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The Lantern

VOL. II

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No. 2

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Fulfillment Through Expression

IN this time when we are hearing so much about self-expression and the art of creative living, we might stop to consider the importance of such an emphasis. Without art, life is barren; it is not living at all. Truth and beauty are experienced not only through a sensitive appreciation, or what we might call an artistic receptiveness, but even more through the artistic creativeness of the individual; for the real joy in living comes not so much in receiving as in sharing. Too much intake without corresponding output is disastrous. It has well been said that over-indulgence in art without a complementary outlet in self-expression results in mental indigestion.

This does not mean that after experiencing the exquisite beauty of an Ode to a Nightingale one must take pen and paper and produce forthwith another great poem, but unless the emotion engendered by reading it was meaningless and shallow, one will want to *do* something, be it only a little act of kindness to a friend.

The power to create — that is man's supreme attribute. By this we do not mean to imply that everyone may be an artist in the highest degree. But he can — and must have a powerful urge to — express some little portion of that ennobling force he feels to be working through life. Even the masterpiece is only an approximation of the beauty conceived in the heart and mind of its creator. The artist who is satisfied with his work ceases to be an artist. But the seeming remoteness of the goal is no excuse for becoming discouraged and giving up. The very splendor of the ideal makes it worth striving towards. It is the ideal that radiates the life and hope out of which the actual takes its being. However far it seems to recede as one approaches, the very progress is attainment. When the standard set and the result achieved are the same, there is no further incentive, no inspiration; then art dies.

The most magnificent cathedral is still undesigned, the most glorious symphony unscored, the finest picture unpainted, the greatest poem unwritten. But greater tragedy than this is the tragedy of art uncreated because some unknown Milton did not discover, did not attempt to find his God-given powers of self-expression!

+ + +

WE feel that THE LANTERN is a worth while undertaking which occupies a valuable place in our liberal arts program, in that it attempts to foster literary activity among Ursinus students. Continuation of the publication can be assured only if it is put on a substantial money basis *now*. A continual struggle against financial difficulties will necessarily blight its development.

We admire the spirit of a Friend in Norristown, a business man who wanted to make a contribution "to help out," even though he was unable to buy an advertisement. It is that kind of interest and backing which will make it possible for the magazine to carry forward. Alumni and friends of Ursinus, THE LANTERN will appreciate your support!

Ole Man Ennis

“OLE MAN” ENNIS gave a sigh of relief as he saw the car bearing his daughter and her husband disappear on the road toward town. He took his worn slicker and his battered cap from the nail where they had hung undisturbed for the last three months, and, opening the front door, looked out toward the shanties of the other watermen who lived at the little “landing.” No one seemed to be about—most of the men were at work out on the bay. He gave another sigh of relief at the sight of the “Emma Jane” swinging easily at her moorings a few feet from the dock. She appeared to be in fairly good condition, considering that no one had looked after her much during the three months that he had been laid up with the “flu,” rheumatism, and various other ailments.

The old man was well-known to all the watermen who gained their livelihood from Johnson’s Bay because of his long years of experience on the water (everyone agreed that he was “gettin’ along”), the way he could handle a sail-boat, and the fact that he knew that bay as he knew the inside of his coat pocket. “‘Ole Man’ Ennis could sail the bay blindfolded any day,” they said. But he had been ill for long weeks and everyone was certain that he had seen his last days on the water; for, though he recovered, he was weak and shaky. “A man of his age shouldn’t be allowed out on the bay, especially alone and not very strong.” His daughter tried to console him for his failing strength; but he always replied, “I ain’t licked yet and don’t you think it!” and his blue eyes gleamed defiantly in his wrinkled, leathery face.

Therefore as he slowly recovered, he made up his mind that he’d show them all. He guessed he could still sail a boat! And “Ole Man” Ennis wasn’t going to quit just because he’d

had to be laid up for a few weeks. So he bided his time patiently, waiting for a day when his daughter and her husband would both be away from home and he could steal out the “Emma Jane” and take a sail. The day had come at last. His daughter had had misgivings about going away and leaving her father alone; but he had assured her that he would be quite all right, saying to himself, “Now’s my chance!”

Not very tall, spare, and bronzed from years of exposure, the old man stepped out on the dock and gazed lovingly at the bay that he had not seen for three months. There it lay, sparkling in the sunlight, perpetually in motion, and stretching away for several miles to where he could see indistinctly the dark shadows that were pine trees on the opposite shore. Formerly, “Ole Man” Ennis had seldom regarded the bay affectionately; indeed sometimes he had a hostile feeling toward it. When huge gray waves reached up to engulf the “Emma Jane” and him, he had felt as if in personal conflict with the bay. Now it was different; the bay seemed friendly and inviting, and the old man was aware of the feeling that he was greeting an old friend.

