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**Authors**

Constance Johnson, Henry K. Haines, Ethel Cunningham, Elizabeth J. Cassatt, Homer Koch, Ruth Hydren, Betty Freeman, and Henrietta Walker

The

MAY 1943

LANTERN



COMMENCEMENT ISSUE



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May, 1943

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## . . . Editorial

ONCE again spring elections have come and gone, and once again **The Lantern** has passed into new hands. As we look back upon the **Lantern** year of 1942-43, we see a job well done in the face of many difficulties. The war has written its story even on our pages.

First, it lured the interests of many students away from the arts and literature, and whispered "mathematics" and "science" in their ears. It regarded jealously the endeavors of our staff and editor, and grimaced horribly when **The Lantern** continued to appear. Then it struck a harder blow by calling most of the men on our staff into the armed forces. Still **The Lantern** has survived, and we, the new board of editors, will do everything in our power to keep it alive. We congratulate the out-going editor and the senior members of the staff for a splendid job, and our cherished wish as we assume our responsibilities is that we may do as well.

It is more important now than ever before that Ursinus should have a literary magazine. At no time are the finer aspects of life unessential, and now in a time of anxiety and sorrow, they are most urgently needed.

Today many young men and women are finding that their duty lies in serving their country in the armed forces, and to that end they are sacrificing all their time and energy. We students, as long as we remain on campus, have one duty only; namely, to prepare ourselves to be the finest citizens America has ever had, that we may be able to give her the best service of which we are capable when we graduate. Whether we become doctors, ministers, teachers, technicians, statesmen, or fighters, we must be of the best. If we do not believe this, we had better leave at once and join in the fray. America looks to her educated youth for salvation through clear thinking, good judgment, and tolerance in formulating a new peace which will endure. To the end that we may become worthy citizens, therefore, we must develop ourselves here. We must cultivate a broad view; we must achieve a rounded growth.

No student of literature would dare to underestimate the value of the sciences. Just so, no student of the sciences should underestimate the value of the liberal arts. Today the emphasis is upon technicians. "More chemists!" comes the cry, "more physicists! More doctors! More meteorologists! Give us machines and robots!" Yes — but "this too shall pass", and the world and civilization will lie stunned and weak in the muck and mire left by the war. People's souls will be suffocating for light and beauty. Only music, literature, and art will raise their weary spirits to the joy of civilized living. We cannot exist fully and deeply without the finer things in life.

This is why **The Lantern** must not die. We do not print deathless masterpieces here; we do not expect great prose works or poetic gems from our contributors. No. We ask only the honest efforts of college students — efforts from the depth of their hearts and experiences.

And so, for the entertainment and edification of our readers, for the contribution to a rounded campus program, and for the furtherance of the literary arts at Ursinus, we dedicate ourselves to **The Lantern**, remembering always that "the pen is mightier than the sword."



WHAT sort of place could frighten a girl so that she almost passed out the first day she went to work there, and in the short space of three months, could become so interesting and enjoyable that the same girl cried when she had to leave?

The answer to that question is "The Philadelphia State Hospital for Mental Diseases", formerly named, and still commonly known as, "Byberry".

Byberry — the name which, to us as youngsters, was always synonymous with raving, yelling maniacs and queer, demented-looking women — the place where we always derisively told our playmates they belonged when we wanted to insult them or show our low opinion of their mental powers. There was always something fearful, shadowy, and unreal about Byberry, for in our childhood it was referred to as an "insane asylum", not, as today, a "hospital for mental diseases."

We imagined all sorts of strange, terrifying happenings within the brick buildings no more than two miles distant from us — crazy antics of men and women who had once been happy, healthy, and handsome; who had had husbands or wives and children whom they loved dearly, and who had gone cheerfully about their daily tasks. It gave us the creeps to think that these men and women were now behind locked doors, some of them till they died; to think that they talked nonsense, or acted like monkeys, or viciously assaulted one another, or sat staring dumbly into space all day.

When we passed the place on the bus, we used to see the blue-and-white-garbed attendants going to and from dinner; or in the early morning, see the night attendants who had just gone off duty getting on our bus. They were a tough, hard-looking crew, faintly resembling gansters' molls. We heard them talk about the patients' carryings-on; and I used to think, "My gracious, how could anyone stand to work in a place like that? Why, I'd go batty myself if I had to!"

