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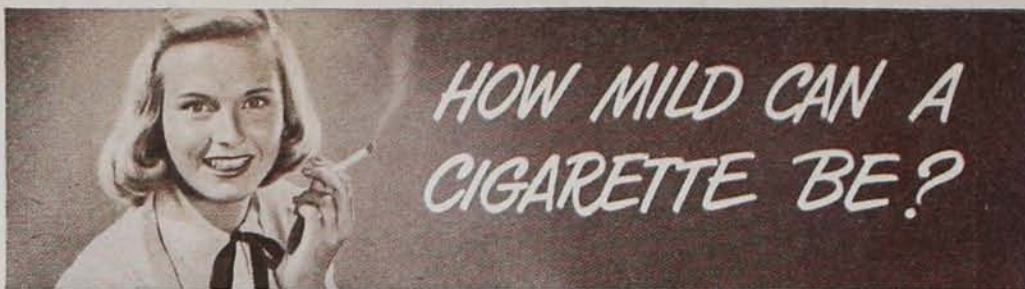
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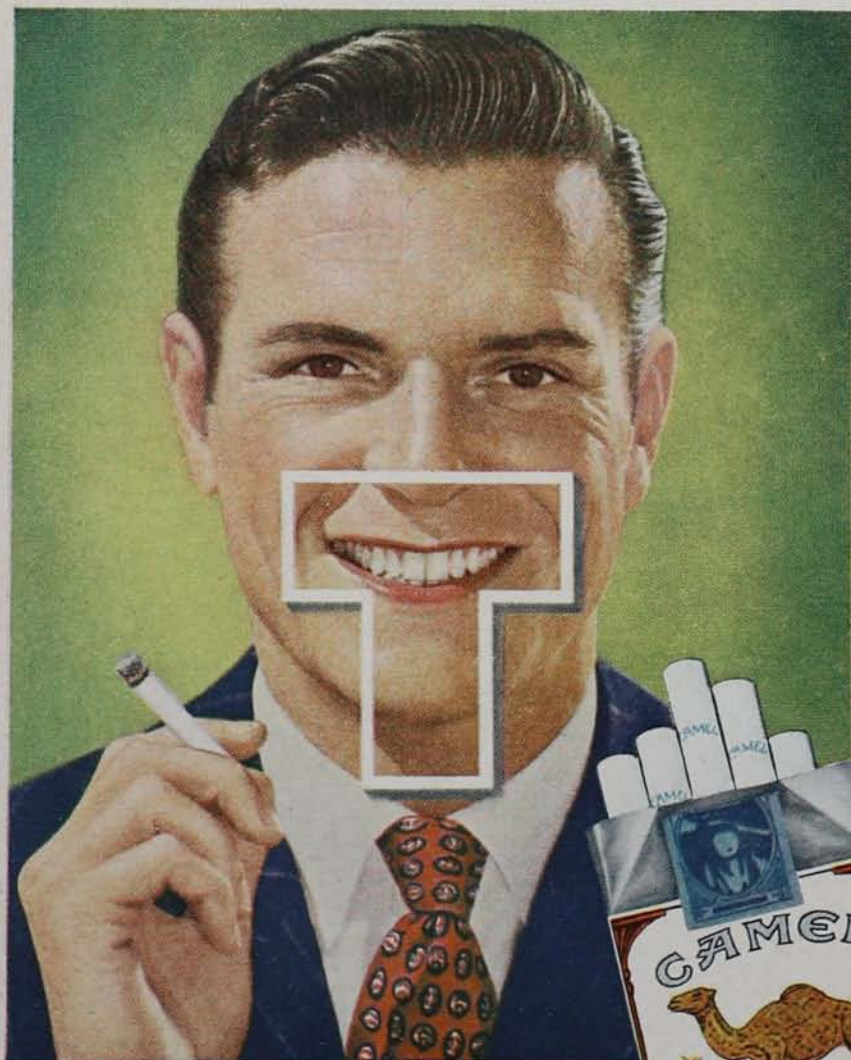
Spring Issue

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THE LANTERN

SPRING ISSUE, 1949

Vol. XVII, No. 2

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*I spoke a word
And no one heard;
I wrote a word,
And no one cared
Or seemed to heed;
But after half a score of years
It blossomed in a fragrant deed.
Preachers and teachers all are we,*

*Sowers of seed unconsciously.
Our hearers are beyond our ken,
Yet all we give may come again
With usury of joy or pain.
We never know
To what one little word may grow.
See to it, then, that all your seeds
Be such as bring forth noble deeds.*

JOHN OXENHAM

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Editorial

"How little do they know, who have never done anything but repeat after others by rote, the pangs, the labour, the yearnings, and the misgivings of mind it costs, to get the germ of an original idea—to dig it out of the hidden recesses of thought and nature, and bring it half-ashamed, struggling, and deformed into the day—to give words and intelligible symbols to that which never imagined or expressed before!"

HAZLITT

UNDOUBTEDLY all writers, veteran or otherwise, have known this ordeal. Only those who must find their pleasure or their fortune in the twisting paths of imagination can know the effort of every line, the doubts, the fears of failure, and the timidity to lay the result before the public. Yet talent will be revealed. It will never lie dormant while there burns, in the soul, the unquenchable fires of creation.