He came out on the dock, bent down, and, grasping the cable of the “Emma Jane,” pulled her in so he could get aboard. She was a small, one-masted sail-boat built for sturdy service rather than for speed and beauty. He had had her for years and she seemed to him like a real person. He knew her good qualities as well as her failings—which he would not acknowledge to anyone else—often speaking to her as if she could hear, and fancying that she responded when he urged her on. He hoisted the sail, shoved down the centerboard, and “cast off.” It was

a perfect afternoon for a sail, with a brisk southwest breeze whipping up friendly waves that danced and sparkled in the sunshine. My! it was good to feel the old "Emma Jane" slipping along smoothly, rocking gently over the waves. The slap-slap of water against her sides, and the occasional spray that flew back when her bow neatly took the crest off a wave were highly exhilarating. The tangy salt air that he hadn't smelled for so long filled his nostrils sharply. How good it was to have his hand once more on the familiar tiller!

Yet in spite of these satisfying sensations, "Ole Man" Ennis was conscious of a weak, breathless feeling in his chest that he would have liked not to notice. "Oh, I'll soon be over that," he said to himself, and promptly tried to forget it in the thought that he had *not* been licked, he certainly could sail a boat still. He had not lost the feel of it, even if he had been ill for so long. No, sir! They couldn't drydock him as easily as that! For hadn't he been sailing a boat as long as he could remember, and his father before him? Like many old seamen, he took little stock in motor boats. Smelly, noisy things! Always breaking down or getting out of gasoline when you were ten miles from nowhere. Give him a sail every time; with a capful of wind it'd take you where you wanted to go, and bring you back, too.

The "Emma Jane" was headed for the "P'int" about two miles up the bay, since there would be plenty of time to sail there and back before his daughter and her husband came home. "Ole Man" Ennis was automatically minding the tiller and the sheet rope with all of his former skill. Brown's Island was just over to the windward, so he was about halfway to the "P'int."

There was that queer feeling in his chest again! Only this time it was worse, and was accompanied by a shaky feeling in his knees. "But shucks! That'll soon pass off," he said to himself, nevertheless feeling a chill of foreboding deep in his heart, that perhaps

after all it hadn't been so very wise to come out alone.

Presently he noticed that the sky was beginning to cloud over and the wind was freshening a little. The gray-green waves that had looked friendly a half an hour ago were now becoming an ugly, dark gray with increasing white caps. "Ole Man" Ennis glanced at the sky, remarking to himself, "Goin' to be a little blow — wind's coming round to the west'ard, but 'tain't goin' to 'mount to much." Nearing the "P'int" now, the old man was heading the "Emma Jane" closer in shore in order to "put about" to return to the "landing." Suddenly a horribly sharp pain stabbed him in the chest. He clutched the spot with his hands, releasing both the tiller and the sheet-rope. In an effort to alleviate it he tried to stand up in the stern of the boat, but so intense was the pain that he failed to notice the sail with its heavy sprit which the wind was hurling upon him. Something struck the back of his head. A black curtain lowered itself before his eyes . . .

Two or three hours later, two oystermen were returning home in their motor boat after a day's work. As they approached the "P'int" one said, pointing, "What's that over there? Looks like a boat capsized."

"Might be," the other agreed. "Better find out, anyway." So he changed their course slightly, and they were soon able to see that it was a capsized sailboat. As they drew alongside it, they made out the name "Emma Jane."

"What's 'Ole Man' Ennis' boat doing up here and capsized?" exclaimed the first oysterman.

"Might'a slipped her cable and drifted," suggested the other; "but look over on the shore! Looks like a man, and he must be hurt!"

They nosed their boat closer in to the shore and then waded to where the figure of a man lay on the sand at the edge of the water.

"Why . . . why . . . it's 'Ole Man' Ennis!" ejaculated one of them.

"And he looks . . . he looks . . ."

a stunned expression came over his face.

They bent over the old man; then both of them straightened slowly.

"Well . . ." said one huskily, "he shore could handle a boat."

"Yep . . . He knew the water all right."

Their horny hands gently took up the old man's body.

