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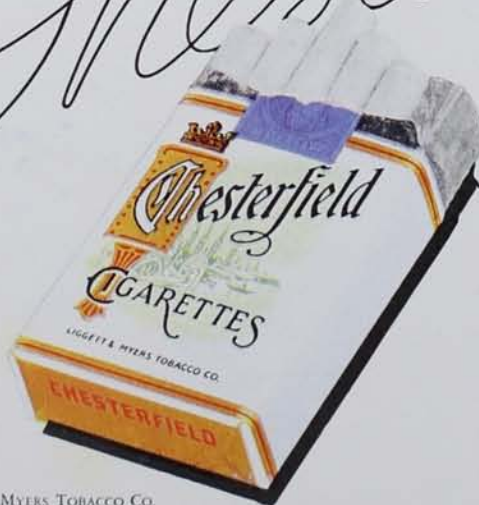
THE LANTERN

COMMENCEMENT ISSUE
1939



... the catch of the season
for more smoking pleasure

In every part of the country
smokers are turning to Chesterfields
for what they really want in a ciga-
rette... *refreshing mildness... better taste*
... *and a more pleasing aroma.*



*"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century."*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

O

THE LANTERN PRESENTS

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ELLEN MCMURTRIE	
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THE LANTERN

VOL. VII.

JUNE, 1939

No. 3

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EDITORIAL

SOMETIMES it is easy to phrase a thought that flashes through your mind. But more often these thoughts travel too quickly, and when we try to re-catch them we realize they are like the minutes of time—they can never be brought back! It is with this in our minds that we turn to the future. This issue of the LANTERN is the first under a new staff. But because it has been gotten out in the dawn of that always busy Commencement season, we are not satisfied with it. We have not given it the time we think such an endeavor should have. We have not searched the corners of the campus for the creative writing that has come from your pens. And we have depended too much on our always dependable campus authors. This reminds us that too often the LANTERN has been made up of voluntary contributions. Yet we feel and know that there is much fine writing drifting around that owes its origin to someone who thinks he or she has not been gifted with pen-painting ability. Or perhaps they are just so bashful that they hesitate to submit the writings to which they have given so much time, and so much work. It is to these students that this editorial is directed. We know that when one writes he suddenly discovers that what he started out to say has become something else. The crystallization of thought has taken a different turn from that which was expected. . . . Yet this should not discourage you! Remember the first time you sat in your Chemistry laboratory impatiently waiting for some solution to solidify? And how, as those beautiful crystalline forms began to appear, you were amazed at the shapes they took, at the colors they reflected, at the clear-cut

beauty of the crystals themselves? And then you consciously realized they were nothing like you had expected!

Now, honestly, isn't that the way your writing has been? Haven't you at some time or another phrased something poetically, or beautifully, or so well that it caught your own imagination for the moment and made you sit back and wonder at your own originality and ability? And yet you haven't tried again! Why not? We know that all writing does not crystalize perfectly. That, often, written thoughts become so entangled with themselves that they lose their clarity, their thoughtfulness. But didn't that happen to your chemical crystals, too? Didn't a great many of them run into each other to form nothing but a pointed, distorted, perhaps surrealistic mass? And yet somewhere in that conglomerate group you did discover a clear-cut, perfectly formed, beautifully shaped crystal. Out of the mass of the average there was one that stood out, that could be called perfect. And that is the way with writing. Millions of words are written each year. But too seldom do you find a few put together to form one fine, crystalline thought.

Now we know that on our campus millions of words are written each year. Perhaps they are not all voluntary as our term paper authors will attest; as our prolific letter-writers can tell; or as our Comp students well know. But they are written, and what is more, written in a form that easily can be rounded into final LANTERN publications. Why not try it? . . . We'd like you to, you know!

The Old and New



Heretofore it has been customary for the new editor to write as his first editorial a Valedictory to the graduating members of the staff. This year, however, he begs leave to forego this procedure. He does not like "Good-byes." He thoroughly hates partings. And he would look rather to the future. Incidentally he also believes that the publication of the LANTERN is a continuous process with the change in staff only momentarily making itself an incidental nuisance. So he has chosen this way to say "Thanks" to **Jane** and her staff for doing such a swell job this year, for all the wise and helpful advice, and perhaps best of all, for the comradeship and fun of just working together.



Among Our Contributors



"Beauty can be better treated in a poem. Not so with terror, or passion, or horror . . ." so wrote Poe. But **Evelyn Huber** has both upheld the statement and disproved it. Her essay *You Have Loved the Night*, which is delicate and beautiful, while not poetry, is, both in spirit and form, poetic. Her short story *Dark Lives* shows without a doubt that horror can best be expressed in prose.

Dorothy Shisler, in her own versatile way, offers two selections, the one intended to amuse, the other to provoke serious thought. Her story *Vladimir* is quite clever in its sophistication, and her *Sonnet* is worth careful reading.



It would not be right, since this is the Commencement Issue, to let such a vital subject go untouched or unnoticed. **Valerie Green** has come to the rescue admirably, and her sonnet is certainly timely.

In a world that has become modern and tough, it is a relief to find someone who can and does write stories with what some are pleased to call "old-fashioned sentiment." There are those who do not care for it, but we believe there are many of you who do—and so we give you **Esther Hydren's** *Largo Appassionato*, with the hope that you will be pleased.

THE LANTERN is always pleased to welcome new contributors, and so we introduce to you **Marion Byron**, who, in turn, introduces herself with a well-written character sketch. It takes deep insight and considerable skill to write such a sketch successfully, and we look forward to more and more of her work.

Robert Yoh has become known chiefly as a writer of more or less serious poems, but he is not always concerned with poems of this type. He enjoys penning such odd trifles as *Poem Without a Name*, mainly to entertain. Yet perhaps his chief delight is to write sonnet sequences, of which *More Sonnets to the Planet We Call Earth* are but a small part.



Rarely does one find a short poem that combines technical perfection with a depth of poetic and human understanding. **Gladys Heibel's** *Wistaria* comes nearer to achieving this than many college-bred poems.

What is a magazine worth without a cover? It is safe to say not much. And so we extend our gratitude to **Ellen McMurtrie** for her fine work with its appropriate theme.



Few student writers have been so fortunate as **Robert Peck** in obtaining first hand so much background for their stories. Mr. Peck has spent a large portion of his life in Europe, and consequently is qualified to write such fine works as *Enter, Mr. Smithingham II*. Like his last story this one, too, has a surprise ending—so don't say you haven't been warned!

Commencement
Sonnet

VALERIE GREEN

*When after graduation school life ends,
Departing from these portals, lessons learned,
And losing contact with our college friends,
Withdrawing, leaving all our bridges burned,
We face the world. And in bare hands we hold
The frail translucent crystal we call life—
'Tis ours to make or break, and just like gold
Becomes the very nucleus of strife.
Thus some of us turn east and others west—
Successes spur us on, unquenched desire
To learn the outcome of our life-spanned quest
Which gives to our ambitions such great fire.
Horizons beckon from without our gate—
And what beyond? The mystery of fate.*

Largo Appassionato

ESTHER A. HYDREN

JULES BENÉT swung down the narrow street on which he had rented a studio. He glanced around at the brick buildings which lined the street on either side, each one exactly like the other. Jules shuddered as he thought of anyone living here during the summer months ahead. For a studio, the location was not so bad; but to live in, it would be unbearable. He drew a deep breath of the sunny spring air and glanced appreciatively at the narrow strip of cloudless blue above him.

