



12-1938

The Lantern Vol. 7, No. 1, December 1938

Ellen McMurtrie
Ursinus College

Kenneth Bishop
Ursinus College

Esther Hydren
Ursinus College

Roberta Byron
Ursinus College

C. Kenneth Snyder
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

McMurtrie, Ellen; Bishop, Kenneth; Hydren, Esther; Byron, Roberta; Snyder, C. Kenneth; Gemmell, Alfred; Huber, Evelyn; Showalter, Harry L.; Shisler, Dorothy Kinsey; Muller, Ernest; Yoh, Robert C.; and Deininger, Dorothea, "The Lantern Vol. 7, No. 1, December 1938" (1938). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 13.
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/13>

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.

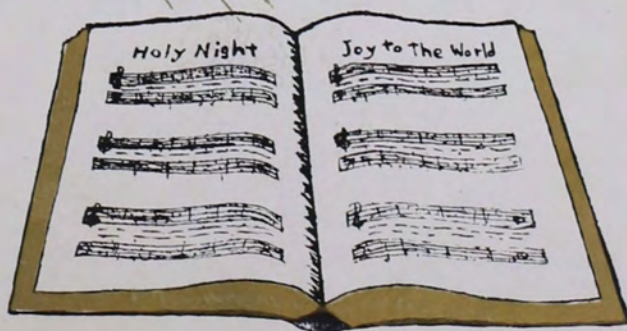
Authors

Ellen McMurtrie, Kenneth Bishop, Esther Hydren, Roberta Byron, C. Kenneth Snyder, Alfred Gemmell, Evelyn Huber, Harry L. Showalter, Dorothy Kinsey Shisler, Ernest Muller, Robert C. Yoh, and Dorothea Deininger

the Lantern

December

1938



High-tension times are hard on nerves



BEAGLE HOUND—English fox-hound in miniature. Solid and big for his inches, true beagle has the long-wearing look of the hound that can last in the chase. One of oldest breeds in history. U. S. standards specify 15 inches maximum height.

He's giving his nerves a rest . . .

A DOG'S nervous system is just as complex as your own. His reactions are lightning-quick. But when his nerves need a rest, he stops—relaxes. We often neglect our nerves. We press on heedless of nerve tension. Take a lesson from the dog's instinct for protection. Ease up—rest your nerves. Let up—light up a Camel. Keeping Camels at hand provides a delightfully pleasant way of giving your nerves a rest. Often through the day, enjoy Camel's ripe, expensive tobaccos. Smokers find Camel's *costlier* tobaccos so soothing to the nerves.

People who know the sheer joy of an active, effective life say: "Let up—light up a Camel!"



and so is he



COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS, sports puts a big strain on the nerves of Western Union telegrapher, George Erickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense, upset," says operator Erickson. "I ease off frequently, to give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."

IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."



DID YOU KNOW:



—that tobacco is "cured" by several methods — which include air-cured and flue-cured? Not all cigarettes can be made from choicest grade tobacco — there isn't enough! It is important to know that Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic.



Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**



Let up — *Light up a Camel*

Copyright 1988
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves

THE LANTERN

VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1938

NO. 1

Board of Editors

EDITOR

JANE POLING

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

EVELYN HUBER

FRANK FROSCH

MARY HYDE

NICHOLAS BARRY

EDITH HOUCK

ALLAN DUNN

KENNETH SNYDER

ROLLIN LAWRENCE

BUSINESS MANAGERS

ROBERT H. NULL

CLAIRE BURRELL

FACULTY ADVISERS

FRANKLIN I. SHEEDER

MARTIN W. WITMER

CALVIN D. YOST, JR.

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

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN	ELLEN MCMURTRIE
ILLUSTRATIONS	KENNETH BISHOP
AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS	2
THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL	ESTHER HYDREN 3
PEACE—Poem	ROBERTA BYRON 5
TWO BUMS—Poem	KENNETH SNYDER 5
OCTOBER PAINTS THE VALLEY	ALFRED GEMMELL 6
HAVE THE NOTES DIED?	EVELYN HUBER 7
AMERICA'S DEFEATISM COMPLEX	HARRY L. SHOWALTER 8
TAHITI JACQUES	DOROTHY SHISLER 9
WHEN WE TAKE HEED OF LIFE—Poem	EVELYN HUBER 10
FROM "THE SKY IMAGE"—Poem	EVELYN HUBER 10
STILL MOMENTS	KENNETH SNYDER 11
NOEL	ERNEST MULLER 12
FOREIGN HILLS—Poem	ROBERT YOH 13
JUST BEFORE—	DOROTHEA DEININGER 14

Among Our Contributors



Robert Yoh is one of the LANTERN'S most regular supporters through his poetry and prose. This literary junior has a knack for seeking out places the rest of us know nothing about, and then describing them to us in an interesting as well as informative fashion. Especially you nature-lovers will like his poem, "Foreign Hills."

Esther Hydren first displayed an unusual ability for descriptive writing while still a freshman; her story, "From Darkness Into Light," appeared in last year's Commencement issue. Equally as commendable and welcome is her second and very timely story, "The Greatest Gift of All." It will leave you feeling glad about Christmas.



Roberta Byron is a senior who has not contributed nearly enough to the LANTERN'S pages; for her poetry contains a depth and restraint which is rare. "Peace," the poem we print in this issue, is not only appropriate for the season, but is also sincerely expressive of a faith.

Dorothy Shisler began writing for the LANTERN at the very beginning of her freshman year, and now as a sophomore she is still contributing regularly. You have read her poetry; here is an amusing dialogue, "Tahiti Jacques"—which is intended for that and only that.



Just exactly a year ago **Ernest Muller** wrote an article on the lives of Gilbert and Sullivan; he could not have done it if he were not more than interested in music in all its forms. This Christmas in "Noel" he asks us to sing—to sing happy songs.



Kenneth Snyder, familiar junior-staff member, is known to LANTERN readers for his versatility in both poetry and prose. He is himself most fond, however, of writing brief comparative sketches. You will recognize his skill in handling such style when you read this moving query, "Still Moments." His poem, "Two Bums," which also appears in this issue, is realistic enough to be appealing.

The LANTERN is always eager to welcome new writers; for it is in new talent that the hope for continued success lies. We print, therefore, with personal appreciation an essay by **Harry Showalter**, "America's Defeatism Complex." This sophomore has chosen a timely theme and written it in a new way.



Evelyn Huber, also a junior member of the staff, is known to all as a poet. We have grown accustomed to seeing her smooth-flowing verse appear regularly on the LANTERN'S pages. This issue contains two of her poems, and also a legend, "Have the Notes Died?" We do not remember ever having printed anything quite like it before. There is real charm in its simple tale and beauty of language.

Dorothea Deininger, a sophomore this year, has answered our requests for short stories. In "Just Before—" she combines an easy-going narrative with the very difficult task of sketching characters placed in a trying situation, and has succeeded in creating an atmosphere in which to develop them.



The senior whose various descriptions are perhaps most familiar to you is **Alfred Gemmell**. He has written again in a mood which he frequently uses to good advantage. "October Paints the Valley," reminiscent and picturesquely descriptive, is appropriate in spite of its suggestion of a particular season; for this is the fall as well as Christmas issue of the LANTERN.

"This is the night of miracles . . . Almost anything may happen. If you can only . . ."