It is fortunate for our magazine that among our student body are those who possess the courage required by originality. Without them there could be no magazine, no new-born ability. We feel that in the following pages there are vast evidences of talent. An attempt has been made to find a pleasant medium of pathos and humor, so that all may find material to their liking. The Lantern Staff hopes, with the same hopefulness of the authors within, that our efforts will please you.

DALE C. WHITE
Editor-in-Chief

A WORD TO THE WISE



DR. CHARLES LYON CHANDLER

DURING the past few years many more opportunities have become available for students at Ursinus College to improve their minds on World Affairs. Not merely have some new courses been offered, but due to the kindness of Dr. Thomas J. Williams of Buenos Aires, Argentina, (L.L.D.—Ursinus 1948) a considerable number of books have been added to the library dealing with almost every phase of international relations, particularly in regard to those between the United States and Latin America. It is now possible for an Ursinus undergraduate to prepare, through these new courses, and study of these books, for careers not only in the foreign service of the United States, but also to represent United States firms abroad.

The Modern Language courses in Spanish, French, and German are very helpful in this connection. Now that United States aviation has proved it to be possible to fly around the world in 4-6 days, a greater responsibility than ever has come to our people. We must understand the background of the different races of the earth with whom we have been brought into so much closer contact. New world forces are at work which render such understandings not only necessary but imperative. During both World Wars, the authorities were hard put to find competent people who knew foreign languages and the psychological backgrounds of many foreign countries, and it is to be hoped that never

again will our government find itself in such a position. The newspapers state that Uncle Sam is now spending sixty million dollars a month for the purpose of stockpiling critical and strategic materials. It is just as necessary to stockpile the brains of our college students so that they will be ready and willing to do their part in the case of future international complications.

It should be emphasized that the parrot-like repetition of words and the translation of such sentences as "Where is the green cow of my grandmother?" is not meant when we talk about learning foreign languages. There are opportunities at Ursinus to master the language, to speak it like a native and to be thoroughly acquainted with its literature and its contribution to the progress of the world. The psychologies of foreign peoples must be studied thoroughly and minutely. Ursinus is fortunate to have such a strong history faculty. Professor Armstrong's courses are essential to any form of foreign service preparation.

How many people are aware of the facts brought out in an article in the New York Times, March 3, 1949—stating that "During 1948 almost 500,000 metric tons of manganese ore were received by the United States from the Soviet Union, and orders had already been tentatively placed for the purchase of approximately 400,000 tons this year." What a surprise this is to the people who talk all the time about the United States being self-sufficient! Incidentally, we have to import 99% of all the chromium, the nickel and the tin that we use, 90% of the manganese and antimony, 60% of the mercury and at least half of the tungsten. We could not wage a war for five minutes without ample stockpiles of these materials.

If the boy or girl who graduates from Ursinus wants to face the world as it is, in 1949 or 1950, he or she must try to equip themselves in a very different way than was the case twenty years ago. An Ursinus graduate should take nothing for granted; he should realize that at least 400,000,000 dollars in research is being spent today in various forms of research in the United States. This does not mean only research in engineering or any phase of engineering, but also in research in selling, merchandising, and in fact, in business or social activity in any form. The Ursinus graduate should therefore cultivate personality and the ability to make an impression without being too boastful or too conceited. The smart aleck type of salesman is not needed. Rather, the serious, quiet young man or woman filled with potential energy, who is willing to listen to those older and wiser than he is, who may happen to take a personal interest in him, is the person who will be best equipped to enter this new, highly competitive world.

IT ALL started when Henry asked me to proofread his manuscript on psychism. I could hardly refuse if I had wanted to because we had been friends for such a long time. This psychism, as he explained it to me, was the existence of an inner man who could leave the body and re-enter if the person so chose. He said that it was nothing apart from the man. He said that it was the human mind in bodily form but that it existed in a dimension of extension as yet undiscovered by science. He named this the psyche.

I sat down about seven in the evening to start to proofread it. I had just begun the fourth chapter when, glancing at the clock on the wall, I noticed that it was eleven o'clock, time for bed. I was glad to be through with the manuscript for the time being. It was slow, dry reading. I had no interest in how the psyche was released from the temporal body and was content not know how it got back for the present anyway. Furthermore it just could not be done. There were only three dimensions and no one could separate his mind from his body with his subconscious mind. Even I know that no one could control his subconscious mind. I finally dismissed the whole idea and went to bed.

I was awakened from a deep sleep by a loud roar—one of those jet planes—just as the night, giving way to the rising sun, began pouring down into the west. The clock on the table by my bed indicated twenty after five. I decided that I would get up. I felt fresh and rested; moreover, the alarm would ring in a few minutes. I put my feet on the floor, I didn't feel anything. Getting up, I stamped on the floor, still felt nothing. I supposed that they had gone to sleep before I looked at my bed.

There was someone in my bed. I had not noticed him before. He looked quite familiar. My God, I thought. It was me. But I was up, that could not be me. It was, it was, it was.

I stood fixed before the bed; my mind was dazed. "Anyone who wishes with the proper attitude to leave and then re-enter his body may do so. It has even occurred by auto-suggestion." Henry's words resounded in my ears.

Those words—I had believed those words unconsciously and my subconscious had willed my mind from my body. But I could get back—Henry said so. All I had to do was to—I hadn't read that far.

I ran downstairs. I could read how to get back if only I could find the manuscript. I could, I could get back. It was on the table where I had put it. I reached for the manuscript. My hand went through it. I clawed at

it trying to turn the leaves. I couldn't move them.

