



Fall 1970

## The Lantern Vol. 37, No. 1, Fall 1970

Morris Cherry  
*Ursinus College*

Kevin Akey  
*Ursinus College*


Lindsley Cook  
*Ursinus College*

Cheryl Hildebeitel  
*Ursinus College*

Joanne Kurian  
*Ursinus College*

*See next page for additional authors*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

**[Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)**

---

### Recommended Citation

Cherry, Morris; Akey, Kevin; Cook, Lindsley; Hildebeitel, Cheryl; Kurian, Joanne; Henning, Debbie; Wood, Debbie; Harden, Wesley R. III; Gleason, Colleen; Kneeland, Chase E.; Freelin, Judy; Abernethy, John O.; Sainson, Kathy; Severance, Arthur G.; Houle, Robert E.; and Crist, Karen, "The Lantern Vol. 37, No. 1, Fall 1970" (1970). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 96.  
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/96>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact [aprock@ursinus.edu](mailto:aprock@ursinus.edu).

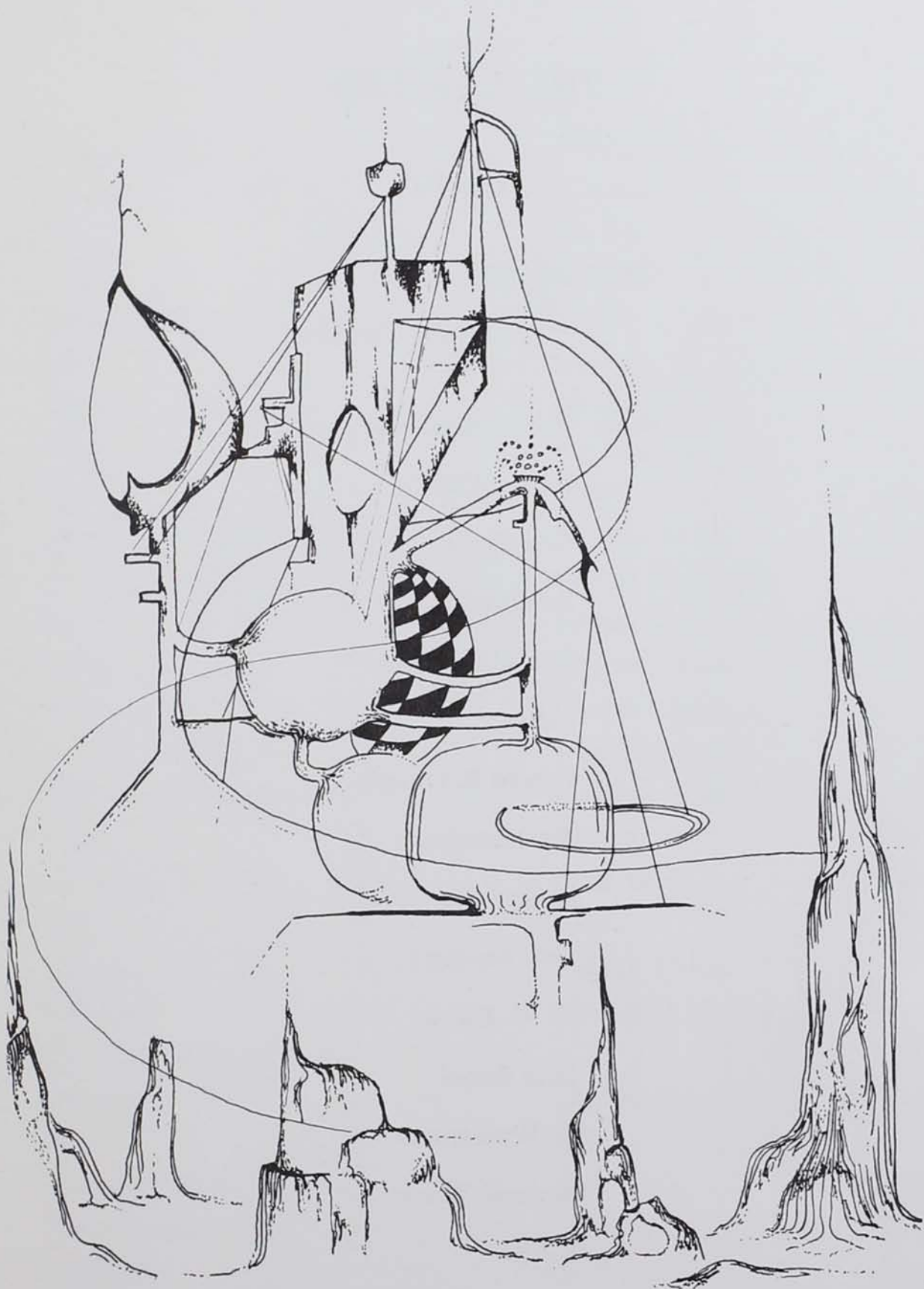
---

**Authors**

Morris Cherry, Kevin Akey, Lindsley Cook, Cheryl Hildebeitel, Joanne Kurian, Debbie Henning, Debbie Wood, Wesley R. Harden III, Colleen Gleason, Chase E. Kneeland, Judy Freelin, John O. Abernethy, Kathy Sainson, Arthur G. Severance, Robert E. Houle, and Karen Crist







DEBBIE WOOD

# THE LANTERN

1970-1971

*Co-Editors:* Karen Crist

Wendie Eggleston

*Staff:* Reenie Arrington

Sandy Case

Cris Crane

Bob Hanlon

Cheryl Hildebeitel

J.Me

Ronald R. Lausch

Jim Maugans

Linda Mills

Gail Newhart

R. W. Scheer

Jane Siegel

C. Wasserman

Michael Werner

Y.F.R.

# THE LANTERN

1970-1971

<i>Circumstance</i>	Morris Cherry	1
<i>Advice</i>	Kevin Akey	2
Poems	millsey	3
Poems	R. Houle	4
<i>For What You Do For Me</i>	Lindsley Cook	5
<i>blink</i>	Kevin Akey	6
<i>Love, Love II</i>	Morris Cherry	7
Poem	Art Severance	7
Poem	Karen	8
<i>Magic</i>	Morris Cherry	8
