the covers and crept out into the grey room.

A few minutes later Jessann closed the door of the cottage behind her and stood outside, sharply outlined in the dark grey of early morning. Her slimness was accentuated by the white slacks and blue jacket which she wore. Yet in spite of her simple, boyish attire, she possessed a graceful poise of posture and movement unusual in one so young. Her brown hair curled softly around a face extremely sensitive. Her eyes, now heavily circled from her sleepless night, were large and dark, deep-set under a high forehead. The mouth was curved and sensitive; the nose, slender, with nostrils like that of a high-strung animal. Her face was not a beautiful one, but possessed rather the makings of beauty than its fulfillment.

Jessann looked about her, breathing deeply of the morning air, and filling her lungs with its strength. Behind her rolled the endless dunes; before her stretched the boundless flats. Infinity seemed to be spread around her; it crept within her and made her night of inward strife a thing of insignificance.

With a long, free stride, she started out on the flats. The tide went out three miles; and it wasn't quite out yet; so, with brisk walking, she would be able to go nearly all the way out and back without being caught by the incoming waters. She gave a little skip and started to sing softly to herself. To be anything but gay on a morning such as this was as impossible for her as for the gulls that flew above her or the thrushes and orioles singing behind her on the dunes.

A few minutes later, she glimpsed a solitary figure, scarcely distinguishable from the expanse of sea and sky. Yet she recognized him at once—Uncle Davy! She started to run toward him, as she had done ever since she could remember. He was a part of the sand and sea and sky; to her, he was as cosmic a part of her surroundings as were they. She neared him now and called out gaily—"Morning, Uncle Davy!"

The old man straightened up slowly; even then he was half-doubled from many years of bending over the sand; for he was a clam-digger. His shaggy hair, hanging low in his neck, and his unkempt beard were mingled white and grey and just now glistened with the foggy dew that had only a little while before begun to lift from the flats. Behind his beard, the old man's face looked like old leather that is creased and dried. His snarled brows, colored like his hair, half hid a pair of blue-grey eyes; but, once discovered, the eyes revealed the man. They were open and calm, exposing his personality; they proved his soul's heritage to be the expanse of the sand,

the sea, and the sky. They had a quiet strength too; but this strength found a more active expression in the muscles which still swelled with vigor beneath the leathered skin of his arms. His hands were large, their joints gnarled like the dwarf-pines on the dunes. The aged strength and the solitude of the ancient clam-digger seemed to make him the counterpart of the sand-flats which granted him his livelihood.

Just now Uncle Davy's eyes lighted with pleasure as he saw Jessann approaching.

"'Mornin', Jessy," he said, reading her face keenly with his glance. "There be some lines around your eyes that tells the kind o' tales old Davy doesn't like. Did the sandy-man pass you by last night?"

"I'm afraid he did," Jessann laughed. "But I don't feel tired now that I've gotten out in the air."

"What about the little 'un?"

"She woke up in the night—and cried a little. But she's slept soundly ever since."

The old man regarded her kindly for a moment and then bent once more to his task. Jessann stood silent, watching him; then she burst out impulsively—"Uncle Davy!"

"Yes'm," returned the old man, keeping his eyes bent on the sand. Jessann was grateful to him for this; somehow, she could talk better unobserved.

"Oh, Uncle Davy—what shall I do?"

"Well, I cal'late that's somethin' we'd better figger out," he drawled slowly.

"It shouldn't be so hard—I have to do one of two things—but I can't decide which one."

The old man waited for a moment and then suggested, "Supposin' you tell me what they be." He knew as well as Jessann, but he also knew that the telling would ease her heart.

Jessann caught up his suggestion eagerly.

"I've won a scholarship at the music conservatory," she said, her eyes sparkling at the thought. "I've often wished that sometime I might be able to take singing lessons, but I never dared dream that anything as wonderful as this might happen. If I do well there, I'll have every chance for going on; the conservatory offers so many opportunities. Just think, Uncle Davy, I'd have a chance to try for the Mendel Memorial Award—and that would mean two years' study in Europe, under the best teachers!—That scholarship just seems like a gateway, open, and waiting for me to pass through!"

"What about the young 'un?" Uncle Davy inquired.

Jessann's enthusiasm was undimmed by his reminder.

