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. . . . The Lantern

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. . . *Editorial*

THE boys in blue have ceased to be a sensation on the Ursinus campus. Since July they have been an integral part of the college, and no longer does the sight of a spiffy blue uniform cause a heart murmur in the breast of the women of the college. The old guard at Ursinus has tried to make the Navy feel at home, and they in turn have co-operated to become a part of the campus. We think it is working out very well.

By now, the sailors have probably decided that they have seen everything there is to see at Ursinus and know all there is to know about it. But here is something they haven't seen, and it is our hope that they will like it.

The Lantern received quite a thrill when it found that its circulation had been increased about one hundred per cent, and that it was to be perused by the critical eye of the United States Navy. The little light that it cherished for a small circle of readers was fanned into a bright flame, and it comes glowing and sparkling, hot from the press to its increased audience.

The staff has tried its best to make this a good issue and to present material of interest to everyone. We ask now for suggestions from the readers for improvements. Another issue will soon be on its way, and we want your opinion. Is there a marked deficiency of a certain type of writing? What would you like to see more of? Which article did you like the best? Do you know why? Do you have any new ideas for the magazine? We ask you to read this new issue carefully and then tell us what you think of it.

There is no other publication like **The Lantern** at Ursinus, and it can serve a real need on campus. It affords the only means for aspiring writers to get their work printed. Here is an opportunity for everyone who has an axe to grind to get it before the public. Thoughtful, serious articles have their place besides rollicking stories. Remember that we can print only what the student body writes for us. Every single person at Ursinus should feel that **The Lantern** is his magazine. So sharpen up your wits and write down your ideas and send them to us. Let's watch the magazine grow in interest and excellence.

WRITERS are a disappointing lot. I say this neither through personal pique nor without due deliberation. Long experience with the tribe shows them to be almost universally tedious; perhaps it is their art that makes them so. Too frequently when you and I read the work of some gifted modern bard, we conjure up a picture of a wild, erratic, half-divine creature dashing off his blazing quatrains at the breakfast table. And then, what happens? We are introduced to the hero himself, at a cocktail party let us say, and instead of seeing the inspired daemon we had expected, we meet a dull, bald-headed little man whose only apparent interests lie in consuming hors d'ouvres by the trayful.

So it is; our literary idols have feet of clay. Yet somewhere there must be one who looks and acts the part, one artist whose life itself is a romance. Somewhere he is to be found . . . somewhere . . .

Of course, learned reader, you have heard of the poet Quigley, better known as "C. Q.," whose verses have these many seasons embellished the pages of the **Monday Review**? C. Q.'s fame is world-wide by now, and indeed, it well deserves to be so. If poesy ever returns to Romanticism in this generation (as some predict), Quigley will be the cause, for C. Q. is that rarity of the age, a true genius, a born leader. Let us try to catch a glimpse of the great writer in person.

Our scene opens in the home of the author.

There were three people in the little room: Charles Quigley, his wife, and Manderson, editor of the **Monday Review**. Silence prevailed, broken only by an occasional grunt from Manderson, who was reading the latest Quigley manuscript.

Charles Quigley, clad in golfing togs, leaned back on the sofa and stretched his limbs in superb languor. In repose, his dark face had a look of absolute magnetism, all the keener because its owner was so obviously unconscious of his own manly beauty. There is a certain charm in natural grace which all the studied elegance in the world cannot acquire. Charles Quigley showed this in his every gesture. His grey eyes laughed in tolerant disdain at Manderson, engrossed in the papers before him.

Charles Quigley yawned, shifted his position, and lit a cigarette. Charles Quigley yawned thrice more, and fixed a dreamy gaze on his wife.

They were a strange couple, or when one considers it, not so strange after all; handsome men invariably wed homely women. Yet it was not the plainness of Mrs. Quigley's countenance that struck the searching observer so much as the—how shall I say it?—the utter lack of soul reflected therein. Charles revealed a lofty nobility in every line of his classic form; his wife was colourless in contrast.

Verily, I have seen women with more insipid faces, or frames more angular, or laughs more foolish, or movements more awkward than those of Mrs. Quigley; but never before, to my knowledge, were all of these defects embodied in a single person, as now, vieing with each other, as it were, in hideousness. She sat upright in the stiff chair, tapping her knee nervously. Her eyes darted from Manderson to her spouse, then back again.

Suddenly Manderson emitted a violent grunt, indicating approval. He had approached the end of **The Phantom Lover Of MacDonnel Dhu: A Romance**, by C. Quigley, and found it good. He now began to recite the last majestic passage, in which poor MacDonnel bids a regretful farewell to his homeland before being whisked away to Hell.

Ah, those lines have since caused many a reader to weep (some in rage), but at that time the lyric was unknown to the public. Manderson, in spite of himself, felt the hot tears stream down his fat cheek as he bellowed these words:

"It is the highland gloaming glow
When hues of Heaven and Earth unite
To form the deep, the splendid light
That smiles on Scottish fields below.
Now faint winds fill the wood with sighs,
Or rush across the misty skies;
Now mountains, hamlets, heath and moors
Mirror the grandeur that is yours;
And now, when evening vapours fall,
And brilliant moon and stars arise,
My spirit hears your voiceless call,
And with a quickening glow replies."

(Con't p. 15)

SHE sat by the fire, her feet upon the fender and her wrinkled hands clasped in her narrow lap. Her eyes, sunken into her sorrow-etched face, were half-closed, gazing endlessly into the leaping flames. Howling wind and rattling windows apparently moved her not at all, and her serene face gave no indication of the turmoil of thoughts under the dainty white cap. There she sat, remembering, remembering . . .

It couldn't have been more than yesterday that the black-haired, black-eyed lass of Dimoch had run wild on the moors. Janie MacDonald was her name, and she was the despair of the adults and the hated envy of the girls. The boys were her champions, though, every last one of them, and she could run and ride with the best of them.

