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Fall Issue
According to a Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!
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

CONTENTS

PROSE—

In The Arms of the Sea ................................................ .. .......... 4
The Expressed Should Be Repressed ................................. 5
Puppy Love ................................................................. 6
Tommy .............................................................................. 7
How To Eat A Ravioli Dinner .................................................. 10
The Divine Blessing .............................................................. 13

POETRY—

On Thunder .............................................................. 8
There Is No Hell ............................................................ 8
Old Love Re-met ............................................................ 9
Autumn Eve .................................................................... 9

FEATURE ARTICLE

Dr. Cornelius Weygandt ................................................. 3
Seldom has there been a greater call for creative writing than in our time. The catastrophies of nations are now world wide; hope of peace and hate of war are vast things, occupying the minds of men no matter what their station. True to human nature, Man seeks to relieve his mind of these problems by reading and listening to the fashionings of the storyteller. Thus it is that the literature of today is a vibrant, growing force.

The stories and poems in this magazine are a small portion of that force. In them you will find the characteristic tendencies of youth to delve deeply into the meanings of life. All have something worthwhile to say.

Admittedly, these few pages will reach a limited audience, yet it is the sincere wish of the Lantern Staff that these writings will prove entertaining and enjoyable, and in some small way, fulfill the purpose of all literature.

DALE C. WHITE
Editor-in-Chief
CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

Adv she has one I don't know what to call him.
Who comes from Philadelphia every year
With a great flock of chickens of rare breeds
It wants to give the educational
Advantages of growing almost wild
Under the watchful eye of hawk and eagle—
Markings because they're spoken of by Chaucer.
Sussex because they're spoken of by Herrick.
From New Hampshire
by Robert Frost

Who is this man who comes from Philadelphia every year with his great flock of chickens and why does he deserve such honor as to be mentioned here by Robert Frost? Fifty years ago his ardent interest in birds brought him, as Cornelius Weygandt, to Collegeville to see the Martin boxes. "That was before the Perkiomen Creek was be-bungalowed and the flats along the creek were covered with Virginia cowslip." Now he has returned to Collegeville as Cornelius Weygandt, Litt. D., L. D., to give us the benefit of those fifty years—and the twenty-seven years which preceded this period.

Dr. Weygandt was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, then only a country town with stores in which you could buy everything from a needle to an anchor, in 1871. When he was only seven years old his father, who was greatly interested in the theater, took him to see Edwin Booth as Iago in Shakespeare's "Othello." "That was seventy years ago," he recalls, "and all that I can remember about it is that he had a marvelous speaking voice." From 1882 until 1887 Dr. Weygandt went to Germantown Academy where: "Walt Whitman would come to the school and sit during classes. He was a Friend and never took his hat off while in the school. He never spoke to the class; he just sat there with his hands on the top of his cane and shook so that the cane pounded continuously on the floor." Samuel Wentworth Longfellow, the very image of his brother, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who was a Unitarian Minister in Germantown at the time and a writer of religious verse, was also a frequent visitor to the school.

From 1887 to 1891 he was an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania at which time writing about the Pennsylvania countryside became the prime purpose of his life. In 1892 he went into newspaper work where he remained for the next six years, working for both the Philadelphia Record and the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. One of his major tasks during this time was doing the theater reviews.

Since 1897 he has been teaching at the University of Pennsylvania where in 1942 he became Emeritus Professor of English Literature. In his fifty-first year at that institution he now teaches five elective courses: the English drama, the English novel, the English essay, English poetry, and the Celtic Renaissance.

In the summer of 1902 he went to Ireland where he met Yeats, George W. Russell, who wrote under the nom-de-plume of A. E., and Lady Gregory. During this visit he witnessed the earliest performances of the Irish drama in Dublin. From this experience he gathered a large part of the material for the first of his eighteen publications, Irish Plays and Playwrights, which was published in 1913. It was also during this stay in Ireland that he met Dudley Diggs before he became famous as an actor. (His most famous role was that of Andrew Undershaw in Major Barbara.)