I'd get mother to read it for me. I ran towards the kitchen. I didn't see that the door was closed. I was going to hit it. I didn't feel anything. I had gone through it.

Mother was frying eggs on the stove. Pa was reading the last night's papers. I asked her to come quick because I needed her help. She continued frying the eggs. I called louder. I screamed. She didn't even turn her head. Her lips were moving, she was talking to Pa. He put the paper down and looked at mother for a moment. Then his lips moved too. I couldn't hear them. They couldn't hear me. I could never get back—get back.

I thought of Henry. He told me that he had often left his body. I could watch him until he did, and then I could ask him how to get back.

I went out of the house and ran down the road. As I neared Henry's house, I saw a large floral wreath on his front door. It was a funeral wreath. It could only be Henry because he lived alone. I was terrified as he was my only hope. No one knew about it except him and me. I could never, never get back again. I sat down on the road bank and cried. It seemed as if an hour had passed when I finally stopped.

I walked slowly up the road toward home. Maybe someone would read the manuscript out of curiosity. There was hope yet, but it was the only hope left.

I entered the house through the front door, which led into the living room where the manuscript should have been. The manuscript was no longer on the table. I searched the room, the rest of the downstairs, the upstairs. I could not find it. Passing a window, I saw smoke rising from the back yard. My brother was burning trash and papers. Papers! it was the manuscript. I shouted for him to stop, not realizing that he couldn't hear me. The flames, burning with an eerie green light, consumed the manuscript. I was damned to this existence forever; the last weak hope was dead.

A car roared up the road and stopped to the accompaniment of the grinding squeal of brakes. Someone, carrying a small bag, jumped out. It was our doctor. He ran up the front walk. Mother had the door opened before he reached the porch. He entered and hurriedly slammed the door behind him. Someone was apparently ill. I hastily followed him.

I followed them up the stairs and into my room. The doctor looked at my body; listened to its heartbeat and counted its pulse. He

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HOME COUNTRY

ROY FOSTER

THIS land, this America, is a great expanse of beauty and enchantment, a land of towering mountains, broad, fertile plains, wild sea coast, and dense, green forested hills. There are the Rockies and the Sierras where clouds enshroud the mountain peaks; there is golden California, sunny Florida, the bayons of Louisiana, the monotonous but impressive flatness of the Plains, the wind and water-carved rock splendour of the Southwest, the rugged upthrust of New England. There is Yosemite and Zion and Acadia and Yellowstone. There are the Berkshires, the Ozarks, the Cascades, the Everglades, and the Badlands. Almost every state has its share of natural beauty.

And then there is Jersey. The Delaware rises somewhere up in New York and wanders down to the sea. Twice the river ventures westward, and twice it comes back; once at Trenton, and again at the Atlantic. Within and to the east of the two bulges formed by the meandering stream are the two sections of Jersey, as easily distinguishable one from the other as is night from day. In the northern part the roads converge to the east, to the great, drab concentration of industry centering about Elizabeth, Newark, Patterson, and Jersey City, and to New York City beyond. The current moves down out of the ridged and rolling counties in the northwest — if there is any beauty in the state it is here in the Kittatinny or on the shores of Lake Hopatcong — and into the smoky cauldron of activity about Newark Bay and up the Passaic and Hackensack Rivers. Here is the hub of the North Jersey wheel.

At Trenton, the state narrows down to about forty miles in width and changes its appearance completely. The land smoothes out and reaches away, pine covered and sandy, into the tidal flats and back bays. Camden is the center of this dull land, and the roads fan from it across the colorless flats, past the poorly kept farms, and into the 'pines' to lose themselves in the marshes beyond. Some survive and lead to the popular resorts beside the sea. But most of the saloon-lined highways are only spokes on the even land leading nowhere. Down here the wheel has a shattered rim.

Hop a bus some day along Market Street in Philadelphia—any one will do—and go down the clogged channel they call Race Street, through Chinatown, and up across the great steel link to Camden. If you are lucky and the weather is clear—for nine days out of ten it is not—you will look down on the sluggish stream called Delaware, into which Phillipsburg and Easton and Trenton dump what they are finished with, and out of which Philadelphians drink. You will see Peddie's Island

and its squat, black tanks splitting the river in two, the thrusting piers reaching into the current, and to the south, the ships riding at anchor. This is the Port of Philadelphia. Down the slope on the Jersey side you look down on R.C.A. Victor, Campbell's Soup, Esterbrook Pen, Stassco Toilet Seat, and a little place I know of called John's.

Camden is a flat town on flat land, with the City Hall building pointing like one white finger at the sky. It is bounded on three sides by tidal creeks, and another writhes through the center and divides the city. The breeze off the Delaware and the Cooper and Newton turns white housepaint brown within a year and sometimes even out where I live you can smell the west wind. Corrupt, gray-brown Camden is a miniature of its big sister across the bridge but it has none of Philadelphia's history. There is a house on Mickle Street where Walt Whitman lived for a time. And that is the extent of the town's famous landmarks.

Generally, the roads radiate from Camden through a band of suburbs with sycamore and maple-lined avenues, and into the farmlands. The ground is sandy and sometimes the tomatoes come up pink, but they do well enough to end up in soup out of Campbell's, or in the river when things at the plant go wrong. Asparagus and peaches and apples seems to like the soil also. Down along the river great refineries have risen out of the swamps to tower over the drowned lands and the farms beyond. With darkness, the blaze of lights and the high torches of burning gas that can warn of danger look like a sky-city and guide ships up the broad river. All across the flats the people live, unfriendly, indifferent—slaves to Philadelphia.

