



12-1945

The Lantern Vol. 14, No. 1, December 1945

Betsy Shumaker
Ursinus College

Irene Suflas
Ursinus College


Helen Gorson
Ursinus College

Rhoda Klein
Ursinus College

Nelson Yeakel
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

[Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)

Recommended Citation

Shumaker, Betsy; Suflas, Irene; Gorson, Helen; Klein, Rhoda; Yeakel, Nelson; Hafeman, Helen; Sare, Ronnie; Trevaskis, John; Wilmot, Joan; Goldstein, Lois; Garris, Lt. B.L.; Williams, Marjorie; Oelschlager, Margaret; and Frey, George Otto Jr., "The Lantern Vol. 14, No. 1, December 1945" (1945). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 73.
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/73>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.

Authors

Betsy Shumaker, Irene Suflas, Helen Gorson, Rhoda Klein, Nelson Yeakel, Helen Hafeman, Ronnie Sare, John Trevaskis, Joan Wilmot, Lois Goldstein, Lt. B.L. Garris, Marjorie Williams, Margaret Oelschlager, and George Otto Frey Jr.

THE LANTERN



DECEMBER, 1945

THE LANTERN

December, 1945

Vol. XIV, No. 1

EDITOR

BETSY SHUMAKER

BUSINESS MANAGER

HENRIETTE WALKER
HELEN REPLOGLE, ASST.

FACULTY ADVISORS

MARTIN W. WITMER
CALVIN D. YOST, JR.
FRANKLIN I. SHEEDER

BOARD OF EDITORS

GEORGE FRY
HELEN HAFEMAN
MARGARET OELSCHLAGER
IRENE SUFLAS
JOAN WILMOT
NELSON YEAKEL

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

Contents

	<i>Page</i>
<i>Editorial</i> — Betsy Shumaker	2
<i>The Medal</i> — Irene Suffas	3
<i>Pain</i> — Helen Gorson	4
<i>Wonder</i> — Helen Gorson	4
<i>Warmth</i> — Betsy Shumaker	5
<i>Memory Lingers</i> — Rhoda Klein	6
<i>Morning</i> — Nelson Yeakel	6
<i>Watch the Birdie</i> — Helen Hafeman	7
<i>Poems</i> — Ronnie Sare	8
<i>The War Dogs of the Devildogs</i> — John Trevaskis	9
<i>Joy in Every Heart</i> — Joan Wilmot	10
<i>To Live in Hearts</i> — Lois Goldstein	10
<i>The Operation</i> — Lt. B. L. Garris	11
<i>Moderately Well Done</i> — Marjorie Williams	12
<i>Steak is King</i> — Margaret Oelschlager	13
<i>Grateful America?</i> — George Otto Frey, Jr.	14

It is almost Christmas again, and it's going to be an unusual Christmas this year—unusual because it will be the first one in several years about which we can say "Peace on Earth" and be at least approximately honest with ourselves. Of course, all is not just as we should like it even yet, but we can now look forward with hope. We can look forward to a year of creation, growth, and development of latent abilities.

For example, there is a great deal of writing ability on this campus at present. Unfortunately, much of the ability is latent. It is land lying fallow, waiting for planting and cultivation.

Each of us must do his own cultivating. Literary talent can be developed by no one's efforts but our own. Teachers may browbeat and editors may threaten, but that is as far as they can go. The rest is up to the individual. If he has something to say, he must say it himself.

We should, as a matter of fact, consider it an obligation to ourselves to say what is on our minds, whether we say it in prose or in verse. There seems to be an opinion abroad at present that being a good and prolific writer is akin to being a "weak sister." Nothing could be farther from the truth. There is hard work in writing, and there is great reward in the feeling that comes with a job well-done.

All this is by way of urging more people to submit their work to the LANTERN. We feel that what we are printing is good, but that we are perhaps missing some of the possibilities on campus, that perhaps we are leaving some of the loveliest flowers to waste themselves on the desert air.

Well, at any rate, we of the LANTERN staff wish to extend our heartiest Season's Greetings to everyone of our readers.

The Medal

IRENE SUFLAS

I wear the medal around my neck on the same chain that holds my "dog tag." I never take it off and I never go into battle without first saying a prayer to St. Christopher, whose image appears on the medal. My buddies "ride" me about it all the time. Oh, sure, they have lucky pieces, too, but they're usually a rabbit's foot, an empty bullet shell, or something from their home life. They don't believe in the powers of St. Christopher. I wish I could explain to them why I pray to St. Christopher, but I know that they would not understand.

It all began during my last furlough home before shipping overseas. That last hour Dad asked me to come to his study to say good-bye before I had to leave to catch my train. That puzzled me immensely, because Dad wasn't a sentimental guy at all and I wondered about this strange request. Soon as I saw him I knew that something was wrong. His face was flushed with embarrassment and he fidgeted nervously with his gold watch chain. I noticed that the St. Christopher medal which he had worn on his chain ever since I could remember was gone, but I didn't suspect what was behind the sudden disappearance.

