



12-1940

The Lantern Vol. 9, No. 1, December 1940

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Recommended Citation

Hydren, Esther; Denney, Charles; Knettlter, Edward; Ihrrie, Robert; Wise, Paul; Darlington, Dillwyn; Haughton, Georgine; Shisler, Dorothy Kinsey; Marone, Marie; Patterson, Jean; and Heibel, Gladys, "The Lantern Vol. 9, No. 1, December 1940" (1940). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 18.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/18>

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Authors

Esther Hydren, Charles Denney, Edward Knetler, Robert Ihrle, Paul Wise, Dillwyn Darlington, Georgine Haughton, Dorothy Kinsey Shisler, Marie Marone, Jean Patterson, and Gladys Heibel



Four Things Make Us Happy Here

Health is the first gift lent to man;
A gentle disposition then,
Next, to be rich by no by-ways;
Lastly with friends t' enjoy our days.
Herriek ~

With all good wishes ~

The Lantern

Christmas
1940

CAMELS

PRINCE ALBERT

Give Camels for Christmas—for Camel is the cigarette that's particularly welcome. Especially in this gay gift package below. Contains 4 boxes of the popular flat fifties. Easy to get—a right gift. Your dealer has it.

Season's Greetings

On Christmas morn—perfect for pipe-smokers—this handsome Christmas-wrapped pound tin of Prince Albert, the mild, rich-tasting, cool-burning tobacco. Be sure to get this holiday "special."

Camels
FOUR BOXES OF FIFTIES

Here's another famous Camel Christmas gift—10 packs of "20's"—200 mild, flavorful Camels—colorfully wrapped, ready to give. A perfect gift. Ask for the Camels in the Christmas carton!

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

CAMELS

● For those who prefer cigarettes, give Camels and you can be sure your gift will be appreciated. For more smokers prefer slower-burning Camels than any other cigarette. They are the cigarette of costlier tobaccos that gives more pleasure in every puff. Your dealer is featuring Camels for Christmas in the two handsome packages shown above. Easy to get—perfect to receive. Yes, there's nothing like Camels to say: "Happy holidays and happy smoking."

PRINCE ALBERT

● No problem about those pipe-smokers on your gift list! You just can't miss when you give them a big, long-lasting one-pound tin of the world's most popular smoking tobacco—Prince Albert! (Or a one-pound real glass humidor.) Pipe-smokers call Prince Albert the National Joy Smoke. They say: "There's no other tobacco like it!" Your local dealer has Prince Albert's Christmas-wrapped "specials" on display now! Get your Prince Albert gifts *today!*

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Gifts that are sure to please in beautiful Christmas wrappers



A wide variety of contributions and an excellent staff made the editing of this issue a real pleasure. I shall welcome your support, interest, and criticism. Now, I join with the staff in wishing you the fullest joys of the Christmas season.

Sincerely,
HARRY SHOWALTER

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VOL. IX.

No. 1

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

Editors Like to Write This Way

DISCOURSE on the Yuletide spirit can be left to the more prolific editors of weekly or monthly magazines. I want to say something about a subject of import throughout the year: that subject is our free press—the freedom to write as I am writing now.

The cause for my remarks on this topic is a speech made by the Hon. Harold Ickes some weeks ago. Mr. Ickes thinks it very strange that the large bulk of the Nation's press should have been for Willkie while Roosevelt won the election. He favors, in the place of this situation, something in the nature of proportional representation for our editorial opinion.

With this contention I disagree emphatically. Who, besides Ickes, believes that the press should represent its readers as Congressmen represent their constituents? It isn't a prevalent belief in free America.

It would not have been Ickes, either, if he had not read dastardly motives into the situation. He alone could deduce that editorials are the tools of capitalistic publishers and their friends. Follow me, Mr. Ickes, in a few questions and answers:

Where does the big publisher get his profit?

From advertising. On what does advertising depend? Largely on circulation. On what does circulation depend? On the sympathy and interest of the reading public.

No, Mr. Ickes, some of us think you once again missed the boat. The condition you describe as "unprecedented and progressively perilous" is to us the mark of courageous and unselfish journalism. Selfish and cowardly publications would not have supported Willkie. Roosevelt was the odds-on favorite. The masses should have been pleased to read publications supporting him. That would have increased circulation. Advertising receipts would have multiplied. Everybody, including you, Mr. Ickes, would then have been happy.

But the American press is above your contemptible indictment of selfish concern. It prints its opinions editorially and the news as it sees it. It even gave me a full account of your remarks concerning it. Have you ever conceded as much to an opponent?

Now, at this festive end of a fateful year, I want to lift my own editorial voice in praise

Continued on page nineteen

Among Our Contributors



DOROTHY SHISLER



WINFIELD S. SMITH



PAUL WISE

The intricate, seasonal design on the cover of this issue is the work of Art Editor **Winfield S. Smith**. This distinctive and clear-cut effect was achieved by Smith in a linoleum block cut. Other block work by Smith can be found on the illustrated pages of the magazine.

Dorothy Shisler needs little introduction to readers of the Lantern. The magazine will be incomplete next year without her short stories. In quick, fresh dash and rapier-like repartee she has few peers. For this issue she is again delightful in "*Too Many Drinks Spoil the Cook*."

Georgine Haughton has written a beautiful poem "to be hung over a fireplace in a eighteenth century room." The Lantern can afford neither the fireplace nor the room, but it is proud to include on its pages "*In the Calm of the Past*."

After reading the fresh wit and facile satire of **Dillwyn Darlington** in the "*Weekly*", the Editor of the Lantern asked him to write in a similar vein for this publication. Darlington wrote the refreshing, satirical "*Humanity, Incorporated*." You view stark totalitarianism with a smile as you read it.

Among our contributors this time is a freshman with much journalistic experience and an amazingly fluent style. When **Robert Ihrie** goes after an idea the smooth, pungent words he pens seem almost incidental. All of this is clear as you read his strong point of view on "*Pacifism*".