Then, last summer, I was looking unsuccessfully for work. I had two strikes against me because I was only seventeen, and because I wanted work only for the summer. Finally a

neighbor of mine who worked in one of the doctors' offices at the Hospital suggested that I apply there for a position as typist. I did apply. The doctor who interviewed me wouldn't take me as a typist because I didn't know shorthand; however, he asked me if I would consider being an attendant. By this time I was so anxious for work that I think I would have said "yes" if he had asked me if I would consider being a sandhog. So I consented and was further interviewed by the supervisor of nursing. She outlined some of the duties of an attendant: dressing the patients, serving them their meals, taking them for walks, and so on. Then she asked how soon I could begin. Trying not to gulp too audibly, I answered, "Tomorrow, if it's all right with my parents."

My parents were quite taken aback when I told them the news; however, they came through nobly. Father said he'd give me a week before I'd quit.

The next morning there was I, bright and early, at the railroad station with my grip to take the train. Everyone to whom I revealed my destination stared at me with mouth agape, not knowing quite what to make of it.

At the hospital I descended from the bus, which I had taken from the train, as nonchalantly as possible, fervently hoping that the bag I was carrying didn't give anyone the impression that I was coming to the hospital to live as an inmate. I walked through the gates and up the long cement walk to the Administration Building, as carelessly as if it were something I did every day. I went to the office of the Female Supervisor. I had a long wait, during which I kept seeing the strangest-looking women I had ever seen in my life, working around with mops, brooms, dust-pans, and vacuum cleaners. It was thus I had my first introduction to patient workers, without whom the short-staffed hospital would go to rack and ruin. They do all sorts of jobs, these more responsible patients — scrubbing, making beds, helping in patients' and attendants' dining rooms, and dozens of other things.

The Female Supervisor finally appeared and sent me, with a patient to direct me, to the Service No. 7 Office in the Female Infirmary.



There I was given a ring of keys to the wards, a chain to wear around my waist with the key-ring on it, and my meal ticket. Then the supervisor and the secretary of Service No. 7 conducted me into Building No. 4, where I was to work.

The moment I was inside the door, I wished I weren't. There were about twenty old ladies, with vacant expressions, sitting around in rocking chairs. They were the first mental cases I'd ever seen in my life, and they terrified me. Then we passed into a sick ward, where there were in bed about forty ghastly-looking white-haired old ladies who looked as if they belonged in the morgue. This sight was too much for me. I would faint in another minute, I knew. I grabbed the secretary's arm, mumbling, "May I hold your hand, please? I feel faint." They led me gently, tenderly into the nurses's office, where I sat down and feebly remarked that I didn't think I cared to stay. "Oh, but you haven't given it a try yet!" remonstrated the nurse, the secretary, the supervisor. I finally allowed myself to be led upstairs, where a Mrs. Pettigrew, with the help of a pleasant young colored patient, was fine-combing hair. Still badly scared, I began to help. When none of the patients came up and throttled me, or carelessly flourished knives, scissors, or pieces of broken glass (which, I guess, I was half expecting), I began to get over my nervousness a little. By the end of the day I was quite interested in my work, and began to feel as if I really belonged there.

When I went off duty at four-thirty, I knew that I was not going to quit in a week, as my father had predicted. I stayed three months—eventful months full of fine-combing hair, bathing, spraying beds, being bitten, scrubbing bathroom walls, and falling off a step-ladder, serving meals, and many different jobs. There was never a dull moment.

One of the un-dullest moments I ever had came when I accidentally poisoned a patient. It was a bathing day. The bathing finished, I offered to bathe three non-ambulatory patients in the upstairs bathroom. I had a bowl containing Lysol and tincture of green soap. I set it on the sink, thinking "No one will bother with that," and went out to look for a basin. While I was out I heard Eva Newman yell, "Hey, get out of there!" When I came in, the bowl was

half empty. "Eva, who drank that?" I demanded.

"Anna Feldman," she replied.

"Oh, she'll die!" I gasped, and seizing the woman by the hand, I hurried her down to the nurse's office. I reported the accident, and the patient was rushed over to the infirmary where her stomach was pumped out. P.S. She didn't die, thank goodness!

I feel terribly cheated that no one ever attempted to strangle me to death while I was at the hospital. I did have, however, an almost equally terrifying experience. One Saturday I worked a double shift, that is, I started work at seven in the morning and worked till eleven-thirty at night. That meant that it was my responsibility to get the second-floor patients to bed. With the help of Anna Hampson, one of the best workers I had, I had succeeded in doing this, and all was nice and quiet.