She met her match one day, the day Jock MacFarland came to Dimoch. Janie completely lost her heart to the wild, impetuous lad, and a passionate courtship followed. When Jock ran off to sea, the elders nodded their heads as if to say that no good could come of it, and the girls giggled and whispered in their simpering way and said that he would never return and Janie would finally get her come-uppance.

Janie had always despised and ignored the silly creatures, and now she did not even seem to hear their chatter. Indeed, her old, gay, devil-may-care spirit was gone; gone from her heart, her eyes, and her laugh. No longer did

she flee shrieking with laughter across the moors, her black hair streaming behind her, her laugh echoing back to her young pursuers.

Now, every day she went to the cliffs and stood for hours on the rocky wastes, her hand shading her eyes, looking out to sea, a mute statue of hope. Wind, snow, rain—nothing could deter her from her vigil. Jock would return, he must return, for he had loved her and he had promised. For months she kept her watch, ever-hoping, ever-faithful. At last a gleam of hope lit her tired eyes and she uttered a cry of joy. There was a ship, **his** ship, its sails gleaming white in the sunlight and the foam streaming from its prow. It seemed to fly and yet to crawl nearer and nearer. All the hope and anxiety of the long months of waiting were pictured in the radiant face of the young girl, not so fresh and lovely now, but beautiful still and more appealing.

Nearer it came and nearer, a swift white gull skimming over the sea. Suddenly the ship lurched into the air, its frame broken to pieces by a huge reef; the great sails collapsed and slowly disappeared as the waves gently but relentlessly closed over the broken bird.

The fire sputtered and crackled, the wind moaned, the trees creaked, and an agonized cry rent the stillness of the tiny room. "Jock! Jock!" The old eyes closed and the weary head of the old woman sank upon her breast. The wind ceased and the fire went out.

Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's

. . . *For one gone west*

God, seeing his heavens were dull,
Sought a new star
To brighten them.

Casting about for one of sufficient magnitude
He came upon your soul;
Therefore, he took you.

I shall watch for you
Tonight.

"WILL ya can the talk about New Year's Eve and pass the potatoes?" Bill was slightly irritable tonight.

"Yes m'lady, and won't you have another bon-bon?" asked Jim sweetly, then bellowed, "reach for 'em!"

Joe looked at the youngster who was spending his first New Year's Eve away from civilization. Obviously he was feeling a little blue. He couldn't blame him much. Scowling at Jim, he shoved a dish of potatoes at Bill and said, "It's not much fun celebrating down here, but just be glad you pilots don't have guard duty like I have tonight. I can't even get drunk!"

"As if there was a decent drop of liquor around here anyway," grumbled Jim.

"Well what do you expect, champagne and cocked hats?" returned Joe.

"Aw what's the difference," said Bill, "I'm glad I'm here. I'd like to celebrate New Year's with a pot-shot at a Jap. You know—'Three Jap planes flew into the blue, ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta and there were two,'" Bill sang, trying to imitate Gracie Fields.

"Yeah, yeah, we saw **Stage Door Canteen** too," said Jim.

"Which reminds me, Gracie's on tonight. Let's listen."

Mess over, the men dispersed about the camp. New Year's Eve in the tropics was a new experience for the men of the 22nd fighter squadron stationed somewhere in the Pacific, and they were not too enthusiastic about it. Joe thought about it as he prepared to go on duty later that night. He had not minded Christmas so much. After all, he was a hardened leatherneck, and this was war, and then too . . .

Well, for one thing, he'd gotten the box from home (mailed in October) which had come rather too soon, but which meant so much. In it there were cigarettes and a book from Mom, **See Here, Private Hargrove**, and the nifty shock-proof, water-proof watch from Dad, and the money belt from the kids. Of course, he had a belt already, but he really needed a new one. Best of all, there was the gorgeous picture of Marge and the accompanying snapshot of the ring on her finger. He had sent her the money

and told her to buy the prettiest diamond in Philadelphia since the best diamond mines of Africa weren't very handy where he was. She certainly had picked a stunner! He could almost see it sparkle as he looked at the picture. A whole picture of just her hand and that ring!

And then too, the boys had shot down a couple of Zeros that Christmas day. Not bad. We had lost a plane, but . . . well, what the hell, this is war!

Chuck, the clown of the company, had done a commendable impersonation of Santa Claus and entertained the boys with a burlesqued recitation of "The Night Before Christmas." That really was a howl. It was good for the men to laugh, especially some of the youngsters like Bill who missed home. Although they had dined royally on frozen turkey, canned cranberry sauce, and tropical fruit, they missed the familiar home faces smiling at them across a cheerful table. Well, they had gotten through it and it hadn't been bad.

It was New Year's Eve that bothered Joe. Last year he had been lucky and was home on leave. Tonight he thought of that night with Marge. They had gone dancing, and everyone was gay. People were pouring money down their throats, and everybody cheered and went crazy at the stroke of twelve. The din was terrible—out with the old, ring in the new! Everybody was dizzy. He remembered he and Marge had sat in the balcony overlooking the ballroom; sat quietly watching everyone else go wild. They were dizzy too, dizzy in love, and they kissed the New Year in. They had been happy and eager to welcome in the New Year, and this is what it had brought—almost a year of separation. He wanted so desperately to go home again, for good, but that was impossible. This New Year would not bring an end to the war and reunion; only blood, and fighting, and misery. Joe ground out his cigarette in disgust and marched out of the tent.

He had plenty of time before going on duty, and he stopped to breathe deeply of the fresh warm air and to look at the sky. The calm beauty of the tropical night soothed him somewhat. He had often watched the sky before, but tonight it was unusual. There was a threat

of storm in the air, and clouds and moon vied for supremacy. It was an arresting sight, and he forgot his gloomy thoughts of a moment before and began to watch.

