



12-1934

## The Lantern Vol. 3, No. 1, December 1934

John H. Brown Jr.  
*Ursinus College*

Wilhelmina Meinhardt  
*Ursinus College*

Dorothy Witmer  
*Ursinus College*

Eugene Shelley  
*Ursinus College*

Ruth I. Hamma  
*Ursinus College*

*See next page for additional authors*

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

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

**Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.**

### Recommended Citation

Brown, John H. Jr.; Meinhardt, Wilhelmina; Witmer, Dorothy; Shelley, Eugene; Hamma, Ruth I.; Hausmann, Ione B.; Romberger, Regina S.; McBride, Elizabeth; Horne, Dorothy E.; Black, Kathleen; and Williams, Paul, "The Lantern Vol. 3, No. 1, December 1934" (1934). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 5.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/5>

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

---

**Authors**

John H. Brown Jr., Wilhelmina Meinhardt, Dorothy Witmer, Eugene Shelley, Ruth I. Hamma, Ione B. Hausmann, Regina S. Romberger, Elizabeth McBride, Dorothy E. Horne, Kathleen Black, and Paul Williams

THE  
SANTA  
FE



DECEMBER  
1934





# The Lantern

---

---

VOL. III

DECEMBER, 1934

No. 1

---

---

## Board of Editors

*Editor*

DOROTHY M. THOMAS

*Associate Editors*

RUTH I. HAMMA

EDWARD S. ELLIS

ELMER W. J. SCHMITT

E. EUGENE SHELLEY

CHARLOTTE R. TYSON

*Business Managers*

GEORGE STOUT

S. ELIZABETH MCBRIDE

*Faculty Advisers*

NORMAN E. MCCLURE

FRANKLIN I. SHEEDER

MARTIN W. WITMER

---

THE LANTERN is published three times during the college year at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania.

Subscriptions, 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents. By mail, one dollar per year.

---

## IN THIS ISSUE

|   |                      |    |
|---|----------------------|----|
| COVER . . . . .                           | JOHN H. BROWN        |    |
| MAGIC WORDS . . . . .                     | EDITORIAL            | 2  |
| THE OLD TRAPPE CHURCH . . . . .           | WILHELMINA MEINHARDT | 3  |
| THE "LIGHT OF LIFE" . . . . .             | DOROTHY WITMER       | 5  |
| EDWIN MARKHAM: IMPRESSIONS . . . . .      | EUGENE SHELLEY       | 7  |
| INCREMENT (A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT) . . . . . | RUTH I. HAMMA        | 10 |
| OUR CHRISTMAS . . . . .                   | IONE B. HAUSMANN     | 11 |
| WHAT PRICE FORGETTING? . . . . .          | REGINA S. ROMBERGER  | 12 |
| AUTUMN . . . . .                          | RUTH I. HAMMA        | 13 |
| THE OLD PARSON . . . . .                  | ELIZABETH MCBRIDE    | 14 |
| ZACHARIAS URSINUS . . . . .               | DOROTHY E. HORNE     | 16 |
| INSPIRATION . . . . .                     | DOROTHY WITMER       | 17 |
| A SCRAP-BOOK OF MEMORIES . . . . .        | KATHLEEN BLACK       | 18 |
| A CAMPUS SAUNTER . . . . .                | PAUL WILLIAMS        | 19 |



## Magic Words

---

KIPLING relates an ancient legend which tells us that when a certain man first performed a very notable deed, he wished to tell the rest of the tribe about it. When he stood up to speak to the group, he was amazed to find himself unable to utter a word. Disappointed and mortified, he sat down. Immediately another man who had taken no part in the accomplishment, and who had no particular virtues except the "magic of necessary words," arose and began to speak. He unfolded the drama before their eyes so realistically that, as the legend goes, the words "became alive and walked up and down in the hearts of all his hearers." The tribe felt the power of this man's words, but erroneously attributed the magic to the man. Fearing that he might relate untrue tales about them to their children, they killed him, only to find that the magic lived on. At last they came to realize that the magic was in the words, not in the man.

The magic of expression lies in choosing right words; that is, words which cannot be misunderstood. This involves choosing them chiefly for their exactness of meaning, descriptive power, and connotative quality—a gift of the gods. Yes, but one which all people possess, in greater or less degree. A person who possesses little talent and develops it fully may attain greater heights of expression than one who has much talent and leaves it unused.

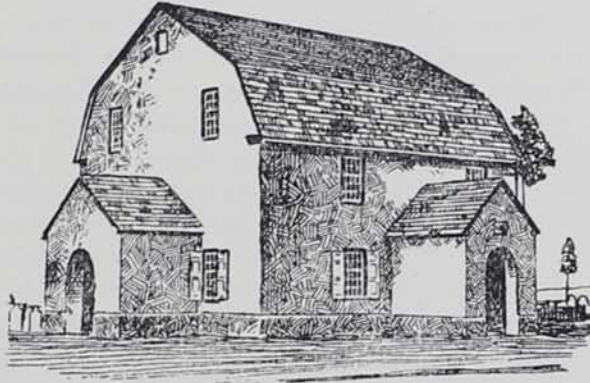
For this reason, the most essential accomplishment of the magic gift is endless patience and unrelenting will, which keeps one's efforts always directed toward the goal of perfect expression. Only a few are able to keep their eyes so constantly fixed on the distant star that they achieve perfect expression, but most people succeed in developing their gift to the extent of at least suggesting their meaning to other people. Everyone recognizes the value of powerful expression, both in writing and in speech, but it is sometimes forgotten or obscured in the pursuit of other aims.

THE LANTERN, begun in May, 1933, was founded to provide a means of literary expression for Ursinus students. It occupies a unique position on the campus—that of fostering only literary interests. It affords the chance for making use of initiative and originality as no other campus publication does, in writing of things which you know most about. The newly-adopted policy of assigning subjects to certain students is not intended to limit either the number or the personnel of contributors. On the contrary, everyone is cordially invited to submit manuscript at any time, or to consult any member of the staff regarding the kind of material desired. In many instances conferences between a professor on the Council and the student author may be arranged to help the student in his desire to learn how to write better. This will be valuable both to those who plan to follow a literary career and to those whose main interest lies in some other field. Valuable, in direct proportion as they take advantage of this opportunity provided.

