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the

APRIL 1942

LANTERN



. . . the light of creative work

SPRING ISSUE

Chesterfield salutes with Millions of Fans
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE
of America's most popular sport
BASKETBALL



Every time

It's **C**hesterfield

**... for Milder Better Taste
for Cooler Smoking**

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Every time... *They Satisfy*

for april, 1942,

. . . the lantern presents

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. . . *editorial*

With the publication of this issue the editors of the class of May, 1942 say good-by to the Lantern, at least in the capacity of editors, and hope that the new editors will be even more successful than we were in obtaining the support of the student body. Students of Ursinus, this is **your** magazine; this is the only outlet for **your** creative work. We need your cooperation in subscriptions and contributions of material. With your assistance the editor can make this publication the most valuable and worthwhile on the campus. With best wishes for the future of the Lantern, we now take our leave of you.

"NO, no, no" rang out in the studio like the staccato of machine gun fire. The palette which a few seconds before had been firmly grasped in the hand of the artist, now lay on the floor.

"You're supposed to be the spirit of Triumph after the War. In other words, you're Death, you're gloating over the pyramid of dead surrounding you. Can't you imagine the dreadful gloating on such a face? Can't you get the glitter of lust and glee? What's the matter? I thought you were the best model in the agency. Surely it mustn't be so very hard to get an expression like that on your face."

The model's eyes flashed furiously. "I've been standing here since one o'clock, trying to please you and after six hours of uninterrupted work you have the nerve to yell at me as though I were a moron. I don't know what you want, you can't give me any idea of what you want, you don't even know yourself what you want, and then you blame it all on me. I'm sick and tired of this 'essence of Triumph' you keep yelling about. If you're such an all-fired good artist you ought to be able to tell me what you want. I'm going home."

She stopped short, not because she had intended to, but because she found it simply impossible to continue shouting at such a high pitch and because she was so desperately tired she could not go on. The sound of the slamming door exclamation-marked her last sentence. The walls tossed the sound to each other like a ball and finally discontinued the play. The artist became aware of the sound only when it reverberated no longer.

Exhausted, he rested his head on his arm and slumped forward on the table. His weary eyes clamored for rest and his head throbbed. Suddenly the room was swelled with the sound of strange music. He found himself in a labyrinth-like room whose walls were completely covered with paintings on all imaginable subjects. He saw himself strolling through an endless series of rooms. The music became even more eerie and unfathomable than ever. Flutes played racing figures, woodwinds seemed out of control, clashing cymbals and weird chords accompanied every pause he made in front of the paintings. Discordant notes burst forth fre-

quently. The uncontrollable music made him rush onward, where—he knew not, nor why. His feet seemed winged. He rushed through the corridors, unable to think, forced ahead by the strains of music. Suddenly the dreadful symphony stopped. Not a sound was to be heard. He stared in front of him, spell-bound. There upon the wall stood his "VICTORY". The music started anew but now in complete harmony. He stood transfixed in front of the work he had conceived. Suddenly a discordant note penetrated his brain. No, the painting was not as he had conceived it. It had been beautified, the horrible face of Victory had none of the lines and distortions he had wanted to paint there. Instead only triumph stood there, an empty triumph it is true, but still beautiful and shining triumph. The mockery in her eyes had been changed to an empty blankness. No, this was not as he had wanted to paint it! The crescendo of the music now brought on its crest the deafening approbation of the multitudes. He was successful! The people liked his work and clamored for more. Wealth and fortune were his. He listened carefully to the music. The chorus of voices heaped words of praise, laud and honor upon his shoulders. Still, he detected an undercurrent of dissonance which seemed to haunt the symphony.

He woke with a start. "So that's the way they want me to do it. They want to see victory as some shining and glorious thing—as beautiful and all that's good and virtuous." He continued his musing. He felt strangely troubled. He picked up his brushes and palette and approached the canvas. He tried to paint but he felt strangely repulsed. His idea had faded. It was no longer clear to him.

Putting his brush and palette aside, he strolled over to the window. He pulled out a cigarette and lighted it, and flicked the match thoughtfully out of the window. He watched it wend its way downward in twisting and spinning spirals.

"Just like life," he mused. "It's inevitable. We have as little control over our Fate as that match has over hitting the sidewalk. We'll go swirling and plunging down to our sidewalk sooner or later. We're as much the plaything of destiny as that match is." Suddenly, he started. "I've got it," he thought. "That strange note, the eerie

(Con't p. 7)

IT WASN'T much to look at, standing there dirty and road-worn, splattered with mud and rain, but still haughty and spirited for all of its ten years; yet we knew it needed a name. They all have names, all the old ones.

A woman's name would fit its stubborn, saucy temperament, but its rough and ready fire of enthusiasm was manly. We practically worshipped its distressing individualities and we didn't have the heart to slight even the worst of them.

The two girls, Lee and Tris, decided it was born to be "Cleopatra." That wouldn't do. Nat and I didn't want the poor thing to go through life hampered by a title like that. By mutual consent, we devised "Bobleenatrix" for Bob, Lee, Nat, and Tris—and so our jalopy was christened.

What fun we have in that rejuvenated '31 Oldsmobile! Only last Saturday, the two girls and I visited Nat in Philadelphia and Boblee (for short) didn't even have a steaming radiator or a flat tire.

Like all fondled pets, she behaves most poorly in company, making us suffer all her eccentricities at the most inopportune times.

In preparation for the trip to Philadelphia, for example, I spent Saturday morning coddling and warming her up so we'd make a good showing in front of Lee and Tris. But, no, when I released the brake she groaned and grumbled, growled and howled, shook menacingly, and fumed on her bumpy path—a woman through and through.

Sputtering encouragingly along, Bobleenatrix snubbed the few fellow vehicles of older vintage and choked desperately to keep close to the new-fangled noiseless models. I'm sure, though, that she cast many a wistful glance at their trim, sleek bodies and thought of the days when she too had been young and beautiful, at ease on the roads of life. We knew she wanted to make a good impression, but her chugging cylinders gave away the years she jealously conceals.

Boblee responded well to my every touch and I was justifiably proud of her convincing exhibition. But she had acted this way before and I thought she might be up to some mischief. When we stopped to quench her insatiable thirst for gas, I knew it.

My illusions were shattered. As the girls crossed their fingers, I nudged hopefully on the starter. Boblee didn't take the hint. I pressed harder. Writhing in agony, Boblee rolled over, changed a grinding hiss into a whizzing gurgle, rattled frantically—and faltered.

With embarrassing excuses I appealed again to her better nature; but she was determined and that was that. I couldn't win her by flattery, so I knew the case was hopeless. Urged by a shove she considered rude, Boblee sputtered to life and we rolled warily on our way, praying for green traffic lights so that we wouldn't stall.