The Greatest Gift of All

ESTHER HYDREN

THE cold, crisp air was static with sound. Through the slow-falling snow which struggled to make its way downward through a bitter cold, a myriad of last-minute shoppers rushed, while greetings of "Merry Christmas" everywhere filled the air. On every street corner a Santa Claus stood, sometimes fat, sometimes thin, either short or tall; but always beside him was a black pot and in his hand a bell which he swung with the regularity of a pendulum. The streets were filled with cars whose chains clattered importantly while their horns kept up an incessant pealing. Each sound was clean-cut, accentuated, and brought into relief by the clear, thin atmosphere.

In sharp contrast with the movement and gayety of the scene about him, a tall, slim, young man lounged against a lamp post. He was dressed in a heavy overcoat, which, though threadbare in places, was neatly mended and cared for. Within the shadow of his low-pulled hat brim and high-turned collar, a dark, intelligent face was faintly visible; but just now the deep-set eyes under the heavy brows were bitter with disappointment; and the sensitive mouth was set with a look almost of desperation. He seemed completely withdrawn from the world which moved about him, yet he watched keenly the ever-changing scene. He saw young, laughing couples swing by, their arms piled high with packages. He saw boys and girls standing before bright window displays, pointing out their choices. He watched the tiny children as they passed, wide-eyed with excitement.

Now his attention was attracted by another scene. Outside the window of a jewelry store stood a young man of his own age, a smile of expectation playing about his lips as he considered and rejected in turn the various articles on display. Finally his attention became fixed; he nodded as if pleased and briskly entered the store. Several moments later he emerged again, a small box in his hand. He passed jauntily on his way, whistling, and lost himself in the throng with scarcely a glance at the dark figure which watched him from under the lamp post.

With a muttered exclamation, the watcher jammed his hat farther down over his eyes and swung about in the opposite direction. Hands deep in his pockets, he ploughed through the crowd without regard for obstacles; his body moved automatically, for his mind was in turmoil. Christmas eve—the first Christmas he and Margaret had been married—and what did he have to take home to her? Nothing but disappointment and discouragement. He had hoped so much to be able to give her at least the news that he had found a job; he had not even that. The other fellow (he ground his teeth at the thought) was

probably taking home some dainty piece of jewelry to his young wife. But what had he? Nothing but sorrow and tears.

He swung recklessly off the curb, unmindful of anything save his own dark thoughts. He heard a shout, a screech of brakes, and felt himself pulled back powerfully from before the wheels of a heavy car. For a moment he felt an insane disappointment at his safety, and looked around rebelliously to ascertain the identity of his savior. He frowned heavily at the ruddy face of the big man who still held him in a firm grasp. He, himself, was tall, yet this brisk, jolly-looking individual towered above him disconcertingly.

"Might not be a bad idea to watch your step, young fellow." His voice seemed to well up from the depth of his bigness, and to resound from some cavern, deep within.

The young man scowled.

"Thanks," he muttered briefly and turned away.

"Wait a minute—hold on there!"

The big man was after him, his arm guiding, compelling, holding him back. To escape him was as impossible as to protest when he led the way through a swinging door into the warmth of a brightly-lighted restaurant. The young man found himself seated in a booth; and before he had gathered the strength to protest, steaming cups of dark, rich coffee were placed before them.

"Sort of nippy out tonight," the big man remarked cheerfully as he stirred two heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar into his cup. "Coffee warms you up from the inside out. Now—what's your name, young man?"

"David Barrington," the young man answered weakly. He felt as if he were a puppet whose strings were being jerked most competently by his masterful companion.

"David, eh? Well, I'm Joseph Conner. You live here?"

"Yes."

"Nice little town. How is it for business?"

"All right, I guess."

"None of that, young fellow. You can't fool Joe Conner. Listen. I'm going to tell you something. You've been looking for work for some time—need it pretty badly. I've a feeling there's a young wife somewhere in the background. It's Christmas eve, and the thought suddenly grabbed you that you couldn't make it a Christmas of anything but hard times for her. Am I right?"

David nearly obeyed a puppet-like instinct to answer in the affirmative. With a struggle he regained control

of himself and flared defiantly, "See here—if you've brought me here to meddle in my affairs, you're wasting your time!"

"Hold on—sit down there, David! I'm just interested in finding out if my hunches are right. I've a feeling they're pretty close tonight. How about it?"

David slumped back in his chair, his momentary defiance forgotten.

"I suppose so," he muttered dejectedly.

"So instead of going home and giving her what you do have to give—love and companionship—you muddle through the streets and almost add to her troubles by getting yourself run over. That's a great way to do!"

David flushed. "What affair is it of yours?" he blustered.

The big, ruddy face of his companion broke into the creases and crinkles of a slow-growing smile, and his blue eyes nearly lost themselves as they became two points of sparkling light.

"That's just it," he chuckled. "It's *none* of my business. I'm just interested, that's all." He leaned over the table in sudden seriousness: "But listen, David. This is the night of miracles; almost anything may happen. If you can only keep faith, and trust, and love! Your wife—she isn't discouraged, is she?"

"Margaret discouraged?" David's face relaxed into incredulity. "I don't think she knows the meaning of the word."

"I rather thought not. Did you ever stop to think that maybe she needs a little encouragement once in a while, as much as you do? Perhaps she's just as worried *inside*, only she won't let it show."

David frowned thoughtfully. His mind traveled back over the many times that he had come home in despair after a day of job-hunting, when some little word or look from Margaret had made his burden slip away. He thought of the doubt that had so often surged within him as to his own worth, and remembered how Margaret's eyes, shining with confidence, had renewed his self-respect, had made him square his shoulders once more, and stand straight with purpose. Suddenly an overwhelming desire to be with her swept over him, and he moved involuntarily as if to rise. Then, remembering his companion, he smiled and leaned over the table.

"Thanks a lot, Joseph Conner. I think perhaps you're my Santa Claus this year. I'd forgotten all I had to be thankful for—I'd forgotten to hope—and you brought me back to my senses. Well, I'd better be going home."

"That's the way to talk, young man." The handshake of Joseph Conner was as hearty as his voice. "This Christmas isn't going to pass you by. So long—Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!" returned David, and his step as he turned away and left the restaurant was jaunty and as filled with holiday spirit as was that of those around him. Now the crisp air as it struck upon his nostrils seemed to intoxicate him. His whole being filled with exhilara-

tion. It was good just to be alive! Something within him seemed to swell and grow too great to remain confined. He felt that he was free, unlimited, unbound. He passed through a crowd where everything was an indistinct background; and yet he was acutely conscious of every aspect of it. Then, as he turned down a quiet side street, suddenly a warm glow welled up within him and flooded his whole being; a mist arose before his eyes. He seemed to feel a kinship with all around him. The snow beneath his feet was friendly; the flakes touched his cheek with a caress; the darkness enfolded him with a tender embrace; he raised his eyes, and the stars seemed near. An observer would have said that he was alone, and yet he felt surrounded on every hand by the warmth of friendship and good will.

His feet turned unconsciously toward the door of a red brick dwelling; he opened the door and climbed two flights of stairs. As he reached the top step, a door on the left was opened. A young girl, her radiant face surrounded by thick, soft waves of light brown hair, waited impatiently. As the door closed behind him, she seized the cold lapels of his coat, still sprinkled with snowflakes, and, brown eyes sparkling with joy, danced up and down before him like a vivacious child.

"Oh, David, isn't it wonderful? I *knew* it would be all right—I *knew* something would come before Christmas! Oh, David, I'm so glad!"