"Aunt Ginny has offered to take her," she said. "She hasn't any children; and she thinks the world of little Ginny. That's why I have to decide today. If I give Ginny to her, as she wants me to, she'll take her on a trip through the White Mountains this summer. Oh, she could give Ginny so much!"

"How does the young 'un feel about her aunt?" asked Uncle Davy casually.

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Just An Old Bell!

C. KENNETH SNYDER

IT'S an ordinary bell. And if you climb the four flights of stairs to the fourth floor of Freeland, then up a rickety ladder surrounded by all the mysterious dust and mustiness of an attic long used, you will reach the tower where hangs that old, chipped, heavy "cloche," as the French would say. When I wandered up there the other day it was with a feeling of a long pent-up opportunity to take revenge upon something that for almost two years has taken me from a nice warm bed and with its rather ordinary clang sent me out to the probing and annoying questions with which college professors so delightfully prick their charges who slip back to that second slumberland of the classroom. Yet, for some unknown reason, when I reached the tower all revengefulness had left me. Perhaps it was the mustiness of the attic, or the smell of old wood. Or else it was the almost unreal delicateness of the brightened countryside sleeping in the warm afternoon sun, after a passing, frivolous shower had for a moment awakened it, that made me stand and think, and look with silent awe at this old bell. I had the feeling of a young child who, seeing the wrinkled lines of an old, old face, stares through its fingers with a look of curiosity intermingled with unrealized respect and instinctive admiration. I reached out and touched it. It was cold, yet not too cold. On one side I read, "CAST BY J. BERNHARD, 78 No. 6th STREET, PHILADELPHIA, — 1849." Hmmmmm! Eighty-nine years ago. The year of the Gold Rush. That's old! So old, it seems to have reached that stage where one thinks of old things as perhaps a little human because they have stayed with us so long. Maybe that was why it did not seem so cold. To think of all the men and women it had awakened, year after year, sending them out into the world—a world where the bells that call us to our duties are sometimes muffled. Or is it that we do not like to hear them at times, just as we cover our heads in the morning so we will not hear this one. Yet in a few days this "old fellow" will call out another group. Ironically enough, the bell they have cursed for four years, will, on that day, without a doubt, ring out with a clearer, sweeter, perhaps a wee bit sadder tone. Four years of fleeting, ghost-like, all too short memories; memories that in every Senior's mind are like a thousand frozen moments of history; memories that refuse to die; memories that will always seem as clear and sharp as an insect that, trapped in a piece of amber which crystalized over a million years ago, still looks as real and lifelike as if it had died yesterday.

I remember hearing that bell the other morning. Somehow or other it sounded different. It was early when we went down to the "Perk," because we knew some hungry bass or "sunny" would be looking for his breakfast, not caring at what he snapped. The twinkling stars were giving their last crisp, mischievous wink before the rising sun could catch them flirting with the earth. Along the river one could see the lace-like imagery of the sleeping trees, and just faintly one could make out the mist rising silently, then disappearing into the great unknown. Slowly, yet quite definitely, we became aware of a quiet whiteness. Turning our canoe toward the East we realized that dawn was just bidding us a pleasant good morning. We stopped paddling. Against the background of a darkened, ghost-like landscape, the earth was slipping out of a picture of mist. A little rustle, a gentle movement of the leaves, a faint tint of pink and the lines of that great negro poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, were floating through my mind. You know them!

"An angel robed in spotless white,
 Stooped down and kissed the sleeping night;
Night woke to blush—the spright was gone,
 Men saw that blush, and called it dawn.

Curious that a black man should write such a beautiful verse about the dawn. But just then the screech of a thieving jay-bird flying down the valley brought us back to reality. And then we realized we had unconsciously been listening to the chattering of the birds. Little woodpeckers, red-winged blackbirds, the morning "caws" of the crows, the cry of the rooster across the hill, the peculiar flap of a pheasant's wings, the almost noiseless splash of a muskrat sliding silently into the water. And in the distance, first faintly, then louder, as the ringing vibrations spread wider and wider, the clear-cut tones of Freeland's awakening bell reached us. At this distance those tones did not seem half so "clangy;" in fact, their sweetness and clarity were amazing. The resonant notes of that old bell, harmonizing with the chattering of the birds, made one grand and beautiful symphony, a symphony of wakefulness tinged with hopeful gladness. And then I thought of that old, old bell sounding us out of a world of dreams into one of realities. For over three-quarters of a century it has been doing that. Sending some out to success, others to failure; some to fame, others to mediocrity; some to happiness, others to sad-

