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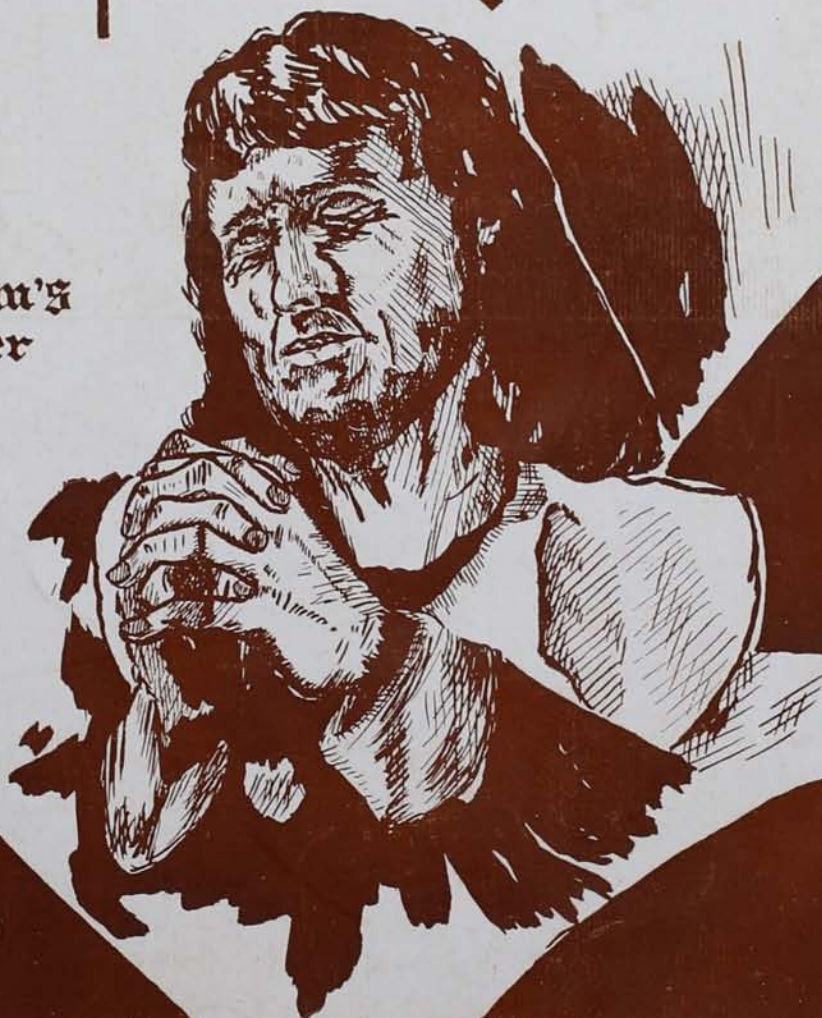
R. C. Wentzel, Norman Dean Evans, Ronnie Sare, Alvin Duke Knepper, Barbara Deitz, Nancy Twining, George O. Frey Jr., Rosine Ilgenfritz, Naida Nelson, and Nelson Yeakel



Lantern



Pilgrim's
Prayer



FALL 46

RWentz
46



Everybody knows him...

Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor—he's on an emergency call!

- A Doctor's life isn't his own to live as he chooses. There are interrupted holidays and vacations and nights of broken sleep. Emergencies require his presence for long, exacting hours . . . with somewhere a pause and perhaps the pleasure of a cigarette. Then back to his job of serving the lives of others.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

The "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat

The "T-Zone" is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



THE MAKERS of Camels are naturally proud of the fact that, out of 113,597 doctors who were asked recently to name the cigarette they preferred to smoke, more doctors named Camel than any other brand. This survey was nationwide, covered doctors in every branch of medicine—nose and throat specialists too. Three nationally known independent research agencies made and vouch for the findings.

Try Camels. See how *your* taste responds to Camel's full flavor. See how your throat likes Camel's cool mildness. That's the "T-Zone" test (*see left*).

CAMELS

*Costlier
Tobaccos*

THE LANTERN

Fall, 1946

Vol XV, No. 1

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GEORGE O. FREY, JR.	

Editorial

WE PRESENT . . .

With the first issue of the LANTERN this year the staff wishes to express its appreciation for all the contributions which were submitted. Such cooperation is indeed an encouraging note in our attempt to establish a policy whereby the Ursinus LANTERN will create an active interest in writing among the students and at the same time be a publication which will appeal to the majority—freshmen and seniors, women and veterans.

The material submitted proves to us, and should prove to the student body, that there is definite literary talent at Ursinus, and while, of course, it is impossible to print everything submitted, because of our limited amount of space, we have tried to select what we think will appeal to the tastes of every student.

Our thanks go also to Richard Wentz who has provided us with our Fall cover.

With the hope that the articles in this issue will stimulate new ideas and topics for forthcoming issues, perhaps some healthy debate with articles answering the questions brought forth in this issue, we present the Fall issue of the LANTERN.

— The Lantern Editorial Staff

IN MEMORIAM

The LANTERN Editorial Staff wishes to express its appreciation for the long life of great service to Ursinus of its former Dean, Whorten A. Kline, who died November 20, at the age of 82.

For over 50 years Dean Kline had been either a student or a faculty member at Ursinus, taking pride in its academic advancement and the beauty of its campus. A professor of Latin and Greek as well as Dean, he was not only an authority on literature, but on every stick and stone of the campus. One had only to ask and he would dip gladly into his wealth of lore on every campus tree or college building.

