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Yet if the only form of tradition, of handing down, consisted in following the ways of the immediate generation before us in a blind or timid adherence to its successes, “tradition” should positively be discouraged... Tradition is a matter of much wider significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labor.

— From T. S. Eliot’s

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From the Tower Window

by Mizz Test

We gotta admit it — we’ve been caught napping. Ye book-woims blood pressure has slipped to a new low, turning her young spring’s fancy to long afternoons on the tin roof of South Hall. — sans liber-meerly vegetating while sprouting a luxuriant crop of freckles on the already well-populated brow. However, our esteemed editor having a deadline on his hands and other thoughts in his cranium, has sternly reminded us that tempus fidgets and we had better get on the ball. So well past the eleventh hour we have taken the pen in paw, shooed several resentful spiders from the cerebral cavity, and set off on our last literary venture at Ursinus.

Contrary to our established editor’s opinion, our afternoons of late have not been all beer and skittles. We have, dear editor, been paying the price of somewhat dubious fame. Our roof companions have analyzed and criticized our two previous ventures no end; they accuse us of being high-brow and generally not understandable. Withering under such stings and arrows we dug out various back issues of the magazine in an effort to discover if the record of past events could throw some light on our present dilemma. Our conclusion was short, and hackneyed — a prophet (and we use the term loosely) is not without honor except in his own country and his own time. Should we tomorrow misjudge the distance between ourselves and the car barreling down 422 and depart from this life as another traffic statistic, our literary rating would, we suspect, receive a substantial boost.

The above allusion may seem a bit presumptuous, but it serves to prove our point. The heavy hand of memory weirs a well-dipped brush which when it touches past events with its guilt, bestows upon them an aura conspicuous by its absence in more contemporary situations. Thus the past, being a prologue, is quickly rendered legend; nothing now can ever be as good as it was a couple of years ago. Then pros were tougher and students smarter; plays better and hams sassier; beer stronger and the consumers capacity mightier.

This is the past-the prologue. These are the fond gems of retrospection that color our present circumstances and make them seem tame in comparison. These are moral builders in a way; for from these comes tradition and a pattern for the future. For it is by these sandy footsteps, preserved in the amber of memory, that

(Continued on Page 19)

by Harold Smith

The readers of the Lantern, now blessed with two out-of-date columns by yours truly, will, I hope, hope, hope, find this attempt at least slightly up-to-date. However an explanation is due the readers as well as the above apology. In the course of human events at a college like this Ursinus of ours the “average” person often forgets the big bad world outside of Collegeville. The Lantern is printed in this big, bad, outside world and is therefore subject to many limitations and complications that Collegeville might not even remotely be aware of. Our printer suffered some of these complications on the last two Lantern publication dates it seems and hence this column, with a remarkable degree of consistency, has been behind the times. We’ll strive for the different again though, and now try to give the column an aura of “timelessness.”

Nothing on the Ursinus campus to the “average” student seems “less” than this whole Lantern I suppose. Yet the Lantern has undergone significant changes in the course of the past few years in order to satisfy the demands of student opinion; anyone who has bothered to pick up the magazine and read it is aware of these changes. The Lantern covers have been “standardized” and simplified during 1953-54. Poetry (the quantity of which led to many student complaints during the academic year 1952-1953) has been given a distinctly subordinate position; the amount of poetry in the first two issues of 1953-1954 amounted to less than half of the amount of poetry in the first two issues of 1952-1953. New features have been added to the Lantern to broaden interest (this column is one of the new features), and the lighter short stories and satires have been favored by the editors. The staff of editors have tried to please, but they have not really received the reaction of the student body to the innovations. With a staff of editors willing to see significant changes made in the magazine, student opinion must be prepared to direct and sponsor changes in order to make the Lantern what Ursinus truly wants it to be. Letters to the editors are welcome at all times and will be printed in 1954-1955.

While my attention is still focused on the Ursinus campus, I’d like to ask the Music Club about the operettas that it put on in the past. Did the Ursinus interest in this form of entertainment suddenly die with the closing of the curtain on Sori in the Spring semester of 1952?

(Continued on Page 15)
Thanatos

June 7 (CP).—The KING TUT sailed today on its journey to the archaeological fields of Greece. Included in its 17 men crew are Virgil Holmes, newspaper reporter for the POST, Dr. Darryl Steiner, and Dr. James Kahlman.

Dr. Steiner, who will head the party, is Professor of Archaeology here at the university, and Dr. Kahlman is Assistant Professor of Archaeology at the University of C— in Arizona. Mr. Holmes will report the party's progress to the POST by means of a short wave radio.

The expedition expects to arrive in Greece in about two weeks, and the POST will immediately begin its series of articles covering the project.

DIARY—June 15

We were approximately halfway to our goal, but that was yesterday. Our navigator fixed our readings at 35-40 West Longitude and 20-35 North Latitude, which means we are in the middle of nowhere. That storm last night really hit us.

The time was about 8:15 last evening when we noticed the change in the weather. The preceding days we had bright, clear sunshine until nine, but suddenly the air turned chill and a thick yellow mist descended. As fast as we could we tied everything to the deck. Then we went below to wait for the inevitable storm. We didn't have long to wait — thunder, lightning, wind, and waves hit us at once. It reminded me of the times, when as a small boy, I would try to sink boats in the bathtub — I'd splash until they went under. The storm practically wrecked all our instruments and we shipped a lot of water, but we stayed afloat.

It was all over as quickly as it came: the sea calmed, the clouds broke up, and the moon rose. It's hard to imagine the weather could change so in such a short period of time.

Steiner told us to wait until daylight before we began to clean up. I hate to see that mess in the light, it was bad enough last night. One o'clock in the morning now.

I awoke that morning to find the sun streaming through the porthole. My watch said 6:45. I dressed quickly and climbed up on deck. The ship seemed to be crawling along. As I approached the wheel-house, I noticed Steiner was the helmsman. The Professor was a tall, gaunt man with close-cropped gray hair. His shoulders were broad and muscular and his hands, as they rested on the rail, were long and gnarled. He was dressed in khaki and looked very like an efficient army general.

Steiner and I were enemies from way back. We had been on several expeditions together in the past and I had commented on his methods and on his treatment of the workers. I hadn't meant to tell him his job but he took offense and decided to call me an enemy there and then. I told the city editor I didn't want the job of covering Steiner's explorations but it was no use. I can still remember the answer to my objections: "Holms, I want you to go on this expedition with Steiner. I know you don't like him, but in a business like this you have to put your own feelings aside. The public doesn't want to know how you feel, they want to read the facts.

Besides, you're the only man we have who can get good copy out of this expedition. Our readers really ate that stuff up that you wrote on the other trips with Steiner. Our circulation jumped ten percent. I'm asking you to get the story this time. You don't have to look at Steiner if you don't want to, or have anything to do with him, but I want the story!"

The city editor said several other things which had no bearing on my decision, for I knew I would have to go. And here I am again — another trip with Professor Steiner. I looked from Steiner to Clark, the helmsman. Sooner or later, I thought, I would have to say something to him, so I asked pleasantly.

"Just how much damage was done last night, Professor?"

He turned and looked at me. I could see that time hadn't lessened his feelings toward me.

"Just what you can see here. There's some water below and most of our instruments are broken," he replied in a sour tone. "You can check if you care."

"Thanks, I will." I turned around and scanned the deck. The radio aerial on the bow was gone, all the life-preservers and all but one of the life boats were missing. The deck was clear of everything movable. Several of the hatches were splintered which was where the water had probably leaked in.

After another look around, I went below to check the hold. The water was waist deep in the lower compartment. Two men had just connected the pumps, and I heard the water splashing back into the ocean. The engine room was in good condition, but one of the men told me that a propeller was bent so we could use only one engine; hence the reason we were creeping along. I was also told that Steiner wanted to reach land before fixing the propeller. Of course, at our present rate of speed, t might be weeks before we touched land, but that was a minor point to Steiner.

The final stop on my tour of inspection was the control room where our instruments were located. I dreaded to see that. When I stood on deck again and looked at the cabin, I knew the damage was going to be very extensive. The room was in a shambles. When I entered I found part of our radio aerial — it had been blown through the plate glass window facing the bow and had lodged in our special control panel on the wall.

