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THE LANTERN



'47
COMMENCEMENT ISSUE

DM Kohlas

PWants 47

**EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!**

Cecil Smith practically "grew up" with horses; and he's as sure-seated on a pony as he is a sure shot with his mallet.

He's one of America's polo "greats"—Texas-born Cecil Smith. Veteran of many a famous international match.



Cecil Smith

FAMOUS
INTERNATIONAL
POLO STAR



**EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST TEACHER
IN POLO...AND
IN CIGARETTES!
CAMELS SUIT ME
BEST!**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.

LET POLO STAR Cecil Smith tell you in his own words: "That cigarette shortage was a real experience. That's when I learned how much I really appreciated Camels!"

Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that

shortage. Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.



MAYBE you're in this picture; but even if you're not you'll remember the cigarette shortage. You took any brand you could get. That's when millions discovered the cigarette that suited them best was Camel.



**YOUR 'T-ZONE'
WILL TELL YOU...**

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*

THE LANTERN

Commencement, 1947

Vol. XV, No. 3

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You - the Light - and the Wheel —

You who are about to graduate, we salute you! We share with you your pride, your joy, your strength of achievement. We share this with you because we have lived with you and known with you Man's greatest accomplishment, friendship. Thus we salute you.

Carry our salute with you always. Even now, as you look about you, for possibly the last time, there stirs within you the beginning of a vague loneliness which in later years will become nostalgia. In those years lean upon our salute.

Go not from us hurriedly. Wait and walk with us first under Eger gateway to homely, beloved Bomberger. Stop with us there and listen with us to the soft voices, new and age-old, of the immortals.

Turn with us past the ginkgo and the sugar maple, past long-stepped Freeland, over the lawns past the young twins Curtis and Brodbeck, to stand a moment before grand, towering Pfahler. We will not enter. The rooms are empty now, but we remember well those whom we've met there: Burpee, Brown, Farraday, Lister, Pasteur, and the rest.

No, we will not enter. We will stand a moment listening to the echoes within us and then slowly take our way past the tennis courts and the soccer field to the Gymnasium and the athletic field. We will look across the field to the venerable sycamore tree and the green grass surrounding it. We will stand there a long time and the tree will take many forms and we will see the cool woods beyond it and remember the river. Our eyes will move to the sky and return to the tree and we will walk, more slowly now, back past the hockey field and the boisterous warm Supply Store to the Library. We will come first to the plaques giving small honor to men of 1917-1918, and we will remember another war and men who walk with us only in spirit. And we will feel less proud of our achievements, but stronger. We will pass into the company of the books and try to recount all that we have shared through them, and fail. But mind not our failure.

And we will turn this time, past Bomberger, again to the gateway and stop, knowing suddenly that in this hour's walk we have seen our part in a great communion, a communion of four years

and of two thousand years. And we will know that as a result of that communion we have become the followers of a great light, a light lit by Plato and Socrates and Aristotle, Moses and Isaiah and Jesus, and committed through the ages to such as we. We will know then that this is not the end which we are finding, but the beginning. We are beginning our part in the great tradition of that light. We are new-born ministers to the light of SEARCH!

Is it a simple task, this ministering to the light? Go to those who, during these past four years, have tended the light for you. Go to them, lay your hands on their shoulders, and look into their eyes. Look deep into their eyes and find your answer.

No, not a simple task. Yet, often with joy, often with unbearable pain, the great search goes on. The light shines on. Now dimly, now brighter, always consuming human fuel, always lighting human eminence.

A telling eminence. More telling since the first Mesopotamian warped the young sapling to form a circle and with braces made the wheel. The wheel which spawned, in time, gigantic industries, fostered incredible speeds for Man, and bent Man to its feeding. The wheel grows and bends Man to its feeding, bends his civilization to its feeding, until there evolves a generation of men bent to the endless task of feeding the wheel.

And the light grows dim! The light grows dim because it is easier to feed the wheel than to feed the light. He who feeds the wheel feeds the belly. He who feeds the light feeds the soul. And the full belly needs only its fullness to feed the wheel, while he who would feed the soul must feed always the light, for the soul starves as easy as the belly, and must yet feed the belly.

The light grows dim! For lack of our ministering the light could fail.

But we shake your hand and we do not believe that it will fail. We see you listening to the voices of Bomberger and Pfahler and the sycamore and the library—voices saying not "farewell" but "God be with you"—and we *cannot* think that the light will fail.

"Ed."

Donald Gay Baker

BELLIGERENT PACIFIST

He drives, though with caution, through red lights—when no traffic approaches at right angles—and “stop” signs, for Man is yet the master of the machine and, where it encroaches not on that of his neighbor, of his destiny.

Haverford College, 1926; Harvard University, 1929; Ph.D., 1932. Professor of Greek Language and Literature, Ursinus College, 1932. Now teaching Freshman English also, but as liable as not to address you in the language of Cicero or Homer.

Known to his friends as “Doc,” he professes never to read a daily newspaper, yet is familiar with the details of current social, political, economic, and religious trends—a word he doesn’t like unless used in relation to uniformity over a period of one thousand years.

He is remembered at Haverford for his academic work and his All-American soccer status. He still returns, as inside-left on the alumni team, and as coach of the opposition when Haverford meets Ursinus. When he attends “home” games of his Alma Mater, his favorite article of attire is a great heavy top-coat, its pockets stuffed with apples to be distributed to his friends.

Health is of the greatest importance to him, yet he never wears a hat or permits the weather to annoy him. He abhors all use of force, loves competitive games involving coordination and teamwork, and assumes injury to be part of the days work.

Spring finds him participating in cricket contests with the Fairmount Cricket Club, where he has earned for himself the high esteem of all, and, in the autumn, he visits professional soccer games in Philadelphia where many still remember the strength and accuracy of his right foot.

Seldom without an opinion, never hesitant about voicing it, he is yet the most patient of men. Friend to all, critic of all, his modesty is unaffected. Answering one of his philosophical statements, a student once said, “But, Dr. Baker, not everyone is capable of recognizing that. Remember, your mind is far above theirs.” To which the good Dr. replied, “Yes, if they were lying prostrate, my mind would be five feet, eight and one half inches above them.”

He talks as he walks and plays, straight forward, into, never around, opposition; never losing sight of the goal. His logic is often as individualistic as it is powerful.