(Continued on Page 17)

Memories Of A Friend

GEORGINE HAUGHTON



*Our friendship was a lovely one,
But too soon came its end;
And all that I have left are these:
Sweet mem'ries of a friend.*

*Her high ideals were my ideals,
Her likes, her dislikes mine.
'Twas cruel that we should have to part;
It was fate's own design.*

*So full of life and youth was she;
Her laughter would impart
The greatest joy and happiness
Within a merry heart.*

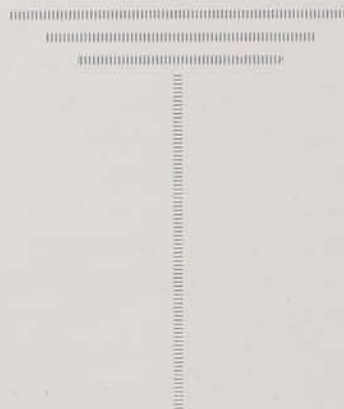
*And sometimes when I think of her
My eyes with tears are wet;
It would not be quite natural
If I'd so soon forget.*

To A Small Animal As It Passes

ROBERT C. YOH



*Hurrying thing of the woodland deep,
How soft you pass me there;
How sharp you look, as on you creep
To your dark, rocky lair.
How sweet the smell of woodland flower
Mixed with the pungent pine—
How cold and long must be the night,
And yet how very fine
The glowing moon and its soft light
On every branch and leaf—
How great must all your rapture be;
How cruel your simple grief!*

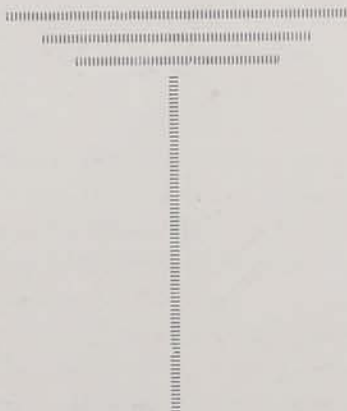


The Sky and I

DOROTHY KINSEY SHISLER



*The sky and I were crying last night:
silent silver tears wept we.
The moon lent the sky a handkerchief,
a large cloud that instantly
blotted out all the starry tears.
And no one noticed my tears and me.*



Between The Mountain and The River

ALFRED GEMMELL

If the Gods of Chance would have willed it, you might have been one of the gay groups of tourists and picnickers that played along the Hudson in the summer of 1922. Then, if you had followed the rough road along its New Jersey banks near the present site of the George Washington Bridge, you might have seen a little tot playing on the beach. He would have been very absorbed in gathering drift-wood or sea-shells, although a few pennies would have attracted his friendship most unreservedly. Yes, even then I appreciated what a nickel would bring at the soda-pop concession down the beach.

The tanned little specimen I just referred to would be wearing a bathing suit three sizes too large for him. He took to the beach like a young duckling to water. And every afternoon, when the tide was out, he could be found busily playing on the sands.

Memory has suffered little from the passage of sixteen years and I can very clearly recall that eventful summer I spent between the Palisades and the Hudson.

My parents had rented a scout cabin of very confined proportions for the summer. Lying slightly out from the base of the cliffs, it nestled on a little plateau from which you could descend by several flights of wooden steps to the road and shore below. Just back from the crest of the Palisades lay Fort Lee, named after one of our most noted Revolutionary War generals. It was from the sheer heights of Fort Lee that Washington watched the approaching British before starting his memorial retreat across New Jersey. This fort was once the center of the motion picture industry, and lost its color and glamor only when Hollywood burst into prominence. Our cabin lay on the trail which led up the mountain. In many places the trail consisted of zig-zagging wooden steps which were in constant need of repair. I can still recall how we raced each other up those steps. Pausing to rest at the turns, our breath spent, we would survey in enraptured silence the thrilling scene before us. Our eyes moved hungrily seeking the beauties of the panorama below. A great river pulsing with life and the greatest of all cities across the way presented a very gripping picture. Specks of men along the shore would look up annoyed at our reverberating yodels. Such yodels seemed only natural, however, when one was in a tingling, bracing atmosphere found only about those commanding heights! The view from the top of the Palisades, which is very deceptive, brings to mind how puzzled I was as a small boy that I could not throw a stone into the Hudson, which seemed almost

at my feet. Unfortunately, our cabin was within range of such stones, and there were many mischievous little boys in the region. You can imagine the results! I can still see my stepfather, who was a policeman on the Fort Lee force, as he protested rather vehemently to those above when the stones began to rattle off our roof. It was only a tarpaper affair, and every time it rained there would be a merry scramble for every pot and pan available. These falling stones were such a menace that often we feared to step outside.

