



6-1945

The Lantern Vol. 13, No. 3, June 1945

Jane Van Horn
Ursinus College

Nancy Twining
Ursinus College

George O. Frey Jr.
Ursinus College

Rosine Ilgenfritz
Ursinus College

Betsy Shumaker
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

Horn, Jane Van; Twining, Nancy; Frey, George O. Jr.; Ilgenfritz, Rosine; Shumaker, Betsy; Walker, Henriette T.; Cassatt, Elizabeth J.; Harris, E. Richard; Cloud, Beverly; Hay, Richard; and Hafeman, Helen, "The Lantern Vol. 13, No. 3, June 1945" (1945). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 27.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/27>

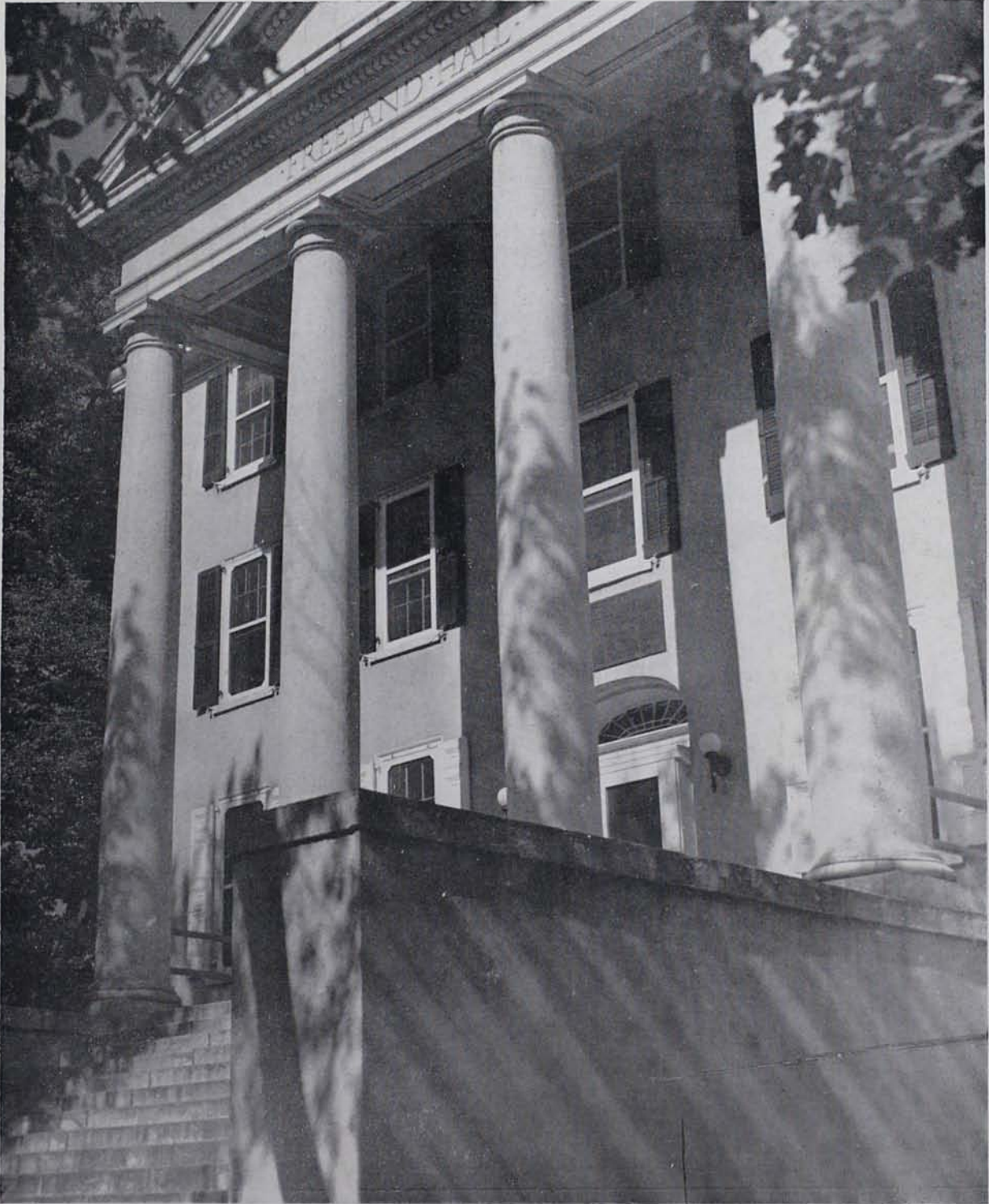
This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.

Authors

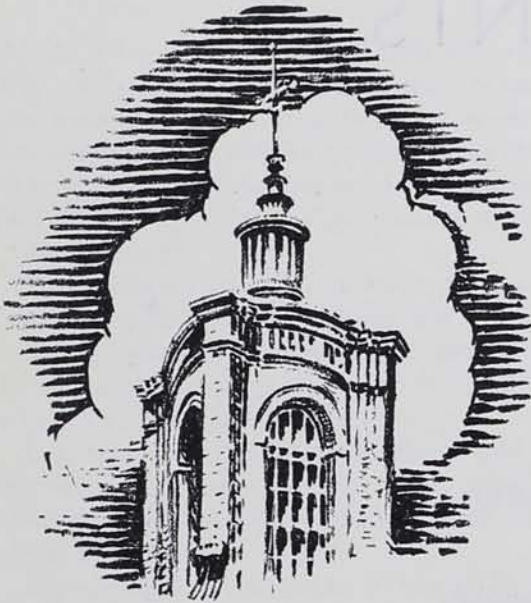
Jane Van Horn, Nancy Twining, George O. Frey Jr., Rosine Ilgenfritz, Betsy Shumaker, Henriette T. Walker, Elizabeth J. Cassatt, E. Richard Harris, Beverly Cloud, Richard Hay, and Helen Hafeman

JUNE, 1945

THE LANTERN



THE LANTERN



June, 1945

vol. XIII, No. 3

BOARD OF EDITORS

EDITOR

Betsy Shumaker

BUSINESS MANAGER

Henriette Walker

Betty Jayne Miller, Asst.