His mind, holding so much in its scope, is still attentive to detail. His study of the classics has engendered in him a love for philosophy: love of nature has led him to acquaint himself with botany and the poets: a general love of knowledge has led him to a comprehension of astronomy, geography, religion, history and mythology, or, if you wish, carpentry and plumbing. But, most important of all, he nurtures a great love of Man and Man’s freedom.

Thus he is an apostle of Thomas Jefferson and his affiliation with the Society of Friends is not an idle thing. His pen is active always on behalf of the conscientious objector, the underprivileged, and those discriminated against. He is ready at a moment’s notice to drive “Y” groups hither and yon over the state. He is a man of philosophy and, because he is also a man of integrity, he lives his philosophy with courage and joy.

And because he is a man of integrity he will not be coerced. He views coercion, in fact, through the eyes of him who defined a Yankee as “a man who ain’t leanin’ on nothin’.”

Still a young man himself, he enjoys the companionship of youth. His three children have their mother’s fine red hair, their father’s affinity for a soccer ball, and the keen straight eye of both.

In those he would call his friends he looks for honesty of mind and absence of pretense for, these things being present, he believes that two persons can ascend to a level far above that which either might reach alone. A combined effort, it evolves, is necessary to forward logic, philosophy, science,

(Continued on page 13)

On Sleeping at Lectures

MORTON FELSENSTEIN

When a student first enters college he should try to arrange his schedule for the coming year so that he has at least one lecture a day, preferably in the morning. This statement probably sounds absurd to new students, but as the year rolls by they will be thankful that they took this bit of advice. Lectures generally are only a repetition of the material in the text book, and one quick reading will serve to give one the general "gist" of the subject. College students actually require little sleep during school days. Any sleep lost from "binges" can be made up by sleeping during lectures. The thoughtful student will "finagle" his lectures for the morning because sleeping at this time is very relaxing. Before going any further, I feel it my duty to warn new students against sleeping during all lectures. One lecture a semester should be heard. As you have probably guessed, this lecture is the last one in each subject. It is usually a summary of all the professor's lectures. The student should be wide awake this day and, if possible, should try to go to bed before two o'clock in the morning of the day before the lecture.

Of course, one cannot choose his own lecturer, but it is desirable to have one who talks in a low tone of voice. He will almost lull you to sleep. The object is to get the rhythm of his voice. Using different tunes, experiment until you find one that just fits the lecturer's voice. After the right tune and rhythm have been found, almost any teacher's voice will sound like "Rock-a-Bye-Baby." In the past, it was common practice to stuff cotton into one's ears, but if the above is carried out this will be unnecessary.

Many students find it hard to relax and fall asleep in a wooden straight chair and at the same time appear alert. Practicing at home in the same type of chair is usually very helpful to these unfortunates. One should cross his legs and at the same time rest his chin on his chest. This position

is very comfortable, and keeps you from sliding down in the chair because your knees are touching the back of the chair in front of you. Above all, you must appear alert. This is a large factor when report cards roll around. If the teacher thinks you are trying to grasp the subject, he will inevitably give you a passing grade or at least an "E" for effort. Even a layman can see that an appearance of alertness is essential, because "good" marks among students are a growing trend. You can also appear alert by following through with a few more timely hints such as keeping one hand on your forehead and an open book in your lap. Without a doubt, the teacher will assume that you are a reliable student since you are not only listening alertly to the lecture, but also supplementing it with the text book. The truly farsighted student

will not only follow these simple hints but will take one more. The thought of not getting up at the end of the period worries many students. This worry is easily overcome. Be sure you have a reliable student next to you who will wake you up at the end of the period. If he is going to sleep also, tell him to wake you after his buddy wakes him.

The benefits derived from sleeping during lectures are manifold. After the lecture you have a good feeling, knowing that you have "pulled something over" on the professor. This often leads one to brag about his shrewdness, but this does not pay off in the long run. Words have a trick of finding their way back to the person being spoken about. The most important benefit, of course, derived from the opportunity to sleep during lectures is the fact that you have sufficiently fortified yourself with rest to undertake whatever may evolve for the coming evening. And if, perhaps, another lecture is on the agenda for the succeeding day, you are, indeed, assured of an excellent evening to come.

A Friend or Two

A. J. MAZURKIEWIETZ

There is all of pleasure and all of peace
In a friend or two.
And all your troubles may find release
In a friend or two.

* *

It's in the grip of a friendly hand,
On native soil or in foreign land,
The world is made—do you understand?—
Of a friend or two.

So You Want Security

D. KOHLHAS

You tell us you fought a war. We know that. We know it because we helped you fight it. We helped you not only in the war-plants and the factories, but right up there where the going really got tough. That's not what we want to talk about. But let's start back there anyway: you fought a war.

So you fought a war. Now you want security. You want a life-time guarantee. Well you had better look around again, Mate, because it seems to me you're a little fouled up.

Look at Hitler, for instance. Hitler offered security. So did Mussolini. And Joe Stalin is still offering it. Want it? Call it what you like—economic security, socialism, communism, fascism, or something a little left of liberal. What's in a name, Mac? Those boys whose armies you fought weren't stupid. A little twisted, maybe, but they had a brain or two. They knew you couldn't get security without paying through the nose.

Remember, Buddy, that rifle you had a while back? It wasn't yours, so who owned it? The army owned it. The army owned the shirt you wore, too, and the food you ate, and the sack you used. The army owned so much of you that you were tagged G.I. Sure, the army owned you too—you were expendable—so you called yourself government issue. You should remember how well they owned you. They owned you by the numbers. Everything by the numbers until you were almost eating by the numbers. To hear you gripe then we got the impression you slept by the numbers. But look, Mate, you were secure! Boy, did you have security. You were so secure you couldn't move.

Now read back a few lines. Where it says army, cross that word out and insert the word

state. What have you got, Joe? Security? That's it, Mate, and that's what you're asking for again. Maybe you've got the word right, though. And if you yell loud enough you can probably get all sorts of things. Maybe they'll even issue you a wife and kids. Man, you could really get some security if you yelled loud enough. Yeah, you could get all sorts of things, and you could get right back in that old turtle shell and never stick your neck out. You know that old turtle shell, Lad—you wore it. It goes like this: "Keep your mouth shut and your nose clean; let the army think for you."