In other respects, too, the region was a bit dangerous. There were often petty thefts in the neighborhood. One incident remains with me rather poignantly. My stepfather came home one night with his upper lip severely gashed. Blood covered the front of his uniform, making his appearance anything but reassuring. As the story gradually developed, we learned that some of New York's criminal element had come over to New Jersey to make a "haul" and then retreat to the security of the big city. They were soon involved in a card game with some innocent campers down the beach. A fight ensued, and upon the intervention of my stepfather, who was attracted from his beat by the noise, one of the New Yorkers promptly struck him in the face with a flashlight. The painful effect I have already described. The incident was concluded in favor of "New Jersey justice," however, and the New York "toughs" were soon lodged in the Fort Lee jail. Such occurrences were not the exception and resulted in restricted wandering alone at night by all the law-abiding element.

But the memories that are most vivid to me are the pleasant ones. Life along the Hudson also appealed to my adventurous nature. Long lines of barges loaded with brick and sand, pulled by panting little tugs, always kept me spell-bound till they had disappeared down the river. The river traffic, which was very great, reminded me of an endless train of ants carrying their burdens to a remote destination. As I played in the waves stirred up by a passing vessel, my young imagination would form romantic pictures of the sailor's life. Strange lands, foreign flags, and adventure were associated in my mind with every decrepit, musty steamer I saw pass. My one ambition was to be a sailor—but time has changed that. Up the river I could see the Yonker's ferryboats, persistent in their constant shuttling back and forth. Down the river I used to watch the tramp steamers with loads of sugar maneuvering up to the Jack Frost docks at Edgewater. Looking across the busy stream, I could

discern the flow of traffic on Riverside Drive. Behind the Drive were the swanky tenement houses of New York's social cream. The business section of New York City was marked by towering buildings looming out of the mists. Grant's Tomb monopolized the horizon below the 125th Street Ferry. Everything was industry and rushing activity. A spirit of progression, as mysterious as it was indefinable, seemed to grip the river front. It was the usual after-war boom period and everyone was feverishly engaged in a mad scramble for profit.

It is almost possible to feel again the thrills and chills I experienced when Uncle Sam's warships would creep up the river and lie at rest. Very sinister figures they were with their camouflage coloring and their angry-looking guns. But on holidays they would be decked in flags and the sailors would come ashore in their uniforms. A happy lot they were! Then my impressions of the ships would be brighter and I used to beg to be taken on board—a satisfaction I never experienced.

Sometimes the quiet steady murmur of the river's life was broken by the roar of powerful motors. Navy seaplanes would circle and swoop. Like angry wasps they would buzz around the ships, while their powerful blasts would be hurled back by the Palisades in one load tumult of sound. Leaving a long trail of foam, the planes would cut the river's surface like so many tiring ducks. Finally, their speed diminished, they would taxi ashore further down the river. I used to sit for hours watching their movements, too absorbed in interest and wonder to take my eyes from them. Such was the glorious fascination the river life held for me.

Late in the afternoon, when the tide was in, we would go crabbing; and was it fun! Hardly ever did we pull an empty trap up. The transfer of our captured crabs from trap to burlap sack was one ever fraught with danger of nipped fingers. Seldom did we have long to wait for our limit. Then, amidst much hilarity, we would shoulder our sacks and strike out for the cabin.