David looked down into her happy face with a perplexed smile.

"Anything's wonderful that can make you look like that," he said. "But what's it all about?"

"Don't you know?" She stood still, amazement overspreading her face. "You looked so *glad* when you came in that I thought you must have heard, too."

"Heard what, Scatterbrain?" David demanded, laughingly releasing himself from her grasp while he removed his overcoat and hung it on the door to dry.

"Why, about your job!"

"My job!" David wheeled around, his face set in wonder and doubt.

"Yes, Mr. Hansen called this afternoon and said you'd been to see him several days ago. He said that he didn't have anything then, but something has turned up since, and he can use you if you're still available. David! What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he answered gruffly, sinking down on the couch and hiding his face in his hands. A moment later he looked up into Margaret's anxious face, smiled, and drew her down beside him.

"I guess I'm just a little dazed, that's all," he said. And then he told her about his experience with Joseph Conner.

"It just seems so queer," he finished. "That man talked as if he knew all about me; and he spoke as if he knew that this job was waiting for me. It just seems uncanny, that's all."

(Continued on Page 18)

PEACE

ROBERTA J. BYRON

*Somewhere in the twilight of a dream
Lingers sweet a sure, strong melody
With notes so softly falling that they seem
To be a peace-entwined harmony.
Perhaps the yellowed fields of sun-swept grain
That grow in this lost land
Beside the waters, blued with dream's sweet stain,
Have caught the mystic world refrain;
For lo! Amidst the ruffling sea of wheat,
There walks, in sandaled righteousness, a man
Who bounds within His being the heart-beat
Of all the world since life began.
From outstretched hands He casts the chaff,
And to His lips truth springs in such simplicity
That they who hear, like children in a new-found freedom, laugh
At all the tortured pools from which man tried to quaff
The water of eternity.*

Two Bums

KENNETH SNYDER

*His clothes were wretched and tattered and torn;
His threadbare coat hardly kept him warm.
His face was bloated as he passed me by,
His eyes all bloodshot and a bit awry.
But while he loafed in the wintry gale,
Another staggered in a zig-zag trail,
And as they passed, the sober tramp
Looked at the other 'neath the light of the lamp.*

*I watched the two and wondered what
The sober bum thought of the sot?
For his face took on a look of shame,
And his glittering eye seemed shocked with pain.
He seemed to sense that the other man
Was really one of his own clan.
And as he shrugged, I heard a sigh
As that drunken bum went stumbling by.*

"I slipped back on my pillow and tried to recapture that scene."

October Paints the Valleys

ALFRED GEMMELL

LAST week I was at home for a brief visit, and was rewarded by that intimate pleasure that one receives from a return to his childhood haunts. Odd scenes revived old memories, while all the attendant incidents and associations were recalled in one surging flood of reminiscence. Later pursuits in life often involve us in a series of distasteful surroundings from which a release to the previous trails has that same refreshing appeal that Burns must have experienced when he turned again to Scottish pastures after the stifling Edinburgh social life.

Having awakened rather early on that Sunday morning, I was very reluctant to get up; lying in bed is a luxury seldom experienced at college. I had a pleasant feeling of contemplative peacefulness which seemed to climax the long, restful slumber from which I had just emerged. Some irresistible force caused me to pull myself up to the window sill and peer out into a cool, crisp dawn. The open window faced the north and thus permitted a splendid view of the valley which extended in that direction. Early morning mists were rising from the brook which hugged the hill to my left. The fresh dampness in the air with an almost intoxicating appeal made one breathe deeply.

The hill itself loomed magnificent in its October-colored plumage. Dominating the valley, it boasted of stately trees which had fortunately escaped the woodman's ax. Along the stream at its foot the dull, bending boughs of hemlock dipped into the water. Stolid tulip trees, with their broad yellow leaves still fluttering from the limbs, reared themselves above the evergreens. In the valley, bordering the twisting brook, could be seen the bare, scrawny branches of the ash and willow groves. The shaking twigs of a butternut tree testified to the early morning activity of the squirrels. Blazes of mottled yellow and red drew my attention high up on the slope to the left, where sturdy oaks challenged the first frost to snatch away their color. Topping the ridge was a row of aged pines, now beautifully distinct against the gray of the morning sky. At the northern extremity of our valley



I could see the light yellow of the shell-bark hickories contrasted with the livid red of the sumac groves about them. Beyond were terraced fields where corn shocks stood like rough soldiers on parade.

To my right the eastern slope was far less abrupt than the hill already introduced. Masses of young pines appeared as splotches of green against a background of waving rabbit-colored Indian grass.

Down in the valley at my feet the mists had fled, revealing the dark-bottomed noisy brook with its burden of water-logged leaves. A few late forget-me-nots joined with green masses of water cresses to give fresh color to an otherwise drab scene of leaves and weeds. The rising sun tipped the small orchard that crouched raggedly in the nearby field. Beneath the well-laden boughs, pears and apples nestled in the moist, long grass. Muskrats, in their nocturnal excursions to feed on the fallen fruit, had worn several tiny paths from the brook to the orchard. Beyond this ragged row of fruit trees the raspberry thickets wandered in patches of mottled incoherency.

As if to disturb the serenity of the picture, an automobile honked its way around the northern gap, rumbled over a plank bridge, and rolled down the valley, leaving a cloud of white dust suspended in the morning air. The cloud slowly settled among the dew-wet patches of fading goldenrods that lined the road bordering the eastern slope. It accumulated on the seedy vegetation until it blended with the road in one long, chalky avenue along which dusty farm trucks bounced to the rattle of milk cans. Somewhere a rooster announced the morning, a lone crow drifted into the valley, a squirrel chattered up in the oaks, and now the ascending sun threw new glories on the wooded western hillside.

I slipped back on my pillow and tried to recapture that scene—a picture which boasts of no great human achievement or breath-taking splendor, but yet one that, despite its rustic simplicity and common qualities, will call to find me responding with ever-increasing devotion.

"This is the tale the good people of Villanna tell those who come to its hills."

Have the Notes Died?

EVELYN HUBER

THE sun shone down on the youth; it touched his head and shoulders and gleamed about him as though he were as beloved as the trees and flowers in the spring warmth. The silent joyousness and prevailing serenity seemed to take away the weary stoop from the youthful shoulders and to place it on the distant mountains, the green-capped hills. As the boy looked around, his eyes lit up with a strange and glowing luster, for he was happy. The harmony of Nature and its music had blended wonderful chords within his being. He was alive! With them!

"I must go home," the boy whispered to the hills; "I must go home. This time I have found the music for which I yearned. I will go home; I will play it and I shall always have it here." He touched his heart with a simple gesture—he *was* happy.

The sun blessed him as he left the spot and the wind sang a benediction. The lad was hurrying now for he must get home. Some great internal excitement sent the blood up in swift surges to his cheeks and the next moment drained them till they were bloodless.

When not far from his home the youth met a friendly housewife on her way to market who would have liked well to while away a few moments of her time to speak to him and to relate her neighbor's news. However, something strange in the aspect of the boy withheld her, and she could but stare after him until he vanished from her sight. He seemed not to have noticed her at all; and she heard him saying as he passed, "The music, it is mine—the music, music, music—" She shook her head when he had passed; "He will never amount to anything, this poor Torenzo," she thought. "They say how queer he is. He is queer! Well enough may he play his songs, but his brother, Henri, is the good lad. Does he not sing in the choir and teach music and keep this dreamer, his brother, alive as well?" The good dame shook her head again and plodded on, plodded on to air her views at the housewives' market, where she was to buy her Sunday's mutton.