And how about those politicians with one hand hidden from the other? Think they don't know you're all fouled up, Joe? Tokyo Rose knew you wanted to go home, didn't she? Played it up, too, didn't she? Bet she's sorry that it didn't pay off as well for her as it does now for the machine bosses who use the same strategy. Just watch those little corporals growing up in front of you and remind yourself that you're their fertilizer every time you yell "security."

So you fought a war. Well, Buddy, so'd jer old

man! And those vague people 'way back, those suckers who had some scrapes they thought were tough back in '76 and 1812 and '65, they fought some too. Seems as though they weren't too well organized, and nobody led them around by the nose to yell for security, but you know what, Mac? They just went out on their own and built themselves a big healthy nation.

Yes, they went out and built themselves a nation. Maybe you call that "rolling your own" security. Maybe you're right, Mate. Maybe you're right. But maybe, too, in those days there was no shortage of materials for building GUTS!

Wish in June

NELSON YEAKEL

Turning kaleidoscope, your cycle is never
ending.

And now you have turned once more,
Through a breathless summer, another
winter,

Now, in June, you turn again.

But to what do you turn, oh kaleidoscope?
The sands of time have slipped slowly
through,

It seems quickly now,
For now the time has come to depart.

Depart? To what, a world of atomic black-
ness, futile promises?

Must that be our destiny?
Does anyone really know?
Dare anyone tell?

You have been cruel in your turning
In our time.
But be gentle in your next cycle, gentle,
So that those who follow need not fear.

"Mild and Bitters"

ROBERT JUPPE

Several blocks from King's Cross Station, in Caledonia Road, lies one of London's most unusual public houses. Centered in a drab neighborhood and presenting a shabby exterior to all who approach, the *Star and Garter* gives no hint that behind its stout oaken doors is to be found a fascinating atmosphere of ease, a *Je ne sais quoi* which causes the spacious interior to be filled at all hours with individuals from every walk of English life. Sailors of the Royal Fleet flock there in great numbers, to be surrounded by tawdry transients, small-time confidence men, gamblers, charwomen, railroad men, waiters and waitresses from the many tea and snack shops nearby; and, in the evenings, revelers from Mayfair and Fleet street, business men and journalists engaged in a "pub-crawl" browse in, joyous at finding just such a bizarre spot. The crowd is always blatant and rollicking, engaging in numerous scuffles and brawls.

Since my first acquaintance with the *Star and Garter* I had made it a point, whenever I was in town, to spend at least a few hours in its dim depths. It was neither the rowdyish, laugh-provoking habitues nor the two-piece musical ensemble—an obese one-legged drummer and a pasty-faced dudish piano player—which inspired my frequent calls, but rather the friendship I had struck up with a stolid denizen of the bar.

Called Bill Farrow, my friend was a sturdily-built native Londoner familiar with every aspect of the great metropolis. Possibly forty, probably a bit older, Bill had an oblong-shaped head topped with brown receding hair; extremely pale blue eyes, an aquiline nose, and a small straight mouth which seemed to complement his nose. All in all, I considered him to be better-than-average looking, although to the detriment of this he wore a dark brown felt hat at all times, and rarely smiled.

Bill's chief assets were his abilities to carry on a friendly unstilted conversation and to get along with everyone. In this connection he was the *Star and Garter's* "quasi-bouncer," if such a profession exists. He was, certainly, not under contract to the house, but whenever anyone became overly unruly and required a spot of fresh air, Bill as often as not assumed the role of ouster.

Bill had his fingers in a half-dozen pies: he sold cars, sweepstake tickets, real estate, and dogs. He was a great "fixer," and acted as middleman in many a small financial matter of questionable legality. He was, as well, familiar with all the room-

ing houses, hotels, pubs, and brothels within a mile of the *Star and Garter*. His connections included every class of people and he was well acquainted with all the regulars and most of the irregulars at the *Star and Garter*.

He was, of course, the best friend of the pub's proprietor—a huge, red-faced, former RAF pilot who usually tended bar—and could be found, every day, from noon until three o'clock, and again from six until eleven, at some point along the bar. He conducted all his business there while artistically probing his teeth with a tooth-pick.

Although Bill was a clever conversationalist, he rarely joked or jested. In his business deals he was cold and calculating and drove a hard bargain. Once he informed me he had a Dusenbergs for sale.

"Somebody offered me 400 pounds for it," he said, "but I'll get 800." This he stated in such a self-assured though unassuming manner that I had to admire his confidence.

For all his business poise, however, Bill had, like Achilles, one vulnerable point: a strong, sentimental attachment for his wife that invariably led him to inject her personality into a conversation. His anecdotes concerning his spouse were always of a laudatory nature, praising her cooking, her housekeeping, her business head. She was cultured, highly intelligent, and erudite. She reigned, as he kept reminding sundry listeners, from a pedestal. As a result the majority of the quaffers at the bar probably knew more about Mrs. Farrow than they did about Bill. And I, personally, was eager to meet this woman who provoked such loquacity in a normally casual speaker.

His unflagging devotion to his wife touched me somewhat, particularly because it was apparent that he was not without attention from various young women who frequented the *Star and Garter*. Many of these were pretty and vivacious, and not a few were obviously of easy virtue. But Bill dispatched them with an alacrity which could not but be considered noteworthy.

It was precisely this line of thought in which I was enveloped one afternoon as I pushed down the latch and entered the quaint bistro. The clock on the wall read 1:35 and, considering the fact that the place had been open since noon, it was uncommonly devoid of customers. Two sallow-cheeked patriarchs, one sporting a tweed cap and the other a battered bowler, were mumbling into

(Continued on page 14)

The Child April

DALE C. WHITE

The trusting, defenseless innocence of children is a universal theme of the more sensitive poets. When I think of the child April there always comes to my mind that verse of Francis Thompson's in which he expresses his sadness that the lovely tenderness of youth must harden under the defilement of maturity.