FACULTY ADVISORS

Calvin D. Yost, Jr.

Martin W. Witmer

Franklin I. Sheeder

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

George Fry

Helen Hafeman

E. Richard Harris

Margaret Oelschlager

Arlene Schlesser

Irene Suflas

Joan Wilmot

Nelson Yeakel

THE LANTERN is published three times during the college year at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania. Subscription, 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents. By mail, one dollar per year.

In Appreciation

WE all know people to whom we owe debts too large for repaying. Our usual reaction is to make no attempt at all. In just this way we all-too-often treat Mr. Witmer, our friend and professor, who is this year completing his twenty-fifth year of service at Ursinus College. That is a record of which anyone can be proud, especially if the work is done in the wholehearted and sincere manner that is typical of Mr. Witmer.

The Lantern staff especially owes a great deal to him, for he has guided and advised and helped many "greenhorns"—and more experienced ones, too—over the rough spots of journalism. He has been an ever-present source of inspiration, encouragement, and sound advice.

We hope that Mr. Witmer plans to stay among us for many years to come. We need him, and we want him with us. It is with true sincerity and pride that we hail him as our friend.

B. S.

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
<i>Night Shift</i> —Jane Van Horn	3
<i>To John</i> —Nancy Twining	4
<i>The Challenge</i> —George O. Frey, Jr.	5
<i>My Native Land</i> —Rosine Ilgenfritz	5
<i>Dear to My Heart</i> —Betsy Shumaker	6
<i>Plaint</i> —Henriette T. Walker	7
<i>Poems of Our Time</i>	8
<i>Peace</i> —Elizabeth J. Cassatt	
<i>Ode to a Soldier</i> —Jane Van Horn	
<i>Crossing</i> —Elizabeth J. Cassat and E. Richard Harris	9
<i>Alternative</i> —Beverly Cloud	10
<i>Mankind's Universal Disease</i> —Richard Hay	11
<i>Chips</i> —Henriette T. Walker	12
<i>No Sense</i> —Helen Hafeman	13

KIM sat at the little pinched desk. She stared thoughtfully at the chart in front of her as she wiped the perspiration from her upper lip. Her uniform was sticking to her young shoulders and her regulation nurse's shoes made her feet feel like small immovable masses done up in lead casings.

There was no air at all, and from around the hospital the heat rose up stifling and dry. Even morning lacked its usual coolness, and she had been unable to sleep in the nurse's quarters which had been like an inferno.

Kim had come on at seven-thirty and she felt foggy and tired now. Her head ached intolerably, and her eyes scarcely focused on the paper before her.

Kim glanced at the clock. It was 12:45, and she did not have to make her rounds until two o'clock, so she settled herself more comfortably in the chair.

Suddenly the little red light over room 12 began to blink and Kim, with a rustle of starch, started down the hall. She knew that it would be a good fifteen minutes before she got out of this room. Dear Mrs. Wells! She could hear her now. "A little more air please, nurse; rub my back; a little water, please; wind my clock; I hear a noise outside the window."

Kim put a firm hand on the knob and slowly pushed the door ajar.

"Did you ring?"

"I have a chill, nurse. Could I have a blanket?"

Kim felt a prickle of irritation run along her spine. The hottest night in the month and she wants a blanket. "Give me strength," Kim thought. She spread the blanket deftly over the woman and rearranged the pillows.

"Is there anything else, Mrs. Wells?"

"No, that's all just now."

Kim closed the door and breathed a sigh of relief. She started down the long corridor, and then paused a moment outside of the ward to listen to the regular breathing of its occupants.

Once back at the desk Kim settled herself again comfortably and picked up a magazine. Soon she was engrossed in a good story and did not even take her eyes from the page to

glance occasionally down the three long shadowed corridors that went off at right angles from the nurses' desk. The clock ticked on drowsily; Kim's head began to nod, and her hand slowly relaxed, dropping the magazine with a soft thud.

She jumped, and peered anxiously down each hall. Kim laughed at her own nervousness and while bending down to pick up the magazine she determined that she would not permit herself to doze again. Then she stiffened. From one of those corridors came a soft padding. She straightened up and strained her ears in all directions, but could hear nothing.

Kim glances nervously at the clock . . . 1:30. There it was again. She gripped the desk. A slow measured shuffle, and a faint thud. Something was creeping up the corridor! A deadly fear came over her. Which corridor?

Kim listened so hard that she could almost hear the coursing of the blood through her veins. She thought over in her mind those patients who were ambulatory. There were no patients in the left or central corridor that could walk, therefore it must be coming from the right corridor. She fumbled in the desk-drawer for the flashlight. Gripping it in her clammy hand, she slowly pushed back the chair and stood up. There it was again, nearer, more distinct. Kim shrank back against the wall and tried to stop shaking.

"I can't go down there," she whispered. "I can't," she said aloud. Her voice echoed dully back. Kim reached for the phone. She could see the girls jeering at her in the morning: "Greenhorn, coward. You'll make a good night supervisor."

The red light over room 12 blinked. Kim gasped. Room 12—right corridor. She felt the air weighing her down and the very walls seemed to be closing in on her. The red light blinked insistently. Something snapped in her mind. She put down the phone and picked up the flashlight. Slowly she walked into the yawning mouth of the corridor. As she walked Kim could feel the perspiration running down her back and she had the strong impulse to

hug the wall. She was two-thirds of the way down the corridor and had found nothing. After what seemed an eternity the door of room 12 loomed up before her. She pushed it open and staggered weakly in.