JOYCE L. STRICKLAND



Nos Illusions

By Philippe Vallee

*As the petals of the roses, in the dewy dawn of May,
Crown the freshly opened blossoms that on slender branches sway,
And offer to the sunshine all their wealth of sweet perfume,
So our dreams, our hopes and fancies, in life's early joyous bloom,
Are but flowers whose incense maddens us and sets our hearts aglow
With an eagerness for happiness that we may never know;
For soon comes trouble stealing, casting sadness everywhere.
And as the roses, fresh at dawning, wither in the noontide's glare
Till when evening shadows lengthen, half-unfurled they droop and sigh,
And one by one the petals fall, and uncomplaining lie;
So our errors, our misfortunes, and our tears in falling streams
Cloud the brightness of youth's springtime; and our joyous golden dreams
Slowly fade and wither, dying in our melancholy hours
Like the gently falling petals of the morning's new-blown flowers.*

—Translation by RUTH I. HAMMA

A Celtic May Day Festival

With the Procession of Spring Presented

by a Druid Bard

(Editor's Note: Because of the length of the original pageant, it is impossible to reproduce it here in full. The first three episodes are given in synopsis form. The last two episodes, the prologue, and the epilogue are printed in their entirety.)

SCENE: Ireland.

TIME: About the Fifth Century of our era.

PROLOGUE

Nine Celtic maidens come forth bearing aloft the Celtic cauldron of Inspiration. Advancing gracefully, they place the cauldron on the ground where they dance around it, pretending to produce flames with their breath. After their beautiful dance, the maidens bear their kettle to one side and place it between two bushes. Then, standing motionless on either side, they seem to make fairies, elves, and pixies magically step out of the cauldron. These captivating creatures rush across the green and frisk about with delight, but they have no chance to give their fairy dances, for they hear laughter from *real* people. At once the fairies flee to conceal themselves.

It is May Day in Ireland, and the happy people are coming early to the green to celebrate, as is customary, in honor of their May day god and goddess, Brigit and Beltane.

The lovely queen, with the king beside her, leads the procession. The haughty Druid priest walks beside the bard, and the attendants come next with the humble folk, men, women, and children, following.

With the joyous people looking on, the king and queen of May take their places on the throne, their attendants around them. The bard and Druid stand before them ready to begin the great day's celebration, when there is a sudden disturbance. A strange bard,

a harp in his hand, pushes his way toward the king and queen. They welcome him and indicate to the people that he is the great bard who is to entertain them by the magic powers of his art.

The Tara bards and Druids take their seats or stand beside the throne. Around them the common folk form a large semi-circle. Then the wondrous Dagda sweeps his hand impressively across his harp, waves his hand toward the scene of action, and there is re-created a scene from ancient Babylon.

Episode One depicts the descent of Ishtar, Babylonian goddess of vegetation and fertility, to Arallu, or Hades, in order to get back her lover, Tammuz, who has been slain. He is now guarded by the Queen of the Underworld among the shadows of the dead. As Ishtar descends through the seven gates she is forced at each one to submit to the watchman, first her great crown and scepter, then successively her huge earrings, her gorgeous necklace, her magnificent breast jewels, her many rings and bracelets, her jewelled girdle, and her brilliant, colored cloak.

A group of Babylonians express graphically Ishtar's absence from the earth and her return with Tammuz, at which all life springs up anew, and the people express their exuberant joy in emotional Oriental dances and chants.

Episode Two pictures the spring festivals of Greece in honor of Dionysus, or Bacchus, god of fertility and wine, and of Demeter, goddess of nature, and her daughter, Persephone. These two festivals, famous in Attica, were closely connected as the Eleusinian Mysteries.

A stately procession of the worshippers of Demeter appears—priests carry-

ing a statue of the infant Iacchus, priestesses with urns and bowls, canephoræ (flower maidens) bearing on their heads or carrying baskets of flowers, and the worshipers, with urns or torches.

The wild, noisy Bacchic revellers burst in as the others pass from view. After an excited ceremony and short chant at the altar, they wind up with the frenzied dance of the Bacchanals.

Episode Three dramatizes the return of Spring in Norse mythology. Idun, goddess of spring and youthfulness, has disappeared from the earth. It is told that she has been tricked by Loki (mischief-maker of the Norse gods) into the clutches of the ice and snow giant, Thiassi, who keeps her imprisoned in Thrymheim, his winter home.

The pageant shows the gods in their home, Asgard, mourning for the absent Idun. Odin, king of the gods, spies her and sends Loki, their swift-footed messenger, who rescues her by a ruse.

After Idun's return to Asgard, the raging storm giant, angry at the loss of his captive, and his daughter, the white goddess of winter, come to the foot of the rainbow bridge to threaten the gods. The two are defeated by the golden splendor of Freyr, god of the sunshine.

At this victory, the goddesses of the rainbow come down from their arched bridge and dance upon the grass, and the flower maidens scatter blossoms on the ground.

