



3-1944

The Lantern Vol. 12, No. 2, March 1944

Fred Knieriem
Ursinus College

Richard C. Wentzel
Ursinus College

Ethel Cunningham
Ursinus College

Richard Hunter
Ursinus College

Carolyn Kirby
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

Knieriem, Fred; Wentzel, Richard C.; Cunningham, Ethel; Hunter, Richard; Kirby, Carolyn; Haines, Henry K.; Cassatt, Elizabeth Jane; Walker, Henriette; Hudson, Newton; Hafemann, Helen; Snyder, Evan; Gorson, Helen; Harter, Joy; Wilmot, Joan; Hydren, Ruth; and Williams, Marjorie, "The Lantern Vol. 12, No. 2, March 1944" (1944). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 24.
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/24>

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.

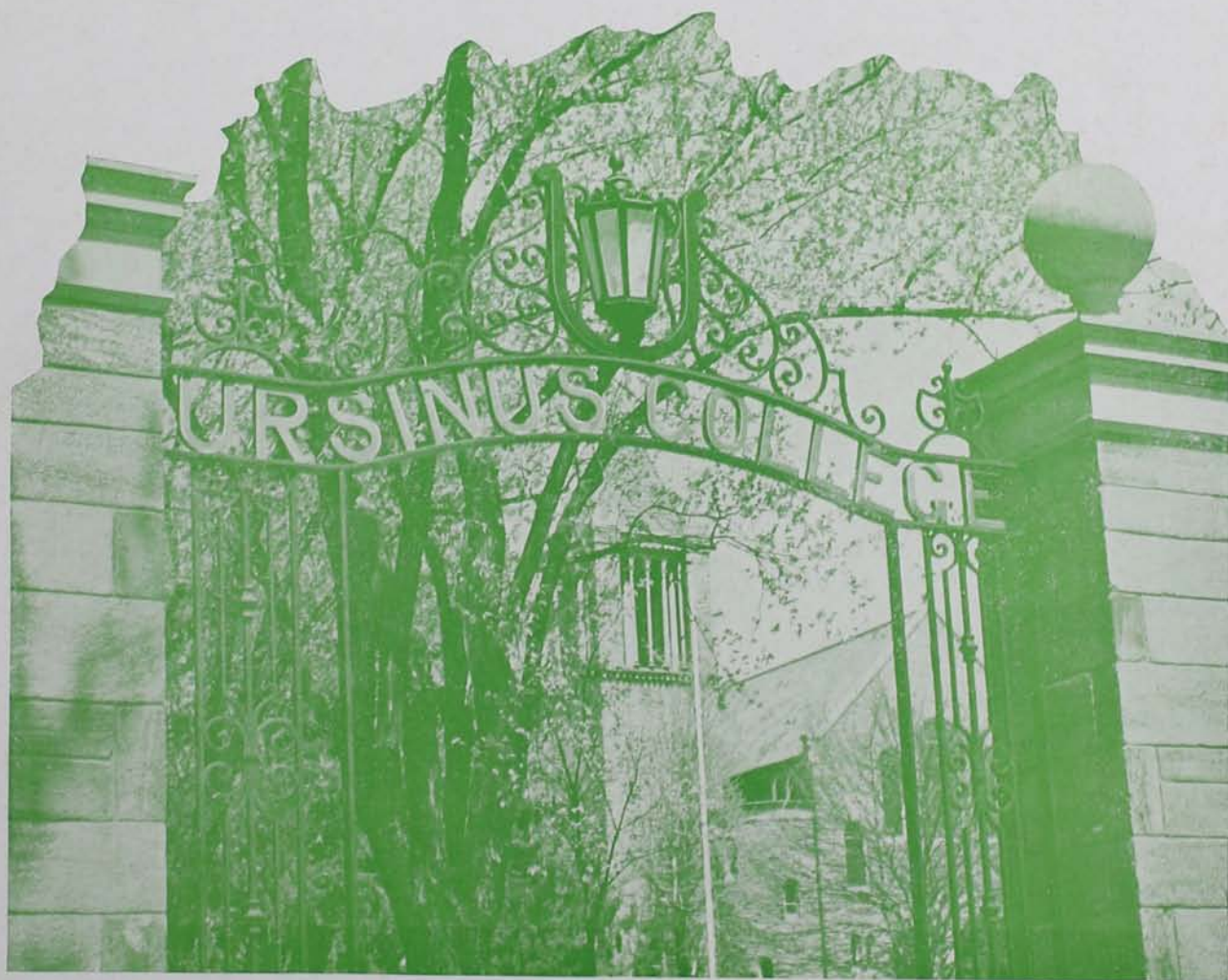
Authors

Fred Knieriem, Richard C. Wentzel, Ethel Cunningham, Richard Hunter, Carolyn Kirby, Henry K. Haines, Elizabeth Jane Cassatt, Henriette Walker, Newton Hudson, Helen Hafemann, Evan Snyder, Helen Gorson, Joy Harter, Joan Wilmot, Ruth Hydren, and Marjorie Williams

The

MARCH 1944

LANTERN



SPRING ISSUE

March, 1944

vol. xii, no. 2

. . . . The Lantern

. . Editor

Barbara Cooke

. . Business manager

Henriette Walker

Betty Jane Miller, Asst.

. . Faculty advisors

Calvin D. Yost, Jr.

