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THE
LANTERN



SPRING 1933 - FALL 1963

The Lantern

URSINUS COLLEGE
December, 1963

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This issue of the *Lantern* marks the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of a literary magazine on the Ursinus campus. These thirty years have witnessed both advances and failures of the *Lantern*; but regardless, it has survived!

The following is an excerpt from the first editorial written for the *Lantern* thirty years ago by its first editor, Dr. Eugene Miller, now Chairman of the Ursinus Political Science Department. We feel it best expresses the purpose of the *Lantern* and why it is so named:

Lighting the *Lantern*

A college career is a composite of curriculum, activities, and social life. The curriculum leads the way over formal barriers to a degree. Activities and social life enlarge the student's viewpoint and help him to meet, in a small way, problems similar to those that will confront him in post-collegiate years. In contrast with the curriculum, implying individual effort alone, activities require a certain amount of co-operation. They are, therefore of special value. There are many activities of the Ursinus campus, representing most of the formal studies. The *Weekly* and *Kuby* give future journalists an opportunity to practice their art outside of English classes. These two publications, however, report news, and preclude, to a great degree, individual expression in the literary field. Therefore, we feel that there is place for a literary magazine on the Ursinus campus.

The *Lantern* has been selected as the name of the literary magazine because it represents a distinctive feature of campus architecture, and because it symbolizes the light shed by creative work.

This, then, is the thirtieth anniversary issue; it contains primarily non-prose material simply because the little prose which was contributed did not justify inclusion. We of the *Lantern* staff offer no excuse, only hope for future issues.

THE PAST AND PRESENT MEET

Because Dr. Eugene Miller, Chairman of the Ursinus Political Science Department, was the editor of the first edition of the *Lantern* and also because he has been associated with Ursinus both as a student and as a faculty member for many of these past thirty years, we have asked Dr. Miller to assess the three decades since he was a student editor.

Dr. Miller writes:

The thirty years since the founding of *The Lantern* have seen a serious Depression; frightful wars, both general and limited; a radical change in the world balance of power; the breaking up of old colonial empires; the emergence of new totalitarian imperialisms; a second industrial revolution based on automation; and a shattering scientific breakthrough into the nuclear age.

For the creative writer these three decades have been both stimulating and frustrating. During this unsettled period *The Lantern* has served its function of providing a medium of expression for the imaginative undergraduate who responded to the intellectual and moral challenges of a truly new age. The next third of a century will likewise demand wise answers to the hard questions raised by an era of rapid and constant change. Through *The Lantern* may its editors and contributors continue to have an Ursinus forum for creative solutions to mankind's continuing problems.

A THANK YOU

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the member fraternities of the Inter-Fraternity Council for their financial aid and support which has enabled us to produce this anniversary issue.

Also, without the invaluable support and continuous coverage by *The Weekly* it is highly probable that this issue would be even smaller than it is. To Miss Sharon Robbins and her fine staff go our sincere thanks.

Today's Memory

The night was perfect and I told her so. A gentle breeze came in off the ocean and up the beach and helped us forget the warm streets where the breeze did not blow. Stars shone in the black sky and their light with the moonlight kept the sand at our feet from blending immediately with the darkness beyond. We could see the golden pathway blazed by the moon in the ripples of the sea and smell the salt carried by the breeze in the chill of the air, and the litany of the waves, slowly rolling and softly breaking, muffled the cacophony of Saturday night on the crowded streets and prepared the shore for a pleasant, tranquil Sunday morning. We wandered up the beach, and I forgot the mysteries of the sand, the stars, and the sea, and focused my thoughts on the girl at my side.

"Shall we marry, mademoiselle," I said, trying to close my lips on a determined smile.

"Ah non, mon cher," she replied, "Maman would not permit it. She questions your past and thinks your nose is too big." We both laughed. We had laughed much since our meeting on the beach that morning.

"But mademoiselle," I said, "it would be so nice if we could spend such a beautiful night as an engaged couple. Our relationship would be much more secure." My remark shot a twinkle through her dark eyes.

"Do you need security, monsieur?" she answered coyly. Again we laughed, exuberant in the pleasure of these fleeting moments. And as we continued up the beach and into the night, lingering in the shadows of yesterday's dream, I thought of all the happy people she must have known.