Yet the lad had hastened on to his home wholly unconscious of the scrutiny or conjectures of the good women. Babetha, the housekeeper, afterward said that the dog belonging to her young master had barked and then whimpered sadly at his appearance until she had chased the animal off to the garden, where he continued to whimper at intervals. She had thought it remarkable that the youth had made no response to his pet's strange

behavior, but on noticing the boy enter the music room she knew that his actions were not to be reckoned with when he wanted to play. She would add, when prompted, "the young man's ways were always strange when the itch was in his hands to play."

Once in the music room, the lad immediately began to play and the housekeeper had to stop her work to listen, so beautifully did the notes rise and fall throughout the house. They even surged out into the garden and into the yard of a neighbor, who also paused to listen.

Henri, the brother, on arriving with Manette, a young girl, heard the younger brother playing and the two stood on the threshold of the music room enchanted, forgetting for the time their own happiness. "Ah," thought Henri, "my brother Torenzo is famous. God has put great power into his fingers and beauty into his mind."

Suddenly Torenzo halted and turned to the two in the doorway. A light spread across the dark, proud face. He looked toward the two and then spoke, "Henri . . . Manette . . . I am happy. It is finished and it is mine." So saying, he fell heavily forward. His brother rushed to his side.

"The excitement, Manette,—his heart! He has fainted. We must get the doctor."

When the doctor came, the lad still had not wakened from his faint, but lay upon the music room floor in Manette's arms while the housekeeper fluttered over him like a nervous hen, wringing her apron, tears streaking her cheeks. The music so recently composed made the room more than a mere room, for the notes still seemed to hover within it as though they belonged there.

The doctor pushed the others aside to examine the lad. After a few moments he looked up and turned to the brother. "He is dead—he has been dead these past two hours." The words rang solemnly and gravely through the room. To the questioning looks, the doctor only added: "These past two hours! . . ."

This is the tale the good people of Villanna tell those who come to its hills. They say it is true, and the little doctor who made the autopsy will verify it. The inquest held afterward proved nothing; there was no crime—only a strange case against death.

The brother Henri and the girl Manette, now his wife, will sadly assert its truth. The music room still exists, and the immortal notes linger on for they have become a part of the room; and the dog lives too, Torenzo's dog, who once each day visits his master's grave.

" . . . defeatism, besides being a deplorable trait of character, is also a major hindrance to national recovery. . . ."

America's Defeatism Complex

HARRY L. SHOWALTER

ANY veteran football coach has in his repertoire of stories the tale of an eccentric team he once coached. The team in question began the season with a brilliant winning streak. They stormed over their opposition. They defeated teams of much greater comparative strength. But they closed the season in the ignominious obscurity of defeat. Why? The coach will usually scratch his sun-burned scalp at that question, and venture the information that his team was riding the crest of the wave, until its illusions of invincibility were shattered by defeat at the hands of some small, unheralded rival. The coach will tell you that after this defeat his team displayed no spirit, no determination, no will to win. He is still groping for hidden reasons at the end of his story, but the picture is usually clear enough in his mind for him to call that entire team a "bunch of quitters."

One might draw an apt analogy between the reactions of the American people in the two decades since the World War and the reactions of the team just mentioned. During the years immediately following the war, America, the winning team, had her blaze of glory. The national ego was inflated to a phenomenal degree, and she firmly resolved that she could over-ride all obstacles. But suddenly that illusion, too, was shattered. In 1929 the American public met its just defeat of the post-war season. What happened? The answer is as clear as it was in the case of the football team, and any outspoken observer would not hesitate to call the American public a team of "quitters."

"Quitter," however, is not a pleasant term to ascribe to one's own countrymen. It is a word which grates on one's ears and brings out an inevitable sense of shame. Therefore, I shall substitute a term used by a British journalist and say that our people are afflicted with a "defeatism complex."

It would be well to define at the outset what I mean by the term "defeatism." As applied to a national society the term conveys to me the picture of an entire national population sitting bewildered after having been knocked into that position by some catastrophe which they did not foresee. Moreover, they seem perfectly content to remain in that position while they deplore existing conditions and offer up abject prayers that the fates may lend a hand. Accompanying this resigned attitude of the masses is the puzzled fear with which many former leaders and men of ability now view any new project. In some cases this fear is caused by political regulation or uncertainty,

but in most cases it is produced by a new situation in which they have met defeat and fear that they will meet it again. These conditions, component parts of the defeatism complex, combine to make national recovery in almost any field slow and extremely uncertain. There may, of course, be movement under these conditions, but that movement is invariably sporadic and by no means always upward. May one conclude, then, that defeatism, besides being a deplorable trait of character, is also a major hinderance to national recovery? I believe he may. No individual has ever accomplished much while he was mentally reposing on the seat of his trousers.

Most individuals who sit idly by and await a miraculous burst of prosperity are not content in that condition, but they refuse to arise and pursue a definite course of action. One finds a contrasting example in the career of Gene Tunney. Early in his boxing career Tunney decided that he did not like to be hit, but he did not give up boxing or resign himself to taking the blows of his opponents. He developed a "back pedaling" style which enabled him to retire as the first undefeated heavy-weight champion of the world. He *did something* about his desires. A similar example may be found in any fighter who enters the ring prepared with a defense against a certain type of offense, but who is surprised by another style of attack. Would that fighter stand in puzzled timidity, afraid to make any decisive changes in his technique? If he did, his position would soon change from vertical to horizontal. The expert boxer adjusts his style to meet his needs under existing conditions and then proceeds fearlessly. Therefore, one finds great comebacks in pugilistic history after bitter defeats. The United States has "come back" after economic depressions, too; but never has she come back with a population that had "quit."

The decision that Americans are at present afflicted with a defeatism complex must not, of course, be a hasty judgment. In fact, such a complex is not even perceptible to Americans who live in the midst of it. I base my conclusions largely on the memoranda of foreign observers who have spent time in America. These visitors, engaged in political, economic or purely pleasurable activities, have been impressed by the way in which Americans have lost their energy and initiative. They see America transformed from the land of opportunity to a land in which the people are either too badly buffeted by the depression or rendered too timid by it to grasp existing

(Continued on Page 15)

“ . . . a dastardly plot to inflict one of your insufferable yarns on me.”

Tahiti Jacques

DOROTHY SHISLER

“A BOOK of verse beneath the bough,” I recited blithely as I strode briskly along the seashore, “A jug of”—ugh!

I realized that that dull thud was I, hitting the damp sand. I was quite surprised, but after a moment I summoned sufficient strength to lift my face from the hole it had plowed in the ground and to roll over on my back. When I had dusted most of the sand from my eyelashes, I perceived that Captain Davit Jibboom was looking down at me.

“Good morning,” he said cheerily. “How are you this fine morning?”

I spat out a mouthful of sand. “I feel like a geological specimen that has just been excavated from an Archeozoic stratum,” I told him crossly.

“Yes, you do look terrible,” he agreed.

“Well,” I said furiously, “how would you expect me to look after burial under a ton of wet sand?”

“I wasn’t expecting you to be at your best,” he admitted.

“Expecting! You pediculous old porifera, you tripped me,” I said indignantly.