Then Dad told me the reason for all these unusual circumstances. "Joe," he said, "my father gave me this St. Christopher medal to wear when I sailed for France in 1917. It brought me back safely and has protected me from danger all these years. But now I want you to wear it. I have great faith in St. Christopher. He will keep you in safety as he has always done me. Will you—" His voice broke, and a flood of love for my father swept over me. He's such a great guy, my dad! When I was younger he always used to take me on long fishing trips. We were close pals, but somehow we drifted apart after I got to high school. It's been a long time now since we fished together.

I wanted to take it, but I knew how much it meant to Dad and I couldn't. It had his initials "C. J. T." on the back and the date, "1917." "You keep it, Dad," I said. "I might lose it. War is different nowadays, and I think that if you wore it and prayed to St. Christopher for me, it would be the same as my taking it."

"All right, son, but this gold watch chain of

mine has been acting up lately and I'll probably be the one to lose it. I'll have to get it looked over by the jeweler," he said absent-mindedly.

I smiled and said that I'd better be on my way. Dad coughed; we shook hands. His shoulders were shaking as I gruffly put my arms around him and gave him one last affectionate pat.

* * * *

Just before our D-Day invasion of Europe I got a letter from my dad saying that he and some of his friends had been fishing recently and that after getting home he had missed the St. Christopher medal. He was quite heartbroken about it; he felt that he had failed me.

"It's my fault, Son," he wrote. "I meant to have the jeweler repair it, but I just didn't get around to it and now it is probably at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. We had been fishing off the Jersey coast at the time. We searched the boat thoroughly, but in vain. It must have slipped off my chain and into the ocean. I've been praying to St. Christopher every night anyway, Son, and I know he will still hear me, so have faith, my boy, have faith."

I never got a chance to answer that letter. The hour had come . . .

Once across the Channel, our beachhead firmly established, we proceeded immediately to build pontoon bridges to get supplies and men in to reinforce our hard-fighting men on the beaches of France. I'm in the engineering corps, and we had lots of work to do. Cannon boomed loudly, Nazi Messerschmitts roared over-head, dropping their horrible death-dealing bombs, submarines were attacking the warships backing our invasion, but we came through it all—until the next day.

A sudden storm attacked the channel coast, more violent and destructive than any man-made weapon. I was on guard duty on one of our pontoon bridges when the storm was at the height of its fury. We were all praying that the bridges would hold. The supplies had to get through. We couldn't fail now! We couldn't! Had God deserted us in our hour of great need? Where was He? Where were St. Christopher and all the other Saints? Weren't they supposed to be on the side of freedom and justice? Or was it all just a lot of hooey? Come on, God, and all

your Saints! Do your stuff!

Suddenly the wind lashed me and I felt myself swept off my feet. Water engulfed me as I whirled around and around in the tempest. I couldn't breathe! My lungs were ready to burst! There is no God! There is no St. Christopher! I'm going to die! I'm going to die! Suddenly Dad's face came before me. "Have faith in St. Christopher, my Son, have faith!" I went down for the third time . . .

I tossed about, struggling for breath. My face felt wet as the water flowed over it. I flung my arms about trying to grab something to hold onto. I guess it was life! My fingers encircled something long and narrow. I opened my eyes. It was a bar on a white bed. A nurse leaned over me and smiled. "It's okay, Sergeant, just take it easy. You're safe now."

"Where am I? How did I get here? What happened?" The questions tumbled out, I couldn't help it.

"If you promise to lie back and be quiet while I wash your face I will tell you," she said.

"You were swept into the channel by the fury of the storm. The sentry on duty on the beach said that you were carried to the shore by a strange looking man with a long beard and

flowing robes. He seemingly came from nowhere. His clothes as he stepped out of the sea were not even wet. He told the sentry to take care of you and disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared into the sea. The sentry said that your fist was clenched tightly, as if you were clutching your life in your palm. He opened your clenched fist and saw something round and hard like a coin. It was a St. Christopher medal. You were then evacuated to a hospital here in England."

I stared at her. But that man, who was he? I didn't understand. Who was he? Who was he?

The nurse said, "You can't understand what happened, can you? My husband is in France, too. I pray to St. Christopher every night for him. Did you know that St. Christopher once carried Christ across the sea to safety? All men are created in the image of God and are therefore his sons. Don't you see, Sergeant? It was St. Christopher who carried you from out of the sea to safety because you are a son of God." She placed something round and hard in my hand and left the room.

It was a St. Christopher medal. On the back were engraved the initials "C.J.T." and the date, "1917."

Pain

No man can know the agony that rails
Within his fellow's breast,
No man can know the hurt that springs
Within the loving heart
When simple words—ill spoken, bare and barbed
Slash deep with jagged blades
The trusting bonds of Faith.

HELEN GORSON

Wonder

How can they live
Not wondering why
And be content
While living. — I
Must wander here,
Or there must go
To seek the answer
"Yes" or "No."