The bard again sweeps his harp, and the scene is Celtic—

EPISODE IV

Contest between Spring and Winter Forces in Ireland

(One of the great contests in Irish cycles of divine and heroic myths was that between the Tuatha De Danaan, "the tribe or folk of the goddess Dana" and the Fomorians. The Danaans were associated with the powers of light and knowledge. The goddess, Dana, was also identified with Brigit, goddess of blessing, light and fertility. The Fomorians, in contrast, represented the formidable powers of darkness. Two battles were fought, one

in the autumn, the other in the spring. The Danaan folk, defeated in the fall, fled and hid in coves.)

In the spring while the powers of darkness dance exultantly over the land which they will still possess, the scattered forces of the bright-robed Danaans dare to venture forth and flash their golden spears, first with hesitancy, then with boldness, against the dark Fomorians. In the battle for supremacy, the silver-tipped spears of the Fomorians seem even stronger than the golden spears (the sun beams) of the Danaans. But just as the massed powers of winter are about to overwhelm spring's forces, a mighty hero, Lugh, the shining sun god himself, rushes in.

The Fomorian leader, beholding Lugh's brightness, begins to fail and falter and becomes an easy prey to the golden sword. The rest of the Fomorian forces are quickly defeated; they scatter in panic, and run from the field in disordered flight, bearing their dead leader with them. The Danaan folk, now in possession of the land, rejoice in delight.

FOURTH INTERLUDE

The people can no longer contain themselves after seeing their own fairy folk. They would rush toward them immediately, but the king and queen arise, and bid their subjects be patient for a moment. They turn to thank that amazing bard who has given them such unusual entertainment. They call to the Druid to signal preparation for the coronation. Dagda summons back the Spring Worshipers of the many lands to share in the gala event. They form in groups around the green.

EPISODE V

May Day Festival

This is the real May Day fete at last. There is a rush and joyous activity among the Celtic folk. The people busy themselves hurrying here and there in preparation. More people come upon the green—soldiers returning from battle, Druid priests, musicians, and finally, two kindly, foreign Christian monks. The people pick up their gar-

lands and flowers, their baskets, the votaries for their gods and goddesses. Beltane is honored by a dance of those carrying the hoop twined with leaves and flowers, symbolic of the encircling sun of their year. The people proceed in a procession to a sacred well, walk about it several times, stoop, pretend to bathe their faces in it, and drink the water. They drop in a sacrifice, a small trinket or flower, and pay the white-robed priestesses in attendance. Then they return to the grove, placing small trinkets on the trees and garlanding the trunks with leaves and wreaths of flowers.

The court bard blows the trumpet, announcing that the coronation ceremony is about to begin. The Christian monks come forth to remonstrate against the pagan rituals; but the people give no heed to them, and they walk from the scene to stand beside a nearby tree, where they sadly watch the pagan festivities. The court entertains with an Irish reel, after which the Druid priest lifts his wand, sternly commanding quiet and order; the people turn to their May queen and king. The priests lead the queen to the coronation rock. A little boy and girl, carrying the beautiful flower wreath upon a golden shield, approach the queen. She kneels and is crowned by the king, and then blessed by the Druids.

The people, happy and excited, bow before their lovely May Queen. Smil-

ing, she also bows, and commands them to begin their dances. Beginning with the beloved Irish jig, they wind up with the great dance around the May-pole.

After this gala dance, the king and queen lead off, and the merry Irish folk with reluctance follow. The children, in great amusement, watch the lively antics of the bear capering along at the very end as he follows his master.

EPILOGUE

As the Celtic people leave the green, the fairy folk again rush forth to hold their revels on the lawn. The gay little pixies scamper and skip and frolic about. Proceeding more gracefully, the Fairy Queen takes her seat upon the rock and, waving her wand, immediately commands her pretty white elves to give their dance. The mischievous pixies soon run forth and join them, and whirling around together they form a green and white circle, the pixies suggesting shamrocks with their outspread wings.

Although the Fairy Queen and her attendants add their presence, their joy is brief, for soon the clanging sound of a Christian monk's bell is heard in the distance. The group, standing still for a moment, listens. Nearer it comes, for the sound grows louder! Then once more the fairies rush away, never to return.

ANNA MAY BROOKS



Dew Drops

*Out of the west the evening breeze came blowing
Cool and fresh from where its caverns are,
Softly it breathed where perfumed flow'rs were growing,
And from each blossom fell a tiny star.
They lay upon the grass there in the gloaming—
The elves and fairies thought them lovely jewels.
But little children out for evening roaming
Saw all around them only magic pools.*

—KETURAH R. DONALSON

Baker Street Fiction

IF you want relief from toil, study, exams, inhibitions, love, or what-not, just follow the scarlet thread of crime as it unravels through the pages of a well-constructed detective story.