Ashamed of her out-dated huffing and puffing, Boblee quietly kept the pace without a murmur as soon as she saw the other machines rumbling obediently along the parkway. She felt like a bad-tempered child who had calmed down after a fit of fury. And she knew we knew it.

When we reached Nat's home I tried to abandon Boblee diplomatically, but I knew she was hurt and lonely as we boarded Nat's dazzling new Cadillac; that is, his father's dazzling new Cadillac.

But, feeling less guilty than we should have, we left Boblee by the wayside and zoomed around the stylish Philadelphia outskirts in fashionable comfort. Revelling in our Cinderella luxury, we were kings and queens for half a day. Snobbishly we looked with sheer disdain at the ancient '39 and '40 models while we glided majestically hither and yon as if we didn't know automobiles existed before 1941.

The clock struck six and Nat returned "his" car to its place in the family garage. Then we slopped up and down the Philadelphia streets on foot until it was time to start back.

Yes, there was good old Bobleenatrix. I could tell by her pitiful look that she had been offended. She had stood there all the time, waiting patiently for us, knowing we'd come back to her. Opened doors beckoned us to give her another chance, but we secretly wished we could be certain of reaching Collegeville without her acting up again.

Skeptically we coaxed Boblee to "be a good girl and carry us back safely" in the hour and five minutes remaining before the 11:40 permissions expired. Breathlessly we realized the Dean would not understand Boblee's follies.

(Con't p. 6)

. . . eve, the apple polisher

TO READ the ladies' page of our modern newspapers makes men of a thoughtful disposition stop and consider what this world of ours is coming to. We find displayed there in tempting array columns glorifying the spectacular achievements of outstanding career women, dissertations on the essential place women are filling in defense industries, and attractive pictures showing the latest in masculine attire which has been appropriated by the members of the weaker sex for their own use. In these ways, and in a thousand others, we are made to realize that Eve has finally come of age.

Ever since Adam was successfully tempted in the garden of Eden by the carefully shined apple of Eve, women have practiced their subtle art upon the much too gullible male of the species. The history of women down through the ages has been one of a continual fight for recognition—a fight in which they have won all of the major battles. "In the beginning He made them male and female," but we have progressed a great deal since then. Women wanted recognition; they wanted an equal place in the sun with men; and they knew how to get it. They went to work shining the apple; they cajoled, teased, coaxed, flattered man irresistibly beyond all bounds of resistance. They told man how big, and strong, and great he was, and how mean he was "to poor little me." And man, who has always been as manageable as putty when a woman throws her arms around him and sobs pitifully on his shoulder, said consolingly, "Yes, dear. Anything you want."

But now one fleeting glance at the ladies' page jolts us into terrible reality. What, oh, what have we done! Cursed be the day that in a moment of weakness we let those serpentine arms of women make us acquiesce to her every little plea! We didn't mind granting women suffrage; they deserved it. We were pleased to give them education; they needed it. We were happy to grant them a greater social freedom; it was to our advantage. But how could we foresee where all this would lead? Eve is no longer the gangling, immature adolescent fighting for her rights. She is no longer the attractive teen-age beauty grateful for every little favor we show her. Today she is a woman!—a woman who is the equal of man.

Yes, women have raised themselves, or men have slipped down, I blush to suggest, until the two sexes are much alike. Who would ever have thought that men or women would invade each other's territory of appearance, occupations, and activities? No one! But they have.

It is even difficult to tell them apart physically today. When a boy in brightly colored trousers or a bobbed-haired girl in slacks approaches you, you can't tell whether it is Stephen or Stephanie—that is, until you get a rear view of them. Girls have appropriated almost every article of clothing that men wear for their own peculiar use. They have swaggeringly adopted full drape topcoats, masculine-styled hats, tailored suits, shirts, daringly colored cravats, socks, slacks—but propriety makes me stop here. The only element of truth in the statement that two can live as cheaply as one lies in the fact that if a girl is of nearly the same size as her husband, she will appropriate his clothing for her own use, even the overalls he wears to work. If the trend goes any further, a husband will soon have to buy only clothes for himself, as they will do for both his wife and him. This is also in keeping with the trend for women to pay more and more for less and less when it comes to feminine apparel, including evening gowns and bathing suits.

Women, not content with **dressing** like men, are invading the occupations that formerly were "for men only." Now, before a man engages a physician he has to inquire whether the doctor is a "Mr." or a "Mrs." Before he hires a lawyer to carry on his divorce case for him, he has first to make sure that the lawyer is not his wife's sister. Women are taking to flying airplanes, running marathon races, driving taxis, and working in vital defense industries as fleas take to an Airedale. In fact, the only occupation which remains exclusively a woman's business is having babies, and the declining birthrate shows that she is even losing interest in that.

The only inequality that still may exist between the sexes is a double standard of morality. But leave it to Eve; she is already working on this problem. All she has to do is get out her old apple and polish it anew, and even this distinction will disappear. Already she has forced barrooms to have "ladies'" entrances,
(Con't p. 17)

JOHNNY GREEN sat on the back steps and surveyed the back yard through a thick mist of gloom. There were two reasons for this. The first, and needless to say, least important, was the fact that "old four eyes," known officially as Miss Perkins, had kept several of his schoolmates and himself after school for chewing gum. The important reason was that Johnny had just heard a woman visiting his mother say, "Johnny's a typical American boy, isn't he?" and thus had started a train of thought.

That was just the trouble. He was too typical. Nothing about him was outstanding. His family was neither particularly rich nor particularly poor. He was neither overgrown nor undersized. He had no outstanding physical characteristics by which to merit a delectable nickname such as "Red" or "Slim." He had never been seriously injured or nearly died of some fatal disease, so there was nothing in that field about which he could boast. Though not often punished for not having his work done, he certainly never would receive any gold medals for scholarship. He was neither a Percival (under normal conditions he would have scorned such an appellation) nor a Toughy. He played football enthusiastically but was no touchdown hero. He pitched a fairly decent game of baseball, but either Handy or Lefty could do better without trying too hard. In his gang he was neither a chief or a nonentity. Never did the older boys seek him out to ask him to teach them some special skill. Never did his contemporaries eagerly defer to him as a man of particular importance nor did he have strength to demand such deference. Never was he followed by a hero-worshiping crowd of small boys, eager to obey his lightest whim. In short, there was nothing about him by which he could achieve fame or notoriety, impress either his elders or his contemporaries—nothing at all to make him stand out. And in Johnny Green's heart there was a great hunger for importance. The mist grew thicker. Suddenly it was pierced by a great light. "Maybe, just maybe—that ventriloquist he'd seen last week! Why, his lips had hardly moved at all. And that book on ventriloquism he'd got for three "Goodies" box tops. "If you could apply the same idea to—" At this Jimmy shot up and streaked into the house.