*"The fairest things have fleetest ends,
Their scent survives their close.
But the rose's scent is bitterness,
To him that loved the rose."*

April was the prototype of innocence to me. That nature could mould this miniature of loveliness in six short years was always a surprise. A slight and very pretty little girl she was, with her long golden curls catching the rays of the sun, giving them a dancing effect as they clung there. The paleness of her cheek only accentuated her blue eyes, in whose depths one could find evidence of that disturbing wisdom of the very young. I realize that it is rather trite of me to say that April was like a little old lady. That has been said of many children. But it could never apply more appropriately than to this child. Her charming manner was touched with a reserve and quaintness one finds only in the very young, or in the peaceful, philosophic twilight of life.

I would talk to her as I passed by; but long before I reached the front of the weathered clapboard shack that was her home, I could see April under the giant apple tree in the yard, sitting in her small rocker. An air of placid happiness seemed to pervade her form as she rocked to and fro, her tiny feet leaving the earth to rise in the air as the chair tipped back. I believe April spent most of her day there, and thus it was that her rocking was raised to a science. She was the first person that I have ever known to maintain her dignity in that undignified device.

Nearly every evening I would stop to talk.

"Hello, April. How are you today?"

"I'm fine, sir. You live around the turn, don't you?"

"That's right."

"Is it the same around the turn as it is here?"

"Yes, it's the same world."

"I've never been around the turn. I've never been anywhere. Mother doesn't let me out of the yard. She says I must learn to play alone."

"Your mother is right, April. That's the best way for you."

"I wish that I could play with other girls, though. But Mother and I have fun together. Today, all day, I was a princess and she was my prince."

Then it was that I would look up to see her mother standing on the porch. I held a secret admiration for this proud, defiant woman, with head carried high despite the talkative ladies of the town. I would nod my head and say good-bye to April until another day.

One evening the little girl did not meet me, and the shack held a neglected and empty appearance. The windows bare, the rocker gone, all spoke to me of their moving on to a better place, to an escape from bitter, wagging tongues.

I have never seen April since, yet I pray that life does not treat her too unkindly, and that she will find some deserved bit of contentment. I do not fear for her. Somehow I believe she knew, and was ready for life, a life that is seldom kind to the illegitimate child.

✓ ✓ ✓

THE SEARCH

BARBARA DEITZ

A spirit of beauty fills the sun-flecked air,
When clouds make splotchy paintings in the sky.
A silent Spring fades into Summer fair,
And soft winds pass the meadow where I lie.
All earth is good; a quietness could be found
If only my seared soul would stop its search;
If only I could hear the mellow sound
Of water flowing over fallen birch.

But contentment never was my lot from Fate.
Why do I strive for that which cannot be?
Is Spring's great glory not enough to sate
That discontent which from my heart should
flee?

But rest not, soul, from search; peace you
will know - -

The God of Summer makes the seed to grow.

The Dilemma by the Horns

It must be noted that the opinion shown under "Ursinus Faculty" is not necessarily that of the *majority* of Faculty members polled, but denotes in each case only that opinion which received the largest number of votes.

ISSUE	American Legion	Veterans of Foreign Wars	American Veterans Committee	Ursinus Faculty
CONSCRIPTION IN PEACETIME	Yes	Yes	No	No
IMMIGRATION OF DISPLACED PERSONS INTO U. S.	No (But allow Jews to enter Palestine as proposed by the British)	No	Yes	Yes (With careful selection)
INTERNATIONAL CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY	No	No	Yes	Yes
LABOR	Legislation to prevent labor stoppages in basic industries.	Legislation to correct labor-management chaos.	No anti-strike legislation, collective bargaining urged.	OUTLAW CLOSED SHOP. Modified anti-strike legislation or none. Make unions and their leaders legally responsible for their acts.
LOCAL GROUP RACIALLY SEGREGATED	Yes	Yes	No (including the South)	No
RECOGNIZED RIGHT OF CONSCIENCE	No	No opinion	Yes	Yes
USE OF FOOD TO RELIEVE STARVATION OR AS POLITICAL TOOL	Food only for those in political agreement and after our people are fed.	No food to former enemy nations.	Food as humanitarian tool, reinstate rationing to make more food available for relief.	Food as humanitarian tool.
NATIONAL HEALTH PROGRAM	Compulsory national health insurance for all.	No opinion	Compulsory insurance for all	National program or national aid to state programs. Attention to rural needs.
UNIFIED MILITARY FORCES	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
VETERAN'S ADJUSTMENT ALLOWANCE	No	Yes	No (Citizens first, veterans second - motto.)	No opinion
WAGNER-ELLENDER-TAFT BILL (Housing)	Yes	Yes	Yes	No opinion
DOOLITTLE REPORT ON CASTE SYSTEM IN SERVICES	Approve	Approve	Approve	Approve report but see no alternative to discipline.
ELIMINATION OF CARTELS AND IMMEDIATE REDUCTION OF TARIFF	No opinion	No opinion	Approve	Approve
FEPC	No	No opinion	Urge adoption	Yes
WOULD RECOGNIZE COMMUNIST PARTY	No	No	No	No
COLONIES PERMANENTLY CONTROLLED BY U. S.	Yes	Yes	No	No

ED'S NOTE:- Our thanks to the Ursinus Faculty for the clarity, alacrity, and diligence with which they answered the question sheets distributed to them. It is too bad the entire student body could not read the completed sheets and benefit from the excellent comments thereon. Opinion varied, as it should in a liberal arts college. For instance, under *Conscription in Peacetime*, there were only two more votes cast in the negative than in the affirmative; and under *Veterans Adjustment Allowance*, "No opinion" received one vote more than did Yes, which in turn received one vote above No. It should also be stated that most of those who voted to recognize the communist party specified that they did so only because they believed the party could then be more easily attacked.

Jack of 54 and Davey Jones

There came upon a midnight's dreary hour,
A gentle washing summons at the door,
A gentle rushing summons in the depths.
"Who's there," roared out the martyr from his
floor.

"Tis but a sailor poor, who's lost his way,
Who seeks a solace from the salty Main."
Old Dave cries out, "Heave to, and, if you can,
Tell how did'st come and what dost hope to gain."

Back answered Little Jack without delay:
"Two moons ago the fickle wind arose
All out of sorts and spent her heavy ire
Upon my craft and drove us where she chose.

"Each sail screamed at its rigging plunging wild,
Both port and starboard seas were in our hold,
The cargo that we'd thrown to feed the beast,
Rushed back to scuttle rats that grew too bold.

