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The Lantern Vol. 21, No. 2, Spring 1953

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The -

LANTERN

Spring Issue - 1953

Ursinus College -

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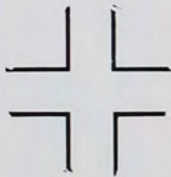
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The LANTERN

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PATRICIA GARROW

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ADVISOR . . .

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Editorial

Every once in a while we go on a magazine binge. We are in the throes of one now. Sometimes, of course, the reading is associated with our work and sometimes it isn't. Now it is a little of each. When putting out a magazine of our own takes so much of our time and attention we are bound to do our "outside" reading with somewhat of a critical eye. We look for original layouts, feel righteous disgust at misprints, see tricks that we would like to incorporate into our own endeavor. Of course we are limited in what we can do but it is nice to dream anyway.

We have been noticing this time a preponderance of technical magazines almost unknown to the home reader. Our moms and dads read *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life*; the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies Home Journal* or *Companion*, one of the "better homes" type of publication, the *Digest*, perhaps *Holiday* or the *New Yorker*, and maybe the *Journal of the Association of Chemical Engineers* or *Business Week*. Usually a church bulletin finds its way to the house every week or month. But that immense number of magazines which is printed for an express portion of our society is never even acknowledged by the average American family.

In this we see a current of democracy we like. Ursinus receives by subscription 210 magazines of which about 185 meet the demands of the different academic groups on campus. We realize that no home would be concerned in the least with approximately 98% of these "books," as the publishing industry fondly calls them, and we like the idea that a great many people are spending time and money and expending energy to gather information for so small a percentage of the population. Just as a matter of interest we did some research and found that there are over 25,000 magazines published. This includes those written in foreign languages and in no way is an exact figure.

In our reading we have found that even many of the magazines which are widely circulated give the reader an opportunity for individual tastes and interests. The different sections of most of the popular magazines labeled home, children, garden, theatre, foreign affairs, letters to the editor, etc., all indicate the appeal to the individual. "This is a land of brands and you vote each time you choose one brand above another" the advertisements on the buses say. In the same sense every time we buy a magazine we are expressing our opinions, our tastes, our personalities.

We received this bit of speculation the other day from a friend of THE LANTERN when we were discussing the theme for this editorial; that one can almost count the number of different types of people there are in the world by the number of magazines that are published. We haven't determined a formula for this yet but it gives food for thought and we have decided we need to do a lot more reading before we can reach a conclusion.

All of which brings up another question. Do the magazines make life more livable? Do they

make life more entertaining; are we more aware of what is going on in the world, in ourselves, and in others? In short, is all this worth while? Our answer of course is in the affirmative. It could be nothing else. Our term of duty with THE LANTERN has instilled in us a firm conviction that magazines, every one of them, occupy an important place in our society and we are thankful for the libraries and waiting rooms which afford us the opportunity to read those we would never be able to supply for ourselves. Come to think of it we guess it is time to visit the dentist again. Have to catch up on the *National Geographic*.



A word about some of our new contributors . . .

Mizz Test and Mary Ann Simmendinger, both members of the art staff, have, published in this issue, their first literary work. Both have illustrated their own efforts and we believe the combination has effected a successful outcome. The introduction of abstract work should bring forth some comment from you, the readers.

Helen Yost has begun her poetry writing in one of the more difficult of verse forms, the sonnet. We think she has made an admirable start and hope she continues writing.

Paul Chalson authors the lead story this time. We like to think prose contributions, especially the better pieces such as this one, come from the writers' own experience. So as not to have this illusion smashed we didn't ask Paul if he'd ever been to Switzerland. We hope he has. Another of Paul's stories will appear in the Commencement Issue of THE LANTERN.

Lucy-Jo Malloy filled THE LANTERN box with many of her poetic efforts of which we were, unfortunately, only able to use one. However, we have received a good insight into the work of this Ursinus coed, more of which we are sure will appear in future issues.