Jules himself was pleasant to look at. His eyes were dark and expressive. Black hair waved back in a tossed, unruly fashion from the dark, clear olive of his forehead. His face was sensitive; and his high cheek-bones gave him a look of delicacy which was strongly contradicted by the youthful virility of his tall, strong body.

He turned in at the entrance to one of the brick buildings and climbed quickly to the second floor. At the end of the dimly lit corridor, he paused and removed a key from his pocket. His hands, as they fitted the key into the lock and threw open the door, gave an impression of great strength. The fingers were long, slim, and very straight. No motion which they made seemed superfluous.

Jules closed the door behind him and stood leaning against it, an expression of distaste showing in his face. The scene which met his glance was one of confusion. In the center of the room stood a Steinway Grand, and beside it, an upright piano. The rest of the room was littered with boxes and crates. In one corner a rolled carpet stood on end, at a threatening angle; in another corner several chairs, a table, and various other pieces of furniture were piled together. Jules' face took on an expression of grim determination as he removed his coat, hanging it on the doorknob; then, rolling up his shirt sleeves, he made his way to the windows and threw them open. At least the ugly, musty smell could be eliminated!

Twilight was beginning to deepen into darkness when Jules, with a tired sigh, paused and looked around. The scene which met his glance made his eyes light up with pleasure. This was a studio of which he could be proud. The dark, soft carpet and draperies blended to lend a rich background to the beauty of the Steinway. Each piece of furniture was subordinated to it; and yet the whole room presented a harmonious unity, a quiet dignity.

Jules pushed his hair back from his forehead. He felt tired, dirty, and warm; but he was contented, too. He unrolled his shirt sleeves slowly and then stepped over to one of the windows to close it for the night. He paused a moment to watch the first pale stars as they appeared in the slowly darkening sky. The narrow street was deserted, but he could hear voices and occasional laughter from the open windows of the buildings across the way.

A sudden feeling of loneliness swept over him, and his eyes grew dark and brooding. Then suddenly he saw a light flash on in the window almost directly opposite. Jules turned his eyes toward it. He saw a young girl standing before an old upright piano, looking through her pile of music. Soon she found what she was looking for and seated herself at the piano, opening the music before her. Then, ignoring it, she played several scales and arpeggios. Jules listened idly, more interested in the picture which she made than in the performance she was giving. Her back was turned to him, but he found a pleasure in watching her and wondering what her face was like. Her figure gave the impression of being slim but softly rounded. Her heavy hair fell just below her shoulders and it shone like golden honey under the light of the lamp. It was softly waved and the ends curled into ringlets. Jules found himself wishing that something would make her turn around.

Then suddenly he realized that she had stopped playing scales. He listened intently and with ever-increasing interest. She was playing a Czerny exercise, one of the most difficult to master. Jules found his amazement increasing as he listened. Her rendition was not perfect, but for such a difficult exercise it was surprisingly good. Jules listened with growing interest as she finished the exercise and then began a Beethoven Sonata. She played this, too, very well. Her technique was excellent. And yet Jules became increasingly conscious of something lacking. As she started to play the Largo Appassionato movement, he realized that her playing was mechanical; it was all technique. He grew impatient and felt impelled to rush over to show her what was wrong. His fingers ached to play that very movement, which had always been one of his favorites. But his attention was brought back to the girl again. She had stopped abruptly in the middle of the last movement. Jules could see that she was talking to someone whom he could not see. Then he caught a fleeting glimpse of her delicate profile as she reached up to turn out the lamp.

Jules felt suddenly lonely. Moving quickly from one window to another, he closed and locked them. He then took a final glance around the room and went out, locking the door behind him.

In the weeks that followed, Jules had little time to himself. His days were spent in teaching, but he carefully kept his evenings free. He enjoyed his work, yet his evenings gave him the greatest pleasure. He grew into the habit of playing the music which the girl across the street had been practicing. He could feel that she was listening while he played, even though her window was always dark. He had not seen her after that first night; for since then she pulled down the curtain before turning

on the light. He knew that she tried to follow his interpretations, his shadings, but her attempts at this were mechanical. Her playing was cold and unfeeling when compared to the warmth and life of his.

One evening in late July, after the day had been almost unbearable in its heat, Jules stopped his playing abruptly and with an exclamation of despair pushed back his damp hair. It was no use; although the sun had long since gone down and darkness had fallen several hours ago, the air was still heavy with the heat of the day. Practicing was impossible. Jules quickly locked his studio for the night and gratefully left the hot building.

As he paused for a moment outside the door, Jules glanced across the street; his attention was attracted and held by a figure sitting on the top step across the way. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he made out the form of the girl whom he had heard playing. A strange excitement filled him. Impulsively he crossed the street and walked with studied leisure to the steps where she sat. There he paused and bowed slightly.

"Good evening," he said politely, his voice melodious with its slight foreign accent.

"Good evening," she answered, and in the dim light he could see her smile.

"You are wise in your choice of a place to rest," Jules went on, eager now not to be sent away, wanting to hear her voice again. "Today has been almost unbearable."

"Oh, it's been dreadful," she answered. "It was too warm for you to practice, wasn't it?"

Jules laughed a little ruefully.

"Yes, I had to give that up. You were wise not to try playing tonight."

The girl leaned back wearily against the end of the railing.

"I just couldn't practice tonight," she answered. "Working in town all day was enough—I was *so* tired. . . . Oh, but please excuse me. You must be tired too. Won't you come up and rest here? I'm sorry the porch isn't big enough for chairs, but the steps aren't really too uncomfortable."

Jules needed no second invitation.

"I should be delighted," he said courteously, taking his place opposite her.

"Perhaps I should introduce myself—"

The girl interrupted him with a little laugh.

"But I know your name already," she assured him. "You are Jules Benét, teacher of piano and harmony. And my name is Christine Sharron."

"Christine . . ." Jules repeated musingly. "I might have guessed that that would be your name. It fits you perfectly."

Christine smiled a little.

"Thank you."

Silence fell between them as Jules studied the girl's bent head. In the dim light he could just make out the slim, delicate lines of her face and the cameo-like molding of her features. Her eyes were large and wide-open

like a child's. He had noticed them when he first sat down; but now he saw only the dark sweep of her heavy lashes. Her brows were dark and slightly arched. Her mouth was firm, but it possessed a gentle curving which took away its severity. She had tossed back her heavy hair in an upward, winglike motion, but it fell long in back, forming a shining background.

Suddenly she glanced up and broke the silence.

"I have wanted for a long time to thank you for helping me with my music," she said. "It's kind of you to trouble."

"But it has been only a pleasure," Jules assured her quickly. "I have enjoyed your playing ever since the first night I heard you. Your technique is exceptionally good."

"I've sometimes wondered what you thought," she answered simply. "I'm glad that you like my playing."

"Indeed I do."

Jules leaned forward earnestly.

"Only sometimes I have wished I might explain to you in words," he said. "You have understood the help I tried to give remarkably well; only it is hard to explain by merely playing a passage."