Among the other famous personages with whom he has had contact are: Louis Calvert, who gave many splendid performances of Shakespeare's most lovable character creation, Sir John Falstaff; John Masefield, present Poet-laureate of England; Ralph Hodgson, lyric poet (The Song of Honor); James Stephens (The Crock of Gold); Lord Dunsany, whose play, If, had a most successful run in New York; and S. Weir Mitchell, novelist and poet, the dean of Philadelphia writers at the turn of the century.

But let us not judge a man by whom he knows; it is much better that we judge him by what he has done. As an author, Dr. Weygandt has been more than a mild success. His favorite form of writing is the essay; and he considers himself to be very fortunate, es-

(Continued on Page Twelve)
he sea was pretty rough and I didn't feel like reading, so I retired early. I slept peacefully for almost seven hours, rocked to and fro by the continuous pitching and tossing of the ship, when the bell sounded for breakfast. This morning I didn't hear it, or at least it was like a muffled noise far in the distance.

As breakfast passed, I slept on. Mike, the carpenter, came to wake me when he missed me at the morning meal. I could hear him call my name, but I was too tired to move. He shook me persistently, yet I hardly felt his sinewy hands. I was conscious of what was going on, even though my body seemed like a heavy log which I couldn't budge. I hadn't even the force to raise my eyelids. All I could do was lie there, passive to what went on about me.

By noon I felt my brain clear somewhat, so that I could hear, even though all my other senses remained dulled. When I had not appeared at two meals, the crew knew something was wrong, and I was shortly visited by the purser. He rolled me over on my back and I heard him as he opened his bag and searched for his instruments, knocking them together and making tiny clinking sounds. Even though I could see or feel nothing, I surmised that he listened to my heart and breathing. I heard him tell the men near by that I was normal physically, yet sound asleep in a coma. I was in a state equivalent to that produced by mesmerism.

He soon departed, leaving me alone. I began to think over what he had said. I felt a fear creep into my soul and I tried to think about other subjects; but the same dread always returned and I wondered if I would ever wake.

Already I was hungry and there was no telling how long it would be until I could rouse myself to satisfy my desire for food. I lay helpless and unable to see. There was nothing but darkness, so that soon I began to fancy I was looking into the dark recesses of my own mind. Outside the sea splashed against the sides of the ship and now and then I could catch faint murmurings as they drifted down the passageway to me. The only other noise was the continual creaking of the joints and beams. These few noises, vague and distorted as they were, came to me as though in the dead of night.

Lying there in the darkness (for I could see nothing) I began to hear a thumping. It started softly, as if it had been in the background of my mind all along, and gradually increased in volume. It pulsed regularly in a deep, dull thud which I knew must be my heart. I wondered how long it would continue. My need for food and water was ever present, but due to the fact that I was in this suspended state, I did not feel the need. I was still unable to move and the weight of obscurity began to oppress my mind and I felt that I had to call out. My desire was withheld, for I could do no more than think. I tried with all my energy to lift myself. I wanted to tear my body from its invisible bonds. I lay still. I had no power over my body. My brain was free to think and command but no single action could be carried out.

The darkness in my head was mixed with whiteness. Objects of a million shapes whirled around at close range so that they were too near too imagine. They were out of focus. I feared I was going crazy. Yet how could this be when I was still capable of thinking? I decided that my only chance for salvation was to figure how I could return to the world of the living. Several ways occurred to me, but I could carry none of them out as I was unable to move. I began to wonder how I had ever gotten into such a state of being. Then all at once it dawned on me. It had been very rough and choppy last night and the sea had rocked me perpetually as I slept. By some strange manner I had been put into this suspended state while the ship rode the waves. My mind or my senses, some part of my being, by means unknown to me, had been soothed by the regular movement of the ship into a state of catalepsy. I thought at first that if someone would toss me from my bunk, the shock might jar the paralysed senses into function and I would awake. Yet, a sudden shock might have an opposite effect and cause the senses to be fixed forever in such a hideous manner. What was I to do?

I lay for hours trying to imagine by what means I could revive myself. If I did not have a solution soon I would starve. I racked my brain in despair. I thought of several possibilities, only one of which seemed plausible. The only way to remain alive was to come out

(Continued on Page Twelve)
The professor entered the classroom. Today was the last day of
the semester, and his black shirt, green tie and brown tweed suit
were appropriately festive. An informal and varied group of students,
waiting in the room, sat in a circle about a large wastebasket full of
cigarette butts. The students respectfully acknowledged his entrance by shifting in their seats and
grunting. "Who is this?" ventured the "Hall comrade" who stood from the left side of the circle.