* * *

Several weeks of experimentation had passed. It was after school on the day of the first trial. Johnny, in the full flush of glory, stood in the schoolyard, surrounded by a crowd of boys. Several of the older fellows were included in the group. His own gang stood around admiringly. On the fringe of the crowd various small boys waited, hoping for a chance to escort the hero home. There was even a group of girls a little way off, but these Jimmy ignored or pretended to ignore. Three older boys were arguing about priority rights for instruction.

Slim asked, "Didja honest to goodness have it in your mouth the whole day, Jimmy?"

Jake interrupted, "Sure, and the old hatchet face never got wise."

Red offered, "I'll give you four of my best marbles if you'll let me in on it, Jim."

"How 'bout comin' home with me, Johnny? Mom's makin' doughnuts this afternoon," put in Fats eagerly.

Johnny Green had at last become a notable personage. You see, he'd learned how to chew gum without perceptibly moving a muscle in his face.

BOBLEENATRIS

Feeling the full weight of responsibility, the Oldsmobile purred softly at the first touch on the starter, and, on her best behavior, hummed jubilantly the entire way home.

The glow of pride and anxiety in our faces was all the reward she needed to hurry straight for Ursinus without a sign of dissent. I'm sure none of us breathed freely until we were in sight of Maples.

That was true friendship! How happy we were that it was Boblee we had to depend on, not just an ordinary car. There's something about the way she understands us that wasn't driven into the new Cadillac. Unflinchingly the auto sped to Collegeville, pledged to make the 11:40 curfew. Boblee knew she had done well when Nat and I patted her softly as we anchored her behind Brodbeck.

OF COURSE, the little creatures are rather wild, but men students of Ursinus enjoy the intriguing task of training them and cultivating their friendship. Their habits, unfortunately, are inclined to be nocturnal. That is why they make themselves available only at rather inconvenient hours.

The first step to bring one of these pets under human influence is, naturally, to catch one. Since this is a task in itself, we feel that it is necessary to pass on a little advice which was gained mainly through experience. Hence, what follows will, we are sure, prove to be useful when you, too, are blessed with the presence of one of these creatures.

When, about 3:30 A. M., your insomniac roommate wakes you to inform you in no uncertain terms that he has observed one of these "pets" attempting to abscond with your mother's best chocolate cake, be sure to inquire with a sleepy, but loud, "Huh!" This will certainly send the shy little (comparatively speaking) creature back to his lair. Then, too, it makes the task much more interesting and is a sure-fire patience developer. Yes, patience plays an important role in this—mostly in your roommate; for while you fall back to sleep, he sits grimly on the edge of the bed, shoe in hand.

Finally the patter of little feet is heard again. Our inferiority-complexioned little rodent has decided that the coast is clear once more.

Suddenly the lights flash on! There is a shout, a faint squeal, and a dull thud—the thrown shoe missed its mark.

By this time you have assumed a perpendicular position on the bed just in time to see your roommate beat the little creature, by a nose, to his hole, over which he quickly places your "trig" book, thus blocking escape.

Now there are the three of you—your roommate, you, and the rat—confined in one small space. The task looks simple, so you decide that your best course of action is to stay standing on the bed, out of the way of harm.

Meanwhile, your roommate has discarded his shoe for some heavier armament—a ski pole, a knife, any old sword that might be hanging around. He provides you with the ski pole and invites you, none too politely, to join in the hunt. You decline the invitation and tell him you can

see everything very well from where you are, thank you.

Swish! Rat and roommate go by your stronghold in quick succession. You try to do your part with the ski pole; but however good your intentions, your aim is bad, and roomie goes sprawling on his nose—your ski pole tangled between his feet! After he has picked himself up and informed you of the conditions surrounding your birth, your ancestry, and a few other intimate details, you discover the quarry has vanished.

While roomie is poking around in corners to pick up the trail again, you, to your horror, see the covers on his bed move suspiciously. You sound a lusty "Tally-ho!" and gesture wildly with the ski pole. Roomie catches on and wonders vaguely whether he belongs behind the radiator. He decides he doesn't and lunges at the bed with a queer expression on his face. From the madly shaken covers the playful little visitor darts. So, the chase begins anew!

This time your ranks are reinforced by the fellow downstairs, who can't sleep because of the racket, and who joins the fray with a fraternity paddle.

After what seems like hours of nerve-stretching excitement, you are relieved to see that the forces of law and order have the pugnacious little being cornered.

Now the training process starts! But, alas, in efforts to subdue the critter, the paddle has descended a bit too heavily on his skull; and the object of all your labor is quite dead.

So all those concerned hold a little conference around the fast-stiffening corpse. They unanimously decide that the job is too much for them and that they would willingly turn it over to professionals.

Calling all Pied Pipers of Hamelin! Calling all Pied Pipers of Hamelin!

VICTORY

one, the one that persisted even when I had all the success I wanted—that was I. Surely, surely, that's it! If I paint victory that way, I know I'll be successful. I can feel it. But that's not the way I want to paint it. I know it isn't. That way it doesn't speak. It's empty, lifeless, without meaning. I couldn't paint my picture that way.

(Con't p. 10)

ALL of you that have keenly observed the progressive march of women away from the confining limits of the household could not have failed to notice their invasion into the world of sport, as well as their inroad into many other realms of life previously monopolized by men. Both as a participant and as a spectator, the so-called weaker sex has achieved some distinction in athletics.

Baseball, commonly known as America's favorite pastime, has particularly attracted our women, though mainly in the role of spectators. This interest can be largely attributed to that innovation known as Ladies' Day—an innovation which has brought many a hard-working husband home to a meager supper of sandwiches and potato chips, which has been hastily prepared by his sport-loving wife. For Ladies' Day is the day on which our Major League Baseball Clubs throw the gates of their stadiums wide open to the female sex, requiring only the payment of government tax for admission. Thus, any red-blooded male who has the courage to venture into the park that day, finds himself surrounded by a heterogeneous array of femininity, ranging in age from seven to seventy, and including school girls, stenographers, shop girls, housewives, and even austere grandmothers. This unfortunate and probably inexperienced gentleman will find that he has subjected his auditory mechanism to a frightening expression of female excitability; for although our American women may appear rather calm and composed in the classroom, in the office, or in the home, they certainly go to the other extreme while in attendance at a baseball game. Such an exhibition of screaming and chattering is rarely to be witnessed elsewhere.

The female spectator is usually extremely partisan to the home team, and she makes full use of her rooting privileges by freely expressing her approval or disapproval during the course of events. Unfortunate is the umpire who has the audacity to call a questionable decision against the favorite sons of the ladies, for his ruling is bound to be followed by an unmerciful barrage of boos and other expressions of contempt. Unfortunate also is the visiting player who finds himself at variance with the judgment

of the umpire, for he too is subjected to the tirade.