I remember that one day my stepfather took me up the beach a short distance and, pointing out a section of the Palisades where men were working on the ridge, said, "There is the first step on the new bridge." There had been rumors about that a great bridge was going to be built across the Hudson at this point. Even my childish understanding could encompass the great problems involved. "I don't believe it," I said. "How can they build a bridge to the top of the Palisades?" And then, as I shifted my glance across to New York, "And look how low New York is! Why, the bridge will run downhill!" I can't recall what he said then, but I'm inclined to believe he shared my skepticism. Yet, today the George Washington Bridge towers over Hudson and Palisades alike as a monument to engineering achievement. Last Christmas I stood at the point where the bridge cuts through the New Jersey cliffs and noticed the gleaming deposits of "fool's gold" in the rocky walls of the cut. Oddly enough the term "fool's gold" brought to my attention the fact that we who had condemned the proponents of the bridge as fools, were really the fools ourselves. It seems that everyday some genius is scaling the walls of impossibility which the crowd regards as unsurmountable.

And then at evening we would gather around the fireplace in front of our cabin. Leisurely we would throw salty driftwood on the fire. Have you ever seen salty wood burn with its many-colored flames and heat-radiating embers? The crackling fire with its warming glow, the appetizing aroma of roasting crabs, and the merry company on such occasions—all combined to make those moments unforgettable. So with the lights of New York City sparkling across the way, with the mysterious life of the river at our feet, and with the towering Palisades at our back, we must leave the scenes of yesteryear. If ever the opportunity comes, I would surely like to live again between the mountain and the river. Yet no matter what fortune holds for us, the recollection of past events is enriched by the road since traveled.

SOLACE

ELIZABETH SEIDLE



*Aim an arrow sharp, my God;
Shoot it straight and pierce my heart.
This soul of mine is like a clod,
Thick and heavy on the cart.*

*Of human life that jolts and jars
Along the paths of dried-up Earth.
Steep the dart in faith, in stars
That in the milky way gave birth.*

*To Beauty, yea, my saving grace.
Oh God! Thy Nature seen with eyes
So mortal, I myself abase
Before its wonder, timeless, wise.*

*I cry to Thee in anguish oft,
When doubt and fear and scorn press down
The fleshly feelings; then, ah soft
Thy peace falls on my mind, a crown.*

“ . . . bits of Holland transplanted far from home.”

Three Little Islands Far From Home

ROBERT C. YOH

NOT more than ninety miles to the south of Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands are three small isles which deserve more than a hasty, passing glance. All three are massive volcanic cones rising sharply from the Caribbean which seem to be quite unfriendly places, but which in reality are hospitable little isles, long ago colonized by the Dutch. The most westerly is called Saba, the middle one St. Eustatius (or Statia), and the northernmost St. Martin. One would not expect to find Dutch-owned islands so close to our country's shores, but these islands are bits of Holland transplanted far from home.

Although she is very small, Saba may well be called the Queen of the West Indies. Of all the islands in the world, there is none quite like Saba; and of all the Caribbean Islands, Saba is by far the most interesting, and in many ways the most unusual. Sheer and forbidding, the island rises from the water, its volcanic cone hidden by drifting clouds three thousand feet above the sea, its coast rocky and dangerous. The passerby is likely to think it uninhabited; but unbelievable as it may seem, over two thousand people dwell on this volcano's summit.

Almost a thousand feet above the pounding surf is the chief town, completely hidden from the sea, inside the towering walls of the extinct crater. Because it lies on the crater's floor, the town is called Bottom. Landing at Saba is a difficult business, for there is no suitable landing place, and the coast is pounded by furious waves. But a visit to Bottom is worth all the risk of getting ashore. To reach this town one must climb an extremely steep stairway of some eight hundred stone steps, chiseled from the rock cliff. It is a strange fact that on this island one must climb up some eight hundred feet to reach Bottom. For the visitor this climb is a hard one, even when empty-handed, but the Sabans climb with ease to their aerial town with heavy burdens on their heads,—years of hard work have made them a sturdy race. Although articles brought to Saba must be “headed” up to Bottom, some very massive articles have been carried to the town. One wonders how such things are possible.

It is not strange to find that most of the men have been, and are, sailors. They are well-known on all the seven seas for their skill and bravery. Knowing that they could not find a lovelier spot, these sailor-men return to their beloved island home when possible, to spend their last days. Saba is a lovely spot; its climate is one of perpetual spring, and Bottom and the three villages are as

neat as any of the towns of the Netherlands. Dutch cleanliness and thrift are fact, not fiction.

The population is quite an ideal one as far as West Indian population go, for it is evenly, or nearly evenly, divided between black and white, and for years the two races have lived together in equality. Long ago they realized that they must, for cooperation is essential to life on such an isle.