HELEN GORSON

Warmth

BETSY SHUMAKER

It was dreadfully cold out—so cold that stamping your feet seemed to do no good. All you could do was stand quietly and pray that eventually you would be able to move again. The night was clear and the stars were out, but here at the train station only the cold was noticeable—that and the dirty snow lying around, profaning the word Beauty. The soot of many trains had laid a fine grey blanket over the once crystal whiteness of the snow, so that now it was drab and depressing.

Perhaps we would have been warmer inside the building. Some fanatical fireman had built up a tremendous heat so that the contrast of the heat inside and the cold outside had steamed the windows into opaqueness, and not even the dingy paper Christmas bells that were hung on the shades were visible from outside.

But with the heat you would have to take also scenery that consisted entirely of dirty floors, tired people, crying babies, and, over in the corner, a quick-lunch fountain littered with empty cups with crumpled napkins stuck in them. The attempts made at decorating the room for Christmas had been desultory at best, so that the bits of tinsel and the artificial wreaths and the paper bells added up only to a hollow mockery of the season.

Of the two evils, standing outside seemed the lesser, so we huddled against the step railing and watched the depressing line of humanity move past. Trains came and trains went, and everyone and everything was the same.

Finally, however, we thought we saw the very bottom of the heap. A decrepit old woman, almost disgustingly ill-kempt, straggled slowly past. She was wrapped in variant shades of brown. Her hat, old and utterly shapeless, came down far over her forehead so that only uneven wisps of mousey hair could be seen here and there. Her coat, obviously a castoff of a larger person, was almost

beyond recall. Below it, the uneven hem of an almost colorless dress showed just enough to give her a flouncey look. Below baggy cotton stockings she wore shoes so unevenly worn down that they caused her to move in an awkward, lumbering way.

Her face was frightful. Even in the comparative darkness it was easy to distinguish bloodshot eyes, a mottled skin, and a mouth thrown out of shape by the absence of teeth. She put up her hand to protect her nose from the cold for an instant, and it was gnarled and chapped and ugly.

She moved past us, and as she passed we huddled a little closer together as though she had brought the chill with her. Down the steps she labored, until she stood on the platform where the next train should arrive.

The train came in, finally, and spat out part of its burden of people. They rushed off in all directions, greeting their families and then hurrying away as though they were afraid of being depressed by the station.

Soon everyone else had gone, and the old woman was left standing, looking with stricken eyes at where the train had been. Finally she turned slowly and headed for the steps. She had gone up only one when we heard a shout, and down the tracks loped a huge, awkward soldier with an overseas pack. She looked at him for a few seconds, and then with a high piercing cry she turned to be caught in his tight hug.

"Oh, mom, you're wonderful," he said. "I was so afraid I wouldn't make it home for Christmas eve." He kissed her and the battered hat got pushed more askew. Finally he released her, and together they clambered up the steps and disappeared into the night.

I stood up straighter and breathed deeply of the fine, crisp, winter air. It seemed warmer somehow.

Memory Lingers

RHODA KLEIN

*"Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."*

KEATS—"Ode to a Nightingale."

* * * *

The sun was setting in the west—a glorious golden ball of fire, shading the sky from pastel yellows and pinks to deep purple and red. In the cornfield stood a young girl, a gentle breeze ruffling her raven locks, her face bearing an infinitely sad expression, her soft brown eyes filled with tears. Ruth's thoughts were turned homeward, homeward to her beloved France. Oh, if she could only see again that little white house with its green shutters, where every Saturday a deliciously sweet smell of freshly baked bread haunted the air; where the Angelus rang out at eventide and the shepherd, playing an old French tune on his flute, drove home his flock of sheep. Oh, if only she could catch again a glimpse of the vineyard that was her father's, and those rolling green hills and the trees and the brook and—No! she must stop thinking of things that no longer existed. For had not an

enemy bomb destroyed all that had been dear to her? There had been a deafening explosion and then a deathly quiet in which she saw the little white house, where so many happy hours had been spent, in ruins. Then the stark, horrible truth dawned on her; her loved ones were dead and she was alone in the world.

There had been that long voyage across the ocean. A ship had taken her farther and farther away from her old home and nearer and nearer to her new home, America. She had heard about America in the stories her father used to tell her, when, at night, they were gathered around the hearth and the crackle of the logs in the fireplace gave the room a cheery atmosphere. She had wondered what America would be like. There was no doubt in her mind now that it was a haven for people like herself who, broken in spirit, sought to rebuild their lives. She brushed away the tears and slowly walked home, to a new home which she was beginning to love.

The sun sank in the horizon. Dusk was falling, day was done, and a troubled heart had found peace.

Morning . . . Winter

A gray world . . . bleached fields thick with frost . . . a fading moon . . . a rouge sun peaking its face over the horizon into a new day as a screaming wind bids the night adieu . . . Trees, their naked limbs shivering, awaiting the warmth of the sun . . . a sleepy people greeting another dawn . . . December . . . dreary . . . bleak

NELSON YEAKEL

Watch the Birdie

HELEN HAFEMAN

Mary-Jo and I had agreed that we'd better snatch up the magazine's offer of a free hair styling right away. It seemed almost too good to be true. All you needed to send to receive a professional's advice was a stamped, self-addressed envelope and your picture.