It was about nine o'clock, and I had put out the lights in the big dormitory. Suddenly I heard a most unearthly shriek, and up from her little white bed sprang Stella Traffican. She dashed over to the bed next to hers and tried to pick it up by the footboard. I began to be a little uneasy, particularly as she had torn her own bed apart two nights ago and had swung the footboard around with the strength of an Amazon. She began to sing some unearthly song, the tune of which most closely resembled "Aloha Oe," and the burden of which seemed to be "There's the woman who's going to kill me, only I'm going to kill her first." At this I began to be really alarmed. I seized the woman, disengaged her from the footboard of the bed and struggled into the bathroom with her. There I let go of her. This was a mistake; she seized a heavy chair and brandished it over my head, her eyes gleaming crazily, and she still singing her weird song. Somehow — I'll never know how I did it — I got the chair away from her and pushed her into the day room. With the strength that comes from terror I shoved her out on the porch and locked the screen door. Immediately she threw a heavy chair against the screen door and slammed shut the heavy door of the porch. My knees began to knock together now that the worst danger was over; before there hadn't been time for them to knock. I started downstairs to report what had happened. By this time, how-

(Con't p. 13)



Henry K. Haines'

## . . . *Ballad of Courtin'*

### INTRODUCTION

I'm from up at Lancaster,  
But I ain't Dutch.  
T'other day I was ridin' through the county,  
And I saw a Amish weddin'.  
Now you've heerd a lot about the Amish,  
ain't you?  
Well, you can take the most of it around the  
corner  
'Cause it ain't true.  
But this I seed with my own eyes.  
As I was drivin' in my autymobile  
I looked in at a very pretty farm  
And I noticed that they was a blue gate  
hangin' on a white fence.  
Now maybe you don't know what that  
means, but I'm here to tell you  
That that's only there when they's a mar-  
riageable girl in the house.  
A little futher on I seed a whole lot of people  
Standin' around like at a sale.  
They was a weddin' goin' on.  
A course I stopped my vehicle and got down  
to watch.  
And a course I listened in at the conversa-  
tions around.  
This is the story I got collected together,  
And it tells all about the weddin' and all  
events leadin' up.

### The FACTS

The Amish ain't got no parlors usually,  
They ain't worth the room.  
The Amish ain't never got no cars  
'Cause it's ag'in their religion somehow.  
So when it comes to sparkin' time they ain't  
much they can do  
'Ceptin' to adevtise and handle the willin'  
as best they can.  
Pop puts out the blue paint on the front gate  
And Mom gets the bed ready.  
Now when Adam Stoltzfus comes to court  
Annie Lapp  
He tells Pop Lapp his intentions,  
And if they're honorable Pop tells Mom,  
And then the bundling begins.  
Bundling?—that's courtin'.  
After everything's decided and it's all right  
with all,

Then Adam tells Pop Lapp that it can't hap-  
pen 'till Fall  
'Cause his Pop needs him on the farm to  
home.  
When harvest's over and the Lord's been  
thanked,  
Then the **Lancaster New Era** prints the list  
of marriage licenses  
What's been given to the Amish.  
And it's nothin' to read how Stoltzfus mar-  
ries Stoltzfus,  
And Lapp marries Lapp, and Stoltzfus mar-  
ries Lapp—  
And that's what we're interested in. Ain't it?  
The weddin' day comes and the whole con-  
gregation comes;  
That's what makes it look like a sale or a  
fair—  
'Cause they's so many people.  
Now I ain't never been to the services but  
they's  
Held in the morning.  
And then afterwards the groom's pitched  
over the fence.  
(Don't ask me why all this goes on, 'cause I  
ain't Dutch)  
The dinner's when everybody eats (or may-  
be "fresses").  
And such stuff as they eat—oh my!  
It's the bestest meal ever.  
Why, they got the seven sweets and seven  
sours  
And about a dozen kinds of meat—and I  
ain't lyin'.  
After everyone's eat—and that takes hours  
'Count of the gossip—  
Everybody goes outside or helps Mom do  
the dishes.  
Outside the old men talks; the women talks;  
The girls talks (and flirts); and the boys play  
corner ball on the manure pile.  
That takes all afternoon and then everybody  
eats supper.  
For supper Mom makes a lot again.  
A weddin' is the time when she can show off  
her sours  
And change receipts with all the other la-  
dies.

After supper the unmarried folks congregate  
upstairs;  
The men in one room and the girls in another.  
The men send word to the girls if they want  
to take 'em riding,  
And if the girls accepts—they go.  
The old folks still talk.  
Now when they go ridin', there's a hitch  
in it.  
Since they ain't married they ain't allowed  
to ride  
With a roof on the buggy.  
And the fellows, they ain't allowed to grow  
no beards  
Until they marries, neither.  
I don't think the record holds any more of  
the events,  
But I'm imagining—ain't you?