I felt my heart sink as I looked over the shattered glass and bent indicators. It would require a small miracle to put everything back into working order. Mahlon, our electrical genius, was already up to his neck in wires. I helped as much as I could by sweeping up the broken glass and drying the wet control board.
I spent the afternoon catching up on my procedure after we reached Greece. My other jottings kept me busy until eight o'clock when I thought I had had enough and resolved to go on deck. The sun was low in the west when I reached the port railing. The sea was calm and every so often I could see the widening ripples where a small fish had flipped himself out of the water. The water curled away from the bow in two thin snakes which flattened out as they drifted far astern. I was gazing absentmindedly at the darkening horizon thinking of Masefield's Sea Fever, when I caught sight of a dark shadow on the water.

Land! I remembered our navigator had said we were close to land in absolutely no direction. But there was an island out there! I looked around hastily — the port side was deserted. I knew Steiner should be notified so I ran to his cabin.

"There's an island off the port bow," I panted as I dashed in. "A pretty big one from what I can see of it!"

"You could have knocked, you know," Steiner said sarcastically. "But now that you're in, what's this about an island? Murray said we're nowhere near land."

"I know that!" I almost yelled. "Don't ask me how it got there, but it's there — off the port bow!"

"All right, let's go up and have a look."

As we arrived on deck, several other men, among them Steiner's assistant, Dr. Kahlman, joined us. This was the first time I had seen Kahlman since we boarded. Evidently a strange island held more attraction for him than the book he was supposed to be writing in his cabin. Kahlman was the story book version of the Archeological Professor. He was of medium build with silky white hair. Blue eyes sparkled behind silver rimmed glasses. He spoke in high, musical voice.

"Are we going to land?" he asked. "We do need a little time to make repairs."

"It may not be a bad idea," Steiner answered. "Let's circle it first and see if we can find a suitable harbor. If we can find one, we'll put up for the night; if not, we'll drop anchor out here and wait till daylight."

He bellowed instructions to Clark, and we started to make a slow curve around the island. All of us watched for a break in the rocky shoreline. In ten minutes Clark shouted back.

"There's a break right ahead! Pretty good from here!"

"Right! Pull her in!" Steiner gave the answer without turning.

The KING TUT shuddered a little as she pulled hard to port. As we passed between the high cliffs on either side of the harbor, we could feel an immediate change. There was no movement of the water at all. We were "idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." A heavy stillness hung over everything. The cliffs stood like guards at the mouth of the harbor but tapered down to a flat shore directly in front of us. Inland a short way, a high mountain lifted its head high into the darkened sky. I could almost feel the dense blackness settling about us like thick fog. A chill ran up my back; I glanced sidewise at the other men at the rail — their faces expressed awe and uncertainty.

Steiner's "Drop anchor!" delivered in an unexpected shout, caused all of us to jump. His voice was the first sound I had heard since we entered the harbor. I hadn't even heard the screams of waterbirds, which supposedly inhabited every island. Steiner's command was followed by a rattling of chain and a loud splash as the anchor struck the water.

"That's all for today," he told us, "Better get some sleep. We have a lot of work to do tomorrow." He turned abruptly and headed for his cabin. He flung a "Good night" over his shoulder just before he vanished below deck. The rest of us kept staring into the darkness where the island had retired. One after another the men retired until, finally, I stood with Kahlman at the railing.

"Quite an experience," he murmured. "A mysterious island up from nowhere. Who knows, it may not even be here in the morning."

I turned, startled. Kahlman had voiced what I had been thinking, but hearing my thoughts aloud was unnerving.

"We'd better go below," I answered. "Steiner said, we have a lot to do tomorrow."

"You're right, Good night."

I heard him climb down the hatchway. Cold, damp mist rolled over the deck like sweeping clouds. I shivered and cursed myself for being so jumpy. Everything would straighten out in the morning. I peered into the deep blackness but the island was completely enveloped. Taking a deep breath, I followed Kahlman.

My only thought when I woke in the morning was if the island was still there. I ran to the porthole — it was. Although it was now daylight, Island X had lost none of its secrecy. Hurriedly, I dressed in old clothes and joined the others around the breakfast table.

Speculation was running high; there were all kinds of theories about the island. I was so intent on trying to hear some of them that when I did take time to look around, I found myself sitting next to Steiner. He seemed in very high spirits this morning, probably hoping to find on the island a key to a lost civilization. Before long Steiner had announced the mornings plans. Steiner, myself, and two men were to go ashore and explore; Kahlman would be in charge of the KING TUT while we were gone. Everyone finished his breakfast in a few minutes, and all of us went up on deck.

The Professor had already begun yelling orders to Clark, ending with, "See how close you can get to the shore of the island without getting stuck in the sand. Up anchor!"

When the anchor broke water, the TUT slowly moved forward. I watched the bow neatly slice the still water; the water was remarkably clear in the harbor. Soon I saw the sandy floor of the harbor, and a few minutes later, I felt a gentle bump. We lay about thirty yards off shore.

The four of us climbed in the one remaining
lifeboat and headed for the shore. Rowing was very easy and we stood on the beach in a matter of minutes. The topography of the island was the same as I had seen it last night. The cliffs were high at the harbor mouth and swept down steeply to the beach where we stood. The harbor itself was bowl-shaped. Behind the beach, a thickly wooded valley threaded its way, as far as we could see, around the foot of the huge mountain which appeared to form the center of the island.

Just as I was about to follow Steiner down the beach, something on the sand caught my attention. Usually on a shore, the sand would show a high water mark and other less distinct markings so on down to the water; instead the ridges on this sand showed, rather, that water had run down the beach back into the ocean. Several loose vines from the near-by jungle were trailing on the beach. I was just collecting my wits when I heard Steiner call me.

"Holms, come here a minute!"

I ran to where he was peering closely at a large flat rock. There were distinct markings on the face of the stone. Steiner was very excited.

"Look! It's some kind of a map. Maybe it's a plan of directions to a lost city. Anyway, it'll take me a couple of hours to figure it out. You can take a few men and go exploring if you wish. If you do, be careful. We don't know anything about this island. It may be inhabited by cannibals, for all we know."

I told him I'd take two men and meet him back here in two hours. That would be at ten-thirty. So, taking two men with me, I started out.

The island was the strangest I have ever seen. I made a mental note of all the odd sights we experienced those two hours. The island was soaking wet. Everything was wet — the trees, the leaves, the ground; there was not a dry spot anywhere. There was a variety of weird vegetation growing from the almost marshy ground. We were walking continuously on a kind of grassy seaweed which squashed as we stepped on it; ferns grew ten feet in height; a spongy yellow moss covered all the rocks we saw; and the trees seemed top heavy, as if the atmosphere was too thin to hold them upright. Nowhere was there a sound — not even the cry of a bird or the buzz of an insect.

We chopped our way down into the valley and up the other side. The valley was as dense as a tropical jungle, but once we had reached the main foot of the mountain, the thick vegetation disappeared. Instead the ground was broken only by the tall, leaning trees. We could move on much faster now. In ten minutes we could see blue sky above us through a break in the trees. We hurried our steps and broke into the open air. We stopped in our tracks. There, directly in front of us, lay a circular lake, its surface lapping a few inches below the ledge on which we were standing. It looked like an extinct volcano crater filled with water; it must have been burnt out some time ago for the trees grew almost to the waters edge.

The water was salty when I tasted it. But how could salt water get up here, I asked myself. I looked at my companions; they shook their heads, mystified.

"Let's start down," I said after a few minutes. "It's getting late." At ten-thirty the four of us were standing around Steiner relating our travels.

I told him about the plants, the trees, and the salt lake. When I had finished, he looked at me coldly. It was evident he didn't believe me. Steiner asked all of us the same question, "What did you see?" and each of us gave him the same story. He looked puzzled when all of us had finished, then with a nod, Steiner dismissed the subject. "Probably a salt bed at the bottom," he muttered.

"Now this stone," he continued, "shows a crude map of the island. Here," he pointed with his finger, "is the valley back there. According to this chart, somewhere in that valley, to our right, is a temple. About a mile as far as I can guess. It may even be dust by this time. The closest I can come to the date of this carving is two thousand years at the least. But I'm going to try and find it. Let's go back to the KING TUT and make plans."

