



12-1953

## The Lantern Vol. 22, No. 1, December 1953

Harold Smith  
*Ursinus College*

Dorothy Griffith  
*Ursinus College*

Lucy-Jo Malloy  
*Ursinus College*

Roland Dedekind  
*Ursinus College*

Mary Louise Killheffer  
*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

Smith, Harold; Griffith, Dorothy; Malloy, Lucy-Jo; Dedekind, Roland; Killheffer, Mary Louise; Hallstrom, David; Allen, Mary Jane; Hunt, Bobbe; and Glessner, Lois, "The Lantern Vol. 22, No. 1, December 1953" (1953). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 53.  
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/53>

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**

Harold Smith, Dorothy Griffith, Lucy-Jo Malloy, Roland Dedekind, Mary Louise Killheffer, David Hallstrom, Mary Jane Allen, Bobbe Hunt, and Lois Glessner

*The*

*Fall Issue*

L  
A  
N  
T  
E  
R  
N

*With consistency a great soul has  
simply nothing to do. — 'Ah, so you  
shall be sure to be misunderstood.'*

*— Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood?  
Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates,  
and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and  
Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and  
wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be  
great is to be misunderstood.*

*— From EMERSON'S Self-Reliance*

1953

## **COLLEGE CUT-RATE**

5th and Main Street

Collegeville

**FAMOUS  
FOR  
POPULAR BRANDS**

PAUL N. LUTZ, Manager

---

---

## **COLLEGE DINER**

**Excellent Food — Efficient Service**

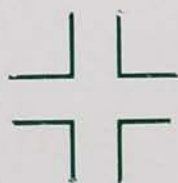
Open Around the Clock

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

---

---

## **THE SUPPLY STORE**



*"Cross Roads of the Campus"*

*Enjoy the cozy atmosphere of . . .*

## **LAKESIDE INN**

LUNCHEON AND DINNER

Served Daily and Sunday

— Catering to —

BANQUETS    --    PRIVATE PARTIES

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

Phone: Linfield 2933

Route 422 — LIMERICK

# The LANTERN

ROLAND DEDEKIND, *Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Mary Jane Allen . Barry Bressler . Patricia Garrow . Dorothy Griffith

Lucy-Jo Malloy . Joline Paradis . Harold Smith . Mizz Test

ART STAFF: Barbara Wagner, Editor . Dorothy Schulz

BUSINESS STAFF: William Sourber . Katherine Stewart

ADVISER: H. Lloyd Jones, Jr.

## IN THIS ISSUE

Fall Issue  
December 1953  
Vol. XXII, No. 1

### ARTICLES . . .

Mrs. K.....	<i>Harold Smith</i>	8
The Death of Israel Chauncey.....	<i>Dorothy Griffith</i>	10
The Tramp.....	<i>Harold Smith</i>	11
The Man Who Remembered the Future.....	<i>Lucy-Jo Malloy</i>	12
"Music, when soft voices die . . ."	<i>Roland Dedekind</i>	14

### POETRY . . .

Cloud-Horses.....	<i>Roland Dedekind</i>	6
Faith.....	<i>Mary Louise Killheffer</i>	6
Hymn To What Might Have Been.....	<i>Mary Louise Killheffer</i>	6
In Autumn.....	<i>David Hallstrom</i>	6
Reverie.....	<i>Mary Jane Allen</i>	6
A Lantern.....	<i>Lucy-Jo Malloy</i>	9
A Taste of Perfection.....	<i>Mary Louise Killheffer</i>	9
A Reverie.....	<i>Roland Dedekind</i>	9
Small Dog.....	<i>Bobbe Hunt</i>	9
Rhapsody of Life.....	<i>Lucy-Jo Malloy</i>	15

### OTHER FEATURES . . .

Editorial.....		7
From the Tower Window.....	<i>Harold Smith</i> <i>Mizz Test</i>	3
Ethelred I (a play).....	<i>Lois Glessner</i>	4

### ILLUSTRATIONS . . .

Barbara Wagner.....		4
Dorothy Schulz.....		9

THE LANTERN: Published three times during the college year by The Chancellor Press, Bridgeport, Pennsylvania, for Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania. Subscription 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents. By mail, \$1 per year.

Phone: RE 9-4513

Established 1896

## **JOHN C. TOWNSEND & SONS**

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, ETC.

We Specialize in  
ORANGE PEKOE TEA BAGS

Cor. Boston Avenue and Almond Street  
PHILADELPHIA 25, PA.

MArket 7-8450

## **PIERCE & REESE**

Just Consistently Fine

MEATS • POULTRY • PROVISIONS

FROSTED FOODS

130-132 N. Delaware Avenue  
PHILADELPHIA 6

# Takin' off for more Sealtest



**The fastest moving brand of Milk and Ice Cream in America**

## From the Tower Window



By MIZZ TEST

Contrary to the popular opinion long persistent on this campus that cultural appreciation among students is conspicuous by its absence, there has been much evidence lately of a renewed and growing appreciation of the literary arts that has extended beyond the realms of Bomberger Hall and has invaded the Supply Store in the form of several book shelves which supply such cultural aspects at a moderate rate. Surprisingly enough, the majority of these works are of a serious vein, two of the most popular being books of poetry. The fact that any Ursinus student would relinquish his hard-earned cash for such reading matter as he previously and loudly cursed over in Lit 3-4, is, I think, a resounding vote of confidence for the Ursinus Cultural Appreciation. Rant no more, ye denizens of the English Department for, as Kipling has phrased it, "Your work continueth great beyond your knowing."

For those readers who as yet move in the realms of darkness, let us expound a moment on the contents of one of these volumes—a small turquoise-covered book available for the price of a bottle of Budweiser (or Miller's High Life for our more patrician readers)—*The Pocket Book of Poetry*. Herein are contained 249 poems, the respective works of some 77 writers ranging from Chaucer to Steven Vincent Benet and containing between those two a host of the great and near-great who have attained what is known to students of Philosophy 7 as social immortality. A strange conglomeration of immortals it is too, for Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey* rubs shoulders with Scott's romantic *Young Lochinvar*, while Swinburn's lugubrious *Garden of Proserpine* is flanked by the top banana nonsense of Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky*. As it takes all types to make a world, it would seem that this edition applies to the immortal as well as to the mortal sphere.

However, as with all works of man, this book is not without its faults. The chief one and the one which seems to plague the entire wave of anthology compilers is that they are under the impression that a certain writer wrote only a limited number of poems, and these they repeat in every anthology *ad infinitum—ad nauseum*. One of these herein so slighted is A. E. Housman. Anthologists seem to think that he wrote only *Loveliest of Trees*, *With Rue My Heart Is Laden*, *When I Was One and Twenty*, and if they really want to go wild, *To An Athlete Dying Young*. To anyone who knows Housman, this is as insulting as watered-down ale and just as anemic.

