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THE LANTERN

MAY 1956

REV. JHA Bomberger

URSINUS COLLEGE
Our Cover

You may wonder why the editors of The Lantern have chosen for the cover of this issue a pen and ink drawing of our founder and first president the Reverend John H. A. Bomberger, D.D., LL.D. Let us explain.

The founding of Ursinus College was not as dull an action as some of us would believe. It was somewhat of a battle to which men of less integrity and fortitude than Dr. Bomberger and his colleagues would have conceded the victory. We can not here go into the specific reasons for the formation of a new college, but we must say that it was done with a sense of duty to a liberal conscience.

Dr. Bomberger sought what he felt was the truth and then took the necessary steps to secure its fulfillment. Here is an example for the students of Ursinus to follow. We must first of all discover the truth, make an active pursuit toward it, and, not letting our feelings die there, go on to see it take form.

We do not think that the students here lack ideas which they would like to see carried out. The unfortunate case has been that so far the majority of these ideas have remained within the heads or the rooms of the individuals who think of them. The reason is probably largely one of apathy. People just do not care.

Let us follow the example of Dr. Bomberger. His ideas and methods were vital. Liberalism is not a doctrine to be looked on as if it had died with the nineteenth century. It should be alive today. Ursinus must be kept alive with logical, intelligent thoughts and actions. These should come in part, at least, from a student body interested in the future of their college.

Fate

The following article was submitted by our agricultural editor, after spending many weeks with some old hens.

Recently in Life magazine there was an article on the parthenogenetic birth of a turkey poult. This stupendous scientific achievement literally shook the entire turkey world. Thousands of handsome and healthy tom turkeys are becoming neurotic, and the asylums are jammed to capacity.

First the males were deprived of the right to sit on the eggs, even for just a short while. The result was that the young espoused toms began to hang out in groups around corners, with nothing to do. We, ourselves, have seen the result of actions such as this — a high crime rate and delinquency. It was inevitable for the turkey, too. The Mrs. became irate at his late hours and habitual giddiness over corn-mash. Arguments ensued, and look what happened to him.

At a convention held in eastern Pennsylvania, in September, 1955, representative hen turkeys from all over the United States decided to take matters into their own hands, or whatever turkeys take matters into. They passed a bill called Decapitum Hominis by an overwhelming majority. As a direct result of this bill, as well as
a cast-iron will, thousands of young parthenogenetic turkeys are being born.

The male chicks are immediately cast into the man's world as unfit and they are rapidly becoming as delinquent as their would-be fathers.

I find this situation deplorable; therefore I have made a suggestion to the DMTA (Disgusted Male Turkey Association) to hold a secret convention in Chicago. It is my idea that if a young, attractive, and influential Cornish hen could be convinced to see the light, with the help of an all-expense-paid trip to Chicago, then a new race might evolve — the midget turkey. True the race would be smaller than its male ancestors, but I am sure the Toms are more energetic than are their former associates — the old hens. And in a short time the country would be literally crawling in midget turkeys. Don't underestimate the alluring powers of the Cornish hen.

So when you're heading home this weekend, and see a large band of Tom turkeys marching down the highway, please pull off and let them pass onward to Chicago where they will find their emancipation and happiness.

The Last Issue

This is, of course, the last issue of the college year 1955-56. It is customary for the editor to include in his last issue an editorial on the work which was or was not accomplished during the time he held his chair. We shall not take us so much room as the usual editorial requires, but some notes at this point will be given to you.

We write, first of all of the accomplishments. These have been, we hope, obvious. We have been told that our covers have been interesting; if not interesting, they were different. We have also changed the format of the magazine so that it is more readable. We think also that the material submitted and published has been equal to if not better than any of that published in previous years. From the random comments received and overheard we are glad to know that many of our readers have approved of and enjoyed The Lantern this year.

Those things which we have not accomplished are all too obvious to us. We sit at our board meetings and ask each other where the articles and thoughts are that we know must be held by the student body. These never reach our desk. We have received for our three issues two letters expressing student opinion. We can not properly serve the college community without its help and advice.