#### CONCLUSION

This is what I gathered up while I was  
standin' there,  
And you can see with all that talkin' that it  
wasn't no hard job.  
Annie's got a lot to look forward to.  
That passel that she'll raise  
And someone she can up and send  
For two cents worth of sotz.  
And Adam's lookin' forward, too,  
To the farm that's all his own.  
His Pop gave it over at the weddin'.  
He'll use a horse and maybe mules,  
But no modern contraptions,  
'Cause they're out—like autymobiles.  
The Amish are all right folks even if  
They don't like school—their hair is long  
And their necks ain't always clean.  
And one thing I want to get clear—  
I'm from up at Lancaster  
But I ain't Dutch.

---

Ethel Cunningham's

#### . . . *Burnished armor*

Hello death,  
I see you lurking there in the darkness.  
I know that soon I'll have to meet you face  
to face;  
But I'm not ready yet.  
I'm busy polishing my armor  
That has grown rusty from long disuse.  
I received it quite long ago, when as a child,  
My mother first taught me to pray.  
It looked like a pretty hopeless task at first,  
But it is beginning to shine now.  
Soon it will be brighter and stronger than  
before.  
Then, clad in my armor of faith,  
I will come to meet you with a brave heart,  
Knowing that either way I'll have the vic-  
tory.

Elizabeth J. Cassatt's

#### . . . *A tribute*

I would find  
Winged words  
To describe you  
Silver phrases,  
A thousand rich similes,  
And endless rainbow metaphors.  
But, you are such  
That the only  
Suitable tribute  
Is silence.



ALTHOUGH I was but a child when we moved to the farm at Hamburg, I still remember how dilapidated the old place looked. The house, the barn, the sheds, even the snake fences — all were tumbledown. And I remember, too, how Father remodeled everything until our old home was wholly transformed. Nothing remained as it had been except the fertile earth and the birdhouse. The birdhouse. It was, of all things, a violin which had been nailed to the front wall of the barn. A violin which, with its front and varnish long since gone, seemed as ready to fall apart as the rest of the property. But it interested me intensely, for it had been finely hand-carved; and wind, rain, and snow had not entirely effaced its traces of artistry. Indeed, I had no peace of mind until I had learned its story.

Almost a century ago, in the days when there was less of Hamburg and more of the primaeval forest, there grew upon the wooded **Pinnacle**, which overlooks the northern Schuylkill valley, a tall white pine tree. It was the only one of its kind on the Pinnacle. There were oak trees there, and also maples, birches, poplars, lindens, and many other kinds, above which it raised its tapering crown; but it had no other pine tree for company. Often on dark winter nights, when snow-filled gusts whirled about its trunk, this tall pine moaned to the wind about its loneliness. But usually it was calm and silent, especially in the spring, when it felt a new surge of life within; and on pleasant summer days when an old man, who came up from the town at the foot of the mountain, rested in its shade or, standing at a distance, gazed motionlessly at its beauty.

At the same time, there grew down in the valley a large sycamore. It, too, had no companions of its own kind. Its surroundings, however, were not lonely, for it stood on the east bank of the Schuylkill Canal, where the sun always shone on interesting human activity. There barges filled with coal from the north, and barges filled with manufactures from the south, plied busily along. Shouts and chatter of men filled the air and mules plodded along the towpath to the rhythm of rasping towropes. But these were inconstant visitors, and so the

sycamore would occasionally sigh in the wind. Not so loudly, however, as the pine above; for the elements were not so fierce in the valley. Yet one who came was a friend — an old man, who on pleasant summer days rested in the shade of this tree or, standing off, gazed at it motionlessly.

William Reber lived in the town beyond. William Reber was an old man, and a lonely one. Loneliness shone in his brown eyes, his long white hair, his faint, kindly smile, his silence. Little wonder, for his wife, Sarah, lay buried up in the Lutheran cemetery; and John, his only son, had died while the family still lived in Germany. William, therefore, lived alone in a small log house on Kaercher Street.

Now William Reber was by trade a violin-maker; that is, he had been in Germany. In the American wilderness, however, there was no need of violins. There were forests to be cut down, fields to be farmed, towns to be built. People had work to do and but little time for art. The old violin-maker, therefore, used the tools of his trade to make and to mend chairs and tables and other furniture that people desired. Such a livelihood was meager, indeed. He had never carved a violin in the New World.

But hope was not dead. Otherwise, why did there stand by the door of his workshop the antique chest that held ebony and pernambuco? Why on the wall the violin rack, empty though it was? Why his frequent walks to the Pinnacle, where he motionlessly surveyed a certain white pine tree? Why his rambles to the upper locks of the canal, where he mutely gazed at a certain sycamore?