We rowed back to the TUT, composed our campaign, ate lunch, and at one o'clock, we stood on the beach again. Steiner planned to use the path the three of us had chopped this morning to get to the other side of the valley. Then we would walk along the dense jungle until we came close to where this structure was supposed to be, and then enter the valley. I pointed out my observations of this morning to Steiner as we passed through the valley. Once on the far side, we walked in silence.

We advanced steadily, the thick growth on our right, the treed hillside on our left. Every so often Steiner would check his chart and tell us how far we had to go. At two-thirty, Steiner called us to a halt.

"It should be down somewhere," he announced, and waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the valley.

The trees stood like a wall before us. Dimly I could distinguish behind them, the feathery ferns and the snake-like vines. The interior was in dark shadow although the sun was high in the heavens. My enthusiasm began to fail with the thought of hacking our way down in there.

"This is the way we'll do it," Steiner said. "We'll clear a path down into the middle of the valley. Then we'll work along the bottom in opposite directions. We three will go back toward the harbor. Holms, you and you two men go the other way. If you find anything yell. O.K.? Let's go."

With the six of us working, we arrived on the floor of the valley in a very short time. The path behind us looked like a tunnel. At the far end, we could see a circular patch of light. We stood in a heavy gloom; only here and there did a ray of sunlight manage to penetrate the foliage of the trees. On a sign from Steiner, the two men and myself began to move in the opposite direction from the other party.
We found that by clearing a path about seven feet wide, we could see what we were doing. We made good headway; we should have, we had plenty of experience this morning. Several minutes later, I turned around, the others were lost to view.

After chopping and hacking the vines for an hour, I noticed we were moving uphill. It was a very gradual slope, and as we proceeded, the vines became less dense and the trees stood further and further apart. We stepped up our efforts when we saw something like a stone wall ahead of us.

"Let's follow it a way," I told the men. "Maybe we can find a break in it."

Several moments later we did find the break, and behind a wall of vines, a flight of stone steps led downward into darkness. I sent one of the men back to get Steiner and poked around until he arrived.

When Steiner saw the wall and the opening, he began to throw orders around.

"Joe, you run back to the TUT and bring everyone here. Have them bring all the necessary equipment. You know what we need. You other men enlarge the clearing around this archway; I want it big enough so we can see what we're doing. Holms, you come with me if you want to. I'm going down those stairs."

I didn't really want to follow him, but my curiosity got the best of me. I distrusted entering places I didn't know anything about, and if this was the temple of a lost race, heaven knows what we are getting ourselves into.

The beams of our flashlights pointed our way. There were twenty-four steps, ten feet wide at the top and growing more and more narrow toward the bottom, so that the last step was only six feet across. I noticed that the stones were fitted together so perfectly that in no place had a blade of grass been able to force its way between two of the slabs. At the foot of the staircase was a high arched door with no apparent roof above it. The roof must be almost flat, Steiner said and pointed to some vines which hung limply over the uppermost part of the wall. The roof mattered very little, I was uncomfortable about what was inside. I didn't like the gloom which hung over the building and the stillness all around got on my nerves.

Steiner had been looking closely at the various stones hoping to find something important, and, finding nothing, he now stood contemplating the archway. He found nothing suspicious and stepped slowly and carefully through the opening. I followed after a second.

We found ourselves in a high vaulted room, narrow, but very long to our left and right. When we flashed our lights on the walls, drops of moisture sparkled like tiny jewels on the grotesque drawings which stared down on us. The painted men and women held stiff poses all about the room. The paintings depicted various scenes: hunting, fishing, and fighting. There was something pathetic about the persons, who, striving for a goal which could never be reached, were destined to keep their poses for eternity. The hunters have been hunting for centuries without bringing back any game; the fishermen haven't pulled in a fish in eons, and the soldiers have been fighting for years without tasting victory or defeat. I wanted to leave and let the figures drift back to their timeless solitude, back to their undisturbed rest, but Steiner would never approve and I myself, needed the story.

Flashing our lights down the room to our left we saw a ledge, waist high, running around the entire chamber. On this projection rested knives, swords, armor, pottery, jewelry and household implements. It seemed to me as if the civilization had placed the articles on display especially for us to view them. But the people had expected us much sooner, for all the objects were covered with a damp green moss. Every so often our lights would pick out a dazzling gleam when our beams struck a lone jewel unobscured by the moss.

Steiner, satisfied that he had seen everything in the one room, suddenly flashed his light into the other vault. The place was empty! There was no ledge, nothing on the floor — only small holes set in pairs geometrically about the three walls. We stepped to the nearest wall and held our lights close to the first two holes. The indentations were set in the wall a foot apart, three inches in diameter, and two inches deep. Upon exploring, I found the holes turned toward one another at the bottom of each; they were L-shaped. We saw the holes were punched in an oblong slab of stone measuring seven feet by two feet. The stone was placed lengthwise in the wall. It looked very much like a drawer to me. Only when, upon closer inspection, we saw the strange characters inscribed above the holes, could we be reasonably certain what the drawer contained.

Without a word, Steiner handed me his lamp, and, while I held the two beams directed upon the stone, he inserted his fingers into the holes and pulled. At first nothing happened, then with a dull grating sound, the drawer slowly moved toward us. We could see immediately it was full of water. When the drawer had been opened about a foot, I gave Steiner his light, and together we shone our beams in the opening. A feeling of horror swept over men when I saw,
at the bottom of the drawer, a man in life-like repose. I knew instantly he was dead, but as I stood there, awe-struck, I could imagine him getting up at any minute.

His skin was a chalk-white color stretched naturally over his fine features. His cheeks were slightly sunken and his eyes were closed. He was a handsome man, almost a Byronic figure in battle array. His left arm lay by his side, while his right rested on his chest with a knife-clasped in its hand. The armor stopped slightly above his knees and sandals were strapped to his feet. The slightly wavering motion of the water created the illusion that the man was breathing. I thought sadly, "Soldier rest! Thy warfare o'er."

Slowly, almost as if afraid of disturbing the dead man, Steiner returned the drawer to its former position. Then, in silence, we checked the other holes — they all represented the same thing. This vault was the tomb of the greats of the race. I could feel their spirits hovering over me, ready to strike were I to disturb one of their biers. The spectors drifted silently under the damp vaulted ceiling.

We left the chamber, but not before Steiner mentioned opening the huge door directly in front of the door we entered through. I had noticed the door too. It was a massive affair — close to fifteen feet high by ten feet wide. It was constructed of some kind of metal that resisted the moss. All kinds of characters were engraved on it, and from what I could see of it, there was no visible means of opening it. I had no desire to see what was behind that door and I wasn't going to argue the point with Steiner, who held nothing sacred on any of his expeditions.

When we stood in the clearing once again, my watch hands pointed to seven o'clock. I was meditating on how fast three hours could pass when the entire crew of KING TUT came striding out of the jungle, Steiner called them around him immediately and told them what he wanted done, how he wanted it done, and when he wanted it done. I knew this phase from previous experience. From here in Steiner was in charge of everything, he would tolerate nothing and he would accept nothing. He would receive all the credit for what others labored over. I was disgusted with the whole affair. I listened to him telling the men how to pack everything up, and fought down the urge to shout at him, to tell him that this thing was sacred, a hidden fruit of a perished civilization. But, as many times in the past, my words were shouted in silence.

The great Professor had completed his lecture; trembling from repressed anger, I watched the group descend the stone stairway and enter the chamber. One group of men entered the left vault, another group stepped into the other room. The remaining persons gathered around the menacing door.

I wanted to return to the deserted TUT and let Steiner receive delight from his madness, but when I tried to move, I couldn't; it was as if an unseen force was holding me, compelling me to watch the scene that was going to unfold. I became conscious of the forest rapidly growing darker around me. I glanced at my watch, it was barely seven-thirty; the sun was setting unusually early.