Never of all the beauties of nature had he seen anything to equal this. Not the wild beauty of storm clouds scudding before an angry wind over the ocean, not the splendid colors of a tropical sunrise, not the bright glory of double rainbows arching out of the water and dipping again into the waves could compare with this. For this was a sight filled with a soft and gentle splendor, a sight which filled him with peace and contentment as well as excitement and awe.

Great billowy storm clouds covered the December moon, lacking only one night to be full. A yellow warmth illumined the sky, and only the bravest stars had lit their candles. From behind the billowy clouds streamed great moon-rays, beautiful against the velvety background of night. More beautiful, he thought, than sunset rays emanating in a vast semi-circle from sunset clouds, for these were the translucent, silver rays of a glowing moon. They streamed across the heavens and earthward, the great broad beams shining with rainbow tints; rainbow fingers probing the cloudy sky for stars.

A white ribbon of light edged every fluffy cloud, and rifts here and there provided golden

vistas into a blue heaven beyond. One great bay of light in the midst of the towering storm billows seemed to be the opening through which the dove of peace should fly to earth. The rays of moonlight gleamed from the halo of the Christ-head hidden behind the clouds. A slow flash of heat lightning brightened the sky, silhouetting the clouds, turning them to ebony.

Joe watched breathlessly, stirred to the depths by the sight. Hope burned within him. A new year perhaps would bring an end to this worldwide carnage. He felt as though his whole being were praying for that one thing—peace.

Then the wind, warm as a baby's breath and softly caressing, gently pushed the clouds away to reveal the moon in almost blinding radiance. The magic of the scene melted away and new fleecy clouds veiled the brilliant glow. The rays disappeared, the great bay of blue vanished, the majestic pillars crumbled, and the moon was again her capricious self; Diana, the pagan huntress, slipping in and out of the clouds; flirtatious, alluring, seductive.

Joe went to his post and began mentally to write tomorrow's letter to Marge.

My dearest Marge,

I watched the new year in last night, and you were with me every minute. I am glad that the new year has begun at last, I know that it will be a good one . . .

Helen Gorson's

. . . *Nightfall*

The sun has ceased to shine,
And night, like a cloak,
Descends upon the City.
The lanterns glow—
Their lights baffled by the fog.
The houses blank and grim
Stare out upon the water.

Shivering in silv'ry mistiness,
the moon
Muses over the strange, dark quiet.
The stars blink sleepily
And close their eyes.
The fog horn clears its rusty throat,
Moaning through the mist,
And mortals sleep
Beneath the coverlets.

CURLED up on the end of my bed, practically buried in a history book, the shrill phone bell hadn't even penetrated my thoughts, nor had the call from the second floor. So when Mother's message was delivered: "An English boy is coming to dinner on Friday; come home early to help with dinner, because I won't be here," I never gave it an extra thought except perhaps to wonder what on earth a little refugee might like to eat and to remember to make a special effort to catch the 1:38 bus. Little did I realize then what was to come.

But the family were all home that evening, and when the knocker on our door sounded about six o'clock, my older sister, Ann, went to the door. Of course I didn't come out of the kitchen—shiny nose and spotted pinafore—typical victim of the hot stove that I was. But I could hear voices and Mother saying, "You must come out and meet the cook." (The family is always teasing me about my liking to cook.)

The next thing I knew, a young cadet in R.A.F. blue was shaking hands with me. Heaven only knows why the chops didn't burn! He wasn't especially tall or handsome, maybe an inch or two above me, but he had curly hair and when he smiled, his eyes sparkled. That first look was enough to make my heart turn a handspring. Of course, I can't remember all that happened that evening. I only remember how thankful I was that Gordon (even his name sounds like a story-book) had a friend who was to arrive the next day. You see, my sister is smaller than I and very pretty, with red hair and a complexion like that Ponds' ad.

That week before the holiday seemed to fly. We walked, Gordon and Keith (his friend) and I. He called me as soon as his alarm clock sounded. The four of us explored Philadelphia (how they loved what we called a really old city!) and we ate the kind of food they hadn't seen in months, and took in all the latest shows. Six heavenly days—and then his leave ended. Naturally my family teased the daylights out of me after those boys returned to Montreal where they were stationed. Ann always has had several fellows crazy about her, but when you are tall and not a bit pretty, you are

usually thankful for one at a time. I began to think of all the good times only a Christmas like this one can offer—braving the cold to sing carols together, hanging our Christmas wreath and shining the knocker, learning to make real English tea. Sternly I asked myself what I was doing mooning over an Englishman who probably had a girl at home. I tried to put him out of my mind.

It wasn't too hard to do either, until that first letter came. I discovered that even the "dear" in the salutation at that point was enough to cause my heart to jump; but the "yours" at the end—well, that carried a real thrill with it.

The letters were full of Keith—

"If this letter sounds disjointed, it's because Keith is bouncing on my bunk."

"We had a three day pass, so Keith and I—"

"Remember Keith's old pipe?"

"Keith and I both enjoyed the biscuits—cookies?"

And then: "Keith was taken to the hospital Sunday with a slight case of scarlet fever."

The next day the news came: "I could have imagined him dying in a crash, but to die in a hospital is just beyond me." The tragedy brought us closer together, in sympathy, as it were. I cried too, to think of the lonely grave in Canada and the lonely pilot far from home still carrying on without his buddy.

Soon after that shock to both of us, Gordon wrote that he was getting a leave and would spend it here, right here in Collegeville. I walked on air for a week or two, as you may well imagine—until—a grand picture came and a pair of R.A.F. wings, but all leaves were suddenly cancelled and Gordon was moved to what corresponds in U.S.A. lingo to a P.O.E.