Still farther from Camden the fields break up and the open land shatters itself into woods. There is a frontier, an almost definite line where the Barrens begin. Beyond this boundary the 'pines' are dense and silent. This section is like none other on the earth save the interior of Nova Scotia. It is a lonely and mysterious land where the streams run red with bog iron, and twist out through the impenetrable cedar swamps and vast pine forests into the salt marshes. Here the mills once turned out weapons for Washington's troops and here the English once invaded. The hulks of their ships may be found down along the Mullica today. You can dig oyster shells from the forest floor and you can walk for miles across the Plains where trees are not taller than you are. There are old ghost towns like Double Trouble, Ong's Hat, Retreat, Penny Pat,

(Continued on Page Eleven)

LIBERATION

FRANK EDWARDS

HE gazed at the pastel-painted sky as evening began to creep over the cotton fields. Not the first time that he had sat on the rough-hewn rail and blindly contemplated the unparalleled beauty of the Tennessee skyline. After all, he was free. Free to think, although most of that was done for him. Free to go where he pleased, except that he had no money. Free to talk to his neighbor, unless the fellow happened to be white—then it was best to wait until spoken to. But there were no conditions hitched to his freedom when it came to sitting on the rail or looking at the sky.

He thought of the time he had sat on the deck of an LST which bore his division to France. The sun was almost down then, and the reds and greens of the sky seemed to bring life to what had been a bleak, dead ocean. Not as pretty as the cotton fields, but pretty just the same. Then the beaches appeared, night fell, and the red-yellow bursts from the big navy guns, the rockets and the shore batteries displayed man's rather insane simile to nature's painted beauty.

Paris had been a wonder to him. Not especially the Eiffel Tower or the Louvre—even Nashville has its monuments and museums. The Paris he remembered had been that little out-of-the-way cabaret and Elise.

He had been released from an army hospital ward especially reserved for the men from his division and others like it. He and two other men were handed nine-day passes. Like every other American soldier the three were interested in Paris. One of the boys had been there previously and was willing to introduce the other two to the renowned city.

They arrived at the Gare du Nord, two, perplexed and doubtful as to just what they could find to do; one, unperplexed and undoubtful. The latter led his two friends through the streets of Paris and showed them what they expected to see—just another city, perhaps more beautiful if one can see beauty in a city. Suddenly the self-appointed guide saw an old friend and left his two tourists to flounder for themselves.

The cabaret door was ajar, and the two explorers warily stuck their heads inside. The usual scene, a musty smoke-filled room; not-too-soft music echoed from a juke box and groups of G.I.'s, weary from previous months of combat, draped themselves over the bar or sang unchaste melodies or cajoled an equally unchaste Parisienne. Nothing different from a thousand other cabarets from Jersey City to Shanghai in 1945, except - - - -.

The newly arrived strangers fixed their eyes on one of the tables in a far corner. The neatly khaikied sergeant seated there was not the cause of their bewilderment; he was a familiar

face in their division. But the girl!! Not especially beautiful, though she possessed a charming poise which indicated a well-cultured background. The way she held her cigarette, the delicacy of her every movement. These traits were perfectly obvious to anyone. But the one characteristic which shocked the two observers was the color of her skin. It was a soft, creamy, ivory **white**.

The sergeant recognized his two bewildered compatriots and beckoned them to join Elise and himself. As they approached the table the striking features of Elise seemed to magnify themselves tenfold, and their confusion mounted in the same proportion. How could this be? A white girl, a lovely white girl seated at a table with **their sergeant**. Not only seated there but seeming to enjoy every minute of it!! The introductions were made and the two newcomers drew up chairs.

The evening had passed far too rapidly. But there were to be eight more. The sergeant had to report back to his base the third day after the two men had arrived. As he departed he smiled at the remaining three and hoped that they would find as much felicity in each other's company as he had found. As the days passed, so passed the bewilderment of the two soldiers. No longer did they feel uneasy or conspicuous as they walked the streets with Elise, or sat at a table, or danced with her. There was the small talk about their pasts. She was the daughter of a prosperous merchant of Lyons. Educated in a girl's school and came to Paris to study music. Nothing extraordinary. As for the two G.I.'s, their backgrounds were even more simple. One was from Missouri, worked in a canning factory. The other a Tennessee sharecropper. Odd that these three should find anything in common. But here they were, thrown together by international conflict, joined to share the quaintness of the sidewalks and the quays, the magnificence of the museums and the theatres, the intimacy of the favorite table at the cabaret.

The ninth day arrived, and the two soldiers had to return to their encampment. All the felicity which the sergeant had hoped they would share had to be cut off. All the **memories** of the sidewalks, the museums, the cabaret, and of Elise would have to be pushed aside. Duty called, and the two men left Paris behind. Soon, the war ended.