We can clearly recall several years ago one of

(Continued on Page 15)



By HAROLD SMITH

This column represents an attempt by THE LANTERN to become a bit more sophisticated (with all due apologies to the *New Yorker*) and yet interesting (with all due apologies to the student body). In it we will attempt to review various things (plays, movies, books, records, works of art, *und so weiter*) that we feel would be of interest to the student body, or at least (we hope) a section of it. However, we will attempt to limit ourselves in that we will review only that about which we have, at least, some knowledge (this represents a departure from the practice of some other reviewers).

If anyone has the great good fortune to be planning to spend a weekend in New York in the future I would heartily recommend their seeing at least one of the following. *Can-Can* at the Shubert Theater with book by Abe Burrows and music by Cole Porter, is one of the better "new" shows on Broadway. Though this story of Paris in the 1890's and the origin of the famed dance opened last season (1952-1953) it has lost none of its freshness, despite a run through the wilting New York summer. The show is blessed with Gwen Verdon (as Claudine) who performs some of the best choreography seen in modern musical Cookson (Judge Aristide Forestier) and Hans comedy. Lilo (as Le Mome Pistache), Peter Conried (Boris Adzinidzinadze) all are well cast and along with a fine staff of supporting players give New York a musical treat.

An entirely different type of entertainment is offered three doors West of the Shubert Theater; it is *Me and Juliet* at the Majestic Theater. In no other musical that I've seen on Broadway have book and music fit together so well. The play itself is far more dramatic and interesting than is usual in musical comedy, and the whole gives the impression that it is aimed at an intelligent and appreciative audience. Isabel Bigley (Jeanie) and Bill Hayes (Larry) lead the cast as the two lovers, and Mark Dawson (Bob) plays the villain. Special credit should go to Ray Walston (Mac) and Joan McCracken (Betty) for their fine supporting work. The theme of young love in the theater lends itself to song, and Richard Rodgers has graced the production with many fine songs beside *No Other Love*, such as *Keep It Gay*, *The Overture to Me and Juliet*, *The Big Black Giant* and *Intermission Talk*. I hold that *Me and Juliet* represents a welcome departure from the usual Broadway musical and is, therefore, in the nature of an experiment. As something different it is most refreshing.

(Continued on Page 16)

# Ethelred I (or Strictly for the Birds)

LOIS GLESSNER

a study in Elizabethan drama

specially prepared to aid English majors

in the

appreciation of Shakespeare and related courses.

Prologue<sup>1</sup>

Enter Chorus<sup>2</sup>

Chorus: Sing a song<sup>3</sup> of Sixpence<sup>4</sup>  
A pocket full of rye<sup>5</sup>  
Four and twenty<sup>6</sup> blackbirds  
Baked in a pie.<sup>7</sup>  
When the pie was opened<sup>8</sup>  
The birds began to sing<sup>9</sup>  
Wasn't that a dainty dish<sup>10</sup>  
To set<sup>11</sup> before the king<sup>12</sup>?



"Hast thou the treasure?"

1. Note the lyric form of the prologue. The form was favored by the Elizabethans because the sing-song quality made the lines easier for a stupid actor to remember. Had the actor been intelligent, he would not have been acting an Elizabethan prologue anyway.
2. Compare this line to *Romeo and Juliet* in "Selected Plays of Shakespeare," Holznecht and McClure, Vol. 2, p. 85. (This line reads, "Enter Chorus.") The similarity between this line and the one from Shakespeare is probably due to the fact that Shakespeare was an Elizabethan.
3. The chorus did not actually sing his part. The word "song" is probably used to indicate the chanting tone usually used in the rendition of these lines. See note 1.
4. Six pennies. This is a rather obscure allusion to English coinage. In one early manuscript, the word appears "Sixpants." This form is probably an archaic association which still survives in our usage when we refer to the money-spender as "the one who wears the pants in the family."
5. This probably refers to the Elizabethan hip flask. Dr. Onionskin, however, who has done extensive studies on plant life in Elizabethan drama, believes the reference is to the fact that the chorus carried his script in his pocket and hence had "a pocket full of rhyme."
6. Twenty-four. The abacus was going out of common use at this time and the Elizabethans often became confused when they tried to count above ten.
7. It has been suggested that this indicates a black-berry pie, and that "birds" are a misprint. However, since berries do not sing (see line 6), I fear we cannot throw out the birds.
8. So as to give the birds air.
9. See note 7.
10. The blonde waitress. It seems odd that she should be referred to as dainty since most studies show that Elizabethans favored a more buxom type.
11. Sit. Such errors in grammar occur when the poet becomes more interested in his subject than in his form.
12. Probably Ethelred the Unready, whose life story the student may find in the biography, "Ethel and Ethelred—A Life of Unreadiness."

Act.I, scene 1. — In the Countinghouse.<sup>13</sup>

Enter King<sup>14</sup>.

King: What ho!<sup>15</sup> Aurora doth light<sup>16</sup> the Sultan's<sup>17</sup> turrets<sup>18</sup>  
and by my dial<sup>19</sup> the hour of reckoning<sup>20</sup> is at hand.

Enter Waitress<sup>21</sup>.

Wait<sup>22</sup>: Good morn<sup>23</sup>, my lord.<sup>24</sup>

King: Hast thou the treasure?<sup>25</sup>

Wait: Aye, I have.<sup>26</sup>

King: Then<sup>27</sup> let us be about our task.<sup>28</sup>

Exeunt.<sup>29</sup>



13. A house used for counting. Extensive research has failed to reveal the exact substance counted in a counting house. In this scene it may be taken to be either blackbirds or domestic help.
14. The king (see note 12) comes on stage.
15. The Russian scholar Izzyaslav and the British Sir Ramsbottom have disagreed quite violently over the use of an exclamation point or a question mark here. The interrogative "What" should seem to favor the latter, but usage has come to favor the exclamatory interpretation.
16. Aurora was the goddess of matches and often was called upon when light was needed until, the invention of the cigarette lighter by Archibald L. Ronson.
17. Passion Pasha I, the Sultan of Turkey. The reason for his association with Aurora seems obscure. One theory is that the English first acquired matches through caravan trade with Turkey. See note 16.
18. Towers. Turkish Sultans were in the habit of having towers.
19. Sun dial. The sun dial was a rather ancient instrument which showed the time by casting a shadow. They probably existed from very early times since their construction required very little technical skill and very few materials. Later, the hour glass came into use. In this case, however, the word means watch.
20. Counting. See note 13.
21. Dr. Snyder feels that the king should make his exit at this point. However, there is probably some subtle dramatic advantage to be gained by his remaining on stage.
22. This is an abbreviation for waitress. Such abbreviations are common in Elizabethan drama and appear mainly for the purpose of confusing the issue.
23. Good morning. A customary greeting.
24. The student should note the importance of this line. He will often hear this and similar lines quoted and should realize the key position it plays in the story. Such lines should unquestionably be committed to memory.
25. The custom of referring to the king's money bags as "the treasure" seems to have originated in very early times. (See Beowulf XXXVIII, ". . . So Wiglaf returned with treasure laden . . ." etc.)
26. Read: "Aye, I have the treasure."
27. Then, i.e., since you have the treasure. See notes 25 and 26.
28. The "task" is presumably the counting of the money. However, this does not become altogether clear.
29. The King and waitress leave the stage here so as to clear the way for the next act.

