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Authors
Dillwyn Darlington, Nadine Sturges, Fred Binder, Gladys Heibel, Esther Hydren, Dorothy Kinsey Shisler, James Barbash, and Winfield S. Smith
OUR OWN PATSY GARRETT
out in front with Chesterfields and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians

Sure on' the Big Parades to Chesterfield

...for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette...MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE and COOLER SMOKING. Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes...that Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette.

They Satisfy
A valedictory is in order for this issue, I suppose; but I don't like to write them. Instead I should like to thank the staff whose cooperation made my job an easy and pleasant one, the contributors who gave me the stuff from which any good issue must be made, and the readers from whom has come the praise and criticism that makes this job worth-while. I hope we have given you a good magazine within the limitations under which we work. Thank you all very much.

Sincerely,

Harry Showalter

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Writing For Americanism

In a few months many of the men here will be drafted into the United States Army. They will give a year, at least, of their lives to their country. In that time they will train to equip themselves better for their country’s defense. While they give these services, business will devote itself to the greatest war production effort in our history. The American taxpayer will dig more deeply into his pocket than he ever did before. All America will contribute something to what we like to call “our Nation’s defense.”

But many Americans are confused. They are beginning to fear that honest defense of their country implies other allegiances. No matter how loyal a man is to America, he will be adjudged a traitor by some people if he does not place England on an equal or higher plane. And he must hate German Nazis, Italian Fascists, and Russian Reds. Not to do so is to be a poor American.

These lurking stereotypes of Americanism may cause writers much concern before long. They may no longer be able to write an “America first” point of view. They may no longer be able to write pro-German or pro-Italian books or columns.

If this does happen America will have lost a sizeable portion of her democracy.

Nazi and Fascist ways of life do not appeal to most of us. Most of us do feel a warm concern for the future of England. But these things have little to do with essential Americanism. The average taxpayer is not paying because he loves England as he does his own country. The average industrialist is not producing because he hates Hitler or Mussolini or Stalin. The average draftee does not go to camp and train for either reason. All three sacrifice unselfishly because they love America and the American way more than all else in the international scene.

And why should it not be this way? With so much hate in the world, why should a man not help to defend his country just because he happens to love it? Let writers pen for or against England, Italy, Germany, or any other nation. But let them tell people of the blessing that is the American way of life. May we never so lose our balance that we compel Americanism to be premised on love for or hate of any foreign nation.
Among Our Contributors

The cover is explained in the words of Winfield S. Smith who designed it: "Assuming that it is necessary to give some explanation of the symbolism of this cover design, I shall endeavor to give my reasons for it. Below we see some of the activities in which we Americans may be engaged—education, farming, engineering, aviation, or just plain laboring. But each group lives under a spirit which is inherent in man and which we call 'democracy'. We know that the democracy under which we live is not synonymous with the underlying principle. However, we have the chance to build on what we have to make a vital, working democracy, and in so doing, prove to the world that the universal principles which philosophers from Thales to Jesus realized were true are still true and vital to every one of us. The cloud- abiding individual on the cover represents those high ideals on which our lives are based; he carries the sword, for the price of freedom is eternal vigilance; he dwells on high, for we must always reach upward to him to grow to the moral and ethical stature he demands. I believe that America is felt and expressed so finely by Thomas Wolfe in his last book, "You Can't Go Home Again", that I should like to quote him as presenting beautifully in words the thought which I sought to convey in this illustration: 'So, then, to every man, regardless of his birth, this shining, golden opportunity—to every man the right to work, to live, to be himself, and to become whatever thing his manhood and his vision can combine to make him—this, seeker, is the promise of America.'"

That retiring writer, Offise Wack, is back in this issue. The last time he took us on an interesting trip through Chinatown. This time he narrates a pleasantly amusing tale about small-scale horticulture in "Garden by Guarantee". His gift for sharp, humorous word combinations makes his work highly entertaining.

Contained in this issue is an expose of the inequities of the pin-ball machine that should delight all readers from the fellow who plays the infernal contraption to the girl who is temporarily widowed thereby. Unfortunately the author's name is not available for this piece. He has chosen to bask in inconspicuous enjoyment of the humor he has created in "There's One Born Every Minute."

Fred Binder, virile lifter of weights and football star, has aired an unusual and highly romantic hobby for us. Fred is one of the fortunates who has been able to find more than bugs and mosquitoes in South Jersey. He has begun to collect ghost towns. For a colorful survey of this interesting pastime read "I Collect Ghost Towns".

James Barbash, the man who can pull things out of your coat and make you disappear at will, apparently found a match in his pet, a monkey named "Boots". Barbash combines a smooth flow of words with an eye for interesting and amusing incidents to furnish a very readable account of "A Monkey's Business".

With satire handled sharply and pleasantly as usual, Dillwyn Darlington has discussed once more the leaders in the present war. His article, "The Sporting Way", has Adolph and Winston battling it out with stuffed gloves—not a bad idea at that.

The inimitable repartee of Dorothy Shisler is again in evidence in her short story for this issue. "The Little Man Who Was Always There" is neither didactic nor argumentative in content. It skims a superficial bit from life's surface with which to amuse and entertain.