While the pursuit of other aims may be the primary purpose in life, this one thing is certain: that the tale of pursuit of or the achievement of the aims will never be known to others if the art of expression lies undeveloped and unused. This magic which was known to the ancient tribesmen is indispensable today. Let us seek to acquire it, so that our words may "become alive and walk up and down in the hearts of our hearers."



## The Old Trappe Church



THE ORIGINAL CHURCH

**I**N this vicinity there stand many structures of historic interest which are known to only a few. One of these is the old Augustus Lutheran Church at Trappe. Excepting a few minor changes it looks today as it looked nearly two hundred years ago. Having served as a house of worship for more than a century, it now stands as a historic shrine. Let us trace its history.

In the year 1742, while Jonathan Edwards was delivering his sermons to a terrified Northampton congregation, while Benjamin Franklin was establishing his charity school at Philadelphia, and while George Washington, a lad of ten, was "just growing" on a Virginia plantation, there nestled among the hills of southeastern Pennsylvania one of the many groups of colonists, largely German, who were rapidly populating Penn's territory. This village was known near and far as "The Trap."

It is interesting to note how the settlement supposedly received its name. A curious structure owned by Peter Schrack, which served the purpose of both a general store and a village tavern, stood at the crest of the hill dividing present-day Trappe from Collegeville, where the old toll gate now stands.

Through the attractions of its bar, this store had acquired a reputation of rather questionable character. According to the diary of Peter Muhlenberg, an English inhabitant of the town tarried too long at the tavern bar one night. Later, when questioned by his wife as to his whereabouts, he explained that he had been detained at "The Trap." This was the name given to the tavern, and in due time the whole group of dwellings clustered at various distances about the store came under the same appellation.

Life for these early settlers was no gay adventure; it was the task of wresting bare sustenance from an alien soil. Their needs were many, their supplies few. Ceaseless toil among deprivations is conducive to serious thought, even among the light-hearted, and these early Germans were no exception. Realizing their need of a spiritual leader, they sent to Halle, Germany, their former home, for a pastor. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg answered that call. Arriving on December 12, 1742, he delivered his first sermon to fifty eager parishioners assembled in a barn.

Directed by the able leadership of Muhlenberg, these early colonists awoke to the need of more than the bare necessities of life. Their first project to-



ward the improvement of their settlement was the building of a school house, the first one erected in Providence Township. And what a quaint school it must have been! It was constructed of logs, had a stone fireplace and chimney, and a puncheon floor. Along one whole side a row of logs was omitted, and the space was covered with oiled paper supported by upright sticks placed at twelve-inch intervals. These openings served as windows. The pupils sat upon straight, backless benches and wrote with quills, which they sometimes stuck into a piece of bare ground near the fire in order to keep them pliable.

The school opened on January 10, 1743, with Muhlenberg as teacher. Using as his textbooks the Bible and Luther's Catechism, Muhlenberg taught his pupils reading, spelling, penmanship, and arithmetic. School was in session from morning till evening every day of the week except Sunday. Some of the pupils were as much as twenty-eight years old. The pastor was evidently successful as a teacher.

In the following year the congregation built its church, the first erected by Muhlenberg in this country, and now the oldest Lutheran church in America. Selecting as its site a plot of ground near the school house, this small group erected a building of German rural architecture which is standing today.

Planned in the shape of a rectangle with the east corners cut off, this edifice was built of brown sandstone and covered with a Swiss roof. The floor, too, was laid with stone and strewn in winter with long straw. The builders themselves not only hewed all timbers, doors, and shingles, but also forged the iron locks, latches, and hinges for the pew doors. The red walnut pulpit alone was purchased from abroad.

Although the congregation did not dedicate the church until 1745, they had completed it sufficiently to use it in 1743; and from this time on the congregation assumed the name "Augustus" in honor of the man whose son had persuaded Muhlenberg to accept the call to America.

Years passed. The first school house gave way in 1750 to a larger one built of logs and equipped with window glass and with living quarters for the master. Four years later this one was converted into a charity school whose trustees included Benjamin Franklin, Conrad Weiser, Provost William Smith, of the Philadelphia Academy, and Governor James Hamilton.

Soon the thoughts of revolution occupied the minds of the people, and during the war that followed the church was used as a hospital for wounded soldiers, and the school house as General Armstrong's headquarters. Washington himself visited the spot.

After the years of conflict, the congregation settled again to tranquil living. With the chartering of the stage line between Philadelphia and Reading came the impetus for growth and expansion in the little town. The third and last school house was built of stone in 1793, with living quarters for the master, who also served as organist and sexton of the church. About the same time, the congregation renovated the church building, and installed an imported pipe organ. In its expansion, the town became dissatisfied with the questionable character of its name, and decided to modernize it. Accordingly, the town council in the early nineteenth century added first a "p" and later an "e" to the original "Trap," thus changing the former name to the one which the town now bears.

Because the village was growing in many ways, the township, in 1846, relieved the Augustus congregation of the responsibility of educating the neighboring children. Indeed, within six years the Lutherans decided that their increasing congregation needed larger quarters, and so they built themselves a new church.

Fortunately the old church was allowed to stand, and it has stood ever since—not as a relic alone, teeming with memories of bygone days, but as a shrine to the zeal and devotion of the early colonists who built it, and especially to Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, whose guidance made it possible for



the tiny congregation to accomplish what they did. For more than a century it contributed valuable religious and educational facilities to an expanding community; and when it could serve no more, the memories which clus-

tered about it continued to inspire succeeding generations to better and finer deeds. Surely it has played its part well in the development of America!

WILHELMINA MEINHARDT



## The "Light of Life"

THERE it stood! Bright and steady —its gleam dispelling the shadow of the poverty-stricken one-room log cabin. Grandma Steele regarded it with pride. Her lantern—her flashlight lantern! No need now to fear that the sharp gusts of wind would blow out her lamp and leave her in utter darkness. How calm it made her feel! No flickerings to set threatening shadows sneaking around the room. She tenderly brushed off a fingerprint with her ragged shawl, and her eyes lit to see the polished copper glow. Her "Light of Life" she called it.

This object of Grandma's affection was a lantern-shaped flashlight, which had batteries in the base, and could be turned on and off at will by a button on the side. Grandma stretched out her hand and toyed with the button, childishly pleased with her control over her treasure.

Then, easing her stooped shoulders into the friendly curve of her old rocker, Grandma lapsed into a reverie.