Martin W. Witmer

Franklin I. Sheeder

Board of editors

. . Associate editors

Elizabeth J. Cassatt

Faith Cramer

Ethel Cunningham

Henry K. Haines

Richard Hunter

Ruth Hydren

Arline Schlesser

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

Contents

	PAGE
The Editor's	<i>Editorial</i> 2
Fred Knieriem's	<i>Save in his own country</i> 3
Richard C. Wentzel's	<i>Philosopher and soldier</i> 4
Ethel Cunningham's	<i>Soap bubbles</i> 4
Richard Hunter's	<i>"Who is my brother?"</i> 5
Carolyn Kirby's	<i>A real sea-captain</i> 6
Henry K. Haines'	<i>Quatrain on solitude</i> 6
Carolyn Kirby's	<i>Wind ahead</i> 7
Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's	<i>Jewel song</i> 7
Henriette Walker's	<i>The sail, a translation</i> 7
Newton Hudson's	<i>They also serve</i> 8
Helen Hafemann's	<i>Ever the twain</i> 9
Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's	<i>After the rain</i> 9
Evan Snyder's	<i>The low-down on electronics</i> 10
Helen Gorson's	<i>Sing, my heart</i> 12
Joy Harter's	<i>Interlude</i> 12
Joan Wilmot's	<i>Unconquerable soul</i> 13
Ethel Cunningham's	<i>The covenant</i> 13
Ethel Cunningham's	<i>The lost warriors</i> 14
Ruth Hydren's	<i>Fragment</i> 15
Marjorie Williams'	<i>Arrival</i> 15

. . . Editorial

AMONG our contributors this month, we find the name of Richard C. Wentzel who is at present serving his country in the United States Army. Although it is the policy of **The Lantern** to print only the work of present students, the staff agreed that an exception may be made during these abnormal times. Were it not for the emergency, Dick would be a member of the class of '45. We do not intend, however, by this one exception to set a precedent for future issues. It is, nevertheless, gratifying to us to find that **The Lantern** continues to be valuable to those who found it so when here on campus. Receiving a story from one of our former writers added one more pleasure to those of editing a magazine.

We find there is a great deal of satisfaction to be gained from reading the work of every person who sends in an article, whether that article actually comes to print or not. This is true because an individual cannot write without revealing a bit of himself. Some way of thinking peculiar to himself, creeps into his work, and often we catch glimpses of talent or thoughtfulness hitherto unsuspected in that person. All writing, even the most prosaic type of composition, brings with it something of the author. One's tastes, ideas, and habits, too, are revealed in the very first attempt at creative writing. It proves fascinating to watch a writer develop as he contributes year after year.

And so it is with some regret that the editor and seniors of the staff take leave of **The Lantern**. We have learned a great deal in trying to print a good magazine and we are thankful for having had this opportunity for personal growth. We have done our best to serve the readers, and we hope we have managed to please. And now, to the new editor and new staff we wish all good success, and we are confident that under their guidance each issue of **The Lantern** will improve.

Fred Knieriem's

. . . *Save in his own country*

CHARLEY is dead. He lies there in that grave, and the grave-digger is refilling the pit. It seems so strange; so impossible. Just three years ago we met him; now he is forever dead.

That day when he came to work in the round-house seems but a few hours past. He was a tool-checker, and what a naive one at first! For two weeks he spent half his time scampering after square drills, left-handed wrenches, and thermothrockles; however, experience is a hard but effective master, and Charley learned.

Most of us came to like Charley. His perpetual calmness (or perhaps gentleness), his eager will to co-operate, his risible humor, and his common sense—all these were Charley. But there was something more—something which did not eliminate all his other qualities, but which, in all its distinctness, seemed to be an integral part of everything that Charley did and was. This was Charley's religion.

It happened that none of us were especially religious, but Charley's applications of religion to life seized first our fancy, then our reason. "Make religion a seven-day-a-week matter. Don't keep it in a bottle to be uncorked for a few hours on Sunday! Don't be mere blacksmiths, mere citizens, mere parents, mere church members, and mere people! Be religious blacksmiths, religious citizens, religious parents, religious church members, and religious people!" That was what people like to call Charley's "line," and that, with all its uniqueness, attracted some and repelled others.

Probably nothing unpleasant would have happened, as it did today, if Charley's idea of religion had been conventional. The full-time religion demanded too much, for it required action as well as profession; even more action and more profession than that to which most people cared to subscribe. Brotherly love, thought most people, was a good topic for Sunday School, but an impractical, silly principle for "realistic" people. Charley opposed vandalism in strikes, and labor felt that he was trying to curry management's favor. He objected to strike-breaking, and management frowned. His denunciation of radical discrimi-

nation and his demand for a campaign against it drew the reproach of "Mayflower complexed" Americans; on the other hand, his suggestion of non-violent resistance instead of militancy was resented by radically conscious groups. Civic officials, as well, failed to see eye to eye with Charley on matters of legal justice, clean government, and municipal efficiency. Even the clergy were arrayed against him because of his charge that the Church was shirking its social obligation to preach full-time religion.

So Charley, with his radical ideas, made many enemies and only a few friends. In time, some of the fellows who had liked him turned against Charley, and others, though only a few, allied themselves with him. Charley, nevertheless, remained the same paradoxical forgiver of the sinner and denouncer of the sin. Even those who were avowedly against him were greeted with the cheery "Hiya!", or received the helping hand when it was needed. We never fully understood Charley's forgiving attitude; after all, it just didn't make sense that, as he said, even the worst of people don't realize what they are doing. Still, it made sense to him, and he seemed to be happy about it all.

Well, anyhow, two years rolled away; two years which beheld Charley's becoming more vigorous in his denunciations, and his opponents more hostile. Leading citizens and following citizens, managers and laborers, clergy and laity—all these had become offended; all these sought vengeance, and waited impatiently for the opportunity!

Finally, the climax came this morning. Just about eleven o'clock, Charley stalked into the sancity of the largest and most influential church in town, and the pious celebrators of Good Friday were shocked as Charley's sudden tirade thundered against the "Pharisees and hypocrites, passing by on the other side." Never since 1517, had such a salvo been fired at the Christian Church, and never, not even in 1517, had the recoil been so great! The walls fairly trembled from Charley's invectives, and the resounding storm shook the foundations in response. Zealous for redress of such

(Con't. p. 11)

Richard C. Wentzel's

. . . Philosopher and soldier

NO, my son, do not halt. Rather let me march beside you. Yours has been a long journey. Long—and yet many of your years are still before you. I am old, ages old; long have walked where God alone can comfort. But youth is yours. Youth and the endurance which has long since passed from my weak frame.