The mentor gave his students a swift glance, then seated himself at his desk where he faced the circle.

"Today I have brought the Lantern Club anthology of the year. Each of you is represented by his best work. I consider your works in this little book a milestone of achievement in my career of guidance to youthful creative writers as well as an important stage in your own artistic development of self. You have all made a most inspiring and auspicious beginning in this manuscript." He cleared his throat, visibly moved, and continued. "Before I read you this manuscript, I'd like to say something to this remarkable group. I have had, for years, associations with young writers in New York, Paris, Casablanca, Cresta Blanca, Swiss Colony, and the Argentine, and I have never before been so fortunate as to have assembled under my tutelage so talented a group. I will read selections from a variety of creations to indicate to you the overall scope of the works of this important year. And so we will proceed."

He raised his eyes to the limpid, languid ones of a tall, spare, platinum blond youth who was lazily smoking a Turkish cigarette and waving the smoke away with this handkerchief. "We will begin vigorously with you," said the professor as he pressed down a page and read:

"Colonel McFaye tightened his belt and crawled on his belly through the pungent underbrush. In the fresh bright coolness of the clearing he saw a fat black lap. His senses converged for a moment. The unbelievable nowhere and everywhere and somehow and nothingness; the gleaming nearness and brightness and loveliness and the pressing closeness of the giving and the yielding and suddenly the bursting scalding, salty sweat was in his eyes and of his eyes. He raised his rifle and shot. The legs of the wounded quivered for a moment and then all was flat and prostrate—deadness and deadness and buriedness. McFaye crawled on his belly through the narrow opening into the pungent grass hut. In the fresh bright coolness of the clearing that was the room, he was the fat black papua. For a moment his senses converged. The unbelievable nowhere and everywhere and somewhere and . . . . . .

"Oh, but you've heard that before," the professor broke in. "We have seen an effective example of the power of repetition. Now let's turn from the strength and virility of this piece of writing to one of the many exquisite bits of poetry in this volume," and he smiled at a dewy eye and a bank of hair. The recipient blushed visibly as he read:

"Song of the World
by
Moselle Dusitaff!

Ugh! World I cannot clutch thee to myself,
Thy breezes, thy vapid skies,
Thy stews that roll and rise,
Thy woods, this barren day that ache and
growl
And all but shriek of magenta,
For you are too much with us late—and early.

After brief reverential silence the professor turned the page. "And now we have with us one who is aware of one of the living, breathing, social problems of this age—silicosis. A plump, comfortable looking girl raised her blonde head from its background of prosperous mink, with the demureness of a shy, yet confident writer as the professor read the following selections from her terse document.

"Joe coughed his way down the street, snorted up the stairs, wheezed through the door, gasped down the hall, choked through the back room, gagged through the cellar door, sneezed down the cellar steps, snuffled into the basement, greeted his sagging wife and spat blood into the spittoon that was beside the leaky boiler (both provided by the relief agency).

He cleared his throat lengthwise and addressed his wife. "Have we got grub, honey?"
"Licking her cold sore, she answered, "We got a little stew left over."
"And what's for dessert?" he hacked.
"Some apples," she croaked and croaked.

The professor paused and said, "Elizabeth Talkwell has truly captured the vibrant essence of reality in these few apt sentences.

"Next I'd like to read a really remarkable work in that Patrick O'trollo swears he has never been in Russia. Yet we have here an amazing insight into the Russian soul! I'll read just a snatch:

(Continued on Page Eleven)
he remarkable phenomenon of puppy love is, I am sure, a familiar subject to all of us. It may be observed everywhere, from the little brat in kindergarten, pulling some little lassie’s golden locks, to the very campuses of some of the most hallowed institutions of higher education, the great universities. Puppy love is by turns disgusting, pitiful, amusing, and even, in rare instances, rather edifying. Surely we have all been through it, so what reason have we for considering it an object of scorn? There has been sufficient joking about puppy love; why not take a second, longer look?

