



Fall 1974

The Lantern Vol. 41, No. 1, Fall 1974

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Recommended Citation

Welles, S. L.; Henry, Rebecca J.; Roberts, David Kenneth; Swanson, Kate; Poots, Cindy; Whittaker, Donald R.; Mitchell, Gerard J.; Leauber, Jill; Edson, Clint R.; Wagner, Scott; Simon, Robert; and Bause, George, "The Lantern Vol. 41, No. 1, Fall 1974" (1974). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 104.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/104>

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The Lantern





BOB CARTY

THE LANTERN

1974

FALL

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The Fable

Step into my house, dear child.
Do not be afraid.
Although my old age
Is contagious to all,
My affliction needs time
To express itself in man.

Look at my face, dear child!
Don't turn your head in fright.
My powdered-sugar skin
Will not erode at your touch.
My hot, tight caress
Is an act of love and concern.
It's not a shackle used for restraint.

Come to me, dear child.
Do not be afraid.
These dimly lit eyes,
These leathery hands and swollen feet
Want to reach out
And touch that precious something
Which I have lost.

S. L. WELLES

Finger
 prints
 everywhere smudges
 under a shroud of
 dust
 shaken out of the air
 in this somber room where
 nothing stirs—
 on light switches coffee cups
 doorknobs and drawer pulls
 bottles of wine . . .
 myself.

a quick
 flick of a rag
 scatters the dust
 obliterates your tactile
 signature
 renews all surfaces
 in this
 darkening dwelling-place
 except for
 still-warm oases
 on my
 face hands throat
 thighs
 where
 a thousand times
 you signed yourself indelibly

No use to stir
 and fetch a rag:
 even the air that swelled
 with your singing shrinks

Waiting for all the old songs.

REBECCA J. HENRY



BRIAN FEGELY

Landscape — Clear Weather in the Valley

Clear weather. Out,
Over the valley we can see
A hundred miles,
Clear to Vermont,
To the mountains hung with
A constant mist.

Bell weather.
From the churches of the valley,
A hundred bells;
From the villages
Tight against the morning river,
The clear voices, rising.

Landscapes. Pieced
Gold and red, a thousand shades
Of green.
The colors
Of the morning are the gift
Of lovers' eyes.

DAVID KENNETH ROBERTS

Josephine Palooka

Shall I get used to this business
Of never having anyone to rely on?
I dearly hope so,
For a lifetime of hoping only to be disappointed
Will surely make a sad and bitter woman of me.
It would be better never to trust
Anyone to do as he has promised
And therefore never be let down.

And yet, I hope not,
For it would be sad to be
Such a hopeless creature
Whose confirmed pessimism would give
No man the slightest benefit of doubt,
For I would have no doubt,
And therefore, even happy times
Would seem like tricks against
An unsuspecting and suspicious me.

In fact, I need not ponder
This at all. For surely,
The next three quarters of my life
Will find me the foolish optimist
I have been up to now,
Always slapped down
Yet always back for more,
Like a weighted child's punching toy,
Until I spring a leak and deflate.

KATE SWANSON

Don't Bark Twice — It's All Right

I wish that man was
A one-dimensional figure—
Less complex to describe.
But . . . Alas!
Man is more
The intricately cut gem.
His essence is like a barred door
Which cannot be unlocked
By the tip of the tongue and lips.

The intensity of human emotion brings
A sigh from the mouth,
A tear to the eye,
Or a moan from within.
Should this not suffice?
For words would trip o'er their feet,
As man needlessly strives for
Exactness in thought.