She thought first of Tim—Tim, who had given her the lantern. She shouldn't have let him do it because he needed every cent to support his large family, in addition to saving enough to have a specialist treat four-year-old Joan's crippled leg. But Tim had told Grandma that she was his mother now, since John was gone. Tim would never forget that night, twenty years ago, when John had sped five miles on snowshoes

through a raging blizzard to bring the serum which saved him from pneumonia. That spring John, her only son and sole support, had fallen on his peavy during a log jam on the river, and its sharp point had pierced his heart.

The people of the small lumber town had been kind to Grandma Steele at first, showering her with sympathy and gifts. But as time went by, they unconsciously neglected her as they struggled to wrest their own existence from the stern Wisconsin forests. That is, they all forgot her except Tim. Tim remembered his debt; so it was he who split the logs for Grandma's small wood stove and it was he who had built a new log cabin for her when a lighted match, dropped from her trembling fingers, had caused fire to destroy completely the old one. It was a fine cabin, though very small, and Grandma was grateful. But since Tim was poor, and mortar was expensive, the cracks had not been sufficiently filled. Grandma had felt, just that day, the wind of the coming blizzard sweep through a new hole between the logs.

She dreamed on, her left hand unconsciously stroking her treasure on the table beside her. Outside, the blizzard roared with gathering force. Suddenly a faint cry came into the room through the mortarless cracks. Grandma, lost in reverie, did not stir, and the winds carried it away into the night. Sec-



onds passed and the cry came again—a chilling, whimpering cry. Grandma Steele started—listened. As it grew fainter she went to the largest crack near the door and listened intently. She heard it distinctly this time, just outside the door. It was the cry of a small child. Quickly she returned to the table and seized the lantern. Then, wrapping her shawl more securely around her shoulders, she opened the door in the face of the roaring blizzard. She paused a second to recover her breath and then advanced into the swirling snow, bending low and swinging her lantern before her. She had gone only three or four steps before she saw a small figure huddled in the snow. The light of her lantern revealed a thin, twisted leg, half wrapped in an old woolen scarf. The rest of the body was almost covered with snow. The old lady bent over the figure. Tim's Joan! She saw the child's lips move as she murmured, "Me want lil' puppy. He ran 'way. Joan not want lil' puppy to freeze."

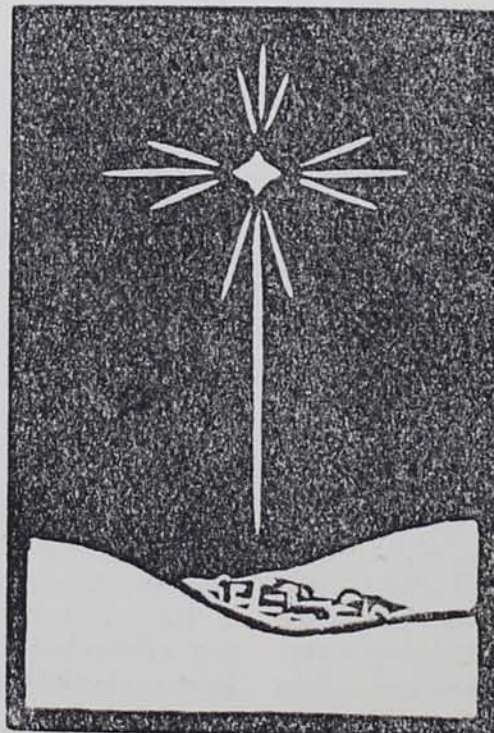
Grandma knelt down, summoning all the feeble strength of her seventy-two

years in an effort to lift the child. But as she did so a blast of wind swept her frail body off her knees and she fell forward on the child, flinging out her left hand, which still clutched the lantern.

Just as corn stalks are flattened to the earth before a pelting rain, so the old lady was pinned to the ground by the wind. Her efforts to rise were useless. As she lay there helpless, a soothing numbness crept into her frozen body and the snow soon clothed her with a soft blanket. The drowsiness which accompanies freezing stole her away from herself into unconsciousness and . . . the Great Beyond.

An hour later a trapper, stumbling home from an inspection of his traps, was attracted by a steady gleam of light along the path. Turning aside to investigate, he found them there. Grandma and Joan—age and youth! Joan, shielded and covered by the body of the dead old lady, was alive. Grandma's eyes were closed and her face was wreathed in a peaceful smile as she grasped in an icy blue hand her "Light of Life."

DOROTHY WITMER





## Edwin Markham: Impressions



THE POET AT 82

“I’M glad to be here because I’m not any place else. I’m glad to be anywhere on God’s green earth. Any place at all is good enough for me.

“I shall begin in the manner of the lover who sits down to write to the beloved. He begins not knowing what to say and ends not knowing what he has said.”

### I

After you eager-faced collegians have closed quietly behind you the doors of the classrooms where you sat through never-ending hours of poetry courses, what residuum of exhilarating experience is left you, what mystery has been unraveled before you? After you scientists have put by your test tubes and scales, your scalpels and machines, is there not something which is yet unexplained, which makes you yearn to know more, something more

which you suspect science never will learn? And you religionists, after you have chanted your vows and bent the knee in supplication according to ritual, do you still look about wondering what religion—high religion—fundamentally is?

These things will be for all who have not completely shut off their source of the Divine Discontent. It is within everyone—in varying measure. It is to be nurtured, cherished, finally to be satisfied. On earth, man will probably never find that satisfaction. But trickling from the Fountain-head come tiny freshets to allay our thirsting, streams brought us by our poets.

### II

“Poetry describes the ideal; religion tries to prevail upon us to live that ideal.” I’ve read such descriptions from many pens; I saw one man, who, having written his description, is trying to live it, and succeeding. What I mean to say is that I met a poet. His poetry was composed not alone of his verses but of his life. Edwin Markham came bearing lightly his weight of eighty-two years, a strappingly robust young fellow with long, straggly, rapidly-thinning hair, more gray than white. His lined face was wreathed by an untrimmed beard, the whole overshadowed by shaggy eyebrows. He wore his customary frock coat, Windsor tie, and broad-brimmed, intensely black sombrero.

A poet—what is he? Surely this: he is a human being, dwelling in common with you and me on this ancient mundane planet, pressed by circumstance to make a living. Those rough, knotted hands would indicate that that living had not always been gained with pen and pencil. Yet is he transcendent, living outside a pale beyond which the many dare not tread. He



is of a spirit world. He is almost indifferent to hours and days; he measures Time by ages. His life is refreshing, non-conforming, marked by what we call eccentricities.