I concentrated again on the scene before me. Steiner had rigged up his lighting system to throw illumination on the door. The men had already sawed three-quarters of the distance around the lock which Steiner had found. So the door could be swung open. The last resistance vanished; a slight push and the door slowly and silently swung inwards —

There was no movement after the door had come to rest. The group stood spell-bound. The room was dimly lighted by a solitary moonbeam which fell through a small circular window at the right side of the chamber. I could see the room was constructed in the shape of a circle; a slight incline led down to the sunken floor. Objects stood out coldly as the single ray of light inched down one wall. I could make out an elaborate throne raised on a small platform in the center of the chamber; two braziers stood to either side of the throne. The remaining objects were just dark patches of shadow.

One by one, the eyes of the group, which had been joined by the rest of the men with the opening of the door, were drawn to one shadow near the throne. The dark patch was in the shape of a man and was completely stationary. I held my breath while I watched the one moonbeam drip slowly down the wall toward the shadow. Time stood still except for the path of white light.

Then the beam fell on the top of the shadow. A red-plumed helmet shone forth dazzlingly. The colored rays of light flashed and wavered as more and more of the armor was revealed. Finally the whole costume danced with light, even after the moonbeam had completely passed over it. A warrior stood there, his back toward us, perfectly motionless. Then slowly he turned; I wanted to call out, to tell Steiner to get away, but no sound came. Now he faced the transfixed group of men. The red plume on his helmet pulsed with a deep glow, diamonds sparkled on his armor, as he gazed steadily on the party. He looked very much like the dead warrior I had seen earlier; only this one appeared much more noble — his features were finely chiseled, his blond hair was worn long, and his eyes were dark and brilliant.

After what seemed like hours, his right hand, almost imperceptibly, sought the hilt of the great sword that hung at his side. He drew the two bladed weapon from its scabbard, raised it, and pointed it directly at the group of men at the door. I could almost see the hint of a smile on his lips.

A jagged bolt of lightning dropped from the sky and struck the metal door. There was a loud crack and the building was illuminated by many small crackling shafts of electricity. Steiner and his companions fell like puppets whose strings had suddenly been cut. The warrior climbed the small platform and seated himself
on the throne without haste. Slowly, the great
door swung shut, and darkness and silence fell
once more over the temple.

Frantically, I switched on my light, and pur-
sued by thoughts of clashing swords and armor-
ed soldiers, I ran madly back along our hand-
cut corridor. Damp hands searched me and
tripped me as I dashed between the walls of
blackness. Footsteps thundered behind me, the
foliage rushed above me, and vaporish forms
flitted ahead of me.

When I reached the beach, I launched the
life-boat without a backward look, never
noticing that the beach was only a fragment of what
it had been when we had landed. I reached the
KING TUT and quickly climbed on deck. It
was exactly twenty-four hours since I had spot-
ted the island.

When I recovered my breath, I turned back
to the island. Moonlight rippled on unbroken
water on all sides. I stared in disbelief. The is-
land was gone! There was not a sign to show
that there had ever been an island — I was the
only one of the party alive that could ever say
that an island did exist. A feeling of loneliness
and solitude swept over me. I felt too tired to
stand up. I staggered to the hatch, down to my
 cabin; the moment I collapsed on my bunk I
was asleep.

Island X was now a memory.

DIARY — July 1

It’s been about two weeks now since I first
saw Island X. Everything seems like a dream
when I think about it. But, nevertheless, here I
am alone on the KING TUT still out in the
middle of nowhere. Just drifting. All the fuel is
gone. The food is just about gone. It’s very
strange, I haven’t seen a bird or had any luck
fishing. There’s just a great emptiness. ‘Old
Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste’ most aptly
describes it. I don’t know how long I can keep
going. Have to pray for something to happen.

The sun is —

JULY 3 (CP). — The KING TUT, the ship
carrying the archaeological expedition headed
by Dr. Darryl Steiner and Dr. James Kahlman
to Grooche, had been located today. The KING
TUT was sighted drifting 300 miles west of the
Azores by an English cruiser.

Upon investigation, Commander Tomelyn of
His Majesty’s Cruiser H——, found the body
of Virgil Holms, a newspaper reporter of the
POST assigned to report the progress of the ex-
pedition. Holms had been killed by a large,
two-bladed sword, which judging from its ap-
pearance, had been in water quite a long time.

The KING TUT’S log disclosed that the party
had been sailing over that part of the ocean
which they (Drs. Steiner and Kahlman) sup-
posed covered the lost continent of Atlantis.

Authorities have been unable to explain the
disappearance of the remainder of the 17 man
crew, other than a recount of the voyage in a
diary in the handwriting of the dead man, Virgil
Holms. However, reliable sources express very
little faith in the authenticity of this journal.

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WHEN LOVE WAS LIGHT

MARY LOU KILLHEFFER

When love was light my heart thought much
Of nothing but today.
Tomorrow’s dawn went unobserved,
Unfelt, when love was gay.
Now love grows strong and so does need,
And dawning’s bleak and chill.
With need a fear of loss grows here—
Be still, my heart: be still.

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ON THE BRINK

MARY LOU KILLHEFFER

I pace a narrow nerve-thin ridge,
The way ahead obscured by mists.
Their shifting clouds disclose wide paths
Then chasms calling me to death.
Ice white pale chilling lightnings flash
That startle me and stir my fear.
I reach a frenzied pitch of hope
Then sink in moments of despair.
Soon, soon, I feel, the moon will rise;
The mists will clear and in cold light
My heart will see full well the way:
To walk in love or fall alone.

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BOUQUET

LUCY-JO MALLOY

Cupid courted her in spring.
He said, “I’ll give you anything,
If you will be my love.”

Her answer was so coy and gay,
“Bring me one unmarred bouquet;”
Then I’ll be your love.”

Cupid stripped Elysian Lands
Of blooms and placed them in her hands.

“Now, will you be my love?”

“Their is a flaw—these flow’rs will die.”

Her cruel reproof made Cupid cry,
“I’ll never be your love!”
The flowers wilted, that is true,
But scorning them she never knew
The ecstasy of love.

“I sought perfection but was wrong.”
She sighed, “the fragrance lingers long.
I wish I’d had my love.”

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YOU INDIVIDUALIST YOU

LUCY-JO MALLOY

If everyone wore purple shirts
With orange socks and skirts,
And painted ties
With yellow eyes,
Would you all be converts?

If everyone’s first name were “Gad”,
And all last names were “Plaid”,
Would you arrange
Your name, to change
To suit the latest fad?

Would you, these strange, new styles resist?
Your name, I must insist,
Would be in books
Of goons and schnooks,
Stamped “Individualist”.

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A Nightmare Called Hysteria

I was tossing about on my bed, lost in a restless and disturbed sleep. Tomorrow I would take my history exam, and names, dates, and jumbled facts were flashing through my mind. I thought I saw Pepin in the short and Darwin walking along with the Knights of Labor toward Pfahler Hall, where a famous lawyer was lecturing on the Dred Scott Case. I was an eyewitness of two famous colonial revolts, the Whisky Rebellion and Shay’s Rebellion. In my tormented mind, I saw the Great Elec...
The elevated train roared high above the flat roofs of the houses of the city. In it there sat a woman in her early twenties; on her lap the woman held a baby girl about six months old. At the woman's side was a grip. There were other passengers on the train but only the baby noticed the world outside the window of the train at the low houses she passed; her eyes were red rimmed and her cheeks were tearstained.

It was three weeks ago, at about this very same time of day, that she had taken this very same train going to the city. It had been a strange thought, "what a difference three weeks can make." Three weeks ago little Ruthie had on her Sunday dress — a pretty white thing with blue ribbons and imported lace. Three weeks ago the trip was just part of a little "cl" ride to visit Mom out here at home. Now—

The elevated train came to a halt at one of the dirty wooden stations that was placed high above the cobblestone streets. The woman left the train at this station; she held the baby close in one arm. The bag was tightly held in her other hand.

"How pretty little Ruthie looked then, I was going to show my sisters that my marriage was a good marriage. Was a good marriage."

The woman stopped for a moment when she reached the boarding platform. She had been doing the usual walk down the steep stairs from the station to the street. She took a handkerchief from her pocketbook with her free hand and dried her eyes; the handkerchief was returned to the pocketbook with difficulty. Then she picked up the bag and walked down a long street lined with the same flat buildings that she had watched for so long from the train window.