Months have passed now and in my right hand desk drawer the pile of letters has grown, all with King George's picture on the stamp and a sticker reading "Par Avion." It is silly perhaps to keep them, for I haven't heard anything since he went over a month or so ago; but I am still hoping, and I have this poem by John G. Magee, Jr. which he quoted in one of his letters to strengthen that hope:

(Con't p. 15)

SOME people, repeating that old line about Christmas coming but once a year, seem quite happy about the fact. I have never been able to understand this attitude—not, that is, until recently.

Throughout my childhood, and even after I had passed the "spring chicken" stage, the holiday season was for me one big grand introspective experience. This started way back when I had my first Christmas stocking and Mother and Daddy cooed: "Just look what Santa Claus brought you!" (I later reasoned out the absurdity of this statement. In the first place, how would Santa Claus ever find a little hick town like Trevoze? In the second place, how could he and his sleigh travel where there was no snow? And third, how could he ever lug a big bag of toys down our chimney, which obviously wouldn't accommodate a much more streamlined man than he was?) This feeling continued through the time when I was taken to see the dear old gentleman in all the department stores (it was probably as a result of this experience that I learned to say, "Say, he really gets around, doesn't he?") and informed him, in a sweet, childish treble, that I wanted an encyclopedia, having no clear idea of what I was asking for, but imagining it as one of those "Oh-we-had-one-of-those-but-the-wheels-came-off" devices.

Even when I reached the point where I was reading "Yes, Virginia, there **is** a Santa Claus" to my little brothers and trying to sound convincing about it even though I knew the writer of the article was full of soup, I still wished there could be two Christmasses instead of one. Not even the annual school Christmas entertainments, which I was always left out of because I was too tall (I kept telling myself), and which were apt to be full of one's best friends dressed as fairies and Christmas bells, and little boys dressed up in their mothers' best fur coats and pretending to be bears, and people who sang that they were Jack Frost, the wind, an old witch, or something else equally improbable—not even these, I say, dampened my enthusiasm for Christmas joys.

"Then what are you kicking about?" you will probably ask, picturing me as a female

Scrooge or an old maid with sixteen cats. The last is more probable, only I'm not having any cats, thank you; I want something distinctive, like a pet gnu, if I must keep a pet.

All of which leads up to the fact that I've been Christmas shopping.

In all my nineteen years I had never Christmas-shopped all by myself, completely on my own hook, until this year. Always my mother had said sweetly to me, a week or so before Christmas, "Oh, by the way, I got you a nice book to give to Margaret, and you can give Daddy a tie, and Leigh and Victor some socks." Then these had been duly wrapped up and given to those for whom they were destined, the only connection I had with them being the printing of my name on the card that went with them.

This year, I promised myself, it would be different. I was going to do all my own buying, and no one was going to help me. So one Saturday morning I set out for Norristown on the 7:30 bus. Heathenish hour of the morning to go Christmas shopping, wasn't it? After arriving in Philadelphia, I spent four hours having things done to my "hank of hair," entertaining (?) myself all the while with a Spanish book. I emerged, feeling like a new woman, and set out to tread the city streets.

"Why are crowds in the city so—so **crowded**?" I kept asking myself as I strode along (or tried to) "at a determined lope," as one of my friends has expressed it. The trouble is, it just isn't the thing to go loping along city streets, and I should know better by this time. I followed a rapid, serpent-like course along Market Street, weaving in and out among startled pedestrians—and getting bumped every once in a while when I stopped to figure out where the heck I was going in such a big hurry, anyway.

Inside Wanamaker's the traffic was as bad as outside on the sidewalk. I had never realized before what a tiresome phrase "Oh, pardon me" could become if repeated often enough.

Practically bursting with Christmas spirit (**not** spirits!), I escalatored my way up to Household Furnishings and began to buy an ironing board. Having never bought one before, I didn't know just how to go about it. So I stood

. . . What makes a wing lift

LIFT is the great secret of flight since it is the force that overcomes gravity and raises a wing into the air. A wing is called an airfoil, which is any flat or curved surface designed to produce a reaction from the air. All the control surfaces of an airplane are airfoils, but the wing is the only one that produces a great amount of lift.

When the wing of an airplane is cut in cross section, it has a shape called an airfoil section. This shape is such that the air flowing over it raises the wing. In a typical wing airfoil section the upper surface is curved and the lower surface is comparatively straight, and consequently the air must flow with a greater velocity over the upper surface than over the lower surface. Bernoulli's theorem states that where the velocity is greatest, the pressure is the least and vice versa; therefore the increased velocity produces a lower pressure on the upper surface than on the lower surface and the airfoil section is pushed upward into the lower pressure area. (FIG. A).

The percentage of pressure above and below the airfoil varies with the angle of attack, which is the angle made by the wing and the relative wind direction. (FIG. B).

At zero degrees angle of attack there is no lift, but as the angle of attack increases, so does the lift up to a certain point called the stalling

angle. This is the angle at which the force of gravity equals the force of lift and any increase in this angle will cause the plane to stall.

The stalling angle varies as does the speed and wing loading of the airplane. The speed of the plane is governed by the thrust, or propelling force, which in turn varies according to the power of the motor and the size and pitch of the propeller. The wing loading is the weight of the plane on each square foot of the wing surface. If the lift produced on each square foot of the wing is greater than the wing loading, the plane will rise in the air.

Another main factor governing the lifting power of a wing is unremovable drag. It is the force that resists the forward motion of the airplane. There are several types of drag which are in effect on all surfaces of the plane at all times while flying and which are too lengthy to explain here. To eliminate drag is a task comparable to overcoming friction. Aeronautical engineers are graying their hair while struggling merely to reduce it.