Howard Jones has given our contributors of rejected material a few words of solace. We don't think we would fully agree with his reasons for rejection but none-the-less, we hope the poem fulfills its doubtful purpose.



We would like to clear the record and announce that "My Neighbor, Zakeya" in the Fall Issue, which was not accompanied by an author's name, was written by Lois Glessner. We hope this serves as an example to future contributors. Let someone on the staff know when you are contributing something or else put your name in a sealed envelope with the name of your story on the envelope when you put it in THE LANTERN box.

And thanks to all of you who filled our box this time. We urge those of you who had your work rejected to keep on trying. Many of the items we accepted we were unable to include in this issue because of lack of space. We have not discarded these contributions, however, and many of them will appear in our final issue.

MARNA FELDT.

When I came in after my last afternoon class, books bulging underneath my arm, Mrs. Martin stopped me at the stairs—a small package had come, “from Switzerland”, and her voice lightened with curious excitement. In her routine life filled with children, husband, housework, in which church and social suppers were the high spots, mention of Switzerland, or anywhere else he had been, always evoked an interested, somewhat awed curiosity.

“From Switzerland? Huh, I don’t think I know anyone there who’d be sending me anything? Thanks, anyhow, Mrs. Martin,” and wondering about the package I went up to my room.

It was on my desk, a small package, wrapped in brown paper with Swiss, “Helvetia”, stamped in the corner. My name and address were written in a fine script conspicuous for the painfully perfect construction of each character and the Germanic form of some of the letters. No return address—postmarked “Gstaad Bahnhof”—that’s where I’d gone skiing a couple of years ago before quitting my overseas job and coming back to the “States” and college.

Inside, on tan decle-edged notepaper, more of the same script said, “Please write, Klari Lortscher.” The name did not invoke an immediate response. On the box itself, “FROM THE KITCHEN OF CHARLY’S TEA ROOM—GSTAAD” was printed, while inside were miniature Swiss chocolates.

“Klari Lortscher, Klari Lortscher,” I repeated the name. The waitress at the café! Well, how ’bout that, the past had caught up with him.

I leaned back until the swivel chair creaked, propped my feet on the desk, tried a chocolate and took again the train to Gstaad

About an hour out of Lausanne, as the train slowed down, I stood up, braced a leg against each seat and jerked the larger of my two suitcases from the luggage rack, limped with it to the car platform and repeated the process for the remaining piece of luggage. I groped into my coat and said goodbye to the middle-aged British couple who had been the only other occupants of the car since leaving Lausanne. As we clanked and stuttered to a halt, the conductor shouted, “SSSHHTAAHDTA!” Hanging on to my suitcases, I felt my way down to the mushy, grey snow and trudged toward the station.

Under the overhanging eaves that formed the room of the station platform, porters bustled back and forth, calling out the names of their hotels, and loaded with suitcases, limped to the waiting sleighs. I stood there in the waning light, trying to get my bearings and scanning the nameplates on the porters’ caps for the word “Bernerhof”. Over on the other end of the platform, horses and sleighs were parked side by side. Business was brisk and as the porters unloaded, sleigh after sleigh skidded around and jingled away, whips popping and drivers shouting hoarsely. I took in the drivers’ attire with some curiosity. Most were dressed in high boots, long heavy coats and



furry Cossack hats. I was sure this was Switzerland but those drivers’ outfits might have been from the heart of Moscow.

In front of me, shadowy, snowy, bluish-white, slanting steeply upward, I craned my neck at the jagged, sheer ridges whose contours were outlined starkly in black by the evening sun behind. On different levels up the slopes, some in clearings among the trees, others boxed off by fence posts, the steep-roofed houses dug themselves in and hunched against the hillsides. Slowly, I took a last glance around my towering, craggy, perimeter, shivered suddenly in the chilling dusk and looked again for my porter.

I picked up my reservation at the desk, got my things unpacked and went down to get briefed on the town by the manager.