One of those articles chosen because of its pertinence to the present international situation is "*On Conscription*" by **Paul Wise**. This thoughtful, open-minded piece is probably an accurate portrayal of what millions of registrants felt before and since conscription. We welcome such timely discussions.

There is one "nom de plume" among our contributors. To you he shall be known as **Offise Wack**. Your interest in his true identity will be more than piqued when you read his exotically appealing account of a trip "*On Foot Through Chinatown*."

There is only one seasonal story in the issue. It is the rich, gripping "*Which Shall Be to All People*", written by **Esther Hydren**. This writer has handled a delicate and difficult setting with all the polished finesse of a seasoned artist.

Among the poetic offerings of this issue are several from the pen of **Charles Denny**. A resolute staff combined to compel this reticent poet to submit a few pieces to the Lantern. His depth and novelty of tone should be warmly received by our readers.

The one contributing staff member this time is **Gladys Heibel**. The reason she is called on for double duty is obvious. No other writer of poetry, however versatile, can match her singularly beautiful style. Her "*Thoughts by a Fire*" gives a more accurate idea of the thought we are trying to express.

Jean Patterson spent the summer amid the beauty of a Maine landscape, and she didn't leave all that scene behind her. She brought some of it along with her so she can now reproduce it for us as she has in "*Gateway to Heaven*."

Maria Marone is new to the College and to the Lantern. Her delightful bit, "*Winter*", leads us to expect more from her in the future.

Edward Knettler is a scholarly, gentlemanly pre-ministerial student who has gained for his words much personal respect. But he is also an able writer. We were able to include only his poem "*Ego*" in this issue, but we hope to use more of his fine work.

Which Shall Be to All People

ESTHER HYDREN

A PALE December moon struggled fitfully through dark clouds; it threw a dim, ghastly light over an object huddled motionless on the barren ground. As if roused by the light, the object stirred; it was the stooped figure of an old man, wrapped in a heavy great coat, cap, and thick boots. He tried several times to raise himself and each time sank back as if lapsing once more into unconsciousness. Finally he managed to lift himself to a sitting position, although still supporting his head in his hands. He took off his cap and ran gnarled fingers unsteadily through thick white hair.

Slowly his mind cleared and he became conscious of the faint drone of Nazi planes disappearing in the distance. It seemed an eternity since he had first heard the approaching planes, but in reality only a few moments had passed. He remembered the long terrorizing shriek which marked the downward path of the bomb, its startling nearness, and then oblivion. Now he raised himself slowly to his feet; his head reeled with a throbbing pain.

The moorland path on which he stood was elevated slightly above the surrounding territory. Before him lay the small, straggling outskirts of an English village, nestling at the foot of rolling hillocks. Only the dim outline of cottages was visible, silhouetted in the cold, white light of the winter moon. Slowly he made his unsteady way down toward the village; his feet stumbled over rocks and clods of earth that littered the path. He came abruptly to a halt at the edge of a black pit, the grave of the Nazi bomb. Turning aside, he made his stumbling progress over upturned roots and jagged earth. The moonlight made a livid mist of the unsettled dust; it filled his nostrils and made him gasp for breath. A huge tree, half-torn from the ground, lifted black, barren boughs in ghastly protest. No sound broke the death-like silence, except the crisp snapping of twigs beneath his feet.

With a sigh of relief he glanced at the first cottage that he passed; at least the village had been spared the destructive force of that bomb. He hastened on, eager to reach his destination. His grand-children would be waiting for him; and their mother might worry for his safety.—It *had* been a narrow escape, but he was safe now—if only that aching throb in his head would go away!

He turned in at the white gate of a small, low cottage and rapped eagerly at the door. It burst open almost at once, and he was dragged into the room by five youngsters who squealed joyous greetings of "Merry Christmas, Grandfather!" His coat was pulled in five directions as the children leaped at him with the joyous abandon of young puppies. He chuckled and reached out his arms to lift the youngest child.

"Careful there, youngsters", he said in good-humored admonition. "You'll have your grandfather knocked off his feet if you don't watch out."

He set the child down again, and slipped out of the great coat. Then he turned toward the quiet woman who was laying the evening meal on the table nearby.

"What's the matter, Mary? You look a little anxious."

Mary lifted a tense face to the gaze of her father's kindly blue eyes and relaxed into a smile.

"I heard the planes and felt the impact of that bomb", she said. "I wasn't sure where you might be or where it fell."

"It dug a crater in the earth on the moor, not far from me. I was knocked off my feet, but otherwise I'm all right."

Mary searched his face anxiously.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "You look a little tired and your forehead is puckered as if you were in pain."

Grandfather Hollis made an attempt to smile, despite the ache that numbed his brain.

"I'm all right", he said. "Now—these youngsters of yours have been remarkably patient. I don't know, but I've an idea that if they looked in the pockets of my greatcoat they might find something from Saint Nick."

There was a mad scramble as five pairs of small hands tore at the heavy great coat in an attempt to find what treasures the pockets might have to yield. Grandfather Hollis settled himself in an easy chair and leaned back in contentment to survey the scene before him. Cheerfulness and a festive spirit seemed to pervade the humble room. Mary moved back and forth from stove to table, and the fragrant odor of beef stew filled the atmosphere. This year's Christmas Eve dinner would be simple compared to those of former years, but the Christmas spirit clung as unmistakably in the odor of beef stew as it had formerly in the

perfume of a more sumptuous feast. The room, too, was filled with garlands of greenery which the children had gathered from the moors. A huge red ribbon adorned the wreath at the window.

Grandfather's eyes sought the figure of his daughter as she ladled the stew into individual bowls. She was dressed in her best black silk in honor of the occasion, but her face lacked the festive air that Christmas had usually aroused in her. Small lines of weariness and strain showed on her pale skin; but each time a child turned to her, she smiled in apparent serenity. Grandfather's heart warmed in admiration for the quiet strength and courage which enabled her to carry on and produce some semblance of Christmas cheer in the midst of a bomb-torn land. He watched the children, busy admiring the tiny wood-carved figures which he had made for them as a Christmas gift, and saw in their faces the result of their mother's courageous calm.