The preceding paragraphs have related sketchily the major factors concerning what makes a wing fly, but a thorough understanding of the subject would require many hours study of aerodynamics. For any flying enthusiasts like myself, however, I say, "Go to it! It's worth it!"

FIG. A

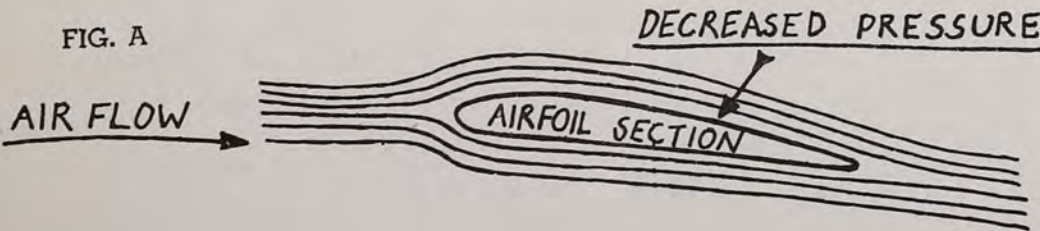
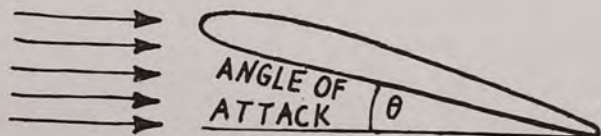


FIG. B

RELATIVE
WIND



THE other evening I spent a very enjoyable hour at 201 Main Street in Trappe. That doesn't sound overly exciting, does it? Well, it didn't seem so to me at first, either. What if it was the old Muhlenburg home? Certainly there was nothing in its appearance to arouse the interest of the casual passerby, or even of one who looked more closely.

The addition of the wide porch in place of the traditional colonial portico, and the building of the third story "by a McHarg with an unusually large family" (in the words of the present owner), have changed it completely from the original Revolutionary farmhouse. The grand old fireplaces were long ago supplanted by a more modern and efficient method of heating. Only by looking closely at the windows can one discover that the walls are over two feet thick. The date on the outside is completely hidden by plaster. And certainly I could not see into the dark hole of the cellar to observe the old-fashioned walls made of mud and pales. Plaster also hid the handcut sandstone in the underpinnings of the porch and in the keystone arches above the windows. Indeed the old days seemed far away as I sat in that room with its modern lamps, its radio, and its pictures of members of the family in uniform, a room such as might be found in any old house made over into apartments.

I sat there, close to the oil heater (how good it felt after the cold outdoors) watching Mrs. McHarg's deft fingers going through the intricate motions of a bit of crochet and listening to Mr. McHarg tell how his great-grandfather had bought the house in 1858 and how it had been passed from father to son ever since. As I watched the smoke spiral up from his pipe, he told me about the house. He described the wavy handmade glass in one of the windows, the hand-shaped nails, and the old bake oven with its iron doors, and as he talked the spirit of the old place oozed out the walls and Colonial times came very near.

I could almost see Henry Melchior Muhlenburg and his son Peter, whose birth place back of Trappe church still stands. I could almost see the indignant faces of the neighbors peer-

ing from windows, and hear the scandalized clacking of tongues when the British used Trappe Church as a hospital and threw their dead horses into the Muhlenburg well. It seemed that if I looked from the window now, I should see the old brick well instead of a slightly sunken flower bed.

I could see the figure of Peter Muhlenburg, the "fighting parson," as he preached his last sermon at Woodstock Church. There he stood in the pulpit in his black ministerial robes. I could see the fire in his eye as he ended his sermon with the stirring words ". . . in the language of the Holy Writ there is a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times have passed away. There is a time to fight and that time has now come!" With these words he flung aside his robes to reveal the uniform of a Virginia Colonel.

Now I seemed to see a lone figure on horseback beating his way from Valley Forge on just such a cold winter night as this. I could see him tying his horse in the thickets behind the house and making his stealthy way to the door. I heard the furtive rap, the scurrying in-
(Con't p. 14)

Beverly Cloud's

. . . Paradox

Stars are flakes of silver
Smothered by folds of warm, black night;
The moon weeps silent tears of mist,
Swathing her face,
Blurring her phantom halo,
Until I know not if the tears be hers or mine.

If there's a God beyond the sky
Or in my soul,
Tell me the answer:
Is this joy or pain that swirls among my senses
And quivers in my heart—
Tormenting, pleading for expression
In a word, a thought, a song?

. . . *Stabilizing Americans*

ALICE had been playing happily in the sunshine when suddenly her ball rolled into the street. Intent upon retrieving the toy, she didn't see the truck until it was too late. Two little arms were thrown up in self-defense—but what is the effect of a five year old child pitted against a ten ton truck?

That picture may well represent America trying to ward off the dreadful holocaust of war.

America had nothing to fight about and—worse luck—nothing to fight with. So she drifted in a sea of complacency until the war hawks of Europe and Asia swooped down upon her very decks. Now the youth of America are fighting a war they don't want in a world to which they didn't ask to come. You see, America was no match for the mechanized invaders because she was willfully unprepared.

It sounds pretty reasonable, therefore, to diagnose this world-wide illness as acute instability due to unequal forces pitted against each other. By asking you to accept this theory and by offering no alternative, I feel very much like the little boy who, with poetic aspirations, wrote the following:

"You think that you shall never see

A pome as lovely as a tree;

You'll take this pome and like it, see?

'Cause I ain't gonna send no tree."

We all anxiously follow newspaper accounts of the number of planes, tanks, and guns produced by the nations of the world, rejoicing when our production is high, sorrowing when it is low. These physical powers, however, are not the only unequal phases of American life today.