He was a tall, stout, jowly individual in dark jacket and morning trousers. I asked about a skiing instructor; he recommended a few and went on to describe and suggest some cafés I might like for afternoon tea. Charly’s Tea Room would be a likely place. I thanked him and looked the place up the next day.

She was making coffee the first time I saw her

Still in my ski boots, I clumped up the long aisle between the tables and took a stool at the end of the curved bar, rejecting the idea of a table for myself, since the place was crowded with animated “afternoon-tea” people taking advantage of the opportunity to loosen boot-laces and restore circulation to chafed ankles. As I looked over the crowd, everyone else seemed to have a companion or be part of a group. In the hubbub of voices, foreign accents (foreign to me at least)

predominated. I felt lonely as hell and my damn inferiority complex was at work telling me that I was out of my element, asking me what a peasant like myself was doing here with the finishing-school kids and the international set? In a word, I was about to cry in my beer, when a "Was willen Sie, bitte?" sounded in my ear and completely startled me. Luckily, I knew a little German—"Kaffee, schwarz, bitte,"—I looked into wide grey eyes for a moment.

She was young, about eighteen, tall, sandy-haired, ruddy-cheeked, and her movements, getting the coffee, though efficient enough, were somewhat awkward. She was like the center on a high school basketball team who hasn't quite grown into his frame, all legs, bony wrists and elbows. And her walk was the same, resembling the flapping of a large pup moving at a trot.

She said something, evidently about me, to the other waitress, who, looking over, dropped her eyes quickly as they met mine.

As she set my coffee down, she said suddenly in perfectly understandable, though formal, English, "You are an American, are you not?" Her slight accent and the eager, respectful way she said it lent to the expression a peculiarly wistful charm. When I replied that I was, she told me about the American soldiers who had come there for rest leave during the war years—about their gaiety, their horseplay, and most of all, their kindness to all the children but especially to the child she had been.

I commented approvingly on her English, (she had been to England for a year as servant to an English couple); we exchanged information on the size of our families, our home towns (her home was in a village nearby), and finally our names. Hers was Klari; a name that rang so pretty at the time—funny that I should have forgotten it so completely.

I made Charly's my headquarters after that and whenever possible sat at the corner of the bar so that I could talk with Klari.

She wasn't beautiful, she wasn't pretty; she was just sweet, young, and appealingly innocent—in that nebulous stage of part-child-almost-woman that I found tenderly haunting—like the Annabel Lee of Poe, that I recited to her once, on one of our walks.

We went walking at dusk before I went to my hotel for dinner, or later in the evening before she returned to the café at nine, to work until one. I enjoyed those walks immensely.

The night before I left was especially beautiful. We went hand in hand in sympathetic silence, speaking seldom and then only in sparse syllables. We seemed to be in unity with the vast mystery of nature around us. It was deeply quiet. Except for our footsteps crunching in the snow, only the occasional whisper and clicking of tree branches as a wind hustled through, disturbed the silence. The road stretched out before us, a luminous twisting path, while above the stars shone twinkling or gleamed coldly down at us, a sprinkling of sequins in a sable matrix. The road wound through a valley and from either side the fences stretched in a wark and woof of wire and wood enclosing here and there the vague, dark

mass of a house showing squares of warm light. The peace all about in the clean crisp air settled in a seemingly serene patch around my heart, cooling vague discontents, while my mind was disembodied, a thing of icy efficiency, the repository of a perception embracing the universe.

She broke the silence and my reverie: "Why don't you stay?"

"I can't. I couldn't find any work here. I'm clumsy with my hands."

"You could teach. We need an English teacher here in the Landschul."

She'd been impressed by what to her seemed my fine education. Because I'd remembered a little poetry, told her some tales of Greek and Norse mythology, pointed out a few constellations from some of the astronomy I'd picked up from my navigator during the war, she thought I was a savant.

"No, Klari. There are many things I must learn before I can teach or do anything else. Besides, I want to be a doctor."

"Yes, but it takes so long, and you like it so much here."

We turned around to go back to the village.