To all, to whom the familiar figure of our white-haired Dean Kline had become a traditional part of Ursinus, his death brought a great and irrevocable loss.

Lantern Who's Who

Senior JOAN WILMOT of Havertown, Pennsylvania, edits the *Lantern*. For the past two years she has contributed short-short stories and crystal-clear poetry to the magazine. As co-editor of the *Ruby*, Joan's life is pretty full. The future may see her as a free-lance writer. Constructively critical and progressive, she aims high where literary expression is concerned, namely, the *Lantern*.

Straight from Webster Groves, Missouri, hails blonde, curly-headed BARBARA DEITZ. Besides being a staff member for the past year, she heads the YWCA Inter-racial Committee. "Babs" is a history-sociology major in her third year, looking forward to teaching the "younger generation." For the *Lantern* she writes prose and poetry along realistic and inquisitive lines.

GEORGE FREY is the only staff member to bring foreign flavor into the *Lantern* by virtue of his course. Not only is he a German major, but he belongs to the German Club and comes from Germantown, Philadelphia. His plans are to absorb as much German as he can so that he can help children absorb it next year. Red-haired George has written editorial material, "backbone" type, for three years.

For skillful poetry with a real meaning no one has more faithfully enriched the pages of the *Lantern* for two years than HELEN GORSON. Though preparing for teaching, Helen, who lives in Philadelphia, admits frankly that her future is a "new horizon" which she'll explore when she gets to it.

RONNIE SARE is the little girl with the bangs who writes moody poetry and essays with an ironic twist. Next to the *Lantern*, dramatics absorb much

of her time. From Trenton, New Jersey, Ronnie is a third-year English major looking forward to a bright future in theatrical-musical work. Right now she's a member of the dramatic fraternity, Alpha Psi Omega.

ANDREW SOUERWINE, a veteran from Slatington, Pennsylvania, has joined the staff this year. In 1943 he wrote for the *Lantern* and once again will contribute some of his feature criticisms, leaning toward reform. A Curtain Club devotee of Alpha Psi Omega rank, Andy is a Psychology major in his senior year. His ambitions center around clinical psychology.

Here is another Alpha Psi Omega girl of the Curtain Club, CHARLENE TAYLOR, who has written for the *Lantern* since last year. A senior English major, Charlene is famous for her monologues. Dreamy prose about covers her contributions, and we hope to see more of her earnest style.

Known on campus for his conversational repartee, DICK WENTZEL hails from Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. Between the *Lantern* and the college publicity department, Dick is a busy veteran. For the *Lantern* he writes abstract poetry and unusual short stories. A sophomore English major, he plans to go into advertising or copy-writing when he is graduated.

NELSON YEAKEL has contributed descriptive, atmospheric free verse for the past three years. Nelson, who is from Norristown, is a member of the Curtain Club and majors in history. He says that when he graduates from Ursinus he'll join the ranks of history teachers and "try to make this world a better place to live in."

It is rumored that Russian diplomacy consists of one percent Molotov and ninety-nine percent vodka. Vodka treated diplomats have proven to be much more valuable to Uncle Joe's Communistic designs than has his multitudinous "defensive" standing army or Mr. Molotov's temperamental tantrums. American schools of foreign relations would do well to teach a course instructing the embryonic delegates to say, "No, thank you, I've just had one," in Russian, and a supplementary course in the art of short sips for those whose guttural grunting abilities are limited.

* * * *

English cinema officials still have their tongues in their cheeks over the passing of the motion picture, "Blithe Spirit," by the Hays Office. That pic was spiced with more suggestive quips and questionable dialogue than many the censors have frowned upon. Perhaps while officials were barring the front door against the onslaught of Tommy Hughes' "The Outlaw" the British scream sensation slipped in through the rear portal.

* * * *

For the ultimate in paragraphing there are few, if any, who have, or ever will, match Arthur "Bugs" Baer, now writing a syndicated column called "One Word Led to Another" in many of the nation's leading papers. Baer's reservoir of similes is an unfathomable well, and as fresh a supply as it was decades back when he first broke print as a cub reporter writing "obits." His style, unorthodox as a left-handed monkey wrench, and twice as rare, stands as a threat to English grammatical construction and the conventions of writing, but has been copied in vain by would-be journalists from Calcutta to Copenhagen. Baer undoubtedly came under the influence of one of the contemporaries of his earlier days, whose humorous wisdom was once expressed in the column, "Luke McLuke Says." Luke wrote:

"Do right and fear no man;

Don't write and fear no woman."

Or:

*"Some men play poker and others satisfy their
gambling instinct by getting married."*

* * * *

The shipping and airlines strikes struck all industries and activities a severe blow, but perhaps no other group was so vitally affected as a

number of stranded American weight lifters. Some weeks before the almost simultaneous strikes paralyzed the transportation world, a contingent of extraordinarily muscled young men were gathered in this country and shipped pre-paid to France to compete in an international meeting of the world's foremost weight lifters. Before these unfortunate Samsons could have their return tickets punched, however, the steamship lines and airlines had closed shop.

Now, in the gay Patee of today, beefsteaks are as rare as snow in Brazil, and any self-respecting slab of horsemeat draws about twenty American dollars on the open market. Eggs are non-existent, and by the same token, the origin of the available poultry dates back to the past decades. Our Mr. America's had long since forgotten about the maintenance of their bulging constructions, and had begun to fear for their very constitutions by the time the striking authorities decided upon compromise. These half-dozen emaciated weight lifters were happy to escape with their very lives. Things are getting rough when even the weight lifters can't get a lift.