<i>To Be a Child</i>	Cheryl Hildebeitel	9
Poem	Joanne Kurian	10
Poem	Debbie Henning	10
<i>a year later</i>	Cheryl Hildebeitel	11
<i>A Poem in February</i>	John Abernethy	12
<i>The Crystal Brick Road</i>	Lindsley Cook	13
Poem	Peggie	13
<i>Ephemera</i>	O. B. Gyne	14
<i>Life</i>	J.Me	14
Drawing	Debbie Wood	15
<i>Whiskers</i>	Wesley R. Harden III	16
<i>Thoughts on Being Sick</i>	" " "	17
Woodcut	Colleen Gleason	18, 19
Poem	J.Me	20
Poems IX, X, XI, XII	O. B. Gyne	21
<i>A Non-Poem:</i>	"Lenny"	22
<i>Non-Poem:</i>	"	23
<i>A Gruk Anthology</i>	Ucægte Søjnen Af Kumbel	24, 25
Poems I, II		26

Moon	Debbie Wood	27
Poem	Chase E. Kneeland	28
<i>A Thought</i>	Judy Freelin	29
<i>Dwarf in an Existential Dawn</i>	John O. Abernethy	29
Drawing	Debbie Wood	30
<i>Non-Poem</i>	"Lenny"	31
Black Girl (Drawing)	R. Houle	32
<i>Corridors to My Mind</i>	Art Severance	33
<i>Sadness</i>	kjs	33
<i>The Enzyme Song</i>	Wesley R. Harden III	34
<i>Creatures of Sand</i>	Lindsley Cook	35
Drawing	Kathy Sainson	36
Patrons		37



## Circumstance

Being somewhat

Romantic

I find

Life Among the Natives very difficult.

And looking

forward to the ivy leaves

I find

no

song

to

sing

but merely

several cornhusks securely fastened

while

I

bide

my

time

in water colors.

MORRIS CHERRY

## Advice

sticking my nose  
into the wind this morning—  
I yelled  
up to the  
old Lord  
and told him "What  
a great job you're doing"—  
just to keep him  
on his celestial  
toes.

KEVIN AKEY

DEAREST LANTHORN:

---

the hot, midsummer mosquito night  
 and your paisley mind.  
 each baroque thought compact within its own shell.  
 Chekov here; paper there; me here; she there.  
 each ornate inside the horn, surrounded  
 by an unbroken line  
 unbent by change, or growth.  
 we are compact within our shells.  
 our patterns do not lap.  
 we weave your thought fabric  
 each separately, alone.