"I know," she answered. "Often I have felt that you were trying to tell me something, only I couldn't quite understand."

Jules was silent for a moment; then he turned toward her seriously.

"Miss Sharron—I hope you will forgive me if I speak hastily, and on too little acquaintance. But for a long time I have wished that I might have the pleasure of knowing the person who had played my favorite sonata on my first evening here, especially when I was feeling a little lonely. And by playing for you and knowing that you were listening, I have grown to feel almost as if I knew you, so that now, even though we just have met, I cannot feel that we are strangers. That is why I am speaking this way tonight—will you give me the pleasure of hearing you play more often, of making suggestions to you in person?"

Christine's face expressed a mixture of surprise and eagerness.

"I . . . I hardly know what to say," she answered, with a little, embarrassed half-laugh. "I've missed my lessons so much. I had to give them up when I began to work. To think of taking lessons again—it sounds almost unbelievable!"

Jules waved his hand in protest.

"Not lessons," he said. "Just a chance for us to enjoy our music together. Please don't disappoint me."

"Disappoint you?" Christine asked, with a soft, incredulous laugh. "I'm almost afraid if I say 'yes' I'll wake up and find I'm dreaming!"

"Well, you're not," Jules answered firmly. "I shall expect to see you very soon—and I intend to make you work very hard," he added, with pretended severity.

Christine laughed happily.

"You'll probably wish I'd refused," she said. "I have just loads of questions I've been saving for the time when I could take lessons again."

Jules answered her banter with a smile. Then he became serious again.

"I'll never wish that you had refused," he said.

For a moment his eyes held hers compellingly; then she turned away.

Jules rose wearily.

"I must go. It is growing late and I presume that both of us must work tomorrow."

"Yes," Christine answered. "If only summer could be one long, continuous evening! But the days—"

"Tomorrow will be only expectation of evening for me," Jules assured her. "You *will* come tomorrow?"

Christine hesitated for a moment; then she said:

"All right—tomorrow evening. How about seven?"

"Seven then. I'll be waiting for you. Good-night . . . Christine."

"Good-night, Jules," she answered quietly.

* * * *

The days that followed were, indeed, only an expectation of evening to Jules. Nearly every evening he and Christine spent together, playing and discussing their music. Under his skillful guidance, Christine's playing improved rapidly; yet even now Jules felt that it lacked something, though just what he did not know.

As day passed into day and week into week, Jules grew more and more to look for Christine's coming and to feel restless and dissatisfied when he was not with her. They grew into the habit of spending their Sundays together, leaving the hot city behind them to seek the coolness of lakesides or woods. They talked and laughed and were silent together. A deep understanding developed between them, manifested only by an occasional touch of hands or a long, quiet look of dark eyes into blue. After such times Christine always turned away and spoke of some impersonal thing. And then they would drift into the old, easy comradeship.

One Sunday in early September, Christine and Jules were playing leisurely on the golf course some little way from the city. The day had been unusually warm for early fall. A brilliant sky hung cloudless above their heads; as the still air was filled with the songs of birds and the chirps of locusts. A hushed, subdued expectancy settled over the motionless landscape.

Both Christine and Jules felt that they were waiting for something, they knew not what. Suddenly, as they neared the summer house, set close to the cool shade of woods at one end of the course, Jules glanced behind him, conscious of a dimming of the sunlight.

"Look, Christine," he said quickly. "We're going to have a thunder storm—we'll have to hurry to make the summer house."

Ominously silent and brooding, the sky hung black in the west. Rapidly the storm approached, pursuing them relentlessly as they turned and fled in the direction of the

summer house. They heard a deep growl of thunder, then the lightning flashed and made a sound like the crack of a whip. There was another growl of thunder, louder this time. Then the rain broke. As they sprang breathlessly under the shelter, water poured in cutting sheets down upon the green.

Jules looked down at Christine a little anxiously.

"Afraid?"

Christine raised shining eyes to his.

"Oh, no!" she answered eagerly. "I love a storm."

Hand in hand they stood there in the center of the small, open summer house. The rain slashed first at one side of their shelter, then at the other, driven by the mighty wind which accompanied the storm. The thunder growled wrathfully, and the lightning played, lashing like a whip, striking here and there. They watched it as it struck an old, knarled tree to hurl itself along the trunk and become lost in the ground. They felt as one with the storm—one with its fierce cruelty, its beauty, its brilliance.

Slowly the storm abated. The thunder became a distant rumble, the lightning merely a flash far up in the sky; but the rain still fell, a little more evenly now, as the wind had left with the storm.

Christine and Jules relaxed with a breathless, shaky laugh and looked at each other.

"Magnificent, wasn't it?" Jules asked.

"Terribly. Do you know, Jules, it gave me an idea. I think I'll be able to play that Scherzo we worked on last night better now."

Jules looked at her amazed.

"Yes . . . yes . . . I see what you mean," he exclaimed excitedly. "It's what I tried to explain last night—but the storm has told you better!"

Christine laughed lightly.

"Why, Jules—don't look so sober! What's the matter?"

Jules roused himself quickly.

"Nothing—I was just thinking."

They sat quietly now, watching the rain as twilight began to fall. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the rain ceased. Soon the dark sky was ablaze with twinkling, new-washed stars. Christine drew a deep breath.

"Just smell the freshness, Jules," she said, her voice vibrant and low.

"Yes," he answered, matching her own quiet tone.

After a moment, Christine again broke the silence.

"Come, Jules, we must go."

Jules got up reluctantly and turned Christine so that she faced him.

"I'll never forget today," he said tensely.

"Nor I," Christine promised.

For a moment all was quiet, their eyes held each other, and then they turned and stepped out into the night.

Jules had spoken truly when he said that the storm had taught Christine what he himself had tried to show her. She played the Scherzo now with all the beauty and bril-

liance of a storm, mingled with a hard, disturbing cruelty, menacing yet compelling. Jules himself had first realized that night where her difficulty lay. In a flash he had found the hitherto elusive reason for the emptiness of her interpretations. But the discovery was an unpleasant rather than a pleasant one. He felt that he held the power of its full correction; and yet he was loathe to use that power.

Finally, several days after this discovery, Jules made his decision. Christine's playing must not be marred by the flaw for which he believed he held the cure. That evening he waited restlessly for her coming and sprang toward the door at the first sound of her knock. Then he checked himself; he must be calm—act just as always. He opened the door with his usual smiling welcome.

"Ah, Christine! I thought you'd never come. I want to work on the *Largo Appassionato* tonight. You know your interpretation is still too cold, too hard, too unfeeling."

Christine sighed.

"Jules, are you never satisfied? If only I could understand what it is that you want!"

"You will in time," he answered quietly. "Come, we must begin to work."

Together they turned toward the piano. Then Christine stopped suddenly and let out an unconscious cry.

"Oh!"

Jules' eyes followed hers to the picture which stood on his desk, a picture of a pretty, dark-haired girl. He tried not to notice Christine's suddenly-paled cheeks and trembling lips.

"She *is* pretty, isn't she?" he asked lightly. "My . . . fiancée, Rose Breton. You must meet her some day. I should like very much to have my dearest friend know and love my future wife."

He smiled at her, trying to look as if he did not know that his every word cut like a knife.

"Come," he added. "We must not waste any time. First, a few exercises to limber your fingers, then we will turn to the *Largo*."