—David J. Phillips

THE REALIZATION

Words lose meaning
And the noise wears.
So close the door
And understand
The fault is not
Entirely theirs

LIFE FIRE

You burn, Life,
There on their faces,
 in their eyes.
Your flame casts hot shadows
Dark with human passion:
 they fade and leave their marks.
Touch me.
 Come sear my heart left cold and barren
 by my youth.
I call you, Life,
 and all your pains of ecstasy and hell
to fire me
 here at my yet unkindled stake—
 Maturity.
 And when I burn then will I see more clearly
 by my own light.
Longing to suffer and to love with them,
I feel your heat through dark made light by years.
Now give me Fire
 to kindle others
 hot with Life.

—Sally Campbell

COME SLEEP

And when he's still
The eyes within shall move
 across this land
to see Spring bear new fruit,
 create new life,
 But not for him.
And little will She feel his absence here,
 or little care.

With silent cries
He'll mourn upon a wind
 that does not hear
to wander through the fields
 that shared his life
 and every dream,
And find them unaware he never comes,
 and unconcerned.

When hills grow brown
And Autumn shakes crisp fire
 from every tree,
What emptiness he finds
 is in a sky
 cold, cloudless, blue.
There's no void in this place where once he walked;
 dead leaves forget.

When hands are cold
What stream will speak his name?
 And who will know
His soul came here again
 to claim the land
 he thought was his?
Expecting golden fields of memory
 and finding weeds.

THE ENDS MEET

When you have slowed to rest on life's last rung
And wind the slender thread of life's despair,
You'll pass a knot so small yet tightly bound
That calls to mind a joy that lingered there,
And in its passing gave the power to know
And understand that love was born to share.

—*Green*

DAWN OF DARKNESS

Alone I wander
Another grey in the greys of twilight
Through the sleeping sands and on into night.

Understanding that once was,
Could now and never be again.
Never, the longest time . . .
Forget, do not remember when . . .

Alone I wander through the sleeping sands,
Another grey in the greys of twilight waiting for the night;
Awaiting crystal stars to dust the darkening sky;
Awaiting clouded tears to warm my melancholy eyes.

CLOSED AND DONE: WITH APOLOGIES TO NO ONE

While searching through the ashes
For an ember glowing dim,
I heard a voice—a voice within my dying mind,
A voice that sadly said:

There's no need denying;
There's no use for crying;
There's no echo from the bell;
Your darling Jenny is dead.

There was no sound of pain or grief;
There was no mourning song—
Just this voice, a voice within my responding mind,
A voice that bravely said:

It is not good to follow;
It is not right to stay;
But moving on you'll find a sign;
Your faithful Jenny is dead.

At the home of sin is joy most brief;
There is no sudden sigh—
Just this voice, a voice within my awakened mind,
A voice that coldly said:

You have no call to follow her;
There's much more here to find;
Close your book of emptiness;
Your shallow Jenny is dead.

—G. E. Rutledge

A SEARCH

Greener fields await the snow where many a lost
And solitary wanderer would go.
March and April, then comes May in which the
Wanderer stops to pray.
He hears the sound of frequent shower and beckons
All that comes to flower.
The sun finds light from what seemed dark;
What truth there is soon comes to heart.
He seeks warmth and joy and love;
The quest for everlasting love.
The dew on bud, the calm of day, await the mind
Content to pray and send the solitary
Wanderer on his way.

CONCERN

Questionable reactions to irrational factions,
Often befuddled by shifting moods;
Time spent watching the moving hand,
Waiting for passion—a shifting mood.

Calling for vision, a clearness of mind,
Seldom enhanced by purpose or chance;
Burdens recorded on random airs,
Seeking the answer—a lasting romance.

OBVIOUS OBLIVION

We are all become
Transitory
Together
Performing on a
Tightrope
For flimsy, fleeting honors.
It's the old shell game
Wrapped in a tight mantle of
Sincerity.

We sacrifice only
Ourselves
At the sacred grotto
Each to our own
Ebony gods.

We stoop to appease
Only ourselves.
The would-be
 could-be
 —ness

Of life
Freezes our marrow.

We cascade
 and catapult
 and parachute
 downward

Into oblivion.
We lie round-eyed
Upon the canvas
Our souls a-spill.
But we gather the pieces and climb again.

“Love wants another tongue.”

—*Isolde*

LOVE'S ASHES

I don't mean to say
I
with every breath
But to breathe
is to live.

I think of me
through soft and gentle times.
I think of me
as I give and receive
 hour by hour
 day by day.

I think of me
as I pour myself into another's
with tenderness and love.

Yet love is a feast too well-prepared
 a taste too saccharin sweet.
Areas of human understanding are small.
I must not intrude.
And so I learn
As one reaching into fire
Not to reach out anymore.
In either flame there is no scar
As being blisterless in blissness.
Yet something's burned away.
I am a few ashes the less.
Love flies in sudden showers;
It's beauty is like the pure, shattering light
of crashing chandeliers.
This is love's price . . .
 it does not last.
Love is never
tempered.