Look not in disgust at an aged philosopher. Nor with pity. But listen you and listen wisely, for only the wise survive to reap what wisdom has sown.

I know your story well. Yours is the tale of war, of filth and sickness, horror and death, of the true ambitions of brothers expended in the gory business of beasts.

Many have come this far, my son. Many have I tried to help and to inspire. But now the twilight comes to darken my ghostly age. Once again, and only once, shall I, with the aid of youth, endeavor to overcome this evil. The evil which is not the men whose arms are raised against us, but the creed of graft and lust and viciousness of those who set them to the fray. How much depends on what we two this night achieve, my thoughts refuse to dwell upon.

I hear them coming now. The steady tramping of their militant feet. And somewhere, gathered in a hellish band to watch the crimson doom that they've fomented, the "LEADERS" smile their mockery as each step breaks a human spirit.

But they have a weakness, these masters of cruelty and depredation. One pregnable point. Though the devil protects their souls from righteousness, they have but mortal forms. If we destroy the body, the soul must drift alone, forever shorn of its power to abase. So let us quickly to the fight.

They're on us now! Come; stay close to me. That's it. NOW!

Shoulder to shoulder. Strike by instinct at their bloated, leering faces. Laughing, sweating, shouting, groaning, all in the joy of battle. Pain ignored. Wounds forgotten. Reeling backward, snarling forward. Rip, tear, gouge. Keep going forward now. You can't see, but the fight is forward. Laugh through your cracked lips. Bone on bone. Laugh, damn you, laugh. He's down; now—forward. There can't be any more—strike! No time to think. Swing those leaden arms. There. Again. Again! Don't go down now. It's death to drop. Once more. Why won't he fall? Just once more. Now he's going. Follow him up, fool, follow him up! Don't fall. Just keep walking. You're stumbling! Walk faster—faster. Laugh, shout. Walk faster. Don't stop. Walk! Laugh! Walk! Laugh! LAUGH!

That's it, keep it up. That's Life you're walking through. That's right; it's Life, and you're walking and laughing and fighting your glorious way through it.

Ethel Cunningham's

. . . Soap bubbles

This hour is like a soap bubble
Blown from the pipe of Father Time.
Fragile and lovely
It floats above the world
Of mere existence.
It catches the happiness
Of other hours
And reflects it in jewel-like hues,
Enhancing its own loveliness.
Oh do not prick it!
Let us watch
Until it melts into eternity.

Richard Hunter's

. . . *"Who is my brother"*

There in the jet black night of Italy
I saw him standing watch and heard him sing
A song—song from the heart of a weary man;
And this is how it went—

Oh Lord—
I'm too young to die—
There is
Too much to do
Too much to see
Too many places
I still want to be—
I'm too young to die—

Oh Lord—
I'm too young to die—
There are
Mother and father
Children and wife
For these I want
To keep my life—
I'm too young to die—

Oh Lord—
I'm too young to die—
There are
Trees to enjoy
Flowers to smell
Tall sloping hills
'Round a sweet downy dell—
I'm too young to die.

I aimed my rifle at his head and fired
Down he fell—dead—a prologue to the fight
In which we took another mile of soil.

"Well, that's a thousand more of Hitler's brood
We got today"—the tired old sergeant said.
"But how it knocked me up inside to see
Two hundred of our boys go down—those
kids—
They're too young to die."
"Yeah," I said.

Carolyn Kirby's

. . . *A real sea-captain*

HAVE you ever met a real, honest-to-goodness sea-captain? I don't mean the kind of sea-captain that learns his navigation at Annapolis, or shoulders a pair of gold braid epaulets and flaunts a shiny sword in full dress. I don't mean the kind of captain that gives orders on a luxury liner like the "Normandie" or a navy airplane carrier like the "Wasp." I mean the kind that has been raised with the sea as his godfather, the sort of man that worships a sail and scorns an engine, a real captain, tanned, weather-beaten, and washed with salt spray.

I met a man like this last summer, a Norwegian by the name of Anderson. The captain wasn't quite what I thought a sea-captain would be. He wasn't so colorful as you would think. Like many sailors, he couldn't swim a stroke. He didn't even know a sea chantey from a lullaby, but he liked to hear us sing, so we entertained him with "Blow the Man Down," and "Hand the Bowline." They're good rousing songs, authentic with plenty of background—or so I had thought—but he had never heard them. Anderson wasn't the bluff hearty person you might expect, but was rather on the quiet side—a nice old fellow, good-natured and unassuming, liking a drink and toasting it with a "Hans Skol lene," or "may he prosper." He had a twinkle in his sun-bleached blue eyes. When he smiled his eyes half closed and the reddish-brown lines on his face increased by half-a-hundred.

I suppose he'd been through a lot. He told me the story of his life, just a bare outline; he left out most of the details. He must have been modest, for if there were ever anyone entitled to spin a yarn or tell of wild adventure, it was he. The captain could tell about a disastrous

storm on the ocean or a ship dashed to bits on a rocky coast as casually as I would talk about paddling a canoe over a pond four feet deep. He was glowing when he talked, and vivid enough, but he didn't rave; he just stayed calm all the time. We few that listened were more excited than he. The captain could hold us spellbound with his stories and could have kept us up all night listening to them, but he didn't do it; those were rare moments.

As a boy he had watched the fishing vessels go out from his village and had gazed at the horizon until they came back to port, their decks brimming with the slimy cargo. He had dreamed about going aboard with the men and about coming home flushed with success to the women waiting open-armed. He had dreamed, too, about the day when he would be master of his own vessel, a dainty schooner, smooth and swift, with a mass of white sails heeling over to meet the flowing sea. Those days had passed and his dream had come true. Since then, he'd gone clear around the world, stopping at far-away ports in India and the islands of the Pacific—all the places that you read about in the travelogues and never dare to find. His last ocean voyage was a three-point circuit between Norway, Rio de Janeiro, and New Orleans. Then came the war and submarines.