"Each man was lashed to oak about the desk,
Each in his own small way his fate decreed;
One prayed, one wept, and one was heard to laugh;
Yet laughter, prayer, and tear were kin, this tide.

"One last great moaning from the tiring wind;
Our prow, turned toward the boundries of thy
realm,
Swept lumb'ring upward, cleaving toward the night,
And spewed me off, still lashed against the helm.

"I rose, sank down, and reached a crest again,—
To see the blind, poor ship, half torn, aground,—
Gave one last wave and sank beneath the storm,
Sank from the chains that all my ship-mates bound."

"Well told," cried Dave when once the tale had
ceased,

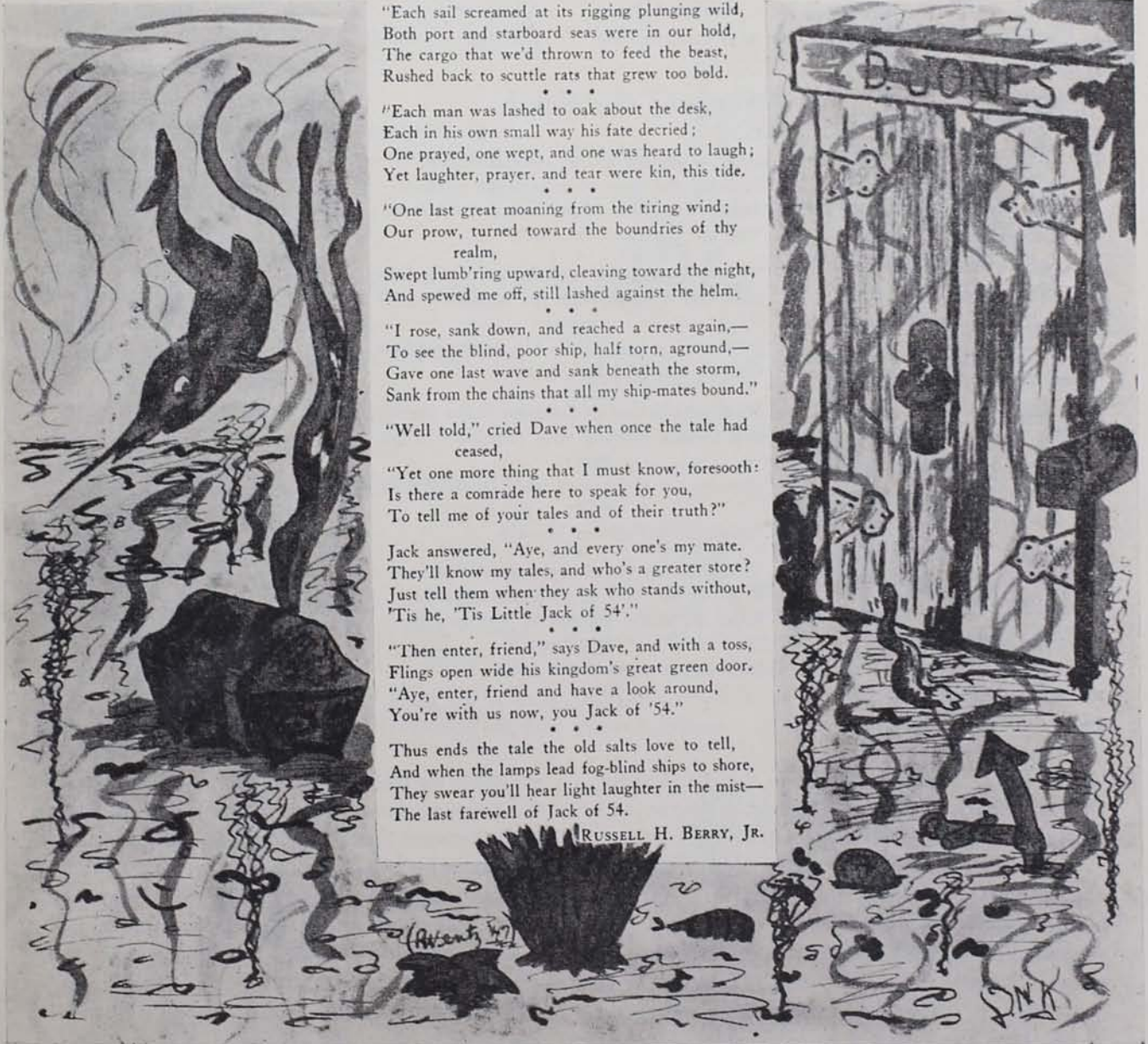
"Yet one more thing that I must know, foresooth:
Is there a comrade here to speak for you,
To tell me of your tales and of their truth?"

Jack answered, "Aye, and every one's my mate.
They'll know my tales, and who's a greater store?
Just tell them when they ask who stands without,
'Tis he, 'Tis Little Jack of '54."

"Then enter, friend," says Dave, and with a toss,
Flings open wide his kingdom's great green door.
"Aye, enter, friend and have a look around,
You're with us now, you Jack of '54."

Thus ends the tale the old salts love to tell,
And when the lamps lead fog-blind ships to shore,
They swear you'll hear light laughter in the mist—
The last farewell of Jack of 54.

RUSSELL H. BERRY, JR.



Helgoland

Translated from the German by ROSINE ILGENFRITZ

(The island of Helgoland lies in the North Sea, 285 miles from London. The British, having conquered it from the French, retained possession of it through the Congress of Vienna (September 1814-June 1815). Lost to them and used as a German base for under-sea craft, they regained it through the Treaty of Versailles; the treaty stipulating that "fortifications, military establishments, and harbor defenses" be destroyed and never reconstructed. Again in the hands of the Germans, the island, its artillery protecting such mainland bases as Cuxhaven, was used once more as a base against England during the last World War.

Thus in two world wars Helgoland was used as a base against Great Britain. And Great Britain grew tired of it. Several weeks ago, therefore, the British Navy subjected Helgoland's 160 acres, including eight miles of subterranean tunnels, heavy artillery, and U-boat pens, to 6,700 tons of explosives. Frisian inhabitants, however, all of whom had been moved to the mainland, could well wonder if the destruction of their homes had been worth the effort. V-weapons had already made Helgoland strategically obsolete. The following is the account of a

visit made by Friedrich Hebbel to the island about 1850. Hebbel, celebrated German dramatist and poet, recounts the visit in his book *Travel Letters*.)