"I wish the picture were as easy to get as the envelope," Mary-Jo said woefully. "I haven't had any pictures taken in years. I just don't have anything I can send!"

My high school graduation picture loomed in my mind, but just for a moment. No, that would never do. I didn't even look my sixteen years then, and wouldn't take any chances of the good Francois, or whatever his name was, recommending braids with big bows as best for me. I was forced to admit that I was in the same boat.

After some discussion we decided to indulge in one of those take-it-yourself photographing machines you find in railroad stations and such transient hangouts, where people who have nothing to do while they wait may amuse themselves by seeing whether the big city has changed them at all. After using those cameras, however, they usually discover that there are remarkable differences between what they now see and anything they recognized in the family albums back home.

That evening Mary-Jo and I wended our weary way uptown to Grand Central Station. The rush and bustle and flurry of excitement immediately enveloped us as we entered. We soon noticed that we, too, were scurrying along with the travelers, although we had plenty of time to spend. It gave us a luxurious feeling to know that we were not compelled by time to join their mad dash, although we found our subconscious minds prodding us on faster and faster.

After much searching, we sprinted up to the picture machine, which was hiding away in a remote corner of some sub-basement region. Much to our astonishment, we found that several other sturdy souls had been able to complete the maze and fathom the mystery of the missing machine.

As we waited in line, we watched the people before us. Soon the curtain of the booth was pulled back by a woman who must have undergone severe treatment behind the impenetrable cloth, for her face was all twisted up in expression of agony. Weakly she held up the baby blue framed picture,

to which her companions responded with gales of hilarious laughter. Mary-Jo looked at me dubiously and inquired whether I felt I could stand the ordeal.

Next, an exceedingly, shall we say, extraordinary-looking person stepped out. There was hardly a feature of her face that could lay any claim whatsoever to beauty; but as she held up her picture, her face immediately broke into myriad wrinkles of pleasure. Peeping over the shoulder of her friend, we spied the photograph of a beautiful, stately woman.

Mary-Jo looked at me and whispered, "Maybe this contraption is some benevolent spirit in disguise—one that compensates for lack of beauty and brightens up the day for people like that."

"Well, that's encouraging," I replied. "Maybe we stand a chance of a half decent shot then."

Next in turn were two colored women with a little girl of about five. They had been rather noisy and fidgety while waiting in line, and I had noticed that my supposedly intoxicating perfume was quite overpowered by their perfumes of intoxication. They stumbled into the booth, exclaiming something about taking the little girl's picture.

Much discussion ensued, and we repeatedly heard, "Nah, that ain't right! You gotta push dis in."

"Nah, you pulls it out."

"No, you don't."

"Oh, yes, you does!"

In a few moments the taller of the two women opened the curtain and staggered out. "I gotta get some air. Do it yerse'f then, since you know it all," she declared sulkily.

Her indifference wore off almost immediately, though, and she was again thick in the fray.

"You gotta raise da stool higher." With this she began twirling the chair on which the little girl was sitting.

"Hey, you is wrong. Let go o' dat!" her friend demanded, and began turning the stool in the opposite direction. Soon both were trying to twist the stool at the same time and shouting imprecations at each other, while the dizzy little pickaninny added her wails to the tumult. Finally, an attendant came over and showed them how to raise the seat. After much more discussion and deliberation the chair was ready and the child had

Inspiration

I have begun to feel
 The earth beats of passion—
 Tossed recklessly with the tide
 As a feather in the breeze,
 Wafted into a deep recess
 Then soaring heavenward
 On a grandiose scale.

Agony

Overtaken but unbroken,
 Roped but floundering,
 Sick but knowing,
 Tormented but praying,
 In my prison I abide.

been coaxed back into good spirits so that they could take the picture.

"This better be good," Mary-Jo muttered as she shifted back to the foot she had just shifted from.

Soon we heard a loud whoop and the laughter of the one Negress mixed with the curses of the other.

"Look what she done!" exclaimed the tall woman. "Look what she done! Ain't that awful?"

Mary-Jo and I managed to restrain ourselves from going into convulsions till we got safely behind the velvet curtain. Their lengthy preparations had resulted in a grand view of the booth and the upper two inches of the child's head, giving the impression that she had somehow or other managed to peep into a picture of the silk backdrop!

Now it was our turn. Mary-Jo has always been the reckless type.

"I'll go first," she said, boldly depositing her fifteen cents. She smiled sweetly and pushed in the lever, wincing slightly as the bright light flashed on. Then it was over, and we waited till the developed picture dropped out of the slot. Mary-Jo picked up the blue frame as it plopped out. There was the picture of a girl, yes; but hardly Mary-Jo. The eyes slanted down, and a

Ginsberg nose covered most of the rest of the extremely long face! At this we laughed ourselves weak.