Act II, scene 1. — In the Parlor<sup>30</sup>.

Enter the Queen<sup>31</sup>.

Queen: This liquid gold<sup>32</sup> must now wash from my eyes<sup>33</sup> the  
memory<sup>34</sup> of the real<sup>35</sup>.

Come bread<sup>36</sup>, for I will munch thee with great zeal.<sup>37</sup>

Exit.

30. Parlors were not common in the time of Ethelred. It has been suggested that the pantry would be a more appropriate setting for the scene both for the sake of action and for historical accuracy.
31. Queen Ethel, wife of Ethelred the Unready. See note 12.
32. Honey. The queen is lamenting the fact that her husband has stolen her gold. See Act I, scene 1.
33. Since one does not remember with the eyes, but rather with the mind, the queen probably intends to say here "mind." However, eyes are more easily washed. See Sir Sidney Flush, *Recent Scientific Developments and Improved Eyesight as Related to Eyewash*.
34. Since the eye sees rather than remembering, the queen probably intends to say "sight" here.
35. Real gold of the sort counted in counting houses.
36. To eat the honey on.
37. The student should note the use of the rhymed couplet to end the scene.

Act III, scene 1. — In the Garden.

Enter Maid<sup>38</sup>.

Maid: Wash, wash, wash—alack<sup>39</sup>! (She hangs<sup>40</sup>)

Enter Blackbird<sup>41</sup>.

Blackbird: Caw! Caw!<sup>42</sup>

Maid: By Bess!<sup>43</sup> Get thee hence<sup>44</sup>, beast!<sup>45</sup>

Blackbird: Cow?<sup>46</sup>

Maid: Varlet! be gone!<sup>47</sup>

What? No nose I have?<sup>48</sup> I am noseless! Alack!<sup>49</sup>

Come back<sup>50</sup> thou Varlet!

Exit Maid<sup>51</sup>

38. To be distinguished from the waitress in Act I. This maid was less attractive and therefore left to hang the wash.
39. The maid feels that there is a lack of wash and wonders why there is not more.
40. This is one of the most controversial lines in the play. F. P. Philips feels that the maid should begin to hang the laundry. Dr. Boyd-Jones, however, being of different temperament, feels that the maid should hang herself. This latter action, however, would tend to restrict her actions throughout the rest of the play and becomes improbable.

(Continued on Next Page)

41. A fugitive from note 7.
42. An expression common to blackbirds.
43. Since the play is Elizabethan, the oath may be taken to refer to Queen Elizabeth. However, many cows of the period were named Bess and the maid could be referring to her favorite of these.
44. Go.
45. Birds are not usually beasts unless this bird was a beastly bird rather than a birdy bird and hence may be, in a sense, more beast than bird.
46. This is an unusual experience for a bird. The student should remember that vowels shifted, and hence the "o" may be an "a." This then may be a reference to the famous quotation in regards to the great vowel shift, "Marlowe, eat my stewed cow and baked beans." Still another possibility is that a reference to the cow "Bess" is intended. See note 43.
47. Go. See note 44.
48. Having no nose was an expression used to refer to a woman who was not nose-y. The maid feels this would not apply to her.
49. A lack of nose. The blackbird had bitten it off. The plot of this story dates back to the nursery days of English literature.
50. The maid's capricious character is well displayed in this speech where she entreats the bird both to leave (notes 44 and 47) and to return.
51. Boyd-Jones believes the bird should also exit. Note the dramatic effect created by drawing the play to a swift close.

## Faith

MARY LOUISE KILLHEFFER

*How straight and proud this blade of grass  
Until I crush it with my foot.  
Now watch it painfully unfold,  
Push from the earth to stand again.  
How fresh and green this blade of grass  
Until the Winter chills it brown.  
Now watch it, in Spring rain and warmth,  
Grow clean and fresh and live again.  
What trust within this simple leaf  
Through trampling tread and freezing frost.  
I bow in shame. So small a thing  
Has much more faith in Thee than I!*

## Hymn

### To What Might Have Been

MARY LOUISE KILLHEFFER

*Cool and crashing green waves thunder,  
Never ceasing, on the shore:  
Pounding unrelenting waters  
Wearing down the costal door.*

*Warm and tender sad eyes tattoo  
Little nudges on my heart.  
Smile once more your bittersweet smile—  
Watch my tear-touched answer start.*

## Reverie

MARY JANE ALLEN

*The moonlight on a midnight sea  
Marks a ghostly path,  
And leads my thoughts, in reverie,  
To distant lands.*

*There is no sound save whispering surf  
Rushing up the shore,  
No human noise to bring reproof  
For dreaming dreams.*

*My thoughts are sped by salt sea air  
Down that shimmering path,  
Yet while I dream, it fades away  
As morning comes.*

## Cloud-Horses

ROLAND DEDEKIND

*Come out, come out, in the wild storm  
In the raindrops sharply flying,  
Feel the courage in the wind  
And leave the fire dying.*

*There's force in the show of wind and rain  
Where lightning's a crooked mast,  
While far overhead in the fluid black  
Cloud horses are galloping past.*

*The wind spurs them on in the swirling skies  
Lest they tarry too long in their game,  
Then rearing and dashing, with dull clashing  
swords  
Go the horses with storm at the rein.*

*Come out, come out, in the wild storm  
Which smothers the mighty sun  
With billowing cloud horses, eager to see  
New lands, in the foaming horizon.*

## In Autumn

DAVID HALLSTROM

*I know a graceful maple tree,  
Youngest of all the trees around,  
That is the first to scatter free,  
Its yellow leaves upon the autumn ground.*

*The sky is still a summer blue,  
The air is warm as summer's breath,  
But down a long green avenue  
This one tree stands in yellow death:*

*A swirling flame that rises  
So instantly from autumn's touch,  
That I think it half despises  
Those trees disposed to linger much.*

*To hold to green that must be given,  
To halt the time that takes away  
Whatever trees may know of heaven,  
And we of a summer day.*

## Editorial:

---

"It's time for a change!" These few words formed the battlecry of the Republicans for the 1952 presidential election campaign. Mr. Eisenhower, a Republican, won. Since then, we of the LANTERN have also adopted that ringing phrase. May we profit as well; not in the sense of aspiring to great political heights, but in inducing more students and other persons off the limits of the Ursinus College campus, if out of no other reason than curiosity, to peer within the covers of our revised LANTERN.

The major changes we have forced upon our magazine are: one, a standardized cover; two, a new title page makeup; and three, the most important, two regular columns handled ably by two of our staff members, Harold Smith and Mizz Test. At first glance these innovations may seem trifling, but after a closer scrutiny, especially at our finances, the changes take on mammoth proportions. This year, as President Eisenhower, we are striving to balance our budget. The financial situation of the LANTERN, granted, is minute when compared to the problems of Mr. Dodge, but it is of utmost concern to us of the staff, especially to our ad-seeking business managers who struggle in all variations of humidity to secure nourishment for the dollar-consuming operation of publishing a magazine.