After submitting a beautiful prose article for the last issue, Esther Hyden has chosen to write two equally beautiful sonnets for this issue. "Let Me Wear White" and "Beauty Is Like a Sword of Fire" are delightful to read. Both are rich in connotative words and arresting moods.

When ambiverts start rhapsodizing about extroverts in ambiguous language we keep our hands off and just print the work. We leave any judgment on the poem, "To Joe, the Happy Extrovert, With Love and Inhibitions", to some discerning introvert who may choose to read it.

The whole Lantern staff and especially Nadine Sturges join in dedicating "Holding it, Pliz!" to the "bigger and better 1941 Ruby" and its capable editor, Fred Welland. This amusing little ditty should be a constant reminder of the gentleman who speaks from beneath the black curtain.

Gladys Heibel's gift for poetic expression again helps to dedicate the pages of the Lantern to beautiful verse. Her poems, "Song of Sorrow" and "Spring Love Song", are one type of literary expression for the encouragement of which this magazine was founded.
Garden By Guarantee

OFFICE WACK

I've come to the point where legal action is the only solution to my dither, and I have a sneaking suspicion that a prominent New York seed company will regret the day it opened shop. Not that I have any dislike for good, honest, legitimate business, because I am, myself, a business man of a sort; but selling merchandise under false pretense and with no eye to the satisfaction of the customer is as downright mean as pilfering Junior's dimes from his piggy bank.

Last March the first, Penelope and I moved from our city apartment to a little bungalow in the suburbs and prepared to enjoy the new environment. We had acquired, in addition to the house, a spacious front lawn, two Lombardy poplars, a garage, a convenient fire plug, and a quarter acre of an old lot that somebody no longer wanted. Neither of us had ever breathed such clean air or had so much room in which to move around; so you can imagine the great delight we took in anticipating the spring.

Our interests centered on the old lot, and the wife fairly bubbled over with inspiration, for it was her idea to turn it into a garden—a real, live garden that would be all our own. Seeds, she said, were guaranteed by the catalogue, and were cheap. Besides, it would improve the looks of our home. Finally, after considering the proposition, I gave my assent.

Penelope made all the plans, as she usually does, and managed theoretically to dispose of my next two pay checks by suggesting the purchase of a gasoline lawn mower, a mile of garden hose, rakes, shovels, trowels, pruning shears, and a concrete bird bath. She was looking lovingly at the picture of a five horse-power tractor, complete with plow and harrow, in the mail order catalogue; but I remembered a farmer friend of mine and gave the book away in the nick of time. Needless to say (especially if you know Penelope) the theory gave way to reality, and our garage was soon filled with gardening utensils of every description. We let the car stand out on the back drive until the finance company took it away for some foolish reason which I can't recall off hand, and I spent March and part of April learning how to operate the gorgeous array of mechanisms which I now owned.

Somehow or other, I got the lawnmower started, but the rotaries suffered from an acute case of maladjustment and inflicted some rather glaring scars on the cement floor of the garage, incidentally breaking all the blades and a bottle of my best wine, which I was saving for our anniversary. I had forgotten to open the doors; and by the time I had raced the mower for several laps I was nearly overcome by peroxide, or something. I tried out the various styles of shovels and spades, going through all the motions of exhaustive digging, until I felt that I was thoroughly proficient in that phase of the work. I overdid it in one instance, but the landlord said that he'd install a new pane at half price.

I bent the teeth on the rake and cut the garden hose in half testing the sharpness of the pruning shears. But a little tire tape and rubber cement remedied that condition so that it only leaks a little, though I still have to wear a raincoat when I sprinkle the lawn. The bug sprayer gave me the most trouble. The first time I tried it, I forgot to build up compression in the air chamber and nothing happened. There was a spare penny in my side pocket and the kid next door did the rest. Air pressure is a marvelous phenomenon, especially when it's forcing four gallons of bug juice through a needle spray. I nearly drowned the dog, and the tin of the garage wall is corroding magnificently.

All this time, Penelope was reading material in the garden catalogues and preparing a choice selection of flower and vegetable seeds. I noted with pleasure that the company guaranteed its products. It even listed testimonials from hundreds of satisfied customers and presented pictures of the mature plants in their full and unsurpassed beauty. The string beans were large and full; the tomatoes, fat and juicy; the cabbages, firm; the lettuce, crisp; etc. etc. The flower blooms were reproduced in natural color, and I could see that a portion of our little lot would be set aside especially for them—by decree from Penelope. The good wife completed a lengthy list of various types of seed, submitted it for my approval (which I dared not refuse), and mailed $7.63 to the Gardeners' Helping Hand Institution in New York.

With the advent of good weather, which didn't exactly dry out the ground but just toned it down to a sluggish sogginess, I took upon myself the task of preparing our lot so that it might assume the character of a respectable garden. At the end of a week I phoned the city refuse department; and they obligingly hauled away three tons of assorted rock, eight rusty curtain rods, one Landon sunflower...
pin, a pair of mildewed tennis shoes, size eight and a quarter, seventy-four beer cans (empty), a rusty oil drum, and a copy of *Esquire*, May, 1937, which I had seen before.