A detective story should be distinguished from other types of crime stories which the public usually lump together indiscriminately. John Farrar gives the following division of crime stories: (1) the horror story, (2) the puzzle story, (3) the mystery story, (4) the fantastic pursuit story, (5) the underworld story, (6) the murder story.

Number two, in case you do not recognize it, is the detective story type under discussion.

The immense popularity of the detective story presents an interesting psychological problem peculiarly appropriate to our era. What sort of demand can account for the great number of detective stories on the market today?

In the first place, a good detective story offers escape from the grinding pressure of every-day reality. Secondly, it is a mental problem or game. As Leon Whipple, in the *Survey*, feelingly puts it, "Gently the mind-wheels mesh into the solving of a puzzle, the solution of which is utterly pointless to us or anybody else. We feel no iota of responsibility or personal identification with either the woes of the characters or the crimes of their environment. Peace descends and a glorious freedom from propaganda. We are not being sold any 'ism,' or taught a habit, or enlightened on a crusade."

Critics have maintained, and not unjustly, that snobbery accounts for a part of the popularity of the detective story. This is especially true when the story is constructed according to the familiar Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson method; that is, when the mystery

is interpreted through the eyes of the rather stupid satellite of a brilliant detective. The author flatters the reader by making the worshipful satellite even slightly below average intelligence so that when the reader discovers a clue or makes a correct deduction, he can say, "Why, I knew that all the time!"

Detective story fans claim a superiority over the readers of the other five kinds of crime stories because they insist that the true detective story is a purely intellectual exercise, and so is enjoyed only by intelligent people, while the other types appeal primarily to the emotions and naturally are read by people of inferior intelligence.

This seems to be an especially logical deduction when we know that Woodrow Wilson, Charles Evans Hughes, William Howard Taft, George Bernard Shaw, Ex-President Hoover, Frank B. Kellogg, Theodore Roosevelt, King George V., Dwight Morrow, and David Lloyd George have all been detective-story fans.

Probably the exacting demands of readers like the above have had much to do with making the writing of good detective stories the art it is today. A public of the head, rather than of the heart, keeps any author up to high standards.

Gradually there has developed a set of unwritten rules which the author must follow to insure the reader a fair chance of winning in the game between them. S. S. Van Dine has undertaken to set down a code for detective stories:

1. The reader must have equal opportunity with the detective for solving the mystery. All clues must be plainly stated and described.

2. No willful tricks or deceptions may be played on the reader other than those played legitimately by the criminal on the detective himself.

3. There must be no love interest.

The business in hand is to bring a criminal to the bar of justice, not to bring a lovelorn couple to the hymeneal altar.

4. The detective himself, or one of the official investigators, should never turn out to be the culprit.

5. The culprit must be determined by logical deductions—not by accident or coincidence or unmotivated confession.

6. The detective novel must have a detective in it who detects.

7. No lesser crime than murder will suffice. Three hundred pages is far too much bother for a crime other than murder.

8. The problem must be solved by strictly naturalistic means.

9. There must be but one real detective.

10. The culprit must turn out to be a person who has played a more or less prominent part in the story.

11. Servants must not be chosen for the culprits.

12. There must be but one culprit.

13. Secret societies must be eliminated.

14. The method of murder and means of detecting it must be rational and scientific.

15. The truth of the problem must at all times be apparent provided the reader is shrewd enough to see it.

16. There should be no long descriptive passages, no literary dallying with side-issues, no subtly-worked-out char-

acter analyses, no "atmospheric" pre-occupations.

17. A professional criminal should not be the culprit.

18. Murder should not turn out to be accident or suicide.

19. Motives should be personal.

20. Devices which should never be used:

a. Identity determined by cigarette butt.

b. Bogus seance to scare criminal into confession.

c. Forged fingerprints.

d. Dummy-figure alibi.

e. Dog does not bark—shows person familiar.

f. Criminal is a twin or relative who looks like character in the story.

g. Hypodermic.

h. Murder in a locked room after police have broken in.

i. Word-association test for guilt.

j. Cipher or code letter unravelled by sleuth.

When we read these rules and realize that they are conscientiously followed by the best writers of detective fiction, we can appreciate Mary Roberts Rinehart's statement, "For the author let it be said that no form of writing implies such concentration, such watchfulness, and so intensive a drain on his pure creative ability. A well-written, carefully worked-out story of crime is simply a novel plus."

NADINE JONES

+ + +

Disappointment—

A plunge into a dark abyss,

Down, down, down—

The solid ground of reality

At last.