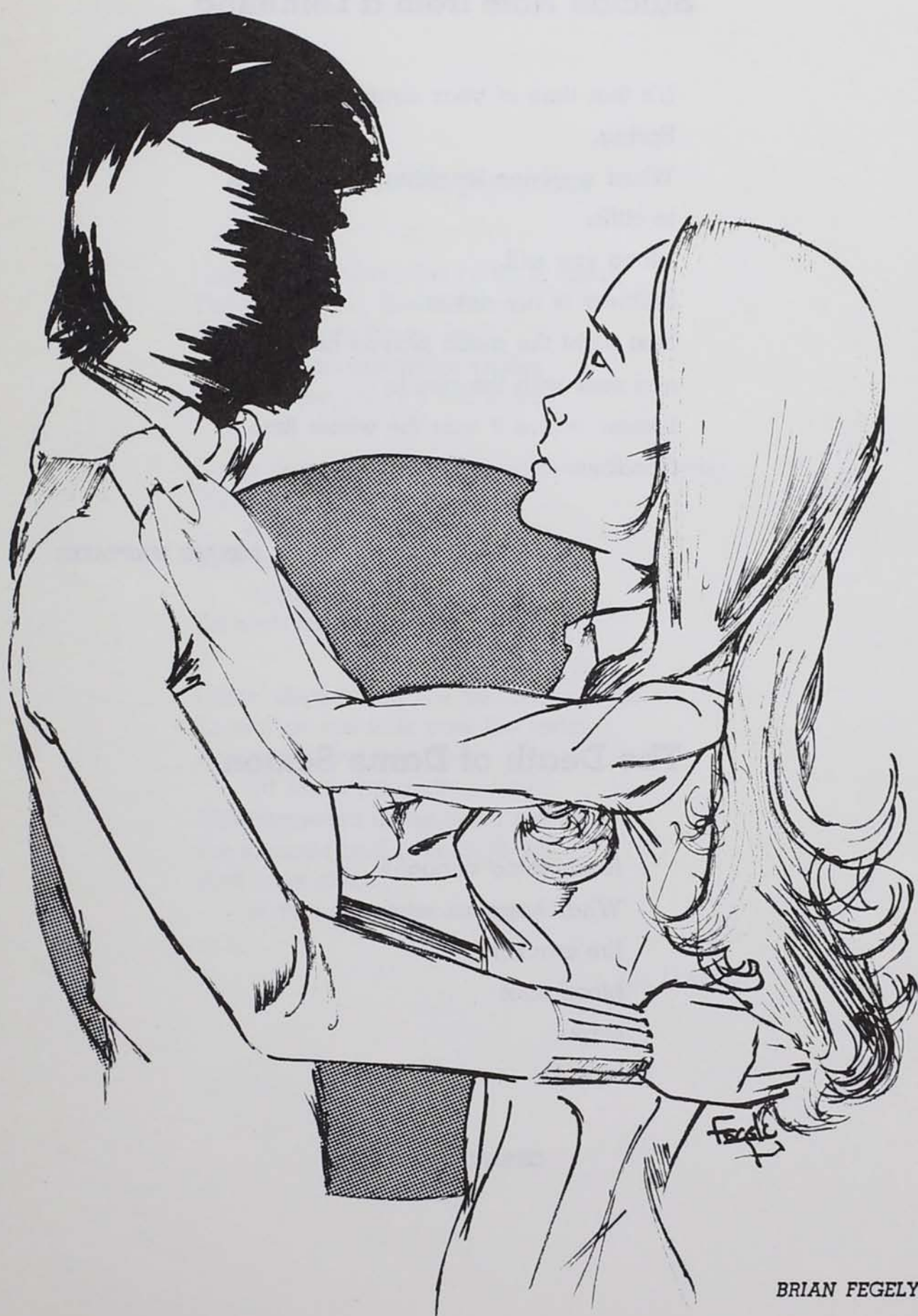
Do not pity lower animals—
Our dumb companions and pets.
Although they are but mere simples
And lead an unknowingly monotonous life,
I wish that I could be a dog or cat.
For then I could emit unintelligible sounds
Which would express my every need
For food or water,
For shelter, for whatever.
I would not need to explain further.
After all,
Whoever heard of a barking analyst?

S. L. WELLES

Masks

So tired of people, who pretend something they're not,
On stage with their masks and well-practiced smiles.
Tired of nodding at the appropriate time,
Tired of false faces that are reflections of mine.
Feeling as though I would run if I could,
Wanting to hide from the dirt and the soot.
The games and charades lead to my frustration,
And loneliness follows, intent on damnation.
I can't help but feel—hope—I will find some truth,
Or a childlike trust as I knew in my youth.
The sparkle and shine in your dark pool-like eyes
Inclines me to think you hold true life inside.
Teach me to feel life within me again.
Revive this dead heart that's a burden within.