The students of Ursinus are fortunate in having at their disposal two publications, The Lantern and The Weekly. Neither one has been given the opportunity even to approach the maximum possibilities in presenting either literary achievement or important questions of college affairs. It is the duty of the press to make known the problems at hand and to aid in the solution of these problems. A press which does not fulfill these responsibilities is useless. The editors of The Lantern have been willing to publish any article which is of a sincere nature. We have been thwarted not by active opposition, but by apathy, an even greater menace to a society based on the necessity of having thinking, responsible citizens.

We are sure that The Lantern staff of next year will be able to meet the challenge of publishing a magazine which will secure the interest of the student body. We hope the student body will support them.

To Sophie

Three of the classes at Ursinus are now waiting for a summer vacation. The fourth — the class of 1956 — is looking forward to graduation. For the latter it is a time, they are told, when they are to be filled with inspiration, for they are going out to make the world theirs.

It is not hard to trace the typical life of a student at college — any college. As a freshman he worries about adjusting to college life; as a sophomore he worries about keeping the freshmen from adjusting to college life; when he is a junior he begins to wonder if he is at all important in the college community, and when he is a senior he realizes that he is important, but feels it is too late to do anything about it. Of course the thing that is neglected is that all the students are important and that it is never too late to do anything about it.

Graduation is indeed a wonderful time, but it is also a time for reflection. Everything that has been done here for four years will soon be a memory, a thing to look back on and smile at. As the years pass the memories become fewer, and eventually the four years are passed off by the statement that we had a great time in college. We will all go different ways and even most of
the associations will lapse. It is unfortunate, but it seems to be true.

We suggest that the underclassmen take advantage of their years in college, years which for a large part determine much of their future life. They are great years and a lot can be done in them, both for the individual and for the College.

*Simplified Science*

Dugongs are very wonderful creatures. They are a part of the animal kingdom and in their poetic beauty they exemplify all that is good and pure in that great group of living things. They have most interesting shapes. Some used to think that Dugongs were mermaids. This is probably because they used to swim around without any clothes on. Mermaids also swim around without any clothes on. So the observers of Dugongs drew the conclusion that if two things were equal to the same thing they were equal to each other, I guess. This is not very scientific in view of the things which we now know, but I suppose it satisfied the lovers of Dugongs. There can be no other explanation.

I once knew a Dugong. She was a very lovely creature. Everyday she would walk into town and buy some little trinket which she would give to some deserving child in our neighborhood. Sometimes it was a beautiful baseball, sometimes it was a gold-clad notebook, sometimes it was a ham sandwich. She was a wonderful person to know, with such an excellent attitude toward life.

If I had it to do all over again, I would be a Dugong.

*A Letter to the Editor*

Dear Sir:

You will be gratified to know that your plea for mail has not gone unnoticed among the student body. This rather vestigial member of said body wishes to present a criticism; if it is mostly adverse, be assured that the writer, being well aware of the problem of obtaining suitable material for presentation and of editing it for publication, does not wish to disparage the efforts of the *Lantern* editor or any of the staff.

The primary difficulty, it appears to me, is that the magazine’s contributors, to a man, have let their reach exceed their grasp; in other words, they attempt to imitate every modern British and American author from Christopher Isherwood to James Thurber. Now these people are fine writers, and it is natural that they should influence our generation, but we should remember that writing technique is a carefully built-up art.

It is impossible to knock off a chunk of prose for the *New Yorker* (which seems to be the Good Book for our aspiring authors) without years of development and very solid foundation in the language including a thorough knowledge of semantics, syntax, and at least a nodding acquaintance with things like commas, periods and quotation marks — although these are apparently becoming *passé*. After all, the basic purpose of writing, if I am not mistaken, is to convey a meaning; the embellishments of style are, although by no means unimportant, subsidiary to meaning and clarity of intent. Therefore, why not stop aping the technical tricks of the *avant-garde* in American letters, as these obvious niceties are unimportant in comparison to what is being said? Such writing is reminiscent of a fake-front saloon in a western boomtown, and we all know from movies that *they* usually end up in splinters. (In order to prove that the author is not guilty of the above, see my latest article, “My Trip to the Zoo”, in the latest issue of *Jack and Jill.*)

In addition to my plea for originality, may I add just one more gripe? If you must think of Ursinians as Kallikaks in tee shirts, and ignoble louts with detachable crania and hardly enough gray matter to besmirch properly a pair of white bucks, must you admit it so readily? Play up to us, O editor — stay us with better articles and comfort us with more intellectual fiction, for we are sick of being insulted. I promise you we will respond favorably.