"Dinner's ready!" Mary called the children. "Come along, now, while it's hot—you can play with the toys later."

They gathered around the table and Grandfather asked the blessing. The meal progressed with leisurely calmness; this was the children's night, and conversation centered around them and their small doings.

Dinner over and dishes cleared away, Grandfather retired to his easy chair and lit his pipe. The fragrant smoke curled upward, touched by the lamplight, wreathing his white head with a misty halo. One by one the children gathered near him; the two smallest climbed up onto his knees. Silently Mary handed him a book; for on Christmas Eve, ever since her own childhood, he had read aloud the beloved "Christmas Carol" of Dickens.

Grandfather looked around at the faces upturned in eager expectation. He must not disappoint them now, yet how could he read with a head that was torn with agonizing pain? Slowly he placed the book on the table.

"I'm going to ask a favor of you children. We usually sing after I read the "Christmas Carol" Let's do it differently to-night. Will you sing me some songs first so that I can sit back here and smoke my pipe and listen?—What about 'God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen' to start?"

The children sprang up eagerly, ready to comply. They seized Mary's hands and pulled her toward the piano. Anxiously she glanced back at her father, a feeling of premonition evident in her face. He smiled back reassuringly.

"Please, Mary."

She seated herself at the piano and played the introductory measures of the song. High and clear the sweet voices of the children rang through the room. Grandfather leaned back and closed his eyes. How dear the children sounded—yet their voices seemed almost an unreality. If he could only hold on long enough to get through the evening!

He opened his eyes as the children finished their song; they turned to him for his next request.

"What about 'Silent Night, Holy Night'?" he asked.

The children sang, their voices true and clear. When they had finished the first stanza, Grandfather interrupted them.

"Now sing it in German, children—you remember how I taught it to you. The German words are so beautiful—they seem to fit it as nothing else can."

For a moment, there was a breathless silence, broken only by the slow tick-tick of the clock. The children looked at each other and stirred restlessly. One small boy puckered up his face.

"Don't want to sing German—they kept my Daddy away for Christmas. I *hate* Germans!"

Grandfather leaned forward and slowly took his pipe from his mouth.

"I'm sorry to hear that, son," he said. "You know, to-night we're celebrating the birth of a little child, born many years ago to be our Saviour. Do you remember the story of the shepherds in the field and the angel who came to them by night? He said 'Fear not, for I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to *all* people.' He didn't say 'to the English people' or 'to the German people'—but 'to all people.'"

Silence again filled the room. Then Mary's fingers once more drew the Christmas melody from the old piano, and the children's voices sang the beautiful words, "*Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht*". Grandfather leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. A faint smile touched his lips; the light shed a silver benediction on his hair. The pressure on his brain was lifting. He ceased to struggle, and yielded to the Power that swept him away from mortality.

Despair

I stand amidst the ruin of my dreams,
Where they have fallen into the dust heaps at my feet,
As I stand tall, amid these lowly piles, it seems
I am exposed, their fate to meet

Without these future hopes and expectations,
To mask to my eyes, what I know to be reality,
I am alone, uncloaked and vulnerable to wounds
From Life, a foe admitting not of amnesty.

I am a man, but—who would see,
If I should sink to anonymity among my fallen dreams.

CHARLES DENNEY

Ego

Sometimes I stop and marvel at
The fortitude of men,
With their ceaseless, fighting, striving,
Just to gain their ego's end.

But e're long my marvelling ceases,
As I think of lesser frames,
Which do paw the earth in foursome,
And give way to equal aims.

Is not theirs an end of sorrow?
Each has lost the sense of life,
Trodding o'er a great Sahara,
Filled within with sands of strife.

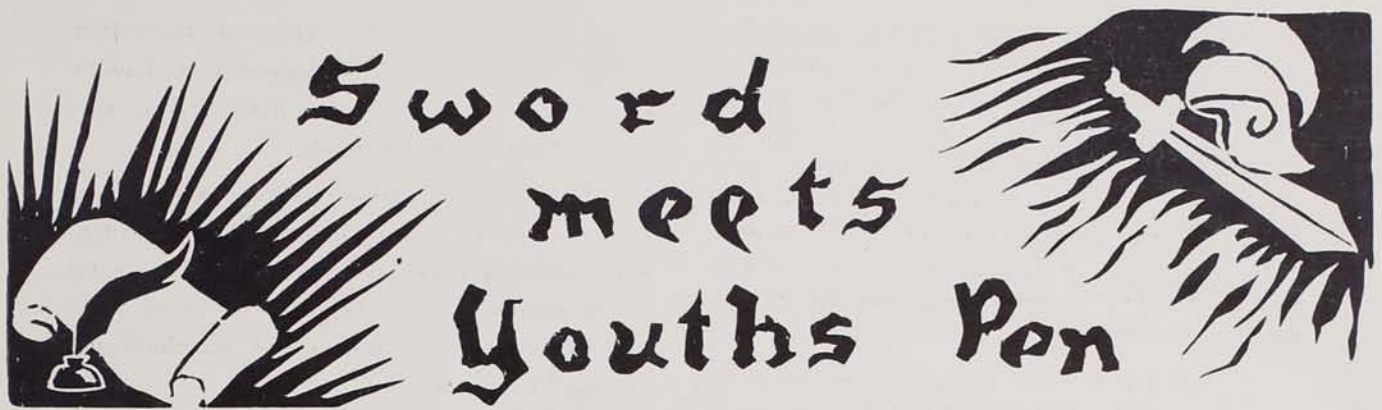
Stifled, beaten, still it's onward,
Ego has to win the game,
Priceless sneers of man's own weakness,
Takes eternity to tame.

EDWARD KNETTLER

Echoes

Echoes, echoes! haunting, hollow mockeries,
Lonely, vagrant shadows of a human tone—
Bounding from the rugged rookeries of Earth
To fling into a void of vast unknown.
No one could hope their trail to trace,
Each weird, worn, whisper of a living call—
Each sad, immortal vestige of a dying race,
Their mourning notes set free beyond recall.