Aside from the incomes earned by the sailors, these people gain a livelihood by raising garden produce, making delicate lace, and building boats. Probably of all the strange things of this strangest of strange places, this is the most remarkable; for here, in a crater high above the sea, are built boats famed throughout the West Indies for their strength and speed. Large-scale ship-building is a thing of the past in Saba, but a small remnant of the industry lingers on.

In plain sight of Saba, about twenty miles distant, lies St. Eustatius (or Statia). Its banks are not so steep and its coasts not so rocky as Saba's; in fact, its land area slopes down from the high crater in a gentle way. There is, as a result, much level ground on this island. On the west coast, “in quite conventional manner,” lies Orange Town, blessed with a fine harbor which is safe for ships to use. Statia's greatness is in the past, and little business is carried on there today. It is a sleepy, dull place which is visited only twice a month by the mail boat sent by the Dutch government; but in the heart of every patriotic American citizen the name of St. Eustatius should live forever, for here “Old Glory” was first saluted by a foreign power.

It was back in 1776, in the month of November—if you will pardon a brief moment of history—that the new American flag was proudly waving from the masthead of the *Andrew Doria* and the guns of Fort Orange roared out their salute. The jolly, friendly Statians, and grave, gruff Governor de Graff (who was not so gruff as they make him) lived to regret this act of respect; for Lord Rodney, from a nearby British isle, came into the harbor with a vast fleet, laid siege to the town, captured it, and completely devastated the island. It is said that he sailed back to England with booty to the value of three million pounds sterling. From that time on, the glory of St. Eustatius faded.

In the eighteenth century Statia was the most important port in the West Indies and one of the largest in the Western hemisphere. The harbor of Orange Town was filled with countless ships drawn there by the immense

stores of supplies. This free port proved a blessing to the new American Republic, for during the War for Independence, Statia was the only place in all the world where the American colonists could exchange mails and diplomatic correspondence, and trade internationally. They bought most of their ammunition here. It was also on this island that some of the richest families of Philadelphia and Baltimore gained their fortunes.

In 1780, when it was raided by Rodney, the greatness of the capture caused the English admiral and his forces to tarry there six weeks, instead of pursuing the French, who were helping the United States. This permitted the French to unite their fleet with those of the Americans, thus bringing about the victory of Yorktown. Hence it may be said that the grave sacrifice of St. Eustatius saved the young United States from defeat. We have little repaid that sacrifice. Time was when American ships were only too glad to enter the port of Orange Town, but today they sail proudly by, with but an indifferent salute, if any.

Although Alexander Hamilton was born on the island of Nevis, B. W. I., he moved as a youth to St. Eustatius, and it was there that he became interested in the American Republic through his contact with American traders, and decided to emigrate to the country where he was to win such esteem and fame.

The waterfront of Orange Town is all but deserted today, the great warehouses are falling to ruin, the once prosperous estates are overrun with weeds, the beautiful mansion-like homes are tumbling with decay, all trade has vanished, and the population has decreased, until today there are less than two thousand people. No longer do the guns of Fort Orange issue a salute, for long since have they been idle and forgotten.

Since 1648 St. Martin has been the colony of two European powers. It is the only island in all the West Indies which is owned by two such powers. This is strange, for St. Martin is one of the very smallest of all the Caribbean Islands. History has it that the Dutch and French discovered the island at the same time, and landed

together. Both nations were eager to claim it, but it was an extremely warm day and both sides were tired from the long sea journey. They said, "Let's not fight in such a climate over such a bagatelle: we'll let two men start together and walk around the island, and from here to where they meet shall be the boundary." This fortunate statement seemed to please both sides, until they began to decide in which direction the men should start. The French were thin and long-legged, the Dutch fat and short, so the Dutch gained the right to choose the direction. Their man, the swiftest walker of their number, but none too swift for all that, started out to the south, where there were fewer hills to climb. Perhaps the heat overcame him and he sat down to cool off with a drink or so of beer; perhaps he chatted with some native maiden. At any rate, in spite of hills, the Frenchman won a good two-thirds of the island. A treaty was at once drawn up and signed. Soon colonists arrived, the French mining in the hills, the Dutch farming on the fertile land of their small portion. Marigot, the French town, and Philipsburg, the Dutch, soon became friendly rivals, but the latter town before long outshone the other in importance, and the Dutch population flourished while the French dwindled.