Perhaps my description of female behavior at a baseball game gives you the impression that our women lack sportsmanship. In all fairness to the ladies, I must say that although they are over-emotional and somewhat extreme in their loyalty to the local team, they do not let the accomplishments of the visiting players go unrewarded. Although a sparkling catch or an opportune home run on the part of the visitors may cause dismay in their loyal hearts, their sense of appreciation for exceptional achievement compels them to respond with an outburst of applause. And, loyal as they are to the home nine, they also express their disapproval at any exhibition of extreme unsportsmanship on the part of one of the local athletes.

Quite characteristic of our women baseball fans is their lack of knowledge in regard to the fine points of the game. Of course there are some women who know the game thoroughly, and who can anticipate quite accurately the strategy that the opposing managers will employ. They know when a team is likely to execute the "hit and run" play, or the "sacrifice bunt", or many other of the more delicate plays of baseball. But the majority of our female fans know relatively little of the more intricate aspects of the game. The extreme example of feminine ignorance is of course the lady who cannot see the sense of grown-up men swinging wooden clubs at a little ball, and then dashing madly around the base paths. She is the spectator to whom the common baseball terms of "strike", "ball", "fly", "out", "walk", and "hit" are only common English words used in a most confusing manner. To her baseball is only a brutal game which permits nice looking young men to "die on the base paths" or to be "thrown out at first". Most of our women baseball fans have risen above this level, however; they usually acquire a knowledge of the important rules and common vocabulary of the game; but still the lack of understanding which they frequently exhibit is a constant source of amusement to the so-called experts of the opposite sex.

Despite the obvious flaws of women as baseball fans, Ladies' Day has been a very successful innovation. Not only have the coffers of the

Norma Kronfeld and Jean L. Patterson's

. . . *saga of deeptown*

BEYOND the long line of waving reeds that skirted the edge of Deeptown, school was "letting out." The slumbering village suddenly came to life as the young fish glided off the rocks and began their swim home. They stopped often to roll pebbles down the muddy water lane with their fins, or to blow bubbles and watch them drift upward on a current.

Toward the last, apart from the others, came one small fish, lazily twisting in and out among the rocks and sea bushes. The blue-green of his scales was but a deeper reflection of the water about him; the streamline of his snout ended abruptly when it met his determined under jaw. *Lepomis Pallidus* was his real name, but to the inhabitants of Deeptown he was known only as Sunny.

Sunny was in no particular hurry to get back to the family rock. Enjoying the feeling of lazy relaxation, he drifted, rather than swam along, idly allowing the sluggish current to carry him where it would. The water was pleasantly warm, the tangled weeds and slimy rocks agreeably familiar. Thus our hero approached the Sand Bar—reached it, and allowed the current to carry him to the other side.

The Sand Bar! How often had he been told that he must not cross it! His mother had told him, his father had told him, and it had never occurred to Sunny to disobey. None of his friends would have been seen swimming across the Sand Bar. That was because the Blacksnouts lived there, a species of fish with dark vertical stripes and black snouts.

As he drifted across the sandy hump, Sunny scraped his tail, and was abruptly wakened from his reverie. He looked about him in alarm. Sunny remembered the admonitions of his parents. He hesitated, but only momentarily, then swam on to investigate this unknown part of Deeptown.

Oddly enough, Sunny saw nothing to alarm him. There were several small Blacksnouts playing water tag, weaving expertly in and out among the sparse sea bushes. One was busy-ing himself by stealing bait from a hook dangling in the water. Here and there papa fish darted up suddenly, and there would be one less bug on the surface of the water. The rock dwellings, he noticed, were smaller than those

on the opposite side of the Bar. The water was darker and cloudier and he was amazed at the scarcity of sea bushes and weeds. As Sunny swam along many of the Blacksnouts looked at him oddly, some belligerently. But he was impervious to all except his new discovery. These fish weren't really any different from those on his side of the Bar! How amazed the rest of Deeptown would be, and how glad! Strange that no one had ever realized it before.

But a remarkable thing was happening to little Sunny. He had the queerest feeling in his snout. Everything seemed to be growing clearer. He was able to see what was directly before him, as well as what was happening on either side. Then Sunny realized that a third eye had grown directly between his other two. He was surprised and pleased too, but his marvelous discovery that the Blacksnouts were really just like other fish eclipsed the wonder of a third eye. His tail twitched with unsuppressed excitement, and he darted eagerly toward the home rock.

His adventuring had taken longer than Sunny realized, and his mother greeted him scoldingly. "You're late for supper. Wherever have you been? School was out hours ago."

His father stopped nibbling a tidbit long enough to say, "Your mother was worried sick about you. Where have you been?"

Sunny's gills opened and closed a little faster. Oh, how pleased they would be when they heard his wonderful news! "Across the Sand Bar—and do you know—"

"Across the Sand Bar!" chorused his mother and father in shocked and unbelieving disapproval.

"Yes, but do you know what—"

"Haven't you been told not to swim over there! Oh, what a choice morsel for the other fish to bubble over," sobbed mamma fish, and a large, round, salt tear slid down her snout.

"Yes, but—"

"No buts about it," interrupted papa, and with a quick movement turned and slapped Sunny with his tail, churning the water in his fury.

"I only wanted to tell you that they're just like we are," bumbled Sunny, crestfallen and hurt.

"What utter nonsense," spouted papa. "A fact is a fact, and you know that they're different.

(Con't p. 14)

LIKE a human being, the average purpose novel lives its life, perhaps serves its end, and then dies. Voltaire, however, has succeeded in immortalizing "Candide." The secret, no doubt, lies in the fact that he has portrayed not simply the evils peculiar to one decade or century, but that he has mirrored all the vice, the hardship, and the injustice that sound a constant discord in the life of humanity in any era.

I admire Voltaire. Few men would have, or did have, the courage to express openly such convictions in a time when all immorality and unpleasantness was hushed up behind a fan. Even today, the "broadminded twentieth century" produces a critic who affirms that "'Candide' is no fit reading, except for people whose taste and morals have been strengthened against the danger of corruption." He who cannot even face reality in writing must indeed find life very trying.

Furthermore, this critic has missed the point completely. Voltaire is never coarse from a mere delight in dabbling in the unclean. He tells the story in order to expose the fallacy of the Leibnitzian philosophy. The belief that this is the best of possible worlds, that the bad does not really exist, is a comforting form of sugar-coated escapism. The belief that war, injustice and prejudice are not intrinsically bad but only appear so, and that they are all for the best, certainly provides a soothing sedative for any sense of civic responsibility that an individual might feel.

So Voltaire—the enemy of abuse and intolerance—tried to awaken the public from its lethargy. Awareness, the first step in accomplishment, might have been his motto. Behind his ridicule and mockery the reader senses an underlying strain of sympathetic understanding for the downtrodden and abused. It was undoubtedly his fundamental love for humanity that led him to fight tyranny and injustice with his intellect. Certainly he was in part responsible for sowing the seeds of the liberal movements of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Even ignoring the purpose of "Candide," the story would be justified alone for its beauty of style. Voltaire is never guilty of exaggeration or "fine writing"; his expression is simple and

restrained. Nor does he stay to dawdle over what has been said. With a clear, quick thrust he makes his point, and moves on before the reader is aware that the author has perhaps struck a vulnerable spot.