"I know, but it's only been for me a wonderful vacation; I knew that it must end before I came here. I am going to miss it very much. For the first time in a long while, I've been at peace with myself. These great mountains, they put a man in his place, remind him of the rhythm of the centuries, reduce life to the good and the simple. How ridiculous all our scurrying about, beneath their massive impunity. Here there is peace and every man can be his own philosopher. Pffip, big speech; forgive me, Klari."

"It was wonderful. That's why I tell you to stay—because you have a feeling for this place."

I didn't answer and we walked back to the village without another word.

In the shadowy vestibule of the servant entrance to the café we stood together still holding hands. She looked at me, waiting. It was so quiet we heard ourselves breathing. A faint gleam of light caught a strand of her hair, reflected palely for a moment, then was gone as she moved her head. No, no, I wouldn't start anything. I brushed desire away with a conscious shake of my head and a sigh.

"My train leaves at seven tomorrow morning," my voice shook from a tight throat.

"I will be there to say auf wiedersehen," she said.

"No, please don't, Klari—we'll say good-bye now. You wouldn't want to see a big boy like me cry, would you?"

"Will you write me sometimes, Jeff?"

"Maybe, but I won't promise. I think it's better not. Thanks for—everything, Klari."

"I'll miss you, Jeff," almost a sob.

"I'll miss you—too—I'll remember our walks—good-bye my Klari."

I sent her some perfume from Paris on my way back through to the "States" and forgot her quite completely. And now here was a package to remind me again that the past has always a way of intruding on the present, supplying very often

(Continued on Page 11)

Rendezvous

ROLAND DEDEKIND

Our meeting place was hidden,
When the moon came out to look,
By an old and stately willow
That soothed the thrashing brook.
The willow's branches sliced'
The water like a knife,
And the tree has seen the endless path
Of stream and mortal life.
One dark night when the moonlight
Made the shadows deeper still,
I walked along a low fence
And up a gentle hill.
The landscape there before me
Clothed in brightness of the day
Held my soul in soundless beauty,
But I did not want to stay.
So I hurried to the willow
Where she sat in quiet grace,
And the moonlight formed the background
For the outline of her face.
Her lovely hands were folded
And rested on one knee,
Her golden hair was hidden
In the shadow of the tree.
That's how I remember her,
Her clear image remains
As in a pool of water blue
Unruff'ed by winds or rains.
And now my favorite walk is
To a secret sheltered nook,
And a dead, quite brittle willow
Beside a trickling brook.

The Admonition

HELEN YOST

I felt the angry thoughts my mind enshroud,
And cursed with bitter heart the legacy
Hurled on us by our sires; the ominous cloud
Which o'er the world once more waits silently,
While statesmen argue, visionless and proud
For causes steeped with vain hypocrisy.
So for our troubled youth I wept, and vowed
There is no justice. Then did there speak to me
In tones unearthly, strange, as in a dream,
A distant voice which said, "Oh, fool, beware.
If without hope this world to you may seem,
Blame but yourself. For, yielding to despair,
You seek not my creation to redeem
And so of life deserve no better share."

Easter Thought

SAM KEEN

Come again dear Christ
To this thy world,
That knows no rest,
And stop this carnage
Falsely wrought in Thy name.
Take away indifference,
Hate and fear
And to fill their empty places,
Leave Thy spirit ever near.

Summer Thought

WILLIAM LUKENS

A scholar wind stirs logic's leaves,
While in Time's oak the spider weaves
His fragile web of nothingness,
Then watches life come to pass.
The brambled field of life lies mute,
While scholars frown, complain, dispute.
The gravestones on the checkered hill
Faintly chuckle—then are still.
Our scientific sympathies
Are atomconscious mists;
We pitch affections to the coin,
Our loves are detailed lists.
While 'round the clover, casually,
The bee in languid industry
Stores summer wealth before the fall,
And makes charlatans of us all.