---

Another sense of the man, sleight-of-hand

I, too, would like an island full of geese and stars,  
 And a sailboat and a seagull and a kite and a guitar.  
 Drifting to a nearby sand bar,  
 I could sing with the birds, and play,  
 And never see a ferry,  
 Or be forced to smile all day.  
 The oven sun would heat me, the trees would be my cool,  
 Never lending nor depending on another for my food.  
 Living on my island of summers,  
 I'd have a chance to be free;  
 But freedom and islands too soon find storms,  
 Leaving winters and cities to me.

---

Thoughts on a controlled environment

OR

Ode to the new life sciences building

beyond the plastered paradise, fluorescent suns, and  
 tinted cats-eye connections,  
 trees move at the desire of the wind.

She stands by the Ocean  
At sunset,  
Watching the waves break  
Far out from shore.  
She sticks to the shoreline,  
Never venturing out to tempt the winds  
Like some in their small boats.  
It doesn't seem to matter much  
If above her noisy crowds  
Shove along the boardwalk,  
She doesn't hear them.  
Her world is quiet.  
She's a woman on the shore,  
Waiting to see  
What fate will wash her way.

R. HOULE

Wrap yourself around  
Holding me warm,  
For winter's coming  
Soon.  
Envelop me within yourself  
In the quiet of a momentary glance.  
Slowly rock and gently sway  
Until I'm riding  
On the peak of a tear  
Softly flowing down your cheek.

R. HOULE

## For What You Do For Me

For all the times you heard me sing  
When I didn't have a song;  
For all the times you let me think I'm right  
When you knew that I was wrong;  
For all the strength you've given me  
When I could not go on.  
That is why I love you now,  
That's why my love is strong.  
Very strong.

For all the times you caught my tears  
When they began to fall;  
For all the times you pushed me on  
When I would have rather stalled;  
For all the things you've done for me  
The big ones and the small.  
That is why I love you now,  
That's why my love is strong.  
Very strong.

For all the times I saw your smile  
When I'd begun to frown;  
For all the times you picked me up  
When you saw that I was down;  
For all the love we have inside  
We just get kicked around.  
So I'll keep on loving now,  
Even if it's wrong.  
Very wrong.

For all the times I've heard them say  
That we didn't know the way;  
For all the times they laughed and said  
That we wouldn't last a day;  
For all the laughs they've given me  
'Cause I knew our love would stay,  
Deeper than the deepest sea  
That's why our love lasts long.  
Very long.

I know that I could see  
That love was here to set me free  
And now I know that  
Love is what you do for me.

**blink**

where is love  
i looked in all the right  
spots. in  
the leafpile, in  
the clouds, in  
a pot of chocolate  
pudding, in the warm  
hay at sunset,  
even in webster's  
very big book on  
all words  
  
and then i saw your eyes

KEVIN AKEY

## Love

My 49¢ Christmas tree  
Lost all its needles,  
Making it easier  
For me to see its heart.

MORRIS CHERRY

With words of friendship  
I love  
so many people  
Christ had words of wisdom  
trapped within my mind  
and his.

And love  
comes down  
and talks to me  
opens my eyes  
and I cannot see  
but why?

ART SEVERANCE

## Love II

I stepped on a hollyberry  
And Christmas juice ran out.  
And there was all the joy  
In a puddle on the ground.

MORRIS CHERRY

There's always a last night and a first tomorrow as life spins its cartwheels around you and you want to say "stop" — yes stop a moment while my head is in the air and my toe tips touch the earth once more. And yet the end does come though one never imagined it would, gives its way to another beginning and one spends five days finding the way from bow to stern and back again — meeting friends as though they had been and would be forever, only to leave them to their different ways at the pier. It's like the time had never been and yet the sculpture of your life bears now one more irretrievable touch of the chisel. Time will come again and again when the whole picture is reconstructed.

KAREN

## Magic

Have you seen my snowflake?  
 You know, the one God sent me.  
 It was in my hand a minute ago,  
 And I held it very tightly so I wouldn't lose it,  
 But now it's gone.  
 And I can't find it any place.

MORRIS CHERRY



## To Be a Child

Let me ask you this:

What fool invented Adult Pleasures?

And who would be lost enough

to search for them?

The joys we find are much better.

They have more logic

if only to the two of us.