Oh, if he could but make a violin, just one violin. He had the tools. He knew where to get the best wood, wood better than any he had ever seen on his native hills. And he knew how to make violins. Had he not learned the craft from a man who had learned it from Jacob Stainer? Did nobody here want a violin?

Thus William worked on and wished, and there was little to cheer the dull loneliness of his existence — little except a child. It was a neighbor's son, Albert Wagner's youngest boy. John was a strange child, unlike any of Farmer



Wagner's other sons. His face appeared so thoughtful; his large dark eyes so bright, so pensive, so inquisitive; and he was always so quiet. He preferred sitting in old Mr. Reber's shop to activity. There he would listen to stories about violin-making and violin-makers or quietly watch his silent companion at work. Indeed, John's father had often declared that the boy had no mind for farming — but then, he's only nine. And this child was an old man's only joy.

It was an afternoon in early June. The aged William had just finished narrating a story that his master had once told him about Jacob Stainer, the great German violin-maker. William turned back to his work-table. There was a long silence in the shop, broken at last by the voice of a small boy. "Father Reber, make a violin for me."

The old man turned around slowly, astonishment in his face. At first he could not speak because of amazement — and secret joy. But finally he did speak, almost whispered, "Do you really want a violin, child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I shall make one for you, and it will be my masterpiece."

The following Saturday morning, shortly after dawn, four figures trudged along the road to the Blue Mountains. The old violin-maker, John, and two husky youths with axes slung over their broad shoulders.

It was a day of work, hard work. Hiking and, twice, the ringing of axes; once atop the Pinnacle, and later on the east canal bank by the upper locks. A certain white pine tree that had stood upon the mountain summit lost a yard's growth from its trunk that day; likewise, a certain sycamore that had grown in the valley below. And on the evening of the same day those lost stumps stood together in the shop of the violin-maker, who was very tired but very happy.

William was at work in his shop before Monday's sun had risen. That prayer he had silently uttered to God in the village church the day before had given him new strength. Then, too, this was to be his masterpiece.

It was late afternoon before John visited the shop of his elderly friend. He entered eagerly. "Father Reber!" But the old man did not answer. He merely continued to sit motionless upon his rough, three-legged stool and gaze

mutely at two blocks upon the work-table before him — two thick blocks, each over a foot in length, one white pine and the other sycamore.

Thus William sat at intervals for days, sometimes with his little companion beside him, sometimes alone. Patiently, silently, but anxiously they waited for the wood to ripen.

At length, the boards were ready for the master's hand and the master's knife. Then the real work of artistry began — cutting and scraping, which caused the chips to fly. First the sycamore plank. Gradually it became convex; the sides began to curve in; the ends, to curve out; and then one end grew smaller than the other. The same process was repeated on the white pine board. Afterwards, however, William cut two S-shaped sound holes in its middle, and the "belly" became distinct from the sycamore back.

Sycamore again — six short pieces of it carved into the graceful curves of the "ribs," or sides. Another rectangle of sycamore that narrowed into the "neck," upon which the fingerboard of the violin was to be set. And this neck was surmounted by the beautifully curving "scroll" for the pegs. Sycamore once again, out of which William whittled two small cylinders, the "sound post" and the "bass-bar," which some day were to transport the sound vibrations over the whole body of the violin. Finally a small piece of white pine, and William cut out a "bridge."

Thus the busy days passed; and weeks, and a month. The antique chest by the door was opened to yield its precious contents of ebony and pernambuco. The black "tail-piece" took form; this would hold the strings to the body. Then the ebony fingerboard, over which the strings would be stretched. Then the four black pegs that would fasten the strings on the scroll. The pernambuco became a bow, for which one of Farmer Wagner's own horses supplied the hair.

At length the parts were polished and glued together. The violin took form. Then, however, the most delicate process began — the mysterious making of the oil varnish, with its tints of orange, red, and brown; the varnishing; the long drying in the summer sun.

It hung upon two pegs on the dusty rack in the workshop, its bow beside it. Each day the old man took them down and handed them to

(Con't p. 10)



Elizabeth J. Cassatt's and Henry K. Haines'

. . . *There is a tide*

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

|                  |    |
|------------------|----|
| Englishman ..... | E. |
| Russian .....    | R. |
| American .....   | A. |
| German .....     | G. |
| Chinese .....    | C. |

Scene: An isolated valley between mountains, a stream through the valley—the ideal summer resort if the men had planned the excursion and had provisions with them.