Love, and one chaste kiss,
Anonymous
Wedding Week in East Pookins
or
Love Is a Many-Splendid Thing

Uncle Dave Hudnut

We don't keep to far behint the news down here in East Pookins and I just seen where this prince Rainyer took up with Grace for a spell. Brings to mind the time when Ralph Cuffle married Sarie Gristler. Sarie was original from my home town, Vesper, Pa., and so was my wife, Virginnia. Sarie stood about five foot tall and she tipped the feed mill scales at about two hunnerd, give or take seven or ten pound. Back in Vesper the big thing on Satiddy night was seen who could carry Sarie the furthest. Then to make it easier we'd all pick Sarie up and carry her down to the mill to see if she'd gained or lost durin the week. Well, when we was all about sixteen, this Ralph Cuffle startid comin over from East Pookins in his Model T Fort. He'd seen Sarie and he took a likin to her right from the start. He knowed that someone in Sarie's family was doin a heap o cookin and he figured on cutting in, you might say. — Cutting in to all that food, George: if you'd stay awake you'd a known we wasn't talkin about no card game, boy. There weren't no lovelight in Ralph's eyes. The only thing I ever seen in Ralph's eyes sides a sorta hungry look was a kind of jurtiv one like the time Ed Clabber was missin three white Rocks and Ralph was tryin to explain where he got them three palomino Rhode Island Reds runnin around in his yard. Well, we'd be carryin Sarie down to the scales and this Ralph would come a-flyin down the street til he was right along side o us then he'd flap down on the reverse petal and the old T would sorta squuneh down fer a second, then she'd start backin up aheckin. Ralph'd back her right on outa town — then he'd back right in til he was along side of us again, only this time he'd throw her in first. I'll allus remember the time he got his feet mixed up and when he thought he'd throwed her in first — he'd come in backwards this time — he'd really just flapped her back into reverse. Well, he was expectin first and his head knocked the glass right outen the windshield.

Thet marriage didn't last to long; Sarie was awful good at eatin but she weren't much for cookin. Ralph took along a whole back seat full a food when they went on there honeymoon but they ended up eatin it raw cause Sarie said the smell o cookin made her sick. And they wasn't no free-loadin at Sarie's folks' house cause for the first time in maybe seventeen years the rest o the family was gettin enuf to eat.

But my wife Virginnia's more like this here Grace. Me bein just a little feller and sorta mean lookin I can see myself as this Rainyer. I met Virginnia back in Vesper, Pa., the Riviera o the Scuylkill, in about oh — three or maybe oh — five. Anyways, we was about four, maybe five at the time and I allus remember the good times we had playin king o the mountain on the manure pile back o the barn. Other times we'd be chasin rats in the silo or seein who could fall in the well the most times in one day. O them was good times! 'Course we allus has had good livin, even after we grewed up and come here to East Pookins. Virginnia allus puts good eatin on the table: plenty o grittins, ham gumbo, graffle cakes and all like that.

The other day, after readin about Grace and Rainyer I was lookin into Virginnia's eyes to see if they was any love-light there and I seen that they was sort of green, like. Twenty-odd years we been married and I allus thought they was blue! — if I'd knowed . . . Anyways she seen me lookin and ask if they was somethin wrong and why was I lookin at her like that? I'm just seein if they's any lovelight in there, I said, and then she threwed up her hands and said I knewed he'd go thatway.
I was only about eight years old at the time; it's important to keep that in mind if you begin to wonder why I didn't understand. A boy of that age doesn't have the same grasp of things that you or I do, and maybe it was better that I was that way.