The Understanders

MARY LOUISE KILLHEFFER

Where are they? The Understanders
Hide Themselves from searching eyes.
Why do They conceal Their beings
In the mists of scorn and lies?
Understanders who, with patience,
Could untie the Gordian knots
Of confusion, doubt, and torment
In my soul that slowly rots—
Surely somewhere They are waiting,
Offering receptive ears
For the words my heart is speaking
To a world that never hears.
Will I somewhere find the solace
That the Understanders give?
Or must I, like all the others,
In a place of deaf souls live?

Nocturne

ROLAND DEDEKIND

When darkness creeps o'er all the world,
The moon from out the heavens beams
On cities, towns, and mountains tall
And fields and woodland streams.
Its silvery rays inch over walls,
And silently move o'er closed doors,
And falls through shining window panes,
In quiet pools upon the floors.
The moon looks down from heavens wide,
Upon the peaceful, sleeping towns.
The owls stand guard in lofty trees
Disturbed by baying hounds.
And couples meet in secret spots
And whispering, say their sacred vows,
Clothed in shimmering lordly light
In the short hours Time allows.
And then the silver borders draw
Slowly back, as if to say
The swift flight of Apollo's team
That heralds breaking day.

The window framed the city. Its profile was outlined here in sharp deep tones and there in soft gradually melting shadows. There was no apparent junction of city and sky, only the continuity of perpetual misty light. Eerie blue flooded most of the picture, and the glare of invisible lights pointed up the deep-toned, almost black roofs of the lower buildings. The whole scene, its distortions and realities, depended upon the source of light.

The lines of the buildings imposed no pattern, rather they formed a maze composed of one connected line turned either at right angles or forced out on a dizzy slant, but which always returned to unite with the receding entanglement till the entire chaotic network was lost in the distant haze.

The most prominent point of focus was a tall building supporting two monstrous neon signs which kept a blinking race with each other. And directly behind the building, outstanding against the sky, with its brightly lighted cross, was the tip of a church steeple between the two signs.

The only other distinct light was that of an old lamp on a side street, which made the gloom and drabness of the little street even more intense. In a feline manner, the light climbed dimly up the smoke-blackened brick wall of a five story tenement until it reached the top level of the fire escape where three bags of trash leaned casually against the outer rail, and surveyed from their position the things below them. Bare twisted branches of an old knurled tree chinned themselves upon the slivered tops of boards in a backyard fence at the dead end of the street, and caught and held the *avant garde* of the light in its web.

To the left and just across the roof of the adjacent building closed venetian shades of the neighboring apartment imposed their regimented position upon the scene.

This window that framed the scene was the solitary source of city light and air of the "furnished fourth-floor-side". The dusty wallpaper of the room was of gray strips intermixed with rows of small roses interrupted here and there by big pink roses choked by tightly tied blue ribbons on their stems. The venetian shades and the blue ribboned roses seemed to share a common ground of rigid status and position. The roses could not wilt, even for a moment, but had to keep their stiff pose. They could not change and be otherwise, for them they would cease to be what they were. Death was impossible for them. Their fate would simply be a gradual fading. The shades would become discolored with metropolitan dust, perhaps, sag a little and eventually land on some junk pile.

A double bed, a broken table, three battered chairs, a chest of drawers and a streaked mirror filled the room. On either side of the window draped long tattered and yellow-aged curtains.

The quiet of the city was a perpetual murmur, emphasized here and there by a train shifting in a yard, a trolley picking up speed, a car changing



“... movement through time ...”

Night and the City

HAROLD SMITH

*I sit and look through the night at the city.
I see the grey buildings against the sky.
I sit and wonder how many others watch with
me—*

Watch the seconds and hours go by;

*See the lamps in the buildings shine bright;
See the signs flash on over there,
And see them all giving their light
Off to the cold wintery air.*

*Beneath that light the city lives
And acts out scenes of joy and strife.
Beneath that light the city gives
Of itself and makes its life.*

gear, a low airplane humming overhead and an old tower clock droning solemnly the hour of two. In the room the tick of the almost silent clock on the table seemed to be simultaneous with the distant blinking signs. The two competed and the third measured their movement through time.