[Whistle of wind]

G. These hills — that water — those trees. Alone. The five of us —alone. It doesn't matter why. It doesn't matter how. It doesn't matter where. Alone. I'm afraid — afraid of those hills, afraid of those woods, afraid even of those four. Who knows what they're thinking. Any one of them may kill me if I go to sleep. They're hypocrites. I know it. I can tell where they come from. They can't get along like that. Listen to them. They're agreeing. Just as the Leader said — bloodthirsty hypocrites. But I can play at that game and I will.

[Whistle of wind]

R. I see no possibility of escape. We're hemmed in. These mountains are impassable. We'll have to make the best of it.

E. Yes, but it won't be easy. There are beasts in these hills. But I don't really believe they'll bother us if we stay here by the fire.

[Howl]

G. Listen! What's that?

R. It's a wolf.

G. Why does he howl like that?

R. He's hungry. I've often heard that cry on the steppes at home.

E. Just how dangerous is he? Will he attack men?

A. Only when he's hungry. Ordinarily he won't come out into the open unless he's ravenous. Instead he'll lurk in those shadows and wait for one of us to come within reach.

E. Then, as I understand it, it is quite necessary that we all stay together here.

C. The fire sinks lower. Is there no more wood?

A. No.

E. However, we should plan to rid ourselves of this menace. Exactly how shall we go about it?

[simultaneously]

C. The fire—

G. I'll—

R. I think—

A. (assured) As I see it, the most efficient method would be to organize ourselves and go get him.

C. But—

[Howl]

G. He'll get us. The fire is low. There isn't any more wood. He'll get us. He'll tear us to bits. We'll—

A. Shut up! You're hysterical.

E. I'll go see if I can stalk him with this knife. I've hunted game in Africa a bit, and there will be a fairly good chance of my succeeding.

A. Wait. Don't try it. Stay by the fire.

R. The last coals are dying and there is no more wood. There's plenty on the hill but we dare not go there.

[Whistle of wind]

E. The moon is gone. Can you fan that fire?

C. No, it is dead.

R. But this darkness. There's nothing to keep him off—nothing.

A. This looks like the end.

G. We are lost.

E. O God, who hast foreseen this situation, I pray for strength to bear whatever thou hast in store. Help us to be brave, and give us faith in the salvation which Thou hast promised.

C. The Immortal One! Truly the only power that can save us. O, Exalted One, all-knowing, give us thy wisdom, O Learned One.

G. Ruler of all Leaders, send to us a leader whose strength and valor can bring us to safety.

A. Father, grant us a means by which to deliver ourselves from this peril.

R. If thou exist, O God, now show Thy power.

[Howl]

E. Amen.

C. Meditation precedes wise counsels.

R. What can we do?

G. Surely one of us is stronger and braver. He can be our leader.

C. Would it not be better said "one wis-er," if any shall be our leader.

R. Look — the dawn is breaking. We've nothing more to fear. He'll not come after us today.

E. But we must remember that we will be here for a long time. There will be other nights. For them we must be prepared. We must have provisions. It is certain we cannot spend another night like that. None of us has any advantage over the other. We are all equal. Why not join together? Only by sharing the tasks and benefits can we save ourselves. We can still think as we please — and speak as we please — and pray as we please. What about it? Do you agree?

[Together]

R. Of course!

A. Surely.

G. Well—yes.

A. You know, we had a name for this sort of agreement. I can't remember, but I think it was Democracy.

Curtain.

---

**Elizabeth J. Cassatt's**

*.. Translation of a Greek drinking song*

The dark earth is drinking up the rain.

From it the trees quaff strength.

The sun quenches its thirst in the wine-dark sea

Which in turn grows tipsy on moon-champagne.

Why do you restrain me, comrades,

When I wish to be drinking too?

**Ruth Hydrén's**

*... Query*

Have I the right to question why,  
When all is judged by Him on High?

Do I deserve to want to know

Why this is thus, and that is so?

Since I have known a love for you,

Should I ask you to love me, too?

Should I expect more than your scorn,

Which seems to make me feel forlorn?

Why does my love, resisting will,

Go on, refusing to be still?

While yet it falls on barren ground,

Why does it ever more abound?

When you leave soon, as leave you must,

Will you accept my faith and trust?

And will you ever think of me,

And know, too late, what love can be?

---

**THE AEOLIAN HARP**

John. He taught the child all he knew about playing the instrument. It was not much. His advice was worth more. "Play from the heart," he counselled. And the child did. It was not Beethoven that the boy played up there atop the Pinnacle; as the old man, sitting upon a moss-covered pine stump, listened enraptured. But in John's music birds sang, leaves rustled, winds moaned. For he played from his heart and from the violin's, too.

The tone of the instrument became purer, the volume increased, the color deepened, the front became dull with varnish stains. The violin had the very voice of nature. Then one day that voice was silent, like William's and John's. Dust-covered, the instrument lay for long years in the attic of the house where Farmer Wagner dwelt no more.