"We had unfavorable winds and therefore needed more time than usual for our journey; however, about six o'clock in the evening the red-dappled rock suddenly appeared before us. Imagine a colossal stone cube, of necessity covered with earth so that potatoes and turnips can grow there; in all places very steep, frequently cleft . . . and you have Helgoland before you. In addition, pic-

ture an industrious people in a state of constant activity as if this tiny island, almost crumbling to pieces, were the only thing remaining of the entire planet . . . and you see the islanders. Nowhere in the world is more risked to gain less than here, but the average man can endure the adverse situation and so the local fishermen and sailors have more room and seclusion than all the poets and philosophers of the world taken together. The weather was exceedingly favorable; it changed every minute, so I had an opportunity to get to know both the island and the sea in all possible aspects during my short

visit. The first day, I experienced a storm which raged around the half-buried rocks on the upland and almost swept away the numerous goats which are kept for their milk. With delight I leaned upon an old cannon by means of which England had here defended herself against Germany and watched for an hour or more the waves dashing at my feet. The North Sea is my guardian, and even if she doesn't sing her song of destruction so fearfully along the coast of my native Denmark, she may have more power over me than I myself realize; for I hear her far too gladly not to attempt to imitate her. This time

she made me feel at ease: on the battlefield a superficial wound doesn't hurt, and one who watches a battle between the earth and the sea feels a release of tension in his own bosom. That evening a rainbow stretched across the island; the following day ended with a magnificent sunset. An anecdote told to me by a native who has remained true to his rocky home stirring and characteristically depicts the narrow, scant proportions of the island. An old woman who had come to the mainland for the first time in her life cried out, 'Dear Lord, how large your world is!'

Song of the Earth

R. C. WENTZEL

Sing to me not of the sensual blisses,
Praising the joys of ephemeral worth—
Read me the tome of the field and the forest;
Sing me a song of the earth.

* *

Thrum the soft note of the sweet Valley Lily;
Build me a chord from the meadow's quick
stream;

Bend me the bow of the Fir, as the sunlight
Fingers the dusk into dream.

* *

Pluck me the tune of the plow in the passing,
Soil freshly swelled with creation's bright
pain;

Beat me the cadence of wind in the wheat-
field;

Sound me the chorus of rain.

* *

Yea, sing me not of the sensual blisses,
Praising the joys of ephemeral worth—
Raise the grand anthem of God and His
growing;

Sing me the song of the earth.

(From *Song of the Earth*
by FRED D. WENTZEL)

Psychology

*Extracts from the illustrated lectures of the eminent Arthur H. Barker, Dd.T.,
and Walter E. Turner, Lmno. P.*

THE BEGINNING OF LEARNING—The term *learning* is used generally to apply to the child's second phase of development, where her behaviour begins to be the result of stimulating situations she has seen or heard in the home. Thus, the child's behaviour is decided largely for her by the influences surrounding her. Naturally her chief sources of influence are the parents, and we find that, in her effort to please, and thus receive affection, she will often be found emulating the subject under discussion.



"OK, so you're a bubble dancer"

DEVELOPMENT OF LEARNING—The general-to-specific development is to be found in all growth and is not ended as the infant begins to mature but continues even into adult life. When an adult makes an adjustment, develops an attitude, concerning a new situation he goes through an early stage of generalized behaviour which later becomes a well-defined attitude by the process of learning. Since it isn't always possible to control attitude development, there exist persons who are not overly well adjusted.

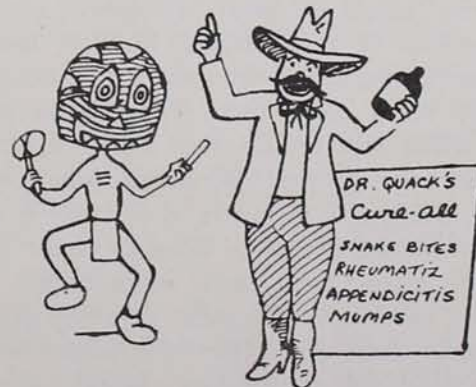


IN LIEU OF LEARNING — Many persons, incapable of adjusting themselves through learning, resort to a system of twisting ideas to arrive at the conclusion they desire to be true. Often this system of ideas becomes so firmly established that it cannot be dislodged even when proved useless or untrue. Such an acquired system of response, impervious to logical reasoning, forms "logic-tight compartments."



"Logic-tight compartments" are a state of closed mind and closed minds may appear in varying degrees, ranging from slight distortion to the extreme, so that "natural feeling" and insanity differ, here, only in a slight degree of misinterpretation. Thus we may not lightly label the person who feels greatly the superiority of his home, college, or town.

RETURN TO LEARNING—Society, to protect itself, must devise methods of restoring the warped personalities of many of its members. In effecting a cure it must be noted that the procedure may assume one of three tendencies, i.e., notable, novel, or nasty. In centuries past numerous marvelous "cures" have, one after another,



been given credit for change. And we find that, even now, a great part of cure is ceremony.

His Majesty -- Tabby

FAY HORNER

Dogs are man's best friends, and horses his greatest benefactors. Birds draw forth his sympathy and gentle indulgence; fish, his curiosity; snakes, his loathing and fear; whales and elephants, his awesome wonder; and oddities of freakish animals, his indifference—unless he is confronted with one in person or assigned to report on such for some biological study. It remains to the animal aristocrat, the cat, to extricate man's most tormenting and vexing emotion, jealousy. Yes, it's true. Words, pages, verses, songs, and essays of inestimable number and quality have been written and will be written on the attributes and failings of the regal feline; yet few writings, if any, have touched upon this startling mainspring of the naked truth.

Jealousy, that demon created to plague man even in his most sainted desires! Always it is present to wrench from him the sweetness of love, pity, ambition, sympathy, satisfaction. Like an invisible gremlin it lurks in hiding to spring with wicked glee upon man when he fancies himself happiest. Man fights him, often conquers him; but the struggle is exhausting and nearly futile, and there is no accompanying flow of satisfaction when one may be fortunate enough to emerge victorious. The battle with the green demon brings no reward save shameful relief. Is it not then obvious why this passion peculiar to man is suppressed, hidden, and denied by him? And is it still surprising to cat lovers, upon a moment's reflection, why their objects of affection are so vehemently despised by so many of the homo sapiens! It should not be, for it is clear and simple logic that man is jealous of the cat!