Watching rabbits hide in the tall grass

and

Reading comic books together

have purpose.

I mean,

who needs three cars in every garage?

Floating a green balloon in the air

is much more fun than a dinner party.

And I wouldn't trade

that little hollow

below your ribs

for a dozen of Mr. Tiffany's diamonds.

CHERYL HILTEBEITEL

Time — a flight unretainable  
 And yet by memory retained  
 Time — a concept confusing  
 For those who feel understanding  
 Time — a sorrow unbearable  
 Too quick for those who love.

JOANNE KURIAN

Lively youth with its whims and doubts is forced  
     onward by the whip of time:  
 Life's goals and wishes become targets shot down by  
     ignorance and cowardice:  
 Love flies like a bubble free and light only to be pierced  
     by infidelity, neglect, and hate:  
 The sun springs into the sky and slips away again behind  
     the mountains and wetness:  
 — That is a dream destroyed but not forgotten.

DEBBIE HENNING

## a year later

And now we're friends —  
a year has passed  
    since our time of love ended.  
not that our love is gone,  
but it's a different kind of love now  
    an easier kind,  
        that brings no heartbreak.  
it's a kind that will always exist  
    although it determines no futures.  
it's a kind that has no future  
                                and yet has hope.  
Sometimes, when I'm lonely  
    I remember our time of love  
        and I want you.  
but then the moment passes  
and I realize that was the past.  
our friendship is here now  
    and I'm glad.

CHERYL HILTEBEITEL

## A Poem in February

Awakening in a moment of blood and sweat  
to the sonorous breath of the wind in my ears,  
Complementing the gentle rise and fall of  
the ocean tide,  
I sigh with relief.

Stirring luxuriously I calmly draw her close  
within my arms as  
Shyly she murmurs amorous words of an innocent love  
that soothe like a downy warmth.

Pursuing my thoughts again, fathoms away,  
that descend deep within the corporeal earth.  
Blackness and clouds overcome me, robbing my senses,  
'til I cannot reach that soft doughy form  
Cooing in my arms.

JOHN ABERNETHY

## The Crystal Brick Road

I felt you reaching out to me,  
 Like crystal roads of destiny,  
 That shatter when you walk on them  
 Never to be built again.  
 I'm scared to death to touch your hand.  
 Don't know if you can understand.  
 Of all the things that I've been through  
 There's nothing that comes close to you.  
 And love walks thru my mind.

I saw you in the crystal light  
 Breaking through the lonely night  
 I ran to walk along with you  
 And fell in love with what you do  
 I lost the road in fog-like grey  
 I found the night and lost the day  
 As love became a heavy load  
 Shattering the crystal road.  
 And love walks through my mind . . .

LINDSLEY COOK  
 Class of '74

Secluding trees of the  
 Whispering Forest  
 Murmuring the thoughts of a  
 doubtful wind  
 the day of Fearful loving  
 now comes to an end  
 sitting here  
 being one  
 With the wind and trees  
 Sunlight Fading into branches  
 of my mind  
 leaves crushed into the earth  
 Memories of an existence  
 in time  
 Floating slowly toward their death

PEGGIE

## Ephemera

Optimist — O optimist —  
 Speak to me now.  
 Tell me that life is still rosy;  
 And not the noxious thing I live with.  
 Laugh for me — please —  
 As you used to do when we were —————

Optimist — O you damn optimist —  
 Give me the hope you hold.  
 Make me see life through your rose-colored glasses  
 As did I once with your embraces.  
 How many? — long years ago.

Pessimist — I am a pessimist —  
 Was beguiled by your lofty view.  
 So I joined you —  
 But I fell when you pushed me —  
 When? Ah — many long years ago.

O. B. GYNE

## Life:

No matter who or where  
 or what  
 Thick like butter  
     pouring down  
 settling rancid . . .

nothing moves  
 but rivers anymore

and the people,  
     the people—

I've almost stopped to watch.

J. Me



DEBBIE WOOD

## Whiskers

I hate trains—always have and always will—  
 Because they were always taking me away  
 From something  
 And carrying me toward a destination  
 Known only by name.

Perhaps the loneliest feeling  
 A man can experience is the loneliness  
 He feels  
 When he is staring out the window at a familiar world slowly  
 Receding.

I've watched the evolution of trains and  
 Oddly enough  
 It is an evolution that parallels life,  
 Any life  
 But perhaps my life particularly.