Well, now the captain is there on a little lake a mile-and-a-half long, sailing a fifteen-foot craft complete with a mainsail and a jib. No more shoreless seas and days on endless waters. A let-down, I'd say; but he was content to sail with a small boat, a long yarn and a fair breeze.

Henry K. Haines'

. . . *Quatrain on solitude*

The things we do when we're alone
Are the things that count with God.
In solitude we dream our dreams—
Alone we shape the clod.

Carolyn Kirby's

. . . *Wind ahead*

Wind ahead and helm to port;
Billowing sea, sailing's sport;
Come, you sailors; now's the day;
Beat to windward, swift the way.

Fast the halliard; make it light;
Loose the mooring, wind's aright;
Leave the land, you sailor's all;
Heed the thrill of sailing's call.

There's the blow, and are we ready?
Sheet taut and tiller steady;
Eyes alert, wind-blown hair;
Here is pleasure, gone is care.

Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's

. . . *Jewel song*

I have opals glowing with muted flame.
A string of pearls with its demure pale glow.
Green jade that graced some slender Tartar
dame.
And who of you so bold that he would dare
Compare them with a single flake of snow?

Henriette Walker's

. . . *The sail, a translation*

Solitary, white, a sail plays hide-and-peek
In the hazy azure of the sea.
What does it seek in lands far distant?
What remains in its native borders past?

Reveling waves are swept by capricious winds,
And the mast groans and bends.
The ship seeks not happiness
But will not flee from joy.

Beneath plays a current lighter than the
dawn's blue;
Golden rays of the sun are spread above.
The helmsman, rebel-hearted, petitions the Al-
mighty for a storm,
Hoping in the tempest to find conflict, peace.

Translated from the Russian of
Mikhail Lermontof

THE semester had cut deep; the men students of Malvern Hall were already pitched to the tension of approaching exams. Glancing over a pair of up-propped feet, Bill Fisk caught his roommate slipping into his red striped pajamas.

"Can study better in 'em," roommate Arch explained, pulling out the desk chair and settling himself languidly, "Makes a fellow more discreet."

A short period of adjustment had led right into a session of brain work. And serious-minded work it was too. Bill had been receiving deferments from his draft board to continue his college work. He wanted to keep his marks high. Arch was planning for specialized artillery in the Marine Corps when he was 18 next June.

Four or five minutes behind schedule, inevitable, back-slapping, thought-deadening George Kelly foamed into the room.

"Gee, fellows," he whined, "wasn't it awful about Jim Sullivan?"

His question was not answered.

"For heaven's sake, can't you even show a little sympathy for an old classmate—gave his life to those dirty Jerries?"

Silence continued.

"What are you, just a bunch of draft-dodgers? Why don't you lay off that crazy philosophy stuff and join up?"

Bill was glaring at the point of his pencil. Without comment he pushed back his chair, rose determinedly, and then, unhesitatingly plunged against the body of the speaker. By the time the skirmish was brought to a standstill, the other men of Malvern had charged into the room to complain of noise and confusion.

"It's about time a lot of you fellows get things straight. While we are all here, I'd like to tell this jackass and some of the rest of you what the score is."

No one dared to interrupt. Bill Fisk had long been respected and admired by his classmates, but seldom did he assume the aggressiveness that he showed tonight. Everyone listened.

"Jim Sullivan was one of my closest friends on this campus last year. No other heart wept

as mine did when we heard the news this afternoon. Could I forget those gridiron battles—he on one side of the line, and I on the other; and when we cried on each other's shoulder after the defeat by State; and all the times we stacked dishes together in the kitchen trying to break the monotony by joking?"

The air was electrified with tenseness. During this moment of deadening silence, Saunders looked longingly toward the door; "Reds" Robinson squirmed uneasily; "Jake" Peters pushed his back a little closer to the wall.

"And that day," Bill stormed on, "that day when he waved from the train on his way to camp—how I longed to go with the gang then."

Bill paused to swallow hard.

"But there are a lot of us fellows the government asked to stay behind. A lot of men were needed for specialized training. There are plenty of things to be taken care of in a world war, and it's up to each citizen to do the part which the government thinks he's best qualified to do.

"I know that there are some of you that don't give a hang, that are here to pass the time. There are a lot of service men in colleges spoiling for action. But every red-blooded, down-to-earth American boy is doing his darndest no matter where he is. If I'm preparing for a necessary work here, I'm going to give it all I've got!"

* * *

The Armistice was signed November 11, 1918. Many of our boys returned to their homes and took up useful occupations. Some of them did not return.

In June 1920, Bill Fisk was on a transport steamer in San Francisco harbor. He was bound for one of the dark regions of the earth, Burma.

After he had finished his studies at college, Bill went on to the Nashville Theological Seminary. Now, armed only with his New Testament, he was finding his adventure in life by bringing hope and light to a needy people. He was beginning at the bottom to help build a better world for the individual mass of every race.

(Con't p. 14)

Helen Hafemann's

. . . *Ever the twain*

IT WAS spring, and the sky was spreading its azure splendor over the fields and hills. Cows grazed drowsily in the meadows, and wild roses blossomed along the railroad track. Yes, it was spring; love was in the heart of everyone and everything. At least that was how it struck Ha-Choo. The little old gray locomotive throbbed as he thought of Choo-Choo, his love. All day long, as he pulled loads of coal and wood back and forth to the war plants, he dreamed of Choo-Choo and longed for the moment when he'd pass her as she stopped to pick up the war workers. Those were the moments he lived for. Ha-Choo would let out a long low whistle; and the tune of his chugging was clearly I-luv-you, I-luv-you, I-luv-you. Choo-Choo always understood and would flicker her lights and let out little heart-shaped puffs of smoke. Ah, love was grand!

Tonight Ha-Choo was especially eager to see Choo-Choo. But just as he rounded the bend, what should he see before him but Choo-Choo letting off little heart-shaped puffs of smoke and flickering her lights at a big shiny express! Ha-Choo gulped and wrinkled his cowcatcher. A pretty state of affairs! Here was Choo-Choo flirting with another locomotive. As the bright express whizzed by, he whistled to Choo-Choo. Either she couldn't hear above the roar of the express or just plain didn't want to hear. At any rate she looked straight ahead and let out a big huff.