We do not wish to state again the aim, purpose, or theory of the LANTERN. All this has been hashed and re-hashed in past issues, and, to quote another bit of Emerson in addition to what is inscribed on our cover, ". . . imitation is suicide." We do, however, wish to remind our readers that the LANTERN is in its twenty-first year of publication, which is quite a long life span for a purely literary magazine. Another fact which makes our existence even more unusual is that the LANTERN is not sold to the students.

Every time an issue of the LANTERN appears, we are bombarded by wave upon wave of criticism. This is entirely unjustified. It is a well known proverb that we can not please all of the people all of the time; thus it is impossible to publish a magazine which will find favor in the eyes of all its readers. To combat criticism we have attempted to explain our reasons for doing this or stating that, we have invited letters to the editor, we have asked for suggestions to better the LANTERN. All have failed. It is infinitely easier to tear down than to construct. The ones who criticize are at a loss to suggest ideas which might benefit the publication. Instead, they sally forth with wild and impossible schemes which, were we to put them into effect, would destroy the LANTERN as surely as if the critics were to strangle it with their own hands. Many times over we have pleaded for material to print. Except for a group of true writers who contribute regularly, what writings do we receive? None! When asked, the critics say,

"We can't write," yet they have the effrontery to gather the robes of critics about them and condemn what has been written in the LANTERN. True, they have the privilege to speak for what they like and against what they dislike, but to criticize a work of whose composition they know nothing—! We of the LANTERN always take appraising views of every criticism offered to better our magazine. If there is even the slightest possibility of instituting a new idea, it is debated thoroughly in our closed staff meetings. If the plan passes our vote it is adopted; if not, it is rejected. So far, we have had little to do in this department except in the immediate vicinity of our staff.

Then too, those persons who write and do not submit their work to the LANTERN are as equally at fault as the critics. There are three classes of people in this group: those who are not interested to submit works, those who are interested but do little more than revolve the consideration around in their well-intentioned minds, and those who have submitted one work, have had it rejected, and then lost all enthusiasm in the matter. Were the world made up of these believers, utmost chaos would run rampant. Then, because of failure to print articles we never get, we are accused of favoring staff members in our selections of stories, poems, or other what-nots. Oh, happy will be the day when our LANTERN Box will be filled with gracious contributions. It is truthfully said, one is not a writer until his room is papered with rejection slips.

All of which leads us to take a quick look at the contributors to this issue of the LANTERN. Harold Smith, Mizz Test, Lucy-Jo Malloy, and Mary Louise Killheffer need no introductions. They have provided us with consistently fine material in previous editions. Dorothy Griffith makes her debut in the pages of the LANTERN with *The Death of Israel Chauncey*, a very vivid and dramatic work. David Hallstrom returns to our table of contents after a lapse of a year. Mr. Hallstrom was on the staff in 1951-52, but relegates himself to a role of contributor this season. Mary Jane Allen and Bobbe Hunt also display their writings within our covers for the first time. Miss Allen is well versed in the field of literature, holding the position of editor-in-chief of the *Weekly* besides being a member of our staff. Miss Hunt, a freshman at Ursinus, opens her literary career with *Small Dog*, a charming and delightful picture of "a cur of low degree," and a poem which will appeal to all mongrel owners. Lois Glessner has given our pages the light touch with another first—a historical play. English majors will find *Ethelred I* an infinite help in understanding sixteenth and seventeenth century literature. Many thanks to all who had the foresight to contribute to such an up and coming magazine—THE LANTERN.

—ROLAND DEDEKIND

To the office cleaning woman it was a normal morning of a normal working day. The office, on the thirteenth floor of one of the great buildings of the city, was empty. But, this was usual when the woman came to dust. The ceiling lights were on in the office and the fans hummed, also as was usual. The woman turned and looked at the clock; it was half-past-eight. She always finished dusting the Advertising Department offices at half-past-eight.

Now the cleaning woman sat down at one of the desks. Soon she heard footsteps in the hall outside of the office. This too, was usual. The footsteps were those of Mrs. K. The door of the office opened.

"Good morning Mrs. K."

A tall, thin woman stepped into the office. The woman was in her middle fifties and wore a black dress and a black hat. (Neither hat nor dress could have been considered "new" or "in style.") Mrs. K's face was slightly wrinkled, and she wore glasses with silver frames. She put her hat neatly into one of the metal cabinets near the door.

"Good morning Mrs. O'Brian."

The cleaning woman studied the tall figure for a moment. "Well, is there any news? Did yer daughter have her baby yet?"

The tall figure answered in her usual quiet way. "No, not yet. The pains started yesterday afternoon. Dot was taken to the hospital, but they stopped soon after she got there and Dot got a good rest. We don't rush things in our family."

The cleaning woman appeared satisfied. She looked at the clock.

"Time to go. Be sure to let me know if anything happens Mrs. K."

The door to the office closed behind the stout, ambling figure of the cleaning woman, and Mrs. K. was left alone with the desks, phones, electric lights and humming fans.

Mrs. K. turned and went to her desk which was set off in a remote corner of the Advertising Department. Here a low office partition and three walls marked the boundaries of her working world, the Proof Room. This was Mrs. K's own section which she had supervised all of her seventeen years with "the Company."

Mrs. K. unlocked her desk drawers and removed the timesheets from one of them. Then she placed the timesheets on a stand nearby. Soon people began to enter the office. The copywriters, the production people, the publicity people all signed in. Some stopped to talk with Mrs. K.

"How is Dot?"

"Was it a boy or a girl?"

"Any news?"

"Well?"

Always Mrs. K. gave them the same story. It wasn't really much of a story yet Mrs. K. said, and thought. But soon everyone who cared about Dot and Mrs. K. had asked the questions and heard the story.

Now the office began to have the air of business about it. The first batch of proofs from the city newspapers came in, and Mrs. K's boys began to

sort them and prepare them for delivery. Mrs. K. supervised the boys, signed in proofs, and became wrapped up in the day's routine.

To most people Mrs. K. appeared as busy as ever with her daily work, but within her there was the gnawing, uncertain feeling that is so common to the human animal in a time of trouble and doubt. "The phone, why doesn't it ring?" she thought a hundred times the first two hours of the morning. "No news is good news." "If anything went wrong they'd call for sure." Then, as she sat at her desk with her timebook before her, Mrs. K's phone rang.

"Proof room."

Her heart was light.

"About the proof for the Sunday—"

Her heart felt heavy within her, but she concentrated on the problem at hand and gave the caller the proper information.

The fans continued to hum, and the lights continued to burn in the Advertising Department as morning wore on into afternoon. Mrs. K. sent the boys out to lunch. No she wouldn't be going out today; the chief of copy's secretary would bring her a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

The phone rang. "I didn't get the proof for—"

The secretary brought the lunch.