CHARLES DENNEY



Pacifism

ROBERT IHRIE

IN a mile-a-minute society, in which treaties are made and broken overnight and in which countries are wiped out in a few hours by a blitzkrieg, no country can afford to dilly-dally and to try to cater to every opinion and idea, but must adopt a strong policy and then command respect for that policy. No nation can afford to listen to unsound, crackpot theories. Neither we nor anybody else can sit back and be yes men to a thousand and one blah-blahs; but must swiftly adopt a concrete platform and make it The American Policy to which all can adhere and which all the world can respect, instead of one hundred thirty million fragments of indecision.

Not because I think that pacifism is the one absolute rule, but because I think it must be seriously considered in crystallizing The American Policy, I present my views on pacifism.

In times of peace everyone expresses his devout faith in peace and everyone asserts that peace can be maintained only by peaceful means and methods.

It is remarkable, therefore, to note how little time it takes for so many people so completely to change their minds.

People who even yesterday were still not merely peace-minded, but actually claimed to be pacifists in words long enough to run in serials, today, if not actually on the war-path, insist that "We must aid the Allies (or now Great Britain) with all our might, short of actually sending troops over there, at least for the time being." In other words, peace really works in peace-time, but only force, violence, and war work in war-time.

In spite of all the events of the past fifteen months, I still disagree. Rather, I should say: "Just because of the events of the past fifteen months, or of the past fifty centuries, and more

particularly of the past quarter century," Once before—in fact, twenty-three years ago—we were called upon to by the self-same Allies to come not merely to their rescue, but to "save Democracy" and to fight the "war to end war." Then, even as now, we were told that that war was not just another war, that it was a war for justice and righteousness, that out of an Allied victory would come a just, hence lasting peace; and, what is more, we believed that war could be a means of ending war—a contradiction in itself. We believed that, after the Allies had made an end of the German Emperor's dream of world-dominion, they would make a just and therefore lasting peace. We believed that, by fighting on their side, the world could and would be "safe for democracy." And because we believed all those high-sounding idealistic phrases, we did go to war, only to find, before we had been on the Allies' side two years, that all those beautiful promises were used merely to trap us into participation in the war and to save, not democracy, but the British and French empires. Britain was by no means our first line of defense in 1917 and she hasn't changed since. Mother England is no more maternal than an incubator as far as America is concerned.

We discovered, at Versailles and afterwards, that a decent and just peace was about as far from the mind of the Allies as anything could be, that England always has two reasons for doing anything—a good reason and the real reason. And, together with the entire rest of the world, we have, for these past twenty-three years, paid the price of our own folly and that of the Allies. For the "peace" of Versailles bore within itself inevitably all the misery and suffering of these past twenty-three years, all the seeds of the dozens of wars

which have been fought since and which are raging at this very moment. Lloyd George himself, prime minister of Great Britain during the first World War, only six months ago, in addressing the British parliament, admitted not merely that Britain was as guilty of the events of these past two decades as was any other country, but that, in fact, it was British diplomacy—yes, and British money—which made Hitler himself possible and gave the Berlin Butcher his chance.

Yet, despite all these facts, there are many of our fellow-citizens who, within the short memory of twenty-one years, have blissfully forgotten all of these facts and who are at this very moment being "taken in" by the idealistic propoganda just exactly as we were taken in in 1917. In other words, we still have not learned any of the lessons

EDITOR'S NOTE — *The Lantern* is running herein three articles discussing various topics growing out of the critical international situation. For the duration of its present management this magazine will welcome controversial articles on matters of current concern.

from either this past quarter century or from all previously recorded human history; the fact that war not only is hell, but just because it is hell and arouses all the vilest human passions, hates, and fears, it simply is unreasonable to expect war to accomplish anything good. We have not learned the lesson which is taught over and over again in the pages of history from time immemorial, that when two conflicting powers exist only one of two things must be done to insure lasting peace—either one must be entirely and completely wiped out, or the two must live as friends, as one, in perfect harmony and brotherhood. There can be no middle way!

The love of force has brought mankind to the unspeakably sad hour of this moment. Is it, then, unreasonable for some of us to suggest that we try a new and hitherto largely untried method—the force of love?

We fight wars so that treaties can be made, treaties naturally favoring the winner, if there be a winner in war. After the conflict, the victor may rub his hands in satisfaction and let out this cry of triumph, "Hurrah! I have won enough land to bury my dead." Both sides can make a

better peace before war than either can make after a fight to the finish. It's a shame that we haven't learned to make treaties before wars—and to save all that slaughter and expense.

To be sure, the untried method, force of love, is a hard plan; it's difficult and, at times, perplexing. But nothing worthwhile is easy. Is Christianity or life itself a bowl of cherries? What on earth would men do with themselves if something did not stand in their way?

Periodically, to relieve his nervous tension, man has gone to war and tried to wipe himself off the face of the globe. If America, in this darkest hour in human history, could keep herself entirely aloof from the blood-baths and mass murders of the Old World and of Asia, she would occupy the most strategic position among all the nations of the world at the end of the present conflagration. Having been *truly*, not just legalistically neutral, she could then offer her services to the tired and wornout nations of the world. In other words, isolation *now*. Yes! Because there is no sense in becoming involved in the plague which has Europe and Asia in its grip.

But not isolation in the long run. If, instead of arming ourselves to the teeth at the cost of tens of billions of dollars, we would offer to *give* those tens of billions to the sick nations of the world for purposes of reconstruction after the mad holocaust is over, we should contribute infinitely more to the peace and justice of the world than we could possibly contribute by any other means now. Only in this fashion can we be realistic. I can almost hear you chuckling to yourselves at *this* suggestion. It takes a lot of grit to be a *Christian*, doesn't it? A country, let's say Germany, couldn't hate you, for such a policy though, could it? You say that's biting off more than we can chew. The greatest strides of advancement in the past million years have been made by people biting off more than they could chew, and then chewing it. One man with courage makes a majority. Think of what one country with courage could do!