Before the sublimity of this devout True Man, we make humble obeisance. His own strength is from meekness and reverence in the presence of the Greater Personality with Whom he communes. Wherever he is, other persons unconsciously fall subordinate. The Seer commands attention. His beliefs are sufficient; factual proof would seem burdensome. At eighty-two he is living more aggressively than ever, confirming those beliefs. He reads avidly because as he says, "I want to live some more." Each new exploration and discovery leads him to further unexplored thresholds. No questioning from him, what shall we do? where shall we go? "I am more eager to learn at seventy-five than I was at twenty-five. We are just beginning to live at the three-quarters of a century mark. I shall live on to beyond a hundred and then I shall go out to find real life and real living."<sup>1</sup> And still he does not stop. He views Death as the door opening to the Great Mystery, where he will labor with all mankind under just conditions.

The dammed forces of his inner spirit are always tumbling over the breastwork, sweeping lesser spirits along in the current as the waters seek their way to the ocean—the great finality. In one instance, his biographer says, "For an hour he walked the floor like some Jovian giant hurling thunderbolts across the world." Truly Edwin Markham is one of the Mighty, and mortals quail in their weakness before the onslaught of his dynamic utterances. Frailer men are helpless when they see the life abundant, when it is real, close at hand, rather than cold words within book covers. Markham defines a great man as one who thinks always of the people and their good. Surely he belongs among the Great Men. And why?

*"Why does he make our hearts so  
strangely still,*

*Why stands he forth so stately and  
so tall?*

*Because he has no self to serve, no  
will*

*That does not seek the welfare of  
the All."*

### III

Poet Markham is speaking now. His geniality, his goodness draws everyone into his friendship.

"Poetry," says he, "poetry is a beautiful way of saying things. Poetry must have strangeness and wonder and beauty. Aristotle said that an artist is a man who completes the incomplete designs of nature. Nature, then, is not perfectly beautiful. It is the poet's job to complete the design. Edgar Allan Poe said art in poetry lies in a thirst for wilder beauty than earth supplies. That's it. That's what poetry is. We will always thirst because we are children of eternity."

The poet discourses a while longer on poetry, punctuating his talk with rhetorical questions about its meaning, and then faithfully explaining it himself, repeating his thoughts several times, fondling his ideas in a detached style, enjoying the revelation as much as his audience. Picking up a volume of his poems, he queries his listeners, without announcing the title, "What page is it on?" It is a favorite trick in which he seems to find a child-like joy. It amuses him; he chuckles to himself, while his face wrinkles itself in a smile.

Now he is reading. He has chosen "Child of My Heart," written to his son Virgil when the boy was only four. "Virgil, as a youngster," he explains, "put to flight the physical law that an object can occupy only one space at a time. Virgil was everywhere all at once." This irrepressible activity stirred these thoughts in the poet's mind:

*"Mad thing!*

*Glad thing!*

*How will Life tame you?*

*How will God name you?*

1. "Edwin Markham," William L. Stidger.



*All that I know is that you are to me  
Wind over water, star on the sea.*

*"Dear heart!*

*Near heart!*

*Long is the journey,*

*Hard is the tourney:*

*Would I could be by your side when  
you fall . . .*

*Would that my own heart could suffer  
it all."*

His love for children is universal. They are his friends. He is never happier than when surrounded by children. They, too, love him. They trail after him as if he were the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

The poet begs his audience to look interested. "It will encourage me, and young men need encouragement." Again his features light with naive pleasure over his sly joke.

Mr. Markham turns to his reading once more. That pulsing, beating voice swells and rolls; keen ears are catching each syllable, and there is a momentary cessation of breathing. He is reading not inside four walls but out somewhere on a high cliff. The music of his poem is important, not the forms seated in the room. He reads for the experience which the beauty, the strangeness, the wonder of the poem may bring him. The tones are accentuated by gestures of his muscular right arm. Even while conversing privately with friends, anywhere, his words are spoken loudly enough so that the whole world may hear what this poet has to say. Such is his oblivion to the conventionalities of ordinary folk.

His audience demands that he read his two most famous poems, "Lincoln—The Man of the People" and "The Man With the Hoe." These, together with "The Ballad of the Gallows Bird," "How the Great Guest Came," and in fact most of his poems, contain in many forms the central theme of Edwin Markham's whole life—the brotherhood of mankind. When he recites

*"O masters, lords and rulers in all  
lands,*

*How will the Future reckon with this  
Man?"*

*How answer his brute question in that  
hour*

*When whirlwinds of rebellion shake  
all shores?*

*How will it be with kingdoms and with  
kings . . .*

*With those who shaped him to the  
thing he is . . .*

*When this dumb Terror shall rise to  
judge the world*

*After the silence of the centuries?"*

there leaps into his voice an awfulness, a foreboding of the reckoning, as though it were already at hand.

He declares that theology is useless. He would put "theologians with their skull caps and gold-headed canes out in the garden hoeing potatoes." He is of the opinion that Jesus said all that was important; hence there exists no necessity for theologians to tell us. Edwin Markham thinks he knows what Jesus meant when he referred to a Kingdom of Heaven, for he has preached and fought to secure a Comrade Kingdom of one vast Brotherhood. He envisions a new social and industrial order, where each man will have the three essentials of life:

*"Three things must man possess if his  
soul would live*

*And know life's perfect good . . .*

*Three things would the all-supplying  
Father give . . .*

*Bread, Beauty, and Brotherhood."*

In saying these things Mr. Markham may not differ from others. But he lives his precepts. He is friendship and love. He knows no hate. All are his friends—the lowly and the poor, the rich and the proud. His heart is like that of a child, his life is simple, his wants are few, and his faith is untrammelled:

*"The competitive struggle among men  
is simply a part of our brute inheritance.  
. . . Man's spirit needs a ground higher  
than the nature-ground. For his deeper  
nature is not wolfish; it is brotherly.  
The struggle for his own life must give  
way to a struggle for the life of others.  
The survival of the fittest must give way  
to the fitting of all to survive. The  
Golden Rule must displace the rule of gold.  
Man was made for the adventure of love.  
All true morality for man must be based  
on unselfish service."*

## IV

Arthur Guiterman once penned several verses which ended thus:

*"No printed page nor spoken plea  
May teach young hearts what men  
should be,*

*Not all the books on all the shelves  
But what the teachers are themselves;  
For education is making men.*

*So it is now, so was it when*

*Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a  
log*

*And a farm boy sat on the other."*

Among Mr. Markham's "giant hours," he recalls the man, Harry G. Hill, who was the Mark Hopkins sit-

ting on the log with him, telling the thirteen-year-old sheep herder, "You have caught the far-off echo of beauty; you have a poet's insight."