"How glad Mom was to see us then, especially little Ruthie. She never did like Pete, not even after I had eloped with him and she and Dad couldn't do anything about it. Not even three weeks ago. But Ruthie, that was different. How they took to each other. I guess I should have put the Sunday dress on her again today. But then, Mom didn't think too much of that dress; when she saw it she shook her head and said 'Ja! Ja! All the frills and lace! Ja! Ja! Strange!'"

The woman stopped for a moment and shifted the bag and the child. Then she climbed the old wooden stairs before one of the frame houses.

"We went shopping that afternoon. I was going to have a steak and German fries for Pete; it was pay night. When a night like that didn't come home by 6:30 so I took the baby to bed and ate alone. He didn't come in by 12:30; he didn't come home by 5:30; he just didn't come home. I had a neighbor mind Ruthie, the next morning. I went to his factory; I went to the police; Mom; I went everywhere. Does a man just disappear now, now in 1933?"

The older woman with the greying hair that sat across the kitchen table just shook her head.

"I had a few dollars left. I told the landlord that the rent would be late. I threw the bills for the different stuff on the table and forgot about them. I bought some food, but it went in no time. I borrowed and waited and waited some more. I waited three weeks Mom! But, he's gone! Pete's left me!"

"The furniture and the apartment's gone! Everything's gone except Ruthie!"

Both women looked at the baby that the older woman was holding in one wing.

"I'm going to have to leave Ruth with you for awhile Mom."

The eyes of the younger woman filled with tears now. She always looked out of the way. She had the best for awhile at least. But now I'm going to have to go back to work. I'll bring you some money and come to see Ruth every week. I'll have to manage Mom. Please take good care of Ruth; you're the only one I'll trust with her.

The younger woman dried her eyes with her handkerchief and kissed the child and the older woman.

"I don't care what you tell the girls."

"Don't worry about your sisters, or Ruth."

"Tell Dad."

"I will tell your father."

The young woman kissed her mother on the cheek again and left the room. Soon the front door of the house could be heard closing. The older woman turned and went to the bedroom off the kitchen. She placed the child on the bed gently. She went to the kitchen and returned with the grip and put it on the bed near the child. The woman opened the grip and unpacked the child's clothes.

"So this is what we raise our children for. So this is what we see them grow up for, to see their hearts broken."

The child cried. The older woman put aside the clothes and picked her up.

"Hush! Hush mein kind!"

The baby stopped crying.

"Ja! Ja! blieb ruhig Liebenchen!"

Now the woman turned to the open grip again. Facing her was the white linen, blue ribbons and imported lace of the Sunday dress. The woman stroked the soft brown hair of the child.

"They all want the frills and lace! Ja! Ja! All the frills and lace!"

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**THE CITY**

**HAROLD SMITH**

As it was printed in the National Poetry Association's Anthology of College Poetry. It was also printed in the Fall 1952 issue of the *LANTERN*.

Endless streets, countless doors. Wires, steel, wood, stone, Thousands of buildings, millions of doors, This is the city flesh and bone. But the matter of the city is its people. The essence of the city is its folk. It is they who raised every tower and steeple; It is they who turn the wheels and make the smoke. Seeking money, love, thrills, play, Faith, truth, knowledge, and so they pass. And so the city moves from day to day. The city laughs; the city cries. The city lives; the city dies.

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**ON VISITING A DISPLAY OF MODERN ART**

**LUCY-JO MALLOY**

Hazy, crazy streaks of blue. Squares and dots of every hue. One line here — another there. A bloodshot eye returns my stare. A bolt of lightning to the right — Me thinks perhaps, I’m not too bright And when I ask the guide to clue me His icy glare serves to subdue me. He rattles off the pictures’ names; But for true art, I’ll take the frames!

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**PLEA**

**MARY LOUISE KILHIEFFER**

Lend me not your love for one brief hour: If you will not stay, stop not at all. Sail my heart if I must learn to love Only to find silence when I call. Leave me now, or else forever stay. Lead me not to warmth and joy, and then Let me fall to darkness, cold and deep. Go before my heart is lost again.

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-11-
Gary's coming home from college today for Christmas vacation and, gee, do I dread the thought of it! You see, Gary's my brother — five years older than I am — and he's just at that peculiar age where he thinks he knows all there is to know. He's simply revolting at times and so terribly immature. And the worst part of it is the fact that he treats me as if I were a mere child of six. That really hurst 'cause it happens that I'm fourteen and a freshman in Banberry High. It's awfully humiliating — you can't imagine! Honestly, there are moments when I could just kick him from here to there and back again.

But now, fate has really struck. I'm sick in bed and it couldn't be my luck to have one of those fatal things that would make me look pale and wan and as if I were going to die any minute. Gosh, If I had something like that, I think even Gary might sit by my bedside and feel pretty bad. That would be the greatest — I can see it now ... me, in a beautiful white robe (something like a shroud), with my hair pulled gently back with a blue satin ribbon, and with tears streaming down my poignant, ashen face, as I solemnly, yet sweetly, forgive him for all the dreadfully nasty things he's said and done. Wouldn't that be romantic?

I might as well stop dreaming, though, 'cause I couldn't possibly get really sick. I'm too, too disgustingly healthy. You know, the all-American girl type — the kind who looks as if she's been raised on corn all her life and the corn hasn't landed in the right places. Not that I'm fat, you understand — just sorta bulgy here and there. No, I'm far from being frail and puny. So guess what I have . . . a disease that only little kids get usually — a disease that makes you itch like mad, and worst of all, leaves you with horribly devastating red spots all over. Yes, you've guessed it . . . it's measles and what, just what on earth could be worse for a girl my age — especially for one who has a brother like Gary!

So here I am in bed and I can't even read 'cause the shades are drawn. What a way to spend these fabulous holidays. Can't even think what I did to deserve all this, though it must've been something.

Oh, gosh — I knew it was too good to last. The hurricane force of the Brewer family has arrived. Couldn't be anyone else. First, the slamming of the door — so hard that you think the roof's going to cave in on top of you, and now those dainty footsteps which couldn't be mistaken — except, maybe, for an over-grown elephant!

"Hey, Mom — Mom, where are you? Your long-lost son is home and aren't you glad? Hey, where the hell is everybody?"

I decided there was only one way out so I smuggled further down under the covers and closed my eyes. He'd never know I was there and maybe I could have a few more minutes of grand and glorious peace. Oops, here it comes —

"Damn it! I haven't been home in months but do you think they'd be here to see me? Naw, not them — and they didn't even leave me any food. Might as well go back to State."

My poor, poor neglected brother was in the process of having a bird. His spirit must be utterly dampened!

"Oh, er, hiya Gary. When did you get in?"

(As if I didn't know!)

"Couple of minutes ago, infant. What's wrong with you? Hydrophobia?"

"Don't know quite what it is — the doctor, er, hasn't said definitely. Maybe the gripe."

"How long have you been playing this act? What's matter? Lots of tests in school 'er something? You couldn't be sick — you're too big and strong for that! C'mon, Sis, I'll never tell — you can count on me."

"No kidding, Gary — I've really been horribly, horribly miserable. For days on end I walked around feeling as if I couldn't put one foot in front of the other and then, finally, I just had to give in. I couldn't stand it any longer. Aw, stop laughing — you'd probably split your sides even at my funeral! Go on and let me sleep. Mom went shopping but she ought to be home pretty soon."

"Aw, my poor little sister. Go to sleep now, baby. You'll recover soon — to darn soon. See you later, sickly ... Hey, wait a minute! You've got spots — big bright red spots! The gripe, me'ye! You, little one, are suffering the pangs of a disease typical of children your lowly age. You've got the measles! Nice pathetic build-up you gave it — one foot in front of the other. Aw, you and Helen Hayes. Don't try to kid me! I'm getting out of this germ-infested area. So long, kid. Have fun scratching — see you Spring vacation if you don't have the chicken pox by then! Hell, you should still be in diapers."

See what I mean about Gary. He's just a dear, sweet, lovable child — the kind you'd most like to horsewhip!