This went on for days and days. Poor Ha-Choo was so down in the dumps he looked more and more like old scrap iron. Every time the express passed, he would let out a long

hiss and rudely belch big purple puffs in Ha-Choo's face. Ha-Choo just ground his wheels and quietly let off steam. What could he do against this shiny express? The big Conspicional, as the villian was called, had all kinds of pull. Why his fourth cousin on his father's side had been rather small for his age and had run under the company president's Christmas tree! Then, his grandfather on his mother's side had even been admitted into the Railroad Brotherhood! As Ha-Choo wheezed along, he muttered to himself, "You old rail-bird, maybe you've got me sidetracked now, but you'll go too far some day. You can't switch Choo-Choo's affections!"

Things kept getting worse and worse for Ha-Choo. Choo-Choo ignored him as the Conspicional puffed and huffed by each night. Now, big rust blotches were appearing on poor Ha-Choo where the tears dripped down.

One day as the big express came by, he started speeding on one wheel, wagging his caboose, and doing all sorts of tricks to impress Choo-Choo. Choo-Choo let out a low murmur, and the express became so excited that he completely lost track of himself and crashed over the side into a tree! Only splinters and smithereens remained of the once proud Conspicional.

The engineer jumped out and flagged Ha-Choo as he came racing round the bend. There were important people on the Conspicional who had to be taken to the big city. These cars were hitched on to the already huge number Ha-Choo had. He merely smiled, took a pill to give himself more iron, and roared off. As his

(Con't p. 14)

Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's

. . . *After the rain*

Little rivulet of water,
You who rush and strive
To reach the sea,
And end up in a gutter—
Little rivulet of water,
Are you a sign to me?

Evan Snyder's

. . . The low-down on electronics

“SAY, Sneezy, what's all this talk about electronics? You turn on the radio and they give you all this noise about radio, television and radar, and that it's all done through electronics. They must really have something on the ball because they're sure going to town with it. What's the low-down on all that stuff anyway?”

Well, of course if you want to know what electronics is really all about, there are books and books and more books. But here is a brief idea of what goes on.

Thomas Edison started things rolling in 1883. His incandescent lamp, as you probably know, was nothing more than a glass bulb having a thin wire strung through it. When an electric current was passed through this wire or filament, as it was called, it became incandescent. Into one of these lamps Edison put a second element, a small metal plate. He discovered that if he placed a positive charge on this plate and turned on the lamp, a rather remarkable thing happened. An electric current flowed across the space between the filament and the plate.

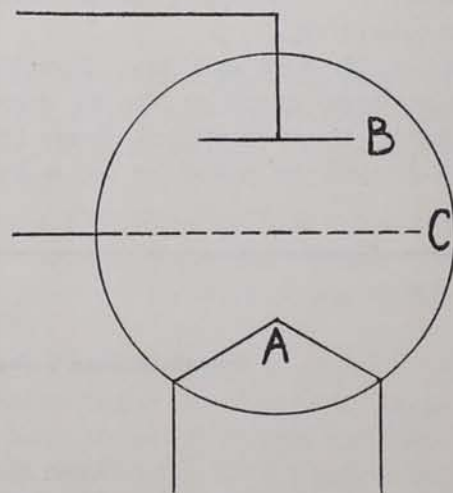
Now this was a bit unexpected, because electric currents as a rule do not flow across empty space. It wasn't very long, however, until it was explained. An electric current is thought to be the passage of electrons along a conductor. An electron is a small negatively charged particle of electricity. The heating of the filament then was due to the passage of electrons through it. Suppose there is a positive charge on the plate. Since unlike electrical charges attract, there will be a strong attractive force between the positively charged plate and the negatively charged electrons. If the charge on the plate is great enough, some of the electrons flowing through the filament will be pulled out of it, and will migrate to the plate. This passage of electrons from the filament to the plate is the electric current that Edison discovered.

It can be seen from the explanation of Edison's discovery that a current could not flow in the reverse direction. That is, the electrons could not flow from plate to filament, but must always flow from filament to plate. This simple

vacuum tube therefore acts as a valve. Suppose we should alternately make the plate positive and negative; that is, connect it to a source of alternating current. During the time that the plate is positive a current will flow from filament to plate, but during the time that the plate is negative no current will flow. Here we have a method of changing alternating current into direct current. Such a device is an electronic rectifier, one of which is in every radio set.

The X-ray tube is a variation of the simple vacuum tube. Rontgen discovered that if he made a heavy plate of some metal, such as tungsten, and put a very high positive charge on it, the stream of electrons incident on the tungsten would give rise to rays capable of penetrating ordinary matter. These rays he called X-rays. The ease with which these rays penetrate different materials varies with the nature of the substance, and it is this property that makes X-ray photographs possible.

A little more research led to another important discovery. This was the introduction of a third element into a vacuum tube. In the accompanying diagram the circle represents the glass bulb of a vacuum tube. A is the filament and B is the plate. Now C is the third element, which for want of a better name we shall call a grid. This grid is full of holes, so that if it



has no electrical charge the electrons will pass through and be unaffected by it. Suppose we make this grid negative. The electrons will be

repelled by it, and few of them will get through to the plate. This will decrease the current from A to B. Now let us make C positive. The electrons will be accelerated from A to C, but since C, the grid, is full of holes the electrons will pass on to B. In this case the grid helps the electrons along and we have a greater current from A to B.

Here lies the power of the vacuum tube. Only slightly changing the charge on the grid brings about great changes in the current from filament to plate. You might compare a vacuum tube to a lever. With a long enough lever you can push one end with your hand and lift an automobile with the other. A vacuum tube does almost the same thing in a less spectacular way. It "balances" one very small electric impulse with another very much larger, so that by changing the smaller, much greater changes are brought about on the larger.

The radio is an application of this principle. It takes impulses from the air with no more energy than a thought and makes them control other impulses strong enough to make the loud-speaker vibrate.