He looked shocked. “You don’t think I would trip such a charming creature, do you?” he inquired.

“Yes,” I said, “I have no doubt you’re entirely capable of it.”

The Captain decided to change the subject. “I would suggest that you sit up and endeavor to remove a considerable portion of that silicious deposit,” he remarked.

“I shall give your suggestion my earnest consideration,” I said wearily.

“And while you are thus pleasantly engaged,” he continued, “I shall tell you—”

“I knew it.” I spoke with bitter certainty. “I *knew* this was just a dastardly plot to inflict one of your insufferable yarns on me.”

“Since you’re so eager, I’ll tell you about Tahiti Jacques.”

“I *know* about Tahiti Jacques,” I replied firmly.

“Ah, but you don’t know about the time Tahiti Jacques piloted the *Seven Snails*,” he declared triumphantly.

“Oh-h-h-h,” I sighed, “if only I were a form of marine life that could just vanish into the sand!”

“Maybe you could,” he said with interest. “You’ve made a pretty good start.”

I sat up. “Do you have a trowel or a similar small instrument with which I could scrape this exceedingly uncomfortable silicon dioxide from my person?”

“Have a mussel shell,” he offered kindly.

“Thanks. It was good enough for my cave-dwelling grandpappy, so it’s good enough for me.”

“How primitive you are,” he mused.

“Whose idea was it?” I asked not unreasonably.

“Oh, well, to return to Tahiti Jacques.”

“There’s one thing,” I said; “you didn’t invent Tahiti Jacques.”

“Certainly not,” he agreed.

“No, some other prevaricator beat you to it.”

“Are you casting aspersions on my veracity?” he inquired incredulously.

“That’s a very nice way of putting it.”

“Aren’t you *interested* in Tahiti Jacques?” he asked in the same doubtful tone.

“You’re so clever, Captain. I greatly admire your lightning perception.”

“Incidentally,” he remarked, “where were you going when this catastrophe overwhelmed you?”

“I was setting forth on a five-mile hike before breakfast,” I replied regretfully, “and now look at me.”

“I’d rather not.”

“All right then, don’t.”

“You are such a mess, and it’s about time for breakfast.”

“My viscera have informed me of the latter fact, but what has that to do with my messy condition?”

“I was just thinking.”

I stifled an impulse to say “Not really?” and allowed him to continue.

“My house is near. You could come there and get cleaned up. After that we could have some eggs and bacon.”

“Eggs and bacon!” I sighed rapturously. “What a heavenly thought! How I have misjudged you! You really are a darling, Captain. Help me to arise.”

He grasped my hand and pulled me to my feet.

As we started off arm in arm, he remarked, “I’m looking forward to that delicious breakfast. I’m so glad you can cook.”



When We Take Heed of Life!

EVELYN HUBER



*When we take heed of life, a dreamer's woe,
And note its visage on the ageless plain
Of human aspiration, we never know
Beyond what seems to be, and gain
No greater insight than affords the human brain. . . .
We are but mortal — we can never see
Beyond a fragment of existence where the stain
Of all the past foretells the future meagerly;
The diary of the years we search in vain
To understand what is, and is to be,
And hopelessly we ask and ask again—
The query rushes back — unanswered strain,
Intensifies the doubt and harbors in the brain.*



From "The Sky Image"

EVELYN HUBER



*You who laid the stars down at my feet, will lay me, too, at theirs,
That time may linger in me and its lofty tones may ring
With organ notes into my heart where world proud voices bring
Tokens of their love, if I but show them yours.*

*At length, when I am laid away,
Your face, no longer in the sky,
Will share the earth's proud destiny;
While I will fade, and fading, die
Like others, leaving the mere memory
Of something tempered by the breath of fate
And then abandoned to the sands of time.*



" . . . *Life . . . What is it? . . . Why is it like that? . . .*

Still Moments

KENNETH SNYDER

IT was cold and grim. The sun was going down fast, withdrawing the last bit of warmth from the air. Suddenly one felt that at last winter was here; that it should have been here long ago. That here perhaps was a place where winter comes early—or is supposed to. We were walking along the edge of a wood. The dry leaves crackled under our boots. Briars pulled harmlessly at our breeches. And then we scrambled down into the glen. We stopped. Below, we could hear a rabbit scampering over the leaves. A white bob-tail disappeared around a bush and we began to chase it. But then, quite suddenly, our ears caught another sound. Up above, a squirrel jumped playfully from tree to tree—a grey, sleek looking, yet cute little animal, I thought. We raised our guns. The cold steel of the barrel seemed to grow colder in our hands. . . . Dick fired. As the little fellow dropped, he struck a small branch, hung there for an instant, then hit the ground with a thud. I walked over and picked him up. His smooth grey body was warm and soft. His liquid brown eyes glistened in the growing twilight. A single drop of warm red blood trickled over my fingers. I looked . . . and wondered. Life . . . What is it? . . . Where had it gone? . . .

* * * *

It was early in the afternoon. Standing on the corner I took a deep breath. The air was clear and warm, and gave one that happy, exhilarating feeling. Cars whizzed past us, ignoring our pleading thumbs. Then one stopped. In an instant we were at the door. It opened. We jumped in and before we knew it we were passing telegraph poles as steadily as the ticking of a clock.

"Can't take you very far," said the driver, "but I'll drop you off where the hopping will be better."

"Thanks," we replied. "Every little bit helps."

I looked at our driver. He was young. That is, thirty-two or thereabouts. He needed a shave, I thought, then instinctively rubbed my fingers over my short stubble.

"Yeh," said he, as he followed my action, "I do need a shave, don't I?", and he smiled a funny smile. "Didn't have time this morning," he continued. "Had to get the baby from the hospital. . . . Then . . . you see . . . I've been afraid to use my straight razor. . . . I've . . . been . . . so nervous, lately."

There was a pause.

"Yeh-h-h," he chuckled, "cute little son-of-a-gun!"

"Is she . . . all right . . . now?" I enquired, hesitantly.

"Oh! Yeh-h-h," and he shook his head. I felt odd, and a peculiar tenseness seemed to strain everything around us.

Then he smiled another convulsive, half sob-like "Yeh-h-h, . . . she's two weeks old today. Her mother . . . my wife . . . died . . . two hours after she was born. . . . They couldn't . . . do anything. . . . She didn't even see . . . the baby."

We reached our corner.

"Lots of luck," we said as we climbed out of the car.

"Thanks . . . lots of luck to you," was the reply.

I watched the car pull away. . . . I wondered! . . . Life . . . Why is it like that?

* * * *

The room is warm, too warm for ordinary comfort. The pungent smell of ether and iodine is everywhere. A powerful light illuminates a small white-frosted group standing around an operating table. And my eyes watch nothing else. Underneath the white frock that I have on, I feel a trickle of perspiration running down my back. My mouth-mask makes breathing uneasy at first. Yet as my heart begins to beat more quickly, I stand breathless . . . and watch utterly fascinated. . . . Fascinated, because I am seeing my first operation.