To how many a "man with a hoe," O Poet Markham, have you been Mark Hopkins? When you leave your "lonesome place against the sky," we shall continue to fell your "lordly cedars" upon which we may sit while listening to your beauteous, prophetic tongue. For we need "giant hours." We agree with you when you write:

*"Why build our cities great  
If man unbuilded goes?"*

EUGENE SHELLEY

+ + +

## Increment

(A Christmas Thought)

*Still lay the fields in the moonlight,  
The village lay sleeping and still,  
And still the shepherds lay watching  
The sheep on the silent hill.*

*Not a breath stirred the calm of the darkness,  
Except where a drowsy sheep  
Now and then raised a low voice in murmur  
And moved in its fitful sleep.*

*When suddenly over the hillside  
Gleamed a radiance brighter than day,  
And a great tide of song surged from heaven  
That never has ebbed away.*

*It sang of a hope for the future,  
Of mankind united by love,  
And the earth still thrills to the vision  
And echoes that song from above.*

*The radiance that fell on the hillside  
Bathes in glory each human soul,  
And the chorus swells louder and stronger  
As the un-numbered centuries roll.*

RUTH I. HAMMA

+ + +



## Our Christmas

OF all times of the year, Christmas-time is the most anticipated and the longest remembered. It brings presents of good-cheer, of kindness, of love, and of peace. These presents come in the form of some material gift usually, but there are also gifts of word and deed. Mankind understands Christmas. It has a universal appeal, grasping all the peoples of the earth into its fold—and no matter of what race we are, what language we speak, or what method we take to celebrate this festival—we all understand and rejoice.

I always feel different at Christmas-time than at any other season of the year. I am more aware of the good I might do, of the happiness I may make for others, and of the rise of spirits which accompanies the act of giving or helping. There is also that great breathless expectancy which the Wise Men must have felt when they followed the Star. I sing, "Hark! the herald angels sing, 'Glory to the newborn King,'" and I am near to bursting with joy.

Every nation celebrates a festival corresponding to our Christmas. *Our* Christmas? Ours, perhaps, in the interpretation of the customs we have adopted — customs not really ours. The Romans celebrated, in the middle of December, the Saturnalia. It was the merriest time of the Roman year: schools were closed, distinctions were laid aside—figuratively, slaves became the masters of their masters; punishments were foregone; the toga was replaced by a simple garment; great feasts were prepared; gifts were exchanged — particularly with children; and even gambling, though ordinarily illegal, was permitted.

Our heritage from the Romans has been the general merriment, the games,

the exchange of gifts, and the feeling of good-will toward all—whether enemy or friend. As a religious rite the Romans burned candles (do we not, also?) and bathed before the festival.

Among the early Scandinavians there was a belief that at this time of year evil spirits walked at night. This led gradually to the notion that the ghosts of the dead returned on Christmas Eve to haunt their old homes. A similar belief existed in Persia and Greece. Today we have interpreted the belief to mean that Christmas Eve and Christmas Day are appropriate times to receive friendly guests and to treat them hospitably. The dead have become the living.

In England the time is one of great feasting, preceded by devotionals, the lighting of candles, and the burning of the Yule-log, which formerly was part of the Yule-feast about which we read in Icelandic sagas and in Greek and Latin chronicles. The English have always used evergreen and mistletoe for decorative purposes, but the *Weihnachtsbaum*, the Christmas or fir tree, can be traced to Germany and to no earlier period than the seventeenth century.

To discuss each Christmas custom and its origin would require many pages. May it suffice to say that not all which we associate with *our* Christmas is of genuine Christian origin. We have absorbed some heathen customs; but we have interpreted them in our own way. Whatever customs we observe, however we spend the day, we cannot forget that the joy and happiness is reminiscent of the coming of the Christ-child, the real and original reason for celebrating Christmas in Christian lands.

So today our Christmas has two meanings for us. The one is expressed in these lines by Susan Coolidge:

*"We ring the bells and we raise the strain,  
We hang up the garlands everywhere  
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,  
And feast and frolic—and then we go  
Back to the same old lives again."*

The other meaning is in that beautiful old carol by Isaac Watts:

*"Joy to the world! The Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing."*

IONE B. HAUSMANN



+ + +

## What Price Forgetting?

ARMISTICE DAY, the anniversary of the "war to end wars," has recently passed. Not far in the future is the Christmas season, with its ever-renewed message: "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." In the time between these two celebrations, our ears still ringing with the phrases of the one and our hearts already anticipating the other, we read the daily newspapers—and are struck by the irony of the situation.

One day bold headlines announce the repudiation of a treaty. On another a foreign correspondent calmly denies the efficacy of the League of Nations, the World Court, the Washington and other treaties, and bases his only hope

for peace upon certain alliances and restrictions. We learn of shocking inventions of destruction, of increasing armaments and fortifications, and—crowning shame—of the training of young boys in the practices of war. If these signs of the times are consistent with the memory of the war to end wars, that fact is not apparent.

Sixteen years ago everyone agreed that there must be no more bloodshed. The nations that made peace terms, as well as those that were forced to accept, had been too cruelly hurt to desire a repetition. Consequently, elaborate machinery was set up for the purpose of arbitration. Dozens of treaties were signed. It was recognized that there



were many differences, many wrongs to be settled, but a chastened world was willing to try reason to settle them, since no one was satisfied with the results of force.

Today, numbers of unscrupulous people at home and abroad are trying to change that attitude in order to advance their own selfish causes. They play upon the feelings of their countrymen, pervert a natural love of home into something frenzied and cruel, and wrongfully call it patriotism. A dictator desiring more land for his country and greater numbers in his power, casts his eye over neighboring territory and begins his poisonous campaign. A representative of a shipbuilding company effectively blocks a disarmament conference. A munitions manufacturer admits that if activities of his organization in a peaceful, friendly country were exposed there would be rioting and possible loss of life. Almost any country in the world, it seems, could go to war with American-made munitions,

which are exported in large quantities. Militarists insist that to be safe a country must be elaborately armed, notwithstanding the fact that Germany in 1914 had the finest army in the world. All this propaganda points only toward trouble unless the average citizen is willing to look at it in the light of calm judgment, and cast his ballot and his influence accordingly.