Let us first consider the origin of puppy love. It begins usually when little boy meets little girl. This may happen at any time from five years of age on up. Previous to this time little boy and little girl are usually too engrossed in assuring themselves of sufficient food and plenty of pampering from the immediate family to be concerned with the intricacies of the relations with the opposite sex. This is the stage when the kids show affection by such acts as offering to share half of a candy bar with the child they find so appealing. If questioned about such obvious acts of enticement, they can only reply that they “like” so-and-so. The happy state of affairs, sharing candy, toys, and so forth lasts indeﬁnitely until someone comes along with a bigger candy bar, or a favorite toy is broken; any one of a number of minor tragedies may bring about, for the really small tots, the end of a happy little love affair.

In age group seven through twelve, roughly the grammar school age, the situation becomes more acute. At this age, when someoneホlers, “Johnnie likes Susie!” he has made it known that he is challenging Johnnie to fight or have it known forever after that “Johnnie plays with girls.” Johnnie seldom realizes that at a later date he would have to work to achieve that reputation; he only knows that his honor must be defended. Should Johnnie emerge victoriously from the conﬂict, it is quite likely that Susie will be come Johnnie’s girl. After that Johnnie is open for a fight with anyone who asks questions concerning the matter. Johnnie doesn’t have to be Susie’s boy-friend, though. If Susie happens to have freckles and a pug-nose, he has the alternative of beating the living hell out of the unfortunate who was so rash as to link the names of Johnnie and Susie.

We see the really great division of the history of puppy love at about age thirteen when we meet the psychologist’s pet, the adolescent. The phase usually begins in junior high school, is carried on over into high and, unfortunately, often goes away to college. This ukase is particularly important, since there seems to be a remarkable number of people who never got past it. This is the puppy love with which we are all so familiar. We have seen the couples who seemed to dance on clouds, thousands of miles away, and far above our poor mortal heads. Moonstruck expressions, clasped hands, lost appetites, gooey poetry, soft whispers, and fervent sighs are intended as manifestations of a love greater than any the world has ever before witnessed. This is the period in which the young man carves initials upon trees, tries to raise a mustache, affects various postures, and unconsciously heads homework papers with his lady-love’s name. Depending upon the ﬁne division of age group, they are always seen sipping a soda through two straws, walking down the street oblivious of lesser mortals (a boy invariably bearing the weight of both their books), cuddled close together in a theatre pointedly ignoring the screen, and always together. The swain usually has to be thrown bodily from the family living room by an irate father while daughter protests that it is only 2:30 A.M. The two attend dances together and many a lifelong (for the time-being) enmity has resulted because some booby had the temerity to ask them to exchange one dance. Truly blessed are the Children of Allah!

This is all very well while it lasts, but after two weeks, months, or years, this elysian state of affairs must come to an end with a startling sort of jolt. The lovers are through with one another. She goes gaily on her way to ﬁnd another guy. He laughs merrily whenever anyone mentions her old flame. Of course she confides to her best girl-friend that she just doesn’t know what to do now that he is gone. Truly this is stark tragedy. For the boy’s part, he never really cared anyhow. He’s just as glad to be unsaddled. Of course the fact that he may deliberately go out of his way fifteen or twenty times a day to walk by her house is an indication of absolutely nothing. His family smiles wisely when he talks about joining the Foreign Legion or becoming a Methodist missionary to Afghanistan. The hard unfeeling world completely ignores all this pathos and heartbreak.

(Continued on Page Eleven)
An overgrown baby after all? Yet she always made him seem important as he had never been before and he put this thought out of his mind.

That night when he took Carol home after seeing THE PERILS OF PAULINE she had been so sweet. He must be important to her. She had let him kiss her!

"I used to think of you so much, and in the evening when work was over I'd walk in the park and think that you were with me." He had told her this when she came back to the restaurant the next year, when she hadn't written. He saw then, by the guilty look on her face, by the way she spoke of her fiancé, that she hadn't really counted.

The growing roar of the train jerked him back to reality. Would that train ever appear?

This noise—it sounded like the noise at Dorn's, like the clatter of dishes and the angry shouts of the waitresses, jammed behind the small bar in front of the ice cream counter.