* * * *

One of the oddities emanating from the war in the Pacific was the discovery of a specie of bird found particularly in the Midway area and known to the Marines and Navy men stationed there as "gooney birds." Actually these peculiar fowl are a type of albatross endowed with a gift of uncanny humanness.

Unlike his feathered brethren, the "gooney" seldom takes to the air except to satisfy his hunger needs when shore begging is not too lucrative. On these occasions he flies a short distance out over the ocean, swoops down on his prey, and comes up with the twitching tail of an unfortunate inhabitant of the deep wiggling from his beak. In the course of his dive the unusual bird resembles closely any of several types of dive bombers that menaced the Nipponese in that area during the conflict. As a matter of fact, many were inclined to believe the bird had derived his peculiar but effective dive from the workings of the Dauntless SBDs zooming in that area.

Ordinarily, the web-footed comedian strides here and there along the beaches, begging hand-

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*"Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die"*

Concept

R. C. WENTZEL

We are a million light-years of evolution,
dehydrated.

We are the dispassionate toad, grown to seduce
the cow.

We are the soft tendrils of some incompre-
hensible desire.

We are the steppes of some great agrarian
revolt; the crest of some predatory tidal wave.

Our chances of being born are 500 to one
against us.

One out of every two hundred of us is a
monstrosity.

Our lauded brain exceeds only fractionally
that of the ape.

We studiously attack the subjects of Economics
and Political Science; History and Philosophy;
Biology and Religion.

And we can only vaguely suggest the purpose
for existence.

We create a San Francisco Bridge and a
"Constellation," an Empire State Building, a Big
Ben, and a Queen Mary. Television, air-condi-
tioning, radar and neon lights.

And we cannot put together the jig-saw
puzzle "Fraternity."

We exalt the mind. We worship the mind.
We know what it has done and will do again
under the stimuli of circumstance.

And we must deal with the Oedipus, the
Narcissus, and Schizophrenia.

Our finest doctors turn from cynicism to
philosophy.

Our finest philosophers turn, in desperation,
to theology.

Our finest theologians die of cancer.

We are the carnivorous worm, fat with the
putrid flesh of dead capacities.

We are the worm, and the Robin, Fate, is
tugging at one end.

How can we resist?

" . . . and so all yours."

The Storm

R. C. WENTZEL

Her body an island, foliaged, unmoving:
Serene in the knowledge of tides come and gone.
My love then the ocean, seething, imploring,
Surrounding the island, foaming and wan.

Quick wind of desire, gale of my passion,
Driving the waves of caress to a fury,
Sending them coursing, breaking and crashing,
Rending and pounding, pummeling, lashing,
Blinded, unhearing, screaming and gnashing,
Stripping her virtue, the trees gently moaning.

Moan as they bend neath the weight of my storming;
Moaning and drenched neath my billowing lust,
Moan as the turbulence reaches crescendo,
Moan till the last breeze withdraws and is hushed.

Sounds in the nocturne now slowly subduing,
Wild song of passion, now dirge, now desists;
Till in the dawning, barren and quiet,
Slowly arises torn isle from the mists.

Late with a halo of light for the fog-bound,
Shrunken and futile the sun lifts its crowning.
Shaken and broken, the waters; receding.
Wave turns on wave and, spent, sighs in the
drowning.

"Rank is a farce—if people fools will be,
A scavenger and king's the same to me."

Yes Sir!

NORMAN DEAN EVANS

An expose of the Army caste system

This article is not intended as a reflection against the millions of fine officers and enlisted men who have served honorably and faithfully in the service of their country. Rather it is a criticism of the out-moded and obsolete system which allows so many thousands of incompetents to attain rank far beyond their educational or military qualifications. It is further an account of the incongruity, inefficiency, and downright oppression which exists in the Army as a result of this system.

Granted that, in several short years, we amassed the greatest military machine the world has ever seen. But were the smashing victories of our armies due largely to the brilliant decisions of our generals or to military precision? Certainly not, and any sensible officer will admit it, if only to himself. The great battles of the past war—those which rated the 4-inch headlines—were won by the simple formula of assembling more men and more materials at a given place than the enemy could hope to muster. If victory in the land battles of World War II had been dependent on the *efficiency* of the U.S. Army, this nation would no longer exist as a bastion of democracy. To the civilian, whose knowledge of the military organization is confined largely to what he reads on the recruiting posters, this may seem an exaggeration. But nine out of ten ex-G.I.'s, who have had an opportunity to see the army from its rotten *midst*, will corroborate this statement. The tenth is either an ex-officer or high-ranking non-com who succeeded, not on his own merits, but on the defects of the caste system.

I bear no personal grudge against the Army but I am interested in the welfare of my ex-buddies who are still suffering under the intolerable yoke. I am further concerned with the future fate of millions yet uncalled, who may have to serve the nation either under a universal military training act or in an army of occupation.

Furthermore if the United States is to meet international commitments and help safeguard the peace of the world through the United Nations Organization, a strong, united, and alert military organization is essential. Even if the services are merged at some future date, the evils of the present-day Army will remain unless we, as citizens, take immediate and forceful steps to correct the exist-

ing situation. What is the existing situation? A partial review follows.