The steam locomotive in its hey day gloriously racing  
 Beneath a billowing column of smoke and steam  
 Carrying the burdens of a burgeoning society effortlessly and  
 Proudly on its shoulders.  
 Vibrant, forceful and incredibly alive.

Now trains have been replaced by other products of man's technology.  
 They serve a strictly transient purpose fading toward  
 Extinction  
 Beneath the trampling wheels of  
 Progress  
 And the relentless force of the  
 Ingenious mind.

Now I sit back on my empty porch  
 On a cool autumn evening  
 Rubbing two days' worth of whiskers and  
 Grappling with a prospective that refuses to let me be.  
 The lonely cry of a railroad whistle in the far off distance greets me  
 Over empty fields.  
 Both of us lamenting our loneliness and waiting for progress to pass us by.

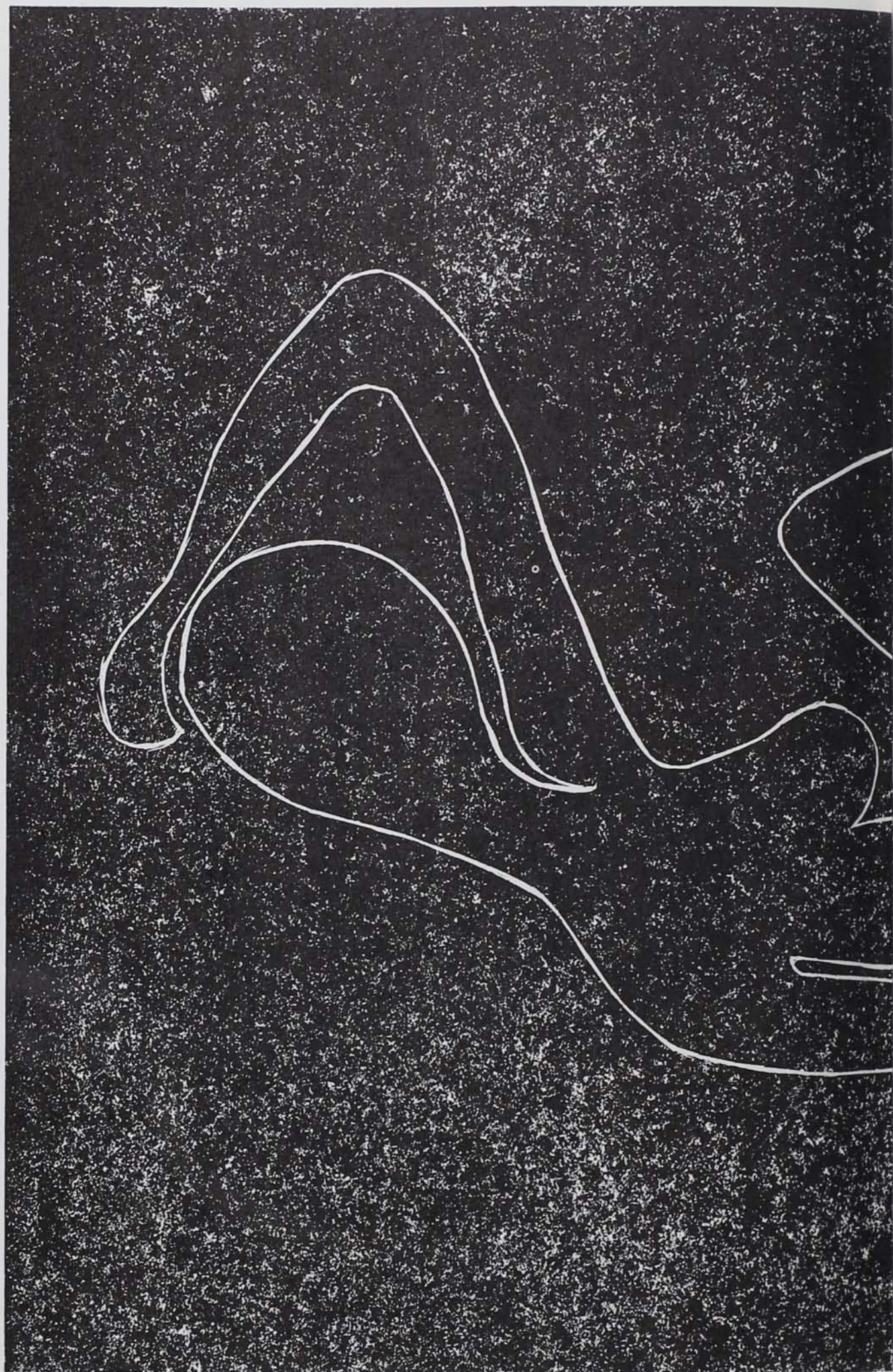


## Thoughts On Being Sick

I am sick inside. Being a simple-minded person I cannot understand what has happened to us. I cannot comprehend the awful, terrible tragedy we have let ourselves become the victims of. But I find intolerable the fact that we could let ourselves be duped so masterfully and so unconscionably. I lean back in my seat at this battered, old wooden table and see myself off alone somewhere away from suspicion, desperation, death and destruction. But I find I cannot escape via any mechanism at the disposal of my mind the awesome miserable reality of mistakes and the bitter disappointment of so many dreams unfulfilled. This incredible monolith looms before us like some writhing wounded beast bleeding from wounds of moral decay and chaos inflicted by both sides—yet the responsibility for that destruction lies within. Not just within our boundaries but within our own perishable and damnable selves. I long for the day when this egregious injustice to humanity ceases to persist and the day arrives when we can be free again—not only free outside but free inside. It is one thing to allow your corporeal existence to be imprisoned but it is the most unforgivable sin to allow your mind to be shackled and repressed. A silence comes over this bizarre audience and we all rise to greet the short, stooped, unimposing man before us.

"Mein Fuhrer," I say. "There is good news from Normandy."

WESLEY R. HARDEN III





COLLEEN GLEASON

as over in the harvest time, when moons are  
swollen ripe

and pumpkins sleep amidst the sheaves  
of August wheat and Fallen leaves  
and the sun is sharp or mellow soft  
but never in between,

as ever come the winsome days, that beckon  
through the hollow ways

of evergreens and autumn greys—

i saw them once,  
and followed:  
i've lived my life but once before,  
and that was yesterday  
but colors change with every dawn  
and still the sunsets call me on.