"What's the matter with you? Got bats in yer brain or sumthin'? That old son-of-a-shotgun could walk t' Noo York an' back again before you git that there ice cream!"

His back ached and his wrist as well, as he dived into the ice cream that was as hard as the rock that was deep in his stomach . . . Hurry! Hurry so that "Curly" could get his dessert in time to get back to the plant! Hurry so that "Ole Birdcage" could get another crazy hat before she stuck her crow-like beak into the office . . . The waitresses yelled and screamed, fighting for a place in line, fighting for their few cents in tips, a mirror of those other's feet, struggling for survival in a world where there existed but two creeds, "rush" and "money". Tommy was in it and so were his parents, taking his wages, taking the fun that he might have had.

Though the glare of the reflected blue-white lights above made his head ache, he could not be like them. He knew that they didn't mean to hurt; he knew they liked him. Because he did not want to hurt, he could not curse back and fight his own battles.

That was why it ended, why he suddenly got dizzy and sick to his stomach. When he opened his eyes again, he expected to see the hot counter of Dorn's instead of the understanding face of the doctor and the disgusted faces of his parents, dim in the dark grey room.

He couldn't work again and he couldn't find himself among the grumbles of his parents.

(Continued on Page Twelve)
On Thunder

It came rolling
From a Sky bent bolt
Uneven in path as a Hell filled colt
Shaking the skies, tearing through clouds
Ripping from Earth its life sewn shrouds:
Then fading away in a rumbling roar
It returns to Thrudvanger, and its master Thor.

ALBERT C. SELKE, JR.

There Is No Hell

There is no Hell,
No cursed damnation
Of a human soul:
No fiery furnace,
Burning, smouldering flames,
No end of life
In Hell.

In disillusionment and pain
I've found
Man cannot die.
There is no welcoming, burning,
Driving, blinding Hell;
No end to all of hate and fear,
No end forevermore.

God, how did you know
In Your eternity
That living
Was the bitterest end of all?

BERNICE HARRIS
Old Love Re-met

Oh come, we'll walk beneath the boughs
In forests sprung from lover's vows,
that reached too high:
In youth's abandon found a rune,
That, in youth's waning, faded soon:
Too soon to die.

But come, we'll let our passions play,
An old familiar rondelay, upon the strings
Of some time-dusted harpsichord.
Of tunes which sang of hearts' accord,
My memory rings.

RICHARD WENTZEL

Autumn Eve

I walk the golden paths of lonely lanes
And hear about my feet the dead leaves song
And listen to the cry of naked limbs
The trees know too the winter will be long . . .

I hear the haunting calls of birds on wing
And watch their arrowed lines against the blue:
I shall not see them 'til some distant time
When warmth returns and life is ever new.

Far down the sky the heavy clouds unite
The sun is gone; my path a leaden gray.
I turn and walk across the fields to home:
It is end of mine . . . and autumn's day.

D. C. WHITE
How to Eat a Ravioli Dinner

Always approach a ravioli dinner with a feeling of hunger. Wine stimulates the appetite. Take a sip or two before dinner, and perhaps a run around the block. When the "chow call" is sounded, do not rush to the table. Wait—be the last one there. This extra abstention will serve to further whet the desire for food.

Sit down. Make a few witty observations to the others at the table. Spread your napkin. Stall. While the others attack their antipasto, sneak another glass of wine. Let the appetizing liquid roll on the tongue. Wash the palates' taste-buds with its sensitizing, hungrifying richness. Allow it to slowly descend to the lower regions.

Play around with your antipaste. Make sure to avoid bread, water, or any other stomach-filling trivia. Take your time. Note how far along the others are. Make sure that you are the last at the ravioli bowl. Gauge yourself so that you will also be last for seconds—then take all but three of the remaining ravioli. The others will insist that you "kill the bowl". Oblige them.

After the ravioli dishes have been cleared away and the gravy-meats and roast are being brought out, excuse yourself, slip outdoors—and run around the block again. If you are the type who worries about what the neighbors think, run in the street with the traffic. You will move so slowly, comparatively speaking, that the neighbors will think that you are out for a stroll. Some fellow gourmands are exponents of the "Roman Cult of Gorging". I personally prefer the half-mile trot. Besides, it's too late for a physic now—one should have thought of that the night before.