Farmer Miller found it. He had no "mind for music." And the old instrument became a bird house on a barn door.

It still hangs there, William Reber's masterpiece. Indeed, it is a masterpiece. For I have heard the birds within it and the wind without draw from it music which the bowed notes of art can not produce — the music whence it came, when it was still two trees.



Betty Freeman's

## . . . *Lemuel Lepidoptera*

LEMUEL stretched, bumped his head, curled up again, and ruefully rubbed the sore spot against the side wall of his prison. It was dark and cosy, but he had slept long enough, so again he stretched, cautiously now. This time he bumped his nose, but instead of drawing back he kept pushing. The wall held. He had not eaten anything in his short life thus far, but something suggested that he should chew his way out. The shell was not tasty, but glimpses of novel surroundings outside his little cell urged him on. At last he was free. He wriggled with glee down his plump length.

It was really quite dark in the pocket of the jacket where Lemuel Lepidoptera had just hatched out, but to him it seemed a very bright and very interesting world. His tour of exploration carried him over most of the territory represented in a size forty plaid jacket. At first he had tried staying on the bright red stripes, since he was an orderly little creature; but other red stripes crossing his thoroughfare had confused him, so he gave up that idea and wandered negligently here and there. Naturally he became lost, but at last he came to another pocket quite like the first and fell in there for the night — or day, which is when moths sleep.

Having stopped his movement he soon became chilled, but here there was no nice warm egg to curl up in. Thinking back over his limited experiences he decided that having chewed himself out of one warm spot he might burrow into another. It was then that he made an amazing discovery. The shell of his former prison had not been palatable at all, but this wool was delicious. So with a full tummy and a soft bed he slept.

The next morning his breakfast consisted of nibbles from a blue block, his lunch was some green material, and his dinner consisted of some delicious morsels of one of those red stripes which had fascinated him the day before. Day after day he lived a lazy, full existence. Then one day when he had eaten a particularly fine meal his skin cracked. At first he was frightened, but nothing seemed hurt; in fact, he felt much better. He wriggled and squirmed until he was entirely free of his old

suit and stepped out proudly in the newest model. After this first shock he welcomed the change whenever it came.

One day there was an unhappy upset. He had been disturbed at times when suddenly a bright light flooded the jacket. He had merely burrowed deeper until the light went away. But this time when the light was gone and he had emerged, he recoiled suddenly. A sharp odor cut his body. He tried to get away from it; but the effort taxed his already weak breathing, and he fell backward into the pocket. Fortunately, as the odor grew weaker, he regained his strength and soon was about again. He noticed, however, that his old vigor was no longer there; and to add to his discouragement, even dismay, he discovered that someone had been infringing on his property rights. His skin, instead of confining him now, felt loose. The very effort to move wearied him; and when by chance one day he came upon the site of his first home, the pocket, he crawled in to rest. Lying there old and alone he began to whimper, and the tiny ducts on his lips began to flow. The moist substance dried to a soft mass; so, still sobbing, he began to wrap himself in its comforting strands. Just before dropping off to sleep he compared his two houses and decided that this was by far the better.

For several weeks Lemuel had no sense of the passage of time, but one day he awoke again with the urge to live. He felt different; something pressed his back, something that had not been there before. Not to be thwarted by a new sensation after all he had been through, he decided once more to break his prison. Remembering his sore head, he first tried to chew his way out, but somehow his mouth had changed. Instead of being able to gnaw at the case he was able only to suck at the wall. Not daunted by this discovery, he took a deep breath before trying the pushing technique. The deep breath was enough. The case split, and once more he was free. Cautiously he pulled himself from the ruins and out of the pocket. It was quite a struggle, because somehow his feet had changed too. He was afraid to look down for fear of tipping



himself over, but his feet felt very small and very far away. What, if anything, attached them to his body he did not know. He tried to shake himself free of the clammy hump on his back but to no avail. He sighed unhappily. The unknown quantity between his feet and body stiffened, and he was raised from the surface of the cloth. He clung there, wet and chilled and trembling. However, as he shook, the warm air did its work, and slowly he revived. Hesitantly he tried to change his grip and found he could manage his ungainly legs quite well. Encouraged by this success, he tried again to dislodge the uncomfortable lump on his back, but his effort was still unsuccessful.