Well, three days have gone by now and Gary hasn't come near me with a six-foot pole, but he has other methods. He's being so damn subtle that it's infuriating me even more than if we were fighting like cats and dogs. He slides my mail under the door, runs through the house with a flip-gun or one of Mom's perfume atomizers every-time he thinks I've been out of my room, and worst of all, he's lined up five bottles of Airwick right outside my door — the ingenious beast! Oh, I hate him. All men in this world should be cremated at dawn except for a couple! We'll save Daddy and . . . and George. George is my boy-friend — at least so far as I'm concerned.

Oh, no — I talked too soon — Here it is . . .

"Hey, you'd better get out of here — you'll catch my leprosy if you don't watch out. And besides, I'd rather not have anything to do with you."

Aw, isn't that tender! She'd rah-ther not have anything to do with me. Where the hell did you pick up that accent? Don't think I wanted to come it, kid — just thought you'd be interested to know that lover-boy called."

"He did! When? What'd he want? You didn't
tell him about the measles, did you?"

"Hold one, hold on. He called a couple minutes ago and sure, I told him. I also described your horrible red blotsches in minute detail and told him how ugly you look. Whaja expect, ... me to lie? You know I wouldn't do that, baby.

"Quit calling me baby and get out of here. I think you're horrible. Just wait!"

"Wait for what, Ba-bee? And, er ... don't ya wanna know what Georgie wanted?"

"Ooo, you! C'mon, Gary, be serious and tell me why he called."

"Well, y'know there's a big dance at the club tomorrow night — really the greatest. Formal, good band, gorgeous decorations, flowers ... should be nice, huh? Tsk, tsk — shame you got the spots. Yeh, poor old George. I felt sorry for the guy so I just told him to go ahead and ask someone else. Suggested Sherry to him — she's a beaut!"

"Oh, you big baboon! That beanpole? Why, all she can do is sit around and give that Ipana toothpaste smile. And besides, she's got buckteeth. Oh, I could shoot you. G'wan, get out of here or I'll call mother."

"But since I'm going to the dance, baby, tell you what I'll do — I'll let you know how they get along — and it'll only cost you the price of five packs of cigarettes. Never say I wasn't willing to do anything for you. Well, gotta run and pick up my tux and order some flowers. Should be a great time — pity you won't be there. Bye, measles!"

"Golly, I could cry. A date for the dance and with George! Gee, he never asks me out when I can go. It always works that way. I wish I were dead!

"It's the night of the dance now and I'm really feeling utterly, utterly dejected. Gary is running around like mad — shaving, dressing, yelling for this and that. Why is it that boys can never find anything — even if it's under their noses? Must be time for him to leave pretty soon. Yep, here it comes again.

"Hi, Sis — just thought I'd drop in to say goodbye and offer my condolences. Brought you a book of crossword puzzles — they're supposed to improve your mind and you sure need that. Here ... catch, ba-bee!"

"I couldn't believe my eyes. Gary looked simply out of this world! If only he were George and not just my brother. Gee, I could see us now — me, in my new white net-dress looking like a movie star, floating around in his big, strong arms while he whispered sweet nothings in my ear. The music would sorta put us in a trance and the smell of the flowers and all ... Golly, I bet I'd even have had orchids — not just one or two but a whole string of them. It could have been so wonderfully divine.

You should see Gary, though. Talk about Montgomery Clift! Jeepers, he's shined his shoes and has the new socks on and knitted them for Christmas, and his pants are pressed for a change. And that plaid cumberbund! Wonder who tied his tie — that's plaid, too — another present. And he's combed ... Oh! Oh, m'gosh!

"Gary, come here a sec. Your tie isn't straight. Let me fix it for you."

"Why the sudden sweetness, kiddo?"

"Gary, how old are you now ... nineteen? And who are you taking tonight?"

"Yeah, almost twenty to be exact and I'm going with Joyce. What's it to you?"

"Well, ba-bee, you'd better get on that phone 'cause you know what, Gary? You've got spots — big, bright red spots!"

"Now that's what you call poetic justice, isn't it?"

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**ALPHA AND OMEGA**

**ROLAND DEDERKIND**

The sun shone down on this created world,
Its hills, its seas, and softly furried plains
Were pure, save fear, when rolling heavens hurled
Their spears of rending, piercing light, the rains
Would clense the dusty leaves, and animals
And birds would seek shelter from wind and light,
They woke the morning in green Nature's halls
While prancing, flying in a new sphere's light.
And days and weeks and years all passed away,
And beasts were born, and grew, and lived, and died —
They turned once more back to a sunless day.
And thus in peace and calm, the new world thrived.
The great Creator then held close his land
And said, the world is now fit place for man.
Thus man was born to multiply and spread
Through all the corners of the conjured earth,
Then weapons found, that turned the leaves to red
Where beasts and birds had dwelt from humble birth
In peace; the forest lands were pushed aside,
And great large cities wrought of stone and steel
Arose, to which man looked upon with pride,
And with his new-found knowledge laws repealed
Which had been passed before the birth of Time.
Peace and stillness were no more, wars came,
Men died, towns fell, their useless papers signed,
And wars continued, life went on the same.
Until at last, the Atom split, a sound
Like thunder, heard the universe around.
Cold silence! Broken only by the feast
Of flames, devouring man’s attempt at life.
One tiny planet’s reign had only ceased
And now was hurtling like a fiery knife
Through darker voids of space, its surface bare
Of former signs of life. Where cities stood
Is now an empty plain, where bird and hare
Had dwelled in the Creator’s hand-hewn wood
Is now a sea of ash. And as He looked
He saw man’s fated goal since man’s own birth,
And shook his head and closed the Holy Book.
Then God reached out and grasped the glowing earth
And slowly crushed it, now is but a tear—
A world’s last plea, but there were none to hear.
Eighteen men sat quietly in a communications trench and waited for substantial darkness. They had been oriented for a small ambush patrol in front of their regular positions; they were quiet because they had expectations. Only a few of them had been in firefights, and these few were trying to think of other things. The others were wondering what they would do when and if the first swift burp gun rounds came out of red flashes when they had gone down to the flats in the front of the MLR. They had nothing much to say and no brave sentences to speak, but there was some comment in undertones when an artillery lieutenant came down the trench to join them. He alone had his face streaked with carbon and his was the only steel helmet covered with burlap. The burlap-covered helmet was the trademark of all artillery forward observers, but the blackened face marked him as terribly green or terribly professional. He and the infantry lieutenant acting as patrol leader were friends, and they smiled as they ran through the usual byplay between young infantry- and artillerymen.

There was still a good deal of light when the patrol stood up to move down the hillside. At the rear of the column a BAR sounded three heavy notes; every man went down, and there was considerable silence afterward. The patrol leader wanted to know what the BAR man had in mind. Three sudden BAR rounds in the middle of the evening’s silence marked a very bad way to begin a patrol. The platoon leader on the hill hurried down the trench and began an argument with the patrol leader, who was from another company. The platoon leader wanted to report the BAR man, who was deeply embarrassed, but the patrol leader felt he had to protect his man.

The patrol moved out in the middle of the argument. The patch was covered with slick black commo wire running down the hillside, marking the tracks of hundreds of patrols that had taken the same route, and every so often a man would slip and try to go quietly to his seat without clattering his weapon against the ground. James Addis, the artillery lieutenant, had made only one patrol before this one, and the commo wire was still treacherous to him. He held his carbine cradled easily in his arms, as a hunter holds a shotgun; Addis hit the ground twice on the way down the hillside, but his carbine did not touch.

Down in the flat space at the edge of the wide rice-paddy valley his hill had a completely different look. For weeks he had been up above, looking down. Now he was getting a Chinese-eye view of his own position, a sudden small peak like an inverted cone. Through his binoculars and B. C. scope the grass down in the valley had seemed short, now in the night they were threading slowly through weeds waist and neck high and moving through a small clump of trees that had taken on the proportions of a forest, and Addis’ radio aerial snapped and dragged under branches.

The patrol set up a tiny perimeter around the top of a slight rise, three radial arms were set up to tunnel Chinese into crossfire, and the group lay down to wait the night out.

It was late June, and the air was warm, but Addis could not find a comfortable place to lie and still see clearly to the front where he would have to direct artillery fire if the patrol were attacked in force. Everyone else was still, listening hard for footfalls, and Addis’ movements were painfully apparent. He could only hold one position for a little less than half an hour before his nerves began to scream.