Let me close with the words sent to America over short wave radio by a foreign correspondent in London during a terrifying blackout, which ended Walter Wanger's outstanding motion picture production "Foreign Correspondent" by Alfred Hitchcock: "Hello, America—Hang on to your lights; they're the only lights burning in the world today!"

On Conscription

PAUL WISE

TODAY the youth of the United States is faced with the first peace-time conscription in the history of our nation. The fact that this problem is not peculiar to us here at Ursinus in no way diminishes its seriousness and importance. Everyone of us, regardless of sex or age, will be personally touched by this program. I know that many of us have actively opposed conscription. This is not an attempt dogmatically to condemn conscription, nor is it intended to defend the plan. Rather, I hope to show why we did not welcome the plan with open arms, and then to set forth the reasons why we shall now accept it. In explaining my views and reactions, which I believe have been common to most of us, I hope so to clarify the situation that I shall be able to make a workable, consistent adjustment to the world of today.

Conscription has become a law, not because of anything that we personally have done. Since we do not wish to break a law, we shall be conscripted. We keenly feel that this is not the life for which we have planned, for which we have been prepared.

In our homes, churches, and schools, in the movies, and over the radio we have been constantly taught that war is the greatest possible evil. We sensed the disillusion that arose out of the last war. Our generation has been isolationist. At times we have been intense pacifists. Now we are called upon to prepare for a war in the all too near future. Was it any wonder that we who were to be called upon to do the actual fighting have held honest fears of so decisive a step as conscription? Let me mention a few of the grounds for those fears.

Conscription was widely looked upon as a possible political move. This fear cannot be entirely discarded, since the actual and immediate result of the bill was to increase greatly President Roosevelt's chance of re-election. I personally do not believe that this suspicion of political expediency was valid, but I can see that there was a basis for it. There have been numerous other and sounder reasons for opposing conscription. Many of us believed that our first line of defense should be a strong air force, an enlarged navy, and small, specialized, highly mechanized army units. We believed that this should be accomplished before conscription. Mere man-power we considered as secondary. We feared, moreover, that there existed no personnel or equipment for a large group

of untrained men. We felt that in a very real sense we were being deprived of our liberty. We held that conscription of man-power without conscription of capital was undemocratic. For at least one year we knew our own personal plans would have to be laid aside. Had we worked and sacrificed for our education in order now to prepare ourselves to destroy men? These doubts and suspicions are not entirely in the past, for even as we write, they arise. We cannot help thinking that this regimentation is the very method for which we have so long condemned the dictators. And now in time of emergency we are grabbing at it. The use of force has always appeared to us as incompatible with Christianity. Filled with a genuine love of peace, imbued with a desire to be left alone, confused by the swiftness of events, and especially fearful for our lives in any war,—of course we have dreaded conscription.

But conscription has come. It has come for very definite and valid reasons. Fortunately, our governmental machinery is so constituted that much time and deliberation were necessary before a selective service plan was adopted. In making our own personal decisions we cannot ignore the opinions of the overwhelming majority of Americans. Our fathers, our mothers, our friends, along with our national leaders, have decided that in conscription lies our best hope for peace. Why did they approve this plan, and why am I now willing to adhere to it?

War is abroad in the world today! Whether we want it, regardless of who caused it, we must face its grim realities. We must recognize that our parents were not far-sighted enough to see that some day we would have to oppose the extension of those ideals which were diametrically opposed to ours. But let us not be too ready to blame our parents; some day our generation may be in sore need of charity. Moreover, what we do today we do as adults. We are doing this, not our parents. What a tragedy it is that just as most of the democratic nations were teaching their young the virtues of peace and tolerance, another nation was extolling war and intolerance as the highest virtues. So today we feel that conscription is the best way of serving notice to the world that we stand ready to oppose the extension of fascism. We do not relish compulsory conscription, but we would far rather have it than the totalitarian program

which would deprive us of all our economic and civil liberties. So on the purely selfish basis of our own future welfare we shall now accept a plan to stop fascism. Do we have cause for a fear of Germany? From the recent experiences of other nations, yes. There exist no indications to the contrary. Remember that in the World War we moved two million soldiers to France in a comparatively short time. If the British fleet should fall into the hands of the determined and well-prepared German military machine, the United States would be open to attack. Most of us have always said that we were willing to defend our own shores. That is all that we are now being asked to do.

We are now more kindly disposed toward conscription because it is a well thought-out plan. Adequate money has been appropriated to produce the necessary equipment and personnel. Specialized and mechanized units will be developed from the man power. We shall be well-housed, clothed, and trained. Extensive medical services and recreational opportunities will be available.

Earlier I mentioned the fear that our personal plans would have to be laid aside. That need not be so bad. Let us make this year a constructive experience which will contribute to our usefulness in a peaceful future both to ourselves and to our country.

Humanity, Incorporated

DILLWYN DARLINGTON

A GREAT philanthropic venture was launched in Berlin this fall when Adolph Hitler, winner of the 1939 Nobel Prize for his outstanding contributions to international tranquility, organized a great humanitarian society, Humanity, Inc., for the alleviation of human sufferings.

This great Christian organization, as planned by its founders, will be international in scope, extending its beneficent principles to every corner of the globe. In addition to the main society which has been established in Germany, affiliations have either been launched or are in the process of crystallization in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria, Norway, Italy, France, Russia, Holland, Japan, Ethiopia, and Belgium.

Humanity, Inc., has based its philosophy upon the doctrine that the benevolence of the Nordic people must be extended throughout the world to uplift less cultured races. President Hitler hopes that, by the merciful accomplishments of the tender-hearted Peace-makers, the barbaric, cruel, ferocious, selfish, pitiless, and ruthless traits of the English, Chinese, Greek, and American races may be eliminated, and the gentleness of Hitlerism be firmly established in the world. In notably restrained and refined terms, Mr. Hitler denounced the efforts of these races to block the society's moves toward international peace.