The cat is man's basic ideal. He will never admit it. Never! unthinkable word; Man: glorious, wise, religious, moral, idealistic, aesthetic man, envious of a four-footed, brainless, instinctive, amoral, parasitical vertebrate! Preposterous? Perhaps, but I think not. There is no other reason which quite explains such unlimited hatred. The Cat, unless his master so chooses, is no trouble to man. Rather, he is master of his fate, is obligated to no one, makes no demands except food, which he coaxes forth with winsomeness and coquetry, confident of his guile, to which gullible man easily succumbs. Give the feline, be he Persian blueblood or Brooklyn hybrid, a full stomach and a place in the sun and he will leave you to envy him to your heart's content. You may

storm at his laziness, shove him into the cold, refuse him food, and he will express his disgust with a snarl, perhaps a howl; but he will survive, for there is always a cat lover within the vicinity who will pet and comfort him and derogate your name with oaths for your cruelty, while Pussy whispers his motorboat tenor softly into his benefactor's ear. And you may safely bet your worldly possession on kitty's knowing just where his Good Samaritan lives.

What is so contenting and relaxing to the hard-working breadwinner as returning home to his bustling wife and exuberant children, a good meal and a refreshing nap—until he spies Tabby strolling into the kitchen for his evening repast. Unless the former is one of our rarer examples of the genus homo, the green gremlin suddenly seizes his cerebral matter and injects his emerald venom into the motor nerves.

"Well, what have you done today to earn your supper?" the master is thinking. Indeed, what has Tabby done? Caught a few mice perhaps? Only if kitty is country-bred. It is not the modern fashion for cats to catch mice.

"Remember? A better mousetrap has been built and the world has beaten a path to its door, leaving me to my sleep and sun," purrs Puss, calmly cleansing his paws, for he is delightfully dainty. His exercise is thus rigidly confined to catching defenseless birds—hence the aforementioned sympathy for them—which he may choose to eat or may choose not to, and eluding canines. Perhaps kitty has tolerantly allowed the children to pull his tail without scratching them or permitted himself to be dressed as a baby and wheeled about in a doll carriage. For all that, he certainly deserves some good dinner, doesn't he?

Ah, what a luxurious life! Merely to eat when hungry, sleep when sleepy, play when playful, be petted when affectionate; i.e., to have whatever one wants when one wants it! What is man's Utopia if not that? Yet he says he does not envy the cat.

Know ye, gentlemen, that Pussy thinks himself far more intelligent than you, for all your efforts, accomplishments, and discoveries. One must be very clever to arrange to be so well cared for at the expense of so little effort. With wiles and pseudo-affection he charms his living from his very enemies. Have you not seen that sly, smug cat-that-swallowed-the-canary look, when he has

just settled himself in your favorite chair or wrangled the extra chicken leg from your plate? Oh, the sweet, innocent countenance a kitten displays to an irate housewife who discovers missing, one goldfish. The cat is a virtual Cleopatra; little wonder the ancient Nile-dwellers worshipped the feline in their religious rites!

Tabby, Puss, Kitty, Boots, Deborah, or whatever tag you designate to him, is laughing at us, our convictions, our world! We are the immoral ones, for we pretend to be what we fundamentally are not; and he, with beguiling honesty—look closely and you'll surely see it—admits his purpose is naught but what it seems. Even the faithful dog is an object of his amusement rather than his hate, for is he not man's best friend and thus most like man's adopted model? See how easily Puss attracts him only to turn and spit at his bewildered face.

Yes, men will scorn my words, hotly reject them, but what will they answer when some cat lover reminds them that an ancient intellectual, un-named and unknown, called the lion, the supreme cat, the King of Beasts?

Donald Gay Baker

(Continued from page 3)

freedom, or equality: each member of the team accepting a responsibility which marks him as an integral part of the whole.

What makes an individual a well adjusted working part of the whole? Dr. Baker answers by quoting from the Tenth Satire from Juvenal: "A mind that's sound in a body sound, this be the object of thy prayers: a soul that's brave and fears not death, but thinks indeed the end of life is one of nature's gifts; that can endure right well all toils that come; that knows not to be angry, and had rather far bear Hercules' stern toils and labors hard than live in sin and luxury and ease."

✓ ✓ ✓

January Interual

HARRY G. SCHALCK

Ten forty-five. We hurried down Nanking Road and turned right. Before us stretched the Shanghai Bund, colorful, world-renowned waterfront of a romantic city. Colorful? Romantic? In summer, maybe. But it certainly wasn't on this January night. The Bund reeked of a hundred fetid odors; it was cold so that you had to keep moving to keep warm, and dirty, stagnant water lay in frozen pools. Hundreds of sailors with turned-up coat collars stood in little groups—orderly bunches, laughing and joking together; boisterous ones, drunken, wanting to fight. The crowd was getting larger and larger. From time to time a ricksha stopped, and sailors haggled over prices with the boys and usually overpaid them. Curfew was at eleven-fifteen, and everyone waited to hear the name of his ship being called out over the P.A. speakers atop the large poles.

As we passed the money-exchange booth we caught sight of her—the little peanut vender—Sahdie. She wore the usual blue quilted outfit and in her black hair were ribbon bows, four big red ones. But, best of all, she had rosy cheeks and a big smile—the prettiest little eight-year-old you ever saw. There were other little girls there—

scores—and little boys, young men and women, old men and women, all vending peanuts in newspaper bags, woven sandals that couldn't possibly fit, useless brass waterpipes, stolen American watches and any other things they could lay their hands on. But Sahdie beat them all. Our Sahdie, she was, but a few dozen other sailors must have thought the same thing. Fellows always teased her, gave her money, and never took a thing. That night the S.P.s tried to push her back beyond the landing space; she was hidden in a circle of us. They discovered her, smiled. Sahdie just smiled back, coyly. The S.P.s walked on and she offered us her whole basket of peanuts. Two nights before she had wanted to give all of us sandals. And then we heard our ship number announced over the loudspeakers. A big Irish lad offered to take Sahdie back to Boston; she gave him a little souvenir and we left.