Of course there are elaborations on these vacuum tubes. Some tubes have as many as four and five elements between the filament and plate. Others have several plates and several filaments, but the principle is still the same as for the two and three element tubes.

There are many other wonders in the electronic world; for instance, the cathode ray tube, electron microscope, electric eye, television and other gadgets. The importance of electronics as a study can be judged from the number of men the armed services are training in radar and radio. But the realm of electronics is still only partially explored territory, and is by no means over-crowded.

SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

calumnious charges about their devotion to Jesus, the irate parishioners broke upon Charley as the stormy sea batters a grounded ship. The pent-up hatred of two years poured out; God Himself could not have stopped the flood!

Kicking him and beating him, the surging mass bore Charley outside. There under the glaring countenances of the sun, the approving clergy, the conniving municipal officers, and the sanguinary rabble, Charley was pelted and pounded until some brilliant mind suggested the strappado. With vicious avidity, the diversion was seized; a rope was procured, passed under his arms, and the sport was begun. Upward the struggling body was hauled; then, downward it plunged! Up, down, up, down, up, down, up, down . . . for almost an hour, until the sated brutality of the tormentors decreed that the bruised and bleeding form should hang there above the church door, a warning to the blasphemers.

After a few hours, when it was safe, we sneaked to the church and lowered Charley.

It wasn't difficult to see that he was ebbing slowly away. Once his eyelids flickered, opened to the glare of the mid-afternoon sun, and then closed forever. Just about the time that the sun reached the summit of the western mountain, a strange smile of sadness and satisfaction came to his lips, and Charley died.

A few of us bought this plot in a potter's field, and paid the digger an extra five dollars to dig the grave tonight. We set up a rude stone bearing Charley's name, the customary dates, and the words which Macbeth said of the dead Duncan: "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Now, it's all over, and I'm here alone. The dampness weighs everything down, and the world is quiet and still. The lights at an eventide Good Friday service pierce the haze as darts of truth in the fog of ignorance. Though I can't see them, I know that the Christians are there in the church, for Christians are very pious at this time of the year and celebrate three great holy days, but today is Good Friday—the one which they practice daily.

Helen Gorson's

. . . *Sing, my heart*

Open, my heart!
Open thy portals and sing!
Sing of the joys thou hast known.
Sing all the songs thou has danced to.
Open and let thy sunlight pierce earth's darkest shadows.
Open and let thy song pour forth in notes of beauty.

The world, weary, hopeless,
Flung by Hell's squadrons
Into the chaos of these hapless days,
Is waiting—waiting eagerly
For the strains of one glad song.
And thou, my heart, can'st thou not sing?
Can'st thou not cheer the tuneless hearts
Of a people long unused to cheering?

Sing thy song. So surely sing
The very heavens thrill,
And war-lords feel the tremor of the earth
As she begins to wake!
Thou hast a mighty harmony!
Thou hast a melody to charm
The dead, dead souls of men
Again to life!

To live again! Oh, what a song is thine!
And thou canst sing it well
For thou dost know it well!
A dying world is waiting—
Sing, my heart; oh, sing!

Joy Harter's

. . . *Interlude*

It snowed.
The earth lay shrouded
In its glistening garb of white,
And for a blissful hour
The world forgot its plight,
And people paused to gaze awhile
With quiet wonder
On the miracle
God wrought.
Even noise was muted,
And the busiest people
Could pause to pray
While time was halted.
As the pale sun sank
Behind a sparkling hill
A church bell rang
Across white fields,
And everyone stood still.
It seemed as though
Upon the earth
God's benediction lay.

Joan Wilmot's

. . . *Unconquerable soul*

A MASK, its deathly whiteness pierced by two black holes, glimpses into the raging hell that was her soul—this was the face of the woman marching proudly on, her head high and her arms swinging at her sides. She seemed oblivious to the crowd as it pressed on behind her, yelling, taunting, pelting her with filth, and to her guards who prodded her continually, jesting at first, and then in mounting anger when she heeded not, nor turned her head.

Yes, the mask remained immobile as the proud figure advanced, but the turmoil in that tortured soul was yet more frenzied than the tumult of the pursuing crowd.

"They're wrong! They're wrong! They're wrong!"

The words pressed themselves into her brain with increasing intensity as her captors, their steps coming faster and faster, were spurred on by their anticipation of the event to come.

A recollection of the premonition she had experienced the day before when she had looked with unaccustomed fear at the yellowing of the sky at noon-day, flashed into her mind. A

picture of an instant, it was replaced by that of a feeble old man pitifully feeling his way from bed to doorstep, offering a good word and a smile to all who called out a greeting as they passed—her father, blind. The little cottage had been singularly neglected by passers-by those last months, and she hadn't had the heart to tell him the reason. She had known, of course, but had tried to keep from admitting it, even to herself. After all, the townspeople knew her, had known her all her life, and she had done nothing wrong.

"Nothing wrong! Nothing wrong!"

The words beat at her head like a hammer as she walked. No, nothing wrong, except that she had kept almost entirely to herself, a fatal mistake in those days, and of late had taken to going on long solitary walks, no one knew where, carrying strange parcels, and returning oftentimes late at night. What was wrong in that? Ah, nothing except that the good people of the town could not understand her or what she did.

(Con't. p. 14)

Ethel Cunningham's

. . . *The covenant*

Bare limbs,
Shorn of your leaves.
How cold you look
Hanging there shaking
In the cruel December wind.
Pointing like fingers of Fate
To leaden skies
Through which no beam
Of sunlight shines.

Standing here,
With heart as cold and naked
As the limbs,
I hear a voice that says—
"Have faith, my child,
For days like this
I made the Spring
And hung the rainbow in the sky."

Ethel Cunningham's

. . . The lost warriors

I wonder where they are,
The men who died in the last war?

Perhaps they were disturbed
From peaceful sleep
By the tramp of marching feet
Above their graves.

Perhaps their spirits
(Wandering the earth)
Passed through the horrors
Of war again
In the stench and hell
Of Corregidor and Tarawa.