"It's about time. Where have you been? Take the blanket off and bring me some water," snapped Mrs. Wells.

Kim acquiesced and removed the blanket.

"Just a moment. I'll have to fill your pitcher."

"It couldn't have been my imagination," muttered Kim as she swung out into the hall. She had just about reached the ice chest when there was a loud shuffle and then silence. Kim rocked on her toes and grabbed the cooler, shaking with laughter. The largest part of the mass of chipped ice had settled to the bottom of the cooler with a soft but final thud.

To John . . .

Nancy Twining

How shall I think of you, when you are gone?

Will I remember just the little things—

 An arched eyebrow,

 The twinkle in your eyes,

 Or the cowlick in your hair?

Will I long to hear you sing and play again,

 So filled with the music of life?

Is your voice whispering my name

That I shall wish to hear above all else?

Or is it you,

Your reality,

I shall long for?

 The touch of your hand upon my eyelids

 Rubbing away all little wars of mind and
 soul,

 Your warm breath,

 Your heart beat,

 Your eyes

 That tell me over and over again you love
 me

 When your lips are silent.

I shall remember you, your reality

That so soon turns back again

To dreams and memory

The door shuts;

I hear your footsteps die away.

Silence fills the room

And you have gone.

 You are just a dream again;

 You are just a memory once more.

“THEY that can give up essential liberty for a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety,” and they apparently don't get them either, judging from the casualty rates of World Wars I and II. Americans would rather endure war at frequent intervals than take an active part in the machinery of peace. They slanderously criticize the actions taken by the President and Congress, but because they don't submit their opinions to these representative officers, our leaders must decide for themselves what steps are to be taken in international affairs. If, however you asked one of the critics why he or she didn't do something about it, the self-righteous person would vehemently declare that he wished he could but he is an individual without support. One is inclined to be rather skeptical of such an answer when one reads of the deluge of mail received by various Senators and Representatives demanding the erection of a post office in Jonesville or the lowering of the federal tax on gasoline. Let's not avoid the issue. We are the guilty. The crime of war hangs just as heavily upon our heads as does the death sentence on the sentry who falls asleep on duty. We Americans are guilty of war through negligence.

After the last war the opportunity for making a secure peace was handed to us on a silver platter, but because of our near sighted, materialistic viewpoint we refused the honor. We callously turned our backs on dead comrades. We forgot that “quarrel with the foe” and for fear of burning our hands we cast aside the torch which **they** had given us to hold on high.

Once again the cool courage, faith, and far-sightedness of a struggling minority have bestowed military victory on us. Opportunities for peace are now greater than ever. Church and other organizations are encouraging us to begin the foundations for permanent peace by supporting international education movements in every global nation.

Let's all earnestly contribute of our talents, money, and positions to establish permanent peace this time. Let's not give up that “essential liberty” that Benjamin Franklin worked for and wrote about. Let's not break faith with those who died; for if we do “they shall not sleep though poppies grow in Flander's Fields.”

Dedicated especially to the men of
the 106th Div.

My Native Land . . . Rosine Ilgenfritz

Faithful love unto the grave
I pledge with heart and hand;
For what I am and what I have,
I thank thee, O my native land.

Not mere songs or words alone
Doth my heartfelt thanks contain;
With brave deeds will I thee repay
In battle's care and pain.

In the joys as in the sorrows
I cry abroad to friend and foe;
Forever are we two united
We share our joy and our woe.

Faithful love unto the grave
I pledge with heart and hand;
For what I am and what I have
I thank thee, O my native land.

Translated from German
of Hoffman V. Fallersleben

⁶⁶ SAY, you birds, come on in here for a few minutes, will you? There's someone here who would like to see you." How I used to shudder when I heard Daddy say that! It always meant that my brother, my two sisters, and I would have to give up a perfectly good game of football or baseball and go into the house, where we would present ourselves as living examples of that cliché, "My, doesn't time just fly." All of us winced when we heard that question because it was so very familiar to us. As children of a professor in a female college we had lost all our naivete concerning the passage of time. There was, perhaps, only one cliché that we hated more than the one about time and that was, "My, haven't they grown! Why I can remember when Betsy (or Gene, or James, or Barbara—depending upon the woman's vintage) was still in a baby carriage!" This statement was invariably accompanied by the laying on of a too-friendly hand, and it demanded a cheerful, friendly smile in return. Any poise I now have I owe to the discipline of these horrible interviews.

Life for us children in connection with Daddy's work was not all bad, however. We enjoyed quite a few thrills and advantages that were denied to those having less glamorous parents. We had all the cement on the college campus as our skating grounds; and because it was necessary that we attend the formal functions, we owned long party dresses long before our schoolmates.

Opening Day of Daddy's school was always declared a holiday in the Shumaker family. We children usually returned to our classes before Daddy returned to his, but Mother would always have us take Opening Day off so that we could attend Daddy's exercises. She said she thought that perhaps returning alumnae would like to see us and we would probably like to see them, too, but I really think she hoped she would hear some remark about what nice children she had. She flourished more under praise about us than about herself. We always enjoyed that day. It began with Daddy putting on his academic gown at home and then getting into the car with it on. We

children walked behind him, proud as little peacocks, and looking sharply at the neighbors' windows to see if they were looking. I know that I was inordinately proud of my father's gold tassel and purple and black hood, and I believe my sisters were also.

The opening procession of the college was one of the biggest thrills of my existence. I never tired of watching the faculty swing up the campus in academic robes to the accompaniment of special music that I thought awe-inspiring. Even now when I think about it I can feel the might of it.