From down below we looked up to see her standing in the harsh light, her face pressed against the low iron fence. With one hand on the wheel and another on the throttle the coxswain swung the boat around with the current and suddenly Sahdie was gone.

Mild and Bitters

(Continued from page 6)

tankards of ale. Bill lounged on the other side of the bar, to the rear, idly rotating a tooth-pick in his mouth.

"Hello, Bill," I ventured. "What's new?"

"Hello there," he answered in his flat voice.

"How long are you in town for?"

"A few days — till Saturday."

The proprietor looked up questioningly.

"What'll it be, Bill?" I asked.

"Half-and-half," he responded indifferently.

Bill was the sort that everyone bought drinks for.

"Two mild and bitters," I ordered, and turned to Bill.

"D'you know what I was thinking about just before I came in?" I was wondering what your wife would think if she saw how the young girls here play up to you. Don't you think she'd resent it?"

His eyes twinkled ever so slightly and he snapped the tooth-pick in half. He spat out one end, tossed the other away, and reached for the mug.

"She's not the suspicious type," he said. "Besides, she knows I haven't looked at another woman since I've been married. Why should I? My wife's got good looks, and more sense than any of the little tarts that come in here. Why, she looks like royalty when she dresses up. She's got class, my wife does, and I'll not do anything she can't be proud of. She knows that and she trusts me."

He began one of his typical stories, relative to gamblers and petty racketeers, and when he turned the conversation again to his wife I was forced to mention an appointment I had in Marble Arch and excuse myself.

"Pop in again," he said without enthusiasm as I waved goodbye.

As I hustled toward the underground, I couldn't help chuckling at Bill's unique experiences and wondering if I'd ever meet his wife.

* * * * *

Several months in the country did not make me forget the *Star and Garter*, Bill, or his wife. So that one day, when I had some time off, I headed for the "big town" with a light heart. I managed to obtain a stall for one of the better revues and spent the better part of the afternoon in the *Prince of Wales* in Piccadilly. The performance delighted me and I emerged from the theatre in high spirits, determined to stroll a few minutes about Piccadilly and the Strand, indulge

in a Bohemian supper, and continue to the *Star and Garter*.

My desire for the Bohemian influence led me to a small place in Soho named *Le Petit Savoyard*, where the management strove desperately for a continental flavor and, though never quite achieving it, drew a clientele decidedly cosmopolitan. The place itself consisted of two dining-rooms divided by a wide, open, doorway. I took a corner table and scanned the skimpy menu. I settled, finally, for roast beef and for my beverage chose the rare *Sainte Emilion*. The waiter produced a half-bottle almost immediately and, as I poured my glass full, I let my glance flicker over my fellow diners. Only one other table in my room was occupied, but in the other room my glance fell, to my amazement, on Bill and two female companions.

Though my curiosity was nearly choking me, I felt, in light of the fact that our friendship had never extended outside the *Star and Garter*, that it would not be proper for me to approach the party in the other room. Nonetheless, my glance kept reverting to the threesome and confirmed the fact that Bill was indeed dining with his wife and an older woman apparently his mother-in-law. The mother-in-law impression was given me by the older woman's shabby gray suit and seedy chapeau, worn flat on the top of her head, and her similarity, of large eyes and round face, to the younger woman.

I hadn't imagined that Bill's wife was quite so young, but obviously this was the woman he had been raving about. Her beige-and-black outfit was definitely chic and accented by an attractive hat worn at a daring angle. Her eyes were strictly pretty and she displayed all the earmarks of an intelligent, well-bred woman. Everything Bill had said about her was true, and Bill's devotion was easily understandable.

The mother-in-law was the antithesis of the young woman in poise and bearing, and contributed scarcely a word to an obviously animated conversation. Her expression was perpetually sour and her manner would be, from the tilt of her head, overbearing. Yet with such a charming wife it was obvious that one could endure even such a mother-in-law.

I had stared too long! Bill's eyes suddenly met mine. He smiled in recognition and, in a surprising burst of camaraderie, waved me over. Anxious to meet his lovely wife, I rose immediately and moved to his table.

He pushed his chair awkwardly from the table and we shook hands. "Glad to see you," he said, and with obvious pride, "May I present my wife and daughter . . ."

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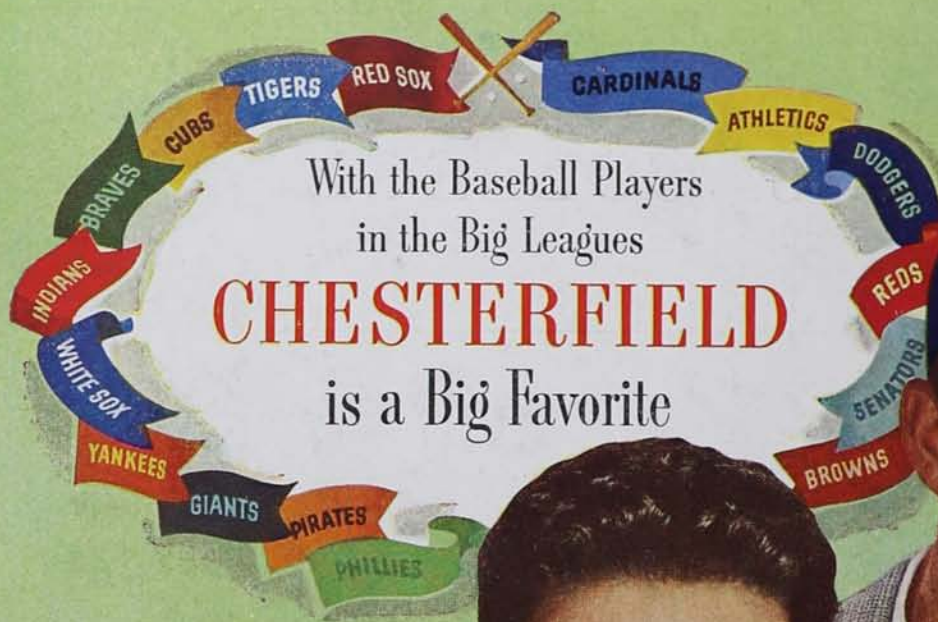
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