At a democratic convention held in Berlin several weeks ago, unbossed delegates, rejoicing in the rights of free speech and secret voting,

elected Mr. Hitler, former Austrian paper-hanger, World War veteran, Ex-commander of American Legion Post 0½, and Munich beer hall putscher, to the presidency. The board of directors, the policy-determining body for the corporation, includes the most illustrious names of the century, of whom Dr. Goebbels, Premier Benito Mussolini, Rudolph Hess, General Fritz Kuhn of Alcatraz, Joseph Stalin, Emperor Hirohito, and Comrade Molotoff are most distinguished.

At this convention, a six point platform was drafted in order to give unity and clarity to the Humanitarian program. Although insidious propaganda from American and British sources firmly assert that the purposes of the movement is not to secure the peace of the world but to give Hitler a piece of the world, this rumor was forever denied when the delegates, in no uncertain terms, denounced this rumor as "a mere fabrication" and adopted their six-point program.

The program towards international peace includes the following points: first, Communism is a deadly poison to the world and must be fought with every resource (At the request of Mr. Joseph Stalin, this was somewhat modified to meet existing conditions); second, since democracy is the rule of the rabble and eventually leads to world chaos and disorder, it must be swept from the face of the earth; third, the small countries, uncultured and brutal, must be placed under the general supervision of more advanced nations, such as Germany,

Russia, and Japan, whose sole thought is to make numerous internal improvements and not to exploit these countries, as the so-called democracies have done. The fourth point is based upon the superior culture of the Nordic races, which must be spread throughout the world to the more primitive races. This was somewhat modified at the request of Messrs. Stalin, Mussolini, and Hirohito. The fifth part of the peace program demands free trade with all the colonies in the world, except those owned by nations not subscribing to Humanity, Inc. At first glance, this appears to be a selfish consideration; but such is not the case, for the resolution was adopted to keep inferior American and British goods out of the colonial territories. The final

point is that all colonies should be redistributed, with the major portion going to the more cultured and enlightened members of the peace movement.

This program is rapidly receiving the approval of all of the great peace and humanitarian organizations, including the various religious denominations, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the Committee to defend America by Aiding the Allies. From the increasing amount of support being given to Humanity, Inc. from all parts of the world and from all classes of people, Mr. Hitler has announced that a great peace offensive will be launched this year to halt forever the attempt to settle disputes by the force of arms.

In the Calm of the Past

*To be hung over the fireplace
in an eighteenth century room*

Linger a while in the calm of the past;
Linger, my friends, while the memories last.
Fast fades the gilt of an age that is gone,
But in this simple room may its beauty live on.

Gather around the embers' warm glow
And list to the organ strains, mellow and low,
To the melodies sung in the years gone by,
And so loved by us that they cannot die.

Rough shadows are drawn by the dim candle light
Of the hollow-backed rocker, our grandma's delight.
Ivy and bittersweet gracefully fill
The old candle mould on the wide windowsill.

Neatly on shelves 'tween the fireplace and door
Stand the books that we love, with the great thoughts of yore.
So linger a while in the calm of the past;
Linger, my friends, while the memories last.

GEORGINE HAUGHTON

Too Many Drinks Spoil the Cook

DOROTHY SHISLER

MY suspicions were aroused when Juniata served a cherry ice-cream omelet and topped it off with a vegetable salad and hard sauce for dessert. Then she spent an afternoon chasing an imaginary chicken all around the apartment. I shouldn't have objected so much except that she was fiercely brandishing a large carving knife with which she hoped to decapitate the animal.

"Heah chickie, chickie, chickie, cluck, cluck," she called enticingly as she attempted to crawl under the radiator.

"Juniata." I asked rather hopelessly, "what are you doing?"

"Ah got to ketch dis yere pesky animule or we all don' get no fried chicken fo' dinnah," she explained.

As she emerged from the radiator, I got a whiff of her breath and noted her glassy stare.

"Juniata," I observed, "you're drunk."

"Now, Miss Louise," she protested, "How could Ah be drunk? Ah only had a li'l nip o' yo' bes' likker." She whirled around suddenly. "Whoops! Dere he goes." She leaped kitchenward.

Fortunately she managed to prepare dinner; but while she was washing the dishes, she sang a good deal; and afterwards I noticed broken glass scattered all over the kitchen.

The next morning I solemnly requested Juniata to abstain from all alcoholic beverages, and she just as solemnly promised never to drink again.

"Ah sho' won't drink no mo', Miss Louise, 'cause Ah got a powahful pain in de haid."

I gave her some aspirin. "This will fix you up. Lie down for a half hour, and you'll be all right again. Remember, I want this to be something special in the way of dinners, because I'm welcoming Mister Victor home from his trip to Mexico."

"Yes'm. Dis goin' to be a *swell* dinnah."

I was a trifle uneasy that evening as I considered the possibility of Juniata's forgetting her vow, but I dressed with care, so much care that I reached the living room just in time to answer Victor's knock.

"Hello. Let's get married," he greeted me.

"Hello. No. Tell me about Mexico."

"It's a wonderful place for a honeymoon."

"You went to Mexico to forget me," I reminded him.

"I didn't succeed."

"You have a one-track mind."

"It's on the right track," he declared.

"Oh—how was the pulqué?"

"Sort of sour. All right when you get used to it."

"That reminds me. Juniata," I called. "Cocktails, please."

After an eternal minute of silence, I decided to investigate.

"Excuse me a moment," I murmured. With some trepidation I entered the kitchen. I failed to notice Juniata lying on the floor, hence I fell over her and landed in a pile of pans which were, for some inexplicable reason, stacked on the floor. The resulting crash brought Victor to my rescue. He naturally picked me up.

"Any broken bones?" he inquired.

"No." I felt more annoyed than bruised.

"Why the body?" he asked. "The kitchen is not a nice place for it. Furthermore, it occupies practically all the available floor space."

"I *always* keep the cook's body on the kitchen floor." I explained briefly.

"Really! Has she been murdered?"

"I hope so," I replied bitterly, "in a most painful manner."

"No wounds visible," he observed.