Christine took her place at the piano and began to turn the pages of her exercise book. She must have time or the trembling of her hands would betray her. Deathly pale she sat there, turning pages that held no meaning for her. Jules could not bear watching her. With clenched fists he turned away and walked to the window.

Soon Christine started to play, hoping that Jules would not notice the unevenness of her playing. She wanted to creep off into a quiet corner where alone she could ease her heart with tears. Yet she would sit there and try to play even with a dryness in her throat and a numbness in her brain.

So all their gay companionship, all their lovely summer, all the moments of tender understanding had meant nothing to Jules. Another girl had his heart, and she—she was only his friend. There were times when she was so sure that she meant more to him than that; but she must have imagined it. Her own heart had betrayed her. She felt as if she couldn't go on, and yet she must.—He must not know.

As she finished the exercises, Jules turned, but he did not leave the window.

"Enough exercises for tonight," he said gently. "Now let's try the *Largo*."

Without a word, Christine started to play. She needed no music for this, the favorite movement of Jules' favorite sonata. She had loved it before, but since knowing Jules, it had come to mean even more to her. As Christine played on, she lost herself in her music. She forgot that Jules was there; she was intent only on relieving her own heart's heaviness. She poured out all her love, her longing, her sadness. Jules listened, his hands gripping the window sill, conscious only of the music and the message it bore him.

Yes, he had held the cure. The *Largo* filled the room with its throbbing, pulsating melody, warm, human, alive. But after tonight could he regain Christine's faith and trust?

The music ceased. Christine bent her head in her arms against the piano, exhausted. She knew now what Jules had meant, knew she had caught what he had tried to show her. She understood now what it was. She had not known before how to express joy and love, suffering and longing. But now she knew—she would always know.

Jules quickly crossed the room and knelt beside her.

"Christine—dearest—listen and try to understand. That picture—I cut it from a magazine this morning and framed it. I thought that by hurting you, by making you suffer, I could make you see. Christine! You have it now. You can play as I wanted you to. But Christine—it's *you* I love!"

Christine raised her head; her lips trembled and her eyes were luminous with tears; but her smile was like the twinkling of stars after rain.

"I understand now, Jules. I should have seen through your little plot, but I was too surprised. I know now how to make my music alive and warm like yours. I'm glad for that."

"Christine!"

Jules spoke her name reverently as he gathered her into his arms. He knew now why the *Largo Appassionato* had always meant so much to him. It was the story of their love—full of tenderness, joy, longing, brief suffering, and finally, fulfillment.



More Sonnets to the Planet We Call Earth

ROBERT C. YOH

*Sonnets to the planet we call Earth
Would I write; yea, write with fullest care,
And with a reverence that is surely worth
The beauty and the loveliness held there.
For what's the good of life, of measured time,
Of seeing, hearing, loving—all these things—
If Earth were not, with all her hills to climb,
With all her plains to scan and farm? What kings
Or common folk would live to see and hear
The simple wonder of a woodland dell,
The trembling beauty of a baby deer,
If there was not this Earth of which to tell?
So to thee, oh goddess Earth, I'd write,
And of the way you seem in my poor sight.*

+

*What is this span of years that we call Life,
Which few folk love, and yet a fewer hate:
Is it but a war that's full of strife,
Is it but a game the gods create,
And man the tool by which the game is played?
Or is unhappy man himself the game,
And Life the force which is to be obeyed
If the game be won, and man win fame?
But no—and even if we can not tell
Just what Life is, how long, or short, or why—
It is no game for gods, no bagatelle—
For Life is something that is pure and high,
And since it's so, it can not help but be
Filled with the low to temper its nobility.*

+

*Oh Life, thou fragment of eternity,
Elusive thing, more precious thou than gold,
How good thou art to common men like me,
How young thou art! How aging! And how old!
There is no treasure on this saddened Earth
That can compare with thee, oh fleeting Life,
For without thee no man would drink of mirth,
And without thee no happiness or strife
Could here abound. Oh Life, thou art so brief,
So fleeting, and so swift man cannot know
His fullest share of gladness or of grief—
Thou art but shortly here and swiftly go.
But this will ever last—my love for thee,
Oh Life, thou fragment of eternity!*

Vladimir

DOROTHY SHISLER

I WAS walking in the park that night, for I had felt inexplicably restless, and a walk alone in the night always calms me. I had walked sufficiently to feel deeply, completely peaceful and yet more than usually alive. I received all the sensations of the night with great vividness, but they did not penetrate my calm. It was—how shall I say?—as though I were two persons, one of whom was aloofly watching the other experience the sight of the sky, the sounds of insects and fountains and more distant automobiles, the smells of grass and flowers and water (yes, I could smell the freshness of the water), the feel of the hard path and the soft wind.

Suddenly a large man was walking beside me. We walked on in silence until, as suddenly as he had appeared, he spoke.

"That sky, big and black as space, is life," he exclaimed dramatically.

"Yes," I agreed. I was so calm that I agreed with his melodramatic statement.

"Ah, you understand," he said enthusiastically, in the same theatrical tone.

"You, too, understand the night," I remarked mystically.

"Yes, we are the only people in the world who understand." He spoke as if he were acting in a slightly too dramatic play.

"The sky goes on forever, but some of it is here," I said.

"Yes. It is so sad and so beautiful." His voice was like his remark.

"Let us be married," he suggested. His tone was not so casual as the words sound.

"All right," I replied. There was my fatal weakness: I simply cannot bear to refuse a proposal, although I always have a terrible time afterwards to escape marriage. Then I was so calm, I didn't worry about future difficulties.

"Life is a mingling of wine and tears. Let us drink now."

"We really should celebrate," I said.

He led me out of the park, around the corner to a narrow street, and into a small restaurant. We sat down in a dingy booth, feebly illuminated by a tiny orange light. At the other end of the room a violinist and a guitarist were playing soft, melancholy tunes. A fat man in an absurdly large white apron shuffled over.

"Vodka," my friend ordered simply, and the fat man retreated to the bar.

"Cigarette?" he offered, holding out a silver case.

"Thanks."

While we smoked and listened to the mournful music, I looked at him, really for the first time. He had quite

a lot of blond hair, widely-spaced blue eyes, rather large but shapely nose and mouth, and square white teeth. Something, perhaps the high cheek-bones, gave his face a strange, exotic appearance.

"They really have vodka here," I remarked slightly incredulously, when the fat man appeared with our vodka.

"Of course. We must have vodka. To us!"

"To us," I echoed.

"What is your name?" I asked when it occurred to me that I didn't know who the other half of "us" was.

"Vladimir. I am an artist. Who are you?"

"Felice," I answered. "I am a poet." Really my poetry is economically worthless. I earn a living by writing prose, but "poet" sounded more fitting.

"Perfect! You see how fate has made our lives match? It is perfect."

I don't know how it happened, but there was a brawl. Vladimir and I didn't do anything except cheer on the contestants.

Some cops appeared. A big one with a red face and a shining new uniform grabbed my arm.

"I'm not doing anything," I justly protested, and kicked him in the shins.

"Yes, you are: you're going to jail," he replied cheerily—and truthfully.

I spent the rest of the night on a hard cot in a small whitewashed cell, which I shared with a one-legged negress and her crutches.