* * * *

It all began back on June 19, 1943, when 200 of us entered the main gate of the Army's Reception Center at New Cumberland, Pennsylvania, for conversion from civilians to soldiers. We were at least able and willing, if not too happy at the thought of becoming G.I.'s in the world's greatest military establishment. Like most civilians at that time, we were filled with a superficial knowledge of the grand and glorious achievements of the Army on the far-flung battlefronts of the world, as reported by the colorful characters of radio and press. In short, to us the U.S. Army was the zenith of military prowess and perfection. In the ensuing 31 months that utopian image was so thoroughly and completely mangled that not a vestige remained, even in the most patriotic heart.

On that fateful June day at New Cumberland we were quickly billeted and placed under the protective wing of that reception center fixture—the platoon leader. Such characters usually have the power of a tyrant, the brain of a moron, and the one stripe of a Private First Class. Ours was no exception; in fact his verbal accomplishments, which he exercised quite frequently, put him in a class by himself. By rousing us boisterously each morning at five and by barking commands at rookies who didn't yet know left face from parade rest, he tried to demonstrate his outstanding abilities as a leader of men. Such performances are pathetic in that they are inconsistent with the program of discipline which the Army attempts to instil in its new recruits. But the fault for such incidents lies not with the enlisted men who are placed in positions demanding more than they are capable of producing, but rather with the incompetent officers who blindly appoint them.

After all cigarette butts and candy wrappers had been picked up within a 5-mile radius of the reception center, some of us were transferred to the Quartermaster Replacement Training Center at Camp Lee, Virginia. In all fairness to this fine post and to the officers and enlisted men who manned it during the war, there is no doubt that the basic and technical training schools at Lee rated

(Continued on page 12)

*"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late."*

The Messengers of Death

ROSINE ILGENFRITZ

Once upon a time many years ago, a giant was traveling along a highway. Suddenly, an unknown man sprang toward him and cried: "Halt! Not a step farther."

"What!" said the giant. "You fool, don't you know that I could squeeze you to death between my fingers? Yet you dare to stand in my way. Who are you that you venture to speak so boldly?"

"I am Death," replied the man, "no one withstands me. You, too, must obey my commands."

The giant, however, refused and began to fight with death. It was a long, violent struggle; finally, the giant gained the upper hand and hit Death with his fist so that the latter fell down beside a stone. The giant continued on his way and Death lay there defeated and so weak that he was unable to get up again.

"What will become of me," he thought, "if I remain here in this corner? No one in the world will die, and there will be so many people that they won't have room to stand beside one another."

Then a young man came along the road, singing merrily and looking at the beautiful countryside. When he caught sight of the half-fainting man, he approached sympathetically, raised him up, poured a strengthening drink for him from his flask, and waited until he had fully regained consciousness.

"Do you know," asked the stranger, "who I am and whom you have again set upon his feet?"

"No," answered the young man, "I do not know you."

"I am Death," was the reply. "I spare no one, I can't even make an exception with you. In order, however, that you see how much I appreciate what you have done for me, I promise that I shall not come upon you unexpectedly, but shall first send my messengers before I come and take you away."

"Well enough," said the young man. "I'll have the advantage of knowing when you are coming and of being safe from you at least for a while."

Then the young man went on, was happy and continued living as had been his wont. However, youth and health do not remain for many years.

Soon there came illnesses and pains which plagued him by day and took from him his rest at night.

"I won't die," he said to himself, "for Death will send his messengers before he comes. I only wish that these days of illness were over!"

As soon as the man felt healthy again he began once more to live quite happily.

Then one day someone tapped him on the shoulder. He looked around and saw Death standing behind him.

"Follow me," said Death. "The hour of your departure from this world has come."

"What!" replied the man. "Are you going to break your promise? Didn't you tell me that you would send your messengers before you came? I haven't seen them."

"Be still," said Death. "Have I not sent you one messenger after another? Didn't fever attack you, undermine your strength, and cause serious trouble? Didn't giddiness make your head numb? Didn't gout convulse your limbs? Didn't you have a roaring sound in your ears? Didn't toothache gnaw into your jaws? Didn't you get black spots before your eyes? Above all, didn't my dear brother Sleep remind you every evening? Didn't you lie in bed at night as though you were already dead?"

The man could not reply. He realized his fate and went forth with Death.

*—Translated from the German of the
Grimm Brothers*

Lamentation

L. G.

As the winged vultures doth sorrow settle upon
my soul.

With the dead weight of the past doth it visit me.
Like the subtle, insidious knowledge of ages
Sorrow seeps slowly in, soiling the pages
Upon which my soul is writ.

The Anonymous Letter

ALVIN DUKE KNEPPER

I

The rain was coming down in torrents. Mud was everywhere. The land looked desolate, barren, and dismantled. It sort of gave one a feeling of discomfort.

Wham! The earth shook, trees trembled, and then again silence and loneliness prevailed.

He lay there in a fox-hole, in the mud. This once was a man. His face was full of hate and disgust. In his hand was a rain-soaked letter. He read it over and over carefully. Slowly the rain drops washed the writing off, but the words remained clear in his mind, especially the few at the end. "I know you will be glad to know that I am marrying Bob. I am sorry."

"Imagine," he thought, "After three years she's marrying my best buddy. I am all mixed up! What have I done wrong? I just went off to fight a war." Again the look of contempt and worry crept back into his eyes.

Wham! The earth shook again, and with its shaking, the words of the letter became scrambled and blurred in his mind. He felt himself sinking . . . sinking into the black depth of thought. He began to think back three years ago.