March Winds

EVERYBODY on campus described Becky Thorpe as plain. She did look a bit drab with her straight, red hair drawn tightly back in a knot on her neck. She did seem a trifle flat in her devotion to school; for, although she participated in a good many activities, she was not boisterously active. Becky wasn't "popular" in the collegiate sense of the word, but all who did know her intimately loved her reticent nature. The younger girls, and especially the freshmen in the hall, came to her with their problems.

It was March, and Becky sat cross-legged on her bed watching the wind play havoc with the pedestrians — March, and one of those glorious, blustering days that she loved so well. It was her month, the month that just twenty years ago had ushered her into the world. She always thought it a joke that she should be the daughter of that swaggering, noisy month. But it seemed that today the wind had decided to assert its kinship, for it had somehow gotten inside her and made her heart pound with the same tumultuous rioting that characterized the day. She was thinking about this trick of nature when she heard the girls across the hall mention her name. She listened.

"I don't know what to think about Jack's letter," said Jo inquiringly. "I think I'll go over and ask Becky about it."

"I can't see why you take all your affairs to that unromantic Becky Thorpe," answered Pat scornfully. "She never even had a boy friend on campus."

"Well, at least she's sympathetic," retorted Jo.

In the next room, Becky Thorpe drew her eyes from the window back to the little card in her hand. Through tear-dimmed eyes she reread its blurred words, "Happy Birthday." Yes, it was her birthday, her month, and she should

be happy, but her thoughts went back to another March day just one year ago.

Her roommate had burst into the room waving a letter postmarked Maryland.

"Well, Becky," she cried excitedly, "open it quick! I'm dying to know if he's coming."

Becky jumped from the bed and snatched the envelope from Jane's hand. Underneath the words "Happy Birthday" was the longed-for message:

"Expect me the day of the dance. I am anxious to see you."

So short, but that was all Becky needed. She threw back her head, ran her hand through her red hair — really pretty red hair — and sighed happily.

"Isn't that grand, Jane? All the way from Maryland just to come to our Lorelei Dance! I'm so thrilled." And she hummed in her deep contralto, "This is my lucky day."

The day of the dance had come. It was a landmark in Becky's young life, perhaps more than a landmark to her then; it was the climax of nineteen years of dreams.

Becky wasn't really drab; she was as glamorous and alive as any other girl, in her dreams. Her nature was not forward, so she seemed colorless beside her vivacious college sisters. She had never been to a dance on campus and for that night she lived in a world of make-believe.

Bob called for her, and she was too excited even to sign out in the hall book.

"Gosh, you look lovely, Becky!" he greeted her enthusiastically.

It was a new experience for her to be complimented by a boy. She blushed becomingly and smiled her answer.

The night was perfect. During the last dance Bob whispered into her ear:

"You're not going to forget this night, are you, Becky?"

Too filled with the happiness of it all, she only shook her head.

The night passed, in fact the spring passed, the winter, and here it was March again. But Becky had not forgotten that dance. Bob's family had since moved to Louisiana; his letters had also long since grown cold. Now once in a while she received one telling her about his travels through the South — a water carnival, a rose festival, a public ceremony — all so matter-of-fact. And Becky answered. She told Bob about the chapel speaker, the basketball game, or the sorority party—all so matter-of-fact. The romance of her dreams had faded, through neither's fault, perhaps. Time and distance had wrought the change, with fate pulling the strings, no doubt.

Today she had received a card from him, coldly conventional, with no mention at all about that dance a year ago.

Becky brushed the tears from her eyes and smothered an ache in her heart as she answered: "Come in" to the knock on her door.

"Becky," called Jo, "I came — why, what's the matter? You've been crying, Becky Thorpe! I never thought that of you."

Becky smiled, and it wasn't a plain smile either. "Oh, I don't know what's wrong. You know it's my birthday — and everybody remembered — and — I'm just happy, that's all."

"Oh, well, I wanted to ask you, Becky, to help me write to Jack. You always know what to say."

They sat down and composed an answer, and as Jo picked it up and left the room she thanked Becky, saying:

"And, gosh, if I didn't know you, Becky Thorpe, I'd swear you've been in love."