Anyway, I met her at a playground, where I used to go almost every day after school. Climbing up one of those jungle gyms, or whatever you call them, I took a nasty fall onto the gravel. Of course I started to cry, and before long somebody had picked me up and was brushing me off. At first I thought it was the director, but when I looked up I saw a young woman who was a stranger to me. She quietly told me to stop crying, and, to my own surprise, I did just that.

She took me over to a bench and we sat down. I was all right by now and I asked her what her name was, almost indignantly if I remember right. “Barbara,” she said. I suddenly thought of a phrase I’d heard older people ask each other, and, thinking it appropriate, I repeated it: “What’s your racket?” She got quite a kick out of this for a while, but all of a sudden she stopped laughing — maybe she was afraid of hurting my feelings — and told me that she was a stenographer. This completely floored me and I said nothing for a minute or so until I’d got up enough nerve to say that I didn’t know what the word meant.

A couple of minutes later she had finished her rather painstaking explanation but I still didn’t understand, probably because I wasn’t too interested. Then I changed the subject and asked her if she had any friends. She said she had a very nice friend and that she was waiting for him now. He got off from work a little later than she did, she explained, and they always met here at the playground because it was near the bus stop and there was a place to sit and wait.

By the time this new acquaintance was beginning to fascinate me, her friend arrived. She introduced me to him — Fred, I think his name was — and they left.

The next day I went to the playground as usual, but instead of playing, I went to the bench and waited to see if Barbara would be there again. After what seemed to be a very long time, I saw a young woman get off a bus down the street and come walking toward the playground. I soon recognized her as Barbara. She came over to me and we started to talk right away. As before, her friend came to pick her up and I said goodbye for that day.

This sort of thing went on for a couple of weeks. I always got to the bench long before Barbara did. Some of the other kids were wondering what was wrong with me, but I didn’t care; I’d never met anyone like Barbara before and I wanted to talk to her as much as I could.

One day something went wrong. I saw her get out of the bus, but she didn’t walk toward the playground this time. Instead she started up the street, slowly and all alone. I got up and started to run. Just outside of the gate my foot caught on something and I fell. I felt like crying but for some reason I didn’t and instead picked myself up and ran even faster.

It must have taken me a minute or so to catch up with her, and when I did I was completely out of breath. “Barbara!”, I managed to blurt out. She turned around, looking rather surprised to see me, and in a voice I’d never heard her use before she said, “Please go away; I don’t want to talk to you today. I won’t be seeing you anymore. Now please don’t follow me.”

I didn’t have any idea of what to do; I was so surprised I couldn’t even think right. Then Barbara looked at me as if she were sorry, but she turned her back on me and walked quickly up the street. That was the last I ever saw of her and I don’t think I ever went to the playground again.
WHEN THE MOON

When the moon in bed of black
Shines with the stars
Down through the filmy clouds
On rocks, streams, branching trees,
On you
Lying face up
Toward whatever is above,
A gleam, a shining light in your left eye-ball.

Of what do you think, my lovely?
Of the powers that we can never realize?
Of nature, flowers, trees, the pond over there
beside the house,
Of the playful deer, the gentle lamb, the dead fish?

Come. Let us fly to some better place
(If there be one).
Let us find a home of eternal peace
Where we shall always live in happiness,
You and I. Forget all else
And I will bring my dog.

LOVE SONG

We wandered through the countryside
Where spring triumphant reigned;
I hoped some day to be your bride
'Ere April's mood had waned —
And O, the leaves were green!

Arm in arm in the fourth month's balm
We heard the lark sing sweet;
We stood beside the waters calm
And then sat down to eat —
And O, the leaves were green!

Alone we lay beneath the sun;
I vowed I loved you true.
But still you gnawed upon your bun,
O, the leaves were green, all right,
But so, my love, were you.
THE BALLADIER

His voice walks through the world
Accompanying the birds more often that the folk.
And yet, his singing is more beautiful than any instrument
That man has ever heard.

Why don't we listen to those notes
That are so like the smell
Which comes from the wet earth
On a summer morn?
Because beneath all is sadness:
The sadness of the human soul
Lost and suffocated.
Man! listen,
You must listen:
You are a part of this too.