The best part of the day came at lunchtime. We never returned home for lunch; we ate in the dining room of the college. How wonderful it seemed to walk into that large room and watch girls I knew, suddenly transformed into waitresses, carrying full trays on three fingers. Just to eat out was thrill enough, but to be served by these girls was the height of pleasure. I invariably left that dining room determined to be a waitress.

Thanksgiving and Christmas banquets at Daddy's school were formal, and faculty members attended. I looked forward to them for weeks, and remembered them afterwards for months. It wasn't just the idea of going to a formal party that was exciting, nor was it simply that I could expect turkey for dinner; the whole thing lent itself to making life wonderful for a little girl. Getting dressed up, seeing the girls in their lovely gowns, feeling proud of Mother and Daddy in formal clothes, gathering up favors and helping to blow out candles after dinner, going to the president's house and finding a gift for me, coming home to relive the whole thing in my dreams—all these went toward making up the whole. I felt during these times that I was one of God's specially chosen.

We children suffered through more exposure to "Liberal Culture" than any other four children I know. Nothing can equal a girl's college for the production of useless and inane programs. Fine Arts Week epitomized for us the height of idiocy. The only good feature about it was that the spectators had to sit on bleach-

ers and some of the girls would always promise to take care of us as we sat on the very top row. That, at least, was fun. It was fun, too, to come home and burlesque the songs and dances we had seen. There was one particular dance that I remember. It was called, "Burying the Dead Bird," and it lent itself beautifully to our interpretations. Mother made a marvelous mourner, and my ability as a shoveler was not to be denied.

Greek tragedy, to us, was an open book. The crowning point of each college year, for the girls, was the presentation of one of five possible Greek plays—done in English. Since the Alumnae returned for these presentations, the faculty children were expected to be on hand. There were only two possible things that could spoil the plays. It might rain, in which case they would be presented indoors and all the actors would speak too loudly; or it might not rain, in which case they would be presented outdoors and none of the actors would speak loudly enough. Aside from these minor difficulties I enjoyed the plays. There was one in which the city had to burn; this meant that rags had to be soaked in oil and lit; and Paul, the hired man, had to drop a load of rocks off the truck for sound effects. There was another play in which faculty children had to be drafted for walk-on parts. Almost all the plays had long, musical names like "The Antigone of Sophocles." We spoke of them glibly, but we had no idea what they meant.

* Daddy's commencements always meant more to us children than those of our own schools. Our schools usually closed a few weeks before Daddy's but we never felt our vacations had officially begun until his gown had been put away and we had carried home a load of his books that had somehow migrated to his class-

room in the course of the year. The Commencements were tense affairs for us. We knew what prizes were to be awarded and we laid bets weeks ahead as to who was to get what prize. Our average was usually about eighty percent correct.

Commencement Day began and ended much like Opening Day, but there was a big difference in the middle. After the processional we usually left Mother and took a nice long walk until such time as the speeches should be finished. Then we returned to take notes on the awarding of prizes and the closing ceremonies. Next we hurried up to see Daddy so that he should introduce us to the speakers, who were usually notables. I remember the day I met Dorothy Canfield Fisher. I was so overcome with awe that I could scarcely speak intelligibly. After we had met the notables we took pictures of them, and after that we circulated among the weeping graduates to bring what cheer we could into their lives. Then to lunch, and finally there wasn't much to do but go home. That was always a sad moment for me.

If it hadn't been for Alumnae, I should have gathered only the happiest of memories from Daddy's work. It seemed, however, that no matter where I went they lurked behind trees and waited to annoy me. I bore with them, though, as did the rest of the family, because I felt how hard they were trying to recapture the old spirit. It was a vain effort, I believe, because you can never really go back. When you try you unconsciously put on rose-colored glasses, and glasses break very easily. I hope that when I am an Alumna I shall not embarrass any faculty children by reminiscing about their youth. I suppose I shall, though, and really it won't hurt them too much. After all, why should they have ALL the benefits?

Plaint . . .

Henriette T. Walker

My thoughts are hollow with the emptiness
Of a house no longer lived in.
I sought to drown your memory in tears;
But I swallowed.
And now you are caught fast in my heart.

Poems of Our Time

Peace . . .

Elizabeth J. Cassatt

"Once again the swords are beaten into
ploughshares."

Life is again a round of plantings and har-
vests.

Long rows of furrows. Poppies in the wheat.
Apple blossoms on hillsides. Green fields un-
scarred.

Children playing.

"Why, in ten years you won't be able to tell
Where the battlefields were.

There won't be any signs of the war."

No?

Lines deep cut in hearts that no grass can
hide,

Blasted hopes that endless springs cannot re-
waken.

Unwritten poems, symphonies uncreated.

Children, whose eyes, even when grown old
Will never lose memories of hunger and terror
Of tremblings and shrinking from destruction.

"There won't be any signs of the war." .

Oh no?



Ode to a Soldier . . . Jane Van Horn

I am a soldier,

I have nothing,

No hope in today; nor promise in tomorrow.

My span of life is short,

I am a soldier.

If I could but grasp those things which are be-
yond,

I might so much the wiser be,

But I live for today, not tomorrow,

My span of life is short,

I am a soldier.

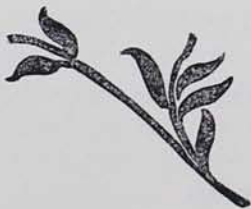
Why think of things which once were all im-
portant,

For who can say what lies over that next hill,

Or what the dawn's grey chill may bring,

My span of life is short,

I am a soldier.



It was a lazy summer afternoon. The river, broad and gracefully curved, flowed with a soft gurgle through the tree-studded fields that stretched on either side of it. The warm summer air was full of the sounds of birds and insects, with the river music as a continual background. The murmur of the river assumed an almost maternal gentleness in a little bay where three small boys were putting the finishing touches on a raft.