CINDY POOTS



BRIAN FEGELY

Suicide Note from a Lemming

It's that time of year again.
Spring.
When a young lemming's heart turns
to cliffs.
I love you still.
Stillness is my desire.
Last night the moon played hide
and seek with the clouds.
I knew where it was the whole time.
Goodbye.

DONALD WHITTAKER

The Death of Dame Sexton

Is anything enough?
What happens when
fire cracker
blood shot
stars
lapse?

GERARD J. MITCHELL

Come September

Come September, the coast is clear,
The nights hug the darkness
 as winter draws near,
And the past summer's smiles
 become today's fall tears.

Come September, the dew showers the grass;
Shivering, wind-blown trees
 shed their coats at last.
And the ocean echoes
 summer dreams,
As onto the rocks they crash.

Come September, the sun drifts back
To rest on the hills past the shore.
And somehow it knows
 all that's happening now
Has happened many times before,
For summer and I return to fall
And hide alone
 in the winter once more.

JILL LEAUBER

Leaves

The autumn
Is ablaze with life
And burning, smoldering death,
While the crinkled leaves
Fall slowly down.

The trees
Lose their summer coat,
As chattering squirrels scamper
Through the naked boughs
And kill leaves.

The leaves
Have seen happy times,
Felt cool spring breezes,
Basked in August air,
And known life.

The child
Plays in crackling leaves,
Romps in new-dead carpet,
Falling, jumping, kicking, crushing
And laughing out loud.

The leaves
Bear the child's play,
Happy in their destruction—
The leaves grimace yet
The leaves smile.

C. R. EDSON

Brisk backroads wanderer,
 Sunfaced and sailing-by—
 Strange that she should halt in fear of you:

One withered wild-eyed fourleg fool,
 Struggling up a slope,
 Stopping as time telescopes,
 Two legs like weapons poised—

In fear of this! a cripple's blow,
 A man who cannot stand;
 That she should despise her own good legs,
 And her constant, wild-eyed running.

REBECCA J. HENRY

If you would rather be free
 To skim surfaces
 like a smooth
 morning pebble

To soar! upon an eagle's
 legend—To
 ponder from aloft,
 my restless moon let

Me,
 by a word dismiss
 all words that ever
 bound
 you here:

Arise!

REBECCA J. HENRY



BOB CARTY

Spruce Grove

Listen.

The words are spare.
He speaks with a voice
That barely stirs
The colors of the grove,
With eyes that tell
A magnificent gentleness.

From the edge
Of the grove: the voices of water
Among the rocks,
The wind in the high branches,
The clamor of insects
In the sun.

Listen. There is word
Of a quiet man
Whose love is green forever.

DAVID KENNETH ROBERTS

The Class of '75

Stevenson sat at his desk, staring at the empty bunk that had once belonged to his roommate. Derringer had been a bright kid, maybe too bright. He had been a diligent student, honors material, but he had had "subversive" ideas (at least that was what the school called them). And now he was dead. "Such is the fate of anyone who disagrees . . ." That's what they had been taught. But what bothered Stevenson now was the fact that Derringer was right.

* * *

It was a cool, crisp October morning the day that they arrived on campus. All the men were herded together almost immediately and led to the auditorium for the indoctrination speech. That's when Stevenson met his future roommate.

The hubbub was still going on, everyone searching for a good seat, when they met, accidentally. Stevenson was just making himself comfortable when he suddenly found his lap occupied.

"OOPS! Sorry!" The tall kid grinned rather sheepishly.

"That's okay." Stevenson squinted at the name stenciled on the other olive drab shirt. "Derringer, eh? My name's, uh . . ." Feigning forgetfulness, Stevenson peered down at his own shirt. "AH-HA! Stevenson! I knew I didn't forget!"

Both laughed as Derringer sat down in the next seat. "This is a bit more comfortable, Stevenson!" They laughed again.

"All right, men!" shouted an authoritative voice. Everyone became quiet and looked to the front of the room. A uniformed man, with a chestful of medals, was looking over the group.

"I welcome you all to college. As you all know, you are about to undertake a great responsibility, both to yourself and your country. You have been chosen not just on scholastic ability, but also on physical ability. I want each of you to keep one thing in mind—not one of you is indispensable. If you are a failure here, there is no second chance. You can easily be replaced. And you all know what THAT means."