there's music in an Autumn wind  
that blows of bronzen hours,  
of weathered boards and rotten fruit,  
of aging men and old.

there's music in an Autumn wind  
that signs the sounds of time  
of legends gone and legends come  
of birth, of death, of love.

there's music in an Autumn wind  
that waltzes through the past  
and dances every dance again  
of lives full lived and sung.

i've yet to meet my Autumn-tide  
despite a seasoned glance:  
my april still comes greenly  
and my summer holds its stance  
i've little to remember  
and a lifetime left, to chance—

as yet i'm but the dancer  
still waiting for the dance

## IX

Cool      Crisp      Snowflake

Rest gently — in the soft green arms of the fir tree

— peace —

## X

Moon light drifts

over the crisp white snow —

As fir trees whisper of Christmas.

## XI

The earthworm sleeps

under a red and yellow leaf quilt —

Content — Autumn.

## XII

Smoke wreaths from burning leaves

fill the air

with pungent spice

— thyme, myrrh — Autumn.

## A Non-Poem

Eyes closed  
 Staring stupidly  
 At the darkness  
 Of the unattended funeral within  
 Listening  
 To the electric heartbeat  
 Of a disguised wood nymph  
 Tapping her life  
 On the processed pulp  
 Of her sylvan home  
 Forever imprisoning her spirit  
 In triplicate  
 Golden fate  
 Looking through plastic and glass  
 At men  
 But seeing only debits and credits  
 Making sure all pay their dues  
 The life giver  
 Writes people false promises  
 Of empty joys  
 To take their designated places  
 In their hollow lives  
 Smiling brown eyes  
 Stamping people  
 And after properly sorting and labeling  
 Sends them on their ways  
 Each to his individual little box  
 Yet another  
 Plays with his adding machine  
 Calculating the difference  
 Between eternity and now  
 On a tape as long  
 As the distance  
 Between two souls  
 My mind is going —  
 I can feel it —  
 Slipping through my fingers  
 Running down my leg  
 And dripping into rainbow puddles  
 On the floor

## Non-Poem

Dying from an overdose  
Of useless useful work  
Struggling to make it  
To the time  
To shoot up  
And forget the world  
Through the magic globe  
Entering into imagination  
Soaring through the galaxy  
Like a great free bird  
Unchained  
From all that binds it  
To this world  
Escaping to a not yet  
Where everything  
And nothing  
Exist all in the same moment  
Delicately balanced  
On the fragile line of  
Almost  
Before returning  
Shaking from experience  
To mundane  
Now  
To begin again

"LENNY"

**Gruk intended to stimulate some  
sort of response from chronic  
middle-of-the-roaders.**

A moderate amount of moderation  
Gives one a chance to catch one's breath,  
But moderation in its extreme  
Is tantamount to death.