II

The pace of the rain drops became slower, but the crazy missiles of destruction kept exploding. Louder and more fiercely than the lightning in the sky; shattering the country-side, which had once been a thing of beauty.

He visualized a beautiful young girl and his buddy saying goodbye at the railroad station. "Goodbye, honey! Don't forget me!" he remembered himself saying.

"I won't!" said the girl. "I shall wait for you the rest of my life."

"Rest of her life, ha! That's a laugh." He remembered telling his buddy to look after June until he came back. "He sure did!" he murmured. A smirk broke the hard lines of his battle weary face.

"Why did I have to fight this war, and then lose the only thing I had left to come back to?

Why? I hate them! I hate her! I hate them all!" He screamed in a hysterical voice, but his cries were shattered by the bombs exploding around him. The rain came down faster and faster.

"Litter!" yelled the young medic. "Grab this guy. The last one got him bad!"

III

The rain had stopped and the sun broke out. In the distance the rumble and roar of the guns was heard.

His head began to clear, and he began to realize that his old buddy probably had done him a favor. It would have happened, after he got married. It was good he found out before. After all, it was God's will that it be that way.

Hey buddy! You had this letter in your hand when they brought you in. Do you want it?" asked the medic.

"No!" replied the bed-ridden soldier. It is just an anonymous letter."

"Best Trust the Happy Moments"

BARBARA DEITZ

Earth's cold o'erpowering veil oft draws us in;
And humans band together with a sigh,
As strangely calm they lift their corporate cry:
"Who has left us here to perish? Could we but win,
Our hearts would rise, and spirits be made free."
Remember then those moments of pure joy,
When, in black skies, was seen a crescent sliver,
like some toy
Quickly tossel up high in that universe-to-be.
Think too of autumn's perennially rich display,
When earth yields all she has and asks for none,
When trees sway under a still white sun,
And a night fire's fellowship ends a peaceful day.
Remember then, and trust in this clear happiness;
We still can win e'en though we conquer less.

Public, Speaking

(Continued from page 4)

outs from those men stationed there, and paying his fare by remarkably imitating the antics of its benefactor. During the latter stages of the war when the actual combat had moved further west, thousands of G.I.'s found little more to do on these by-passed outposts than to make detailed studies of the "gooney." As a result, many tall tales have come from the islands accusing the small winged friends of directly causing hundreds of men to go quite berserk. Uncomplimentary both to the "gooney bird" and to the person in question was the often-used phrase, "He's as looney as a 'gooney'."

* * * *

Back in the heyday of barbershop quartets, 23 Skiddoo, and 'I love my wife, but oh, you kid!' college football lacked much of today's color but had some even more interesting side lights. Handlebar mustaches and sideburns were more common than helmets and shoulder pads, and the most expensive articles at the stadium on Saturday afternoons were the coonskin coats and the silver hip flasks.

Today, on the other hand, in keeping with the inflationary period, more expense is connected to college football than ever in its history. The millions of dyed-in-the-wool football fans who brush excitedly through stadium turnstiles weekly, accompanied by giddy little blondes with their lists of stupid questions all lined up and ready for airing, hardly realize where the cold currency they fork out for precious ducats is spent. Similarly there are thousands of alumni who faithfully contribute to the fund of the old alma mammy yearly and who are equally misled in regard to the distributing of their well-meant pesos.

Each Saturday there parade on the University gridirons hundreds of the best paid athletes in the world. 10,000 dollar halfbacks and 7,500 dollar tackles are not uncommon in our 1946 college lineups. Professional football is meeting the most formidable competition ever encountered. Many college coaches, their pockets lined plushly with

gratis green, have been able to outbid professional coaches for the services of returning football sparklers. Eligibility rules have been universally relaxed to permit returning vets to play at any school of their choosing irregardless of their former collegiate affiliations. Grand total: the proverbial bitter and the sweet - - - the best doggone football college fans have ever seen, complete with the disgusting odor of an open sore that threatens to unceremoniously topple amateur athletes from the pedestal upon which the American public has placed them.

Disillusionment NANCY TWINING

Who was the man who thought
That knighthood was a flower?
Not I, for sure.

I've hunted, hunted everywhere,
But I know I'll never be the lucky knight
To find the Holy Grail.
My armor squeaks;
My shield's all rusty;
My trusty sword broke right in two the other day.
Every cloak I own is at the cleaners,
I've helped so many maidens over mud puddles.
Furthermore—I'm sick and tired of being offered
Only hands to kiss as my reward.
And I've had about my fill of tumbling into moats
When we storm castles.

Oh, woe is me.
I'm 'fraid
I'm just
A poor,
Disenchanted
Knight.

*"Fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home."*

The Man With the Water-Brown Eyes

RONNIE SARE

I saw him for the first time down at the creek. It was a warm day, birds hopping on branches, a faint breeze brushing my skirts, and he was working with a rope close to the water's edge. The sun poured down on his taut muscular back which was shiny, for it was warm enough to make anyone perspire. From my position I could not see to what the rope was attached so I scamp-ered a few feet closer, hiding behind an oak stump. Peering round, I saw again the object of my search, this time in full view. There was a small canoe tied to the other end of the rope and he was squatting, plaiting the frayed edges into a smooth line again. I breathed very softly so he wouldn't become aware that anyone watched him. Firmly digging my toes in the damp soil, I remained rooted to the spot, continuing to watch this man.