The English captured St. Martin several times; and, although they were not able to retain possession, they left it their language. At the end of the eighteenth century the French won the island back, and being true gentlemen, divided it along a rugged range of hills, giving The Netherlands the southern part once more. Today Philipsburg has quite a thriving business in trade, and the island is fairly prosperous, for there is a common salt industry which the two nations carry on together. The friendly Negro inhabitants take a lively interest in the affairs of the world, and are proud of their education, and of the fact that they can speak French, Dutch and English with equal facility. Despite two sets of laws, and two nationalities, this island lifts its proud head above the waves and smiles at the world.

From Darkness Into Light

(Continued from Page 7)

"Ginny has always been fond of her," Jessann replied. "She's always looked forward to visiting her and to having her come to stay with us."

"Well then, I can't see as there's any hitch to it," said Uncle Davy. "What's there to figger out? Seems to me everything's all planned."

"Oh, if it could only be;" Jessann exclaimed hopelessly. "But you know Mother wouldn't like me to give Ginny to her aunt. She'd say I was lowering myself—accepting charity. That's the only reason I hesitate. Not that I feel about it as Mother did—but I hate to do what I know she wouldn't approve."

"Supposin' you didn't take the scholarship—what would you do then?"

"I'd have a chance to work in the village store." Jessann spoke tonelessly. "I wouldn't earn much—but I could keep the cottage; and Ginny and I would be independent."

She was silent for a moment; then she burst out—"But I can't give up that opportunity—I can't!"

Uncle Davy had detected the passionate longing in her voice and realized what conflict the long night just past had held. His affection for her made his own heart ache in sympathy. After a long moment, he spoke, eyes still on the ground, hands still busily occupied.

"Well, Jessy, your mother was as fine a woman as I ever saw. But she was as different from your father as you are from her. Your father—he was full of dreams but didn't have much push and go. I judge maybe you're a mixture of 'em both—you've got your father's dreams and your mother's head. It's not a bad combination, as I see it."

For another moment, the waves made the only sound. Jessann stood watching them as they lashed against a horizon still gray with dawn, where the sun was only beginning to tinge the sky with morning colors. She waited for Uncle Davy to continue.

"You know, I cal'late some folks lives too hard. I'm not sayin' but as pride is a fine thing. But when it drives you as it drove your mother, without givin' her a minute's peace, — seems to me as if it's too much of a good thing. Besides, what's right for one person isn't always right for another."

Another silence followed. Jessann knew in her heart that she agreed with him—that her standards were different from those of her mother; but should they be? Or

was it only because she was selfish and wanted so much to sing that she felt as she did?

Uncle Davy continued slowly, "You say you want to be free. I cal'late that's another word that's used wrong, or else you couldn't be afeerd that you was selfish to want freedom. "You want to sing; if you could sing well, you'd give lots of happiness to other folks. I figger that the Lord gave you a beautiful voice to keep for other people's pleasure. You're responsible for what happens to it. Seems to me that if you keep it hidden away inside you, *that's* when you're bein' selfish."

Uncle Davy straightened up slowly and looked off toward the horizon. He raised a gnarled finger and pointed solemnly: "Look," he said.

Jessann followed his pointing finger. The greyness of dawn seemed like a canvas on which a great master had laid all the delicate colors of sunrise. Out where the sky met the sea, yellow melted into pale orange, pink, and dull rose. The sea reflected the colors from the sky, so that no line seemed to separate the two as they blended in a perfect harmony of coloring. A gull flew above, with strong, graceful motions, the essence of freedom. The bird soared high, straight toward the dawn-tinted horizon, white wings turned pearly pink from the reflected colors. Jessann caught her breath at the beauty of it. Then she let out a little cry. "Uncle Davy!—Now I know!—The sunrise—it's my dream—and I'm the gull!—Don't you see? I can't explain it very well, but it's just as you said. In being free to follow my dream, I'll reflect beauty to give to others, just as the gull reflects the sunrise!"

Uncle Davy smiled.

"I always figger that you can find the answer to most ev'rythin' out on these here flats," he said. "But you'd better be goin' in afore the young 'un wakes up."

"Yes, I know.—I'll see you later, Uncle Davy!"