The figure lying in the bed, however, was oblivious to the diverse dimensioned, but not wholly unmeasurable city. It was not part of the existence in sleep's ubiquitous time.

Study in Shadow

MIZZ TEST

Weird the dancers rise and fall
Graceful in the light.
Blending with the shadows—so
Swiftly, left and right.
Slowly left and quickly right
Out among the tables pass;
(Hear the ruddy drinkers crow,
"Dance, Marlene—Dance")
Gaudy night and shoddy life—
("Dance, Marlene—Dance").
Weird the shadows come and go
Fading with the light.
Lonely croons the saxophone
Wailing in the night.



Southern Mountain Song

MIZZ TEST

The dim, cool, quiet of twilight,
The silver silence of dawn,
The velvet still of moonless nights
When only the stars shine on.
The calm of moontide hayfields
When weary labor stills,
And wistful winds of August
Sweep over the sloping hills.
The deadened hush of December,
When snow flakes darken the skies,
I find in the eloquent silence
Of my true love's brooding eyes.

The Introvert

MARY LOUISE KILLHEFFER

I hear you calling me. I won't reply.
Perhaps if I am still you'll go away.
Strange that you call me now when I no more
Want your company, oh bright, hard world.
So many times before I called to you
And offered to you all my heart could give.
And asked for only friendship in return.
You laughed then. You, bright shining world,
were cold.
So many times rebuffed was I and hurt.
I've built myself a castle of my thoughts.
Peopled with my dreams; it comforts me.
Happy am I here within my shell.
I hear you call me. Now I laugh at you.

Conflict

LUCY-JO MALLOY

From the most abysmal cavern,
To the highest cloud above,
The voice of peace is softly murm'ring,
"Love, love, love!"

From the densest tropic jungle,
To the "new world's" Golden Gate,
Men's spiteful voices all repeat,
"Hate, hate, hate!"

In Sunday schools and churches
Learned teachers never cease
In pleading to their fellowmen,
"Peace, peace, peace!"

Over body-laden battlefield,
O'er blackened, grassless hill,
The khaki-clad commander charges,
"Kill, kill, kill!"

And somewhere in this turmoil
Is the voice for which we grope.
'Tis our Comforter who gently calls,
"Hope, hope, hope!"

A Moment in Flight

SAM KEEN

Love is a melody
Captured in flight
From the voice of a bird
That sings through the night.

Love is a spring
That comes from the earth
With flashing clear water
That runs on in mirth.

Love is a meeting
Of moonlight and dawn
When stars fade into morning
As soft as a fawn.

Love is a moment
That never will die.
If you know
Love told you, not I.

The Old Professor

SALLY CANAN

*He welcomes me with quiet tones
As slow as pages turning;
As changeless as the books he owns,
He praises ancient learning.
An Autumn tree is burning
Behind his silken, age-white hair;
His open window chills the air.
I go within his silent den
From rooms alive with singing;
Young flaming thoughts unchilled by pen
Within my mind are stinging.
I plan on boldly flinging
My new ideas against his old,
My waking fire against his cold.
He stills my speech with gentle tongue.
"This is my favorite weather."
We stand and watch the evening sun
Light up the dim book leather.
We turn our heads together
In honor to the red-orange tree
And beauty warms us changelessly.*

Package from the Past (continued)

(Continued from Page 5)

an exclamation point, a question mark, or a period, as memory punctuates the manuscript of the present.

To me, our meeting had been incidental, remembered briefly for its poignancy, the tragedy of youthful dreams surrounded by the melancholy aura of the "never-to-be". But she evidently had clung to the dream; for dreams die less easily in a little Swiss village where life except for tourists is simplicity itself lived against a backdrop of nature that would seem dreamlike for most of us. What young girl living in an enchanted valley, against whose horizon are often silhouetted the turrets of castles clinging to the utmost mountain heights, would not dream of fairy princesses and gallant knights?