"You just wait and see how yours comes out though," Mary-Jo chided. "Be sure to keep your head up, because I think my trouble came from lowering mine."

Following her advice, I threw back my head and grinned at the "birdie." When my blue frame appeared, Mary-Jo snatched it first and again went into howls of hilarity. There was a picture of the bottom of my nose with tiny eyes trying to peer over it and a huge mouth and chin stretching out below.

The tall Negress staggered up to me and grasped my arm. "Le's see what you got!" she demanded. "Ha, that ain't you; that's a picture of somebuddy else!"

Mary-Jo and I quickly agreed as I disengaged my arm and we made for the nearest exit.

"It certainly looks like she was right," I laughed. "These don't look at all like anything human."

"Well," Mary-Jo replied, "at least we can keep them next to our mirrors so that if any time we deceive ourselves into feeling vain, we can just look at them to see the awful truth grinning us in the face!"

The War Dogs of the Devildogs

JOHN TREVASKIS

Many people have marveled at the huge and efficient fighting machine the United States has moulded together. The idea of peaceloving civilians changing over into cold, devastating fighting units is almost unbelievable. But of this process we have seen and heard much. Less apparent and not so greatly publicized is the process of turning domesticated dogs into the ferocious but helpful animals known as Marine war dogs.

This process began back in 1941, when it was found dogs could be useful in the invasion of small Pacific islands. Other uses, in the European theatre of operations, under Army jurisdiction were later discovered, but the Marine Corps was the first to realize the usefulness of dogs. They were used for communication, scouting patrols, and for general security. That is, through a keener sense of hearing than is possessed by a human being and aided by a sense of smell, they could tell when and where the Japs were infiltrating.

It took a good deal of publicity, however, at that time to convince dog lovers they should part with their household pets to help the war effort. Soon people saw the need for these dogs and letters began to pour in. The project was now under way. Not all dogs were accepted for service, and a weeding out process began. Doberman Pinschers and German Shepherds were found to be very intelligent, and most of the war dogs are of these breeds.

Marine war dogs were sent to New River, North Carolina, in most cases; and it was here the dogs were introduced to their handlers. Except for a serious wound or death, this handler stayed with his dog throughout the war.

At first, these two, dog and handler, only played and fooled until they became great friends. Then the process turned to methods of scouting and to the practice of carrying messages. The dogs were exercised every morning for several hours in order to get them in good physical trim. Hurdles and other obstacles readied them for later action. In the afternoon field trips were taken and the dogs were taught to pay close attention to business and also to return to the base alone. Their sense of direction was remarkable, and they moved cautiously and carefully through the forests and underbrush. Now they were ready for the toughening process.



This taught friendly and kindly dogs to be killers, mean and spiteful. They were taught to attack, with the help of stuffed dummies, vital portions of the human anatomy. The handler was to be their only friend and they were taught to hate all other humans. Within a few months this process proved successful and the dogs were adept at maiming and killing. Now they were ready for battle.

From Guadalcanal to Okinawa the Marine war dogs were invaluable. In every campaign they went in with the first wave and helped to alert sleeping platoons and to carry messages through almost impenetrable battle lines. Not all got through, and there were plenty of war dog heroes. The dogs did their job and did it well. Ask any Marine that saw them in action in the islands and he will tell you what they all say—the war dogs really paid off in the Pacific.

With the end of the war, the return to domestic life became important. Just as human beings

(Continued on page 14)

Joy in Every Heart

JOAN WILMOT

Peal upon peal rings forth from the bell-tower of St. Stephen's into the brittle midnight air, cleaving the stillness and calling the people to worship. They come from all directions over the snow-covered landscape, and as they disappear within, giant fir trees beside the door whisper among themselves their own version of the tale; for it is Christmas Eve, and joy reigns in every heart.

Amid pungent evergreen and holly gleaming softly in the candlelight the people are assembled to sing of the glory of the coming of the Lord and to receive Holy Communion. Altar candles pay bowing, flickering tribute to Christ in the window above, and He smiles, for He is being born again.

"Oh come, let us adore Him," they carol, and to the lofty, vaulted ceiling rises the refrain. Joy reigns in every heart.

But Mary Warner enters now, and all know it, for they recognize her weary step, though with averted eyes they avoid seeing her. They know and will not look, wrapping their cloaks of joy a little closer, lest the cold breath of grief enter on this night of nights.

They do not need to cast their eyes on this woman to see the marks of heart-wrenching, agonizing grief on her face, empty eyes staring, and hand wringing hand in hopeless sorrow, for too often before have they seen.

White-robed, round-faced choir boys singing in voices clear and sweet, murmured prayer throughout the church, crashing organ finale, all go unseen, unheard by sorrowing Mary Warner. Her soul has died; her heart beats still, but her soul, God's precious gift, has fled.

But what is this? The drooping shoulder straightens, life's gleam again graces the vacant eye, and something pulls her to her feet. No strange phenomenon do the people see as their prayer drones on. Yet at the altar a blinding light strips the dim chancel's every corner of its robe of darkness.