"What are you in for?" I asked.

"A little disawduhly conduct," she said with no apparent remorse.

I immediately fell asleep and didn't awaken until the next day, when the warden noisily opened the door.

"Had your breakfast?" he inquired.

"Yassuh," the negress replied.

"I don't eat breakfast." I was going to add "when I'm in jail," but thought better of it.

"Come along then."

"Am I free?"

"Oh, no," *Wardie* laughed. "You're going to police court."

The hearing in police court was very long-drawn-out and dreary. I didn't listen to most of it. At the end I was fined and released. But Vladimir—alas, poor Vladimir! It was discovered that he had entered the United States illegally, so he was jailed again pending deportation.

"Goodbye, Felice," he said sadly.

"Goodbye, Vladimir."

I was very sorry for Vladimir, but at least I didn't have to marry him.

"Abe Lincoln in Illinois"

—A REVIEW BY KENNETH SNYDER

IT was damp and rainy as we quickly walked down 45th Street. The "honks" of the scurrying taxicabs, the roar of the elevated trains, the deeper rumbles of the subways—all made one realize that he was living in the 20th century. — A century of hustle-bustle, of intricate complexities, of mystified human natures wondering at the turbulent life about them. — But in another moment all was quiet; we were sitting just left of the center in the fifth row in one of those little theaters just off Times Square, and the curtain was slowly going up.

The scene was late at night in the early 1830's in a little old log cabin. At a table sat an elderly man, and poised gawky on the same table was a young youth learning the rudiments of English Grammar. Yet as young Abe Lincoln recited his rules to Mentor Graham the talk soon turned to other things—deeper meanings of life, political talk of the day, news of the neighborhood. And we were struck by the realism of the scene, by the humanness of young Abe, by the crude wisdom of his old teacher.

It is thus that this year's Pulitzer Prize Play by two-time winner Robert Sherwood opens. It begins with a spirit of reality which so quickly makes you forget that you are in the theater, that you are amazed at the superb artistry that recreates for a few hours thirty years of Abe Lincoln's life. And does it so well that you forget the deified Lincoln of today and realize that the greatness of Abe Lincoln lies in the fact that he was so thoroughly human, as he personified and crystalized the growth of America itself when it moved so independently, perhaps a bit uncertainly, yet so magnificently through the years 1830 to 1860.

The play itself covers only those years of Lincoln's life from the time he was twenty-one to the evening of his departure for Washington after his election to the Presidency. In this period you see him at the Rutledge tavern as he settles a dispute between Jack Armstrong and a young political "dandy" who has come to look over Abe as a possible candidate for the Illinois Legislature. It is here too, that Abe tells Anne Rutledge he loves her, and it is here that you discover that it is Lincoln's friends who push him forward and not Abe himself, for he is too busy fighting his own peculiar nature, his own lack of decisiveness, his own lack of definite ambitions. Act one then closes two years later in his friend Judge Bowling Green's house as he learns of Anne Rutledge's untimely death. — This event, as Sherwood shows, brought Lincoln to the verge of suicide, and hereafter he is a lonely, frequently moody man.

The play continues its swift moving action through the 1840's and near the close of the second act reaches its climax. A friend of Lincoln's early years who had gone

back to Maryland is migrating to the West with his wife and small son. He stops at Springfield to see Abe who originally had planned to migrate with him. As they talk in the evening prairie twilight they ask Lincoln to offer a prayer for the young son who is desperately sick. And Lincoln, who probably has prayed very little up to this time, responds with a request to the Almighty that contains the very essence of Lincoln's belief in America's destiny. It is after this event that we note a surer Lincoln, a more decisive Lincoln, moving swiftly to political success with only occasional signs of dismay at his rock-eting ambitions. It is in this act, too, that Sherwood suggests that Lincoln's courtship of Mary Todd was half-hearted and rather than be bound to her, Lincoln runs away on their first wedding day to wander around in the wilderness trying, desperately to find himself. Later, of course, he returns and goes through with the marriage, and as the years pass one feels that Lincoln does become genuinely devoted to her although her constant "nagging" in her unflinching belief in his Presidential destiny is a thorn in the side of their marital life.

Perhaps the third tremendous force in Lincoln's life, as Mr. Sherwood shows, is the mercurial William Herndon, ardent Abolitionist and radical who, in his frenzied way, made himself Lincoln's social conscience as well as his law partner. It is thus that the play moves to its dramatic end. Act three includes the Lincoln-Douglas debates as well as Lincoln's campaign headquarters on the eve of election to the Presidency, and finally the farewell scene at the Railroad Station in Springfield.

Raymond Massey, the star of the show, convincingly hushes those critics who cried at his choice for the part, with probably the most powerful and undoubtedly finest role of his successful career. His low, vibrant voice is filled with a sincerity that makes the audience feel that here is Abe Lincoln himself—a thoroughly human Lincoln;—a Lincoln fighting his own tragic soul as he sharpens his conscience to make his deeds the measure of the man. Supporting him, the Playwrights Company picked all winners. Adele Longmire is a pretty and youthful Anne Rutledge as could be found. Muriel Kirkland gives the character of tragic Mary Todd a fine, sophisticated, yet thoroughly realistic interpretation. Her ability to subordinate herself to Mr. Massey yet keeping the action upon herself, is pure acting at its best. Wendell Phillips as William Herndon, makes one realize that Herndon was quite young when he joined up with Lincoln and a fanatical abolitionist if there ever was one. The veteran Albert Phillips of "General Grant" fame in Drinkwater's "Lincoln," acts Stephen A. Douglas and orates as only Douglas could have done in the 1858 debates.

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Dark Lives

EVELYN HUBER

THERE was something in the countenance of the eerie country-side, something dark and brooding that saturated the spot like an evil breath. Bordering the land to one side lay the moors that were ever desolate of human life, and about equi-distant between them and the house was the great well which had been there for about one hundred years or more. But it was the presence of that house which stood alone, accentuated by the gloom, in which the mystery of the land seemed to concentrate itself and to loom up in the tomb-like silence like an imprisoned spirit.

It was here that the three lived—the boy, the master, and the servant. The servant, attending to the duties of the house, was like an evil genie who seemed everywhere at once, although, it is true, many rooms were partitioned off into a kind of isolated suites. Attending to everything, slipping through the bare halls noiselessly, the servant passed the days as he waited and served and watched—watched for the day when the master would die and the Brain would be his, the brain which the master so avariciously coveted and regarded as the very quintessence of life and love and time. And with his death, there would be perhaps two brains and the servant was happy in this thought, for the master was growing continually more feeble, eaten up by the venom of his own mind. Then, whenever the servant glanced at the wasted body of the boy, his eyes would glow still deeper—there would be, perhaps, three brains. Yet the servant was wise and cooled his impatience; fate must weave time into its own tapestry; nothing was to be hastened—all brains must die normally in order to attain absolute perfection.