"Here. Lash the paddles in the stern." The tallest of the three spoke authoritatively.

"O.K. John. Catch," answered David, tossing the roughly-shaped oars to him.

"Where we gonna tie her?" asked the third of the trio, who was busy untangling a knotted rope.

"Guess the stump will do, Larry," replied John. Then, standing back to survey their handiwork, he continued, "You know, she's not a bad-lookin' job at all." The other two chorused a proud assent.

"Where we gonna sail her?" Larry questioned.

"Well," John answered in an overly-casual manner, "I thought maybe—that is, if you guys wanta—we could cross the river."

"Cross the river!" David exclaimed. "Gee whiz, John, that's some trip."

"I'll say," Larry assented. "Got any idea what's over there, John?"

"I've—never been across, no," John replied slowly. "'Course, if you fellows don't wanta—"

"Sure, why not? I'm game," David put in hastily. "How 'bout you, Larry?"

"Sure thing. I'm ready to start right now."

"Looks about suppertime now," John answered, smiling to himself, "but we could do it tonight."

"Tonight?" Larry was visibly surprised. "What'd our folks say?"

"It's this way," John explained swiftly. "I hadn't exactly figured on asking Grandma. Just sneakin' out of the house."

"Say, that's an idea!" David spoke admiringly. "Guess we could work it the same, huh Larry?"

"Sure. Need anythin' to take along, John?"

"Yeh. A flashlight if you can get it."

"O.K. I think I—" His words were cut short by the sound of a bell in the distance. "Oh-oh. There's the dinner bell up at our place. We'd better get goin'."

"Yeah. So long John—uh—what time?"

"Nine thirty o.k. with you?"

"Sure thing."

"See ya then."

"O.K."

John stood for a few minutes gazing dreamily at the other side of the river. Then he squared his shoulders and started resolutely toward the cream cottage on the bluff above. He banged the screen door and called loudly.

"Grandma. Where are you?"

"In here, setting the table."

John wandered into the dining room and watched her intently for a while before he spoke.

"We finished the raft."

"Did you? Now you will be careful with it, won't you?"

"Sure, Grandma."

There was a pause again. Then John tensed himself and spoke seriously.

"Grandma, I want to ask you something."

"Yes, John."

"Well, you know David and Larry have a Grandma at their place, but they've got a Dad and Mom, too. David says everyone has them, so I wonder sometimes where mine live."

"Why—wh—why," Mrs. Deeling hesitated for a minute. "Where do you think they live?"

"Well," John considered, looking at her very seriously, "I've always thought they lived across the river. Is that right?"

"Wh—why, yes, John." His Grandmother spoke rather breathlessly. "That's right. They live across the river."

John grinned happily. "Oh, gee, Grandma. It's swell they live over there. It's so beautiful there." For a moment he was silent, gazing across the river and smiling to himself. Then he spoke again.

"Grandma, is Tippy over there too?"

The shadow of a misgiving crossed Mrs. Deering's face as she replied, "Yes, John."

"I thought so. That's swell. You know, sometimes at night I've heard a dog barking over there that I was sure was Tippy. Gosh, I'm glad he's where Mom and Dad can look after him."

* * *

It was night. The river was rushing between its wide banks as if it were a caged creature seeking to escape. A pelting rain was making more turbulent the already agitated waters. Thunder crashed in the sky and the river roared back its defiance. A lightening flash revealed a little drenched figure by the raft, working to loosen the soaked rope. Finally he succeeded and pushed off into the river.

It was dawn on the other side of the river—a very beautiful dawn. The river murmured softly, mysteriously. John's raft was just drifting ashore. As he climbed out on the sandy beach a brown streak hurtled down the path, yipping hysterically, and leaped upon him.

John shouted, "Tippy, Tippy! Didja miss me fella? Didja, huh?"

A man and woman came hand in hand down the same path. The woman spoke warmly.

"Hello. You're John, aren't you?"

"Yes. And you're my Mom and Dad, aren't you? Gee, it's swell to find you."

* * *

It was mid morning further down the river. The water gurgled loudly with the suspicion of a sardonic chuckle. Two men were working on a boat. The elder spoke.

"Nice day, ain't it?"

"Yup, Len. Wouldn't spect it to be after that storm las' night, wouldja?"

There was a brief pause. Then the first began again.

"Say Jeb—hey, whatcha lookin' at?"

He watched the tense figure of his friend for a moment, then spoke ungently.

"Jeb! What in the name of God are you starin' at?"

Jeb spoke in a strangled whisper. "Out there, floatin'."

"Get the boat out, quick."

It was but a moment's work to loosen a nearby boat. The men rowed out in silence. Jeb broke it.

"Know the kid?"

Len answered slowly. "Yeh. It's Mis' Deering's grandson, John. Musta gone out on the river in the storm las' night."

Alternative . . .

Beverly Cloud

Man's happiness is in himself,
He molds his paradise or hell;
Within him lie the Soul's bright dreams
That heavenward his feet compel.

Within him, too, leap forth the flames
That sear the heart and leave but scars,
Until the inner sight is dimmed
And blinded to the glow of stars.

The strong man looks within himself
And follows where his soul aspires
To green Elysian fields that bloom
Above the brimstone and the fires.

NOW again mankind's least understood and most widespread disease is reaching epidemic proportions. This incurable psychic malady, known as fishing, affects tens of millions each year, principally during the summer. Fishing may be most briefly defined as that unexplainable affliction which causes the infected persons to rush to large bodies of water in order to dangle a hook in the cooling depths. Despite its wide prevalence, few facts are known about this disease, known in polite society as angling.