He must have dozed as he hung there, for visions of a lovely moth continually appeared to him. Upon awakening, however, he found it was not a dream, for there on the sleeve hanging near his breast pocket real estate was a most delightful little creature. Her dainty figure was adorned with two pairs of gauzy grey wings, and a delicate sucker curved down from her face. She was so lovely that he, as a humble larva, could only stare in awe. But no, he himself was changed, perhaps to an insect like her. She was fluttering those enchanting wings again. He had tried this and failed, but here was a new incentive; he tried again. They worked, just as hers did. A burst of pride swelled in him as he self-consciously raised

and lowered his handsome wings. They were larger and a deeper shade of grey than hers, so he felt slightly superior. He was sure she had noticed him.

Of the two she was the more daring, it seemed; for not long afterward she really tried her new appendages, releasing her hold on the sleeve and spreading her wings. But the moment she loosened her grip, she plummeted down out of his sight. Lemuel was not selfish, but he realized the futility of allowing himself to share the same fate, so he sat there fanning the dry air. For a time he was quite content to stay; but as his wings grew lighter, he became impatient, and his thoughts turned to the petite moth who had caught his fancy. Since there was no one for whom he could now show off he took his test flight very cautiously. It was successful but by no means perfect—really a mere floundering attempt. A few more attempts increased his confidence, though, and improved his technique, so he was ready to go searching for his lady-love. He found her on the floor still trembling, but not lacking courage; and together they started out to view their little world. Like many happy lives, however, theirs was a short one; and having deposited her eggs with care the pretty little moth fluttered away to join her mate in death. Their life purpose was fulfilled.

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Ethel Cunningham's

. . . *Quatrain*

There are bubbles filled with sunbeams  
Right here inside of me.  
You left them there to haunt my dreams—  
Frail ghosts of ecstasy.

Henrietta Walker's

. . . *Ode to spring*

Ah, Spring,  
Thou dost make the grass to grow  
Abundantly.  
And I must mow.



Betty Freeman's

. . . *Though you're far away*

A BIG hand closed over mine. The owner had put his arm under mine and lifted it to rest on the arm rest that separated us. If that hand had been more slender, less assured, I should have cried out, for then it would have been Jerry's hand. But this was a stranger's; cool but friendly, large but tender, impulsive but not impudent.

The picture was Jerry's picture. Any movie with fliers in it I view eagerly, almost urgently, the first time; and then if there is anything in it which might draw me a little closer to the life he now lives, I see that picture again and again. But of them all this picture was Jerry's. He wasn't the hero. He was the boy who took all the risks, who lost the girl, and who died valiantly. I was not the only one to appreciate the film. It was hailed as the picture of the year, and one member of the supporting cast was always given special commendation. But no one except me knew that that supporting character was my Jerry. The delighted public and the rabid reviewers worshipped him as a

new star in the Hollywood sky, but I was the only one who knew that it was Jerry. Together we lived that picture. I was at Jerry's side all the way through it. It was my husband who was so stubbornly holding to what looked like an impossible task in training, my husband receiving his wings, my husband on that bomber over Essen, and finally my husband falling down, down, down . . . .

I had just regained control of myself enough to return the stranger's generous-sized handkerchief when the lights came up. The hand which received it bore a gold wedding band. My eyes travelled up the khaki-clad arm to the air corps insignia there, and then across to the wings on his pocket as he stood up to leave. Turning back the seat, he picked up his coat, and still leaning over he put his hand again over mine. "Thank you. Now I know how she feels," he said, nodding to the ring. "You see, it never really occurred to me that you girls are right there with us; and it makes a lot of difference. Thank you." And he went out the aisle.

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#### WOMEN'S WARD—BYBERRY

ever, the first floor attendant had heard the commotion and came dashing up the steps.

"Oh, my dear girl, what happened? Why didn't you call me?" she gasped. I didn't bother to explain that I had been too busy to call for anybody. She telephoned for help, and two nurses and an attendant hurried over from the Infirmary, as well as an attendant from Building No. 11. We put the woman, who was running around on the porch in her white nightgown, into her bed in cuffs and straps. I assure you I was in no hurry to take her out of restraint!

I found that some patients have queer ideas of beauty. One of the workers in our building, a runty little "high yaller" woman, invariably greeted me with, "Hello, good-lookin'!" And

once, when I had to go to Building No. 12 (the violent building) on an errand, a rather pretty young girl looked at me admiringly and said, "You look just like a movie star." I nobly refrained from asking, "Which one? Judy Canova?"

By the time three months were up, I was really quite enthusiastic about my work. I knew most of the patients on the second floor by name; I had made friends with most of the patient workers (except sour-faced Elizabeth McHughan, who didn't like anybody, not even herself); and the old ladies on the first floor who had terrified me so on my first day proved to be very nice and friendly. I was heartily sorry when I had to leave, and I'm looking forward to going back this summer.

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