"That these dead shall not have died in vain," pleaded Lincoln decades ago. It might well be our watchword. The World War was too ghastly a lesson, too horrible a mistake, to repeat. There are still numberless wounds to be bound up, thousands of veterans, widows, and orphans to be cared for. That economic troubles, with their roots in the last conflict, might be settled by still more violence, or even by preparing for it, is not a logical theory. The lesson was lately learned. We must not forget too quickly.

REGINA S. ROMBERGER



## Autumn

*Autumn*  
*Is a mischievous goblin.*  
*He scampers about*  
*In his queer, brown,*  
*Turned-up shoes,*  
*Painting the weary leaves,*  
*Shaking the tired trees,*  
*Bringing them back to the wild*  
*Intoxication*  
*Of fall.*  
*Carelessly,*  
*Yet artistically,*  
*He splashes the hillsides*  
*With flaming color.*  
*Days and days*  
*He spends*  
*In completing his gorgeous exhibit,*  
*Only to tear it down*  
*In a frenzy of fear*  
*At the first approach*  
*Of Winter.*

RUTH I. HAMMA

## The Old Parson

“GOOD MO’NIN’, Mistuh John Edwa’d No’t’h. Ah trust ouh Heavenly Fathuh has kept you in the best of health?”

It was the Reverend Mr. Booker offering his characteristic greeting to one of his younger parishioners as he met him in the quiet, shaded street. The Reverend always gave each sheep the benefit of his full baptismal right—the two to four given names placed in exact order before the correct surname. Just as customary were his pious inquiries concerning the health of the individual and the family, and his blessing when he took his leave.

The same exacting and God-fearing attitude that he held in such an inconsequential thing as passing the time of day, characterized him in every phase of life. His meticulous care for details often caused amusement to the less godly of his flock; but his great self-dedication to the Lord could command only respect and awe. Certainly, if ever man asked himself in all situations “What would Jesus do?” Mr. Booker was that man. Every thought he had was for the church, the suffering, or the downtrodden, although these cares evinced themselves in peculiar ways.

No one could comfortably remain outside the realm of the church if Mr. Booker heard of him. Every man, woman, and child of baptismal age, must be a member of the church, maintained the worthy pastor; they must join a church—their names must be on the church books. So “the Reverend” sought out many people to whom the thought of church membership was often more than alien, and before they were quite aware of it they had become members of his flock, at least in name. His crusade would have been quite admirable had his newly acquired black

sheep changed color. This, however, was not often the case; Mr. Booker had a longer list of names on his church record than had any other minister in the little, peaceful city, but he vied with even the most newly founded church for the honors of the smallest active congregation. His was a larger assessment from church boards and the faithful white sheep had to pay it without even a bleat from the strayed black lambs. But the dear old minister was happy; he could carry the Holy Communion to the outskirts of the city to any unfaithful member of his flock, and their names were on the church books!

Just as insistent as he was about membership, so he remained concerning many, many little items in the church. A play in his holy house was blasphemy, and a supper!—it was a sure ticket in the opposite direction from Heaven! Christmas was a time when Christmas carols and hymns were sung and each member of the Sunday School received a bag of candy. A Christmas cantata was sacrilege, and any but the green and red striped sack for the candy was unthinkable!

But Christmas with Mr. Booker’s congregation was a most beautiful time. The reverend old gentleman gathered about him the young people of the church and made “Good Cheer” visits to all the oldest members of the congregation. He made out a little list of people and for each one he bought a potted plant, often a poinsettia. Then on Christmas Day he and his group of young folks went to each home and sang Christmas carols and presented the gift. His kindly words of cheer, his beautiful prayer, and his reminiscences of many a Christmas he and the aged member had known in the first struggling little church, often brought tears to the eyes of the visited when the be-



loved carols had failed. I shall always carry with me a picture of the gentle old parson patting a hand and soothing the old friend, then raising his hand and invoking a blessing so sincerely and in such a resonant voice that I felt somehow God had come to sit in the very room we left.

Mr. Booker took God's presence wherever he went, just as if he carried it in the Bible under his arm. Perhaps the Holy Book was one secret of his power to bring God to people, for he read passages whenever he felt help could be gained from them. By the sick bed, in the disrupted household, in the home where death had lingered, wherever he went, he found a Scripture reading appropriate to the occasion. A Bible passage read in his deep, melodiously gentle voice often did more for a suffering person than all the doctor's medicines or all the psychiatrist's theoretical remedies. Mr. Booker was such a healer of souls as few ministers can ever be. He succeeded in gaining honest repentance from many a sinner and he smoothed out the twists of many a tangled brain. Not a few homes have been welded together because of the sincere prayers and helpful advice of the old minister at the times when unity seemed impossible.

The best sermons the old parson ever preached were not delivered from the pulpit. His little talks with parishioners meant much more to them than the long exhortations of the Sunday services. Mr. Booker was of the old school. He knew his church calendar better than the one which hung on the wall before his desk. And for each holy day, the parson had a certain text upon which

his sermon for the day was based. The same list of texts was used in the identical order year after year; and the sermon, although different, offered the same theoretical views, which were usually far above the heads of the average parishioners.

The old parson was one of the real exponents of charity. Despite the distance he lived from the slums and poorer negro sections, he visited them with an astonishing regularity. Seldom did he go empty-handed; what little he and Mrs. Booker had, they gave willingly to the needy. The generous old couple shared their holiday dinners with less fortunate people than they and carried the remainder to a needy old negro widow.

Mr. Booker's library was accessible to anyone. And, strangely enough, the books borrowed again and again were always returned. Perhaps it was the old parson's own generosity and honesty that prevented others from stealing from him. At any rate, the books were returned promptly and anyone who found them helpful could borrow them.

Now the books are a part of the church library, for the last chapter of the old parson's life has been finished and his book is closed. It was with great sorrow and sincere admiration that his little flock learned that he had finished his volume with one last deed of kindness. He died from a fall in an old tenement in the slums while he was doing his usual charitable acts. Another minister has come, but Mr. Booker's place is not filled.