When the rope was knotted at the end, he straightened, pulled on a plaid shirt, rolled up the sleeves high, and took out a handkerchief to wipe his face. This he did with cat-like movements. Never had I seen anything like it before. For that matter, I had never seen any other man but papa. This one wasn't as tall as he is, but somehow he looked as tall. His legs were very long and the faded plaid shirt was stretched tight across his chest.

Looking back at the boat I saw that it was gradually filling with water. Evidently he saw it too. In a few seconds he had it on the grass by the bank. Shading his eyes, he peered around, obviously in search of something. How I wished I had it to give! Placing two fingers to his lips, he blew a shrill whistle. As if from nowhere, someone scuttled past me. It was a small freckle-faced boy, all dirty.

"Whatya want, Lem?" he sputtered.

"Come here and give me a hand, sonny. This blamed bottom sprung two more leaks, and we can't leave 'til it's fixed."

Together they worked with pitch pot and hands, the boy dabbing his fingers in the pot, rubbing the black ooze on the canoe bottom. Lem smoothed it down. The way he touched that boat, as if it were velvet, I knew he must have loved it very much. When the job was done, Lem picked it up like paper and gently laid it on the water.

"Thanks, sonny. Now get our clothes bundles and the food basket. You did a swell job and if you hurry, I'll let you have that other drum-stick."

"Gee whiz! Thanks! I'll be back in a flash."

As the boy darted off, Lem's eyes watched, crinkling with little wrinkles at the corners. They were the color of the water—green with brown flecks in them. That was it. He couldn't get away from the water; it was a kin of his. I crept on hands and knees a little closer.

When everything was packed in tightly, Lem sat on the bank waiting for the last bundles and looked off into space, absently chewing on the end of a clover bud. He didn't seem to notice anything, so I moved nearer. There were only nine feet between the bank and myself now. Here I could see that he had straight, rugged features, a determined chin like papa's, and bushy lion-colored hair. But those eyes! With the water forming a background, his head looked like one of those Greek busts in picture books with no eyes—the water filling the open spaces.

The boy with the freckles came back, deposited the basket and the two clothes bundles in the canoe bottom and crawled in. Lem got up humming "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" and looked down the creek as far as the bend. Then he untied the rope, jumped lightly into the boat and reached for the paddle. I did not want him to go; I could not take my eyes from his face. Boldly I crawled a few lengths more. He wouldn't turn around now. I was safe. On a second thought, he laid the paddle across his knees, reached for the food basket, and out came the drum stick. It went right into the boy's eager fist and then into his more eager mouth. Lem laughed at that. Such a friendly chuckle, kind of musical. I wished I could make a sound like that.

He picked up the paddle this time and started to make headway. Now I could run out and watch him go round the bend. Only a few more steps—a shiver shot through my spine; I couldn't catch my breath. A steely hand seemed to clutch at my throat. Down, down I went. Then up. I tried to scream but water rushed in, choking me. What was happening? Was I going to drown?

(Continued on page 14)

*"Oh! What can sanctify the joys of home
Like hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled
foam."*

Poetry

La Mer

NAIDA NELSON

I stood by the ocean, gazing out to sea, watching with fascination the thunderous waves pounding the rocks. The white foam was like snow spreading out and fading as the waves were quieted. Then in they came again—with more fury than ever—the rocks quaking beneath my feet. Occasionally a white gull gave its pitiful call and drifted down to the water, only to be gone in a moment. This was utter fascination—the sound of a thousand rolling drums, with silence near by—as the waves rolled down along the cliffs. Far off was the green water against the ruddy rocks—there as beautiful as here, beyond them, the deep blue of the darkening sky. Night was falling. Soon in the half-light those waves would have a phosphorescent glow. The foam would no longer be white, but faint green lights would dance there.

And as I waited, I heard all the music of the world—the thrilling symphony of nature, throbbing, pulsing, going on forever.

Night Wind

NELSON YEAKEL

Wind at night . . . whistling past my pane . . .
rattling the glass . . . cold, ferocious.

* * * *

Wind, screaming down the highway . . . over acres
of freshly fallen snow . . . angrily.

* * * *

Are you a harbinger of things to come . . . a better
world . . . or worse? Hope, or despair?

* * * *

Who knows, oh wind . . . what you bring . . . or
who cares? The dawn will come . . .
you'll soon be forgotten . . . as is the
black night.

* * * *

Gloat in your cruel sway . . . it is short-lived.
Tonight you are king . . . tomorrow,
infinite.

* * * *

Wind at night . . . scream on.

*"O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love, where they're beloved"*

In Vain

ANONYMOUS

(Written during the war by a soldier in
the South Pacific)

As autumn breezes through the meadows swept,
And oak leaves turned to gold again, we met.
'Twas like the echo of a woodland stream,
Your sweet voice ringing in my every dream;
And though my love would ne'er be true again,
The key that locked your heart I sought—in vain.

When spring at last did hasten to impart
A ray of hope to fill my waning heart,
Once more to you my waking thoughts did cling;
Of you each night I heard the angels sing,
And yet to you it was but falling rain—
A fool who loved a fleeting dream—in vain.

And then e'er summer with its sunshine cleft
The wooded glen where first we met, I left
For new horizons marred by bloody strife.
And now the thoughts that soothe my troubled life
Are those of you that in my heart have lain.
Perhaps someday they may not be—in vain.

Yes Sir!