By the middle of April, we were able to begin actual gardening, but not before I had bought four tons of suitable top soil to replace the debris which had been carted away. And so it was with great joy that Penelope and I went forth that Saturday morning to break ground and lay the cornerstone in our own little truck patch which had thus far cost a fortune. We worked together diligently. I spaded the soil, removed the lumps, raked it smooth, set the lines, dug the furrows, and Penelope followed me, dropping in the seeds. Then I followed Penelope and covered them up. The germ of life had been implanted in the barren earth of our lot!

Each evening I worked my crop, employing my hoe and rake with the delicate skill that I had cultivated those many hours in the garage. It was good to see the fruits of one's labor peep their little green heads into the sunlight. I felt like a conqueror.

In June when the rain discontinued its activities indefinitely, I dragged out the hose. The water meter revolved like the hand on a stop-watch, and my monthly bill was a fearful and wonderful testimony of my industry. Then one night an unexpected thunderstorm washed away my bean poles and tomato posts, and these plants sprawled themselves over the carrots and lettuce. But my troubles had just begun. In July came the beetles, one species from Japan, another from Mexico; and between them they succeeded in gobbling most of the green matter. The lettuce wilted dejectedly, the spinach developed some sort of galloping dry rot, the cabbages wouldn't come to a head, the red beets contracted speckled elephantiasis, the corn wouldn't stand up straight, the peas just passed out, and the squash vine circled the garden three times, broke through the fence, and headed north. Weeds came up in droves, worms devoured the turnips, and the parsnips gave up in despair.

The gods dealt with the flowers in a like manner; the whole sick-bedful just drooped and refused to do anything about it. I poured untold volumes of water on them, but they merely soaked it up like sponges—and drooped again. Penelope cried her eyes out over a dried-up, spotted, withered, nasturtium, and implored me to do something about it. I sprayed and sprayed and cussed and cursed with no results. In sudden inspiration I dug out the seed catalogue and I looked for cures, and all I found was some moron's testimonial that these seeds were the best on the market. There was a seal of approval granted by some half-baked national gardening society, and a long-winded dissertation which, I discovered, was the guarantee. But no remedy for my garden. Guarantee—bah! I wish one of those fellows would try to cook a decent meal out of that rubbish they call vegetables. There wasn't a single piece of truck that I'd eat if I were starving to death.

My garden is a disgrace to the neighborhood; it belongs, by rights, on the other side of the tracks; but no one over there will consider accepting it as a gift. There isn't a solitary factor in it which I can admire. The only tool I use now is the lawn mower, and soon I'm going to give that up, let the grass grow, and sell it for hay in the fall. My truck patch looks just like another old deserted lot, only worse. It's one mass of good-for-nothing weeds, anemic vegetable plants that refused to face the trials and tribulations of life, and a jungle of faded, dwarfed, miserable flowers.

Right now I've got to get out there and clean up that ungodly mess; the borough council served notice that it was an eye-sore in the neighborhood and must be removed.

So, as I say, I'm in such a dither that I'm going to seek legal advice. Tomorrow I go to see my brother in the hospital. He's a lawyer; you know—has a broken leg; somebody soaped the running-board on the city ambulance.

"We know that America cannot be the land of the free unless she is also the home of the brave."

WENDELL L. WILLKIE
A DOLF Hitler, the most eminent statesman of the Twentieth Century and Chancellor of the German Reich, has announced that, instead of settling differences between Germany and Great Britain in matters of commerce, government, and Idealism by the old-fashioned method of war, he has challenged Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of England, to a boxing bout in which the winner takes all.

Relations between the two nations have grown steadily worse during the past eighteen months and are now strained beyond the breaking point. Sensing the shadow of Mars looming ominously over the horizon, Chancellor Hitler has devised this novel method of settling disputes between quarrelsome neighbors. "Because this is a disagreement between two governments, and the peoples of the nations themselves have no direct wish to become entangled in wholesale murder. I feel it is only proper that Winnie and I settle this thing between ourselves," stated Hitler in one of his daily press conferences.

The twinkly-eyed Austrian, who last fall won the Nobel Peace Prize for founding Humanity, Inc., denounced war as an old-fashioned, out-moded, and unsatisfactory way of settling disputes. He pointed out that war injures innocent bystanders, kills defenseless women and children, and drags into the conflagration small neutrals whose only wish is to remain free and peaceful. The great amount of destruction of property and the fact that the peace treaty made is the beginning of a future war also show the futility of armed conflict, Hitler pointed out.

The new plan for arbitrating differences, the Wilhelmsstrasse disclosed, demands that whenever a leader of the people (a true leader is naught but a public servant, the Nazi Party maintains) becomes involved in a dispute abroad, he will be forced to don a pair of boxing gloves and battle his way to either a knockout or a fifteen round decision. The decision is binding upon the peoples of both countries and will be strictly enforced by the Universal Boxing Commission and Judge Landis.

Both men have been training for the past six months for the bout, Hitler taking daily trots from Berlin to Brenner Pass and battling daily with the R. A. F. fighters. Churchill is rounding into top form by cleaning up huge piles of wreckage all over London and smoking long, black cigars. Hitler's managers will include Benito Mussolini, glass-jawed scrapper from Rome, Heavyweight Herman Goering, and Joe Goebbels, his public relations counsellor. Churchill is being handled by Mackenzie King, the Canadian champ, several seasoned African fighters, and a horde of American advisors.

The bout has been scheduled tentatively for the Hague Arena in Holland at 10:15 p.m. on April 4, the anniversary of America's entrance into the World War.

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Holding it Pliz!

Be looking in the lense,
Be putting back the hands—
Head up not so high,
Be longing for evarts, pliz!
It makes the light in center of eye.
With knees crossed, it is bed—
Meets Blonde, keep straight the head.
Now, ready, pliz—and look dis way—
"O. K.", says Weiland, "Next—don't delay."

NADINE STURGES

Page six
YOU don't need much equipment to collect ghost towns. Some good library references, an ordinary road map, a hitch hiker's personality, and the imagination and heart of an explorer will suffice. The profits are unearthed memories and resurrected centuries. This is one way of finding Haliburton's "Royal Road to Romance" in your own back yard.

Winter in southern New Jersey means scrub oaks stretching bare branches to the grey-blue skies overhead, and pines presenting a green background for tangled underbrush. The damp salt air is drenched with the smell of pine and marsh, and if you linger until the close of day, the only reward is a brilliant sunset soon followed by the dimness of winter evening and a cold moon. Darkness pours upon the waste lands.

Along the many roads and within the woods or bordering the swamps, but more often on the banks of narrow rivers, are places which were once thriving industrial centers, well-kept farms, or gleaming white churches. Now the forest has claimed them for its own. The buildings have crumbled and lie in heaps of brick and red stone upon the sandy needle'd floor of the woods. Gravestones marking the resting places of staunch forefathers are weather-worn and cracked. Even the dead are deserted amid scenes such as these. Clouded in the mists of history and legend, the ghost towns and lost graveyards stand in silent decay. They are not to be found on any map, as they are mirages of a desolate Past defiant of the Present's inquiring eye. The very names breathe the pathos and singing spirit of the early settlers. Calico, Hog Wallow, Catawba, and Worthless City are only a few of them.

In 1833 the "History and Gazette, New Jersey" published the following: "Etna Furnace and Forge, grist and saw mill on Tuckahoe Creek, Weymouth Township, Gloucester County—fifteen miles from the sea". Today Etna is a lost name. But beyond the old church yard at the head of the river there is a quarter of a mile of woodland trail padded with the soft thickness of brown pine needles which winds to the bank of a sluggish stream. In place of the large mills all that remains are holly branches hanging over dull black cedar water. Actually, there is not much to see, no spectacular scenes or huge edifices. A few water-logged timbers mark the place of the wharves. A high furnace of six thicknesses of brick and stone is crumbling into dust. Yet what a wealth of imagery will be presented to your mind as you pause a moment and allow the silence to fill your soul. The curtain rolls back from the years. Suddenly you are standing in the midst of high activity: shouting, sweating mill-hands, broad-shouldered iron mongers, laughing boatmen who have come to float the finished products down the Tuckahoe River into the great Egg Harbor Bay and around the Cape to Delaware and Philadelphia.

Do not look across the water at the bogs whence came the iron ore; they are overgrown and impassable. Nor should you gaze at the wilderness around you or the figures will vanish and the laughter die away. Only the ghostly ruins will remain.

There is a place called Hanissa, a shambling memory-city and Weymouth Foundry which employed three hundred men. And now its acres are strewn with moss and brambles. Port Elizabeth, educational center of the colonies in the early 1700's, sent ships down the Maurice River to ports in the West Indies. Today it stands a tiny village, and at the river banks the landings are rotten and unused.

The tales which are told by the grizzled natives are partly true and partly legendary. There are stories of Jack Mulliner, the Jersey Robin Hood, who was finally caught and hanged at Nescoquague in 1781, and of Indian Ann and her three husbands, one a seven-foot mulatto. There were beacon lighters at Cape May who lured ships aground, murdered the crews, and stole the cargoes. The "Jersey
Devil"'} half-man, half-beast, still roams the cedar swamps and pine trails. A butcher, a baker, and a candlestick maker own Worthless City.

The legends and ghost towns are not of great historical interest. They are mute reminders of a brave and fearless people who lived and labored against a wilderness of scrub growth and swamps and carved a home and livelihood from the sandy soil of southern New Jersey. Labor was in vain, and the settlers gave back to the wilderness the land which stunted their hopes and their lives. Deer tracks punctuate the clearings where once stood a farm, a forge, or a community.

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**Song of Sorrow**

Sweet is my sorrow,
Sweet and lovely
Like nightfall snow
That sifts in darkness
Down into the waiting forest
And sudden still meadow.

And I am a forest and a meadow.—
Break, lowering clouds,
And fill me in the night
With sorrow
And soft pain.

As day break
Flushes on the eastern hills,
I wake
Into a dream
Where all the world
A crystal palace is,
And the low round trees
That hush along the river's edge
Are snow-frightened.
And my thoughts
Like startled morning sparrows
Hover restless
In my heart's new world.

So am I filled with sorrow,
Stilled with sorrow,
Covered with a dim white ecstasy
Obliterating all,
So that I cannot think;
I only lie surrendered,
Waiting for the sun
To loose me.

GLADYS HEIBEL
Beauty is Like a Sword of Fire

Beauty is like a sword of fire that strikes
Down deep into my heart. A sobbing cry
Of pain and joy breaks from my lips, and like
A violin whose trembling string, snapped by
The agony of sound too vibrantly
Intense, quivers to silence, so must I
Yield to engulfing calm, the aftermath
Of beauty too intense to bear. Then high
Above me shines a glow of splendor; through
The calm a realization comes. I see
As one whose blindness has been rent anew
When great light pierces darkness. Over me
There flows a quiet peace, faith that the pure
Eternal sources of beauty will endure.

ESTHER HYDREN
"Lynn, you've always been very patient with me, and there's something I've got to talk about, so—" I began hesitantly. "I'm afraid you'll think I'm crazy."

"Tony, you know I always want to hear anything you have to say." She was soothingly attentive.

"See that man at the next table?" I said in a low voice.

"Yes. Not a particularly striking individual."

"Well—oh, I know this is absurdly melodramatic, and it doesn't happen to real people, but I believe he's following me."

"Coincidences do happen, darling," Lynn pointed out sensibly.

"I know, I know, but for two days he has been everywhere I have. I'm even convinced that he lurks outside my flat when I'm home. It annoys me. I can't imagine why anyone would bother shadowing me."

"Let's be sure he IS shadowing you before we try to figure why," she suggested.

"Okay. I don't need any proof, but let's go somewhere so you can see him tag along."

"Fair enough."

I paid the check and Shadow did likewise.

As we strolled along the street, Lynn glanced back. "He IS there," she announced.

When we stopped to look in a store window, Shadow loitered before the preceding one.

"Let's try this movie," I suggested.

Sure enough, Shadow sat right behind us.

"What fun. He really IS following you," Lynn whispered delightedly.

"I thought of an interesting experiment," I whispered back. "Excuse me, dear."

Shadow even trailed me through the door labelled "Men." We returned to find Lynn jubilant.

"He followed you," she giggled.

"This is the last straw," I said bitterly. "If a man can't even have some privacy—oh, good Lord!"

"Did he accompany you into the—uh, little booth?" Lynn asked.

"No, but I'm sure it was the mere lack of physical space rather than any sense of decency that restrained him."

"This movie is utterly stupid; let's go somewhere and talk. I'm so excited. Imagine actually being shadowed." Lynn seemed quite pleased with the situation, but I was good and tired of it.

"Where shall we go?" I inquired, as we reached the street.

"My flat."

Shadow followed us so closely that we almost had to slam the door in his face when we entered Lynn's place.

"You're my guest, Tony, so you may have the couch," Lynn said generously as she curled up in a large chair.

"Thank you, darling." I stretched out comfortably.

"Tony, have you ever committed a crime?" she asked suddenly.

"No. Why?"

"I thought maybe Shadow was some intrepid detective who had tracked you down at last."

"No, I'm afraid not. Any other hypotheses?" I inquired.

"Do you owe the government any income tax?" she persisted.

"No. But even if I did, I think they'd engage in lengthy correspondence before calling in the G-Men."

"That's right," Lynn agreed. "Shucks, it would be fun to have J. Edgar Hoover after you."

"Fun," I declared, "is not le moi juste. Disastrous would be better."

"I guess he isn't a G-Man," she mused.

"I hope not," I said, "for the sake of our fair country. He's so obvious. Surely the G-Men have more finesse."

"He must be from a private detective agency then," Lynn decided. "But who would pay to have you shadowed?"

"I can't imagine," I admitted. "Unless you would."

"Don't you suppose I have anything better to do with my money?" she laughed. "But that gives me an idea. Have you a wife?"

"No thanks. You're enough for me."

"You're no help, Tony. Think! Why is a detective following you?"

"Maybe he's just learning to be a detective and is practicing on me. But why pick on me? You'd think some of his friends would let him shadow them."
"You're just being fantastic, Tony," Lynn protested. "Have you received any suspicious-looking letters recently? Maybe the postal department suspects you of being a spy."

"The only mail I ever get is from the people who publish my stuff and from Aunt Clematis."

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "It seems practically hopeless."

"Oh, hell, let's have a drink," I replied. We mixed a couple highballs and returned to the living room.

"Ah, this cheers me," I remarked. "Think of my loafing here with a highball while that blasted detective prowls around the hall."

"Oh, I say!" Lynn jumped. "Let's invite him in for a drink and ASK him why he's following you."

"Of course. It's the obvious solution, but it never occurred to me."

We hastily concocted a third highball, opened the door, and peered into the hall.

"Hey, Butch," I called.
He bounded over. "Whadda yuh want?"
"Won't you come in and rest a while?" Lynn invited sweetly.

"Gee, tanks."

We installed him in a comfortable chair and supplied him with a drink and a cigarette.

As I was wondering how to begin the conversation, Lynn plunged right into the middle of it.

"Who are you, and why are you following Tony?" she asked eagerly.

I gasped at her lack of subtlety, but, amazingly enough, he responded.

"Well, yuh see, I'm one o' Angie's mob," he began, "and dey call me Spike."

"Angie!" we chorused. (Angie, as you will probably remember, is a gangster whom we know).

"Yeah. Yuh see, the D. A. is tryin' to pin a moider on Angie. But the night o' the moider, Angie was wit' you and anudder guy in the back room at Gorilla's playin' poker. So, yuh see, you can give Angie a water-tight alibi. So natcherly he don't want anyt'ing to happen to yuh before the hearin'. So I'm supposed to watch yuh."

"Oh! If only Angie had said so in the beginning. Of course, I'll be glad to testify for him, but I was getting nervous because I thought you were a detective following me around."

"Yuh t'ought I was a dick?" he laughed, "Dat's a good one."

"It's awfully sweet of Angie to take such good care of Tony," Lynn said, "but what does he think might happen to him?"

"Oh, da guy what really done the moider would natcherly like to see it pinned on Angie, so he'd feel a lot safer wit' Tony out o' the way."

Lynn gasped, and visions of gang murders flashed through my mind.

"Listen, Spike," I said, "Let's you and a couple of your pals move right into my apartment with me. After all, there's no use taking any chances with Angelo's alibi."

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**Let Me Wear White**

Let me wear white when, deep within my heart,
I feel the last bright ember from the fire
Of purity grow cold, warm rays impart
No more a shining glow, my thoughts aspire
No longer upward toward the white ideal
Of gleaming purity. Then may the white
Of garments prove a shield that may conceal
The blackness of my cold heart's inner blight
From prying eyes, as when the sun's bright glare
 Falls on the white of snow that hides beneath
Its guileless purity things which, laid bare,
 Might shock the eyes and heart. So may I show
The world no stain in purity's white glow.

ESTHER HYDREN
If you were to consult Funk and Wagnall's "New Standard Encyclopedia," you would find the definition of a monkey something like this:—"A popular name for mammals of the order Primates, including the families Cebidae and Cercopithecidae."

But even incomprehensible appellations such as these do not really give you a description of a monkey. In fact, unless you at one time or another had one for a pet, as we did, it is doubtful whether you could tell what a monkey is.

Boots, that was his name, came to us in the fall of 1927. It was obvious from the start that we were going to have our hands full, for Boots,—or Bootie, as he was later called,—was in every sense of the word a real monkey. He was destructive beyond belief. He had the mind of an average freshman in college, and the cunning of a master criminal. He had an uncanny habit of always getting his way, but possessed sportsmanship found in few people.

When Bootie was young he constantly imitated. This seems to be true of all monkeys. One of the many things he did was to beautify himself in the manner used by the fairer sex. Boots didn’t look at all well painted with lipstick and rouge. When he was over a year old he found the antics of man somewhat boring and set out on some adventures of his own, which caused much amusement and many headaches for the family.

One of his pet habits was running out from under a chair, nipping some innocent by-stander in the ankle, then running back under the chair. There was no viciousness in this; just the sheer pleasure he received when he heard his victim bellow out a startled cry of surprise. For the same reason he enjoyed jumping from the top of a six foot book case onto Father's well-nourished stomach, while Father was resting on the couch. There was something about his victim’s grunt that delighted him beyond description and he repeated it again until, in self-defense, Father abandoned the couch.

When we first tried to give him a much-needed bath, his screams of terror could be heard, literally, for blocks. The sight of a wash-bowl always set him into a tantrum of screeching and scolding, and only too often the one who performed the task had to repeat the process upon himself, when Boots was clean and dry. After one or two of these experiences there was no doubt in the minds of the family that a new system of bathing must be instituted. How, when, or where was unimportant. One fact was certain,—the neighborhood was sure to get wind of it unless a new method was devised. The answer to this momentous problem came from Boots himself, who was found one day sitting in the wash-bowl allowing water from the spigot to run down his back. From that day on he was bathed with much less difficulty.

We own the apartment house we live in, so there were no objections from the landlord when a large cage was built for the monkey on the roof. The cage was about six feet high and approximately the same in width. It was covered with one inch chicken wire and, in addition, to two large Yale padlocks, it had two switch locks which, when put at right angles, would lock the cage door. This new home of Boots was large enough to hold two, or possibly three, persons, so he had many visits paid to him. On one such visit which I made I noticed that Bootie remained at the top of the cage. At the time I thought nothing of it, but before I realized what was happening he swung from the ceiling of the cage, out through the door, and then shut it. Even then I did not realize what scheme he had in mind; not until I tried to get out of the cage did I understand. He had swung out of the

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cage, pushed the door shut, and locked both of the smaller locks! ....... It was some time before the maid heard me shouting and came to release me from the cage that was built to hold a monkey.

Among his many accomplishments was his ability to release himself from his cage in a manner that would have made the great Harry Houdini blush with shame. After making these escapes, which were usually short-lived, he began to explore the neighborhood, jumping from roof to roof, which in some instances were ten feet apart. He decided one day to explore a room in a near-by hotel. Spying an open window, he climbed in. Now being wakened from a sound sleep is not the most pleasant thing in the world, but waking up to find a monkey making a blitzkrieg on your household furnishings, as the occupant of this room did, is enough to make a bachelor ignore a blonde. Jumping out of bed, as she saw the monkey throw a flower vase at her Persian cat, the woman ran to the door and called for help. During the bedlam that followed, Boots was cornered near a window and was caught, but not for long. He broke loose once again and made a desperate dash for the window. In doing so somehow he was either thrown, or miscalculated his distance and fell to the sidewalk, a drop of five stories. When picked up he was bleeding from the mouth. We feared he had sustained internal injuries and rushed him seven blocks to the nearest veterinarian. The net damage—two broken teeth, a badly sprained arm, and national publicity through many newspapers in the country, including the New York Times.

In a little more than a week and a half Bootie began to regain his appetite, which had been lost for this short time after the fall. He loved fried chicken, all sorts of meat, and any other type of food that a monkey is not supposed to eat. Periodically he would raid the kitchen, eating everything he could lay his hands on. His appetite was enormous, and at times he would eat more than my brother-in-law, a remarkable feat in itself. Like all other mammals, he had a great respect for whiskey. When it was given to him occasionally he would dip both hands into it and rub the liquor over his fur. Why he did this we never have found out. One day, much to our amusement, he stopped rubbing it on himself long enough to taste a little. In a short time he was drunk. Staggering and faltering, he returned quietly to his cage. Maybe he would agree with the football coach who demonstrated the evils of drink by putting a live worm into a glass of whiskey and then making the team watch the worm shrivel up and die; but my personal opinion is that he would insist that it only proved that liquor is good for monkeys who have worms.

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Spring Love Song

I bubble through the ice film,
I shimmer into rills,
I light my fires earlier,
Behind the morning hills.

I fly up to the northland
Stirring in its tomb,
I burst, a trembling blossom,
From a tiny satin womb.

You are the sun that melts me,
You are the tilt of the earth,
You are the nesting instinct,
You are the cause of birth.

GLADYS HEIBEL
There’s One Born Every Minute

Anonymous

There are a score of ways to lose money in games of chance, particularly so if you happen to be a disciple of that school of thought which stresses the idea that “you may be the winner, and if not, so what?—you had a lot of fun.” Recognizing man’s intrinsic urge to gamble, and desiring to pick up a little loose change on the side, many persons have lain awake at night figuring out new and diabolically clever schemes to answer both needs at the same time. The results of their labor have been far more fruitful than most business ventures, as evidenced in recent statistics, which indicate that the American public, considered by some experts to be the greatest number of suckers ever assembled on one continent, toss away a half billion dollars annually. Most of this, naturally, goes into the cavernous pockets of those brainy souls who lay awake at night. It must not be forgotten, however, that the looted American public probably indulged in a bit of nocturnal wishful thinking; but that, of course, is different.

Gambling is not a new fad. Caligula spent most of his time at the gaming table with his cronies, and, according to history, suffered few monetary losses. That was due to the fact that the Roman emperor played with his own loaded dice, all of which reveals the man’s innate intelligence, and serves to illustrate my point. No, gambling is not a new craze; it’s the method followed that bears the stamp of novelty and progress. Right there you have a picture of the trap that most of us walk into.

Take a pin-ball machine, for example. (In the final analysis, the pin-ball machine will take you, but that will be discussed later.) It’s a simple looking device on four legs, box-like, and has a glass top. Don’t let its apparent simplicity fool you. No manner of observation will convince you that the thing has a brain, but it has; and don’t let anyone tell you differently. Within, again: a gaudily painted, flat background, are mounted a series of spring bumpers, strategically placed so that only a very few fall victim to the poundings administered by any one of the five steel balls that become your temporary property upon deposit of one nickel. Don’t pay any attention to the sign on the glass that reads, “This machine for amusement only”. Nobody believes it except the state inspector.

Pin-ball machines are my secret vice. Somehow, they intrigue me. For instance, that time in Atlantic City, the World’s Playground. I never shall forget the royal raking I took.

My buddy, Wilfred, and I were strolling on one of the famous piers when we accidentally stumbled into a whole roomful of the contraptions. Pin-ball machines lined all four walls, and a quartet of them stood innocently in the center, watched over by a thin, jaundiced fellow in a white apron who wouldn’t exactly take the prize as the world’s best dressed man. I felt the urge creeping into my blood, and though I made a manly effort to still the wee small voice that whispered within me, I lost my own fight and succumbed to this overpowering drive.

“A quarter’s worth,” I said to Skinny, dropping a coin into his eager palm; and having received the change, walked to the nearest machine.

“Ditto,” Wilfred said. He, too, is a sinner.

The instructions informed me that high score was forty-eight thousand, for which I would receive five free games or a pack of cigarettes, compliments of the management. Now forty-eight thousand is a lot of points, no matter what language you count in, and this was no exception to the rule. Sometimes I think the dealers set the high limit on purpose, just to make the whole thing difficult.

Anyhow, I put a nickel into the slot, raised the first ball to the plunger, and fired. The steel sphere rolled around to the stop pin, reversed its field, tapped two or three bumpers feebly, and fled for home. Score to date: one thousand, four hundred. I tried again, following every move of the ball till it hit the drop-out. Score: five thousand. I was getting nowhere fast. I let the next three balls go as they pleased, and the result was nothing to write home about. Maybe it was because I didn’t use the old English.

The second game progressed a little more to my liking, for a gentle helping tap here and there, though illegal, did wonders and eased, somewhat, a ruffled ego. But the score didn’t mount up the way I thought it should. In fact, I didn’t even approach the halfway mark. However, I rationalized by concluding that this was a new machine for me and might require some time to master. It did.

In the center of the board was a special lever placed between two bumpers. What happened when the ball passed over it, I didn’t know, and I
made up my mind to find out. The attendant, clever fox that he was, stood behind me, jingling his change loudly for my benefit.

"A quarter's worth," I said.

"Ditto," said Wilfred.

I spent a dime angling for the center lever, manipulating the machine to satisfy all conventions. I did everything but carry it out of the room. I heaved, pushed, pulled, swayed, and yanked, and stood breathless as the ball finally paused between the bumpers, thought it over for a second, and rolled through. Yea, and the very heaven spliteth asunder with an exceeding great din. The earth quaketh and the machine jolteth to life like a demon! Lights flashed, bells rang, the glass clattered, the box twitched and rattled, vibrating against the marble floor like a riveting gun, the steel ball raced about like Satan with a pang of conscience, never stopping to exchange cordialities. The device displayed a fearful and wonderful attack of mechanical delirium tremens, doing everything but a double flip with a half twist. I thought for a moment that I had perpetrated a short circuit and that the thing was about to blow up in my face. Then, silence. I peered at the score panel to see the results: that burst of agony, that prelude to a nervous breakdown netted me four thousand points! I could have cried.

"A quarter's worth," I said to my chum in the white apron.

"Ditto," said Wilfred.

The trick to scoring, I discovered, was to hit the central lever with the first ball, and every tap of the bumpers thenceforth registered a thousand counters. It took fifteen cents to get the machine into its paroxysm of shivering on the number one shot, but I finally managed it and the rest was duck soup. With all faith in my ability to shimmy the ball, I racked up forty-five thousand points with one try yet to go. It was like fighting my way out of a paper bag. I couldn't miss. Confidently I loosed the plunger and stood back to observe the damage. Forty-six thousand. Good! I didn't touch the contraption for fear of tilting. Forty-seven thousand. One to go, and I would emerge a winner. It just proved that you could do anything if you kept at it long enough. I waited...

Don't tell me that machine didn't have a brain. I realize now I was the victim of a dastardly plot. The ball rolled slowly about the top of the board, missing every bumper on the panel; and then, true as a plumb-line, rolled straight into the drop-out. The situation was just cause for homicide.

"A quarter's worth," I said.

"Ditto," Wilfred echoed.

I was intrigued. The racket the device emitted when touched off was sweet music once I got used to it. And the lights were pretty, too. Red, blue, and yellow, they blazed all over the place. But I also knew how Napoleon felt at Waterloo. That glass-faced bandit was eating up my money so fast I heard it choke.

If perseverance is an admirable trait of character, I was accordingly in a position to be admired by all posterity, for I made up my mind not to let that electric hi-jacker get the better of me. Forty-eight thousand was my goal and by fudge! I'd make it.

My moment came at last. Like a beacon in the night, it shone brightly. Four balls with the help of my lucky stars and my deft manipulations contributed forty-seven thousand points to the score. I was in the money. The fifth shot was heard all over the pier, and in groups of five my free games registered on the backboard. Twenty-five. Elated, I spun around to look for the attendant. But I made one mistake: I forgot he was standing right behind me. Something caught in my throat.

Skinny shook his head. "Y'rocked d'machine. I seen ya."

Sick at heart and by now financially insolvent, I ruefully gazed at my beautiful score as Wilfred came to my side. My eyes bulged. He was carrying two cartons of cigarettes, and he looked mighty pleased with himself. No wonder: every other game he had played he had made a hit. Wilfred whistled silently through his teeth as we headed for the door.

"The joint's a gyp," I said.

"Ditto," said Wilfred.
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He's never feeling sad or blue:
He sees the world in rainbow hue.
He'll never love, he'll only flirt.
Ah! the happy extrovert.

If by chance you try to smell,
The posy stuck in his lapel,
He'll drown you with a vicious squirt.
Ah! the happy extrovert.

He lives in constant ecstasy.
He's at his best in company:
The jokes he tells are smeared with dirt.
Ah! the happy extrovert.

And if some day he lacks the jack
To pay to get his laundry back,
He'll simply wear his roommate's shirt.
Ah! the happy extrovert.

If his girl gives him the air,
He will be the last to care:
He'll just chase another skirt.
Ah! the happy extrovert.

His joy in life seems quite excessive;
Some day he'll be maniac-depressive,
And then we'll taunt the dear old nert.
Behold! the happy extrovert.

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