The unknown cause of fishing is one of medical science's greatest puzzles. A filterable virus or undiscovered microbe may be the origin, in which case future research with the electron microscope should prove revealing. The most widely accepted theory, however, is that the bite of a bug, *Pisces hemiptera*, or "fishing bug" to the layman, is the source of the disease. Strangely enough, word of mouth is the single method of transmitting the disease from one person to another. A strong susceptibility to the ailment seems to be hereditary, but there are numerous cases with no ancestral visitations on record. Men have less natural resistance or immunity than women, and males are afflicted more seriously as well as oftener than the fairer sex. The weather in some unrecognized way often plays a large role in the recurrence and severity of symptoms. The most prolonged seizures are generally caused by weeks of continuous warm summer weather. Unusually mild spring and fall days result in the most sudden and violent attacks in some, although inclement conditions, such as sub-zero temperatures, are most favorable to the eruption of the disorder in others.

And if the cause is most puzzling, the symptoms are astonishing in their variance, to say the least. Almost all sufferers, however, are characterized first by emotional instability and illogical reasoning, later by an intense desire

to bathe an attractive hook in some body of water, usually large. In the initial seizures concentration becomes an impossibility, and rest exceedingly difficult. As quickly as possible, most sufferers buy an incredibly colorful and complex assortment of equipment, fundamentally consisting of a thin pole or rod, a strong line and hook, and bait to tempt the mythical "finny tribes of the deep". Equipped, the victim rushes headlong to the nearest open water, usually a stream, river, lake, or even the ocean. In contrast to this, distant waters sometimes have more of a curative effect than those nearby. The avowed purpose of this unnecessary expenditure of time and money is without exception to provide fresh meat for the family larder at no cost. It goes without saying that any fish caught—though often none are caught—could have been purchased at the local meat market much more economically.

While these symptoms may possibly disappear for some time, even for years, the manifestations recur almost without exception. It's natural for symptoms to disappear from November to April, with occasional winter attacks in a minority only.

The psychic effects of angling upon the individual are appalling. Fishermen lose all feeling for personal safety, as is testified to by hundreds who have found watery graves through carelessly tipping over the boats in which they were fishing. It is a common occurrence for anglers to expose themselves unprotected to hazardous weather, rain in particular.

The moral aspects of this disease are also grave. Men normally truthful readily prevaricate, especially as to the results of their fishing. In this way the term "fish story" has come to apply to any gross overstatement. Fish of illegal size are more often kept than not by formerly law-abiding citizens. Fishermen have been known to step on undersized fish to make them meet the legal size limit—and their faltering conscience. Let us hope that doctors will soon develop a cure for this scourge of the human race.

(A commonplace story about very commonplace people on a not so commonplace occasion that is dedicated gratefully to the thousands of "Johnnies" who will never come marching home.)

⁶⁰ I read in the evening paper yesterday that Allan Jones has been killed," someone stated as a rather casual item of home-town news. He had been president of the high school German club, a mighty senior when I was but an unsure soph, and I knew him but slightly, as befits an insignificant underclassman. I felt, of course, that momentary pang of sorrow that is somehow but as a pin-prick on consciousness when contrasted with the great hollowness of shock that comes with the loss of some well-worn friend. With not much further thought I concluded the game with my usual bad cards, sadly "in the red," and with a mere trickle of my original stack of chips.

Thoughts turned often to friends who were "somewhere in Germany" during those peace-pregnant weeks, and late that night Allan was more in my mind. He had been such a nice fellow. "Grand guy" was more the term, I suppose. Quite human in spite of the fact that he was a senior and one of the outstanding honor students of the class.

Little memories elbowed their ways into my remembering, more fragmentary than such images usually are, because I had known him so little. Silly the things that one recalls—

The smile was enough—beyond that his features didn't really matter — to put you completely under the spell of Dougall (We always called him Dougall. That was his middle name, and so much more distinguished than either of his others). Tall, thin, he seemed just hung together for the express purpose of lounging in the doorway.

German club meetings were always a picnic with Dougall. How we'd laugh during the annual banquet at our pathetic attempts to dine in the "continental" fashion, at our mutilation of those jaw-breaking compound German words for the simplest of foods. Why, one time we had a fashion show and I won first prize for an exotic "chapeau" fashioned from an old

phonograph record and a bunch of artificial flowers. As befitted the occasion, Dougall assumed his most professional air and, with his glasses down on his nose, delivered a dissertation on the relative merits of feminine fineries.

There were other instances beyond number, too dim for recall. But I remember especially his complimenting me upon a new pink suit (which I privately thought quite the thing) one gloomy day. Suddenly the weather matched the outfit—of such trivialities are little happinesses made.

Bach, Beethoven, Benny Goodman, the best in books, a vital interest in almost everything, and just that small extra niceness that lifts a bit; all of that was typically Dougall.

Girls? Well, not especially. But always we knew that someday he'd find Her, and that she'd be as good and as real as he, and they'd raise a flock of "problem children" who would all turn out well. Perhaps he had already found Her in those nearly five years since his graduation. I don't really know.

I don't know, either, where he died, or even what part of the service he proudly called "my outfit." I only know that he'll never again joke in that corny way, or argue so earnestly, or lounge in the doorway.

In retrospect it seems odd that I should first have heard of Dougall's death while we were playing cards. I so seldom play cards. And on a Sunday, too. It was one of those silly games with no brainwork involved; and, as usual, my pile of chips was executing a rapid diminuendo.

Oh, Dougall, if only you could have known that the days of our struggle were, like my "money," fast melting away. Oh, Dougall, if only you could have played the game for just one more hand.

For the next day the victory was ours, the battle won.

"GOSH, Joe, is it that late? Ah, it can't be. Why I just came in!"

"Well, it is," was the curt reply. "You've been standing here chewing the fat with me for at least two hours anyhow."