The man paused, looking over the cadets, letting the impact of his last words sink into his listeners.

"Incidentally, if you do not already know me, my name is Colonel Patten. I am the one to whom you will bring any and all problems that might arise while you are here. I am also the one to whom you will be brought if any disciplinary problems arise."

"Now, men, I don't want to give you any wrong ideas. We can get along well together. On the other hand, I can be Well, you can imagine that for yourselves."

A snickering went through the room. Derringer elbowed Stevenson and rolled his eyes.

The speaker continued. "All you boys are K-4's. The number signifies how many years of instruction you have remaining. The letter signifies your basic rank. Through grading and a merit-demerit system you can advance in grade. But you can also be retained. If you are not a class C by graduation, you are ineligible for officer training." Stevenson almost laughed out loud—Derringer was making faces and "weeping."

"All right, men. On your way out, you'll be given a book of rules and regulations. You are responsible for knowing that book inside and out. Dis-MISSED!" Colonel Patten strode off the stage.

As the cadets were crowding toward the exit, Derringer looked at Stevenson and made a face. "It's gonna be a heluva four years."

* * *

The first few weeks were hectic for both boys. Learning to adjust to the schedule (0600 to 1730), the instructors, the work load, the drills, and the food took all their effort, but they managed well. The semester passed quickly; a two week leave followed. Then midway through the second semester

* * *

It was a warm spring evening. Both boys were in their room, looking over the latest edition of the campus rules and regulations, when Derringer spoke up.

"Listen to this. 'Section 411, Subsection 31, Paragraph 3A: There will be no frivolity in the shower rooms.' HA! Do you believe that? Frivolity? Do they expect us to obey all their stupid rules? No frivolity? That's like asking a Trog to help you with a ballistics problem!"

Stevenson laughed. Derringer's last remark was funny. The thought of a Trog doing anything but the most menial tasks was an amusing thought.

Just then there was a knock at the door. Stevenson, still laughing, walked over to the door and opened it. A small, deformed, gray-uniformed man stood at the door.

"Trog Trash Patrol!" yelled Stevenson, grabbing the wastebasket. "Here you go, ugly!" Stevenson rammed the basket into the Trog's stomach and slammed the door.

He looked at Derringer. "You know, I can't figure out why the geneticists bred those critters so ugly. Oh, well. Where were we?"

"We were talking about these asinine rules."

Stevenson's eyes narrowed. "Do you realize that what you're saying is This room is bugged, you know."

"Who cares!" said Derringer dryly. "All of 'em are. There's not one place on this damned campus that you can speak your mind. The world's so screwed up, anyway. I couldn't care less if they hear me or not."

"Don't you realize what they'll do to you if they decide that you are"

"I don't care! What makes you think that they're always right. Can you sit there and tell me that you actually believe all the garbage they tell us about how war is peace? Do you really think nations have *always* been at war? That's a lot of crap!"

Stevenson shook his head. "I don't know. Where did you go for leave, anyway? You were never this vehement about things before."

Derringer smiled. "Let's just say I did some research. That, coupled with the fact that . . ." He lowered his voice. "That my father was a clergyman."

Stevenson stared incredulously. "You mean . . .?"

"Yep. Let me tell you, if you lived with 'em a while, you might not have thought their ideas were so bad. My father showed me old documents, microfilms, even printed books! I've seen the way things really used to be."

Stevenson just sat, staring at his friend. "He really had printed books? They haven't made those for hundreds of years! What happened to your father? Did they . . .?"

"Back in '63. They got all of 'em then. They took my mother, too. Sent 'em off somewhere. Never heard from either of them again. The only reason I didn't get sent off too was that I had good grades, was still young, and was considered 'convertible'."

"And . . .?"

"Well, that should be obvious," said Derringer, smiling. "I wasn't quite as convertible as they thought!"

* * *

The weeks passed. But each day took on a new meaning for Stevenson. Every night Derringer would tell him of the old ways of life: the people, the customs, and so on. And the more he heard, the more fascinated Stevenson became.

Then, one morning, a truckload of The Enemy was brought onto campus. All the cadets cheered—it was time for Small Arms 001 to begin.

* * *

The class was lined up on a ridge overlooking a large field. To the rear of the field was a bright red fence. Everyone stood around, anxiously waiting for the class to begin.