There stands a figure, a wan, bandaged, unformed figure. It is Ben Warner, smiling, stretching forth his hand, and Mary is no longer blind. She sees, and seeing, strains forward, trembling hand on heaving breast. No longer is she deaf, for to her ears comes music of the angels. It is her son. He sings to her and her alone—beauty too

sweet, too clear and true for any ear but hers fills every nook and, overflowing, comes ringing back to fill her heart.—"Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward Men."

She hears, she heeds, she speaks, but he is gone.

Candlelight flickers on Christ in the window above, and he smiles, for there is joy in every heart tonight.

To Live in Hearts We Leave Behind is Not to Die

Wind through the trees—
Hail against stone—
All the things that you had known
So well, and loved so well,
That you taught me to love—
Is this the only part
Of you they've left to me?

Firelight's play—
Stars before dawn—
Life with you should have gone on
This way—but you believed
Too well, I think, all that
They said—but this was war
And now you're really gone.

Snow through the trees—
Sun, shining bright—
I thought you came home while I slept last night—
But I was wrong, for in the dawn
I saw your soul—I know it's mine!
For it shone in the snow when

You
Died
Last
Night.

LOIS GOLDSTEIN

The Operation

LT. B. L. GARRIS

There is a low rumble down the corridor. Two attendants push in a long, rubber-wheeled table made up with horrible, sterile sheets that glare whitely and reek of green soap and lysol. Some cheerful sadist yells "Meat Wagon!" and you squirm down further under the covers. Your pulse races, and your dry lips open, sucking in air over a dead, dry tongue. You pray that they are coming for some other poor unfortunate. They call your name. You croak "Here."

The attendants are women, always without makeup, always in stark white smocks. They look like ghouls. The table is a mortician's slab. Only God and you will ever know what it costs in will power to sit up in bed and roll onto the sponge rubber table.

They pull the sheets over your shoulders while you remove your pajamas and hand them to a waiting ward man. A nurse comes and takes all valuables, such as watch, rings, and wallet, and labels them. You wonder fleetingly if they will ever be useful to you again. This thought you try to jam into the back of your mind. Statistics show only two percent are lost during operations in army hospitals. But the thought is there, and it leaves its mark in dripping palms and constantly flowing saliva.

A nurse approaches with a hypo, usually morphine; and after she gives it the two attendants wheel you away to the operating theater. As they speed you down the corridor they discuss last night's date, future plans, the difficulty of pleasing the head nurse—anything. Your mind grasps this conversation as a hurt baby clings to its mother—with a fantastic, desperate attempt to analyze each sentence, to memorize each word. But this artifice fails. The conversation is sucked dry in a second and you realize that in thirty more steps you will have reached your dread destination.

An unreasoning and vicious hatred of the bright sunshine in the corridor fills your being. You hate the little white clouds that you can see through the windows and the people out there under the sun, who don't even know it is shining. At this moment, the devil could have your soul in exchange for your freedom.

The morphine begins to take effect. Dry lips stick together like glued paper. The inside of your mouth feels like black molasses. There is a hollow emptiness in your chest. Your stomach churns with nausea.

As the anesthetic room comes into view, the smell of ether and nitrous oxide gas threads its way into your consciousness. This smell, combined with the morphine, is too much. You gag and retch. But there is nothing in your stomach to come up except a few blobs of saliva. The nurse holds a pan for you to spit in. She smiles understandingly. You wish fervently that she was in hell.

A blood pressure indicator and a stethoscope are strapped to one arm. An empty needle is eased into a vein. The pain of the needle is the one blessing of the day. It means that in a minute or two you will "go under."

Around you are white figures bending over white tables. There are glaring white lights, each a little universe, with its center a patient like yourself, being cut and stitched and reshaped. There is no feeling of gratitude toward your torturers. Altruism reaches a low ebb in an operating room.

The smiling nurse says, "All ready now," and inserts a syringe into the empty needle. The plunger moves slowly down. One-half . . . one . . . two CC's. It is empty. Your taut muscles relax. In your mouth is the awful taste of fetid, rotting fruit, always left by pentathol. Vision and consciousness slowly fade and you want to cry out with joy. You sink gratefully into black oblivion.

Moderately Well Done

MARJORIE WILLIAMS

"Three hearts."

There was a prolonged silence.

"I said 'three hearts'."

"Oh—oh, I'm sorry," I glanced apologetically at the grim lady to my right. "I guess I was thinking of something else. I'll—I'll pass."

As a matter of fact I had been preoccupied, deeply preoccupied, in removing my shoes. Not that I was in the habit of shedding shoes under bridge tables in hotel lobbies! It was just that they no longer fit.