The obvious symbolism in "Candide" is clever and consistent. All the remarkable adventures of Candide and Pangloss in their search for Cunegonde are merely the vehicle for the expression of Voltaire's ideas, for his wit and his satire. One sees Leibnitz stalking through the book in the form of Pangloss—the "all-for-the-best" tutor and philosopher. He is tripped constantly by the Voltarian ideas of an unjust universe—ideas which are finally embodied in the character of Martin, the rival philosopher.

There is scarcely a field of human activity or of natural misfortune which Voltaire's satirical pen does not bring to the page. Earthquake, war, shipwreck, hunger, flogging, and poverty all seem more than one man can bear. It was certainly more than Candide could reconcile with the optimism he had been brought up to believe. With such a wide scope, Voltaire has no difficulty in sneaking in a number of "slams" about the Church, the critic and the classics, and about war, which dictates that villages can be burned "in accordance with international law."

Of course Voltaire is unduly pessimistic. We find ourselves, when the book is back on the shelf, searching life with a high-powered magnifying glass for even a crumb of happiness. But any writer who wishes to get his point across cannot wander around on the "misty flats." The extreme is justified.

"Candide" would indeed be incomplete if Voltaire paraded the miseries of life before us and offered not even a partial solution. But he does. In the author's inimitable style, "Il faut cultiver nos jardins"; in the reader's prosaic phraseology, "The price of a happy, normal life is the acceptance of reality with its obligations."

VICTORY

I must do it the way I feel it. I will do it the way I feel it, I will."

He turned to the painting with the fire of creation in his soul—and he painted, not knowing he had prayed.

Betty Reese's

. . . wiffenpfooph-hunting

HAVE you ever gone Wiffenpfooph-hunting in the springtime? No? Well, I've never yet found anyone who has, except myself and J. The closest I have come to it was an Albedritzle-hunting party, but that had to be done on a rainy night with flashlights and I never was sure just what it was all about, so it really couldn't count. Of course, almost everyone who has had a normal childhood has indulged in this delightful sport at some time or other during his younger days, only he never called it by its proper name. He probably just went on a picnic into the woods, or "played hockey" from school to take the first swim of the season, or simply took a lunch to a shady nook on a warm spring afternoon. But I like to call it Wiffenpfooph-hunting—it's so much more romantic and exciting. Somehow the name seems to lend a mysterious, intangible quality to the occasion, which you don't find in an ordinary picnic in the country.

You can be anyone or anything you wish in a Wiffenpfooph hunt: a fairy, a king, a cloud in the sky, or just yourself. The other requirements for the "party" or "hunt" are simple: choose a warm spring afternoon, a sunny bank by a river or stream, a well-packed lunch basket, and, most important of all, a friend enjoying the identical mood you are in—carefree, lazy, intimate, imaginative, and wholly spontaneous. I say spontaneous, because a false gaiety on the part of one will soon penetrate the natural feelings of the other and spoil the outing for both. The mood must never be weighty or serious; it is not the object of a Wiffenpfooph-hunting party to solve the problems of the world. You must be as light and airy as dandelion fluff and as persuasive. A care-burdened mind can spoil the "party" completely unless the mood can be tossed aside and one of a lighter vein substituted in its place. However, this is not easy for everyone. I've known people who find it utterly impossible to forget the burdens of life and spontaneously enjoy an afternoon of pleasure out-of-doors. They are forever thinking of the gas bill to be paid next week, that pile of math problems waiting for them at home, or a thousand and one other trivialities they should be doing this very moment! They actually think they are wasting time to take an afternoon off

for relaxation and enjoyment of nature's best tonic—springtime. I often think nature intended it for just such sour souls if they only knew it.

I have never ceased being thankful that I am not one of these unfortunates. The mere anticipation of a delightful day out-of-doors, thinking, saying, and doing just exactly as I please with a friend whose sympathies are in perfect accord with mine, fills me with an inexpressible content and happiness. I suppose our psychologists (I've no intention of being derogatory) would analyze it as the normal response of my personality to the beauties of nature in the spring and as common as the sensory and motor reflexes, and I'm sure the philosopher would say it was an inborn love of freedom and call me an escapist (how I **hate** that word) from all the sordidness of man's world. Picking it apart thus squeezes every drop of flavor and joy out of it. What's left but an empty shell? I love this mood purely for its own sake and the satisfaction I get from it. The sheer delight of lying on a grassy bed, the sun warm on your body, with the river at your feet and your face lifted up to an endless stretch of blue and white canopy supported by tall posts of oak and elm shooting straight up into the heavens, and all the while the quiet noise of the river, the birds, and the earth softly humming in your ears—to me this is the vestibule to heaven. But it is the friend lying relaxed by your side who gives the setting its completeness, its finishing touch. At least I have found this to be true. Without J. the sweet tang and ecstasy are gone, leaving a flat emptiness. She has a great joy in living and a richness of imagination which never fail to awaken in me a reciprocal response. Together we think and act as one; with a third the intimate mood vanishes completely. There seems to exist between two persons a mutual understanding of pure friendship which a third, however close he may be to the first two, will invariably disrupt. "Three's a crowd" has a just application to a successful Wiffenpfooph hunt.

By now you've probably given up all hope of my ever coming to the point and telling you exactly what Wiffenpfoophs are and how and where you hunt for them. (Well, they aren't and you don't.) By that I mean that Wiffenpfoophs aren't nuts or berries or animals or anything

(Con't p. 16)

. . . and poetry

Roberta Guinness'

. . . . rain

(Written on a rainy day in practice teaching class)

I've often thought while watching rain
How pleasant it must seem to earth,
How feeling dead for much too long,
It shines again with its new birth.

With land so dry, the dust blows loose
And covers all with tracery.
The green that might swell out for us,
By mocking, makes all drudgery.

So comes the rain to wash and bless.
So comes this soft, compelling bliss,
And takes the gray from out our lives—
Reincarnation in a kiss.

Franklyn D. Miller's

. . . . war

War! The blazing pennant flings itself across the
sky!

War! We shrink and think how we soon must
die!

War! The bitterness, the vetch, the one unfailing
stench!

War! And happiness becomes a dream; a sight
unseen.

War! Those cannons roar. War unto death!

War! The cry goes up. The world is mad, and
this is War!

Fight! We cry! Fight for things now past! Fight
the bloody horde!

Fight for right and peace, so clean and pure.

Fight like men for mankind now in bondage
held.

Fight for love and glory, peace and honor; show
them that might is not right.

Fight we must, and fight we shall, with bloodied
head unbent.