"All right, men! Let's get some order around here!" A small, tough-looking instructor waited for the class to snap to attention before continuing. "This is Small Arms 001. This course will train you in the use of light automatic weapons. You will now direct your attention to the field."

The class turned, facing the wide, grassy area. "The Enemy will try to make it to that fence surrounding the perimeter. Each of you know what is expected. The point system is as follows. Fatal shots are worth five points, a disabling shot two, and a missed shot is zero. You will be penalized two points for each shot you fire out of your extra clip. Each class member will be penalized ten points for every Enemy that gets over the fence. All right, men, stand by." The instructor barked an order into a field phone and The Enemy was released.

* * *

Everyone watched the tall grass carefully. It was only a matter of time before The Enemy showed himself. Stevenson sat, watching. Suddenly, he spotted a short fellow crawling near some rocks. Stevenson snapped his rifle to his shoulder and fired once. The man folded up like a broken doll.

Soon the air was filled with the staccato firing of the cadets. Occasionally the instructor could be heard berating a pupil for a poor



shot. Stevenson placed his shots carefully. An Enemy almost made it over the fence but was torn to pieces by the anxious cadets. Stevenson watched his score mount throughout the morning. It was going to be a good day.

That night in their room, Stevenson and Derringer sat quietly, studying. Unable to contain himself any longer, Stevenson blurted out: "That son of a Trog! I hit him right in the back of the head, but he didn't die! That cost me a perfect score!"

Derringer sat quietly, looking at his friend. "I missed class today. Didn't feel too well."

"That's too bad, Derringer. But don't worry—I hear some more are being shipped in in three weeks. You'll get your chance." Stevenson paused, then asked: "Well, what are you going to tell me about tonight? That bit on 'sports' last night was fascinating."

Derringer looked at his roommate. "I think," he said, leaning back, "that tonight I'll tell you about a book called the Bible."

* * *

Early in their first semester of their last year, two officers came to the room, asking to see Derringer. It was the last Stevenson saw of him for three days.

Three days later, Derringer returned. Stevenson was shocked. His friend was dirty and unshaven, looking as if he had not slept the whole time.

"What the hell did they do to you?"

Derringer smiled weakly. "Oh, not much . . . we just had a little talk."

Stevenson glared at his friend. "Bull! What'd they do? I want to know!"

"Okay, okay!" Derringer sat down heavily. "You know, of course, that they know about my father. Well, that fact, coupled with my missing Killing 001 and saying the wrong things at times . . ." He lowered his voice. "To put it bluntly, they beat the crap out of me and told me to keep my nose clean, or else!"

"Geez, you look bad. But I get the feeling that you're not finished yet."

Derringer half smiled. "You said it, brother!"

* * *

A few weeks before graduation it happened. A train carrying The Enemy to another college derailed a few miles north of the campus. The cars broke apart, freeing the prisoners who killed the guards and captured their weapons.

The entire campus was put on alert. All the cadets were armed, in full combat gear. The Troggs were busy setting up sandbags and barbed wire around the campus. Recon patrols were sent out, hoping to locate The Enemy.

Stevenson and Derringer were stationed at the north perimeter. It was here where the attack was expected. Each sat quietly, straining his eyes, hoping to spot The Enemy before being spotted themselves.

"Stevenson?" whispered Derringer.

"Yeah?"

"Remember that leave a couple of years ago? The one where I said I did some research?"

"What about it?"

"You know that real old building at the edge of campus?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"Well, I broke in. It's the old administration building. They've got some pretty old stuff in there. I'm surprised it's still around. Most of that kind of stuff was destroyed in The Burning. Anyway, I think you'd be interested in it."

"I'll remember that. Why are you telling me this now?"

"I don't know, but I've got the feeling" Derringer's voice trailed off.

Suddenly, the popping of automatics was heard in the distance. "They're through the west wall!" someone shouted. Turning, Stevenson saw men pouring through a weak spot in the defenses. He began opening fire.

Derringer was still crouching below the wall when suddenly an Enemy scrambled over the wall. "Steven . . .!" Derringer stood up as the soldier lunged toward Stevenson. He caught the full force of the bayonet; for a moment he stood still, looking surprised. Then he fell. Stevenson whirled and emptied his clip into the fleeing man. Then he looked down at his friend.