... I must move it. I must move. Leg’s killing me, foot’s asleep and damn these mosquitoes... diff on my face must have counteracted the repellent... that leg, leg, leg... now get up straight very slowly, don’t let that spring aerial snap up, pull your feet under you very slowly, slowly... these guys will kill me... you fool, you stupid fool... and I can’t see where I want to.

When he was not involved in movement, Addis could only think of the concentrations he would fire in the event of attack from given directions. He had four plots checked in with his battalion’s fire direction center and four letters to name them. He would need a round on the right letter if he were to make the quickest possible shift to cover advancing Chinese. He had thought his way through every possible combination, and reassured himself a thousand times that we would fire using only one fixed azimuth when a grenade burst drew him and the other patrol members out of three hours’ apathy. It was very close and sounded like a new American smooth-coated grenade. There was nothing but silence from the corner of the woods where the explosion had sounded. Word came back along an arm and into the center of the perimeter where Addis and the patrol leader lay; the point man on the end of the arm had imagined he had seen something and had thrown a grenade before he had thought to ask permission. The patrol leader sent back a request for a little thought and no panic. The story was whispered from man to man, and everyone eased back into normal watchfulness. A little later Addis was sure he could hear snoring nearby. He had thought it impossible to sleep on a patrol before he had made his first.

Mosquitoes were feeding along the lower edge of his jaw and up behind his ears. He could not slap them away although the earlier BAR rounds and now the grenade had probably given the patrol away and ruined any chance for ambush.

... Imagine sitting here in this wet grass letting these mosquitoes eat me, cramping my body, cramping, cramping... nice to sleep, go on down and sleep, go down and... damn... get awake, Axel... wake your stupid head... no, we won’t fall asleep in class today, zop! Did my head touch the desk, sir?... could I reach my radio’s face in a hurry... could I bend my arm like scratching between shoulder blades and still turn the dial? Try it again, see if...
you can do it . . . ah, sleep, ah, sleep, dawn come up fast, please . . .

No Chinese were seen trying to infiltrate, and none were caught before dawn trying to go home. When the light was fairly strong the patrol leader phoned in and the patrol began to move through itself and start slowly back in to the MLR. Addis thought it unreasonable that every man should cradle his weapon with the muzzle pointing to the left; he cradled his left-handed to cover his part of the path on the right. When they had gone the quarter-mile to the base of the hill and the hundred near-vertical yards up the reverse slope they were suddenly all dead tired. There was one thing left to be done; one man had pulled the pin from a grenade when the other one had been thrown, and he had lost the pin. He had held the handle on through the small hours of the morning, and now he was growing nervous and wanted to be rid of it. He was allowed to throw it over the side. Everyone ducked in the commo trench, and a clean grenade noise came over the top.

Addis' recon sergeant was waiting to greet him and to lift the radio from his back. They talked quietly in the soft morning; he was suddenly awake and did not want to go to bed. He sent the sergeant off in his place and stood looking out his bunker's aperture. It was a perfectly clear day, but lovely mist was filling all the valleys in his view, sweeping partway up hill-slopes before fading, moving very very quickly. It was the best thing he had seen in Korea. T-Bone had disappeared; just the upper tip showed and white fronds were pouring over it. The mist swirled and flowed another half hour while Addis stood and watched and thought.

FROM THE TOWER WINDOW
(Continued from Page 3)

There is a revived interest in this musical form among a large part of the Ursinus student body, and this interest could be well turned to the construction and presentation of some good operettas (perchance some Gilbert and Sullivan). Revived interest in works from the music world has been shown in not a few colleges in these United States (the University of Oklahoma and Stephens for example). Can the Music Club put Ursinus in tune with this movement?

Focusing attention on the further silver screens one notes many new films that are of the "entertainment" type: Red Garters (which is bright and different but musically weak), Prince Valiant ($3,000,000 worth of Cinemacope), Rose Marie (more Cinemacope and music) and Knock on Wood (Danny Kaye) . . . . In a somewhat different vein one finds Carnival Story (Anne Baxter and Steve Cochran) and Elephant Walk. . . . All Hollywood seems to be more ponderous with the return of the roaring movie business (no recession scare here) and with more favorable tax treatment. It seems as though more and more films will be of the million dollar variety now; this variety usually has a literary and artistic merit that can be measured in cents and lack of sense. Hollywood should have learned during the bleak years from 1950-1953 that the movie audiences do not want spectacle.

The only thing that will keep alive the interest in the movies is a better type show.

The summer on Broadway's side streets sees the withering of the legitimate stage productions with less public appeal, but the same summer season sees the blossoming of the summer stock theaters in the countryside of America. These summer stock theaters deserve being looked into by all rural lovers of the stage: the variety that they offer make the city-dwelling theater-goer's mouth water . . . Some shows well worth the reduced admission price (most legitimate theaters did pass the tax cut on to the consumer) and that will most likely run through the summer on Broadway are: Ondine (with Audrey Hepburn, need I say more), The Girl in Pink Tights, The Golden Apple (different, different, different), The King of Hearts, The Teahouse of the August Moon, The Caine Mutiny Court Martial, Almanac, By the Beautiful Sea, The Confidential Clerk, and Kismet.

So much for 1953-1954 from the voice in the Collegeville wilderness; the "voice" looks forward to the college and theater year 1954-1955 . . . A good and entertaining vacation to you all.
Marcie's eyes swept swiftly through the columns of want-ads. There were all kinds of jobs for all kinds of people, but there seemed to be none suited for Marcie. She paused at the "W's," took another bite from the slightly pinkened doughnut ("Pink Paradise," $1.50 per tube) and drained the last drops of thickly sugared coffee from the heavy, thick, cup.

"That'll be twenty cents, Miss."

Marcie dug into her newly acquired handbag. "Oh darn it!" she muttered. "I'll have to break my last bill." She handed the dollar to the waitress and snapped the purse shut, then continued to read. "Here's one," she remarked to herself. "Wanted — Young attractive woman who likes to travel. Permanent position. Unlimited opportunity for advancement. Highest salary plus commission. Apply 204, Commercial Building."

"I'm really in luck. This sounds like exactly what I want. I guess I'll show the folks that I can take care of myself." "The folks" were Marcie's mother and father in Svensborg, Minnesota. She remembered the scene they had made when she had informed them of her plans to go east to New York and become a career woman. She hadn't been quite sure what sort of career but she had reasoned that anything would be better than the day in, day out, monotony of farm.

"The woman's place is in the home, not tramping around the country. I never heard such nonsense."

"Your father's right, Marcie. Why, awful things happen to young girls in a big city. Besides what about Elmo? Do you think he'll like the idea of his fiancee gallavanting off somewhere?"

"You get these crazy notions out of your head and go out to the kitchen and help your ma get supper." Marcie listened to them patiently and politely, then that night she had left, walking three miles to the station.

The other passengers gazed with sophisticated complacency at the timid young girl who sat erect in her seat, her face buried in a heavy checked dress. Her feet were tucked under the seat in a futile attempt to hide from the examining eyes of the travelers, the "sensible shoes" that her mother insisted she wear.

"I wonder what she uses on her hair," thought the brassily blond across the aisle. "It sure looks natural."

"Sandwiches and coffee now being served in the dining car."

Marcie rose self-consciously and with a clumsy awkward gait tried to stroll through the rumbling car. A young man followed her and sat at the same table with her. Marcie kept her eyes glued to the magazine and he kept his glued to Marcie.

"Can't be over eighteen," he figured. "Quiet sort, won't even glance at me."

Marcie finished her liverwurst sandwich and opened her wallet. "Oh, let this be my treat," offered young man. Visions of mustached villains whirled through Marcie's mind. "No thank you.
I’ll pay for my own,” she answered, left the money on the table and blushing, uncomfortably, quickly left the car. Young Man focused his attention on Blonde who swept into the car.