**Gruk concerning the influence  
of eternity as a defiler of  
ideals.**

I'm just killing time  
It deserves such a fate,  
For it's raped my love  
And sired my hate.

UOEGTE SØNEN AF KUMBEL



**Relevant Gruk**

He who lusts for relevance  
And scorns what is not germane,  
Enhances the current pragmatic ego  
And abdicates his brain.

**Kröger's Gruk I**

When I'm tired  
And all alone  
Time tends to pass  
Like a kidney stone.

(Burma Shave)

**Kröger's Gruk II**

To be alone wouldn't be so bad;  
It wouldn't be such a chore  
But, alas, I'm alone with myself  
And consider myself a bore.

UOEGTE SØNEN AF KUMBEL

## I

The sea will never  
be mine again.  
It once was mine,  
and then I shared it  
with you.  
But you took my gift  
and squandered it  
with her;  
And now the sea  
belongs to  
no one.

## II

It is always winter here:  
Cold, grey, misty day.  
The moon is never gentle;  
It tears at my memories  
and leaves me shaking,  
crying, lonely for someone.

## Moon

The lighted hole in the blackness  
in which beyond  
The mind lives on Green Cheese and  
Talks to that Old Man,  
Who has looked down  
so often, that  
He no longer sees  
But speaks in Truths.  
He is the hole, yet  
I wonder if he has any depth.

Do I only perceive the lighted hole  
Because of the blackness?  
Am I, like that Old Man  
cold and austere  
Who looks down at the world  
from afar,  
never feeling  
and always moving away?

DEBBIE WOOD

. . . . And when they stopped me, imploring  
 why it was so they couldn't speak at sunrise —  
 why their moon was seldom silver —  
 how an eye could reflect a thought —  
 if day led always into night —  
 why stars, yet alone, could move in darkness —  
 and doors opened not with golden keys —  
 need streams freeze in winter —  
 would Kings always rule the land —  
 if a tree would lose its leaves —  
 and why a woman would avert her glance,

I replied:

— that talk was blinded by quick light  
 — not to look over one's shoulder at the sky  
 — and an eye was mirror to the mind  
 — at times in a life there is darkness at noon  
 — that independence is the strength of the anchorite  
 — even gold keys are not meant for brass locks  
 — if the land froze around them first  
 — only while his people deigned him right  
 — always, and new seasons make the change invisible

But the last — now I turn to you . . . .

CHASE E. KNEELAND

## A Thought

John is a thread.

Running here

there

Through a pattern of many others.

Touching

joining

flowing, mingling.

Aware . . . Perhaps not . . . .

Yet who forms the pattern?

*JUDY FREELIN*

## Dwarf in an Existential Dawn

Here breaks the day of the flood  
 Standing with your eyes, open so wide,  
 Staring at the tide, increasing at your  
 feet  
 No one is nearby to watch  
 Step into the tide. letting the cold  
 waves stimulate your body.  
 Let the burning passion embrace you  
 submitting to its eroding wash.  
 Walk deeper, leap into the sea  
 Experiencing every pleasure, exciting  
 every nerve to its fiery limit.  
 Arise gloriously and accept this  
 gift of boundless water as an  
 earthly prize.

*JOHN O. ABERNETHY*



## Non-Poem

A void  
All-engulfing darkness  
Surrounds me  
Along a path  
Littered with rusted trophies  
Of mighty victory  
And tarnished crowns  
Of proud conquest  
Lying in the dust  
Beside faded dream  
And shattered illusion  
Under the dawn of reality

Groping in the blackness  
For warmth  
And finding none  
Retreating from the now  
Of life  
Composed of smiling images  
Mocking their pursuer  
To continue the escape  
From the emptiness  
Of the day  
To the senselessness  
Of the night  
Upon which  
The sun will never rise

"LENNY"



R. HOULE



## Corridors To My Mind

Dark, uninhabited corridors  
 leading to the door  
 that opens to my dreams.