Derringer was lying on his side, in a spreading pool of scarlet. He motioned for Stevenson to come closer.

"Listen, don't forget about what I told you." He was breathing very hard, in short gasps.

"Sure, Derringer, sure."

"Hey, listen. See you at graduation."

"Yeah, man."

* * *

It was a warm June evening. A huge speaker's platform had been set up in the middle of the campus. Seats were provided for the graduates and their relatives. The commencement was about to begin.

The cadets marched to their seats and stood at rapt attention. To the front was a row of empty seats, draped in black. These were for the cadets who had been killed in the battle. The only other cadet missing was Stevenson.

The Sector Commander mounted the platform and addressed the group. "Be seated." He paused again, looking over the audience. "Ladies, gentlemen, graduates. I am honored to be here today for the commencement ceremony of Military College Number 844, class of 2175"

Stevenson listened as the Commander spoke. The loudspeakers were doing an excellent job. The voice carried all the way to the edge of the campus and the old administration building.

". . . are fortunate to have such fine young men in our . . ."

Stevenson climbed the stairs and approached the boarded up building. The barricade over the left door had been loosened by Derringer. Stevenson slowly pushed through.

"... and in today's troubled time it is ..."

Entering the lobby, Stevenson turned on his flashlight. Scattered boards, smashed furniture, and a few rats were all that was visible.

"... must never give in to the demands of those ..."

Following Derringer's directions, Stevenson walked to the left and passed through a smashed glass door. Then he saw them. Scattered on the floor to his left were

"... and to those cadets who gave their lives we pay homage. The following cadets gave their ..."

Books! It was incredible that any books had survived the burning. Squatting, Stevenson picked up the one nearest him. It was a small, crumbling paperback.

"... Babcock, Benson, Carsworth ..."

He opened it carefully and began to read. The first few words were illegible, but he could make out the rest, "*... is located in Collegeville, a borough of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, twenty-five miles ...*"

"... Derringer ..."

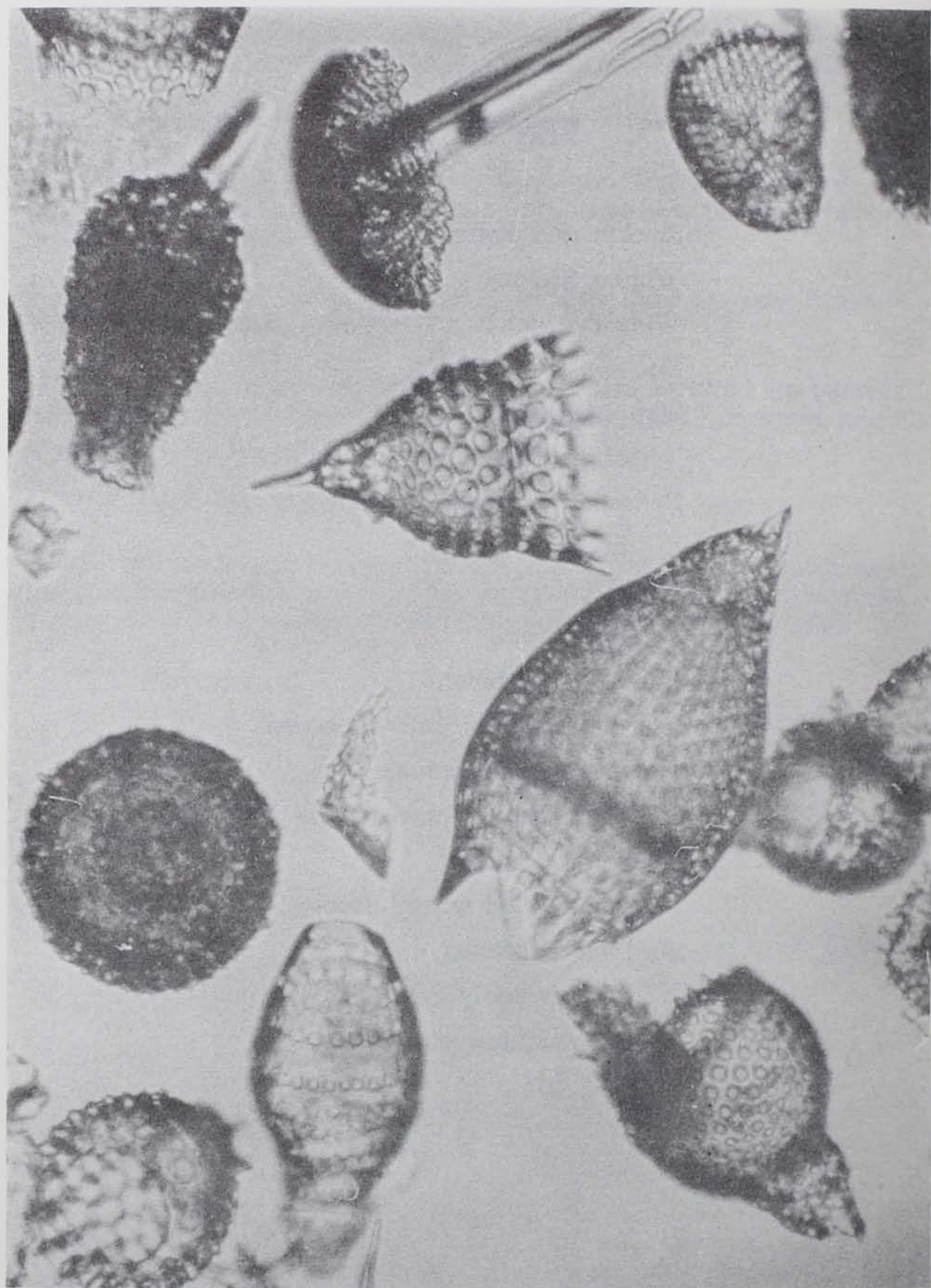
Stevenson began shaking very hard.