“Marcie paused at the magazine counter and purchased a “New Yorker,” then exited the haven of the hungry and joined the morning crowd. The first day she had walked down Broadway, she had been pushed, and crowded, and shoved, and stepped on, finally taking refuge in a taxi, but today was different. Today she was a self-assured young woman going out to interview what she hoped would be her future employer. Her luggage tan shoes click-lacked their way expertly. She was a part of the city of smotherly shove now from the pert feather in her Hattie Carnegie hat to the hem of her Handmacher suit. “There it is — the Commercial Building.” She swung through the brass-trimmed revolving doors, walked down the marble corridor and rang for the elevator. 204 was near the end of the hallway. She checked her seams and then took a deep breath and knocked. She heard the rustle of papers, the scrape of a chair, and foot thuds. The door opened. A tall, suave, man appeared.

“Yes, Miss, what can I do for you?”

“Are you the party who advertised for a . . .”

“Yes, I am. Won’t you come in? Have a seat.”

“Thank you.”

“What is your name?”

“Marcie Olsen.”

“Well, Miss Olsen, first let me explain what I want.” He continued talking in a brisk but honest-eyed tone. His words droned on and on. Marcie became puzzled. He had looked rather young when she had first seen him. Now he seemed to grow older and older. “How strange,” thought Marcie. “His features are youthful, yet his eyes look like pieces of eternity.” She stared at him entranced by his face. His hairline turned up at each corner to form peaks from his long forehead. His eyes were black yet glowing coals of flame. She followed his sharp nose down his angular face to his thin lipped mouth and the pointed prominent chin. Her private inventory of his face was interrupted by a question.

“You understand then, Miss Olsen, that you must give your whole soul to this position?”

“Yes, yes, of course.”

“I want you to talk to people. You must be an excellent saleswoman. You are the type I’ve been looking for. You have an honest face. There is one hitch; before you accept the position, you must be willing to remain in it forever.”

“Forever?” Marcie queried, laughingly. “Come now.”

“Oh, I meant as long as it lasts.”

“Well, I’m a steady worker and I do love to travel. I think I’ll take it if you want me. I think this job will be simply heavenly.”

“Watch your language. I hate that word!”

“What word?”

“Oh — job. I can’t tolerate slang. Please refer to this employment as a position.” He’s a rather eccentric person, thought Marcie, but then people are inclined to be a little queer these days.

“Exactly what will my duties be?”
"You will talk people into coming to me for help. I'm what you might call a social worker. I like to help people, but they are proud and dislike accepting help from a stranger; so, you see, I need a good saleswoman to encourage them to come to this office for aid. Before you decide, I must make you promise one more thing.

"Anything at all."

"Women's curiosity usually gets the best of them, I find. I've had to fire quite a few otherwise very efficient workers. I will not allow prying. You must neither ask me questions about my work nor under any circumstances discuss it with anyone else. Do you believe that you can fulfill these requirements."

"Of course I can. When shall I start, Mr. -- What is your name?"

"Mr. Diable. You can start right away."

So Marcie entered the service of Mr. Diable. In the weeks that followed she interviewed countless derelicts, slum-dwellers, and what her folks would have called "poor white trash." Most of them were very suspicious of charity, but finally agreed to at least speak to Mr. Diable. Marcie's salary was high enough to enable her to move into a modern apartment house, extend her wardrobe, and hire a maid, a luxury she would have never dreamed possible. She reveled in the good fortune that had come her way. "It sounds like one of those old fashioned melodramas about the poor farmers daughter and success in the big city, except, of course, that there is no mustache twirling villain." Unfortunately, Marcie was a woman and like all women, curious.

One evening, after having said good-night to Mr. Diable in front of the door of the Commercial Building, she suddenly remembered that she had left her list of appointments for the next day on her desk. She reentered the semi-darkness of the hallway and groped her way upstairs. The building seemed ghostly—deserted, even the freckled faced elevator boy had gone home. She creaked open the door of the office and slipped in. As she arranged the list of assignments and picked them up, questions gnawed at her consciousness. Why was Mr. Diable so secretive? Why did he refuse to allow her to examine his files and records. "He's not here," she whispered. "I could easily take a peek at the case histories and why shouldn't I. After all, I am his partner in a way."

She slid open the drawer of the filing cabinet picked out one of the cases and gasped in horror as she read it.

"Received of Mr. Diable by Maria Cortez — occupation — none, income — $60 a month pension, $10,000 per year for life on the payment of her soul, this 22nd day of May, 1954."

"Oh, God," thought Marcie, "How horrible! How stupid of me. Diable means devil in French." She glanced through several more documents of a similar nature, then stealthily replaced them and closed the drawer.

"Did you find them interesting, my dear?"

Marcie spun around speechless with guilt and terror. Mr. Diable leaned against the door; he was dressed in the classic suit of red. He stood there twirling his tail around and around — in-
solent, firm, and sinister — like a zoot-suiter spinning his watch chain.

"You’re the devil," accused Marcie. "Get away from me; I’m going to get out of here."

"Oh, but my dear Miss Olsen, remember our agreement. You promised to stay with me forever."

"I did not! You said only as long as the job lasted."

"This job will last as long as there are people."

"Get out of my way."

"Sorry, but I have my own best interests at heart. I can’t let you go. You know too much." He moved nearer — nearer. She stood hypnotized by the flaming pools of fire in his eyes. An unbearable heat filled the room; the curtains smoldered and then burst into fire. The red of his costume was lost in the blazing background. "I said that I might have to fire you," he sneered. Marcie screamed, "In God’s name stop."

"That word! Shut up!" With this Mr. Diable let out an agonized scream and vanished with a poof into a cloud of smoke. Marcie stood still and dazed for a moment, then raced out of the smoke filled room and down the stairs. Out on the street the screech of fire engines cut through the silence of the night.

"Thank God," murmured Marcie.

"You’re quite welcome," came a voice from Nowhere.

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our own contemporary steps are directed. There is always the tendency in us to review what has been, to live by its example, and, if possible, improve upon it. The rub is that we never quite seem, in our own estimation, to live up to the example of our predecessors. Perhaps it is a good thing that we suppose that we do not; it speaks well for our sense of humility that we still recognize that there is something better than our own small efforts can produce. Thus it is that any contemporary writer, poet, artist, or creator never quite realizes his ambition to hit the top — to receive what he considers his rightful inheritance. Again in this there is no harm; we are, at least, not producing a race of future Richard Corys. The gleam of the Trail still shines beyond the next hill forever beckoning and leading those who would dare toward greater achievement.

A lot of you may never know the impressions you have left behind you. There is in every human being the element of humility, or pride, that will not let him recognize his own achievements. Ambitions placed far in the future seem to rest upon unrealized laurels; the achievements at Ursinus seem as nothing. Yet, fickle though success may be, it is more so in that its definition
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is so hazy in the human mind. On this campus, a person is constantly judged by his peers, people know him as only those who, living daily so close together, can most truly weigh faults and virtues and thus most truly give a just reward. But to be judged meritorious by those closest to him — and this his severest critics — is greater than any Broadway ovation. No matter what the future may bring, here, he once achieved one shining hour. Here for a minute he touched the heartbeat of his people. No matter how far he may travel, or how long he is gone, his name, once made, is not writ in water. The monument is ready to be guilded, the candle lighted, ready to erupt into a blaze of glory whenever the editor returns to claim his own.

However, mein editor, the hour grows late, the moon is at half mast, the brain runs dry. Ye woorin-brain comes up with the darndest things at 3 a.m. So she'd better quit while she's ahead. We've got our last bit done, albeit a little late; just a few dry thoughts nurtured on a tin roof in the sun. And if friend printer has not lost his roof to the elements again, you'll have a Lantern for May 21. So we'll shutter the Tower Window, crawl back into our burrow (or wherever it is that bookworms go) and so inscribe a simple — 30 — at the bottom of the page. So long gang, it's been real.
URSINUS COLLEGE

Collegeville, Pennsylvania
How the stars got started......

William Holden says:
“My Dad, a chemist, wanted me to follow in the business. But I got the play-acting bug in school and college. I was in a small part at the Pasadena Playhouse when they picked me to test for ‘Golden Boy’. I never worked so hard in my life! But the success of the picture made it worth it!”

“I’m FOR CAMELS! I’VE FOUND THEY GIVE ME EVERYTHING I LIKE IN A CIGARETTE—GENUINE MILDNESS, REAL FLAVOR. YOU’LL LIKE CAMELS, TOO!”

William Holden
Star of “The Bridges at Toko-Ri”

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