It had been a brilliantly clear June day; and, after a brisk swim, Mother and I had thrown robes over our shoulders and strolled leisurely up the beach. The sand, damp in places and dry and fiery hot in others, had alternately cooled and blistered our bare feet. But, lured by the broken skeletons of summer homes and other relics of the hurricane, we had wandered on for several hours. Not until we returned to the small family hotel where we were staying did we realize that our feet and ankles were only a shade less red than the sunset clouds behind the lighthouse. That had not alarmed us unduly; but now, as I glanced surreptitiously under the table, I was rather horrified to see that my feet had not only assumed a fresh lobster hue and the stiffness of parchment, but that they had increased in size to a generous $8\frac{1}{2}$ C.

It was at this point that the door burst open and Ted, the friendly young night clerk, came in.

"Playing bridge?" he inquired eagerly as he hurried toward the table. "Let's see your hand," he added, leaning over my shoulder and at the same time placing his right foot squarely on my exposed toes. I jumped and howled.

"Oh, gosh, I'm sorry," he said, and looked down. Then he, in turn, jumped. I blushed violently and attempted to conceal my bare feet under the chair. At the same time I noticed a dull red creeping up Mother's neck and spreading over her face. Was it possible that she, too, had taken off her offending shoes? We looked at each other and then at Ted; and suddenly we all began to laugh. Even my forbidding neighbor managed a smile.

"But, say, I know what'll cure that," Ted volunteered helpfully. "I had a bad burn the first week I was down here, and this fixed it right up. I'll get it."

A few minutes later he was back with a jar of Pond's Cold Cream. We gazed at it rather dubiously, but Ted was reassuring and insistent. Finally, we gave in; and, as the lobby was deserted except for our bridge partners, we applied it right there. Ted departed feeling like the Good Samaritan.

It must have been half an hour later when Miss Bates came in. She was a vigorous individual who taught school in winter and ran Girl Scout Camps in summer. She had advanced about half way across the room when her eyes lighted upon the now glistening monstrosities under the table.

"They're sunburned," Mother explained in response to her amazed stare.

Miss Bates laughed. "Oh, that's easy," she said. "I'll be right back."

Accordingly, she reappeared with a red and yellow tube in her hand. "It's Unguentine," she announced, thrusting it toward me. "Well, go on, put it on." Miss Bates was not one to be disobeyed, and so I meekly smeared the Unguentine over the cold cream. As I missed a few spots here and there, the result closely resembled a tomato omelet.

By ten o'clock everyone, including Mother, had despaired of teaching me any bridge; and so we decided to go up to our rooms. By this time, however, it was impossible for us to walk normally. Mother adopted an unsteady gait which, coupled with her sunburned nose, suggested that she was in an advanced stage of intoxication. I elected to walk on my heels, which gave me the graceful air of a dinosaur. We had progressed in this manner as far as the stairs, when Mrs. Price, the resort's most active busybody, came in. With an experienced glance she took in our unsteady gait. She made a mental note of the shoes in our hands. She was profoundly shocked.

Mother and I looked at each other in dismay. "It's sunburn," Mother finally managed to murmur.

Mrs. Price hesitated. In the end she decided to give us the benefit of the doubt. Rallying nobly she said, "And I know just what to do for it."

We protested, but to no avail. There was nothing for it but to apply the remedy. We shuddered unhappily as we dumped it on—Johnson's

Steak is King

MARGARET OELSCHLAGER

Have you ever tasted the ambrosial flavor of nicely browned, juicy steak broiled on hot coals? If you haven't, you have missed one of the experiences of a lifetime. To really appreciate the rich flavor you should have an appetite sharpened by working or playing hard outdoors on a crisp autumn day. Hiking, chopping firewood, carrying water, all help to bring on a healthy, ravenous appetite. The air of a clear, brisk autumn day does wonders for a dull, listless palate. There is one point, however, which must be made clear. This steak must be broiled on the coals, not merely over them.

There are several preliminary steps before you even begin to cook the steak. The first logical thing to do, of course, is to prepare the place for the fire. In order to get the best results, dig a shallow fire pit, so that you will not have a heap of coals, but a level bed. This will greatly facilitate the cooking because it will be easier to spread out the coals evenly.

To build a good fire for cooking steak, you must start it with soft wood. In this particular section the best soft woods are cedar and tulip poplar. They start easily and provide a quick, hot flame. Since you do not want your steak burned on the outside and raw inside, which would happen if it were cooked over a quick, hot flame, you must use a harder wood to provide a good bed of coals. Place this wood on the fire gradually; the intense heat of the soft wood will cause it to burn. You will find that oak and hickory are very good woods for this purpose.

If the wind is shifting, you will be continually changing your position to avoid the smoke. A thick puff of wood smoke in your eyes can make them smart terribly. Since you want to enjoy the fruit of your labors, stay out of the smoke.

Throughout this procedure you must watch the fire and feed it carefully. When the bed of coals is large enough and hot enough, lay the slice

of steak directly on the hottest part of the coals. It is then that a delicious, mouth-watering aroma rises through the air. This mingles with the refreshing smell of the wood smoke, creating a memory you will never be able to thrust out of your mind. There is nothing in the world comparable to this odor. When both sides have been browned, a process which takes only a few minutes, there will be no need for further directions. You will be able to carry on from there.