Simplified Science

SOLILLOQUY

I am the snow.
Silently and yet knowingly,
Like a lover's smile,
I cover the scars of the earth;
Those deep clefts which men have so ruthlessly hacked out.
My blanket makes the minds of men forget,
Perhaps to think of peace.
Alas, but for a moment,
For then they turn back
To that black night
Which is reality.
At first I am unscarred,
In a great white sea
I flawlessly cover all and make it beautiful.
Still there is pain:
I cannot ease the soul.
Yes, my blanket is a rhythmic sea of pure white,
Yet, when men on me tred,
I am destroyed and broken;
My purity becomes a uniform of grey,
And so life replenishes itself in pain.
Man has destroyed me;
I shall return again,
For so it must be.
The Search for Alfie Patch

This is a transcription of the fourth of a series of six tapes recorded while the subject, here referred to as "X" in order to protect the innocent and near-innocent, was in a deep hypnotic trance. In previous interviews, "X," who is a student at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania, and leading as normal a life as possible under the circumstances, told of a former incarnation as a costermonger in Nineteenth Century England. After inducing hypnosis, (I find that a deeper trance is achieved by gently waving a vial of chloroform before the subject's nose), and going through the regression process, I proceeded to question "X" about his previous existence.

Q: What is your name?
A: Uh, it begins with a "B"
Q: Is it Alfie Patch?
A: Right you are guv'ner! (pronounced Cockney accent here)
Q: What is your profession?
A: I'm a costermonger.
Q: All right. You're a costermonger. Where?
A: London, in the Limehouse district.
Q: All right. Will you describe some event that made a particularly deep impression on your psyche?
A: 'Ow's that, guv?
Q: Can you tell us anything about your life?
A: O, I 'as a 'ard life, matey. Up at six, I 'as a few kippered errings for breakfast, and then I loads me little barrow with costers, 'dorable little mites, they is, guv'ner, it near breaks me 'cart to mong 'em, it does.
Q: All right. Go on. What did you do for recreation?
A: Oh, I read. Blokes like 'omer, 'orace, 'errick, 'erbert. Sometimes I went to the hopera. (Here I inserted the post hypnotic suggestion that, in order to furnish proof, "X" would, ten minutes after regaining consciousness, sing an aria from one of the operas he had heard.)
To continue:
Q: All right. What else did you do?
A: With me barrow, I went about the streets yellin', "mong! mong! mong!"
Q: Yes. Can you describe your death?
A: Mong! Mong! Mong!
Q: Er, what happened after you died?
A: Mong! Mong!

Seeing that the subject was tiring, I decided to terminate the interview. I brought "X" back to the present. When he awoke, he was bewildered, apparently remembering nothing about Alfie Patch. Ten minutes later, he dropped the highball he was holding, stepped to the center of the room, and sang in a clear, bell-like coloratura, the Mad Scene from Lucia. Normally, "X" has a deep bass voice, speaks in a monotone, and is tone deaf.

Alfie's story is being checked. Limehouse is indeed a district in London, and all the authors mentioned were known in England at the time. Furthermore, kippered herrings were a popular breakfast dish.

The above is presented strictly as a public service in the interest of science. Copies of the tapes may be obtained for a small fee from the author.

* Arguments that there were no costers in England at the time are fallacious. As a matter of fact, costers were introduced there as early as 1742, and were being monged publicly by 1745.

SUPERIOR TUBE CO.

NORRISTOWN, PA.
How I Learned to Drive and All That
Bert Wendel

Please try to understand, I mean about the accidents and everything. I'm not really one of those dumb blondes that people talk about; it's just that I had a little more trouble than most people in learning to drive. Some of my girl friends had trouble, too. Take Betty. She simply ruined a pair of whitewalls by scraping them against the curb. So you see, I'm not the only one.

Anyway, I don't know where to begin, like where to start the story or anything. I guess I'd better tell you about my father first. He's really wonderful. Why, when I turned sixteen he offered to teach me how to drive. Can you imagine that? Offered without my even asking him. That was really nice of him. We went right down and got my learner's permit. The next day he had off from work and we started right in.