Return to the table. Politely refuse the gravy-meats. Take a glass of wine instead.

Go to work on the roast, but exercise caution in selecting your cuts. Remember—lats, gristle, or bone reduces the edible part of meat, increases the size of the portion, and leaves evidence. One must not allow the others to thing that he is out-eating them. A race might result.

While the others pick at olives and celery, stick to the roast. Eat slowly; breathe deeply between mouthfuls, allow your digestive tract time to operate at maximum efficiency.

While the table is being cleared, join the others in a glass of wine—"just for the heck of it". Refuse coffee, but "to be a sport" try some of the dessert. Select mince pie if it's on the menu, for it contains more food value per square inch than any other type of pie, cake, or sweet.

Between fruit and nuts, slip in another piece of mince pie. The preceding sentence is intended to be taken literally. Sandwich the pie and crushed walnuts, between layers of peeled bananas. Wash it down with a double shot of brandy. If anyone marvels that you eat "like a bird", smile condescendingly and acquaint them with the fact that you have eaten a late breakfast.

Any questions? Bromo? There's some on the sideboard — on top of Pembly Toasts' "Table Manners". Yes? Okay, I'll call "emergency", but I can't imagine what could be wrong . . .

1According to tests conducted by the F.E.A.Y. C.I.I.G. ("Federation of Eat All You Can If It's Gratis")

WHY DIOGENES QUIT

He met an ex-soldier who confessed he had
Only been a private.
He met a defeated political candidate who
Did not blame his defeat on the perfidy
And trickery of the other party.
He met a man who went fishing and said
He hadn't gotten a bite.
He met a husband and wife both of whom
Said they had been wrong at the end of
An argument.
He met an editor who did not blame the printer
Or proofreader for a mistake in his paper.
Having met all these honest people,
Diogenes blew out his lantern and went
Home, being so old by this time that he
Could hardly walk.

ALBERT MAZURKIEWICZ

IMPRESSION

Our heads
Lifted as one
As she strolled majestically
Into the room.
Her fine clothing
Was accentuated by
Her natural ease.
Piercing dark eyes.
Soft skin, and
Well formed lips.
Gave her an air of
Sophistication
And properness.
She smiled gently
And said,
"Geez, but ain't this
Some fancy place!"

JACK THALHEIMER

---10---
PRESSED SHOULD BE REPRESSED

(Continued from Page Five)

"Soboshkine still seethed. He saw the glared eyes of the student watching him angrily. For a quarter of a second or so, for an instant, it seemed to him that those eyes had impressed upon him an expression of keen mad hate. The skin tightened against the sharp skull, the parted lips seemed like two rayed rays. He tore himself free from Natasha's grasp and lunged at the student before rigor mortis set in."

The professor wiped his neck with a handkerchief that matched his tie. "It hurts me. It moves me deeply to see youth—youth that should be gay, free—taking upon its shoulders heavy social problems of this age." He turned a few pages.

"Oh, here we have something bright, gay! Petrina Slapowicz has written a tinkling account of love among the elite." He indicated a sultry maiden with a high black pompadour and red earrings and then began:

"Marcia sat on the chaise lounge and crossed her long slim legs. Charles put down his martini on the lovely little short-legged table which looked so much like Marcia, and went over to her to kiss her ear. 'Charlie, don't,' she said. 'What's the matter, darling?' he said. 'I love you; there is something bright about you; will you marry me?'

"But we have only known each other two hours, my love; she said, I am discriminating you. Don't get the idea, that, because I've been married six times, that I marry just anyone. After all, dear, my ten million won't last forever, what with all those alimony payments." "But darling," Charles said. "Money means nothing to me. I love you. I adore you. Did you say ten million? I insist that you will marry me.'"

"In Petrina's work we have seen genuine sophistication. She has conquered many of the difficulties we meet in such writing. Keep it up, Petrina," commented the professor.

Then he lit a stogie with a silver cigarette lighter the class had given him on his last birthday. "I must catch my breath," he muttered. The stogie lit he addressed the group. "Prepare yourselves for what I am about to read. It has a surging force and is written by one who is right here in our midst—a youth who, I feel is well in advance of his years and experience, with a command of words that promises a bright future, and if the world were more understanding, quick success."