— SARA BROWN



Winter Sunset

*The trees are darkly outlined,
The hills and sky are one,
Where outspread angel flame-wings
Brood over burning sun.*

*Peace floods the western heavens;
Security and love
Glow mingled in the sunset,
Like glory from above.*

*And ever near the hilltops,
In dazzling panoply,
The angels swirl their rainbow robes
And wave farewell to Day.*

*Then silently, beneath the blue
Of Heaven's darkening dome,
There trembles out one tiny star
To guide the angels home.*

— RUTH I. HAMMA

Book Review

NO SECOND SPRING

By Janet Beith

Published by Frederick A. Stokes
Company

*The \$20,000.00 International Prize
Novel*

No Second Spring is the simple story of Allison and Hamish, but its power to grip and hold you lies in its very simplicity. There is nothing extraordinary or unique about the story, but so beautifully and sympathetically is it told that the impression it leaves is indelible. Like all the simple things in life, it holds a world of human emotions—the fundamental passions that each one must face. It is more than a novel; it is a powerful stimulus to your concept of Beauty and God. It arouses you to think about the problem of your belief and where you find satisfaction and content. It deals with the disturbing conflict between man as an infinitesimal atom, “swamped and overwhelmed by an ancient power” and man ruled by the belief that “the Lord’s will” is going to be done.

The book has for its setting a little Scotch village in 1832, a Highland parish huddled miserably among naked hills and crouched behind a bay which lay open to the relentless gales of the Atlantic. There seems to be a kind of pathetic loneliness over the scene. We can hear the beat of the waters as they pound the rocks and the forlorn sigh of the winds among the hills. Everything seems engulfed in a veil of mist. This environment seems to settle on the inhabitants an apathetic isolation which robs them of determination, pride, and energy. It was to this village of Glenlee that Hamish brought Allison. His purpose was to take the Lord into the lives of those superstitious Scots.

Hamish McGregor was a powerful, energetic man, a preacher of hell-fire and damnation—a prophet from the Old Testament. His immutable creed was obedience and fear of God. His creed was a belief in laws that brook no deviation, not even in doubt. This was the iron-clad tenet which ruled his life and those of his household. Whenever a thought disturbed him, rare as that fact was, he dared not pursue it, but looked to God, “whence came his help.” Pleasure to him was irretrievably linked with vice. He looked on marriage as the will of God sanctioned for the procreation of children. Even the comfort and understanding of his wife, Allison, seemed unnecessary and secondary to the strength he felt from God. What was more heartless was the fact that when she needed him most her only consolation from him was quoted Scripture. He dominated her completely and instilled the fear of eternal fire even in his children. Try as she might, Allison could not embrace his faith completely; there was always doubt and unhappiness. Overbearing and hard as Hamish was, nevertheless we must admire his strength of purpose and absolute faith in his God.

It was into this family that Andrew Simon came. He was an artist whose creed was beauty and love; he was a man who had known life in its stark reality. It was he who brought spring to the heart of Allison and helped her to find peace. He lifted the fearful pall which had hung over her home; he made her feel warm and comfortable, as sunshine does. Life seemed to take on a new aspect, and even the children would not wake up at night with terrifying dreams of Hell. Together he and Allison worked out a philosophy which put meaning into life for both of them. They learned to believe that behind all the cruelty in the

world a steady gleam is shining. They found a consciousness of a moving spirit, exhibited in the petals of flowers and the magic color of mackerel fins. This was the spirit that drove men to discover unknown lands, to write poetry, and paint great pictures. They did not recognize a concrete God nor a man-made criterion of right or wrong. Neither seemed to realize the complete communion enjoyed, so perfectly did they complement each other.

Spring, the only one she had known, passed—Summer, and then Autumn. Love came at last to Allison. Torn between her chance at happiness and her devotion to her children, she sent Andrew away. At his departure something happened to Allison, and the old struggle returned within her. The Winter was long. Paralysis visited the village, taking three of Allison's children, "beautiful innocence," afraid to die because of the fear their father had instilled in them. Hamish suffered too, but he seemed utterly remote from Al-

lison with his faith, "the Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away." Allison, numbed with pain, felt that the Lord had nothing to do with her children's death. She felt bitter; she couldn't weep and she couldn't pray. Time went on. Hamish rose to prominence as a preacher in an Edinburgh church. Allison bore him more children, and they gave her her sole pleasure. Something had gone out of her forever; part had been tortured when Andrew left and finally torn to pieces by the death of her children. Where that part had been, only a dull ache now remained, but the rest of her lived on—her broken heart "kens no second spring again."

The book is less depressing than this glance at it suggests. Although the atmosphere of the harsh, cold, wet Scotch winters is chilling, touching pathos, a simple beauty softens the book like a misty shroud. *No Second Spring* tells an unforgettable story.

SARA BROWN



A Thought

*My own mirror is always kind to me,
Reflecting not myself, but what I want to be.
By long hours before its glass
I force displeasing sights to pass
Into a dim background, and put there,
Instead, a character beyond compare.
But other mirrors, not my own, must show
The bitter truth, which does not please me. So
I seek my own again. In vain! I cannot flee
From their accusing voices, mocking me.
Who knows? Perhaps it is the truth they say—
"Like this do others see you every day."*

DOROTHY WITMER.