The first thing Dad told me about was how to shift. He said to make an "H" but I didn't get what he meant. He's a nice dad and all that, but sometimes he doesn't make himself clear. Anyway, he gave up trying after a while and just started showing me how to shift with that stick on the steering column. He kept telling me about a pedal on the floor that he called the "clutch" or something. Finally he said for me to try it. I really did my best but I couldn't remember what all the different positions were supposed to do. You have to keep in mind that I'd never learned to drive before. We kept working on shifting for about ten or fifteen minutes and I soon understood it. Then Dad said I could start to drive. I was so thrilled! Here little Carol was, ready to drive a car.

I put the key in and turned it just like I'd seen Dad do it. Next I pressed down on the clutch and moved the stick close to the wheel and down. I pushed down the gas pedal and the engine started. Dad nodded and I was ready to go ahead. I gave it some more gas and took my foot off the clutch. I'm not sure exactly what happened; I think the car sort of jerked forward and then stalled. Dad said to start over and this time let the clutch out more slowly. I didn't see what difference that should make; the clutch just releases the motor or something. But I did what he said anyway and this time the car behaved better. I was actually driving down the street! The car wasn't going very fast so I pushed the "exhilarater" or whatever you call that other pedal. Then the car started roaring like an airplane and I could hear Dad yelling, "Shift! Shift!"

I knew exactly what he meant and did just like he had said — let up on the gas a little and pushed the stick up, letting it click in the middle. Only there was a grinding noise and Dad started to really shout. He was simply furious. When he had calmed down a little he talked very slowly and explained about the clutch again. I started all over and this time I shifted right, except that the car lurched some. I shifted again — downward this time — and Dad said I was in "third" even though I'd only shifted twice since we'd started moving.

I really felt wonderful! I was driving along and steering pretty straight except that Dad had to reach over and pull the wheel once in a while. Then we came to where the road turned off to the right. Dad said I could try to turn the corner. It was pretty sharp and I started turning the wheel like mad. I held onto it tightly; this is supposed to be all right because Dad had said that the car would straighten itself out. Everything would have gone okay except that Dad started yelling about something and I got a little excited. For some reason I pressed down with my foot — only an inch or two, though — and all of a sudden the car went real fast and before I knew what was happening there was a telephone pole in front of us and then there was a real big jolt and the car stopped. I don't remember too much else about the afternoon because I was pretty excited. I think Dad was, too.

At school we have this driver training class and my parents said I should try that. The man in charge of it — I never did get his name — was very nice. He had brown hair and real darling eyes. The first time I had him for a lesson I couldn't resist telling him how cute he was. He looked away — can you imagine? And he seemed real embarrassed. Then he sort of cleared his throat and started to talk about that "H". He couldn't make himself clear either. But when I showed him I could shift he looked at me kind of funny and said we could start right off.

A lot of things happened to me which I had this course but I really don't think it was fair the way people laughed at me. The only thing that gave me a lot of trouble was how to steer around corners and things. I didn't hit any more telephone poles but I dented a garbage can that (Continued on Page 14)
The Hard-Backed Chair

He straightened himself and tried to look as erect as the hard-backed chair he sat on. The cane seat scratched through his trousers and it was uncomfortable not having his feet reach the ground.

Grandpa came in and glanced up at the clock on the old mantelpiece. "You have fifteen minutes more, Timmy. I don't think you're concentrating on the story. Would you be able to answer my questions now?"

Timmy stared out of the heavily draped windows long after Grandpa was gone. Then he picked up the heavy book with the small type and dull story. "Some books are to be tasted..." he could hear Grandpa quoting. Yes, some were to be tasted and this one to be choked on, he thought rebelliously. How could anyone think clearly when his mind was so full of many things?

It had been an odd experience, this going to school for the first time. The polished desks and chairs were all so small, and the children in their overalls and sweaters were noisy and different from anything Timmy had ever known. He had stood there puzzled in the middle of the room, the collar of his starched shirt itching and the dark necktie tight around his throat.