In Washington, he changed from the luxurious pullman to a coach further back, one reserved for his kind. As he relaxed in his seat he thought of the discharge officer at Fort Dix. The ruptured ducks had been handed out, and the officer made his traditional little

(Continued on Page Ten)

THE LAST HAUL

J. W. HOWSE

BOSH wearily mopped his forehead. The afternoon heat sat heavy and formless on his shoulders. The brassy glare of the sun on the slick surface of the lagoon beat blindingly against his eyeballs. Another month of this and he'd be ready for a strait-jacket. He raised the glasses to his eyes again and scanned the horizon to the east. Nothing but sun and water! Behind him the palms drooped in the rising heat waves radiated from the blazing white beach. Everything seemed to shimmer and twist strangely through the heat. Below him at the end of the jetty, the boat rocked gently in the swell, her paint bleached and cracked, her metal work dingy from too many years in this desert of water.

Bosh lowered the glasses from his aching eyes and dropped into the cockpit. In his cabin he pulled a bottle of Rye from a locker and tilted it to his lips. The raw liquor made him gag, but it helped dull the malarial chills he'd been feeling all day. He tried some quinine, silently damning the climate and all this lousy ocean. And damn Clint for leaving him on this stinking little atoll. Two months he'd been here. Two months with this tub and that silent stupid Charlie. Two months here, the only white man. Forty natives lived up the beach in a little village but they only added to the island's stink.

Why didn't Clint come back? Even with engine trouble or bad weather he should have been here by now. Clint had really picked the place to meet too. Of course this was ideal from the standpoint of secrecy, but another month here with Charlie and those forty swine—Bosh gulped another.

Still a hundred thousand bucks wasn't bad. Even after two months here it still sounded good; very good. More than he'd picked up in the last fifteen years. Besides, smuggling was too risky now with Americans and Japs fighting all over the Pacific. The war had really killed the old rackets, but this idea of Clint's was good. Nobody'd ever get them on this one. One quick trip when Clint got here and then Australia with one hundred thousand American dollars for each of them. Well, not quite! There was still Charlie. For a minute he'd forgotten Charlie. Big Charlie, the native navigator and engineer. Bosh had always hated and feared him. He was asleep now in his tiny compartment forward. He'd want his share of that dough. He was an islander, but far too smart to be cheated out of his haul. Bosh drank again; the malaria was better now. It would be nice if Charlie disappeared but Charlie was tough and smart and he didn't trust Bosh. Not even a little. He locked himself in his cabin when he slept and he lived with that "forty-five". Only a smart trick

would get Charlie. He knew he, Bosh, couldn't face him on an even break.

It was getting near sundown now and he heard Charlie open his door and pad up to the cockpit aft. Bosh pulled his automatic out and snapped a round into the chamber. Leaving it half-cocked he dropped it back into its holster. Slowly he opened his door and crept to the companionway. Charlie's bulk was silhouetted against the sky. For a moment Bosh's hand twitched near his gun, then Charlie turned. Bosh covered his tenseness with a nod, while Charlie, his dark placid face blank, only replied with a grunt. Bosh's eyes strayed to the heavy .45 in its cutdown holster. For a moment he stared transfixed. Then as Charlie moved toward the port rail he tore his eyes away and climbed up on the jetty. In a moment Charlie joined him and they walked together toward the village. They'd been eating with the Chief for two weeks now, saving the boat's stores. Two weeks of native slum!

All through the endless meal, which he forced himself to eat, Bosh's mind kept plotting, scheming, looking for a way to be rid of that blank, silent dog across from him. But Charlie had yet to let Bosh get out of his sight. They returned to the boat as they always walked, side by side, each wary of the other. Clint would be here soon and if Charlie was to go it would have to be before that. Clint would never get rid of him. He liked the dirty native.

It was back in the hot, moist dark of his cabin that the idea came to him. He'd lain on his bunk, sweat drenching everything he touched, listening to the sound of the night, while his mind cursed the heat, Clint, Charlie and himself most of all in an endless round. Then suddenly the dizzy circle stopped and a great light focused on this sudden thought. It was a wild chance, but it would work. Silently dressing, he crept out onto the deck. Standing just beyond the companionway, he cocked his gun. Then, with a loud cry, he fired twice and let himself fall to the deck. In a minute Charlie charged up the companionway, pistol in hand. He stumbled on Bosh's legs, then stooped over him. Bosh kept his eyes shut. Charlie holstered his gun and started to pick him up. This was it! Bosh shoved his gun into Charlie's chest and emptied it, the echoes drumming off across the lagoon.

Charlie was dead when he hit the deck. Bosh stood over him, his mind cheering. Then out from over the water came the sound of oarlocks. God! Clint, rowing over from his boat. In the excitement he would have missed it's engines. Charlie couldn't be found here! Frantically he tumbled the heavy body over

(Continued on Page Twelve)

ONE STREAM

BLACK WATERS

*Dark waters; still dark waters,
Wreathed in the blackness of the night,
Cradled by sepia, nursed by nightfall,
Weaned on the breast of a foul black thing,
Lurking in the utter gloom
Peering vaguely through the mist
Hunting fiercely in the dimness
For a living thing to pass.*

—C. WETZEL.



LINES OF AN ABANDONED SPRING HOUSE

*Sigh wind through branches bare above,
It's not for them you weep.
You moan your dirge to crumbling walls,
That will forever sleep.*

*No more the murmuring brook will know
The happy tales it tells,
When thru the floor its water flowed
To fill deep crystal wells.*

*No children storm this mossy fort
The treasured honeycomb to taste,
Or pause awhile in cooling dark,
A scented, rustic hiding place.*

*Here farm folk stored their honest yield,
And here the fragrant ham was hung
O'er buttermilk and creamy curd
From Ayrshires grazing in the field.*

*What matter now the gain or loss
In days of labor, sweat and toil?
Do mouldering stones and rotting boards
Life's futile monument compose?*

*The wind moaned back in all its wrath,
"A curse on thee of little faith."*

—JOHN B. MARTIN, JR.