ELIZABETH MCBRIDE





## Zacharias Ursinus

HOW interesting would it be if commentaries revealed personal and intimate experiences of the man for whom our college is named, known to us as Zacharias Baer, or, more commonly by the Latinized form, Zacharias Ursinus. But they all contain such a stereotyped, conventional account of his life that it is difficult to familiarize ourselves with this learned scholar and theologian of the sixteenth century.

"Zachary" Baer, as he was called by those who knew him in his childhood, was born at Breslau, in eastern Germany, just a little more than 400 years ago, July 18, 1534. His family was called "respectable but poor"—not an unusual designation in that period of history when great companies were controlling all goods, and regulating prices to such an extent that most of the goods now considered indispensable to man were beyond reach of the average family.

Ursinus showed tendencies toward being a studious lad, and at the age of sixteen he entered the University of Wittenberg. There he studied under Melancthon, "the instructor of Germany," who remained a loyal friend to him throughout life. During the seven years spent at the university he studied Latin, Greek, classical literature, philosophy, theology, mathematics, and science, excelling in all.

A few stories of his college experiences have been handed down to us—some of them surprisingly similar to ours of today. We find that he wrote Latin poetry after the style of Virgil, primarily in expression of his gratitude to Dr. John Crato, one of the greatest physicians of the day, who was of help to him in meeting his university expenses.

While at the university, he failed miserably in an attempt to tutor a young

student, failed so miserably that the boy was forced to return home and Ursinus was promptly relieved of his role as tutor.

The next experience is one which seems to be common to most college students, regardless of time or place. Difficulties began to arise in the home where Ursinus had been living during his university career—for in those days, even as at present, the universities of Europe did not provide dormitories for their students. Describing the situation, Ursinus says of his landlord:

"What has enraged him seems to be that he imagined that I had written to his boarders that the food at his house was such poor stuff that the eating of it made me sick." Whether or not this accusation was true, we do know that Ursinus changed boarding houses no less than nine times during his student days!

At the end of seven years' study at the university, he decided to travel. A certain amount of traveling was then considered necessary for a finished theological training. Even this early in life he had gained such a favorable reputation that the Senate of Breslau provided funds to pay his traveling expenses.

When he returned to Wittenberg he was asked by the authorities to take charge of the Elizabethan Gymnasium, where his particular duty was to teach languages and religion. After a short time, however, he was accused of being of unsound faith in regard to the doctrine of the sacraments. A small tract which he published to justify his position was of no avail, and he was held in public reproach until finally he withdrew from the university. He retired to Zurich, where he spent the winter studying under the distinguished theologian, Peter Martyr.



About this time he witnessed the development of a second controversy which concerned the presence of Christ at the Holy Eucharist. The University of Heidelberg was one of the many institutions thrown into confusion as a result. In the midst of this dissension, Ursinus was called there to teach. It has been said that the position was first offered to Peter Martyr who, declining because of advancing age, used his influence to secure the position for Ursinus, who gratefully accepted this new role of principal of the institution, "Collegium Sapientiae." The next year he was awarded the degree of Doctor of Divinity with the added duty of delivering lectures on theology at the University.

He soon found himself in the midst of the ecclesiastical struggle and became, veritably, the prop and pillar of the whole Reformed cause. In connection with this period of his life, we remember the Heidelberg Catechism, which represented the combined efforts of himself and Caspar Olevianus, the distinguished theologian and court preacher.

In 1752 he married Margaret Trautwein. After his marriage we find Ursinus enjoying, for several years, a period of comparative rest, even though he had, in 1571, accepted additional teaching responsibilities at Lausanne. But in 1576 his patron Frederick died and was succeeded by his eldest son, Louis, a staunch Lutheran. Consequently there was a general dismissal of those who held positions under Frederick's rule, and a regranting of these positions to Lutherans. Ursinus, of course, was among those discharged from the University.

He found a refuge at Neustadt with Prince Casimir, the second eldest son of Frederick. Casimir, who opposed the cause to which his brother vigorously held, appointed Ursinus as professor of theology at Neustadt Gymnasium. It was this position which he filled until the day of his death, March 6, 1583. The very year when Louis died, Casimir became Elector, and the Reformed movement began to rise once more.

DOROTHY E. HORNE



## Inspiration

*Yon lofty peak stands breathless tonight;  
Soft clouds above hang suspended in flight;  
The bird's even-song is stopped in its throat,  
As it answers the breath of a more subtle note  
Through the twilight serene.*

*The lingering glows of the setting sun  
Light for a second the splendor of one  
Lone pine, majestic, triumphantly tall,  
Its arms reaching upward in endless call  
Of mute adoration.*

*Shadows lengthen, the picture is o'er;  
The warbler trills out his song once more;  
But I bow my head and humbly ask  
That I, like the pine, may pursue my task  
With spirit up-surgng to God.*

DOROTHY WITMER



## A Scrapbook of Memories

---

IT has often been said—though with what truth I know not—that the four years one spends in college are among the best of a lifetime. If this is true, then those four years, richly and abundantly lived, will influence the remaining years of our lives through memories of them. It is our task to make these memories ones with which we shall be glad to live.

Memory in itself is abstract, but can be made and kept in concrete form by numerous devices. The fad at the present time seems to be souvenir collecting. Sometimes it seems that people want to “go places and do things” only for the sake of some souvenir which they may furtively snatch from under the suspicious eyes of the establishment. I know a girl whose hobby is collecting the tops of salt and pepper shakers and her store at the present time boasts a great many. Ash trays, silverware, menus, and a wide variety of articles are eagerly sought and cherished. At the time they are secured, they may seem almost priceless, but isn't it true that as time goes on their value wanes considerably until one day, several months or a year later, one may say in going over his collection, “Where in the world did I get this old spoon?” The sight of the spoon itself no longer suggests any time, place, or event; therefore, I say that if we want our memories concrete we must think of a better way than stealing (and doesn't it really amount to that?) rather useful and valuable articles.