"Let's make some," I suggested wildly. "Don't you feel in a sadistic mood, Victor?"

"No. My mood could be described simply as one of hunger."

"That's the hell of it. Here we are anticipating a ravishing meal, and this unspeakably depraved cook is dead drunk. Oh, what a horrible situation! What shall we do?"

"I guess we shall have to cook the dinner ourselves," Victor said calmly.

"What do you mean 'we'? You know very well I can't cook."

"Oh, I can dash up a bit of something," he declared reassuringly. "First let's remove this. One can't take a step without encountering it."

We dragged Juniata into her room. Then as we made a quick survey of the refrigerator, the first thing we saw was the pleasantly chilled cocktail shaker.

Victor's culinary confidence rapidly increased. By the time we had emptied the shaker, he donned an apron and announced his intention of cooking

everything in the kitchen. I stood around helplessly and rather dubiously watching him.

Surprisingly enough, the meal was delicious.

"Where did you learn to cook?" I inquired.

"How Long taught me. He's a wonderful cook."

"I know," I sighed enviously.

"As soon as we're married, he'll be cooking for you, too," Victor pointed out.

"Oh, there must be some other solution. Does How Long have a brother?"

"Yes."

"Can he cook?" I continued eagerly.

"Possibly."

"Well, where is he?"

"In jail. He used to run an opium joint."

"Victor! How could you lead me on like that? I shall have to fire Juniata tomorrow, and then I shall begin starving."

"Not necessarily," he said calmly. "As I pointed out before, you can marry me."

"And even if How Long gets drunk or goes to jail, you can cook," I mused.

"Yes. I offer you not only my hand but gastronomic security as well."

"You are awfully sweet, Victor."

The next day I fired Juniata, but I haven't starved: How Long is a wonderful cook.

Winter

The barren ground,
A frozen tree;
Never a sound
But the sobbing sea.
Over the earth a pall-like sky
Shrouding the dead of Autumn's kill.
The flight of the gull; its hungry cry,
A fading echo beyond the hill.

MARIA MARONE

Gateway to Heaven

JEAN PATTERSON

FROM the elevated level of the rocks, the cove and far shore, whose slender finger-shape pointed the way to the ocean beyond, reflected chameleon-like the rosy glow of a departing September sun. The stern, rugged beauty of this portion of Maine coastline, softened under the mellowing influence of the sun, seemed to represent the gateway to Utopia, which we mortals call heaven.

Like a silhouette on a painted background, the firm, straight lines of a lone sailing vessel, motionless on the calm waters of the cove, etched themselves against the sky. Forming a barrier to the great battalion of thirsty pines were the age-old rocks, worn smooth by the interminable action of the water. Even these grey stones glowed, for they were not impervious to the flaming sunset.

Streaked with crimson and gold, the sky found its image in the water below, even to the outermost wisps of clouds which seemed like rosy stepping stones to heaven. The pines for a few fleeting moments so completely absorbed the vivid colors of the sunset that they too seemed to be changing their dress of summer green for one of aureate and ruddy hues—the enviable characteristic of their brothers. But not for long, for as the sun slipped farther below the horizon, leaving in its wake only pale pastel shades, then, the pines—those sentinels of God—recaptured their dignified dark green. And as twilight deepened, the jagged line of the evergreens became sharply distinct against the still light sky. Then, “silently, one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.”

On Foot Through Chinatown

OFFISE WACK

CHINATOWN is embraced by three painfully narrow streets, Pell, Mott, and Tomoy, which are laid out in the form of a rough Y whose prongs are pointed northeast and whose stem curves southward and terminates in the southeast. Pell Street is the base, Mott Street the left fork, and Tomoy Street the right. Along these ways are clustered the houses and shops that breathe an atmosphere of incense, mystery, and cat-like Oriental silence. Here, within the confines of three city blocks, is a world removed, strangely quiet, bizarre, and saturated with an intriguing life color that is fast retreating to its niche in the hallway of Time.

Start at Pell Street and work your way upward on any cold October morning when dark clouds hover in the sky, and scattered snow flakes whisk along before a chill wind that careens through the insignificant ways of Chinatown, whips around the corner, and flees headlong across the Bowery to the North River. Notice how still are the surroundings and how the boom of mighty New York is but a hum in the background. Smell the confused odors borne upon the air: the pungency of some rare Eastern spice, the sweet delicacy of religious incense, and the biting tang of onions and peppers. Look about and see the scattering of colors. Here are several baskets of white, garlic-like bulbs piled on sidewalk. Most of the shops and houses are dull reddish brown with little trim except for quaint carvings about the doors and the eaves of the roofs. High above, overlooking the street, is the vivid multicolored open-air platform that once commanded the attention of the powerful Chinese political factions known as Tongs. The stage is bedecked with scarlet and gold trappings and luxuriously furnished in crimson flecked with green and silver. There are the great prayer wheel, the ceremonial gongs and drums, the sacred, silken umbrellas, and the rich throne that long ago supported the head Tong-man as he delivered his religious and political incantation. Today the Tongs have lost their power, and two rival factions no longer split the sentiments of the settlement.

To the left is the rambling Chinese-Catholic "Church of the Transfiguration," not to be confused with the "Little Church Around the Corner" which bears the same name. And look at the shops on the right. They are dingy and dusty

and curious. Ducks, chickens, and turkeys hang in the dirty, many-paned windows. Greases drip slowly and steadily from their carcasses, and they are rich golden brown. They are ready to eat, but they have never been near a fire! The longer they hang, the sweeter and more tender they become. This process of curing fowls is one of ancient Chinese origin whose secret has not been learned by the Occident. Even the principle behind this fireless cooking is known only to the honorable sons of Confucius.

On Mott Street you walk over wooden surface doors that lead to the cellars beneath the buildings, and your feet pound a hollow rhythm into their depths. Forty years ago these sealed staircases might have led you into the hidden opium dens that sheltered amid a riot of hallucinations the underworld of Greater New York. The whole section is undermined by a network of tunnels and secret passages which open into the dens and private rooms that now are quiet and echo no more the ravings of drug-crazed men and women. And yet, you wonder. Maybe . . .