As I look down I see a young boy's leg protruding from a mass of white coverings. Now and then he moans softly. They paint that crippled, useless leg with iodine. Then the surgeon takes his scalpel. He looks at and feels that leg for a moment. Then, with a firm, dart-like stroke, he cuts. I am surprised! There is little blood. . . . The tourniquet near the thigh is doing its work well. He cuts more deeply and a smooth round-like bone is uncovered. He chisels and chops the end of that bone, explaining that now those two small joints where he is chopping will grow together and give the foot the needed rigidity that it should have. . . . Then he cuts again. This time at the back of the ankle. He uncovers a muscle. It is grey-white. I always thought them red. He disconnects that muscle, pushes it underneath the skin to the front of the leg where that other cut still lies open. He takes a piece of kangaroo gut and sews that disconnected end of muscle to the place where he has just chopped out the small bit of bone. Then he carefully sews up both openings. Wrappings of plaster cast gauze are wound around the leg. In a few months that boy—crippled by infantile paralysis—will limp no longer. He will run and play, shout and prance—just as all boys should do. And I . . . I am still standing, still breathless, beads of perspiration stand out on my forehead. . . . The old surgeon turns and smiles. And I . . . fascinated I . . . stand, — and think, — and wonder. . . . Life . . . life . . . can be . . . so . . . good!

"But now at Christmastime let us rejoice. . . Use this time to look on the bright side of things. . ."

Noel

ERNEST MULLER

AS man lives on it becomes more evident that there are some things in his life that do not change. Science may transfer him from a cold great palace or an equally cold peasant hut, to a bright home that is air-conditioned, oil-heated, and possesses an occupied garage. But the essential man does not change. The same desires, the same hopes, the same fears are present in him. The same spirit of worship is within him. And the same joyous thanksgiving deep in the recesses of his heart conquers the external pessimism. A man wants little more today than he wanted in Dante's time. In a world harried with uncertainties we are little different from that poet when he was asked, "Brother, what seekest thou?" In a voice that calls down through the centuries he answered, "Peace!"

It is no small thing in these days to be assured of a peace at Christmas. Yet what one quality is more in harmony with Christmas than peace? But peace or war, Christmas remains as it has been down through time since that first starlit night when the Christ Child was born. It is always the same, and we never forget it. It is a part of us, and no war can overshadow it. I don't mean by this that we are, or should be, indifferent to the condition of our world. I don't pretend to be among those uninterested in the rest of mankind. We are, I know, rather among those

*". . . to whom the miseries of the world
Are miseries, and will not let them rest."*

But now at Christmastime let us rejoice. The rest of the year finds us struggling against the crudities of our existence. Optimism so often nears the vanishing point, that it is a wonder it does not carry out its threat and disappear. But this one short period, Christmastide, is our salvation. Here is an oasis which can refresh us with that optimism which is so vital to our type of civilization. Sing songs, happy songs, and let laughter outsound the weeping. Use this time to look on the bright side of things. We have much for which to be thankful. Let us think of our families, from whom we need not fear arbitrary separation. Our racial history and our political sympathy does not have to be hidden. We can live open, honest, critical lives; we can own what we will, enjoy what we like. Yes, we have much for which to be thankful.

I don't know, but you may think that this Christmas cheer is artificial or imaginary. You may feel it is a lot of old-fashioned sentiment which is wrapped in red ribbon and related to fir trees and plum pudding. I don't

believe that this is true, and any person can prove this for himself if he wants to. Shove and push your way through any holiday crowd in any city and see if you don't sense something undefinable but nevertheless unquestionably present. Look into the shining faces and listen to the excited voices. What is there so different about them now? I don't exactly know, but there is something there that is startling because it is absent the rest of the year. This peculiar spirit fastens itself to no other season as it does to the Yuletide. And this spirit is happily contagious. It is "catching"; even the hardest shelled individual feels it, even though he would never admit it. Thank God that it is "catching"! In a period such as ours, in a world which has so little of the mellowing sentimentality, we need this spirit so much more than we ever needed it before.

And all because that miraculous evening saw life given to a man who was to change the way of the world. A man to whom no other man has been the equal. Far from America, there in the small desert-like district at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, the land of bare hills and meager productive soils, was the Christ born. That night the sky was a deeper blue and the stars were a brighter silver. Shepherds, as their grandfathers before them, were watching their flocks. High above in the cool hills as they watched, the flickering lights and the white walls of Bethlehem were hardly visible. Suddenly a great light broke about them and an angelic choir sang "Glory to God in the highest!" Then into this glorious vision came an angel, who calmed the men's fears with that greatest message of hope, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . for unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!" Then the shepherds went as they were directed and found the child of the travelers Joseph and Mary lying in a manger within a cattle-fold.

*". . . a Mother pure, a Babe so rare,
They had to bow in reverence there."*

If angel hosts sang songs of praise, why shouldn't we, too, do likewise? He was a gift from the Father to us—and how can we express our eternal gratitude better than in song? Sing at this Christmas and remember the origin of the season. Let us forget ourselves for once. Sing songs and live songs. Let joy for once radiate from us to brighten up the dreary world. Give thanks and sing during this Christmas season!

*"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, goodwill toward men."*

Foreign Hills

ROBERT YOH

*There is something in my soul that sings
For joy of earthly-saddened things;
There is something in my heart that thrills
To beauty of the foreign hills —
The foreign hills of high content,
The tallest craigs of wonderment.
There is something in me must ask why
The mountains reach up for the sky.
Do they think their soul is there
In all the wideness of the air?
Of all creation these hills know
To whom and where man's prayers go—
For there is something makes man pray
In the last hour of his day.
These foreign hills must understand
The struggling torture of the land
Which ever tries to rise above
Its lowness, and to reach God's love.
There is something in my soul that seeks
The silent beauty of the peaks
And crests of once-green foreign hills
Which comfort all my greater ills.
Of all the earthly-saddened things,
It is a foreign hill that brings
A greater calm, a true relief
In times of my own unbelief,
For as it rises in the blue,
My doubting soul, it rises too,
And my trembling spirit sheds a tear
At so much beauty I hold dear.
There is something in my soul must praise
These foreign hills which stately raise
Their gleaming heads up to the sky,
With deep-felt faith their God is nigh.*



"In those last few seconds, into each person's mind flooded his whole life's story. . . ."

Just Before—

DOROTHEA DEININGER

THE huge airship zoomed its way over the Sierra Nevada Mountains bound for Chicago. The pilot and the radio operator were very tense this night, for a heavy fog formed a blanket over all. And to make matters really serious, the controls were acting strangely.

There was a tap on the window of their compartment. The radio operator glanced toward it and saw the stewardess of the plane nod her head. He turned to the pilot. "Lynn says everything is O. K. with the passengers. We're lucky there's no trouble tonight."

Lynn Carter had carefully checked over all the passengers and had busied herself in making them comfortable. It was strange how few were making the trip, she thought, and it was interesting to notice how different they were. She found studying the passengers' faces an interesting pastime. In seat one was Mrs. Barton, a widow, sweet faced and young, who was going back to Chicago, back to her two young children whom she had left with relatives when she went to Arizona to take care of the burial of her husband. Deep sorrow was etched on her face and her eyes were sad, but she seemed to have some inner source of strength. To Lynn Carter she was the personification of bravery.

Behind her sat a man who crouched low in his seat and kept his face turned toward the window. Lynn consulted the chart and found his name to be listed as Joe Smith. He was a strange character, but since Lynn could read nothing in his profile, she passed on to the next passenger.

There was no mistaking her identity, for she had made it quite obvious in her talk with Lynn. "Oh yes, I'm Lona Martin, the screen actress. I'm headed for New York to make my stage debut. Of course, it will be terribly tiring, but I know my public will appreciate my efforts." Lynn smiled a bit to herself, for she remembered the story behind the rise of Lona Martin—the rise from Laura MacMartin, dress shop girl, to the well-known screen celebrity. Even though Lynn was just a few years older than Lona Martin, she realized that not all was glamor in Hollywood and that Lona looked tired and restless.