All attention turned to Thompson Fido, a large unalloyed boy, rough and tawdry, but with the burning pupils of an avaricious dictionary lover. Thompson grinned with ecstacy as the professor read from his favorite author:

"Enter, seeker into the frozen torpor of darkness that crouches in torrential recollectiveness. You are breved in madness, enroo ted in the blind dumb earth. But your eyes burn iridescently in the night. Gorging and disgorging, seeker, you will someday be filled.

"I consider that a most impressive bit of structure," said the professor. "And to sum everything up, I'd like to say that singly and collectively these works are a voice—the cries of talented youth who yearn to express themselves. You have seen the varieties of style and subject but underneath it all runs the same thread—creative writing. Each of you has a style and force original in meaning, powerful in portent—use it well, and wisely.

PUPPY LOVE

(Continued from Page Six)

This state of affairs usually endures in inverse proportion to the length of the love affair. Then the whole cycle begins again.

Puppy love can be amusing when regarded tolerantly and understandingly. When one realizes that, after all, these are children acting as their unstable emotions direct them, it is possible to see humor in their antics. The fantastic protestations of eternal devotion are worthy of Baron Munchausen, and the woe-begone air of a rejected lover, masculine or feminine, can only be compared to that of a playful puppy which has been rebuked by his master.

It can be pitiful, when one realizes that to the person suffering the tourist of uncertain or unrequited love, even puppy love, those torments are quite overwhelming. Our knowledge that the sufferer will recover tomorrow, or the next day, or at sometime in the near future, still brings him no solace for his real or imagined grief. For the man with the D's, those snakes are real.

Puppy love becomes disgusting when it leads to acts which are in bad taste. In this category I place such things as necking in public (including one-arm driving), baby talk, and other such idiotic behavior. I also class any of the actions of puppy love under the heading of bad taste when they are performed by people supposedly old enough to know better.

It is edifying when one realizes that it is often purer love than the persons involved will ever known again. I say this because puppy love often begins and ends with no consideration of sex or passion. There is an uplifting feeling when one realizes that these kids are happy.

Infatuation is the technical term. But why be technical about it? It is a natural phenomenon. Puppy love is another one of the greatest of the growing pains of youth. Puppy love will persist without the assistance of essays written in its defense, and in spite of papers of opposition. No discussion is necessary. Puppy love is here to stay.
specialy under this condition, to have had so many books published. If one stops to consider, however, the reasons for his success are quite clear. First of all, his close contact with so many men of letters could not help influencing him in this direction.

Secondly, he is interested in the things in which all mankind is interested; such as nature, folklore, popular literature (ballads), and people. "A large part of writing," he says, "is what you overhear and steal from other people." Without some explanation that statement does not sound ethical. To exemplify just what he means he tells the story of the author who carries a notebook with him and when he hears something that is striking or different he says, "That's mine," and proceeds to write it down in his notebook. He believes that there is a beautiful simplicity in the everyday speech of the Pennsylvania Dutch housewife who said, "The boys can go barefoot now, the honey-bees are out," and he brings out much of this in his books.

Finally, he follows his own doctrine for successful writing. It is what he calls "The Higher Provincialism" which he states as follows: "People ought to write about the corners of the earth which they know with an art they get from the center; that is, Greek, Latin and Elizabethan literature, the centers of cultivation down through the ages."

The majority of his eighteen books are on the American scene, concerned with the folklore (The last dragon in Pennsylvania was killed in a cave near Kutztown by a soldier returning from the Spanish war, objects of art, and the passing phases of American civilization. His last publication, his autobiography, On the Edge of Evening, was written when he was sixty-seven years old and published in 1945 when he was seventy-four. Ten years have elapsed since it was written, perhaps by now he could add several more chapters.

TOMMY (Continued from Page Seven)

despite the attempts of his aunt and uncle who alone tried to comfort him. Carol was gone and so was his job; and with this nervous breakdown it seemed to him, so was his hope.