Consider for a moment the fluctuating emotions of the civilians left on the home front and torn between two loyalties. When the nobler urge predominates we burn with compassion for "our boys," and the sale of war bonds shoots upward. When the baser loyalty prevails we fret with self-concerned and complain about rationing, wages, or the ban on pleasure driving. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." These words from the Bible aptly quoted by Abraham Lincoln serve both a prophetic and advisory purpose. We can never accomplish stability in America until not only

our hopes and ambitions but also our actions are one.

There are religious and moral conflicts, too. Since the start of this war with Japan, people have been saying, "That proves the value of religion! For years we've been sending money and missionaries to the Japanese, and now that we've civilized them look what has happened." I'm glad statistics are available to foil this thoughtless reasoning. Do you know how much money one billion dollars is? Do you know that if you had laid aside one thousand dollars every day since the year of the Lord's birth you wouldn't yet have saved one billion dollars? During the past year we spent six billion dollars trying to bomb the Japs out of existence. Prior to the war the average amount per year spent trying to convert the Japanese was \$180,000. One thousands dollars set aside for 180 days—what a sacrifice we made by dropping that thin dime in the jar labeled "Foreign Missions"! We spend years learning that we get out of life just what we put into it; then when the time comes to apply our learning we conveniently forget it. The preceding figures illustrate the shocking inequality between the forces of destruction on one hand and the forces of conversion on the other. We have no right to expect amicable relations with our fellowmen in the face of such unequivocal evidence of our unconcern.

This problem of instability is not one confined only to the "folks back home." It is found everywhere among the armed forces; at the training camps in the U.S.A.; during the crossings on the huge transport ships that carry eight thousand men; on the actual battle fronts in Russia, England, China, Africa, or the Solomon Islands. There is every chance in the world for a fighting man to break vows, to lose faith in his creed, and to hate the people rather than the thing he is fighting. The fighting man's life, as well as yours, must be stabilized, his morale must be boosted, his religion must be kept alive. The letters we write (or forget to write), the entertainment he enjoys, the people he mingles with, and the chaplain he may confide in—all are weighed in the balance. The problem is whether they are weighed and

(Con't p. 13)

. . . *and poetry*

Helen Gorson's

. . . *Sky-islands*

Sky-islands, sky high,
Dream lands of repose,
Soft, downy beds of whitest snow,
Where do you fly when day is through?

Ships without a course you are,
Sailing with the winds,
Caring naught for us below
Who toil and sweat, yet dreamers are.

The glory of your beauty there,
Framed in that everlasting blue,
Stills the unrest of our souls
As we recall once we were free.

We, too, like you, majestic clouds,
Could sail our oceans just so blue.
We, too, like you, had not a care,
Owned hearts as pure and white as yours.

One question yet, oh graceful swans,
Before you scatter to the west:
Can mortals ever hope to find
The place to which you daily hie?

Do we, too, have a place of rest
To fly when our day is done?
Shall we find the peace once more
That years and years ago we knew?

They do not answer; on they go
Floating slowly 'cross the sky,
Caring naught for us below
Who toil and sweat, yet dreamers are.

Henry K. Haines'

. . . *With timbrel and dance*

Ma likes her religion long and loud—
She plays a drum in the street.

She raised us herself—but God knows how,
Playing that drum in the street.

When I was just little my pop up and left
My Ma with her drum in the street.

We don't get to see Ma much anymore,
She's playing that drum in the street.

But she's awful proud of us all, we know:
Some day we'll play in the street.

* * *

That morning she didn't hear me come in—
She gets tired from that drum in the street.

When they came and took me away
She was playing the drum in the street.

She didn't get to read the news—
Her hours are long in the street.

The day they hang me Ma won't know,
She'll beat on that drum in the street.

But what a gosh awful way to go—
With Ma and her drum in the street.

Sis came to see me the other day,
Ma was playing the drum in the street—

She said ma's so busy—just time to pray
"Thank God for the drum in the street."

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING—A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE

near the ironing boards with a wistful, pleading, "Won't-somebody-love-me?" look on my face. Finally a kind, matronly, generously-proportioned lady who just looked like the ironing board salesman type came over and helped me. I had already surreptitiously glanced at the price tag, so my mind was made up to buy the thing. I asked anxiously, "Now, is there anything I should know about this ironing board before I buy it?" I meant by my question "Is it sturdy and dependable?", but I'm sure the poor woman thought I was implying that the ironing board had termites in it or something, for she looked at me as if she thought I was crazy.

The purchase of the ironing board consummated, I went in search of a shirt for Father. The Men's Clothing Department confused me. I felt bewildered and out of place, and stood gazing at the shirts as though I expected one to leap out at me and say, "Here I am; come and buy me." Finally a sizeable hunk of man (not a beautiful one, exactly, but he had a nice, kind face) came up and murmured "Help you?" I mumbled something about not having found the size I was looking for, and he walked away. Thinking he had deserted me, I seized upon (figuratively speaking, you understand) a nice redheaded young man. I explained what I wanted, and he dived down in search of some shirts. Just as he came up for air, the first man came back; he hadn't forgotten me, after all! The Redhead looked disappointed, but magnanimously tossed to his rival the shirts he had ferreted out for me.

I had never chosen a shirt for anyone before, so I stood there sorting them over with true feminine indecision. At length, in desperation, I asked the astonished Hunk-of-man, "Do **you** see anything there that strikes your fancy—that **you** wouldn't mind having given to you for a Christmas present?" Giving me the same look the Ironing-board Lady had given me, he replied, "I haven't worn a striped shirt for twenty years." Sternly repressing the impulse to tell him that he should try them and that they were slenderizing, I selected one which I hoped would do things to—I mean for—Father, and we got that little matter straightened out, thank goodness!