Perhaps they have gone
To comfort their desolate brothers
Whose dreams of freedom
Have turned to dust
Behind barbed wire

Perhaps they are trudging
Weary miles to nowhere
With the homeless,
Starving refugees.

But I should like to think
That they are waiting
With outstretched arms,
To welcome their new comrades
Into a brighter, happier land.

THEY ALSO SERVE

Fisk has been in Burma ever since. But in 1941 a new task fell to his hands after Japan had made war on the United States. Now a middle-aged man still active and devoted to his work, he found that his ability and twenty-four years of intensive experience in Burma were invaluable to British and American officers. He immediately applied all of his time and effort in furnishing our military officials with topographical and climatic information. Himself serving as a guide to expeditionary forces, he is again proving his usefulness to his country and to mankind.

EVER THE TWAIN

iron-bound muscles pumped away, he looked back to see little heart shaped puffs of smoke coming out of Choo-Choo.

Ha-Choo had done such a good job that he was given a new coat of paint and took over the job of the old Conspecional carrying people back and forth to the big city. Choo-Choo was so proud of him that she promised never to look at another train again, and Ha-Choo was so happy that he nearly burst a boiler.

If you ever happen to be riding through the countryside, you may see a little local standing there calling, "Yoo hoo, Ha-Choo," as she emits little heart shaped puffs of smoke. Then listen carefully. Sure enough, a big express will whizz by saying, "I-luv-you, I-luv-you, I-luv-you. Woo Woo!"

UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

Rumor, always dormant in the minds of the people, suddenly reared its head.

"Sorcery!" "Magic!" "Witch!"

The good people raised their hands in self-righteous horror when they heard the graphic tales of her deeds. What was the one defending voice of the crippled wood-carver's wife among all the accusing ones? She was doomed, this victim of circumstance and the times, helpless against the malignity and superstition of her people.

They came to her house that morning, and the faces of those New England fathers were stern and uncompromising. Oh the bestial eagerness on the faces of the guards who were to lead her to her death! Oh misguided age of bigotry! Was it for this that the Pilgrims left England's unfriendly shores?

Hands, strong and beautiful, clenching frantically, lips framing the same words, "They're wrong, they're wrong," the hitherto outward composure destroyed at last—she was tied to the stake. Flames licked hungrily at her feet, and her desperate eyes turned to the heavens. Then, as if drawing some sustaining power from that vast dome, the valiant figure became still and relaxed.

The flames roared, the crowd became silent, the black coals in the white mask gazed steadily out over all into eternity.

Ruth Hydren's

. . . Fragment

From the chaos
Of Life
I flee—
Seeking
The Silence
Of space,
Infinity
Alone
Calms me.
I feel
The essence
Of peace.

Marjorie Williams'

. . . Arrival

Mysteriously it comes, far rather felt than seen,
Covering with warmth the brown and barren
fields,
Melting brittle, crusty earth to glistening mud,
Whispering to naked trees soft words of hope,
Rousing sluggish streams to swirling, flooding
life,
Tinting winter skies a pale but shining blue,
The first faint breath of spring.

One of our local industries

Superior Tube Company

Manufacturers of metal tubing

Dolly Madison
ICE CREAM

Aristocrat
ICE CREAM



PHILADELPHIA DAIRY PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Pottstown Phone 816

JOIN THE CROWD AT

Lebegern's



The Corner Drug

MARCH IS RED CROSS MONTH

Give to the Red Cross

A WORTHY CAUSE

MEET AT THE...