The tall, thin man in the baggy brown suit slouched over the bar and woefully squinted up at the bartender. "Oooh, that's all I need! The wife'll never let me hear the end of this." Wilkens moaned, clutching his forehead as he tried to settle his whizzing brain. "Do you know what today is? It's her birthday—her birthday, and I haven't bought her a present yet. Now it's so late that all the stores are closed. What'll I do, Joe? Oh Glory! What'll I do?"

"Looks like you really got yourself in a mess this time. Hey though, can't you get her flowers or candy or something like that?" the bartender suggested.

"Nah, she'd wise up. I'm late for supper already. I'll need something that would've taken a lot of time to get." Wilkens pushed his hat back and began scratching his head. "Say, Joe, you wouldn't happen to have any old broken down antiques around the place, would you? My wife's a sucker for anything old."

Joe looked into Wilkens' bleary eyes. "He's half stewed and pretty desperate," Joe thought to himself. "He'd take anything at any price, no matter how awful it is." He considered a moment more and then said aloud, "Yah, we might have something around. I'll have a look."

Joe returned carrying a little green speckled vase with lavish crimson flowers scattered about it. Last week, when his wife had brought it in to show him the prize she'd won at the fireman's auxiliary bridge party, he shuddered and felt his stomach turning over as he looked at the brilliant green and crimson blotch before him. "What ever possessed you to take that thing?" he muttered.

"Well, it was just about the last thing left," she explained, "and I thought we could give it back to them when they ask for prizes for their next bridge party."

To have had that thing sitting around till then would have driven Joe crazy. He'd even

tried knocking it over once when his wife wasn't looking, but the little vase stubbornly refused to break. The best that he could do was to chip it up a little.

"Here you are," Joe said. "This is a genuine antique. Something about Queen Victoria having had it in her palace. See that chip there. That's from when Prince Albert knocked it over once. I think the Queen put up a pretty big fuss and wouldn't talk to him for weeks on account of it."

"Yah? Gosh! Well, it sure looks terrible enough to be an antique. How much, Joe?"

"Seeing as how you're a regular customer of mine, I guess I can let you have it for fifteen bucks," the bartender answered, turning the little bridge prize over in his hands calculatively. "I probably could get thirty to forty for it, but for you it's just fifteen."

"Gee, thanks, Joe! You're a white guy all right. Thanks a lot," Wilkens flustered as he unfolded fifteen dollars from the pay day wad he'd gotten today. "I'll remember what you've done for me," he said as he departed.

Marie Wilkens had never been quite the shrew her husband pictured her. Many years ago she had married Wilkens, who was then a promising young business man. Today he was still a business man, but hardly promising. As years went by and his failures increased, he began spending more and more of his time at Joe's Tavern rather than face his disappointed wife. She tried not to nag, but the successes of the other men compared to her husband's "hard luck" continually plagued her mind. She tried to encourage him, but at times her discontent got the better of her. He just didn't seem to care whether he got ahead or not.

When Wilkens walked in on the night of her birthday, she didn't ask him why he was late—his breath told her the complete tale. Eagerly he thrust forth his package. Wouldn't Marie be surprised. A genuine antique! He hurriedly blurted out the story Joe had told him about its having belonged to Queen Victoria. Bravely Marie smiled, trying to keep back the tears when she saw the little green

vase. She had also been at the fireman's auxiliary bridge party and seen Joe's wife make her selection. So this was another of the bartender's tricks! Poor Hal Wilkens just didn't have any sense. With great effort Marie smiled, "Thank you, dear," she managed to say. "It was sweet of you to get me such a splendid antique. I'm sure it must have cost you a great deal." She was certain Joe had seen to that. "You shouldn't have done it, but thank you very much," she said, biting her lips to keep them from trembling. Quickly she turned away lest Wilkens see her disappointment. She opened the door of the china cupboard and put the horrible vase in the corner of the top shelf where it was hidden by her "company" tea pot. Oh, why hadn't he any sense!

It wasn't long afterward that Wilkens lost his job. They decided to sell their house and move into an apartment in a larger town. There Wilkens would have a new chance, and he'd also be away from Joe. Maybe she could even keep him away from the other bars for a while. That was the one thought that consoled Marie. She dreaded giving up their home, and she hated having to sell so many of her things that would not fit in the little apartment. She was, however, very happy to include the little green vase with the things for the second-hand dealer. At least that would be gone forever, and perhaps with it she'd be rid of Joe and some of the other stumbling blocks in her husband's path.

In the new city Marie's brother got Wilkens a job. Surprisingly enough, he actually began to work hard at it. Wilkens was determined to succeed if it was within his power. He had hated himself for being a failure and for letting Joe laud it over him. The boys had told him about the vase and kidded him for weeks for being such a sucker. Things would be different this time, he decided.

But Marie couldn't quite make herself believe he would continue in the straight and narrow way. Hal Wilkens had never been very sensible, and it seemed hard to believe he was actually using his head now. She hoped it would always last, but a gnawing fear welled up inside her every time she thought of his reckless nature and poor judgment. "Hal just isn't the sensible kind," she muttered fearfully.

As time went on, it seemed that perhaps her husband did have some sense after all. Their

life together was happy again, and Marie had less and less cause to nag. One Saturday afternoon when the two were walking on the outskirts of town, Wilkens looked down at his wife. "Well, dear," he said, "tomorrow's our wedding anniversary. It's been twenty years now, hasn't it? My, how time flies."

For a moment Marie was too startled to answer. Without any prodding and without her hinting for weeks, he had actually remembered their anniversary. As they walked on, her heart began to glow inside her, but she would not let her hopes rise too much. Hal Wilkens never had any sense.

They were out among the older residential districts now. Suddenly, Marie's breath stopped. They were nearing a house where an auction was being held. The magic words Marie had heard were "genuine antique." That was all she needed. "Let's go over, Hal," she urged excitedly, tugging him along.