After those two glorious adventures, buying a book for each of my two little brothers was comparatively simple. I wanted something instructive and (shall I say it?) **inspiring**. I passed over **How to Win Friends and Influence People**, thinking it a little too soon for Leigh and Victor to start learning the gentle art of flattery. I also resisted the temptation to buy **Too Much College** for either of them. "After all," I reasoned, "why prejudice the poor kids so soon? They have plenty of time yet." I ended up with **Moby Dick** and **Penrod**, feeling that they were perfectly safe for 11 and 13-year old boys.

I could go on and on describing the whippy time I had on this, my first real Christmas shopping adventure; but I don't want you to think I'm completely disillusioned. I still enjoy Christmas as much as ever, only now I see why it's a good thing that "Christmas comes but once a year."

STABILIZING AMERICANS

found lacking or whether they help tip the scales toward a normal life.

Major Robert Hall, a young Navy chaplain who has been with American troops in every place from Panama to Rostov is the kind of man we all pray our brothers and sons will meet. While chaplain on a transport he held separate services for each group, Jews, Gentiles, and Catholics. The services were not compulsory, yet out of eight thousand men six thousand attended. Major Hall got to know each man on that ship, from the top-ranking officer to the lowest mess boy. He became everyone's con-

fidant. And when the troops left the boat and filed by their chaplain, a tear was glistening on the side of every nose. The last boy to leave was a young Canadian whom Major Hall had helped forget a bitter past. The lad seized his hand saying, "Out of all this bloody mess of war and hell there's only one thing I want to remember—a guy by the name of Hall!"

God created only one Major Hall for every eight thousand men. The task before us is to equalize our own lives and match a stabilized America against an unstable world.

THE other day I slipped one of the first records I ever owned onto the spinning wheel of my roommate's radio-victrola; it was Bix Beiderbecke's "Jazz Me Blues." I sat down and listened and felt very distinctly a feeling of sadness passing through me, for it is so very masterfully and beautifully played, and hardly anybody in these days gives a hang about that record or that school of music.

In the next room someone was playing Glenn Miller records, examples of the style of music we go crazy over now—swing. No afternoon goes by in which you won't hear Miller, James, or Tommy Dorsey platters, if you so much as turn on your radio for a while. Every little station in America is constantly sending out their patterned orchestrations to a young, jive crazy public.

Yes, jazz is forgotten, and swing is flourishing, and I'm sorry. Why? Well, it all goes back to the true swing interpretation and the true jazz interpretation of a song.

Let's take a tune which rates as a classic of both schools and examine the situation. Give a swing band the "St. Louis Blues," and what do they do with it? Firstly, they speed it up; secondly, they use a lot of section work and sensationalistic solos; and thirdly, they play the self-same, identical arrangement every night. On the other hand, give a jazz or a Dixieland band the same tune and watch what happens. First of all, they play it slowly (blues are, after all, a musical statement of grief and meant to be slow); then, because of a jazz unit's seven or eight man size, the individual's musical personality isn't suppressed; and lastly, since a true jazz musician plays from the heart, the song may conceivably be played differently every night. Swing represents routine; jazz represents freedom.

The big names of swing realize that. Why do T.D., the Duke, Miff Mole, Bobby Hackett, and many more of the elite get together in a little hole-in-the-wall off Broadway at three A.M. many a morning? To play good old down to earth jazz, to let out the feelings pent up inside them, to shake off the ennui brought on by night after night of swing!

So let's not forget jazz. Oh, there is some mediocre content within its confines; but are all poets, all painters, all dramatists consistently good—or even good at all? Of course not. But just as in poetry we discover great philosophical values, so in jazz we find soul-in-music.

Collar any jazz fiend anywhere, anytime, anyday. Ask him what the old stuff has got. But prepare yourself—he'll pound your ear for an hour or two with words and his own special favorite records.

One of two things will happen: you'll either "break" under the strain, or you'll get to admire jazz as fine music. The second has happened to ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who have given jazz a fair chance. The hundredth guy just sits around with a perplexed look and keeps humming the soprano sax solo from Sidney Bechet's "I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll." Deplorable, isn't it?

201 MAIN STREET

side, and the smothered whisperings. There was a great hurrying to hang blankets at the windows, for curtains were not common in that day. General Peter Muhlenburg had slipped home for a few hours with his family.

I started from my reverie and realized that my host had ceased speaking and was regarding me with an amused smile. Hastily I collected my wits and thanked him for all he had told me. Then, not wishing to wear out my welcome, I took my departure of the old house.

As I walked away I could not resist a last look at the historical home which held so many memories. I thought of the many anxious hours it had spent awaiting the safe return of Peter Muhlenburg, and perhaps it settled back with a grateful sigh of relief when the turbulent days of the Revolution were over. Now, years later, it waits again in quiet anxiety for its men in uniform to return.

IN THE DEN OF THE TITANS

Manderson closed his eyes and let the last, lush, liquid lines linger lovingly on his lips.

"Why, this is magnificent, C. Q.!" he roared. "Undoubtely a milestone on the road of Art!"

(Or did he say, "millstone on the neck of Art"? The words were quoted to me by a mutual friend; so, good readers, you had better use your own interpretation.)

Charles Quigley nodded in mild satisfaction. Mrs. Quigley stared blankly ahead.

"But we must work fast, C. Q., fast!" admonished Manderson. "Remember, you haven't published any thing in the last six months. Your popularity may be on the wane already. We must come to terms today, don't you see, so that . . ."

Charles Quigley had risen at these words, a wild light in his eyes. "I must leave you, Manderson," he said. "It's half-past eleven now, and I'm expected on the green at twelve. I'll have to dash for my bus. Sorry I can't stay, but you understand, I trust."

"Goodbye, Constance," this to his wife, "don't expect me for supper."

Charles Quigley grabbed his golf bag and bounded down the gravel walk with the speed of a frightened gazelle. The room was wrapped in silence once more.