Ahead is the Chinese Rathskeller, a touch of the out-of-place modern in a different world. Bales and boxes clutter the narrow sidewalks, and a few figures pass in each direction, their coat collars turned up about their ears and their hat brims pulled low over their eyes. Shops and houses, similar to those on Pell Street, line the walks. Three down-and-outers, horribly pathetic figures, broken physically and mentally, laugh uproariously as you pass. One detaches himself from the group and approaches, leering vacantly at you as he holds out a palsied hand for a coin. Posters in Chinese characters are tacked to store and house fronts, and if you look closely you may catch a glimpse of a placid yellow face peering at you from behind partially screened windows.

Pass into Tomoy Street and you are standing in the center of a rich, historical panorama. There, with its brown, multi-decked, peaked roof is the restaurant in which Irving Berlin, as a singing waiter, performed thirty years ago to a select clientele. He is now a millionaire, but often he returns to visit the drab scenes of his early successes. Directly opposite is the grey, square-fronted, dark-windowed, squalid plainness of No. 5-7 Tomoy Street. This is Tom Noonon's famous Church

Continued on page sixteen

Thoughts by the Fire

A few clean twigs
Stuck into the ground
And leaning together
With a twist of paper underneath
And a match
And a hand to strike it.

A few bones
Leaning together
And a veil of flesh
Stretched over
A flame
And God's hand to apply it.

And a young flame
Yellow and fluttering
And new logs
Rough and thick
 And smelling as the clean pines do
In the gold and blue of winter mornings.
And the passion and the pride of the great conflagration
And the incense

O the new flame of youth!
And the warm new flesh
And the vigour of strong arms
And the passion and the pride of hair whipping
 in the wind
In the winged race.
And the incense of minds
Burning with the great causes of the young.



Then the crash of the biggest log,
The sparks and the smoke,
The fine etching of gold-red embers
Paper-thin and leaf on leaf,
The glow, the quiet slow glow,
Then on a sudden
Two hands from the shadow,
The glint and splash
Of a bucket of water
And the smoldering

The crash of the once-sure strength
The bewildering tiredness,
The sparks of effort and the smoke of fatigue,
Then old age—
The finely etched mind,
Its quiet glow,
And Death
On a sudden
With a bucket of water

You know
The painstaking labor of building the fire, God,
The watching
And the adding of logs
And the throwing on of water.
But the cleanness of the new sticks
And the ecstasy of the burning
And the restfulness of the after-glow
We know.

GLADYS HEIBEL

On Foot Through Chinatown

Continued from page Fourteen

of the Underworld. Pass within and you look down upon a cold, barren, impersonal, low ceilinged amphitheater with banks of wooden benches rising one above the other on opposite sides of a central podium. In the days of the fierce, bloody Tong wars, this was the only place where members of both Tongs were allowed by their leaders to mingle, under the provision that no disturbance occur. Yet it was in this room that the bitterest, cruelest, and longest Tong war broke out, and police discovered its false front by locating within its cellars the nucleus of an opium smuggling ring and numerous private apartments wherein the pipe was smoked. Today it is a church to which come the "forgotten men", the "poor unfortunates", and the "Bowery Bums" to seek comfort in their stormy lives. As you pass out, your contribution will be gratefully received.

Next door to No. 5-7 is a novelty shop, and well may you stand and look with curious delight at its wares. There are jade idols, the three monkeys of wisdom, back-scratchers, porcelain vases, quaint jewelry, and hopeless box puzzles that are reminders of Oriental cunning and cleverness. But

that is not all, for secluded in the once forbidden recesses of the building is an authentic Chinese temple. Walk through the door on your right, down the dark, heavily carpeted hallway, and you come suddenly into the religious gloom of the temple chambers. The air is heavy with incense and little lights dance eerily on the altar among the family gods. In one corner of the room is a great laughing Buddha, and you feel like laughing with him. Low, wooden stools face the altar and two sacred umbrellas. If you choose you may strike the ancient prayer gong or the drum of Confucius. One blow means health; two, happiness; three, a marriage within four moons; and four, a speedy divorce.

There is more to Chinatown than the sight-seer never learns about, and perhaps some things would be none too pleasant. But the heavy hand of civilization has made itself felt even here. Purchase a souvenir and you will hear the quiet, sugary, Oriental voice of the proprietor.

"That will be ninety-eight cents, plus a two cent sales tax. One dollar, please."

And then you will know that the color of Chinatown is fading and almost gone.

Eternal Truth

I shall find my truth in Nature,
A living tree, a blade of grass—these do not lie,
Their worth is not construed in man's emotions,
Their truth a beauty that can never die.
Green renewed the leaves each Spring,
So human hope; that wrought by Faith in God,
Returns assured, yet once again;
As, too, the green of this Eternal sod.
And the wind must be the breath of Him,
Upon whose gentle breast is borne
His words of Love, to lead us, groping through the night,
To see and know the colors of the misty morn.
Honor, too, is here, for Nature's creatures,
In their meaningful and honest life,
Live but little for the glory and the greed
That actuate the whole of human strife.
So if He will, and my steps be guided,
By the tenets of His world, that I have seen,
I may die in sorrow, poverty and hunger—
But the escutcheon of my soul is clean.

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A MERRY HOLIDAY SEASON
*to the administration and students
of Ursinus College*

FROM

SCHULZ BAKING COMPANY

OF POTTSTOWN

Editors Like to Write This Way

Continued from page two

of a free press. A free press, like a free people, makes mistakes; but it is at liberty to change its course when the mistake is clear. Not all nations allow such freedom. Some of them are even more severe than Harold Ickes would now be. But for America I hope a free, aggressive, and fearless press will remain a blazing beacon, searching out the facts. It should tell us its deductions from those facts in appropriate editorial comments. We will agree or disagree as we see fit. But when we do reject a part of those opinions we don't want a meddling Secretary of the Interior to tamper with the system.



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