"Hi there," the teacher had said, welcoming him. She had shown him to a desk in the corner and given him a box of crayons for his own. "Children, this is Timmy," she had announced to the rows of gaping 'crew cuts' and 'pigtails.'

She had explained to him, "The children are drawing pictures of their homes, Timmy. I'm interested in knowing all about your family and the things you like best. Then later we'll have a rest period and perhaps time for a song or two before we go home. I think we're going to be great friends."

Timmy longed to ask, "Will we read a lot, and have long hard lessons to memorize, and pages of sums to work — because I've done all that." In his mind he saw himself reciting to her. "Teacher..." he began, but she was hurriedly exclaiming "... then we'll post the ten best drawings on the wall, so that on parents' night, your mothers and fathers may come to see them."

Timmy had turned away. He had known his face was reddening as he stared down at the white paper. Around him, his classmates were making vivid splashes of reds and yellows. Timmy wondered what it would be like to have a home like that — he picked up his black crayon and sketched a tall, hard chair. He made the heavy drapes just as they were and grandpa's ugly mahogany desk, there in the corner.

Timmy looked around the room. Even with the sun streaming through, it was a very shadowy, black room. Why couldn't the teacher have understood? "Draw me a cheerful picture," she had commanded, taking his paper away. "Use bright colors to make it a happy room."

Timmy had splashed the stupid reds and yellows, copying from the models around him. "There's a fine picture," teacher said, holding it up to show the class. "I'm proud of you, Timmy. Take it home and show your parents. I want them to be proud of you, too!"

The rest of the day had gone slowly, The silly games and the loud songs! Timmy hadn't (Continued on Page 13)
The sea, with its boundless energy, rushed in again, up to the crooked line of seaweed which was strewn the length of the beach as far as could be seen. The water slid back quietly, leaving the sand clean and glassy for a moment. The sun blazed, uninhibited by clouds. It was hot. Even the breeze, just strong enough to stir the palm trees, knew it was hot, for it panted shallowly.

I sat down on a dry, sandy hill, only a few feet from where the water rushed back into the sea. I crawled down the side of the dune, and lay against its rise, looking at and listening to the sea.

Something stirred at my feet. At first the movement scared me, but I looked down and was relieved to see that it was just a lonely hermit crab making its way back to the water.

"Wait," I cried. I was a bit surprised at my initial audacity and foolishness. The crab stopped for a moment and then turned around slowly to face me. Its shell was rough and grey and ill-fitting. One pincer was badly mangled, probably as a result of some encounter with a nearly successful enemy. Its eyes rested upon brown stalks, and looked sad and old. Its mouth parts were moving rapidly, as if it were speaking, but no sound came to my ears.

"What a life you must lead," I began. "Nothing to do but eat, sleep, and reproduce."

Suddenly I felt stupid and silly... A grown man talking to a hermit crab. I really could not believe it. But I kept talking just the same.

"... No, I'm wrong. You probably have your problems, too. But the trouble with me is that I have to live in a society."

I looked down at my withered right leg, which had been twisted by a childhood disease. I felt sad and sick.

"The boys at school used to call me 'gimpy' or 'cripple.' Everybody's always staring at me, saying to themselves, 'Oh, look at that poor young man,' or 'Isn't that a shame' or something like that. They don't care what you are like inside. They don't want to really know you. They don't even want to talk to you."

The crab turned and started to crawl toward the water. Seeing that I was losing my audience, I became angry and shouted to the crab: "Wait, you cripple... Come back, you damn misfit! Listen to me..."

The sun was still very hot, but the breeze had grown to a wind, and a few dark clouds appeared in the west. Still the sea roared and groaned quietly.

The crab stopped, and I walked toward it and sat down a few feet away, "I'm sorry," I said.

There was a long pause before I began speaking again. The crab just looked at me with those sad eyes, and its mouth pieces kept whirring.

"I'll never get married... You know why? What girl wants a lame man for a husband? What child wants a cripple for a father? Do you know why I feel this way? Do you know why I am like I am...? Because society says I'm not good enough. I'm inferior to the standard."

I was getting all tied up inside and I was sweating now, even though the sun was hidden behind thick clouds. The crab still looked and listened.