"Any news yet?"

"Not yet dear."

"She's just taking her time that's all."

"Yes."

The hands of the old alarm clock on Mrs. K's desk spelled out half-past-one. All of the office crowd came back from lunch, but Mrs. K. had not moved.

Two of the office girls were talking across the office in the Copy Division.

"Dot's her only child and I can see why she'd be a little worried."

"Dot's all she has left. Don't you know that Mrs. K's husband died a few months ago. He was in the hospital nearly five years too."

"I hope everything turns out all right though. Dot isn't too strong a girl."

"Why doesn't she call? Why doesn't someone call?"

The hands of the office clock moved on. The proofs flowed into the Proof Room and were passed around the office. Mrs. K. still sat at her desk.

"It's been so long. What if something went wrong? No, I shouldn't think of those things. Dot will be all right. Dot is everything to me, everything."

The hands of the office clock moved slowly. The afternoon "Relief" passed and the long day was nearly done.

The phone rang.

"I want a Friday proof—"

"I could call. No, I won't call. Bill said he'd call me, and not to worry. I would only upset him. Furthermore he wants to be the first to give me the news. How I hope it's a girl. Soon, soon, I'll be able to go to the hospital."

(Continued on Next Page)

The office was emptying. The hour hand of the clock pointed to the Roman numeral five, and the fans hummed on. Now the room was empty except for Mrs. K. She had just placed her hat on her head when her phone rang. She hurried to it; her eyes were bright.

"Mom, this is Bill. I've tried to work up the courage to call all afternoon. I have news; it's not good news, I really don't know what to say, mom. You see, Dot, Dot is, she's — dead!"

The next morning the office was empty, as usual when the cleaning woman came to dust. The lights were on, and the fans whurred. The cleaning woman cleaned and left at the usual time. But, there were no footsteps in the hall this morning and the cleaning woman did not meet Mrs. K. Mrs. K. would not be in to work today.

## A Reverie

ROLAND DEDEKIND

*She's gone — and with her also passed  
The china hills, the tea-cup sea,  
That mystic world, once bright, becomes  
A plain of barren dreams for me.*

*The clock ticks by the age-worn hours,  
The sun marks off eternal days,  
The years tread past unceasingly,  
In dark and never-lifting haze.*

*Since then, I count the days no more,  
The years stored up in memory,  
Once more we two can look upon  
The china hills, the tea-cup sea.*

## A Lantern

LUCY-JO MALLOY

*Lord, let me be a lantern,  
Let me be a glowing light  
To guide a straying trav'ler*

*Through life's long weary night.  
I know my light will flicker;  
It will never truly die,  
For I'll leave behind a spark  
To light another lantern by.*

## A Taste of Perfection

MARY LOUISE KILLHEFFER

*A perfect thing can blind the eye;  
And lesser things will satisfy  
The soul no longer.*

*I glimpsed perfection once, in you,  
And all contentment now is through.  
My needs are stronger.*

*A searching fills my waking hours;  
My satisfaction in life sours.  
Life's light is weaker.*

*Alone I see perfection's gone.  
For excellence my heart hunts on:  
Eternal seeker.*



## Small Dog

BOBBE HUNT

*With muddy tracks and cold wet smacks and playful  
knacks and biscuit snacks  
With well-marked fur and frequent burr and  
threatening g-r-r and breed of cur  
With countless hairs and untold cares and human  
flairs and legs in pairs  
With liquid eyes and restless sighs and whimper-  
ing cries—*

*our hearts he buys.*

*For clever trick and chops that lick and toenail  
click and battle nick  
For tireless tail and lonesome wail and chase for  
mail and tugging hail  
For tongue so pink and noisy drink and paws that  
link and doggy stink  
For deepest growl and weirdest howl and fear of  
towel—*

*love him I shall.*

*Of velvet ears and toothy sneers and lawn-mower  
fears and unwept tears  
Of quivering nose and dainty pose and sun-  
bleach toes and love that shows  
Of coppered head and flea-filled bed and silent  
tread and please unsaid  
Of canine-ness and nudge caress and our address—  
our pup's priceless.*

My idea of an agreeable person is a person who agrees with me. — Benjamin Disraeli

# The Death of Israel Chauncey

DOROTHY GRIFFITH

Once Israel Chauncey was the most brilliant young man in Hadley, Massachusetts. Today is the day of his funeral, but they bury only the ashes of Israel Chauncey. Once he had a bright future ahead, and then suddenly the future became dark. Now Israel Chauncey has no future at all.

But let me start at the beginning. In 1724 this young man, a very intelligent theological student, graduated from Harvard. How happy all the people of Hadley were for him!

"He'll be as fine a minister as his father," predicted Mrs. Meggs, who lived across the street from the Chauncey family. "Perhaps when his father is too old to preach, Israel will become the minister of the Hadley church just as his great grandfather, grandfather, and father had been."

Such bright predictions and such bright hopes came from everyone's lips, but they all remained unfulfilled. Soon after his graduation Israel left the people of Hadley again. He became a teacher in an academy at Hadley and later, after he had done some preaching, he was sought for the vacant pulpit of a church in Norwalk, Connecticut.

"But someday," said the people of Hadley, "Israel will at least come back and visit us. What a proud homecoming it will be for his mother and Parson Chauncey."

Well, Israel did come home soon, but it was a sad, sad homecoming. You see, Israel Chauncey was my older brother, and although I was only twelve years old, I was one of the first to know when the letter arrived saying that Israel was sick and was coming home. I'll never forget the way Israel looked when he walked in the door that day. Why, when he went away, he had been a sight to make any young girl's heart beat faster but when he returned he was a ghost of his former self. How pale he was! His curly black hair looked wild. His brown eyes looked sullen and lusterless; and his whole figure was stooped as if it bore too heavy a burden, yet all he carried was a small bag. Ma let out a yell and ran to put her arms around him. Israel didn't seem glad to see us at all.

"You look bad," I said. "Israel, what are you sick from?"

But he just stared and muttered something about being tired. Ma glared at me and took him off up to our room. When he came down again I asked her the question that was in my mind.

"Ma," I whispered, "is it galloping consumption like that Winters girl died of two or three years ago? He looks as bad as she did."

"Be quiet, Asa," cautioned my father, who had just come into the room. "We do not know what ails your brother, but we will call in Dr. Hopkins."

Well, the doctor came and said he thought Israel had probably been studying too hard and had had brain fever. He said he didn't know when Israel would be better. And Israel didn't get better. Most of the time he sat and stared at a blank wall for hours on end.