SILENCE

After so many voices
A little silence is welcome.
Silence not shrieked from mountain tops
Silence not coming in legions
But the soft, velvety silence
Whose darkness gives so much peace
So I can meet the voices again.

TO MY DENTIST

Leave me then and go your way?

Where shall I go?
Who is to lead?
Listen well to what I say.
I was lost but you have found me.
You brought me to where I am
Though where I am, I know not.
Yet it is better than where I was before.
Argosies of peace and truth
Floated on every tomorrow.

Leave me then and go your way?

Peace and honor have flown on gruesome wings.
You come no more to sit and seek.
My soul no more will stir in search of life.

Leave me then and go your way?

Alone
Love passes every day.
Someone
Somewhere
Can share truth
Even for the tenth of a second.
Going won't be
Forever.

Leave me then and go your way.

SNOW

Driving, howling, stinging,
The wind not singing, but screaming.
The snow is white evil,
 hitting,
 hurting,
 skirting obstacles to drift and shift with the wind.

Falling tenderly upon the ground.
Sticking to limbs.
So soft.
So light.
Falling in the night.

—*Roy Christman*

WISDOM

When I was ten
And saw the truck kill Blackie
I walked down and sat
By the creek on its way to the sea.
Already then I knew
There is no immortality
Unless it might be found
In a creek on its way to the sea.

LOOK UP

Valleys await the icy mountain flow
And autumn ashes,
Whirling in the winter wind,
To fall and grow to fire again
In the grey melting snow.

—*Anonymous*

NEPENTHE

I have felt the free flow of flight;
I have experienced the exhilarating ecstasy of escape;
I have reached the rotund rock of reality.

My wings are shorn,
My mind is free,
My feet are unshod.

Tonight I have known all the joys and
Sorrows of a million yesterdays. Mustered into
The Army of the Eternally Damned, I have
Irrevocably entrusted my living soul unto
Another.

Wings, mind, feet—all are a part
of hers. She now holds
Four wings,
Four feet
And two minds
All within her boundless
Cosmic love.

—*Elwood R. Pollock*

WITH APOLOGIES TO CHARLES SCHULZ

Happiness is a hand to hold,
two lips to kiss—
A first embrace
You never dreamed
could ever be like this.
Two eyes of blue
And soft brown hair;
A fragrance, sweet,
that fills the air;
A vow to whisper,
Should you be so bold—
Happiness is a hand to hold.

—*Craig Bennett*

AUTUMN AND YOU

The tireless wind pressing against my face,
The rain, warm and intermittent,
Frolicking off the cloth of my jacket
Seemed to seek to sever my mundane ideologies,
Transferred into grotesque forms,
Burnished by sudden storms;
No light shines through the tobacco-less clouds,
Nor do ashes from the mundane crowds
Profane the streets of time,
Veined in the bosom of a God,
Whose ever silent nod
Refers to strength.
Thinking of you, and wishing
You were here
To see Autumn bridge the
Landscape of midnight,
Eclipsing summer and every bier
In the graveyard of old Autumns,
Gone and buried in a dead light
Of former seasons.

—*R. Keehn*

WHAT IS OPTIMISM?

It is a freckled-face boy of six —
A little boy who sits on the cement curb,
 hand-fashioned green wood rod in hand
 two-foot line in a muddy puddle —
Awaiting his catch.

—*Connie Church*

AGNOSTIC?

God in heaven, if thou art,

Let thy kingdom come.

Your children shout in fear and doubt,

Let thy kingdom come.

The world's lost hope and cannot cope
With death and misery here.
Some people though (how little they know)
Declare all things well and good,
Excepting the works of atheist man,
The sinner, the bastard, the brother they fear.

If thy will must soon be done,

Let thy kingdom come.

Give us this day the courage to say,

Let thy kingdom come.

—*Pique*

POTPOURRI OF BEING

Life is one long breath
Of wind; Gales, storms,
Calms, eddies, howls and moans
Span the tide from shore to shore.

Constant change. Yet all
Hurry into that darkened sea
Where one meets all,
And stands alone.

Find consolation in duress.
Challenge the world with drawn pen.
Put life on the social swing.
Add your flavor to the general tone.

The wind begins to blow,
Gains strength and howls about;
Then ends its journey in a feeble puff,
Drops on the sand to be swirled down.

—*Larry Meyers*