Almost every girl I know in this college possesses a scrap-book in which she tries to keep alive the memories of good times she has had here. Some of these books that I have seen are really works of art, arranged chronologically in such an attractive and artistic manner that it is a real pleasure

to look through them. Indeed, they have outgrown the name “scrap-book”; I think “memory book” would be much more descriptive of their true purpose. One sees the football schedule pasted therein, or the newspaper write-up of some particularly outstanding game, and lives again the thrilling days when everyone's attention was centered on the gridiron. When one sees a dance program or a faded flower from a once-beautiful corsage, she experiences a quickening of heart-beats as she recalls certain ecstatic moments. Here, on the next page, is a schedule of courses which calls to memory moments not so ecstatic and yet, perhaps, more beneficial. Yes, a scrap-book is a grand retainer of memories, but is it a sufficient reminder of one's college days? No, I think those memories which later will mean most are not those on which one can place a finger and say, “On October 6, 1934, Ursinus beat the University of Pennsylvania in football,” but rather those less definite memories that become a part of one's very heart and soul and thus a part of one's living.

A college life successfully and abundantly lived should be comparable to a complete book, containing an introduction or preface, several chapters succeeding one another in thought and development, and all leading up to an unforgettable climax which one can remember with deep satisfaction long after the book, neglected on the shelf, has grown dusty.

The Freshman year is the introduction to one's novel of college experience—outlining the general situation, introducing those characters that are to make one's college days either beautiful or not so beautiful, and preparing oneself and those who read the book (faculty and fellow students) for what



can be expected to follow. The rising action and the development of the plot of the novel occur during the Sophomore and Junior years, so that one is rather expecting the climax as the Senior year approaches. Usually one is able to guess the outcome of a novel; however, sometimes the author completely fools one. This is also true of life. In whatever way the climax comes about, it is one which will be remembered by both ourselves and those who read us.

And what has this to do with making our scrap-book of memories worthy and complete? Just this: souvenirs, scrap-books, diaries, and pictures all may help to keep clear and definite our memories of a college experience, but

we cannot depend alone on objects we can see and touch to call to mind memories we may wish to possess always. We must remember our thoughts, our innermost feelings and desires if we are to have the most satisfactory memories of a college career. I wonder which will be remembered longest and with the most satisfaction—two or three hours spent in the library, lost in reading, or the same number of hours spent at a party or dance? We cannot answer this question at the present time, but ten, twenty, or thirty years from now we will be able to tell what memories of college have been the most lasting; the experiences remembered will perhaps be surprising.

KATHLEEN BLACK

+ + +

## A Campus Saunter

FOR ages poets have told us the advantages of the simple life, but only in a general way do they suggest how we may possess these pure joys of living. The very pulse of the poet beats in unison with Nature's heart, and although we cannot all be poets, we can laugh with Wordsworth's jocund daffodils or thrill to the soaring of Shelley's "To a Skylark." But even this is possible only to him who has learned to appreciate the beauty of a golden cluster of daffodils or who has watched a bird in ecstatic flight.

So varied and so rich a treasury as that of external nature must be approached humbly. We must begin our appreciation with the free things, the common things, the simple things, which are usually the best things that life offers. Just beyond the doorstep is more of beauty than is to be found in an art gallery, more inspiration than the pulpit provides. The bee-hive can

surpass the classroom or library in the teaching of ethics and government. If one has eyes and ears, he can find in the woods of the Perkiomen, no less than in the forest of Arden,

*"Tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,  
Sermons in stones."*

Among the rolling hills and meadows that border the Perkiomen the observant walker might find much to quicken the being or stimulate the imagination. If he begins his walk on the campus of the College, he will notice at once his noisy neighbors, the English sparrows, which remain with us winter and summer, whatever their faults—and they are many—these fellows are pleasant and heartening, and their loquacity is never tainted by the human tendency to gossip. Several of them are perched in a small green tree, pecking at its needles (really only scales), which are pressed

flat as if between the pages of a book. The *arbor vitae* can be dwarfed by continual brushing of the tips. The Japanese, who are expert horticulturists, grow these small trees in pots, and by "tipping," retard their growth so that a century-old tree, a family heirloom, may be only three feet in height.

Beyond, toward the gymnasium, are graceful weeping willows and a winding double row of deliquescent elms. On the ground the common dandelion offers its golden table as a feeding-place for passing insects. At the edge of the college woods a bird in dipping flight passes us and settles himself in an upright position on the trunk of a hickory tree. Upon our approach he moves to the opposite side of the tree, but his fear soon vanishes and he appears again, assiduously searching for insects on the bark and beneath it. It is a downy woodpecker, dressed in a striped black and white coat with a high red collar. On another tree nearby there is a neat, well-dressed, busy nut-hatch. He scours the twigs and limbs and trunk, working most of the time in an inverted position.

Here by the railroad tracks, where the soil is not so rich, we find a red cedar. At the tip of a branch is a strange cocoon, made not of silk alone,

as is usual, but of many small sticks bound to the exterior by minute, invisible threads. The Hindus, who believe in the transmigration of souls, say that this bagworm has in it the soul of a man who had during his life stolen firewood—a necessity all too scarce in India—and who was then sentenced to carry this wood as punishment. Again we move on, for it is dusk—the time for silhouettes. Look at the tree line on the far horizon. Each tree has its characteristic outline. Standing sentinel by the roadside is a trim, lone pine; nearby a clean-limbed black walnut; over there a stocky beech extends heavy limbs in symmetrical pattern against the evening sky; and crowning the brow of a hill is a row of tall, up-reaching tulip trees.

Trees and flowers and birds and sky combine to bring pleasure and peace to the heart of the amateur naturalist if he will let them. Perhaps even so short and imperfect an account as the foregoing will serve to arouse in the reader a dormant interest in the world of nature. To most men such an interest is more satisfying than golf or stamp collecting. It affords escape; it brings solace and peace in a troubled and disordered world where these joys are all too seldom known.

PAUL WILLIAMS

+ + +



## URSINUS COLLEGE

• • • A residential college  
of liberal arts for men  
and women.

GEORGE L. OMWAKE, LL. D.  
*President*

*Have You*  
**ORDERED YOURS?**



The Outstanding  
Publication of  
the Ursinus  
School Year

**The 1935 Ruby**

**MERVINE  
LAUNDRY  
COMPANY**



**Davis Coat and  
Apron Supply Co.**

**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

## GENERAL PRINTING

OF

*Highest Quality*

To maintain the highest efficiency in the production of printing The Feroe Press is equipped with modern machinery and an organization of men who have had years of experience.

Office Forms — Stationery — Folders — Booklets — Catalogs

**THE FEROE PRESS**

ROBERT C. HAWK, MANAGER

Hanover and South Streets, Pottstown, Pa.