About a week after his arrival a terrible thing

happened. Everyone in the house had gone to bed. I knew that Israel was asleep because of his deep breathing, and I lay there in the darkness listening. I was worried, because Israel seemed to be an entirely different person from the brother that I had known. He used to be bright and lively. Now he was dull and almost stupid. He would rarely talk to me. In fact, his favorite occupation was to sit and mope. I had never seen Israel act so depressed. Sometimes an awful thought would take hold of me. I would try to forget it, but it would persist. Perhaps Israel was losing his mind! So I lay there listening to Israel breathe and as I lay there I worried. Then suddenly his breathing quickened. Then his breath came in short, harsh gasps. I was terrified. I thought Israel was dying! He suddenly sat up in bed and began waving his arms around.

"Fire! Fire!" he shouted in a high thin voice cracking with excitement.

"No, Israel," I said, shaking him. "Wake up. You're having a bad dream."

But he wouldn't wake up. He kept on yelling, and as I shook him he grabbed hold of me with a strength which I never would have believed was left in his wasted body.

"Let go of me," I panted. "Wake up! Wake up!" But in the moonlight I could see that his eyes were open. They were staring at me wildly. He had his hands around my throat. I tried to scream for help, but I couldn't. My throat was aflame with pain. Everything was going black.

Somewhere in the distance I could hear voices. They were far, far away. I struggled to open my eyes. Someone was talking in a whisper. I tried to move.

A voice said, "He's regaining consciousness." A hand gripped my wrist. Someone said, "He'll be all right now."

I could dimly see my father sitting by the bed. Next I could make out my mother sitting in one corner of the room. Her whole body was heaving with sobs, yet I could not hear a sound. I was too weak and dazed then to talk or to hear what had happened, but I found out later.

My parents told me that Israel had become a raving maniac. At first I didn't believe them. I said that he had been asleep and dreaming, and that he thought I was trying to harm him. But they had just gotten a letter from a doctor in Norwalk. He had written to tell them that Israel was losing his mind. The letter said that sometimes he would be violent, as he was last night; and sometimes he would be depressed, as he had been all last week.

So Israel moved into a shed in the backyard. Sometimes he was quiet and depressed, and sometimes he screamed at the top of his lungs and threw things. And sometimes in the middle of the night I awoke to the cries of "Fire, fire!"

One hot summer night I awoke to the familiar cry. I shuddered. Because of this my father had grown thin, stooped, and gray; and my mother, who used to be such a rosy, plump, little woman

(Continued on Page 16)

# The Tramp

HAROLD SMITH

The well dressed woman stepped out of her grey convertible and walked through the court of the apartment house toward a flight of steps. Her clothing was of the best taste and style, and her walk was swift and sure. Her bearing was erect and unshaken; her face was attractive and did not show her forty odd years. She climbed the steps, turned to her left, passed under a window, and then through two open doors.

At a window looking out into the court sat two elderly women. These two women were passing their time away as best they knew how. After the second door closed one of the women turned to the other.

"There she goes, the little tramp! Do you remember the time she—?"

The well dressed woman had reached the door of her own apartment. She tried the door, but it was locked. She looked through her purse for her key.

"I guess Pat and the boys are out; I really couldn't expect them to be home yet. It is only two o'clock."

She found her key and opened the door.

"I must try hard now, if only for the children's sake. After all, Easter is only three days away. I think Pat will like the new suit I picked out for her. And that poor little Catherine Kennedy, perhaps I can give her a few dollars besides the little basket of candy I bought for her. She is a sweet child, and her family doesn't have very much."

She was now in a neat, carefully furnished apartment.

"Yes, I think a few dollars would be very nice for little Catherine."

She sat down at a highly polished desk in the living room. She took up a pencil and looked at a piece of paper, a list of people to be sent Easter cards. She drew a line through one name on the list; it was that of her father.

"Poor father! I've meant to cross his name off for some time now, but I've lacked the courage. He's been gone three weeks now. How the time goes by! So near to Easter too! I can't understand how mother ever stood it! But then mother always did have a strong character, but she never was quite as kind as Dad. Poor Dad!"

Her eyes glanced down the list. Suddenly she drew a line through another name. This name was at the very bottom of the list.

"So much for George! I never thought it of him, not even for a minute. All the times we went out together. But he told me himself. Still I can't believe it! I must talk to him again; I must know for sure."

She took the phone up in her hand, and then she dialed the well known number.

"I must know for su—."

The other party had answered.

"Hello! Hello!"

"George, this is Helen."

"Oh! Well! What are you calling me for? Especially here!"

"I had to know for sure after yesterday morning. Did you really mean what you said? Did you mean ALL of it?"

"Of course I did! Listen you, I told you I was married and that my wife was sick. I also told you that everything was over with. I have enough trouble without YOU. You have your own husband and kids. It was all right for a while, but after all, Helen, I—"

She placed the phone gently back on the receiver.

"I should have known. This isn't the first time. I'm a big girl now, wise in the ways of the world."

She buried her head in her hands. Her eyes fell on the list and picked out the name of her father. Then they fell on George's name. Her father, then George. Father and George. Father then George.

She rose quickly from the desk and walked across the room to a small cabinet. She pulled open the doors and removed a bottle and a glass. She quickly filled the glass.

"I know I shouldn't, but I must. I must!"

She drained the glass, and filled it again.

Three floors below two women sat at a window overlooking the court. They were talking.

"As I say you can't burn a candle at both ends. Why just last week she was so bad they had to call a doctor for her. Now would you believe it; she was that bad. I hear the doctors told her to stop it; it seems she has a bad heart condition. Little wonder all the drinking she does."

"I feel sorry for the children; her husband has lost all interest in her. Little wonder!"

"Poor man!"

Three floors above the glass was being emptied for the fifth time.

"No I shouldn't have. Not with the children. Not with Easter only three days away. Not with my heart. The children hate to see me so. And Charles! No!"

She hurried to a mirror.

"Do I look it? No, but they'll know; they'll find out. They always do. The boys are so ashamed of me. It's been a week now. They must never know."

She looked in the mirror again.

"I don't look it; I don't think I look it. Perhaps if I rest. Perhaps if I get some sleep."

She went to the bedroom and threw herself on the bed.

"Yes, sleep will do it. The boys will never know. Neither will Charles. I've tried so hard this week; they've all been so pleased. My head! I must sleep! Perhaps a sleeping pill. Yes that will help."

She rose from the bed.

"I will take a pill."

She stumbled over to her dressing table. She reached for a bottle.

"Charles must never know."

She opened the bottle and a capsule fell into

(Continued on Page 16)

# The Man Who Remembered The Future

LUCY-JO MALLOY

The Great mind was slightly annoyed but nevertheless amused. "Now I've done it!" He sighed. His breath rustled the trees and sent butterflies of sunbeams fluttering haphazardly around the small suburban hospital over which He watched. "I should have known better, but I never seem to learn," He thought. "I shouldn't have started the whole confounded mess in the first place; I should never have let my playthings run their own lives; I should have been wiser. They're always muddling their affairs—making war, peace, and more wars; I suppose it makes them feel powerful, poor fools. Every time I interfere to try to straighten them out, they become utterly confused. Just look at that poor little man down there; they think he's crazy simply because I endowed him with one iota more intelligence than they have. There they stand feeling pity and superiority toward a man whose mind dwarfs theirs. "This said, He sat down on an overstuffed cloud, wrapped some cooling breezes around His aching head and watched in a mixture of amusement and sympathy the pathetic scene below.