One evening as food was placed before the master, the servant eyed the brain that lay preserved in its plain crystal case on the table. The man looking up caught the flame of the servant's admiration. He lifted a thin ugly hand with its knotted long fingers and touched his large bald head. "You and I,"—the clammy tone burdened with a depth of feeling, sounded through the room, "You and I, Xaxmar," he repeated, "We know beauty, do we not?" and with this his eyes fell from the face of the servant back to the brain at which he stared fondly until a cough from the boy sitting across the table broke his reverie, whereupon he asked sternly, "Why do you disturb me? Take your cough elsewhere, with your books or to the moors" . . . and with this his eyes fell to feast again upon the glass case with its human brain. The boy looked up with eyes full of unfathomless hate and vindictiveness. He stuffed some dry bread into a pocket and arose from his chair. He was indeed a wasted thing, wracked with disease and loneliness until he had

only a kind of life in the tortures of a strange imaginative goblin world. The fear in his hallowed eyes had translated itself into mad grieving hate as he looked at the man, a hate that flickered and died furtively as he turned away and left the room.

The boy went through a long hall and then out of house into the evening air where his goblin world was more tangible and where the moors and the evil breadth had life for him. He walked on until he came to the great well in which his goblin creation had existence. It was exceedingly dark but the boy did not heed the dark, for it was always of a darker nature within the house. The gloom was of itself especially suitable—this blackness shaped the boy's plans and the blackness was to help him execute those plans tonight when the servant and the master were asleep. When his communications with the goblins of the well were completed, the boy, satisfied, turned back to the house.

A few hours went by and the house stood like a watchful eye of the night. The moon now gleamed out as storm clouds that had hidden her glow, vanished in the night's eastern sky. The boy had arisen from the bed on which he had thrown himself still dressed; he passed through the deserted halls until he came to the master's room. There, on a small table steeped in the liquid moonlight, lay the brain, and very near, too near, lay the master, asleep. The boy went to the table and grasped the case with the brain while the man on the bed stirred as if the brain was calling him to life; nevertheless he remained asleep as the boy stood for a moment, paralyzed in fear. Then, holding tightly to the case, he stole from the room, through the halls, out into the night. Once outside he paused to rest, and then he hastened on to the well. "What you have wanted, I have brought you," he whispered into the face of the well, and the moonlight falling on the boy's face seemed to make him out as one of the very goblins to whom the sacrifice of the brain was to be made.

But through the shadows limped another form—it was the man who had aroused from sleep and had found the brain gone. As if magnetized by the brain, he had come out into the night and was creeping up upon the boy, who had just broken the glass case on the well's edge whereupon the brain tumbled down into the deep waters and was silent. Too late to save the brain had the man arrived—but he grasped the boy: "You shall follow," he shrilled. "You have taken my life from me—HER BRAIN—the brain of the one who left me giving birth to you."

No sound came from the boy as the father's clasp tightened, pushing him toward the well. He struggled

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Enter Mr. Smithingham II

ROBERT B. N. PECK

I AM a product of bleak New England, and of the dry far western plains of Iowa. My name is John Carter Dudley Smithingham II, and I stand five feet, six inches in my bathroom slippers. I wear glasses, my forehead is rather high, but my face is not unusual, and my body is spare and wiry. Outside of my hobbies of golfing, playing the stock markets of Paris, London, and New York, and trying my luck at roulette at Monte Carlo, I travel for the Race Bank of New York City. One could call me a modified example of the typical American travelling salesman who makes himself so well detested in the U. S. and abroad. My travelling does not consist of selling Fuller Brushes, or Hoover Vacuum Cleaners, but, as European President of Race Banks, I arrange loans and other intriguing banking business between our sub-offices in Europe and European banks. Naturally, I have had some little adventures during my numerous travels across Europe. Of course I could tell you about that time in Rome when I failed to salute Il Duce, or that little episode in a low Paris nightclub in the Latin Quarter, but these are episodes to what happened to me on the Franco-German frontier.

I was at Berlin, this past month, arranging for a loan to a bank in newly-created Slovakia from our Berlin office. Everything had been satisfactorily arranged when Paul Trotter, our manager there, nervously asked me to step back into his office. I complied, wondering what was amiss. Mr. Trotter then explained to me, in a low-guarded voice filled with emotion, that one of his assistants had been to the Foreign Office ball last night. When this man left the ball, he accidentally took another person's coat, similar to his, and failed to discover his error until he reported for work this morning. The assistant searching for a sign of the owner's identity, came across a secret pocket wherein he found some papers. This all seemed very mysterious and useless to me, and I asked Mr. Trotter what all this led up to.

He replied to my question by motioning his assistant into the office, and by locking the door. The newcomer then repeated the story to me, and handed me then the papers in question. Mr. Trotter told me that they consisted of notes on the latest secret data, of which vague rumors had been drifting around lately, concerning the increasing production of valuable minerals in the Greater Reich and the existence of a secret gold hoard for wartime use. I immediately recognized the great value of this "find." Not only would it help the bank by throwing light on the economic and financial German position, but our government would also profit by it. Taking the data in hand, I quickly perused it and confirmed my thoughts of its value.

I turned to Trotter saying, "Mr. Trotter, these papers . . . it is imperative that the Ambassador at Paris should be in immediate possession of them. As I intended to return there this day, I shall take the data with me when I leave on the five o'clock train. Meanwhile, I suggest you make note of parts of the data that will directly help the bank, then we will wrap up the documents as a bank-letter for concealment."

"Very well, Sir," replied Trotter, knowingly.

I boarded the 5 P. M. express bound for Paris with the all-important data in my briefcase. That night in my berth passed uneventfully, although I was positive I heard the handle of my reserved-compartment door tried several times. I awoke next morning quite tired, but excited, for I was beginning to realize the risk I was running. If I were caught with the papers, I would be undoubtedly labelled as a spy doomed to the headsman's ax after a summary and farcical trial by the People's Court.

Imagine my feelings when by early afternoon the train approached closer and closer to the French border. With each new mile passed, my feelings became more mixed; in the Lunch-Car I suspected the heavily bearded, opal-eyed German who sat opposite me, and who rarely did not fail to look up and flash a look, which I could not decide whether it boded good or evil—I later found out he was blind!! Going back to my car, I turned around a number of times to see whether I was being followed. By 3:30 P. M. when the train stopped at the border, my nerves were panicky, I even thought of opening the window and discarding those now-dangerous-to-have papers!

The train stopped first on the German side to pick up several officers who, in accordance with the financial regulations, checked up on your spending in Germany and compared the amount of money you had on entry with that you have on leaving. French officers also boarded the train to check up on passports, and to collect custom dues.

My feelings, badly pitched, became fraught with anxiety. Then, to make things worse, I heard loud complaints and exclamations when the French and German inspectors came to one end of our car. From the loud conversation that ensued, I understood that the Germans were searching, with more than their usual thoroughness, all hand luggage. It appeared that valuable jewels were being smuggled out of late.

With throbbing heart, I turned frantically to my brief case and pulled out the be-sealed and be-taped letter containing the data. I was looking around for a place to hide it, and had just noticed a cavity under the seat, when

a knock came on my door. I looked up to see the inspectors walk in. Here I was, left to face them, holding the package in my hands. They say that there's always a calm in the midst of a storm, and somehow, that calmness descended on me then. With the haughtiest demeanour, I could muster, I faced the officers.

"Passport?" I inquired, pulling it out of my vest pocket.