(Continued from page 6)

among the finest in the nation. But even here, the ugly traces of the caste system scarred the otherwise brilliant record of the camp. Rising like a colossus just inside the main gate of Camp Lee is a magnificent three-story structure with old colonial columns, covering several acres of velvet-green grass. In the rear is a spacious outdoor swimming pool and terrace. Inside, the magnificent dining room and ballroom resemble the Wedgewood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. A brief outline of the furnishings and conveniences would entail a lengthy discussion. It is sufficient to say that the edifice described above is the Commissioned Officers' Club at Camp Lee. (The author had occasion to visit the structure while on a latrine-cleaning detail.) It is but one of the many hundreds of such clubs to be found on Army posts throughout the nation. They are mainly constructed from regular Congressional appropriations to the War Department, and are paid for indirectly by the taxpayers of the nation. With the national debt at astronomic proportions, such expenditures in definite favor of a certain select group are incongruous with the principles of democracy and the economic prosperity of the nation.

As a member of a Quartermaster Depot Supply Company which landed on Saipan in the Marianas on D-Day plus 12, I was amazed and disappointed to see the caste system rearing its ugly head on the island before the smoke of battle had cleared. The mission of our organization was to feed and clothe the Saipan garrison. Toward that end, we established supply dumps and began to receive various items of food and clothing from ships offshore. During the early days of the operation, when water was scarce and each man was limited to one canteen per day, the commanding general of the Army Garrison Force on the island surprised our depot commander as he was breaking into a case of newly-received pineapple juice, the first received on Saipan. Such an offense, in view of the water shortage, would certainly be punishable by courts-martial and dishonorable discharge if an enlisted man were involved. However, the depot commander was a major, so he got off with a reprimand and a transfer to another command. Such action is absolutely inexcusable, especially when the reputation of the unit suffers from the dastardly action of its commander.

But the other officers in the company were not to be outdone by the major. Through various ill-conceived schemes, using scarce items of clothing and equipage as working capital, they managed to accumulate as many luxuries for their quarters as are found in the average American home—all this while many of the enlisted men on the island were still living on the ground in pup tents. Less than a month after the invasion the first officers' mess went up. It was only a wall tent, to be sure, but it served the purpose of separating the castes at mealtime. It also concealed from prying eyes the steaks that found their way onto the plates while the enlisted men ate C-rations from mess kits.

Almost before the dead on the beaches were buried, the commanding general ordered construction of a \$10,000 home on the northern slopes of Mount Tapotchau. Supplies were flown in on Class I priorities from the states although plane transportation was then at a premium. Enlisted men who had fought the battle of Saipan a few weeks before were employed to construct the mansion. The furnishings, also flown in, were magnificent. Most of them were received in the Quartermaster Depot and the author had occasion to open one case of hand-painted cocktail glasses, flown on a priority 8,000 miles from New York.

In due time, conditions improved. Barracks replaced tents for the troops. Warehouses were constructed, and the open supply dumps closed. Saipan became a great bastion on the road to Tokyo, thanks to the untiring efforts of men (both commissioned and enlisted) who worked 12 and 14 hours a day, seven days a week. But the job was done for one reason only: There was a war to be won, and until that war was over, no one would go home. The work was not completed on schedule because of the inspiration provided or the examples set by those in command. How could they (with a few notable exceptions) command respect of their subordinates when they were concerned mainly with the erection of a new Officers' Club or new quarters?

The ultimate success of the Quartermaster mission on Saipan was in no way due to the daring and genius of the officers in charge during the early days. The plain fact was that the "90-day wonders," for the most part, had not received training for the job they were expected to do. Waste in material and manpower was rampant. A surplus of both was the only factor in the success of Saipan QM operations during the early months. How could the officer in charge of the

receiving and issue of food, for example, satisfactorily direct soldiers in the field when he staggered to work drunk every morning? Of course, there was always room on the planes from Hawaii for several cases of "high priority" liquor for the officers' locker. Enlisted men were courts-martialed for even having liquor in their possession, but a drunken officer on duty never received so much as a reprimand. Since when is the ability of an intoxicated man measured by his rank?

When travelling U.S.O. shows played the island theatres, vast sections of the best seats were always reserved for officers and their guests. These sections were rarely filled, even at curtain time, but enlisted men stood by the hundreds in the rear. If, by chance, the turnout of officers exceeded the number of seats reserved for them, enlisted personnel who had been waiting two or three hours for the show to begin were unceremoniously removed from their seats in favor of the late arrivals. Such outlandish acts were not only tolerated but directed by the officers in charge of the island theatres.

By this time the reader has probably envisioned the author as a disillusioned private, giving vent to his frustration with a blast at any and all army brass. But alas, such is not the case. I was promoted to corporal and sergeant during a two-month period, and for no apparent reason as I had been doing the same work as a Pfc for a year. Several months later I was elevated, without warning, to the exalted, useless, and often abused rank of first sergeant. It was a typical army promotion. Into my inexperienced hands was tossed the administration and supervision of 178 men. I would have been at a total loss had it not been for a little administrative experience gained during a hitch as company clerk. There were quite a few men in the company far more qualified than myself for the position, but no one bothered to check their records. Somehow, through no fault of the army's, I managed to discharge my duties until such time as I returned to the states for release from the service. I quote my own case as a concrete example of the haphazard manner in which enlisted promotions are made. Of course many fine non-commissioned officers *are* appointed from the ranks, but such men are a credit not to the army's promotion policy but to the officers who appointed them.