*These are my blossoms
One streak of morn o
Accept them; But to r
The buds of song tha*



K OF MORN

AFRAID

I am afraid of life for all my dreams
Fade as does the swollen stream
After the torrent of passion is gone
And all is quiet and I am alone.
The wind blows cold across the field,
And I am afraid my soul will yield
To the quiet call of divine sleep,
Where my dreams of life will keep
Until this terror leaves my mind,
And I again can start the climb
That leads me from this lowly state
To heaven's rest and God's estate.



—ANITA FRICK

GONE IS THE WINTER'S NIGHT

Gone is the winter's night
The angry wind about the broken walls
The raging banners of the flagrant sky . . .
All is still
Peacefully . . . A star falls . . .

What mystic sense in this, O my Soul
That questions of the seasons and the stars?
I gaze about me and can only see
The torn earth . . . and ugly scars.

Yet there is life, and in this life, myself,
Something refusing to be beaten down
That, broken as the weary soul may be,
Walks ever on and eyes the pregnant ground.

—ANONYMOUS

HOLMES

THE TEMPTING OF WILLIE

JOAN VERBURG

THE morning sun was bright and cool. The kitchen was filled with the odor of frying ham and corn pone heating in the oven while the nutty, pungent coffee-smell spread through the three rooms. The eggs stood in the crock beside the wood stove. Willie, however, was oblivious to all his mother's preparations, for as usual, Willie was asleep. Asleep, that is, until Mrs. Jackson realized the time. "Willie! Willie, you get out of dat bed right now."

"Um..."

"You heard me. I'se comin' in after you."

"Un-huh, I'm up."

"You can't tell me that, Willie Jackson. You get out here this minute."

A very sleepy Willie stumbled to the doorway. "I'm up, Ma."

"Dat's a good boy. Wash yourself up while I start the egg fryin'." She poured some grease in the frying pan and cracked the shell of the egg as Willie fumbled his way to the basin. "Your ears, boy, don't forget your ears."

"I remembers. Where's my clothes at?"

"Over here, boy. Now, hurry yourself up. Willie, don't you put that cotton shirt on—it ain't summer yet! That's right, the flannel one. Come on, now, your egg's almost finished."

"I'm here, Ma."

"Sit down. Sit down, boy, before the fixin's all ge cold. Now, Willie, you listen to me. You go straight to school. Don't you dare play hookey again today. Hear me, Willie? You get in that school room. I'll git your Pa to take you out in the shed. You go fishin' and I'll make Pa wop the livin' daylight outta you. Hear me, Willie?"

"Un-huh."

"Sure you had 'nuff to eat?"

"Yes, Ma."

"Here's your books, boy. Now remember what I told you. Promise, Willie?"

"Yes, Ma."

"Now, be off. You go straight to school, and Willie, doncha dare go doin' anything bad." She watched his stroll down the short path and turned out of sight by the lilac bush which was showing its first signs of bloom.

"Hi, Willie. Where ya goin'?"

"Lucifer, well hi! I'se goin' to school."

"Boy, you goin' to school on a fine day like dis? Looka here, Willie, just you look what I got."

"Gee, two fishin' poles."

"That's right, boy. Come on, Willie."

"William, doncha do it."

"Gab, where'd you come from? Don't you pay any mind to him Willie."

"William, you're goin' to school. Doncha listen to Lucifer. Think what your Ma'll say, William. You promised."

"You didn't really promise, Willie. And besides, who'll ever know?"

"William, your Pa'll give you a lickin'."

"Pay no heed, Willie. Your Pa'll never find us out."

"William, you come with me, boy. Turn to de right. Let's go."

"Come on, Willie, let's take the long way. Come on, boy, take de left path. We'll go way of de mill pond. That's the way, boy; that's the only way. Come on, Willie, to de left."

"William, doncha dare listen to him. He's got the debil in him. Boy, you come along with me. You march yourself right down to de school house. William, you listen to me, now."

"You just shut your mouth, Gab. Whatcha tryin' to do? You just tryin' to spoil a good time. Come on, Willie, let's go. Listen here, boy. De fish are bitin' good and I got bait. Big, fat, juicy worms. Willie, just think how de fish'll smack dey're lips for them. Doncha pass up a chance like this."

"William, wait 'til school's out this afternoon."

"Boy, will ya look at this here fried chicken. Dat's right, Willie. Now you're comin'. See, boy, de road on the left is nicest. That's de way. Just look, see the meadow over there, and there's de pond! Hurry yourself up. Come on, boy. Just look, now, Willie, ain't that pretty. Sit down in de shade here and throw out your line. Willie, ain't this just fine? Willie, whatcha got there? Willie, ya got a bite. Didn't I tell you de fish are bitin'! Pull it in, boy. That's de way. Here, give me de pole. It's gonna be a big one. Will ya just look at de pole bendin'. Now she's comin, Willie. Just a bit more and I can pull her in. Well, now, will ya looka that. Gab! How'd you get down there in dat water?"