"Most unusual case, doctor; he thinks he can remember the future. At least that's what his sister told me."

"Yes, Miss Landler, probably some form of the common illusion of having done something before even though you know you have not. The feeling is based on childhood impressions and experiences which the subconscious reveals in our dreams."

"Shall I show him in; he's such a pathetic little man."

"Yes, but don't bring in his sister. He might not talk as freely in the presence of the person who is committing him."

The Great Mind sighed again and muttered, "Here I thought that I was going to give the world a man who would help humanity. I should have realized that their infant minds would be unable to grasp his ideas."

Mr. Smedly entered the office, followed by Miss Landler. "Doctor, meet Mr. Smedly." She beamed professionally as if she were introducing two socialites at a charity ball. "Mr. Smedly is a former instructor of the state college, doctor." Mr. Smedly smiled wistfully with eyes full of compassion, which rather annoyed the doctor, who reserved that look for his "fifty-dollar-a-visit" patients. "I hope that I will not cause you too much trouble. I'm sure that I can explain my situation fully. If I can make you understand perhaps you will be able to explain to my sister; she's frightfully worried about me, poor soul. She actually thinks I'm insane.

"Sit down please. I shall ask you some questions; your answers will show me the bases for your illusions and I shall try to clear up this whole problem."

"There're not illusions, doctor; they're—"

"Now, now, Mr. Smedly, just relax and answer my questions. Did your parents get along happily?"

"Yes, but that has nothing—"

"Did they ever punish you harshly?"

"No. They were very gentle people."

"Tell me. When did these dreams of yours begin?"

"They're not dreams, doctor; they're memories I have when I'm awake."

"What sort of memories?"

"Doctor, I believe that when man's brain first started to develop, he had no power of the memory of the past; he lived from day to day as the lower animals do. Eventually, as his brain became more useful, he remembered in his dreams his past experiences. This new gift bewildered him and puzzled his contemporaries. Gradually, men's minds developed into their present status. Now memory is universal. I believe that my mind has advanced a step beyond its time so that I can not only remember the past but the future as well!"

"You mean that you think that you can predict the future?"

"No, not predict, but remember."

"I don't understand."

"You see, I believe that all we call the past, present and future has already been. What we're doing day by day is really a reflection of something that has already happened. I know that I must sound very confusing, but it is terribly difficult to talk of an entirely new concept in old language. You know, of course, that scientists have proven that the stars are really only the reflected light of stars which fell thousands of years ago. This principle may in some way explain what I mean; that actually our existence is not real but simply a reflection of a world that, millions of years ago, died."

"In other words, you believe that the future is also nothing but the reflection of long past ages."

"Yes, and somehow my mind is attuned to not only the memory of past reflections but to future ones as well."

"What is the basis for your theory?"

"I am sure that eons before our universe was created there was a Utopian civilization of minds without bodies. This civilization began exactly like ours but somewhere along the way the mind was enlarged and the body diminished until there were only minds and no bodies. Unhampered by flesh, these minds developed more than we can even dream about. Telepathy was as usual as speech to us. Somehow this world was destroyed. One mind survived. His memories of his civilization created this universe, a reflection of the dead one from its beginning on. I think that we are now the reflection of the time when the mind was developing more than the body. Within a few thousand years our minds will be free from the body. We too will be destroyed as was the Utopia of long ago. This will happen when His memory of His world ends and becomes what is the present to Him."

"Your theory is quite interesting and illuminating. Now if you will just step into the next room for a few minutes, I should like to talk with your sister."



"Thank you, doctor, you have been most patient and kind to me."

"Tragic case, isn't it Miss Landler? Show Miss Smedly in please." A few moments later the door whispered open and a flower-like little woman entered the office. "Miss Smedly, I believe."

"Is his case hopeless, doctor? Can he be cured? I'd never forgive myself if—" The rest of her words were smothered in linen and lace and drowned in liberal tears. "Calm down, Miss Smedly. You are doing the right thing for your brother. It will be necessary to confine him here for a while for observation before we decide upon his sanity. He will be well taken care of and I'm sure that he will find our little rest home very congenial." At these comforting words her body shuttered like that of a bird shot in flight. The nurse, trained in comforting guilty relatives, soon had her composed although her hand shook when she signed the preliminary commitment papers as if the pen were too heavy. She asked the doctor to give her brother a small volume of his writings but afterwards he tossed it into his desk drawer and forgot about it.

Mr. Smedly was placed in a small cell-like room which the doctor, believing himself to be quite modern, had had painted with pastel colors. The orderlies gave him sheets and blankets which were refused the suicide types. Mr. Smedly was bitter at first but soon accepted his new life philosophically. His room had a calm air of serenity about it.

In the next room was a woman considered a hopeless case. No one could convince her that she had not been reincarnated from a former existence. The newcomer and she became close friends for when he explained his ideas, she understood and believed him. She was happy with the belief that she too was a reflection of a being from a world of long ago. They were mutually comforted. Mr. Smedly's period of observation ended and the doctor assured his sister that although he was not dangerous they would both be better off if he were confined for the rest of his life. Mr. Smedly and his friend were contented, for they realized the futility of fighting a world which could not understand them. And so they grew old together.

One day when he called her she did not answer, for her reflection had died. His room seemed cold to him—void—drab. Soon after, he too died; the doctors called it old age. The sunset was strangely beautiful that October day for the vibrancy of their friendship flooded the sky with warm colors.

The story cannot end here, however, for the doctor who had replaced the older one found an old book in his desk. On the cover it said *The Writings of A. R. Smedly*. When he opened it the yellowed pages crackled their annoyance at having their long rest disturbed. "How strange," thought the doctor, "the pages are blank." The Great Mind was pleased with himself, for he had blinded the doctor's eyes to the writings that his blind mind could not comprehend. He might have been confused, poor fellow!

The Beginning!

## QUALITY FOODS

"Delightfully Good"



"Deliciously Different"



PHILA. DAIRY PRODUCTS CO., Inc.  
POTTSTOWN BRANCH

Phone NO 5-0500

## REICHMAN'S SPORTING GOODS

*The Finest in Sporting Goods*

WE MAKE YOUR CAMPUS JACKETS

526-28 DeKalb Street

Norristown, Pa.

Some years have passed since the small room at the end of the hall has been open. I used to enjoy going into that room at sunset to see the last faint, pink traces of sunlight move slowly across the floor and silently withdraw through the window. But there was always more than the sunset in that room—there was music. When he sat down at the old piano, the music would swell and catch everything up in its sweeping swirls. Then slowly, slowly, the sound of the music would fade away into the far-reaching air, and silence would settle once more about the room. Only the intangible, evasive notes of completed melodies would sadly drift to and fro in the melancholy stillness when he had finished playing.