"But I can think, can't I...? I can feel. Can't they see that?... "No, I guess they can't," I said solemnly.

"You're no better off that I am," I chuckled. "Look at that stupid shell. It doesn't even fit you." "God, is that funny," I cried. "You're nothing but a damn cripple yourself." I laughed out loud.

When I looked down from the sky, the crab was once again crawling to the sea — its sea, its home. My eyes got watery and my vision became warped.

"I'm sorry," I whispered. "I didn't mean it." As the water rushed over its tiny shell, I stood looking at the tracks in the dry sand. I felt sad and sick. When I looked again a wave caught the crab and pulled it out to sea, and it was gone.

The wind was blowing sharply now and the sky was grey with rain. I cried as I crawled back to the world — my world, my home.
A Strange Experience

Don Hodgeson

The night came upon us with hardly any warning, as most nights do in the far eastern country of Korea. This particular night happened to hold a special place in my life. It was my first night on what was considered the Main Line of Resistance of the Korean Marine Corps.

About nine-thirty I was rudely awakened and harshly told to report to the first sergeant’s tent. It took me a few minutes to realize what was happening. There was a fire-fight going on right in front of us and somehow I knew the time had come for me to find out whether I was a man or a mouse.

After putting my boots and my parka on I walked over to my first sergeant’s bunker and consequently was told to draw a machine-gun from the armory, climb the hill opposite the first sergeant’s bunker, and set up an outpost in the machine-gun pit that had been dug on the forward slope of the hill. As I reached the crest of the hill one of my buddies joined me and together we placed the machine-gun in position, loaded it, and checked our own automatics and grenades.

After sitting behind the gun for a few hours I began to get drowsy; so I lay back and closed my eyes. I had been relaxing this way for about a half an hour when I felt a restraining hand upon my shoulder. I sat up cautiously and looked at my buddy. He did not say a word to me. He just pointed to our left front. Sure enough, there was something or someone out there. I knew it could not be one of our own men since they were all behind us. Suddenly my eyes detected a crouched, running movement. What was it? My hand automatically swung the machine-gun around to bear on the object, and my finger tightened on the trigger. My buddy called out the usual challenge, but received instead of the usual answer another movement. That was all I needed. The machine-gun came to life as I squeezed the trigger. After a few bursts of fire I removed my hand from the gun grip and strained to see if the object was moving anymore. My eyes could not detect the object that had made that crouching, creeping movement.

What was this object? To this day I do not know for sure. Since I never found a corpse I surmise that it was only a small bush, swaying in the light breeze that is found nightly on top of any hill in Korea.

The Hard Backed Chair
(Continued from Page 11)

explained he had no parents. This woman who liked bright colors wouldn’t understand. When he got outside, he crumpled the paper and let the wind carry it away.

Grandpa came in, leaning heavily on his gold-topped cane. His shaggy head shook disappointedly, and his mustache bristled and twitched until Timmy was afraid. “I — I was just reading, Grandpa,” he murmured. Then he picked up the heavy book once more and struggled with another line of small print and difficult words. “It’s a very good present, Grandpa,” he said. “Thank you for giving it to me.”

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How I Learned to Drive
(Continued from Page 10)
someone had stupidly placed too close to the street and another time I just grazed the principal's car in the parking lot. But I got through the course all right and before very long I was ready to take my test.

The inspector wouldn't pass me. I can't give any real explanation; he was just too strict, I guess, and I couldn't do my best. It was the same way with the second one. On the third try I got an inspector who was just too cute for words; he reminded me of Jimmy Stewart a little and he looked so nice in his uniform. I was really anxious to show him how well I could drive. Anyway, I was driving down this side of the street with him when all of a sudden this car on the other side of the street pulled out of its parking space and pointed straight at me. I thought sure it was going to hit me and the only thing I could think of was to swerve to the right. When I did this the car jumped the curb and there was a white fence around one of the front lawns and I remember seeing some of the pickets sort of flying through the air.

The lawyer is just too cute; he has blue eyes and his hair is a little gray at the temples . . .

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