"Listen here, Lucifer, you just be mindin' your own affairs. Come on William, youse not escapin' me dis time. You get off to school. That's right, boy, you're on de right path now. As for you, Lucifer, I think youse 'bout made your biggest catch for de day, and you know what dey say, 'bout de biggest one, always getin' away."

LIBERATION

(Continued on Page Six)

speech lauding the ex-G.I.'s for the splendid job they had done in ridding the world of tyranny and oppression. He then reminded them of how lucky they were to be back in the land of the free.

After all, he was free. Free to think, although most of that was done for him. Free to go where he pleased, except that he had no money.

THE TURTLE

BETTY LOU SCHEIRER

I remember the last time I visited grandmother before her death. We were talking about an incident that had happened several years before, when my parents had brought me for a week's visit on the farm.

"You were ten that year, weren't you? I remember that you protested violently as your mother left. You wanted to go to New York with the family, but your Mother wouldn't take you.

"On Sunday you returned from church carrying a turtle you had found on the highway. I remember how your face lit up as you talked of your precious turtle. I recall the anger in your eyes when Peter suggested that you carve your name on the shell; and you retorted, 'Would you like me to carve on your back, Uncle Pete? Would you?'"

My grandmother continued, but I heard nothing more. I was creating a picture of that day more than six years ago. As I listened to the words, I saw myself, tall, slender, and ten years old, carrying the turtle back to the farm and proudly displaying it before my relatives. I remembered the compassion I had felt as I imagined the turtle lying dead on the highway. I was proud to have saved it from a dreadful fate. I noted her words, "... agreed to free the turtle ..." I knew what really happened.

I had carried the turtle to the creek, but as I pushed my way through the high weeds of the uncultivated field between the house and the stream, I began to think. "Mommy says I have to stay here while the family goes to New York, because I'm too young to go camping. I'm tired of doing whatever Mommy says. I wouldn't be in the way." I felt very sorry for myself. "Because I'm the only girl, I can't do anything. I don't see why I couldn't bring Maribeth even though she is my best doll. There's nobody else here to play with. Mommy always makes me do what she wants."

I had reached the creek; and removing my shoes and stockings, waded into the cold muddy water. I climbed up on a ledge of rock jutting out from the opposite bank. "You will soon be free, I said to the withdrawn head of the turtle, but I must always do what Mommy or Daddy tells me. It isn't fair. You know, Mommy'd never let me play on this side of the creek; she'd be afraid I'd drown, crossing these rocks. When I put you down, your mommy won't make you do anything; because you don't have a Mommy, do you?"

Hate overwhelmed me. Hate told me the turtle would soon be free, while I would never be free. "You think I'll free you! That wouldn't be fair!"

Tears fell down my cheek as I smashed that turtle against a rock. The shell cracked. I hit it again against that rock. The shell split in several pieces. A third time I smashed the turtle against the rock. Suddenly I stopped. I hid the dead thing behind a bush and ran through the water to the opposite side.

Shame, horror, and fear nauseated me; and unable to bear the lovely creek anymore, I turned and fled with tears filling my eyes and an odd feeling in my throat.

"... you were so proud, dear child, when you told us how good you felt when you freed the turtle. But I knew this turtle had meant something special to you, because I detected a tear in your eye when you returned from the creek." It is a noble thing giving up something you love.

Grandmother never knew ...

HOME COUNTRY

(Continued from Page Five)

and Sooy Place. People live back in there, on their little farms where the blueberries and raspberries prosper in the sand, and cranberries grow in their square, wet depressions, and many of them have never been to Philadelphia or Camden and don't care to go.

Past the salt flats are the sedge-choked bays, the Barnegat, the Little Egg, and the Great forming the Intracoastal waterway. Across them, where the wheeling ducks and gulls scream shrilly in the salt air, are the outer islands, long thin sand spits sloping into the Atlantic. You can see the houses lined up shoulder to shoulder intently watching the waves come in.

It's not a pretty land down here east of the Delaware. It's a land of mosquitoes and abominable weather and dusty towns and the same thing repeated again and again. But it's my home and I like it.

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST WINNERS

1. ROBT. M. JONES
2. EDWARD STEVENS
3. ROBT. T. WOHLFORD
4. BERT HUSBAND, JR.
5. DOROTHY-ARDEN DEAN
6. BARBARA YERKES
7. DEBORAH NORTON
8. RICHARD GRADWOHL
9. GEO. E. DILLINGER, JR.
10. PEGGY CLARKE

INTERLUDE

FAY HORNER

"May I help you, Madam?"

"Uh, yeh. I wanta ekschange this here dress."

"Certainly," said the bright blonde smile. "And why are you returning the dress, Madam?"

Pause. Then, "Uh, it's . . . uh . . . too small. I can't get it over my . . . uh . . . hoos . . . bos . . ."

"Of course," said the smile. "Have you your sales slip with you?"

"Sales slip?"

"Yes, madam, your sales slip. Every purchase is accompanied by a sales slip."

"Oh . . . yeh." The woman, fumbling in her battered purse, brought up a torn slip of pink paper with 'PAID' stamped on it in purple ink. She extended it to the blonde supervisor who took it from her briskly.

"Thank you, Madam," she said crisply, writing some symbols on a smooth corner of the slip. "Here you are. Take this slip to your salesgirl and she will help you to find another dress. I'll take this one for you." The supervisor gathered up the folds of the material, threw them over her arm and slapped the box in which the dress had been packed onto a pile under the wide cashier's desk. A salesgirl approached her with a white blouse and held out the tag hanging from its sleeve to be checked. The "Supe" smiled brilliantly and scratched her initials on the tag without looking at it.