The door has been locked for a long time now, and the cobwebs hold close to the tarnished brass door knob. The door still has the little squeak it had then, I noticed as I pushed it wide. I knew how the room would look even before I stepped into the dim chamber. The hidden, wavering music still inhabited the musty air, and the corners of the ceiling had given way to trailing, gray cobwebs. The floor was covered with undisturbed dust which also blanketed all the objects of the room. The small couch and easy-chair stood silent and lonely, half-hidden at the wall by the deepening shadows created by the evening sun. The bookcase still held tightly to its books—Shakespeare, Byron, Poe, and other poets. The bureau remained in the corner with the familiar photograph, pen and paper, and small lamp resting on its dark top. By the door was the old desk, its light

maple top scarred with the imprints of thousands of words, and those drawers held everything imaginable.

But the thing I noticed immediately was the upright piano in the center of the floor facing the wall so that the light from the window fell on the keyboard. The piano had an expectant look about it, almost as if it waited anxiously for someone to sit down on the worn leather stool and revive once again its soundless strings. On the top of the instrument stood a small stack of his music, carefully arranged as though he had just finished playing it. The top piece of music was Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*.

There was something timeless about the scene. I could imagine him coming in at any moment, sitting down at the piano, and beginning to play; I suddenly got the feeling that I was in a room that Time had passed by. I felt a sharp chill and hastily crossed the floor and walked out of the chamber, but before I closed the door, I noticed that the ivory keyboard, lighted by the one last sunbeam which had been allowed to penetrate the room before the tide of darkness swept over the land, was entirely free of dust and seemed to glow faintly in the darkening gloom—I locked the door on the voiceless phantoms of the past.

Never lend books, for no one ever returns them; the only books I have in my library are books that other folks have lent me.

—Jacques Thibault, French novelist

## SYNTHANE CORPORATION

MANUFACTURERS OF LAMINATED PLASTICS

OAKS - PENNSYLVANIA

FROM THE TOWER WINDOW—MIZZ TEST  
(Continued from Page 3)

our late colleagues roaring certain couplets from  
A. E.'s *Terrence This Is Stupid Stuff* to the tune  
of many tinkling glasses and invited to,

*Look into the pewter pot  
And see the world as the world is not,*

on the assumption that,

*Malt does more than Milton can  
To justify God's ways to man.*

A trifle heretical we admit, but none the less true,  
as not a few of our stein holding friends will agree  
upon occasion.

However, we digress. Malt and Milton aside; a  
few lines in what we regret to find is classed as  
one of Housman's lesser known poems express, we  
think, why poetry is the one art that throughout  
the ages has undergone little or no drastic changes.  
Housman's works deal with much more than  
*Lovely Trees* or *Departed Comrades*; they are the  
essence of life itself in all its aspects. The feelings  
and emotions of human beings are unchanging  
and so is poetry in that it expresses these feelings:

*Then 'twas before my time the Roman  
At yonder heaving hill would stare  
The blood that warms an English yoeman  
The thoughts that hurt him—they were  
there.*

So with Housman's comments on the unchang-  
ing forms of human feelings applied to poetry, we  
can perhaps see why the renewal of such doubted  
aspects have been greatly undermined. If then the  
campus in general would forgo the price of a little  
refreshment and invest same in this small volume,  
it is our opinion that they would find a brew  
which would contribute three or four-fold to their  
enjoyment. For the mere third of a dollar, ladies  
and gentlemen, there is loveliness for sale. Have  
some?

## Rhapsody of Life

LUCY-JO MALLOY

*Allegro (Childhood)*

*Solitary inner harmony—  
The first sweet song  
Composed of parental love,  
The melody of nature,  
Adventure's lullaby—  
The songs within the soul  
Waiting to be sung.*

*Andante (Adulthood)*

*The first delights of love—  
The tender words, a kiss.  
The voice straining to raise (above  
Discordant blare, the fugue  
Of diverse musicians  
Playing swiftly, wildly,  
A song of immortality.*

*Largo (Old Age)*

*The insane tempo of time—  
Frantic last crescendo,  
The final arpeggio—  
The striving to gain, before  
The last metronomic tick,  
A triumphant finale,  
Ere to the Maestro's will  
The final bow is made.*

SHOP AT—

# BLOCK'S

2 GREAT STORES

11-25 West Main Street, Norristown

High and Charlotte Streets, Pottstown

Selling Merchandise of Merit

Since 1884

## NEW IDEA

Division AVCO Manufacturing Corporation

COLLEGEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Quality Farm Equipment Since 1899

## FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

(Continued from Page 3)

In the field of the motion picture *The Robe* and CinemaScope seem to be the big news of 1953. *The Robe* is good entertainment and is about the most "moving" picture with religious overtones that I have seen (*King of Kings* and *The Ten Commandments* also vie for the honor). *The Robe* is not a vulgar spectacle of the decaying Roman Empire with all its vices that has come to be expected of the movie makers. In a picture with religious overtones any insincerity becomes all too apparent, and this fact seems to have been taken into careful consideration by the cast. Victor Mature acts out his role as the Greek slave with special care and precision. The filming process, CinemaScope and the associated Stereophonic sound system give the audience a fine example of electronic and visual advances as applied to the entertainment field.

By the time this article goes to press *How to Marry A Millionaire* most likely will have had its "double" opening; it will be a pleasure to see Marilyn Monroe in CinemaScope. *Kiss Me Kate* also will be released before Christmas in all probability. I, for one, am willing to give the movie makers at least an "A" for the attempt, at least, to improve the quality and tone of their productions. *Julius Ceaser* and *Martin Luther* are just a part of the evidence to this effect that can be offered. This attempt which should be widely encouraged and supported by all who love good entertainment.

## THE DEATH OF ISRAEL CHAUNCEY

(Continued from Page 10)

had become sallow and sad-looking. The cries became horrible screams, and I thought I heard a roaring sort of noise. What was that weird glow on the wall? I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. The shed was a mass of flames! It was too late. We tried, but we could not save Israel.

Today we buried Israel's ashes. Now the only thing left to remind me of him is a pile of charred timber in the yard. But sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night, and I fancy that the old cry rings in my ears again.

## THE TRAMP

(Continued from Page 11)

her hand. She hurried to the kitchen for a glass of water. Then she returned to the bed room.

"There! That will help."

She started as she looked into the living room and saw the bottle and the glass.

"I must put those things away."

Suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her chest. She went back to the bedroom and fell on the bed.

The two women stood in the court as they brought her out of the building on a stretcher covered with a sheet.

"Well she's dead. They'll make excuses. But, no matter what they say, I still say that she was nothing but a little tramp.

# The CHANCELLOR PRESS

INCORPORATED



**NORRISTOWN 8-8861**



Third and Mill Streets

BRIDGEPORT ● PENNSYLVANIA

# SUPERIOR TUBE CO.

NORRISTOWN, PA.



# URSINUS COLLEGE



Collegeville, Pennsylvania

# CAMEL

*America's most popular cigarette!*



*So Mild—  
So Flavorful!*