Across the aisle sat Dr. Carver, noted brain surgeon. Lynn had heard it rumored that it was because of him that the company had allowed a sixteen-passenger ship to take off with only four passengers. It seemed that he had to get to Chicago as fast as possible to perform an operation which he alone could do on Jimmy Newton, five-year-old son of James Newton, the millionaire. Since this plane could make the trip faster than any other, James Newton had bought all the other seats to prevent delay in taking off.

Lynn glanced out of the window and noticed that the fog seemed much more dense. Suddenly a chill of horror came to her as she felt the plane rapidly lose altitude. Why in heaven's name was Jack doing that, she asked herself? Perhaps because of the fog, she reasoned. But that didn't make sense, and nothing but the gravest necessity warranted a loss of altitude over the Sierra Nevadas. Suddenly the plane took a wild dive and righted itself again. Lynn ran to the control room window and saw terror in the face of MacPherson, the radio operator. It was the controls; they had gone completely wrong. Jack, the pilot, was trying desperately to do something. Lynn was terror-stricken; but like a hammer something beat to the throb of her pulse—composure, composure, the passengers, the passengers!

The passengers were all tense; they knew that something had gone wrong and each turned questioning eyes toward Lynn. As she tried to say something soothing the great ship gave a lurch and plunged toward the earth.

In those last few seconds, into each person's mind flooded his whole life's story, and all his wishes and fears engulfed him. Jack, the pilot, still tried to save the plane while he kept hearing his mother's voice saying, "My Jack's a good, brave boy." Well, he wanted to be good and he wanted to be brave, but he was afraid—not of death, strangely enough, but of the disgrace that this crash would bring regardless of his innocence as to its cause. Subconsciously he wished for death.

MacPherson, the radio-man, felt a stabbing sensation in his chest. "Funny!" he thought. "Never had any trouble with my heart before"—then he slumped forward.

Lynn Carter continued to see four pairs of eyes on her—it was horrible—why didn't they stop looking? She couldn't help this accident. "Please stop looking, please!" And suddenly she burst into wild laughter. It was funny. Those people thought she could help them—wasn't that funny? Didn't they know there wasn't any way out?

Mrs. Barton's mind was a swirling mass of thought those last few seconds. When Peter, her husband, had died, she had prayed every night for death so as to be with him. Then, slowly, as the grief exhausted itself, she had realized that little Peter and Joanie needed her too. Now she felt this must be the end, and that she would be near Peter again. But what would become of little Peter and Joanie? Dear little fatherless, motherless children!

The man named Joe Smith had bolted upright. Was this to be the end? No, it was impossible! He, Trigger Joe, who had finished off six men and had escaped from

(Continued on Page 16)

America's Defeatism Complex

(Continued from Page 8)

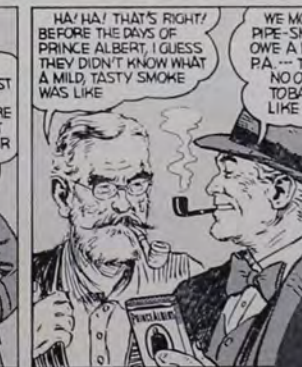
opportunities. That is not a very flattering verdict to have delivered by impartial foreigners.

I do not deny that America is regaining at least a semblance of wakefulness. As Mr. Rose pointed out in his recent Ursinus College Forum address, Americans do seem to be fighting back against existing conditions. They are adopting a challenging attitude toward the things they do not like. One fact alone mars the effectiveness of this attitude. Most of the fighting and challenging is coming from those individuals who are still relaxing in figurative armchairs. Until they arise and match their words with action their bluster will have little effect. The present critical attitude may be an indication of latent action, but it is not real action. Until that real action is put forth we shall remain a defeated society.

It is inevitable in the progress of civilization that the masses must gradually adjust themselves to the outstanding individuals in their society. Only in that manner, it seems, can world progress be brought about. However, if entire populations are rendered unwilling to meet their obligations to society and to their leaders because they have met defeat at the hands of some powerful social

force, the course of civilization will become one of retrogression, and the Dark Ages will not be merely a part of the past.

Lest I be branded as a purely destructive critic, a name for which I have little respect, I shall close with an optimistic note. Not all Americans are defeated. Strong personalities have survived the blow of the depression and are still fighting. These men are our real national leaders, whether or not we recognize them as such. *They have not quit.* Back of these men in a few years will be another potent factor, American youth; for in spite of all the derogatory statements that have been made concerning modern American youth, they cannot be called "quitters," as can many of their critics. They realize the gravity of the present situation, but they are not "licked." They are puzzled by it, but they look for a way out. With competent, courageous leadership they will constitute the major force with which we can combat present and future problems. It is unfortunate that our leaders have been cursed with such unworthy followers in the past decade, but the way is open ahead for a *dynamic* American society.



WHAT I WANT IN A PIPE TOBACCO IS JUST WHAT I GET IN PRINCE ALBERT—A **COOL, MELLOW** SMOKE FULL OF **RIPE, RICH** TASTE BUT **NO BITE**

SO MILD!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Just Before—

(Continued from Page 14)

prison three times—this couldn't be the way he was going out. He was going to die, to die! As if out of the fog itself came all the faces of the men he had killed. "No, stop the plane!" he screamed. "I don't want to die." But the plane did not stop.

Behind him, Lona Martin was sobbing, "Oh God, God, I'm afraid. Please, please, don't let me die." It wasn't strange that Lona Martin, the sophisticated, self-sufficient actress, should turn to Laura MacMartin's God and pray

for help.

Dr. Carver had seen death many times, and although he realized that probably this meant his own death, his thoughts went to the Chicago operating room that was being prepared, to little Jimmie Newton, who lay waiting for him, and to the child's poor father and mother. What sorrow this would cause!

Then came a terrific crash, a blinding flash, and . . . silence.

Visit The Norristown

SPORTS CENTER

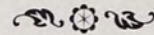
For all kinds of sports equipment. Our prices are positively the lowest. Give us a trial.

Norristown Sports Center

149 W. Main Street
NORRISTOWN, PA.

Win with CHATLINS

Norristown's Busiest Department Store



250-252 E. Main Street
NORRISTOWN, PA.

Compliments of . . .

A Friend

The Hamilton Hotel

Main and Hamilton Streets
NORRISTOWN, PA.

WE SERVE TO ALL PARTIES

S. M. SCHEIBLEY, *Manager*

OTHER HOTELS:

Strath Haven Inn—Swarthmore, Pa.

The Whittier—140 N. 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chester Arms—Chester, Pa.

Listen to Jacob Reed's Sons'

"VARSITY MATINEE"

*The Collegians' OWN Program
by "Your Campus Reporter"*

NEWS AND CHATTER FROM ALL THE COLLEGES

Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday
5:15 to 5:30 P. M. - WIP - 610 KC.

*Send us News, Announcements, Personal Anecdotes . . . or
Come into Jacob Reed's Sons, at 1424 Chestnut Street—or
Phone, Rit. 5600 or Station WIP, Phila., or Fremont 2765*

The 1939 RUBY

+

Price—\$3.50 if ordered
before January 15, 1939

+

*Editor—GENE HILE
Business Mgr.—MORRIS CLARK*

Merin-Baliban

PHOTOGRAPHY



*Official Photographers for the 1939
RUBY*



1010 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa.
PENnypacker 5777

The Greatest Gift of All

(Continued from Page 4)

Margaret was silent for a moment; then she spoke softly, half to herself.