Someone will probably ask whether the ashes or charcoal will not cling to the steak. After all, the moisture of the steak should cause it to do so. But it doesn't if you have done all this correctly. If the coals are hot enough the steak will come out "clean as a whistle." Make certain that the coals are hot enough before you lay on the steak, for you cannot add more wood after you begin cooking. That fact should be obvious.

Many people like their steak smothered with this or that, but you should taste it with just salt and pepper. These condiments do not hide the natural flavor; instead, they serve to bring it out. You will want other foods with your meal, but they are mere incidentals. The steak is the most important item.

After you have satisfied your first pangs of hunger with this delicious food, you will begin to take notice of the beautiful scenery surrounding you. Good food always does put you in a mellow mood. Up until this time, you were interested only in that steak, making certain that it would not burn to a crisp. Now you begin to notice the fleecy white clouds floating across the brilliant blue autumn sky just above the tips of those poplars and oaks before you. What beautiful color combinations nature produces in autumn. Just notice those gorgeous vari-colored leaves! As you lean back contentedly against a gnarled old cedar tree, you mumble to yourself, "What a beautiful world this is! This is really the life!"

Baby Powder!

With a sigh of relief we entered the sanctuary of our room and sank into easy chairs. Although we were chagrined at the prospect of being unable to get about for the next day or two, we found it

impossible to keep straight faces as we surveyed the wondrous messes that had been our feet. The sun's rays had done their share; but even at their cruelest, they could not alone have produced such fabulous concoctions as those before us.

Grateful America ?

GEORGE OTTO FREY, JR.

The American people are once again dreaming of having their cake and eating it too. Peace is with us, as well as untold luxuries. While Europe scrapes the sides of garbage cans, America eats its Sunday dinner at a well-stocked table. Where is the generosity of the American people?

The plain fact is that it has never existed. Come on, Uncle Sam, take off your mask; we know you. Selfish, egotistical, ungrateful Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public would rather see European children starve than pay over one penny of relief. "It's too much trouble—we've done our part—it's too horrible to think about." Of such is the complacency of the American people made—those same wonderful people who can't understand why "those Europeans are always fighting each other." The truth of the matter is that Mr. America, a gluttoned hog, can't understand that men can never begin to think of peace when their

stomachs are bloated with hunger cramps. It is doubtful whether anyone would refuse a chance to join the German army if he saw his friends and relatives being eaten away by the spectre famine. Any army represents food and some sort of warm clothing. What one would not gladly fight those who let him starve when he was beaten?

How can you help, America? That's easy. The UNITED NATION'S RELIEF AND REHABILITATION ASSOCIATION can't begin to fill the bill. Thus every American soldier becomes a humane food commissar. Several soldiers have for some time now been distributing boxes of manna with the compliments of philanthropic U. S. citizens to grateful European civilians.

Yes, America, there is always a way if you want to find one. If you don't care about your fellow man, however, it's easy to find thousands of excuses for leaving him in destitution.

The War Dogs of the Devildogs

(Continued from page 9)

must be rehabilitated, so must dogs. Often this process is very hard to accomplish. The dogs with their killer instincts aroused are hard to convince that man is still their friend. It takes patience and kindness on the part of the handler where a year before hate and the instinct to kill had been aroused. Finally, just as in the case of the first

change, the dogs seem to realize the new attitude, and soon they are on their way home to waiting owners. Most owners are eager to have their pets back, and this friendly home atmosphere helps in the rehabilitation.

I think the war dogs have received far too little publicity and praise for the job they have done. All dog fanciers, and especially owners of war dogs, can feel proud of the achievements of man's best friend in the recent conflict.

Compliments of

STAR'S

MAIN AND DEKALB STREETS

NORRISTOWN

Compliments of

WAGNER'S MARKET

*The Store
for
Everybody
This Christmas*



BLOCK'S

NORRISTOWN POTTSTOWN

DOLLY MADISON

ICE CREAM



ARISTOCRAT

ICE CREAM



PHILADELPHIA DAIRY PRODUCTS Co., INC.

Pottstown

Phone 816

SCHULZ

Enriched Vitamin B Bread

"It's Tender Fresh"



SCHULZ BAKING COMPANY

Pottstown, Pa.

FLOWERS

for

All Occasions



ANNA CATANESE

321 DeKalb Street

Norristown 2234

One of our local industries

Superior Tube Company

Manufacturers of metal tubing

URSINUS COLLEGE



THE OLDEST COLLEGE IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY



THE ONLY CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE
IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY



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



★ ★ ☆ WITH THE THREE FIRSTS IN SMOKING PLEASURE

A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

So gather around... light up and share the very best at Christmastime. Chesterfields have all the benefits of Smoking Pleasure... they're giftable, acceptable and enjoyable...

RIGHT COMBINATION
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

ALWAYS Buy **CHESTERFIELD**

Copyright 1945, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.