The old clam-digger bent again to his task; once more he seemed to lose his individuality, to become a part of the infinity around him.

Jessann turned and sped back over the flats, splashing here and there in a silent pool of water. But she gave no heed to her feet—she was free, and the thought lent wings to her heart. Her decision was made; the gull, the sand, the sea, and the sky had lifted the dark veil of conflict and revealed the hidden promise of dream-fulfillment.

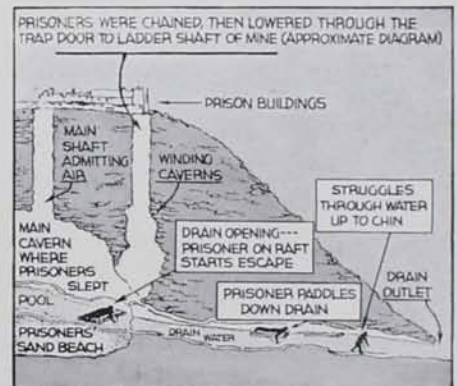
Just An Old Bell

(Continued from Page 8)

ness. In a few short days the campus will know only the echoes of silent steps. And then for the summer the old, old bell will sleep. And next September, and the next, and the one after that, and the one after that, the old bell will be heralding the dawn of a new day, the beginning of a new year. It will watch the eager, expectant faces of the new Freshmen, yet remember the sober, thought-filled faces of last year's Seniors. It will catch the mysterious rhythm of student life, take it from one class, give it to another, hoping, perhaps, that the departing class has caught the altogether different rhythm of the outer world. And then some day when some of you, and later perhaps some of us, try to succeed for a moment, the stars

will twinkle just a little more, the old bell will ring just a little more proudly, before it relapses to the old swing of things. It never changes permanently. Once in awhile, if the pull is harder, the swing is longer,—just as in life! A little more effort, a little more pull, and one sips the cup of success. But then the swing resumes its normal arc, and the great pageantry of life moves on. And every morning and every evening the old bell rings out:

“For one and all both high and low
I lead you where you wish to go,
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away.”



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A Senior Muses

(Continued from Page 4)

Nearly everything remained still. Only the fringes of the great elm moved in a murmur of nascent breeze; but they moved, and I knew it would be night.

The scene of rare loveliness was ending. For half an hour the campus had been suspended in twilight. Now it was a real world again. Of all the ethereal scene that was passing with the dying dusk, two faint stars remained, set in the sky near the silhouette of the elm. Steady and faintly white they shone, pale promises of a time when the world would always be like this, when, perhaps not God, but certainly Beauty, would reign forever.

Meanwhile it was night, and I turned to the library to study my philosophy.

BEACHCOMBER

DOROTHY KINSEY SHISLER



*Beyond are fair cities and lofty hills.
Here is he on the desolate beach.
Clothed in rags of memory,
he gratefully accepts the crumbs
flung carelessly by Life.*

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

Joe DiMaggio

HAS SOMETHING
TO SAY ABOUT HOW
DIFFERENT
CIGARETTES
CAN BE!

"How about it, Joe, do you find that Camels are different from other cigarettes?"



"Any all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't jibe with my experience. There's a big difference. Camels have a lot extra. I've smoked Camels steadily for 5 years, and found that Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me in a lot of ways. Good taste. Mildness. Easy on the throat. Camels don't give me the feeling of having jumpy nerves."

"We know tobacco because we grow it..."

"When Camel says 'costlier tobaccos' I know it's right," says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. Camel bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco know what to smoke—Camels!"



"Last year I had the dandiest crop ever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers Camels. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke Camels because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."



Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for Camels. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I know that Camels use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke Camels. I know that those costlier tobaccos in Camels do make a difference."



Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "Camel paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction other planters got top prices from the Camel buyers too when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco growing business, I'm partial to Camels. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."



WHEN BILL GRAHAM saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his Camels, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking. Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between Camels and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio, you, too, will find in Camels a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.



JOE LIKES to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!



DURING THE WINTER, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a Camel. That's another way I can spot a difference between Camels and other cigarettes."



JOE OFTEN dons the chef's hat himself. He has a double reason to be interested in good digestion—as a chef and as a ball player. On this score he says: "I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'"

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PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



JOE'S GRIP. "Ball players go for Camels in a big way," he says. "I stick to Camels. They don't irritate my throat."

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"

"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY