the LANTERN

DECEMBER 1942

CHRISTMAS ISSUE
HERE'S ANOTHER WAY to give hours—days—of Camel's milder, tastier smoking pleasure—the Camel Holiday House containing four boxes of the popular flat fifties (200 cigarettes). This gay gift package (below), with space for your Christmas message, makes any other wrapping unnecessary.

Yours for a good Christmas—and the very best in smoking pleasure

TO Millions of smokers, to many of your friends, Christmas isn't quite complete without a gift of Camels. Make it complete with a carton (left)—the famous Camel Christmas Carton of 10 packs of 20's that says "Merry Christmas" in every flavorful puff. It's ready to give, handsomely packaged, with space for your holiday greeting.

He'll be proud to receive, you'll be proud to present this Christmas-packaged pound canister of mild, tasty, cooler-burning Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco (below). The National Joy Smoke always gets a joyous welcome—so rich-looking in its Christmas jacket—richer-tasting in his pipe!

Camels. It's fun to give Camels for Christmas because you know your gift will be so genuinely welcome—doubly welcome to those lads of yours in the service...over here—or over there. For cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel, their favorite cigarette. Remember all your friends this Christmas with Camels.

Prince Albert. Give him Prince Albert if he smokes a pipe. Give him the big pound of P. A. that spells smoking joy far into the New Year. Whether he's at camp, at sea, or at home, he'll welcome the National Joy Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoking, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert.
for december, 1942,

... the lantern presents

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... editorial

WEEKLY headlines in May, 1933, informed readers of the advent of the new literary magazine, the Lantern. There were two reasons for selecting this name: it represented the Science Building, it suggested light and progress.

The Lantern still represents Plahler Hall, but as for progress—well, it is difficult for an editor to admit it, but the magazine is rather at a standstill right now. The plea in past years has been this—give us more material. Since there were numerous contributions for this issue my plea is—give us superior material. What abilities did previous contributors to the Lantern have that we don't have? Why should their product have been of better quality than ours? There is no reason.

Ursinus is fortunate in having a literary magazine which has been published for ten successive years. Believe it or not, few colleges can claim such a record. But to maintain that record we cannot remain passive. We must write and produce work of that quality of which we are capable. Sharpen your pencils and get busy. Don't let that next announcement of the deadline find you unprepared.

Enough of rebukes—the editor and the staff do wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!
When I was in my early teens, I found great pleasure in breeding tropical fish. For three or four years my interest in this hobby increased steadily, and with it grew the number of the fish that I added to my collection. I managed to increase my varieties until, in all, I had twenty aquariums.

The care of these aquariums involved various processes that took most of my time. It was necessary to keep water plants in the aquariums to provide oxygen for the fish and to provide part of their diet. The plants also helped to keep the water clear. Different water temperatures were necessary for different types of fish, so I built several covers for the aquariums and some attachments containing electric light bulbs, which, when turned on, heated the water. Some of these bulbs I painted black, because often it was necessary to warm the water during the night, when the light of the bulbs would have been detrimental to the fish. The bulbs that I left unpainted served well in illuminating the aquariums and creating a desirable effect.

The cleaning of the aquariums I can describe only as a nuisance. It was the one chore of this hobby that I performed with great disdain. It was not always necessary to drain all of the water to clean the aquarium. If the water was completely drained, then all of the fish had to be taken out and placed into another container, temporarily. I used a siphon hose to drain the water, and invariably a curious inhabitant of the aquarium would find his way into the hose and thus into the bucket of dirty water. Then I would have to stop all operations and fish, as it were, with the aid of a small net, until I captured the evasive creature and placed him where he belonged. In order to start the water flowing through the hose I had to draw on the hose with my mouth, and often the results were most unpleasant. If I drew too hard on the hose I would draw some of the water from the aquarium into my mouth. By the time I had applied the cleaning process to twenty aquariums I must admit I nearly lost all of my enthusiasm for this avocation; but there were more fascinating aspects that kept me from giving it up.

The breeding of the fish I found much more to my interest. Not only was I glad to see my collection multiply, but I was also pleased with the opportunity to sell many of the fish as their number increased. With the proceeds from my sales I would buy other tropical fish and new equipment. I was also supplied with some spending money.

The art of breeding the fish must be carefully considered before much success can be expected. The different characteristics of the various types of fish provide a problem in their breeding. In many cases, the male fish will eat the young as soon as they are born, unless precautions are taken. Sometimes the female will devour the young if she thinks they are in any danger. In the case of the common guppy, for instance, the male will eat the young when given the opportunity, and the female is likely to do the same if she senses any danger for her young. Today there is an efficient device used to prevent such difficulties. This is a square glass bowl, the bottom of which slants downward and is angular. Along the lower part is a narrow opening. This bowl is set in an aquarium and attached to the sides. The aquarium is filled with water, all other fish having been removed. Then the female is placed in the glass bowl, or breeder. When the young are born they sink to the bottom of the breeder and through the narrow slit into the aquarium. It is the natural tendency for all young fish, immediately at birth, unable as they are for a short time to swim, to sink to the bottom of the aquarium, stream, or whatever place may be their habitat. In this way, both in their natural habitation and elsewhere, the young can find protection in stones or any loose particles. After the young have gone from the breeder into the aquarium, the female is placed into another aquarium, and the young are left to grow unmolested.

The bettas, along with most other tropical fish and unlike the guppies, are egg-bearers. For a day or so before the eggs are laid, the male betta builds a nest into which the eggs are deposited and where they are allowed to hatch. Once the nest is completed and there is evidence that some eggs have been depos-
A face so pure and sweet
Is haunting me today as I go my way.
A look of innocence
In two large brown eyes
Grips my soul, for
As I watched, two great tears came into their corners, catching the sunlight, as a prism, sparkling like a jewel before slipping down the cheeks so smooth and natural.
A quiver of a rosy lip,
A quick turn of the head in hurl surprise, as I was caught spying on someone's hidden self.

The sky was in a vacillating mood this morning as she tried to dress.
For on her dull grey winter gown she wanted a bit of color;
At first she tried a pale pink cloud as a scarf, but,
casting it aside, she put around her waist a band of yellow hue.
Not satisfied with this she moped around, until it seemed as if in her sulkiness and exasperation she would knock the powder box from her dressing table,
casting a shower of white, covering the world soft and beautiful.
But no, a sudden find!
A necklace of blue the problems solved—a dress of grey offset with blue.
"Hm, 'twill do," she mused.
ANOTHER long evening to pass waiting for business that did not come. Marty listened indifferently to the sea roaring menacingly toward the shore and to the rain beating upon the boardwalk. There would be little business for the ice cream store tonight, she knew. Few people braved the inky darkness of a seashore blackout even on clear nights. She would have closed the store but for the thought of the coast guards on patrol. They, perhaps, would welcome a moment’s respite from the discomforts of a stormy night. Only a moment, though. They carried time clocks which would quickly betray any man neglecting his job. They had to keep walking, briskly, up the shore four miles and four miles back again in four hours.

Marty was glad she did not have their job. Each day she had seen the guards go past every two hours. Sometimes they walked on the boardwalk, and as she glanced out the side window, she could see their white hats bobbing up and down for up the boardwalk as they approached the store. They reminded her of the sea gulls riding the waves far out to sea. Sometimes they walked on the sand underneath the boardwalk. She never got more than a glimpse of them, and every day the faces were different. She noticed that some of them wore only heavy socks, and an occasional one went barefoot. She didn’t blame them much for breaking the rules like that. So much walking must be hard on one’s feet. Once or twice she had reflected that it would be fun to know a coast guard. But they seldom stopped to buy pop or ice cream, and how else would she get to know them? Then it happened.

One evening as she stood behind the ice cream cabinet, a coast guard in dress blues came into the store and bought a pop. Marty could not remember having seen him on patrol, but she decided that she just didn’t recognize him.

"First time I ever saw a guard without a time clock and gun," she ventured.

"I’m on liberty," he explained. "Not much to do on liberty around here; not many places to go. Thought I’d pass a little time on the boardwalk."

"Much to do," thought Marty, "You look as though you had nothing to do and nowhere to go."

"Where are you from?" she asked aloud.

"Michigan — Saline, Michigan. It’s just a little town."

"So far away!" thought Marty. "Little towns are nice. How long have you been here?"

"’Bout six weeks. I was in New York training before I came here. I enlisted about two months ago."

Not long then. "Have you been home?"

"No. I think I’ll get a leave in September."

Marty thought he looked very lonely and a little homesick. He was quite young; she could see that. She wished she could do something to cheer him up. "I hope you do get home," she said.

"Well," he laughed and glanced ruefully at the empty pop bottle he held in his hand, "guess I’d better be shovin’ off. So long."

"Good-bye. Come again." She said that to everyone, but she hoped he would.

After that he stopped in occasionally while on patrol for a drink of pop or a glass of water. The guards got so hot on those blistering days! Marty was not surprised, therefore, when one evening he came in his dress blues and asked her to go to the show with him. There had been no formal introduction; she didn’t even know his name, but she felt that she knew him well. She was glad to go—glad to leave the store and glad to help him pass the time on his liberty.

Since then there had been other dates. Marty remembered the evening he had come before she had expected him. She was sweeping out the store when he walked in. He had taken the broom from her, saying, "Let me show you how it’s done. I used to be a janitor at school." Amused, she watched him.

"You can come around every night at this time, Walt," she said, as he deftly flicked a paper napkin from under the bench.

"Gee, thanks. I’ll send you the bill."

"I knew there was a catch to it. How ’bout a free sundae?"

"Done!"

"Done it is, but the dishes aren’t."
"Well, what are we waiting for? Let's do it!" So she led him to the kitchen where he peeled off his heavy blue jumper and stood in his shirt ready to work. The children who lived in the next apartment had come over to see Walt and were delighted at the sight of a coast guard at a really domestic task. They had such a good time doing the dishes that the sandpipers under the window were alarmed by the loud peels of laughter issuing from the square building. Walt wielded the dish towel with the air of one long accustomed to the art of drying dishes, and he grinned when Marly said so. "Sure, just like home." Yes, he was a little homesick.

And then there was the lime he had stopped in on patrol to tell her he was going to ask for a special liberty that night if she could see him.

She said she could. He bought a candy bar and remarked, "My dinner." Yes, he really had missed it before going on patrol. Imagine walking for four hours on no dinner and returning to an empty table. Marly promised him food if he could get all

He got off. Walt came that night, trim as ever in his dress blue uniform, and Marty was ready. She set before him quite a meal, considering the short notice. There had been little choice as to the menu; he had to take what she had on hand. First — vegetable soup à la Heinz; next — eggs and a salad sandwich; lastly, a choice of desserts — cantaloupe à la mode or a peach sundae. She served him in fine style and thought that she had never enjoyed a meal so much as that one. It was all because of the toasted sandwich. True, it was only part of the supper, but to him it was the best part.

She found herself watching him, scrutinizing him keenly as though she had never looked at him before. She saw him then for the first time and thought how picturesque he looked standing there in his uniform. She noticed the businesslike angle of his hat. ("Strictly G.L.," he used to say, and then explained, "Government Issue.") She noticed the gun at his hip, the flashlight on the cabinet. She noticed, too, his turned-up nose, the forward thrust of his chin, the little wrinkles around his eyes, and his mouth drawn into a thin line. His mouth always looked a little hard, except when he smiled. Maybe it had always looked like that; maybe it had just begun to look like that since he had joined the service. It really didn't matter because his smile was genuine. It was friendly and kind, and his eyes held a mischievous gleam. He looked so young, and at that moment he looked eager, too, eager to get away and do something big.

"You're glad to go, aren't you, Walt?" Foolish question! It was so obvious. But she had to say something.

"Yeah, I guess I am." He had such a quaint Middle Western drawl. She liked to listen to it. (Con't p. 13)
WAS standing there alone, cold and forsaken; just standing, and staring. The narrow driveway ahead forbade me to draw closer. It was a chasm which kept me apart from the dreary vastness that was everywhere.

Far, far in the distance shone a lonely light, too faint to add even a ray of life to the somber void that spread around me in a threatening circle. I had come out for a breath of air on that cool April evening, but I don’t remember breathing. I turned to the dormitory behind me for reassurance, perhaps for courage, but my college home was bleak and barren, the only dismal sign of existence. Then I looked ahead again into the comfortless gloom. And as far as I could see, I saw—nothing.

Way out there on the left was a sickening orange glimmer, barely visible, slowly tiring. In front of me I could see for only a hundred feet, a hundred and fifty if I strained my eyes. On the right, the path to the gymnasium was lined with three dim standards. Beyond that—nothing. If only the smooth grass-coated land were not so monotonously level, space might not have seemed so infinite, darkness so eternal. Lean, cold shadows stretched from the dimensionless trees near those pallid standards. Ominous patterns intermingled, then lost themselves in the night.

There was not a murmur, no other light, no image, nothing. Looking out into the sea of fog, that seemed like a quagmire of darkness smothering the vainest gasp of light, I felt blackness crowding around me so close that I could reach out and grab it. It was chill and dead. This was not peace; it was doom. Nothing stirred. If only something would move, would breathe. There was a light! I saw it moving. My eyes followed it, and my head, too. I missed it for a while. I lost it. I watched and waited. There it was again, struggling desperately to shine. Like a dying ember, it shimmered, tried to burn, but was extinguished by the blackness of night.

I gazed wistfully again at the wan speck of light on my left. Surely there must be another near it, maybe lighting a cozy house or a twining lane or a straight highway. I blinked, squinted, tried my best to see, but there was only dull, smudgy ink over the wide stretch of land that met the colorless horizon. The stars above were pin-holes in a jet-black curtain that officiously shut off the faintest source of illumination. If there were a moon, it was afraid to break through.

No matter where I looked, no matter how I turned, there was only hazy land jutting out to meet a dreadful, cloudy pitch that overhung the entire landscape, covering it, saturating it. A few blotches that were blacker than the all-pervading darkness seemed to be clusters of trees, bunched together for protection from the loneliness of night.

It didn’t seem possible that there could be such an absence of everything, such a total, hollow void. The breeze had lost its sweet spring flavor. Stillness was broken only by a dull humming, which told me that, somewhere out in that onyx wilderness, an automobile was wending its way along a hidden country lane. How could such a breach in nature exist?

I was shivering from cold and emptiness. I was breathless. Not afraid, there was nothing to be afraid of. But tense, waiting for something to happen, watching for something to move, hoping for someone to shout. I was all alone. I knew it.

Closer to me than the misty distance, I noticed for the first time a tiny path that shot straight ahead like a dusky bolt of fog until it became one with the foreboding sootiness. The trees near me, some lifting their scrawny arms to pray for light, were black outlines silhouetted against the apparent gray background. Trees that should have been green in keeping with their squat shape and needle-covered limbs were a different shade of black.

There was only one color spilled over everything beneath the dark sky, and that color was black. Cold, depressed, trembling, the night seemed to wallow in its own dejection. A staunch oak bowed in lowly submission to the despondent sullenness. Each peep of light twinkled shyly. Even the stars stopped in wonder. Nothing dared to take heart.

Shaking from the cold of the night, befuddled and imagining, I turned again to the dormitory, where I saw a modest light glowing in my win-
I'm going to hit these books so hard tonight that they'll think the Ursinus football team has blocked them. I'm just in the mood for studying and the room's deserted. It's about time I started studying. This year I'm going to keep up in my work if it kills me.

Ah, page one. Wonder how many pages there are in this first chapter. Twenty, thirty, forty, forty-seven. Gad, the teachers sure are piling on the work this year! Sometimes I think that they get a kick out of making us suffer. Now to get back to work. Page one.

"The homonymous phylogensis,"—where's that dictionary? Why don't the authors write in English instead of this putrid pig Latin? Just a minute, I'll have to go across the hall and get my dictionary.

Gee, I didn't realize I stayed an hour over there talking. Oh well, I'll settle down now. What was that word I was going to look up? Let's see, homonymous. Ho—homo. Jeppers, it's time for "The Adventures of Minnie Muddlehead." The radio won't bother me. I bet that Minnie will give the slim-o the goat.

Here I go again. Now nothing will interrupt me. I hadn't meant to listen to that program following Minnie Muddlehead, but it sounded so interesting, I just couldn't resist. Homonymous—well, what do you know? There goes the phone. Guess I'd better answer it.

Wrong number. I'm really going to concentrate and get this work done tonight. Gee whiz! This book has pictures in it. I didn't know that. Let's see—one, two, three—this one looks exactly like my uncle's cousin's girl friend. Hey, you! Cut out that noise. I'm trying to study in here. Some people have no regard for others that want to study. Yes, sir, I'm really going to work tonight. Homonymous. "Having the same—" say, where'd this magazine on my bed come from? The new copy of Esquire! It won't take long to run through the cartoons.

Hm, I spent more time on that than I thought. I liked that about the travelling salesman. But that doesn't have anything to do with what I'm studying, and I am studying. I pride myself in the fact that once I set about to do something, I really get it done. Now take, for instance, my final exam last year in—, but that's not important. Homonymous, homo, homo on the range, where the deer—. When I say I'm going to do something, I really do it.

Did someone call me? A game of pinochle? Sure! Just a minute while I put my books away. I can study after the game. I won't play long.

Ho hum! Two A.M. already. Oh well, I'll do that reading tomorrow night. I'm too sleepy now to even pick up the book. Good night.

Alone.

down, glowing like the long-lost friend it had never been before. It was sure, bright, soothing—and how faithful! When I hurried back and scammed into my room, I had a peculiar feeling of excitement, adventure, and sudden release, a strange sensation of having wakened from a nightmare not knowing how much of a dream I had dreamed.

Friends of the aquarium.

Ited, the male betta must be removed from the aquarium, because he instinctively attempts to ruin the nest and eat the eggs. The female will fight to her death to protect her eggs. After she has laid the eggs she must fan them almost constantly for several hours before they will hatch. The bettas are notable for their long, flowing tails and fins: and for several hours before the eggs will hatch it is necessary for the female to fan them, rhythmically and constantly. The female betta, also, is very wary concerning the welfare of her young; and she must be taken from them as soon as they are born, so that she will not devour them. It is with difficulty that bettas are bred in captivity, so I was exceptionally proud of a family of two generations of bettas that I raised successfully.

I cared for these fish with much interest and found great pleasure in beautifying the aquariums. I found pleasure, also, in experimenting with many different kinds of plants and fixtures for the aquariums, and I had several lighting arrangements which brought attractive results.
I. M. A. Thumback's  

KNOW what you are thinking—some little thumback is of the opinion that his life has been more exciting than any other little thumback's, so he is going to write an autobiography. Well, you're wrong. In the first place, I'm too ordinary to be the subject of an autobiography. I'm slightly oversized and my head is just like the rest of me, uncolored. I'm not even a redhead. Secondly, my life until recently is just not worth writing about. I was born along with countless other thumbacks—mass production, they call it. You may rest assured that Woolworth bought us all.

Everyone knows, of course, we thumbacks travel by the hundred. Not often are we a hundred and one. As for a philosophy of life—well, you would be a fatalist too. Thumbback suicide is rare; either we are too cowardly or too lazy. We were on the verge of suicide, though, when we discovered ourselves in the Norristown branch of F. W. Woolworth. I know we were there; I peeked. It was considerate of the salesgirl to remark how May of that year, 1941, promised to be nicer than the year before. We had to get our bearings somehow. In a moment we felt ourselves being shaken up, and the box was pulled open. Every molecule of our metallic makeup thrilled! Even a thumbback is capable of that, when a petite blonde coed casts a glance. You would do it, too, so don't snicker. Yet disappointment followed. It just seemed as though that blonde was going to ignore us completely, after she had bought us. I might add, it was not too considerate of her to bounce us over those roads. Our padding does not allow such treatment. For a day or so life was extremely uninteresting; then, with a sudden jolt, the box flew open. We rubbed our eyes—um! Maybe it was going to be that blonde again. Dazzled by the sunlight and completely startled, we gasped with amazement. What a sight! Girls, all sizes, all beauties (I mean varying types of beauty), costumes, colors, shimmering veils, crepe paper streamers, flowers, donkey faces—never had we laid eyes on such wonders. Trembling, we could scarcely control ourselves; thumbback brogue was flying thick and fast. Glamor at

the Norristown five-and-ten was nothing like this. Only a word here and there was intelligible, but we finally concluded that we were at a coed school—Ursinus, they called it. It wouldn't have taken much gray matter to know it was coed. The chief topic of conversation was boys, except when orders were given to throw one of us across the room. (That's all right, girls. I know the favorite theme of masculine bull sessions, too.) Thumbback vocabulary is limited, but we finally realized they were preparing for their May Pageant. Popped up against the wall was a gayly colored backdrop for the Queen's throne—all green, red, and white. What bliss to be tacked up on that! One by one my brothers received this honor. Where did I go? One of the girls eyed me thoughtfully, and I ended up in her pocket. Now a pocket is superior to a box any day. Seeing, or rather hearing, life through a camel's hair jacket pocket really has possibilities, but it didn't last long. I attended a couple of classes; they were all right except for botany lab. That was slightly too much for my mental capacity, or perhaps it was my eyesight; and then I didn't think that the chemistry students should have sold candy with worms in it. I could tell what goes on in a girl's dorm, too, but that is a feminine secret. I, an unwanted male observer, must refrain from revealing such.

Before long my environment assumed a different aspect. One afternoon, a few days later, my guardian was thoughtfully making her way up from the gym when she remembered me. How could she have forgotten! Impulsively she reached into her pocket, pulled me out, and stuck me in a tree behind Derr (they call it a residence hall for men. I won't argue). With difficulty I concealed my surprise, yet there was nothing to do but to lean back and survey the world about me.

It's now December, 1942. I have been looking about me for over a year and a half. Oh, yes, sometimes I yearn for thumbback talk; but honestly, folks, what an education! If you have doubts, come lean by me sometime. Those Derr boys! They are up to everything; but I don't have to worry about waterfights, for I'm
on the other side of the tree. Hal As for the
"Green Hornet," if it's not chugging away in
the direction of the Independent office, it's off
for a wedding. The fellows used to creep
stealthily by last fall, heading for—well, what
else could they be after with those burlap
bags? Football sweatshirts hanging on the
line never looked so welcome as they did Mon-
day, the ninth, but I had even more fun watch-
ing those freshmen the night before the Drexel
game. Oh, for one little Drexelite whose neck
they could wring! I spent a thrilling life dodg-
ing milk bottles and squirrels. I never saw so
many before. A new evil was added a short
time ago, the boomerangs. Animals in Aus-
tralia, I sympathize with you. And what ex-
citement there was last year on the night of
the Senior Ball! I liked that, for everyone
seemed handsome or beautiful, whether he
was or not. I kept wondering whether the girl
who left me here in the tree would be going.
I waited and waited; finally she came. She
seemed very happy, and I was glad, for she
had done me a good turn. Perhaps I'll see her
again this year.

All this was glorious fun, but I'm most ex-
cited right now. You see, it is almost Christ-
mas, and that is the most thrilling time of the
year. The boys up in Derr are "dreaming of
a white Christmas." So am I. I'm content and
happy here at Ursinus. I could tell you about
all the rest of the fun I have had on this cam-
pus, but I'll save that for the next time. My
address is still

"Side of tree,
Back of Derr."

I'm pretty rusty but feeling fine. Please don't
anyone take me away now that you know
about me.

Signed:
I.M.A. Thumtack

Ruth Hydren's

... one star

I walked alone into the cold, dark night,
And wondered when the day's bright sun
would rise.
No strength had I to face my woeful plight,
No light to guide my eager, open eyes.
I had no love to warm my aching heart,
To make it beat until it was too old.
Then all at once a star to earth did dart.
It fell before my feet, and it was gold,
At once I knew it was your faithful love.
It shed its light and took me by the hand.
It led the way, this message from above,
Into a peaceful, happy, prosperous land.
Though all is cold, and lonely night does fall,
Your love, and only yours, will shine through
all.
At the very edge of town stands an old colonial inn, dating from the year 1701. This inn is a veritable landmark in Collegeville and shares its venerability only with the primeval stream that flows behind it and an old stone-arch bridge that here spans the creek.

The Bridge Hotel, so-called because of its proximity to this span, is a building of rectangles. The white-washed plaster walls of the largest rectangle rise to three stories, while two small windows just below the double chimneys at each end testify to a low attic beneath the gabled roof. Three rectangular adjuncts, each smaller than the one before it, taper off from the northern end of the main portion. The middle one of these, apparently the kitchen because of the large square chimney that towers from its roof, is also constructed of white-washed plaster. So is the largest of these adjuncts, which must be the dining-room. The smallest, however, is a mere wooden shed. Thus the whole building has that rambling appearance characteristic of eighteenth-century architecture, evinced even in so noble a structure as Washington’s home at Mt. Vernon.

The other afternoon, as I stood before this hotel at a point commanding a full view of its front, a feeling of pity welled up within me; for it seemed as if the old inn were waging a losing struggle to preserve its colonial atmosphere against the encroachments of our modern civilization. No longer are horses tied at the old hitching-rack, nor do colonial men, tired after a long ride, rest upon the low wooden bench beside the doorway. Instead, my own contemporaries speed by in automobiles on a wide, concrete highway, which approaches so closely to the very threshold that the inn has been deprived of the shade of the many trees that once must have grown here. The walks are weather-beaten, stained, and cracked; neither they nor the several red tin roofs any longer shine brilliantly under the sunlight. Across the street, however, a line of gasoline stations glare at our inn with their shiny, metallic walls.

The first and second-story porches which extend across the front of the main building are, indeed, outmoded details of architecture; in our own day one does not see porches level with the ground, half-cellarlike; second-story porches one just does not see. I suppose the latter was once used as a place where periwigs might first breathe the pure morning air before going down to breakfast. But, at present, periwigs never appear, except that (I am told) if an observer looks long enough, he may see the ghost of one press its pale face against one of the many small panes of the numerous windows. The posts which support these porches are quite antiquated as the latter themselves and the neighboring spouting quite as antiquated as both.

Thus the inn stands alone in the town, its style of architecture outmoded, the virgin forest once surrounding it depleted, the old Indian trail and post road now a modern, roaring highway, and itself pushed back to the very bank of the friendly creek.

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Richard C. Wentzel’s

...thoughts on a dark day

'Tis quite a wondrous thing to die,
For all is peaceful,
God is nigh.

'Twould be a joyous thing to live,
Could we, with Godlike
Grace, forgive.
Glen Stewart's

... query

What more are we than inconsequential leaves
Upon the tree of life,
Frightened, quivering, uncertain with every breeze
That bears a sign of strife?
What unknown force determines whether we stay
Aloft, or fall with gasping breath?
What inevitable thing within its sway
Controls our life and death?

Carol Swartley's

... book review

PAUL REVERE AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN
By Esther Forbes

Paul Revere? Of course, I had heard of him—an April night, a moon, the old church tower, a wild ride—

"One, if by land, and two, if by sea." Oh, yes, I had heard of Paul Revere.

But my fifth grade teacher did not tell me everything. Perhaps she thought I was too young; perhaps she herself had never heard of that refugee from the persecutions at Riaucaud, France—young Apollos Rivoire. Neither did she mention Paul's mother, Deborah, of the vigorous Hitchbourn family. The name, Rivoire, itself is suggestive of romance and untold adventure. For people like me, those of us who identify him as that dark figure galloping on and on into the night, Esther Forbes has written Paul Revere and The World He Lived In. A rider? Yes. More than that, he was a dentist. The teeth he made would look "as well as Natural." No one ever told me how he could roll copper, engrave copperplate, set up a powder mill, print money, cast cannon and bells—bells which upon his death pealed forth vibrant notes throughout New England and even farther away, Savannah, Kentucky, the West Indies. Paul Revere has never died; he lives in the clanging of those bells, in the legend of his rides. But dentistry and printing money were more like drudgery to him; he was happiest and most skillful as a silversmith. I never imagined that he was the first master craftsman in America, perhaps the most excellent silversmith we have ever produced. To Miss Forbes we are indebted for bringing us to our senses. We supposedly educated people so often attach one achievement to a man and then forget that he lived as a human being. We ignore other accomplishments, not thinking that they might have been even greater.

Those years of hate which preceded the Revolution, the bitterness, the scheming political clubs, the uncontrollable mobs—let them all become real for you by reading this book. The famed tea parties, John Hancock's unforgettable signature, all the dignitaries of eighteenth century Boston, come to life under the pen of the author. She had a story to tell American people. It was a story of perseverance, heroism, and excellence of achievement.

Paul Revere was passionately attached to the cause of American freedom, but he was just as devoted to his craft and his family. Miss Forbes had a thrilling tale to relate, and she has taken advantage of her opportunity. Her writing is vivid, her style entertaining, and her organization clever. Our thanks go to her for making Paul Revere more than

"a shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark . . . "
DRESS BLUES

“Indeed, I’ve been waiting for this—signed up a long time ago. Heck, now I’ll be homesick for the station instead of home. I’m just getting used to things here.” But he was glad to go. Marty could see that. It was written all over his face.

“We’d better get movin’,” ventured Dave. He didn’t like to interrupt, but...

“Yeah, I guess so.” Walt picked up his flashlight; Dave adjusted his rifle. “I’ll see you in about an hour and a half to ‘check those lights.’” He grinned, and the two disappeared through the door.

Ninety minutes and he would come back, come back for five minutes, maybe less, to say good-bye, perhaps forever. It wasn’t that Marty cared so much for him, she knew. It was just that the unexpectedness of events exaggerated ordinary feelings of comradeship and threw into relief every thought and emotion, as a light shining on little figures casts great shadows on the wall. A feeling of frustration gripped her as she realized that a friend was being swept away from her as swiftly and surely as the tide carries a wisp of seaweed far out into the ocean. For the first time she felt the tremendous pull and the awful strength of the tidal wave of circumstances which the war was sending around the world. It was a wave sweeping helpless humans, struggling and protesting, before it—humans as tiny and insignificant as the millions of little sand crabs along the shore which burrowed frantically and incessantly into the sand to escape the on-rushing water.

True to his word, Walt came back just an hour and a half later. There was so little time.

They both knew it, and they both wanted to say something significant, something important, to remember forever and ever. But somehow, the words did not come. Precious minutes ticked away with small talk.

“You made good time.”

“Yeah. Poor Dave—I practically got in back of him and pushed.”

“Are all your things packed?”

“About. There are just a few things left to do.”

They promised to write, of course. Again and again Walt glanced nervously at the clock. The hands moved slowly, yet, oh so quickly along. Finally in desperation Walt said, “Come on outside.”

They stood together in the darkness. Marty spoke first. “Good luck to you, Walt. It won’t be easy at training school. There’ll be lots of hard work, but remember, we’re pulling for you. Just show ’em how! You can do it!”

“I can now.” He kissed her. “I’ll try to get back somehow, but if I don’t, well, good luck to you... and God bless you!”

In the store Dave watched the hands of the clock and shuffled his feet restlessly. He didn’t want to be late, there was always the brig. He was much relieved to see them reappear around the door. He buttoned his raincoat. Walt picked up his flashlight, glanced at the clock, and moved toward the door. He walked with determination, his face expressionless, the hard features betraying no emotion. At the door he paused and turned. His face lit up with a smile. “So long!” he called. Marty watched them disappear into the darkness.

Glen Stewart’s...

... sunsets

Much has been said of sunsets,
Of glorious, flaming suns,
But I laud the inconspicuous,
The faint, unglamorous ones.
For the vivid setting suns are brief,
And hasten soon from sight,
But the pastel hues creep westward long,
Remaining to the night.
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