Manderson sat mute and unmoving for several seconds after the door had closed. He peered out of the window at the speeding Quigley, who looked like some be-knickered Mercury flying up the street, then rumbled the manuscript in his hand. He turned around and frowned at the quiet little woman in the chair opposite. Neither uttered a sound.

Then abruptly, Manderson shook himself from his reverie. "Too bad Charles couldn't stay," he muttered to the silent being, "I had hoped he'd be here for the afternoon, I see him so seldom. But perhaps it's better this way. **Now** we can get down to business."

"Tell me," said he to the sallow wife of Charles Quigley, "What ever gave you the idea for this latest epic, C. Q.? It's your best yet."

But Constance Quigley only smiled modestly.

Rosine Ilgenfritz's

. . . *The grave, a translation*

The grave is deep and still,
And dreadful is its strand;
It covers with a veil
A dark and unknown land.

The song of the nightingale
Does not penetrate the urn;
The funeral flowers fall
Upon a bank of fern.

The widowed bride is wringing
In vain her calloused hands;
The orphan's cries reecho
Throughout the entire land.

Yet in no other place
Dwells the longed-for peace;
Only beyond the dark gate
Can human troubles cease.

The poor heart here on earth
Moved by many a storm,
Desires death's true peace,
Free from war's alarm.

Translated from the German of
Johann Guadenz von Salis-Seewis

HOPE FROM THE BLUE

"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
and danced the skies on laughter-silvered
wings;

Sunward I've climbed and joined its tumbling
mirth of sun split clouds—and done a hun-
dred things

You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared
and swung

High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy
grace,

Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And while with silent lifting mind I've tried
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God."

With faith like that, and with the smiling spirit
with which he faces every obstacle, he will
come back again from battle. Yes, I shall keep
right on saving those letters, and watching the
pile grow; and he will come back—to me.

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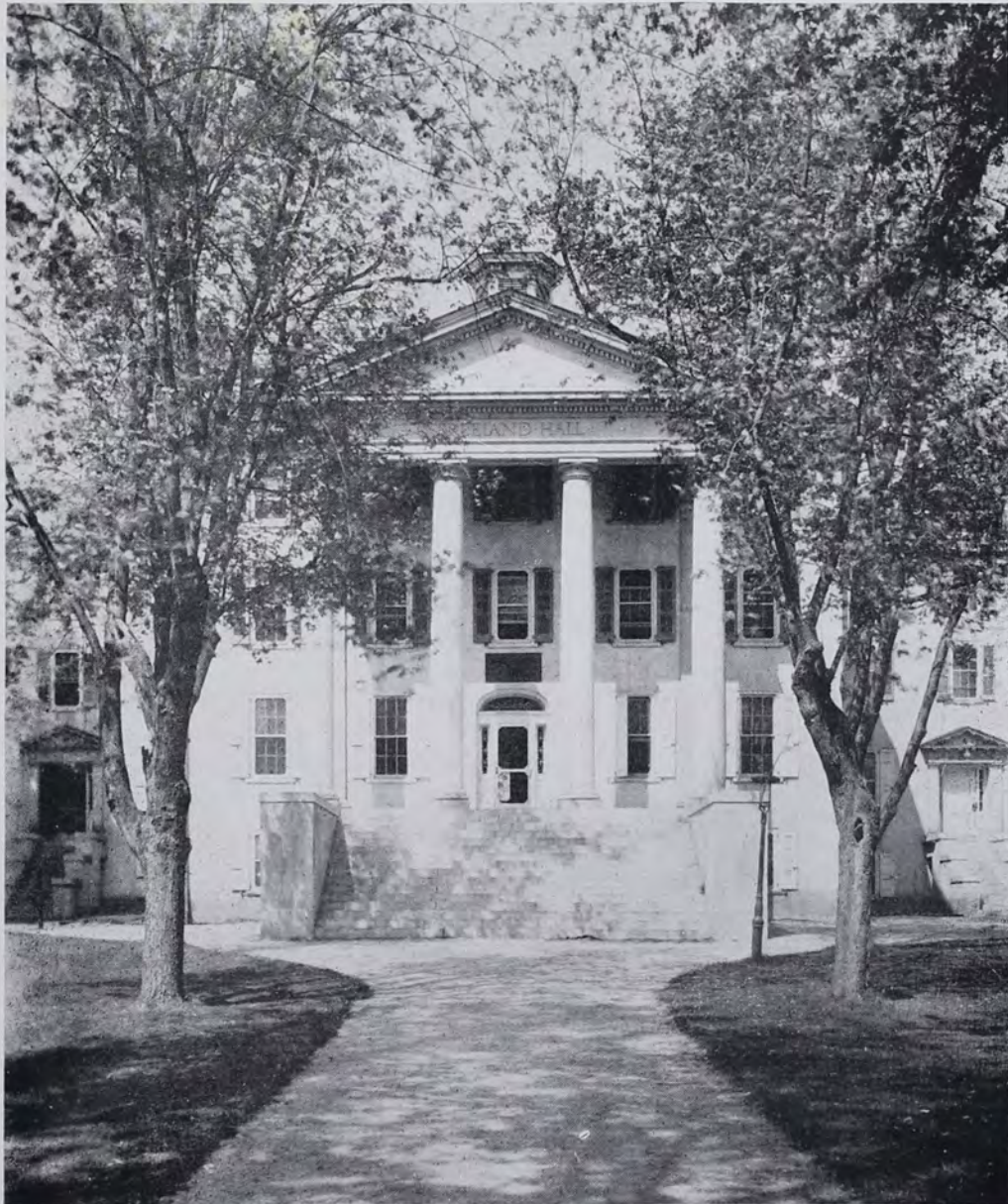
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