War! The cry goes up! And Fight! we cry again.
Victory is ours! Victory for **men!**

Gladys Heibel's

. . . . the conch

Great shell
Wound on the spindle of years
In the depths of the blue, blue sea—
Perfect curves
Ascending to a point
Indivisible—
Symbol of an Eternal Flux

Shell of Life
Shaped on the wheel of an ubiquitous order,
Rough calcium fabric
Molded by the sea that is eternity,
Through the addition of inevitability
And the subtraction of inexorable selection,
The pregnant germ of all men—
Atom of calcium carbonate—
Builded upon
By swirling waters, sucking sands, and pressure
Confusion and despair,
Insatiable desires for the Unknown and Unat-
tainable—
Twisted and pounded into perfection—
Where am I in the scheme of things?

I, a thin brown line
Wavering o'er the shell's face
From end to end and back again,
Lost in the mazes of a thousand other seeking
souls
Winding upward and around
To the point—
Culmination and consummation
Of all things,
Where silence answers me inquiring,
And coherence dissolves me
Inarticulate . . .

Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's

. . . . pantomime

Last night Columbine
Danced across my roof
In a patter of raindrops.
Harlequin pursued
In a boisterous gust of wind.
In the sweet sad silence
That followed
Came Pierrot.

Norma Kronfeld's

. . . . *song of the little people*

I rode on the subway.
I heard the roar of the train fill the tunnel.
I saw a middle-aged woman sleeping in a shabby fur coat.
I saw a little colored boy, with run-over heels.
I saw a Polish laborer with tired eyes.
And I thought of Walt Whitman's line—"I hear America singing."
I heard a song, but it was not America.
It was the song of humanity.
It was a song of compassion for all the little people.
For all the tired, dirty little people.
And in this song there were no discordant notes.
No viola imitated the drone of planes.
No drum beat out the stacatto of bullets.
No saxophone wailed of hunger.
No trombone blared forth hatred.
It was just a simple melody.
It was just a song of little people, tired little people.
It was the song of humanity.
So I hastened to write down the notes.
And I sang the song to my father—sang it joyously.
He heard me through and at the end he smiled
And said it was a pretty tune for children.
Then I sang my song to the banker and he laughed,
Denouncing it as a Sunday song to sing in church.
Then I sang the song to the little people.
I sang it confidently expecting their applause.
They did not hear me out.
They turned away and mocked me
And told me to take my song to the factory owner.
And the little colored people broke my lute
Asking if their white landlord had ever heard the song.
I was discouraged.
I gathered the broken bits of the song and hid it away.
But I could not forget it.
How could I when it was playing all around me?
When the fruit peddler screeched it
And street urchins sounded an echoing crescendo
Until I was mute with the glory of it.
Once I looked into the eyes of an old man.
I thought I saw it written there. But I was wrong.
His was a sad, disillusioned song.
My song was a happy one!
Then one day I went back on the subway.
I stood there with all the little people.
The train careened around a bend
A boy swayed against me. He smiled
And I made a wonderful discovery. He heard the song too.
His eyes met mine and silently we sang a duet
The two of us sang the song of humanity.
The train stopped. Wordlessly we both stepped out.
Out to sing the song to the world together.
The song of the little people, the tired little people.
The song of humanity.

Roberta Guinness'

. . . . *the distant drums*

Far distant, felt, unheard, the drums
 Of war begin their roll.
 Too soon the Mighty Reckoner
 Will come to take his toll.
 And Mother listening with her heart
 Is panicky with fears.
 Was her Son born to be a part
 Of this? So young in years—

* * *

I want him to grow up in grace,
 In wisdom, humble be.
 No slap-dash thinking ways for him,
 But let his thoughts be free.
 O God! Let love be strong in him,
 And tolerance, not hate.
 Give him the patience he will need
 To learn, and then to wait
 'Till greedy passion's fires cool
 And men become more sane.
 For now will men of vision see
 A foothold peace can gain,
 Let him be one who lives to show
 How everlasting peace,
 Dear God, is everything in life.

* * *

And Mother's worries cease.
 She rocks back on her heels again.
 The distant drum beats, still.
 But now her fear is quieted.
 Instead, there comes a thrill.
 She wonders if in other climes
 Some other Mothers may
 Be praying for some Sons who will
 All think alike some day.

SAGA OF DEEPTOWN

Let's hear no more of this, and if I ever catch you swimming over there again, I'll—"

Sunny glided away, dazed and dismayed, utterly baffled by his parents' unexpected attitude. "I'll tell the others," he resolved. Skillfully he slipped through the tangled weeds and headed for the rock where he knew he would find his playmates.

"Hey, Finny, Gulpy, guess where I've been," he greeted them, wiggling eagerly.

Impelled by the excitement in his voice they left the pebble which they had been pushing along the bottom, and darted quickly toward him.

"I've been over the Sand Bar, and—"

"The Sand Bar! Golly!"

"Yes, and I—"

"We'd better swim under the big rock and talk," interrupted Finny. "You know what the other fish will think if they hear you."

"But Finny—"

Finny and Gulpy, however, had already slid into their secret little cave in the rock, and there was nothing for Sunny to do but follow.

"They're just like us," said Sunny; "they eat insects, and play water tag, and—"

"But they have stripes, Sunny; of course they're not like us," said Finny disgustedly.

"If you'd only swim over there you'd see for yourself," argued Sunny, his gills opening and closing rapidly.

"Swim over there! Uh, uh. You know what would happen if we got caught. Anyway, it doesn't make any difference. 'Swim and let swim' is my motto, and why look for trouble? Seems to me things are O. K. as they are," retorted Finny.

"But don't you see that if all the fish in Deeptown were pooled together it would be just like that Neptopia we learned about in school—"

"Yeah, and look at the poor sucker who thought of it. He tried to make friends with a wall-eyed pike, and the pike ate him. No, Sunny, let well enough alone. Mind your own business and don't stick your snout out, and you won't get hurt."

Gulpy darted up in pursuit of a tempting insect; and Finny, considering the matter closed, was already curiously inspecting a fly, tied, oddly enough, to some sort of line.

Utterly discouraged and heartsick, Sunny drifted to the bottom and lay motionless. He could understand neither the objections of his parents nor the passive attitude of his friends. Catching sight of his reflection in a shell, he was again aware of his third eye and marveled that it had escaped the notice of his family and friends. Sunny stayed at the bottom for some time; but being a normal, well adjusted fish, he could not remain depressed very long, and allowed himself to float to the surface, where he gulped down a few unlucky water bugs.

During the calm of one evening, when the old fish were placidly floating about scraping their gills, a young Blacksnout was seen warily swimming along the Main stream of Deeptown. Immediately the elders perked up their fins and the baby fish, their eyes bulging, stopped their play. From the recess of a jutting rock, a dark form appeared. A large mouth opened and closed slowly to show a tongue edged with

(Con't p. 15)

YESTERDAY the Belle of the Ball was the girl whose father was either a bank president or a Mayflower descendant. Today, regardless of her blue blood and wealth, a debutante is just as likely to be a wallflower as the "Little Nell" who lives on the wrong side of the tracks if she has not learned the horrible truths exploited by the commercial advertisements—those truths which even her best friend wouldn't mention.