SUPPLY STORE
CROSSROADS OF THE CAMPUS

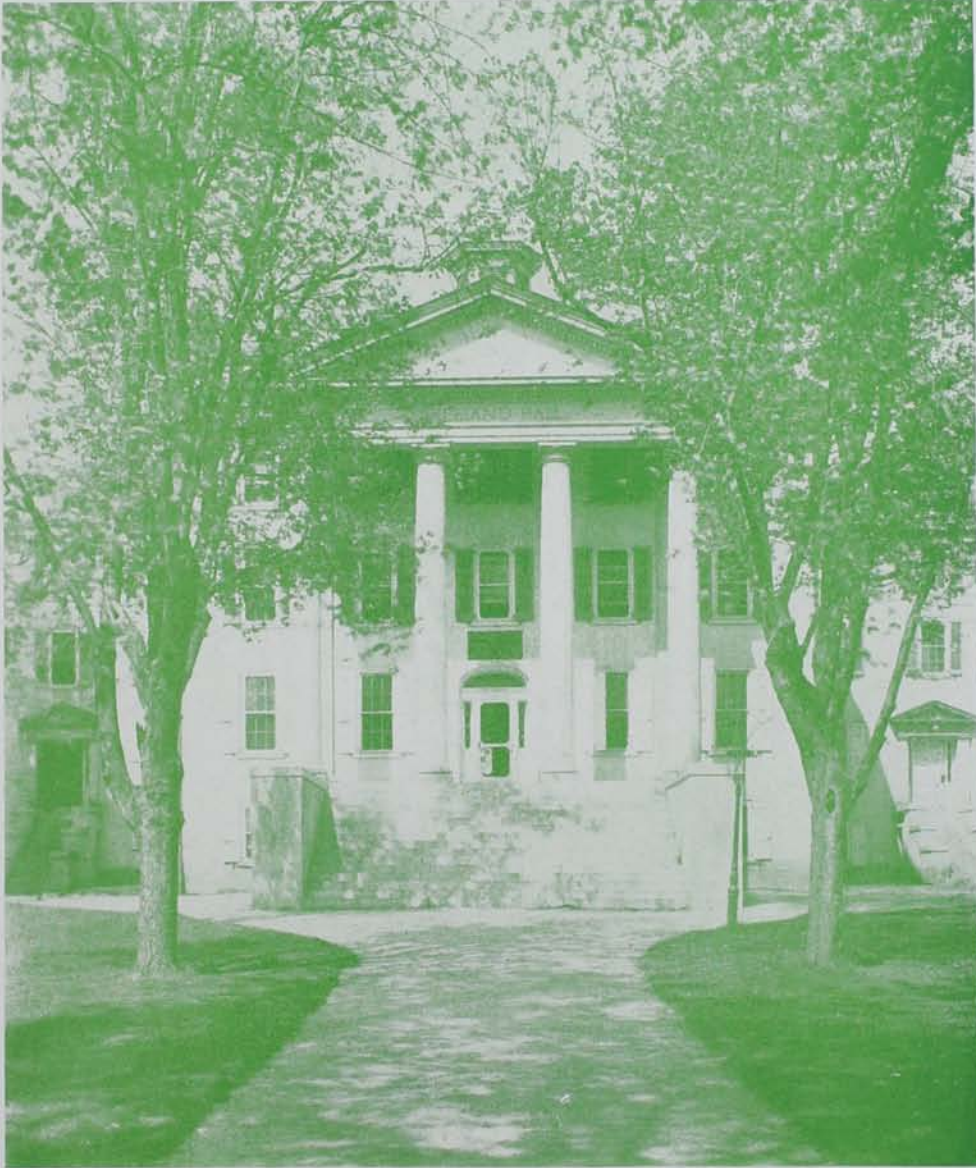
T I S

P E G

A N N E

J E A N

URSINUS COLLEGE



THE OLDEST COLLEGE IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY

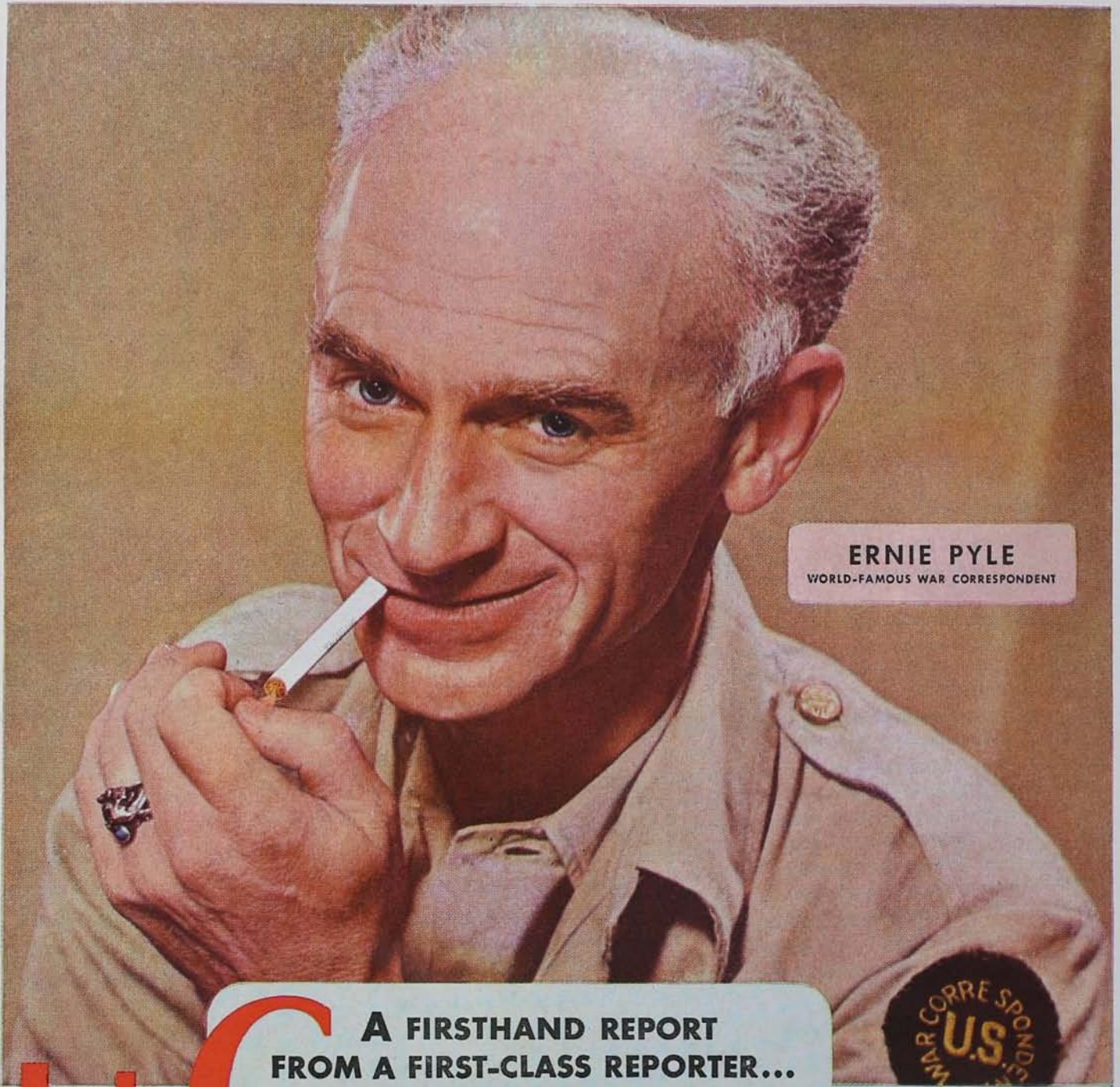


THE ONLY CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE
IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY



N. E. McCLURE, PH. D., LITT. D.

President



ERNIE PYLE
WORLD-FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT

IT'S CHESTERFIELD

A FIRSTHAND REPORT
FROM A FIRST-CLASS REPORTER...

ON EVERY FRONT I'VE COVERED... WITH
OUR BOYS AND OUR ALLIES, CHESTERFIELD
IS ALWAYS A FAVORITE *Ernie Pyle*

Chesterfields are milder and better-tasting for the best of reasons... they're made of the world's best cigarette tobaccos — but what's more... Chesterfield combines these choice tobaccos in a can't-be-copied blend that gives smokers what they want. That's why your Chesterfields really Satisfy. They're the favorite of millions.