"Morning, Jane. How's biz'ness?" she trilled.

"Fine, just fine, Mrs. Vane," drawled the low voice.

"The 'Supe' started across the floor, her spikes tapping on the hardwood surface, her New Look black sheer swirling about her ankles, her short, yellow mop bobbing with each click of the heels. She had taken a half dozen steps when a touch no heavier than the brush of a bird's wing lighted on her bare arm. She turned quickly, the brilliant smile automatically flashing. It did not fade when she saw the woman who had just returned the dress. That was one of the remarkable things about Vane; she smiled at everyone and few realized that it was the accomplishment of years of practice and masterful self-control.

"Yes?" sang the musical voice.

"Uh, lady . . . uh, please, where do I get my money?"

"Oh! That slip entitles you to the amount you paid for the dress you returned applied to the purchase of another dress." She smiled sweetly, as though it were perfectly obvious, of course.

"But . . . I don't want another dress . . . They're all too small in the boos . . . boos . . ."

"Yes. Now if you'll just ask the salesgirl . . . Aggie! Aggie! Find this lady a dress, will you?"

This girl will help you, Madam!"

Before the woman could answer, the "soup" had disappeared and a shrewd looking matron had steered her to a rack which was labeled at the top, Misses, Sizes 38-52.

"Now, what color did you want, Madam?" she asked.

"Uh . . . I don't want another dress. I'd like . . . I'd like to have . . . my money. (I'm in a hurry . . . My boy . . .) Desperation crept into her tone.

"Here's a lovely Navy sheer!" The salesgirl held it up to the woman. "Just right for your complexion. Would you like to try it on?" She lifted her hand and waved at a girl with a green notebook. "Number 32! Will you show this lady to a booth? I'll be right in to help you, Madam."

A little bewildered, the customer found herself in the booth, vaguely aware of the shrewd woman unzipping a zipper down her back, yards of cotton dress, her own, being pulled over her head, and almost instantly, a soft dark cloud coming down where the cotton had just gone up. Much fussing, straightening, labored breathing, and patting ensued.

"There now. Isn't that lovely?"

Two days later the blonde supervisor turned to a small, round greying woman and said,

"May I help you, Madam?"

"Uh, yeh. I wanta exchange this here dress."

"Certainly," said the bright blonde smile. "And why are you returning the dress, Madam?"

Pause. Then, "Uh, it's . . . uh . . . too small. I can't get it over my . . . uh . . . boos . . . bos . . . bosom!"

THE LAST HAUL

(Continued from Page Seven)

the side. It sank leadenly with no splash. Bosh ran aft! Clint was here; by dawn they'd be leaving; Australia and one hundred thousand dollars. He scrambled up on the jetty. God, that had been close. But Charlie was gone and if Clint had heard the shots he'd say he'd been shooting bats or something. Why Charlie'd disappeared a week ago. Who could account for natives?

He could hear the boat in close now. Here it was, the end of all that waiting. "Clint!" he shouted.

A blinding light smashed across his eyes. Even as he struggled for sight a machine gun riddled the stark outline of his body. Ripping, tearing shocks exploded through him. Then the light faded and he dropped away into a whirling black silence.

(Continued from Page Four)

shook his head. He gave mother some pills and a small bottle of clear medicine. He picked up his hat and bag and went downstairs, followed by mother. Did they, could they know? Of course not.

I spent days just sitting, wondering if it would ever end. It seemed like forever. Suddenly everything grew dark, and my mind went blank. I can't remember anything that happened until I awoke.

I awoke with a sharp jerk. I was in a cold sweat. My mind was still blank. I felt that I was lying in bed but struggling to get up. Someone was pushing against my chest, pushing me back against the bed. I heard a voice saying that the fever was broken and that I was safe now.

My mind began to clear. I could see the outline of people around my bed. Slowly the clouds before my eyes lifted. The doctor, mother, Pa, and my brother were standing around me. Where was Henry? He would surely have been there if he had known that I was ill. I asked mother where Henry was. She looked at the wall and then at me. She said that he had died four days ago as the result of an automobile accident. I asked her where the manuscript of the book was, hardly daring to believe what was running through my mind. She said that my brother had burned it by mistake three days ago.

The doctor pulled the blanket over my shoulders and told me to get some rest because I needed to regain the strength that I had lost by three days of tossing deliriously with a recurrence of malarial fever.

I started to tell them, but I realized that they wouldn't believe me. I could never tell them and they would never know.

QUESTIONS

- A** It takes five letters to make **THREE**. They're all in Chesterfield, you see.
- B** There are three in the pack which have three in each one; Which should make about nine; in reality, one.
- C** Think of a word for a biscuit, change a letter and then You'll have a home for Daniel; but not the lion's den.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
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2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The field of red is the red scarf which Tyrone Power is wearing. On it one can recognize the mask of tragedy, the classic mask of Thespis. So the answer is **TYRONE POWER'S SCARF**.
- B** The shamrock and the blarney stone are symbols of "**THE LUCK OF THE IRISH**."
- C** Ten to the sixth (power) equals 1,000,000 (one million). Ten to the zero equals 1 (one). **ANSWER: Chesterfields satisfy millions, they'll satisfy you. WINNERS...**

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