"O.K.! O.K.! Only take it easy. Maybe if you see something extra nice I can get it for an anniversary present. This time it's china, you know."

"He even knew that, too," Marie marveled to herself. Perhaps he had really reformed after all.

As they stood on the edge of the crowd, Marie listened closely. She couldn't see the articles because of all the people, but she did hear fragments of what the auctioneer was saying. "Splendid antique . . . Martha Washington's rose jar . . . Every day George Washington would place a rose in it for her when he was home . . ." Marie was thrilled.

"Oh, isn't that wonderful!" she gurgled. "That's what I want, dear—Martha Washington's rose jar!"

The bidding had already begun and was up to six-fifty. "Seven dollars," shouted Wilkens. Marie smiled and stretched up, trying in vain to get a good look at this wonderful treasure.

"Ten dollars!" came from a little old lady beside them. She seemed determined to have it, but so did Marie. The price soon reached eighteen dollars.

"Nineteen!" reluctantly called the little old lady just as the auctioneer was about to give the final rap of his gavel.

Wilkens looked at his wife's anxious face. "Twenty!" he hollered.

All was quiet. The little old lady sniffed at

ALL PATHS LEAD

To ??—THE SUPPLY STORE

Where??—URSINUS COLLEGE

When??—ANYTIME

Dolly Madison

ICE CREAM

Aristocrat

ICE CREAM

★

PHILADELPHIA DAIRY PRODUCTS CO., INC.

Pottstown

Phone 816

Compliments of

A FRIEND

PHONE 6061

Collegeville Beauty and Gift Shop

IONA C. SCHATZ

478 MAIN ST.

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

him and refused to make another bid.

"Going once," shouted the auctioneer, punctuating his words with his gavel. "Going twice . . . Sold! Sold to the gentleman in the blue suit."

Wilkens hurried forward to get his purchase. Triumphantly he came back to the beaming Marie. "Here you are, dear. Happy anniversary!"

"Let's open it here," Marie said, tearing off the string. "I couldn't get a good look at it,

but I know it must be simply wonderful!" Excitedly she ripped the paper. Pushing away the wrappings, she drew forth Martha Washington's rose jar. "It's very beautiful, isn't it?" she flustered. "Just look at those colors."

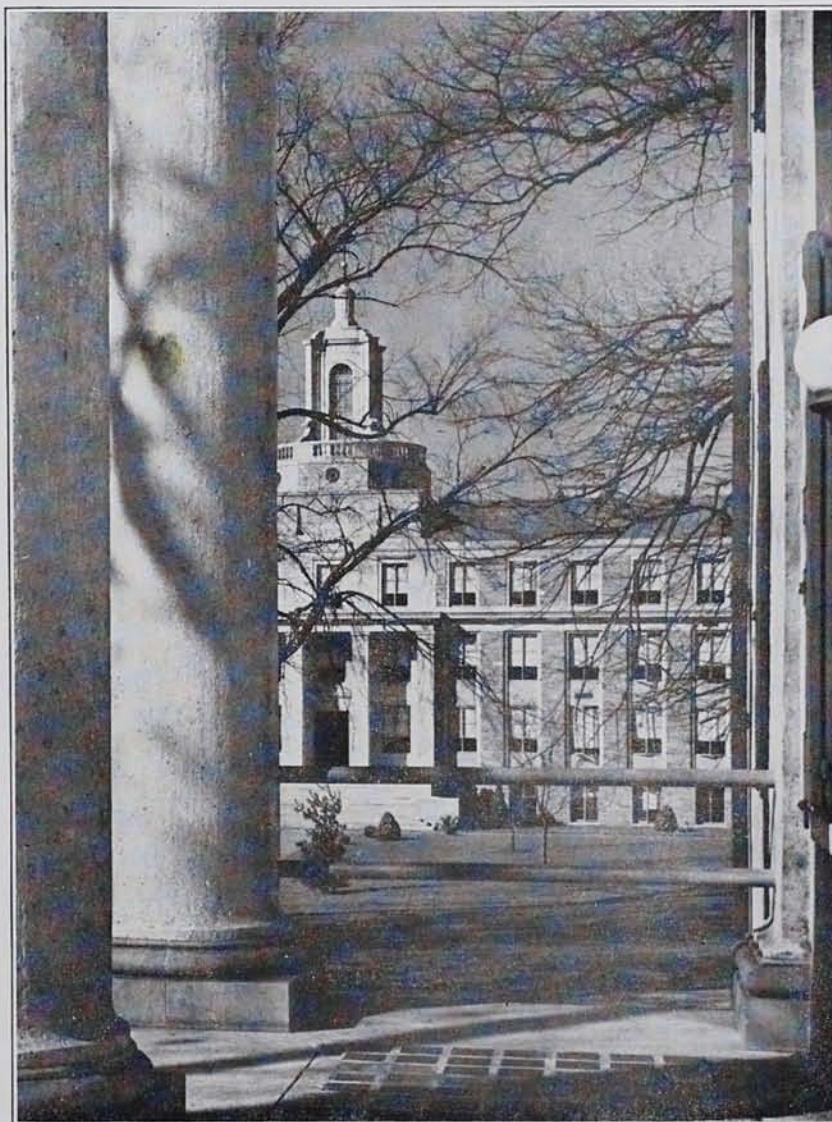
Wilkens was watching her closely. Suddenly the storm broke. "Oh, Hal, I've been so foolish!" she sobbed, holding up the speckled green vase with the crimson flowers on it. "I just don't have any sense!"

One of our local industries

Superior Tube Company

Manufacturers of metal tubing

URSINUS COLLEGE



THE OLDEST COLLEGE IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY



THE ONLY CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE
IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY



N. E. McCLURE, PH. D., LITT. D.

President