There is one particularly pathetic story of an attractive "debbie", Mary, who is simply a social outcast because she hasn't the "wispy, waspy waistline" of this year's fashions as produced by a Schiaparelli approved formfit foundation, the "Pagan Charm". An equally heart-wringing tale is that of Gloria, the premature old maid who is guilty of the one failing a man can't stand—"gapisis". And to think a Talon fastener would have sped that hapless maid along the primrose path of romance. Anne, too, is a "lemon in the garden of love", for she is a victim of the dread modern disease, halitosis. In her case a twenty-five-cent bottle of Listerine would have "altared" her life. Probably the most terrible instance of ostracism is that of Katrinka, the young lady who stands in the subways, even when there are seats for the ladies, simply because nobody has told her about the slimming qualities of Ry-Krisp. Jean's life presents still another sad case; she is the girl who is a dream come true until she smiles. A tube of Ipana would banish her "pink tooth brush" and ring her wedding bells.

But let us cease this tear-jerking prattle, and look at the less seamy side of life—those intelligent girls who read advertisements. There is Joyce, that attractive stenographer, famed for her S. A. (stocking appeal); she is never embarrassed by "runs" and gets extra wear by washing her hose each night in gentle Ivory flakes, "ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths per cent pure". Joyce's best friend is Mamie, that "cute" little blonde hat-check girl who retains her reputation for gay vivacity by the "pause that refreshes". Another girl, much admired, is the raven-tressed Gracie; she uses Jergen's lotion; consequently, her hands "appeal to a man". And let us not overlook Jane, the model who keeps herself peppy by eating "All Bran", which

has a "mildly laxative action", instead of using a "harsh cathartic".

From these parables we may readily draw the conclusion that a girl's happiness and success depend entirely upon her heeding the imperative warnings of manufacturers. Surely the advice is being followed, or the women's magazines would not continue to be sullied by blatant "ads". What quality do these advertisements have that cause their readers to place such infinite faith in their absurdly exaggerated statements? The answer is elementary; they appeal to an omnipotent desire of every woman—the wish for beauty and romance. The advertisements offer the buyer glamor and love in glass jars and cellophane wrappers. Alluring promises awaken hope in the spinsterish bosom, and those words, seemingly so empty, give evidence of delightful vistas of moon-lit gardens, rambling roses, and facsimiles of Robert Taylor and Clark Gable. Indeed, it is a far cry from the days when an advertiser claimed prosaically that his product was superior to all others; nowadays an "ad" is a combination of Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, Dorothy Dix's *Lovelorn* column, and Bernarr MacFadden's healthful suggestions.

SAGA OF DEEPTOWN

sharp teeth. This was Big Fish, the village patriarch. Although still in his prime, no one, not even Sunny's father, could ever remember his being young. He was as much a part of Deeptown as the ledge of rocks that climbed up to the bank, or the Sand Bar that divided the town. Big Fish was always consulted; nor did even the boldest bass dare to disregard his word.

And it was Big Fish now who approached the intruding Blacksnout. "What are you doing where you don't belong?" he asked abruptly.

Defiantly the youngster retorted, "We're hungry! Greens are getting scarce on our side of the Bar, and we don't see why we can't live over here. You have plenty of empty rocks and more than enough sea bush."

Big Fish's only retort was a flip of his giant fin that sent the little Blacksnout tumbling head over tail. Then, with a snap of his great jagged teeth, he bit the little fish behind the gills. Before he could further cripple the helpless Blacksnout,

SAGA OF DEEPTOWN

a shiny green body darted toward him. Sunny, enraged at the unreasonable treatment of the Blacksnout, was moved to defy even Big Fish. But the latter, turning his attention to this new problem, sent Sunny spinning on his plump side. "I'll teach you to be so impudent!" Big Fish gurgled, and proceeded to flail him with his tail until Sunny lay bruised and battered.

Wounded and humiliated, Sunny swam feebly away just in time to see the Blacksnout disappearing over the Sand Bar. Moved by sudden sympathy, Sunny wriggled slowly along until he was caught in a current that swished him along the water lane and over the Bar. Deposited on the other side, he lay motionless for a moment, trying to recover his strength.

But the Blacksnouts had caught sight of the sunfish from the other side of the Bar. Furiously they descended upon him. Revenge! Sunny became the symbol of all that they hated. A dozen fins jabbed him at once. Supple tails flipped him dizzily over and over. Once more the angry fish pressed toward him. An unexpected commotion in their midst halted them momentarily; the young injured Blacksnout poked his way through and burbled indignantly, "You fools! This is the fish who stuck up for me. Lay off." Sullenly the other Blacksnouts inched back.

Taking advantage of the sudden lull, Sunny dragged himself away, one fin trailing uselessly along the gravel bottom. As he reached the Sand Bar, his remaining strength failed and he lay inert and bleeding. The young Blackie swam over and poked Sunny gently with his snout. Sunny's gills opened and closed quickly and a few bubbles escaped.

Then from the other side of the Bar, a smooth fin appeared, followed by two bulging eyes that looked questioningly around. It was Finny, seeking his pal. When he discovered Sunny lying motionless on the Bar he swished over. "Didn't I tell you you'd get hurt if you went around sticking your snout in other fishes' business! You ought to know better than to tangle with Big Fish. No one ever gets ahead of him."

Sunny only stared straight ahead. He seemed to be looking far into the distance—beyond the slender waving reeds that marked the boundary of his little world. His eyes gradually became glassy. Suddenly his whole body twitched convulsively, and with one great shudder he flopped over on his other side.

Finny and the young Blacksnout stared at each other. Then they began to swim frantically

about, around and around the body, bumping into each other at every turn. At last they rested, alone on the Sand Bar together. And as they rested, a strange thing happened. There was a queer wrinkled feeling on the front of their snouts. On Finny and the little Blacksnout a third eye appeared.

WIFFENPFOOPH-HUNTING

tangible and you don't go about hunting for them in the woods or on trees or anywhere else. They are simply day-dreams, fantasies, other worlds, existing in the mind's imagination in a mood which is dreamy and reflective yet crystal-clear and pregnant with thought. In such a mood life is very wonderful, a precious jewel to be treasured in fullest measure. Its promises are to the heart as the odor of crushed, new grass, bluebottles, and warm earth is to the senses—deep and satisfying.