His mind cleared now, and only his plan and the noise of the approaching train existed. Here and here only was his hope. The rails were gradually illuminated like the dawn of a new day as the light of the train grew stronger and gleamed like the sun from a black sky, ruthless in its glare and shedding its light on nothing but his thoughts. He could only look at this sun and move mechanically, deaf to its roar, and as if he had done this thousands of times, obeyed its command.

IN THE ARMS OF THE SEA (Continued from Page Four)

of the stupor the same way in which I had entered it. I began praying mentally for rough seas. If it would get rough enough, I felt that the tossing would bring me out of the coma.

Hours dragged slowly by and I grew weaker. My brain became dull from thinking; for I kept the same thought in my head perpetually. I prayed for rough seas. I prayed over and on into time. I began to lose my perception of things. The thought of hunger came more forcibly to my brain than the thought I wanted there of rough seas. A whirlpool of mixed ideas and dreams followed.

It must have been hours later when some of the crew came into my cabin. I couldn't distinguish what they were saying for my hearing had gotten worse and I could discern only mumbled sentences and phrases. I heard a rumbling noise which grew louder. They must have removed me from my cabin to the deck so that the noise of the waves as they were lashed up by the wind were blown in gusts to my ears. At last it was getting rough; my prayers had been answered. The wind blowing up would agitate the sea, and in a few more hours I would be shaken free. I could live.

Suddenly the sounds subsided and remained in the distance. Some covering had been blown over me, thus shutting out most sounds though I could still hear a solemn voice now and then. It merged with the wind and the subsided sounds of the sea but was more often lost in the gale. I could not tell what was happening, when it struck me. The doctor had pronounced me dead and some of the crew members had brought me on deck and covered me for a sea burial. Some time in the near past my weak breathing had stopped completely. Now the captain was reading the burial service. They could not do this. In my mind I yelled, I screamed. None heard. I felt that my darkened brain would burst with the desire to live. I had to live.

Soon I could hear the roaring sea again but for a moment only. It must have been when I slipped from the plank and into the sea. Everything became quiet. In my head I had the sensation of falling. They had done it. I was buried at sea. Then I felt different. I could feel my body moving; the spell was finally broken. I could take in my first breath. Water rushed in and filled my lungs.

The sun was blotted from his eyes now. He hard the screech of the train as it passed, or was it only the pain he felt?

And then he knew and felt nothing.

Society, the sculptor, paused for a moment and surveyed its work, and dimly understanding the significance plunged on.

This is a true story.
The Divine Blessing

ERMANY... OCT. 11, '48... The war is over.
The hobnailed boot has ceased to pound on
the paving in Berlin. The wrangling that for
so long crowded the airways is gone. The
drone of planes and the rumble of mechanized
might has been reduced to a memory. People
have ceased to cower at a shadow and to hide
themselves in the garrets and cellars; they
have come forth into the sunlight of a new
world, blinking and stumbling, groping their
way amid the turmoil of a new order that em­
odies long forgotten phases of life. Children
drink an unknown fluid called milk and play
without fear.

I walk the streets of Berlin, old Berlin, a city
of gayety and splendor. I hear the bustle of
crowds, the laughter of children, snatches of
conversation from the sidewalk cafes, and the
hunk of horns mingled with the blasphemy of
the trucker. I feel the buildings as I am jostled
against them by the crowd. As I walk, the
fragrant odors of the flowering trees and
shrubs mingled with diverse odors of a large
city drift past me. It has been so long since
I have partaken of these things that I am drunk
with a pleasure that cannot be weighed.

I am spared the sight of gutted buildings,
torn streets, and maimed men. I haven't the
scars of war haunting me every way I turn.
I am not constantly reminded by the devasta­
tion that I am a part of a society that has made
a horrible mistake and has paid dearly for it.
I cannot see the gaunt look on peoples' faces
which is the stamp of long years of war. I am
not exposed to these things because—I am
blind.

I live in a world of my own, unchanged, un­
scarred, untouched. I live in the Berlin I knew
as a child, with its great streets, massive build­
ings, pert gardens, and well-kept homes.
Armies may come and armies may go; wars
may ruin and plunder; dictators may advance
and retreat; but they cannot change my Berlin
—for it rests in the hands of God. This is my
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