"They say that on Christmas eve the Christ Child appears on earth; only always in a different form, so that he isn't recognized. Oh, David, suppose it *was* He! This is the night of miracles, you know. Almost anything may happen tonight!"

"Margaret! That's just what *he* said! 'This is the night of miracles; almost anything may happen—if you can only keep faith, and trust, and love!'"

"Yes, faith, and trust, and love. Oh, David, we will! And look, David!" She rose, turned out the lights, and drew him to the window. His eyes followed hers to the deep, dark sky, showing in relief its myriad stars.

"I was standing here just before you came, David, feeling so glad, that I could hardly wait for you to come. And as I watched the stars, it seemed as if one of those overhead grew larger and brighter than the ones around it, and then after a moment melted back again with the others."

She turned her head, and a pale light bathed her face in a mystical glow. David caught his breath at the sight of her.

"We *will* keep faith, Margaret, always," he promised softly. "Faith, and trust, and love."

"Always," she repeated. "And we'll never forget our first Christmas gift—the greatest gift of all."



We Exist to Serve and Supply . . .

Ursinus College Supply Store

Dave Hartman '40

Ken Snyder '40

Nat Johnson '41

Roy Wenhold '42

GENERAL PRINTING

of Highest Quality

To maintain the highest efficiency in the production of general printing, The Feroe Press is equipped with a capable organization of men backed by modern mechanical equipment.

THE FEROE PRESS

R. C. HAWK, MANAGER
HANOVER AND SOUTH STS., POTTSTOWN, PA.

- Office Forms
- Stationery
- Folders
- Booklets
- Catalogs

Shop at . . .

BLOCK'S

NORRISTOWN

*for Gifts for the
Entire Family*

Dolly Madison
Ice Cream



Burdan's
Ice Cream



Aristocrat
Ice Cream



Philadelphia Dairy Products Co., Inc.
POTTSTOWN Phone 816

Smart
Philadelphians
Wear
MORVILLE
CLOTHES
... because they fit



This is by way of challenge to those men who say, "I can't be fitted in ready-to-wear clothes." We offer as refutation our reputation among well-dressed men who say, "They won't let you wear it unless it fits."

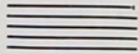


Morville Clothes

130 SOUTH 15TH STREET
724 SOUTH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The
VALLEY
FORGE
HOTEL

NORRISTOWN, PA.



At the Cross Road of Routes 202 and 422
in the Heart of Norristown

Join the Crowd at

D
O
C
'S



College Drug, Inc.

L. M. LEBEGERN

DAVIS COAT AND APRON SUPPLY

+

+

+

Mervine Laundry Company

1502-10 N. Mervine Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

Compliments of

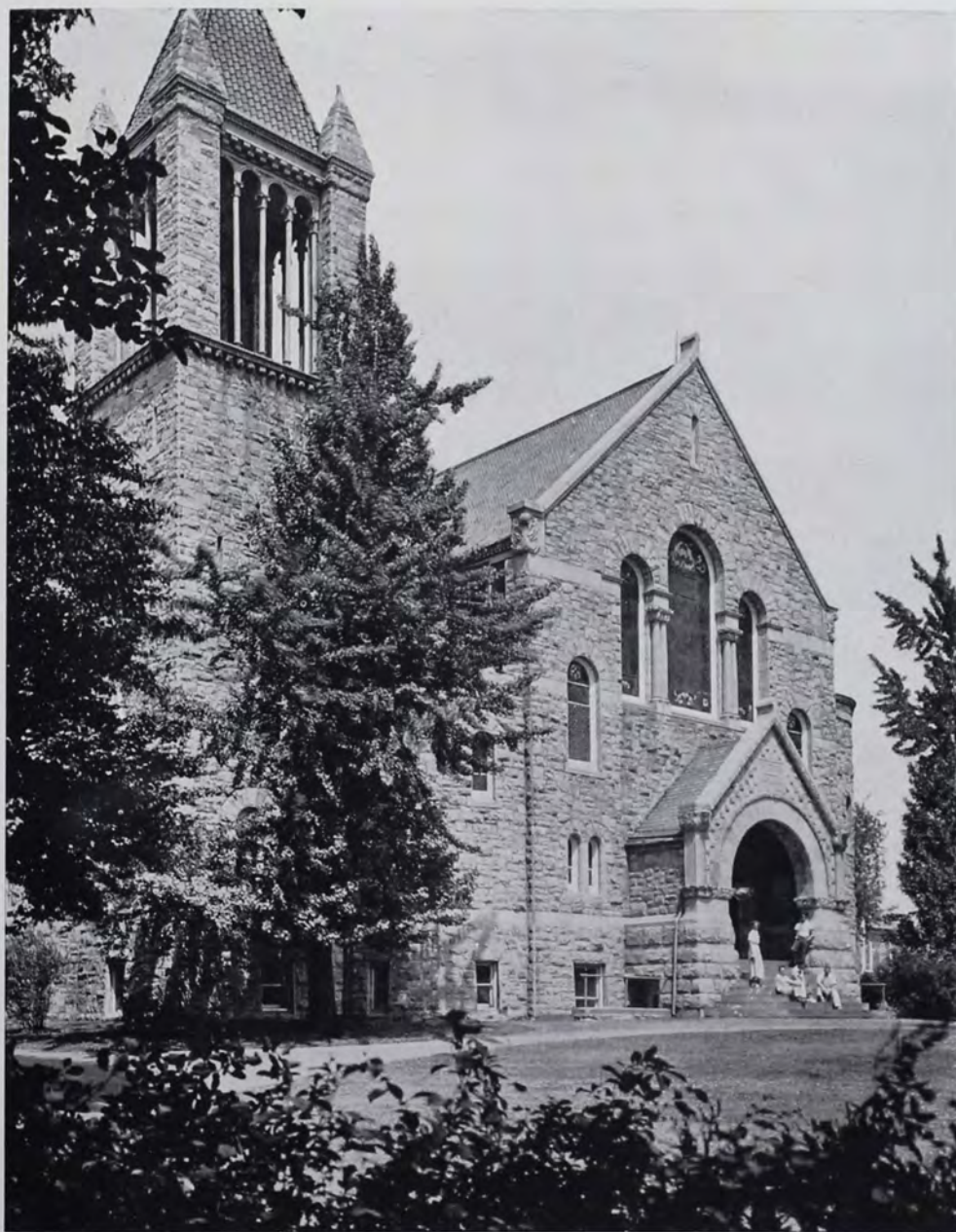
ALVIN D. BEYER, Inc.
INSURANCE

Room 414

Norristown-Penn Trust Building

NORRISTOWN, PA.

Ursinus College . . .



THE OLDEST COLLEGE IN
MONTGOMERY COUNTY

THE ONLY CO-EDUCATIONAL
COLLEGE IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY

N. E. McClure, Ph. D., Litt. D.

President



*Merry Christmas
Everybody...*



*...and to everybody
more smoking pleasure*

Chesterfield Cigarettes in their attractive Christmas cartons appeal to everyone. Their refreshing *mildness* and *better taste* give smokers everywhere *more pleasure*.

Chesterfield *They Satisfy*