J. and I first discovered the enchantment and fascination of Wiffenpfooph-hunting early last spring when we fled home from school after two gruesome examinations and desperately sought a change of scenery and routine to calm our tortured nerves. Hitting upon the idea of a picnic, we packed a lunch basket and with determined merriment set off for the river. There we unconsciously stumbled upon that delightful sensation we named "Wiffenpfooph-hunting." The name means nothing to you, but to us it will always call up a host of distinctive recollections associated with no other occasion. I cannot tell you how or when it happened—I don't know myself. It just happened. As we lay relaxed in the warm sunshine, a blissful repose stole over us, and we felt the presence of a new and utterly delightful sensation all about us, in the cozy warmth on our backs, in the breeze touching our cheeks and playing with the day-old leaves on the trees above our heads, and in the river flowing eagerly down its trail to the ocean like a young lover hastening home to his bride. The memory of that afternoon and of all the things we talked about, from love and new plays and toasted cheese sandwiches and jewelry and people we disliked and death to Winnie-the-Pooh; the memory of all that stands out as clear in my mind as the sun-bright ripples of the water that sparkled at our feet. We laughed uproariously when a nut from an old butternut tree fell on my head; we threw our paper plates into the water and urged them on in their little race downstream; we resolved to write a novel, to invent a new kind of fairytale, to do numerous other

things. We felt that surely this was life the way it should be lived. In short—we were completely happy. In this one brief afternoon we uncovered a new world that we never dreamed existed—a world of the imagination—a world of Wiffenpfoophs.

THE FEMALE INVASION OF BASEBALL

baseball magnates been increased, for women attend on days other than their own special day; but the ladies themselves have benefitted immensely. Baseball has been a source of wholesome recreation to millions of women and girls throughout the nation, and as long as it continues to be such, we males must continue to subject our favorite sport to them.

EVE, THE APPLE POLISHER

and in many cases she is doing the courting and making the dates.

I used to think that establishing equality between the sexes was a good idea, but that was before I had thought what it would lead to. It seemed to me that it would promote appreciation and domestic harmony for husbands and

wives to know and do the same things. It would make them more companionable, and they would be able to perform each other's tasks in case of illness. But after seeing where such a policy would carry us, I have altered my views decisively. For such knowledge would only engender criticism. No man could stand his wife's being superior to him in his occupation, and no girl could endure her husband's being a better cook than she. For my part, I have no desire to surpass any girl's ability at cleaning, washing, ironing, or cooking. I would rather hire a maid, send my clothes to a laundry, and eat in restaurants than encroach upon those time-honored feminine duties.

The chief component of the attraction that the sexes hold for each other is mystery, and this would cease to exist if each could perform the same tricks as the other. Therefore, for the sake of making life interesting, I move that the women adhere to the sacred traditions which their grandparents revered, and that the men do likewise. But then why should I worry about all this? Women always have been and always will be a mystery to me.

Best Wishes from
Staff of '41-'42 to Staff of '42-'43

Hollander & Feldman

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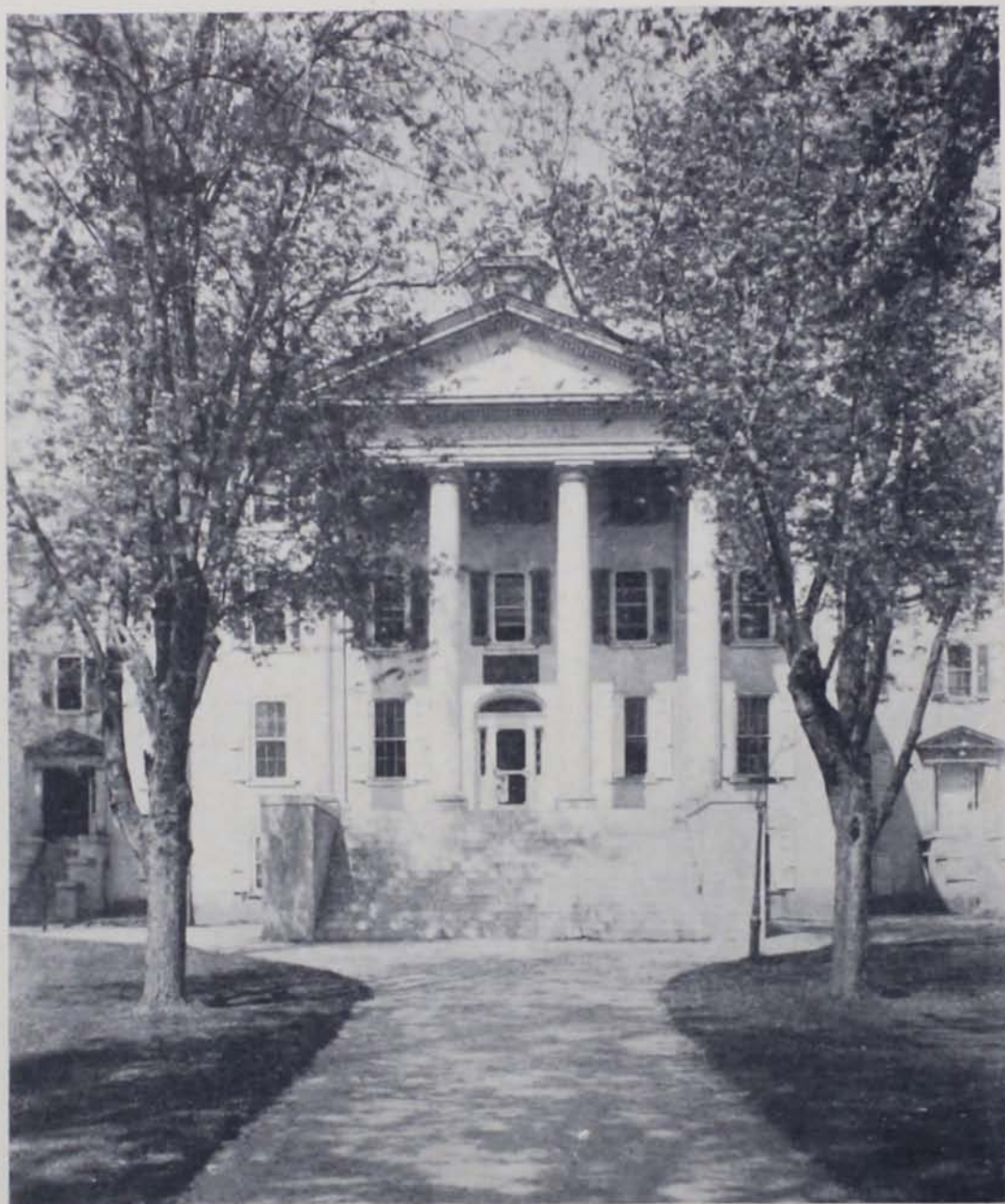
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WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."



Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.

FLYING INSTRUCTOR
PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

"THIS IS THE
CIGARETTE FOR ME.
EXTRA MILD—
AND THERE'S
SOMETHING SO
CHEERING ABOUT
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**GRAND
FLAVOR"**



She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's strictly regulation with her.



Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's strictly Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

• "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.

Yes, there *is* less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extra mildness . . . but that alone doesn't

tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else . . . something *more*. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!

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