SCOTT WAGNER

The Promise

Smooth and clean
Without blemish
Were the words
You spoke so clearly,
Like the finest
 of crystal goblets,
Reflecting so many
 beautiful prisms
 of color
 and hope.
But that was before
 the cracks of truth appeared,
Leaving only the remains
 of fragmented sentences—
Shattered daggers
 on a faded waxed floor—
And the realization
 of how thinly cut
Glass sometimes is.

JILL LEAUBER



"SYMMETRY IN MINIATURE" (350X)

BIO. DEPT. (TOM MURRAY)

Images

raindrops
 falling silently to the earth
 isolate themselves
 in their race toward oblivion.
 exhausted
 seeking entry to an earth which would deny them
 they merge and know each other
 only in the impact of a communal death.
 a blade of grass quivers
 as the crushed rain flows over it
 in shapeless agony.

R. SIMON

Sixth Station

red laces—
 and a day at the shore
 the sun was warm like a diamond
 and we walked down to the hook
 hand-in-hand

 the sun is long gone now
 and the night breezes I love
 are playing with your hair

 the murmurs of the sea

 together on a jetty
 the waters, cold with life, surge at our feet
 in the distance
 the wind through the dune grasses
 and a thousand sapphires on a restive sea

R. SIMON

Borealis

Moving away, riding
Away as the darkness unfolds
And the twilight sky lays down
Upon the mountains
Before me
In the attitude of sleep.

My friends are you watching?
The rituals of love are played
To perfection!
The curtains of light drawn
All around, the fabric dances
Characters in the wind;

And away, over
The farthest hill to the north,
A mare of a white-like lace
Lays down with a dragon of stars.

DAVID KENNETH ROBERTS

To Gem

Where russet clouds lace azure sky,
 Forthwith, dear Gem, for there I fly
 And thence to thee, O maid thrice rare:
 For 'gainst a rival I would vie
 Forsaking land and sea for air;
 Aye that 'tween us no third let share!

Close lurks the villain, shameless there,
 Belittling meeker Truth's revolt—
 Hard striking her, with lightning bolt
 Blasts thee; fell Rumour's stare
 Fast litters our idyllic lair
 To the delight of fool and dolt.

Surveying dirt by Rumour sown,
 I leap the monster's filthy throne,
 Refute the beast's pervading lies;
 Thus throttled—Rumour dies.

All this would I to greet the eyes
 Of thee, fair creature I most prize,
 Most cherish as mine own.

G. S. BAUSE



TOM MURRAY