The Cask of Amontillado

(Adapted from the short story of the same name by Edgar Allan Poe)

IN the very faint but flickering light of their flares the Duke of Montresor and his guest, Fortunato, the wine connoisseur of Venice, advance slowly along the narrow passage in the vaults of the host's castle. The rough stone wall of the passage quite close to the drop curtain is exposed only by this extremely dim light. Montresor is completely enveloped in a long dark cloak and wears a mask which he soon tears off. Fortunato wears the motley garments of a jester. The bells on his cap jingle when he moves. The faces of the two men can barely be seen in the dark and narrow vault, even with the aid of the light they carry.

Montresor: But it is an imposition on your good nature, my friend Fortunato, to drag you from the carnival.

Fortunato: But the Amontillado?

Montresor: Ah, yes! I was foolish enough to pay the full price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found last night, and I was fearful of losing a bargain—but I have my doubts.

Fortunato: Ah, last night! Yes! (Musingly) Last night. Consuelo was divine and she surpassed her usual performance. I did not see you at the opera.

Montresor: No, I was purchasing the Amontillado.

Fortunato: Amontillado?

Montresor: I have my doubts.

Fortunato: Amontillado?

Montresor: And I must satisfy them. I was searching for Luchesi when I met you and invited you to taste of the wine.

Fortunato: Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry.

Montresor: And yet some fools will

have it that his taste is a match for your own.

Fortunato (Taking the other's arm): Come, let us go—(He ends with a fit of coughing.)

Montresor: To the vaults? But, my good friend, you have an engagement tonight with Consuelo.

Fortunato: How did you know?

Montresor: I asked to bask in her company myself, but you—(lightly) you lucky fellow, asked before I did. But the engagement is of little consequence. You have a very bad cough and these walls are lined with nitre.

Fortunato: But the Amontillado. Consuelo will wait.

Montresor (Significantly): Consuelo will wait.

Fortunato (As he picks up a bone from the floor of the passage): Once he was as gay as I. (He bursts into a fit of coughing.)

Montresor: Yes, we shall both degenerate into that. But your cough—it is very bad. Let us go back. (Insinuatingly) You are respected, admired, beloved. (Hinting) One to be missed.

Fortunato (Laughing): Oh, Consuelo again. I believe you are jealous. (Banteringly) They say on the square that you have offered her your charming self and your ducats.

Montresor: Not at all! (Picking up a bottle from a case.) Drink!

Fortunato: I drink to the buried that repose around us.

Montresor: And I—to your long life.

(They link arms and advance a few steps toward Center.)

Fortunato (Raising his flare): These vaults are extensive.

Montresor: The Montresors were a great and numerous family.

Fortunato: I forget your arms.

Montresor: A huge human foot

d'or in a field of azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel.

Fortunato: And the motto?

Montresor: Nemo me impune laces-
sit.

Fortunato: Excellent. (Coughs)

Montresor: Come, we will go back,
the nitre—

Fortunato: It is nothing, let us go
on. But first, another draught of the
Medoc. (They drink from a bottle and
Fortunato throws it upward as Mon-
tresor looks at his with surprise.)
You do not comprehend?

Montresor: Not I!

Fortunato: Then you are not of the
brotherhood.

Montresor: How?

Fortunato: You are not of the Ma-
sons.

Montresor: Yes, Yes!

Fortunato: You? Impossible! A
mason?

Montresor: A mason.

Fortunato: A sign.

Montresor: It is this. (He pro-
duces a trowel from beneath the folds
of his cloak.)

Fortunato: You jest—but let us
proceed to the Amontillado.

(They walk to the dead end of the
wall, which forms a small recess at the
left. Fortunato turns about in bewild-
erment and Montresor quickly fetters
him to the stone of the wall.)

Fortunato: The Amontillado?

Montresor: True, the Amontillado.
(He begins to work with the pile of
loose stone on the floor of the passage,
slowly building up a wall across the
recess.)

Fortunato: Ha! Ha! Ha! A very
good joke indeed—an excellent jest—
(Coughs) We will have many a full
laugh about it on the square—Ha! Ha!
Ha! (Coughs) Over our wine. Ha!
Ha! Ha!

Montresor: The Amontillado.

Fortunato: Yes, the Amontillado.
But it is getting late and Consuelo
waits.

Montresor: She will wait.

Fortunato (Desperately): For the
love of God, Montresor!

Montresor (Finally): Yes, for the
love of a woman, Fortunato. (He
rapidly piles up the stones as Fortunato
utters one loud, shrill, insane scream as
—

The Curtain Falls

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