Two German officers, standing in front of me, grunted, and looked at me with stark suspicion. The French custom officers, who had just entered, had a quite different attitude, so I noticed. They seemed to regard me, and the letter in my hand, with a mixture of awe and admiration. Since French are usually very polite, this regard lasted barely a second. One of them promptly relieved my fears and the tense feeling by exclaiming:

"King's Messenger, ah, mais oui, a thousand pardons

M'sieu"—they turned to the Germans, "C'est le courier du roi!"

"Excuse us for interrupting you like this Herr König Botschafter," replied the Teutons, imitating the French.

The officers gravely saluted me and walked out leaving me almost on the verge of laughter. I never believed that I looked like a King's Messenger, the accredited courier between ambassadors and the British Foreign Office. No, never indeed! I looked down happily at the heavily sealed and taped letter which had worked a little miracle. On the train journey to Paris I was treated with the greatest respect and attention by train officials—word had evidently gone around. Arriving at the U.S. embassy in Paris, I delivered the letter, and told of my adventure. Incidentally, I never did find out the name of the King's messenger the French border officials were expecting when I turned up in his stead!

"A Character is Sketched"

MARION BYRON

IT was in the stench and decay of a Coney Island side-show that I first saw him, the facsimile of an Oriental. Plaited queue, accentuated cheek bones, almond eyes, black eyebrows bristling upwards; each Chinese characteristic was there. A slow trickle of gum-chewing, ill-kept, sweating humanity kept the wooden benches only partly filled despite the barker's relentless efforts.

With a lazy stir of dust the dingy curtains rose and fell upon his routined glimpse into the mysterious Orient. Langorous waves of smoking incense flowed upwards to partly disguise the mustiness of stale and sunless air. Embroidered silks and sequined gowns, now dimmed and tarnished, were revived only by the hypodermic of the spot light. The costumes were already faded by other lights that had blazed upon many another stage. The weak response in this small hall was but a tantalizing echo of the spontaneous accord he had won in other brighter times. And now only this—day upon day, week upon week. What lay behind that greased mask of paint? What thought, what life?

When next I saw him, he was himself. From the incense, the sequins, and the grease paint their emerged a man whose white hair was brushed back from a lined forehead. The furrowed face was English, for the silent

Oriental had vanished. He spoke, and his voice was low, pleasing, and cultured. It was strangely incongruous with his surroundings and ill-fitting, shabby clothes. His words were well-chosen; his courtesy, becoming and pleasant. There was an undefinable charm about his conversation as he bandied words or delved invitingly into more serious subjects. What splendid visions of his native Australian countryside were conjured up! I can visualize him now, smoking as he speaks and inclining his head to catch one's answer, for he had become quite deaf. Recent books and the classics, newspaper and reviews, all drew his discriminating interest. In the midst of the thoughtless hub-bub of the crowds this mind retained its spirited lease on life. It challenged the drug of monotonous days and nights. This man was not embittered tho' his walk thru life had been down hill, and he had long ago passed the crest of his good fortune. Time, that morbid artist, had sketched lines of age upon clear features, had shortened striding steps, had re-touched auburn hair with white. But time had never reached within to age the spirit. He still sensed the verve and undulled thought of youth. He understood youth and so he loved it. His message was to live these happiest days to the utmost and to carry their mental vigor thru all of life.



Sonnet

DOROTHY SHISLER

*These glowing acres, man's electric lights,
Are rivals of the stars' remote blue gleam
That measures time's immeasurable flights
With one small winged pulsing, silvered beam,
Electrons ever traveling through space.
And yet, when lonely, questing little man,
In search of peace, lifts up his troubled face,
He finds contentment in the sky's great span.
For he is frightened by the feverish mob
And longs for timeless calm, untroubled peace.
He must escape the city's fearful throb
And rush, and then his yearning heart will cease
Its quest, in lone communion from afar
With some impassive coldly winking star.*

Out of The Dawn

EVELYN HUBER

*Beautiful music filled the world
In the song of the wild-eyed day,
The banners of all the dawn unfurled
Pouring out nectar over the way.*

*Tears sprang up from the flower bed
And the dew lay over the skies,
The rills and the birds in the dawn had spread
The rain from a lover's eyes.*

*The music stole through a golden bough,
The song rose out of the dawn,
A farmer, pausing beside his plow,
Saw the song ripple over the corn.*

*A bee winged by and the song of a bird
Floated up through the morning air,
The grasses sang to the silent herd
While the song filled the world like a prayer.*

Wistaria

GLADYS HEIBEL

*I went singing
Down the path tonight
With joy in my heart
Until I saw you
And was reminded of my soul
A fragile, blue-grey cluster
Wistful within me.*

Poem Without a Name

ROBERT C. YOH

*So many poems have I writ
For reading and recital,
That now I have lost all my wit
And can not find a title.*

You Have Loved The Night

EVELYN HUBER

*The night is all around; it fills the room;
It fills the heart; it fills the mind with stars;
It takes and flings them one by one and casts
The Milky Way apart, and all around
The silent earth creeps downward from the stars.*

HAS there always been night engulfing the world in the black draperies of its scarf? The night would tell you "Yes," and all the records of the world's proud histories would re-enunciate the pressure of night's touch as it laid its cool soft hand upon the brow of the happily whispering, troubled earth. As the night slips its garments down upon the dreary lag of day, it breathes out the quiescence of its untroubled spirit. It is everywhere and is as eternal as the marching minutes of love and the unwedded moments of death and life in their palace in the valley of mystery.

All of you have felt the night and have loved it. You have been cloistered in the cathedral of its sights and sounds; you have bared your heart to the night; you have worshipped with the stars; you have flung yourself into the frenzy of the night-careening world; with night you have paraded with love—you have lived with the night and have known its changing visage and its smile, its laugh, its gaiety; you have felt its wrath; you have seen it stern, wild, heroic, cruel, disdainful—the night you have known and loved. It has drawn you from yourself to it and though you deny the world and life itself, you can not walk out beneath the stars and deny—the night.

The night may hold all the sounds of day if it so desires, but the day can never rob the night of the sounds that belong only to the night. These sounds, the children of its hours, are sometimes peacefully sleeping, sometimes gaily romping; and sometimes they stampede the night and gallop on airy horses through the stars. Often they seem no longer children, but the hours become languishing maidens or heroic gods; sometimes they become forsaken mermaids whose sobs are finally caught in the dripping tones of a slow warm rain, or they become the music of the wind, playing strange wild melodies on Aeolian harps in the haunted seclusions of stream and glade. . . .

The sounds of night are a poet's heart, a musician's touch, a lover's pulse—they are sounds that unite the world to the merciful and blissful bibles of life. But

there are sounds of the night, dramas of the passions, that re-echo the maniacal laughter of the ribboned hearts of Lears. There are voices, too, of lags, voices of hate, of lust, of revenge, and malicious rapings of the trees and ruthless lashings of the wind upon slender forms. All these are the sounds of the night, and the depth of her lightest or most villainous mood makes her only the more strangely mysterious, wild, and beautiful. These moods of hers are her jewels; they shine resplendently through the darkness from the uncut diamonds of her store.