I sighed, and dropped my feet to the floor with a thump.

"Mrs. Martin, would you like some Swiss chocolates?"

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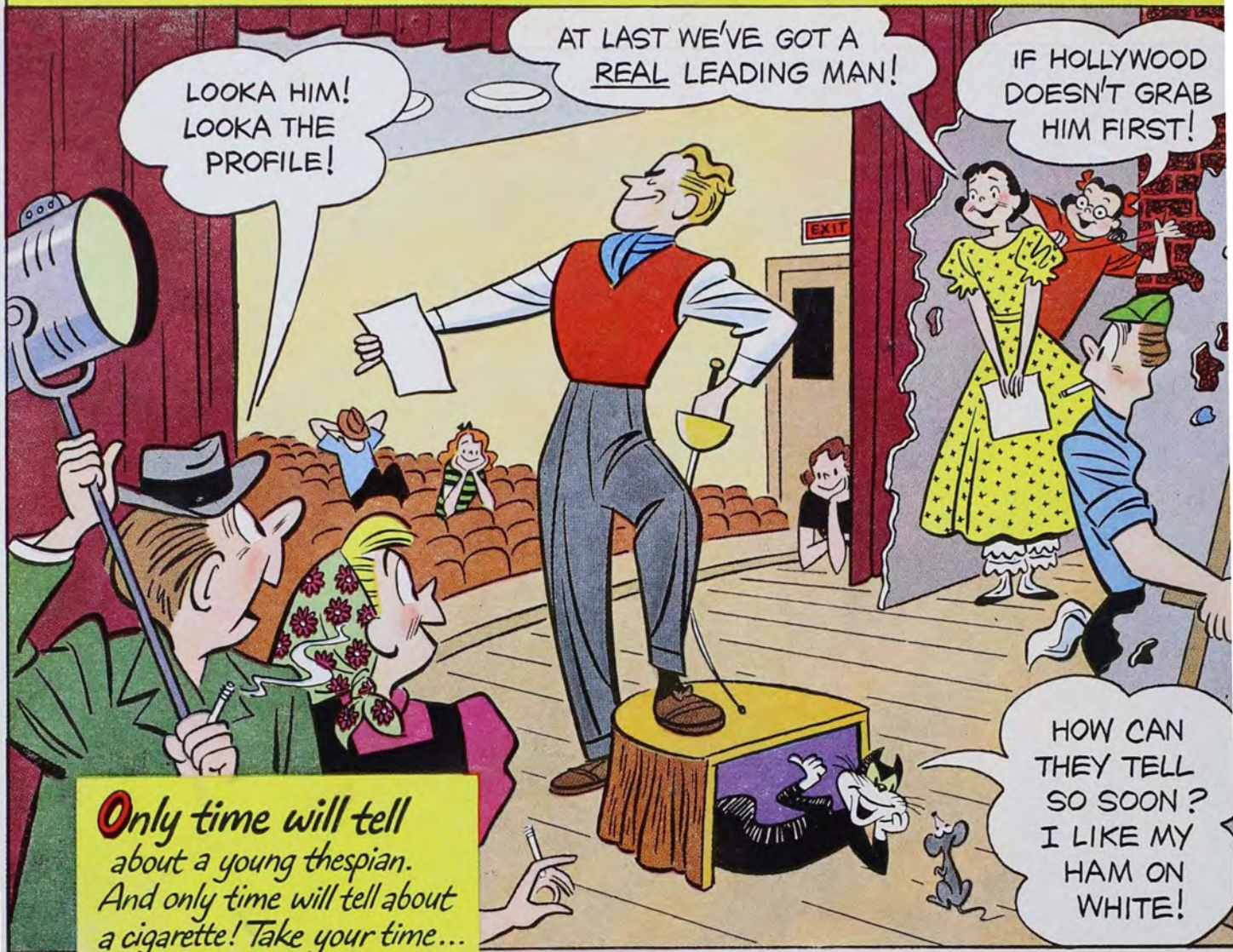
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