It's a lonely walk  
 and long  
 but it must be travelled.

One foot after the other  
 tracing footsteps  
 from where I started.

The corridor is endless  
 I've been walking for eternity  
 and I'm still not near.

*ART SEVERANCE*

## Sadness

A lady in Brooklyn sits on her stoop and cries inside.  
 And her husband has left her and no money.  
 And she is infinitely more sad than man has ever been  
     or will be.  
 And she believes it, and it is so.

A man in Bombay sits and prays to his Buddha.  
 And his children are dead and no wife.  
 And he is infinitely more sad than man has ever been  
     or will be.  
 And he believes it, and it is so.

And I sit and I cry to my mind and I think.  
 And all the infinitely sad people fill my soul.  
 And I am infinitely more sad than man has ever been  
     or will be.  
 And I believe it, and it is so.

*K/S*

## The Enzyme Song

I am a happy enzyme—  
Interacting efficiently with my buddy, Substrate  $A_1$ , to give our friend,  
Product P, a start in life.

I guess I should say I used to be a happy enzyme.  
Actually, we, all the enzymes in this humble mitochondrion  
In a humble epithelial cell  
In this humble planarian,  
Are lonely now.

Ever since I. E. Dupont de Namours have been dumping their  
Vile crud  
In our humble, obscure stream (thinking foolishly that they are getting  
away with it because only the planarians, hydras and a few energetic  
Daphnias like this stream or even know that it exists) business has been  
slow.  
You just can't feel important if nobody is sending any business your  
way,  
Having you convert a friend,  
Or sitting around with an itchy active site.

Wait. I can feel it now.  
Yes. The planarian landlord, the crosseyed fellow we all call home,  
Who I and all the other enzymes love so well,  
Who has provided us with our own warm humble mitochondrion is in  
the throes  
Of convulsion.

I sure hope he doesn't die and disintegrate.  
We like it here.  
I don't want to be cast into the cold, hostile world with Dupont's crud.  
It's a real shame Mr. Dupont can't see things the way I do.  
I consider myself pretty important even if only I realize it.

## Creatures of Sand

Man.

Born from a grain to life.  
tearing his way out of the womb  
To freedom.

Baby

Crying for a grain of food  
tearing his way out of trouble  
To happiness.

Child

Playing near the water  
With his bucket and pail  
To build.

Youth

Running by the waves  
With his simple lover washed  
To eternity.

Man

Builds his dreams on sand-signs and castles  
Instead of rock  
To stand forever.

So we walk in search of the peaceful sea . . .

LINDSLEY COOK  
Class of '74



KATHY SAINSON

## Patrons

Nancy J. Adams

Anonymous

Richard Bozorth

Janet Brown

Gayle Byerly

Marion N. Chrisemer

Kathy Christy

Esther S. Cope

J. N. Craft, Jr.

Cornelia G. Crist

Louis DeCatur

Marie Devine

Dillinger

John Doe

Geoffrey Dolman

Dawn Edinger

Friends

Judith E. Fryer

Marguerite V. Godshall

Ruth R. Harris

Katherine W. Kneas

Marion A. Lopez

Lois Ochrán

William T. Parsons

Pax Americana

Marvin Reed

Kenneth T. Schaefer

Wilda F. Schatz

Margaret B. Staiger

Geo. G. Storey

Ruth R. Thomson

Calvin D. Yost, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Eggleston

## MARZELLA'S PIZZA

Fresh Dough Pizza

Hot and Cold Sandwiches

Avoid Waiting:

CALL 489-4946

Open Daily 3 P.M. - 12 P.M.

Closed Monday Evenings



## THE ART & CRAFT CENTER

335 MAIN STREET

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

SUPPORTS THE LANTERN

## SCHRADER'S ARCO STATION

460 MAIN STREET

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

*Official Inspection Station*

## MARZELLA'S

FIFTH AND MAIN

*Maureen and Franny Marzella*

**Stationery and Supplies**

**Cards and Gifts**

489-9275

**WHARTON**

**HARDWARE & SUPPLY**

Rt. 130 and UNION AVENUE

PENNSAUKEN, N. J. 08110

**KAREN**  
**AND**  
**WENDIE**  
**SAY**  
**GOOD-BYE**