Because of my new rank, the boat trip home was far more enjoyable than the outgoing excursion. All commissioned officers were quartered in state-rooms with portholes, and non-coms of the first

grade received accommodations which were slightly less spacious but considerably better than the jammed holds in the bottom of the ship where the rest of the troops were packed like sardines. How can such conditions be allowed to exist in the army of a democracy? What could be more revolting than an officer stretched out at full length sunbathing on the upper deck of a troop transport while the lowly G.I.'s shuffle about in the squalor of a lower deck trying to get a little fresh air? Then there were the airfoam mattresses on the spring beds as compared to the canvas bunks stacked five high in the troop compartments below the waterline. The men stood in line two or three hours for meals, but officers and first grades sat down in an air-conditioned dining room and were served by enlisted men of a lower grade. In brief, the accommodations for the favored few approached cabin class on a luxury liner while the quarters for the G.I.'s were far worse than third class passage on a tramp steamer.

A discussion of the brutalities and inconsistencies of the Army caste system would easily fill several volumes. I have attempted, in this brief discourse, to set down a few of my personal observations, in the hope that they may bring to light some of the deplorable conditions which exist. These observations cover but one small segment of Army life. More *hideous crimes* have been perpetrated in every corner of the globe where U.S. Army troops have been stationed. Any ex-G.I. will attest to this statement. Many still in uniform would welcome the opportunity to give vent to their feelings, but they would be quickly squelched into silence by their superiors who are enjoying the fruits of the caste system.

This article is not intended to imply that all officers and high-ranking non-coms exercise the rank-consciousness that pervades the Army. Every ex-soldier, including the author, has had the privilege of working and fighting with men who are leaders in every sense of the word. They command respect, as they should, not because of their rank but because of their ability and intelligence.

The blame for the existing situation rests on the Army's decadent promotion policies and on the vicious class barriers that have been erected through tradition. Most officers and non-coms cannot be blamed for taking advantage of the privileges offered them. If they refused they would either be ostracized socially, reduced in grade, or transferred to another command.

(Continued on page 14)

"Fate holds the strings, and men like children, move
But as they're led: Success is from above."

Who Knows? GEORGE O. FREY, JR.

Heinrich Druben is probably as unknown to you as he was to me until a week ago. At that time I was wandering through a Pennsylvania Dutch graveyard in Upper Dublin. The markers there are of many varieties but those of the eighteenth century are easily distinguished from the others because they are usually a slab of sandstone not more than a yard high with antiquated script upon them. I paused in front of one of them and read an inscription so typical of the region:

Heinrich Druben
Im Mai 1748 geboren
Ist im Marz 1778 gestorben.

Directly in front of this modest marker was an American flag, on the staff of which was a circular plate. Upon this piece of metal was engraved the figure of a Continental soldier and around the edge of the disc were the words, *American Revolutionary Soldier*.

I stood there and tried to picture the young man under my feet. Perhaps he was a Princeton graduate; perhaps he was a gifted musician; it is possible that he might better have managed the army than the ill-tempered martinet Washington.

Yet Washington, whose education was so very sketchy, is famous, and Druben lies unknown in a small churchyard.

What then makes one man so big and another so very little? Surely it is not ability alone! Is it fate? Who knows? Do you?

Man With the Water-Brown Eyes

(Continued from page 10)

At last, the air lashed my face. A voice came from somewhere.

"Relax. Get on my back."

"I can't."

It was the truth; I couldn't. I just couldn't do anything. Everything was blurred and fuzzy. It got pitch-black.

When I opened my eyes, I tried to lift my head, but an iron brace had me hammered there on the creek bank. Looking up, my heart jumped into my mouth. There was the man with the water-brown eyes, with the same crinkled wrinkles around them, smiling at me.

"Everything's going to be all right," he murmured, patting my hand.

And everything was all right.

Yes Sir!

(Continued from page 13)

The fault is the War Department's and the following changes and improvements in policy should be considered immediately:

1. The facilities of the Military Academy should be expanded, and additional permanent officers' schools established throughout the nation. 90 and 120 day courses leading to commissions should be completely abolished, even in time of emergency. Officers should be trained for specific jobs in the Army, and all officers should be qualified graduates of the Academy system.

2. All officer candidates should be carefully selected after extensive tests to determine their potentialities as leaders. During the past war the Army's haphazard selection of candidates and subsequent inadequate training programs produced thousands of incompetents. A permanent and satisfactory system of selection and training would permit rapid and efficient expansion in time of emergency.

3. Before each promotion, commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates should be required to undergo exacting examinations and interviews to determine their ability to assume the responsibility of the proposed ranks. Such tests should be administered periodically to maintain high standards, even if further promotion is not contemplated at the time.

4. The rank barriers which exist in the Army should be abolished immediately by complete revision of the Articles of War. Officers and enlisted men should be housed in the same type quarters, regardless of rank; they should eat the same food; they should enjoy the same recreational facilities; in short, the Army, as the most undemocratic institution in democratic America, should be completely overhauled. This could be accomplished with no loss of discipline and with a vast increase in efficiency and economy. The rewards of increased pay and satisfaction in a job well done are sufficient incentive for advancement.

These changes are imperative if the Army is to attract sufficient volunteers in the future to meet its obligations at home and abroad. Demobilization of the civilian army is rightly proceeding at a rapid pace. A high percentage of all re-enlistees are

either officers or first three graders who prosper under the present deplorable setup. The future of the U.S. Army as an alert, efficient fighting unit,

depends, to a large degree, on the purge of these very elements which now make it a seat of fascism in a land of freedom.

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