By the rustlings of night's garments image is given to the beauty of her form. Now she steps forth a matron goddess protecting the world's pastures and feeding all earth. Now she appears as a witch who makes of her haunts Hallowe'ens of hooded forms, who makes all earth a witchery of black-laced creatures and brooding masses of heavily-sculptured silhouettes. At length passionately rebellious she becomes the storm which twists the trees until their wild arms clutch out, and the down-pouring of rain beats into the black hallows of the earth and glorify the gods of raging waters. Yet she may even be found a "stern voice of duty," a god ruthlessly just, who proud and cold, majestically folds his arms, impervious to all the sounds of weeping and despair. It is here that night loses its soft charm and becomes distant and unapproachable. At this time one may stand upon the threshold of its palace and yet never gain the courage to knock upon the door—Somehow, here, the threshold seems much too wide and all the forms of night seem very far away.

In these sights and sounds of night, the world moves along in the sepulchral darkness of dreams and through crystalline caverns of visions. The night becomes life and even day as it lives and droops and leaps and pulses to the stars. The night is beautiful in all of its changing moods, with the starlight on its face or the storm clouds on its brow; with dreams within its eyes or scorn upon its lips. . . . It is the night which opens the pages of history and the hearts of men; it is night that becomes the heart-beat of all future life. Day hours may bring greater activity, but in the hours of the night the world dreams and lives and builds the future out until it feels the cool glow of the night's flooding stars.

"Abe Lincoln In Illinois" (Continued from Page 11)

It is thus that Abe Lincoln comes to Broadway. As one critic wrote when the play opened, it is "more than great theater, more than perfect illusion, more than the painstaking performance of an inspired actor, and even

more than the dramatic artistry of a finished playwright. —it is an exercise in faith, a restatement of the American ideal of democracy."—And as one leaves the theater he cannot help feeling proud of that democracy!

Dark Lives (Continued from Page 12)

but slightly; yet he held with a drowning grip to the man's arm, and as the boy was pushed over the low edge of the well the master, losing his balance, was drawn with him; drawn, perhaps, by the lure of the brain itself. As the bodies hit the waters, the shriek of the man and boy blended strangely with the echoing splash of their falling bodies. . . .

Into the night shadows had come another figure—it was the servant, horror-stricken spectator of the drama, come out into the night having heard the master as he was leaving the house. He stood for several moments after hearing the cries of the doomed boy and man, and then at length he moved up to the well. He said nothing for

a time; then at last he uttered, "Lost, gone from me forever, the one most beautiful of all—HER BRAIN—and two that will never be seen."

Turning from the well he moved off; he looked backward at the house which stood alone, forsaken, and evil, and then he disappeared into the thick mass of trees which lead to the moors that were ever desolate of human life. Behind, the evil breath filled the spot and submerged the house with its foulness where all remained as before—the gloom and the deathly silence, awaiting a stranger's footsteps who, on approaching the forsaken house, would wonder on its secretiveness and guess upon the sullen mystery of the land.

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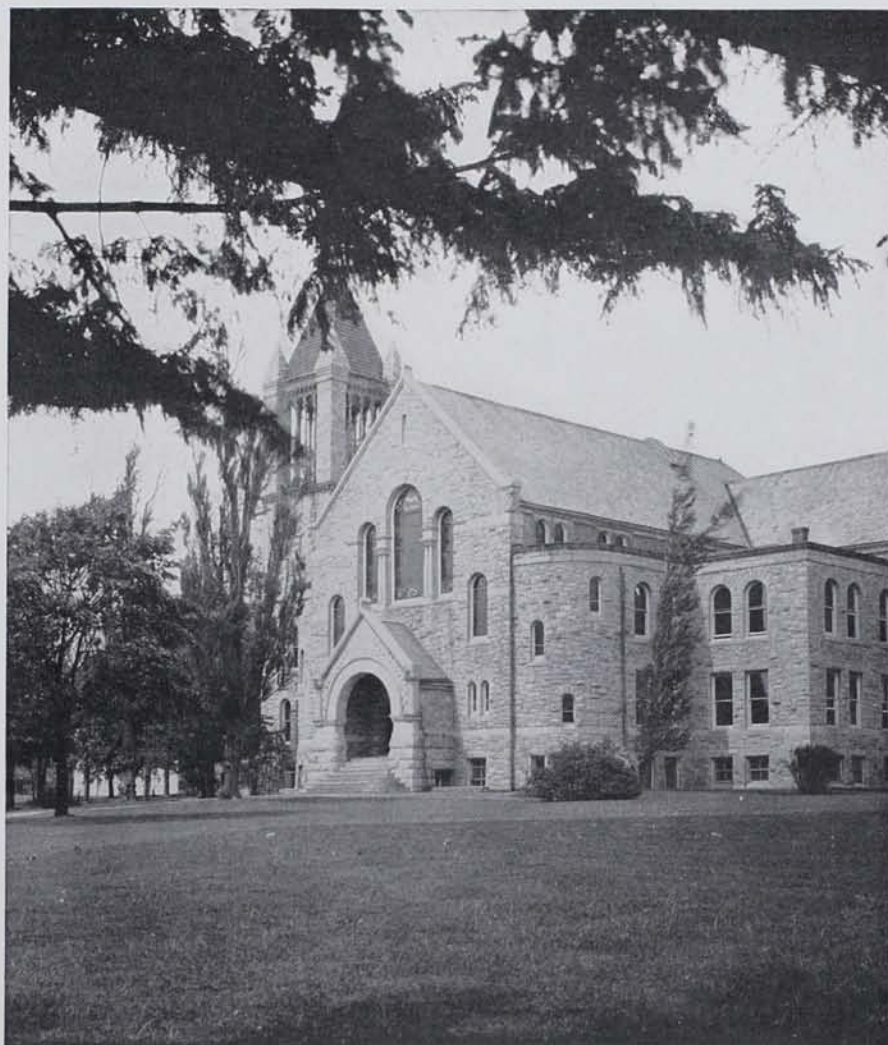
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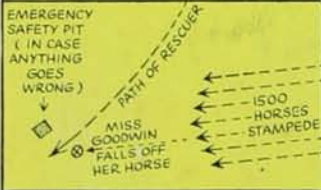
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ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES



WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG SCENE, ALINE

I FEEL RESTED AND READY



SHE'LL NEED PLENTY OF STUFF FOR THIS STUNT

DON'T WORRY — ALINE'S STEADY AS A ROCK!

DYNAMITE IS EXPLODED IN THE CANYON TO STAMPEDE THE HUGE HERD OF HORSES OUT INTO THE PLAIN



IT TAKES REAL NERVE TO FALL IN FRONT OF THAT BUNCH!

TIMING'S PERFECT. NOW FOR THE RESCUE



THE RESCUE FAILS!

SHE'S GOT TO MAKE THE SAFETY PIT — OR ELSE

GOOD GRIEF! SHE WENT RIGHT OVER THE OTHER SIDE!



GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, ALINE. SORRY — BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE THE SCENE OVER RIGHT AWAY

WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?



I GET A LOT OF PLEASURE OUT OF SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE SO MILD AND TASTE SO GOOD! I LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL FREQUENTLY, AND CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES

"AFTER I ENJOYED MY SIXTH PACKAGE of Camels," says Fredrick West, master engraver, "I took them on for life. Camels taste better. They are so mild and mellow. They're gentle to my throat — which proves Camels are *extra* mild! My work requires intense concentration. So, through the day, I take time to let up — light up a Camel. Camels taste grand. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"



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LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES