Fall 1970

The Lantern Vol. 37, No. 1, Fall 1970

Morris Cherry
Ursinus College

Kevin Akey
Ursinus College

Lindsley Cook
Ursinus College

Cheryl Hiltebeitel
Ursinus College

Joanne Kurian
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern

Part of the Fiction Commons, Illustration Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation
Cherry, Morris; Akey, Kevin; Cook, Lindsley; Hiltebeitel, Cheryl; Kurian, Joanne; Henning, Debbie; Wood, Debbie; Harden, Wesley R. III; Gleason, Colleen; Kneeland, Chase E.; Freelin, Judy; Abernethy, John O.; Sainson, Kathy; Severance, Arthur G.; Houle, Robert E.; and Crist, Karen, "The Lantern Vol. 37, No. 1, Fall 1970" (1970). The Lantern Literary Magazines. 96.
https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/96

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact sprock@ursinus.edu.
THE LANTERN

1970-1971

Co-Editors: Karen Crist
            Wendie Eggleston

Staff: Reenie Arrington
        Sandy Case
        Cris Crane
        Bob Hanlon
        Cheryl Hildebeitel
        J.Me
        Ronald R. Lausch
        Jim Maugans
        Linda Mills
        Gail Newhart
        R. W. Scheer
        Jane Siegel
        C. Wasserman
        Michael Werner
        Y.F.R.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author(s)</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Circumstance</td>
<td>Morris Cherry</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advice</td>
<td>Kevin Akey</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poems</td>
<td>millsey</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poems</td>
<td>R. Houle</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For What You Do For Me</td>
<td>Lindsley Cook</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>blink</td>
<td>Kevin Akey</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love, Love II</td>
<td>Morris Cherry</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem</td>
<td>Art Severance</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem</td>
<td>Karen</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magic</td>
<td>Morris Cherry</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Be a Child</td>
<td>Cheryl Hiltebeitel</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem</td>
<td>Joanne Kurian</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem</td>
<td>Debbie Henning</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a year later</td>
<td>Cheryl Hiltebeitel</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Poem in February</td>
<td>John Abernethy</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Crystal Brick Road</td>
<td>Lindsley Cook</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem</td>
<td>Peggie</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ephemera</td>
<td>O. B. Gyne</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life</td>
<td>J.Me</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drawing</td>
<td>Debbie Wood</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whiskers</td>
<td>Wesley R. Harden III</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thoughts on Being Sick</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot;</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodcut</td>
<td>Colleen Gleason</td>
<td>18, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem</td>
<td>J.Me</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poems IX, X, XI, XII</td>
<td>O. B. Gyne</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Non-Poem:</td>
<td>&quot;Lenny&quot;</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non-Poem:</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot;</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Gruk Anthology</td>
<td>Uøegté Sønen Af Kumbel</td>
<td>24, 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poems I, II</td>
<td></td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moon</td>
<td>Debbie Wood</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem</td>
<td>Chase E. Kneeland</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Thought</td>
<td>Judy Freelin</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dwarf in an Existential Dawn</td>
<td>John O. Abernethy</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drawing</td>
<td>Debbie Wood</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Lenny&quot;</td>
<td>R. Houle</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black Girl (Drawing)</td>
<td>Art Severance</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corridors to My Mind</td>
<td>kis</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sadness</td>
<td>Wesley R. Harden III</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Enzyme Song</td>
<td>Lindsley Cook</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creatures of Sand</td>
<td>Kathy Sainson</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drawing</td>
<td>Patrons</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Circumstance

Being somewhat

Romantic

I find

Life Among the Natives very difficult.

And looking

forward to the ivy leaves

I find

no

song

to

sing

but merely

several cornhusks securely fastened

while

I

bide

my

time

in water colors.

MORRIS CHERRY
Advice

sticking my nose
into the wind this morning—
I yelled
up to the
old Lord
and told him "What
a great job you're doing"—
just to keep him
on his celestial
toes.

KEVIN AKEY
DEAREST LANTHORN:

the hot, midsummer mosquito night  
and your paisley mind.  
each baroque thought compact within its own shell.  
Chekov here; paper there; me here; she there.  
  each ornate inside the horn, surrounded  
  by an unbroken line  
  unbent by change, or growth.  
we are compact within our shells.  
  our patterns do not lap.  
we weave your thought fabric  
  each separately, alone.

Another sense of the man, sleight-of-hand

I, too, would like an island full of geese and stars,  
And a sailboat and a seagull and a kite and a guitar.  
Drifting to a nearby sand bar,  
I could sing with the birds, and play,  
And never see a ferry,  
Or be forced to smile all day.  
The oven sun would heat me, the trees would be my cool,  
Never lending nor depending on another for my food.  
Living on my island of summers,  
I'd have a chance to be free;  
But freedom and islands too soon find storms,  
Leaving winters and cities to me.

Thoughts on a controlled environment  
OR  
Ode to the new life sciences building  
beyond the plastered paradise, fluorescent suns, and  
tinted cats-eye connections,  
trees move at the desire of the wind.

MILLSEY
She stands by the Ocean
At sunset,
Watching the waves break
Far out from shore.
She sticks to the shoreline,
Never venturing out to tempt the winds
Like some in their small boats.
It doesn’t seem to matter much
If above her noisy crowds
Shove along the boardwalk,
She doesn’t hear them.
Her world is quiet.
She’s a woman on the shore,
Waiting to see
What fate will wash her way.

R. HOULE

Wrap yourself around
Holding me warm,
For winter’s coming
Soon.
Envelop me within yourself
In the quiet of a momentary glance.
Slowly rock and gently sway
Until I’m riding
On the peak of a tear
Softly flowing down your cheek.

R. HOULE
For What You Do For Me

For all the times you heard me sing
When I didn’t have a song;
For all the times you let me think I’m right
When you knew that I was wrong;
For all the strength you’ve given me
When I could not go on.
That is why I love you now,
That’s why my love is strong.
Very strong.

For all the times you caught my tears
When they began to fall;
For all the times you pushed me on
When I would have rather stalled;
For all the things you’ve done for me
The big ones and the small.
That is why I love you now,
That’s why my love is strong.
Very strong.

For all the times I saw your smile
When I’d begun to frown;
For all the times you picked me up
When you saw that I was down;
For all the love we have inside
We just get kicked around.
So I’ll keep on loving now,
Even if it’s wrong.
Very wrong.

For all the times I’ve heard them say
That we didn’t know the way;
For all the times they laughed and said
That we wouldn’t last a day;
For all the laughs they’ve given me
’Cause I knew our love would stay,
Deeper than the deepest sea
That’s why our love lasts long.
Very long.

I know that I could see
That love was here to set me free
And now I know that
Love is what you do for me.

LINDSLEY COOK
Class of ’74
blink

where is love
i looked in all the right
spots. in
the leafpile, in
the clouds, in
a pot of chocolate
pudding, in the warm
hay at sunset,
even in webster's
very big book on
all words

and then i saw your eyes

KEVIN AKEY
Love

My 49th Christmas tree
Lost all its needles,
Making it easier
For me to see its heart.

MORRIS CHERRY

With words of friendship
I love
so many people
Christ had words of wisdom
trapped within my mind
and his.

And love
comes down
and talks to me
opens my eyes
and I cannot see
but why?

ART SEVERANCE

Love II

I stepped on a hollyberry
And Christmas juice ran out.
And there was all the joy
In a puddle on the ground.

MORRIS CHERRY
There's always a last night and a first tomorrow as life spins its cartwheels around you and you want to say "stop" — yes stop a moment while my head is in the air and my toe tips touch the earth once more. And yet the end does come though one never imagined it would, gives its way to another beginning and one spends five days finding the way from bow to stern and back again — meeting friends as though they had been and would be forever, only to leave them to their different ways at the pier. It's like the time had never been and yet the sculpture of your life bears now one more irretrievable touch of the chisel. Time will come again and again when the whole picture is reconstructed.

KAREN

Magic

Have you seen my snowflake?
You know, the one God sent me.
It was in my hand a minute ago,
And I held it very tightly so I wouldn't lose it,
But now it's gone.
And I can't find it any place.

MORRIS CHERRY
To Be a Child

Let me ask you this:

What fool invented Adult Pleasures?
And who would be lost enough
to search for them?
The joys we find are much better.
They have more logic
if only to the two of us.

Watching rabbits hide in the tall grass
and

Reading comic books together
have purpose.

I mean,

who needs three cars in every garage?

Floating a green balloon in the air
is much more fun than a dinner party.

And I wouldn't trade

that little hollow
below your ribs

for a dozen of Mr. Tiffany's diamonds.

CHERYL HILTEBEITEL
Time — a flight unretainable
And yet by memory retained
Time — a concept confusing
For those who feel understanding
Time — a sorrow unbearable
Too quick for those who love.

JOANNE KURIAN

Lively youth with its whims and doubts is forced
onward by the whip of time:
Life's goals and wishes become targets shot down by
ignorance and cowardice:
Love flies like a bubble free and light only to be pierced
by infidelity, neglect, and hate:
The sun springs into the sky and slips away again behind
the mountains and wetness:
— That is a dream destroyed but not forgotten.

DEBBIE HENNING
And now we're friends —
a year has passed
since our time of love ended.
not that our love is gone,
but it's a different kind of love now
an easier kind,
that brings no heartbreak.
it's a kind that will always exist
although it determines no futures.
it's a kind that has no future
and yet has hope.

Sometimes, when I'm lonely
I remember our time of love
and I want you.
but then the moment passes
and I realize that was the past.
our friendship is here now
and I'm glad.

CHERYL HILTEBEITEL
A Poem in February

Awakening in a moment of blood and sweat
to the sonorous breath of the wind in my ears,
Complementing the gentle rise and fall of
the ocean tide,
I sigh with relief.

Stirring luxuriously I calmly draw her close
within my arms as
Shyly she murmurs amorous words of an innocent love
that soothe like a downy warmth.
Pursuing my thoughts again, fathoms away,
that descend deep within the corporeal earth.

Blackness and clouds overcome me, robbing my senses,
'til I cannot reach that soft doughy form
Cooing in my arms.

JOHN ABERNETHY
The Crystal Brick Road

I felt you reaching out to me,
Like crystal roads of destiny,
That shatter when you walk on them
Never to be built again.
I'm scared to death to touch your hand.
Don't know if you can understand.
Of all the things that I've been through
There's nothing that comes close to you.
And love walks thru my mind.

I saw you in the crystal light
Breaking through the lonely night
I ran to walk along with you
And fell in love with what you do
I lost the road in fog-like grey
I found the night and lost the day
As love became a heavy load
Shattering the crystal road.
And love walks through my mind . . .

LINDSLEY COOK
Class of '74

Secluding trees of the
Whispering Forest
Murmuring the thoughts of a
doubtful wind
the day of Fearful loving
now comes to an end
sitting here
being one
With the wind and trees
Sunlight Fading into branches
of my mind
leaves crushed into the earth
Memories of an existence
in time
Floating slowly toward their death

PEGGIE
Ephemera

Optimist — 0 optimist —
Speak to me now.
Tell me that life is still rosy;
And not the noxious thing I live with.
Laugh for me — please —
As you used to do when we were — — —

Optimist — 0 you damn optimist —
Give me the hope you hold.
Make me see life through your rose-colored glasses
As did I once with your embraces.
How many? — long years ago.

Pessimist — I am a pessimist —
Was beguiled by your lofty view.
So I joined you —
But I fell when you pushed me —
When? Ah — many long years ago.

O. B. GYNE

Life:

No matter who or where
or what
Thick like butter
pouring down
settling rancid . . .

nothing moves
but rivers anymore

and the people,
the people—

I've almost stopped to watch.

J. Me
Whiskers

I hate trains—always have and always will—
Because they were always taking me away
From something
And carrying me toward a destination
Known only by name.

Perhaps the loneliest feeling
A man can experience is the loneliness
He feels
When he is staring out the window at a familiar world slowly
Receding.

I've watched the evolution of trains and
Oddly enough
It is an evolution that parallels life,
Any life
But perhaps my life particularly.

The steam locomotive in its hey day gloriously racing
Beneath a billowing column of smoke and steam
Carrying the burdens of a burgeoning society effortlessly and
Proudly on its shoulders.
Vibrant, forceful and incredibly alive.

Now trains have been replaced by other products of man's technology.
They serve a strictly transient purpose fading toward
Extinction
Beneath the trampling wheels of
Progress
And the relentless force of the
Ingenious mind.

Now I sit back on my empty porch
On a cool autumn evening
Rubbing two days' worth of whiskers and
Grappling with a prospective that refuses to let me be.
The lonely cry of a railroad whistle in the far off distance greets me
Over empty fields.
Both of us lamenting our loneliness and waiting for progress to pass us by.

WESLEY R. HARDEN III
Thoughts On Being Sick

I am sick inside. Being a simple-minded person I cannot understand what has happened to us. I cannot comprehend the awful, terrible tragedy we have let ourselves become the victims of. But I find intolerable the fact that we could let ourselves be duped so masterfully and so unconscionably. I lean back in my seat at this battered, old wooden table and see myself off alone somewhere away from suspicion, desperation, death and destruction. But I find I cannot escape via any mechanism at the disposal of my mind the awesome miserable reality of mistakes and the bitter disappointment of so many dreams unfulfilled. This incredible monolith looms before us like some writhing wounded beast bleeding from wounds of moral decay and chaos inflicted by both sides—yet the responsibility for that destruction lies within. Not just within our boundaries but within our own perishable and damnable selves. I long for the day when this egregious injustice to humanity ceases to persist and the day arrives when we can be free again—not only free outside but free inside. It is one thing to allow your corporeal existence to be imprisoned but it is the most unforgivable sin to allow your mind to be shackled and repressed. A silence comes over this bizarre audience and we all rise to greet the short, stooped, unimposing man before us.

"Mein Fuhrer," I say. "There is good news from Normandy."

WESLEY R. HARDEN III
as over in the harvest time, when moons are 
swollen ripe

and pumpkins sleep amidst the sheaves
of August wheat and Fallen leaves
and the sun is sharp or mellow soft
but never in between,

as ever come the winsome days, that beckon
through the hollow ways

of evergreens and autumn greys—

i saw them once,
and followed:
i’ve lived my life but once before,
and that was yesterday
but colors change with every dawn
and still the sunsets call me on.

there’s music in an Autumn wind
that blows of bronzen hours,
of weathered boards and rotten fruit,
of aging men and old.

there’s music in an Autumn wind
that signs the sounds of time
of legends gone and legends come
of birth, of death, of love.

there’s music in an Autumn wind
that waltzes through the past
and dances every dance again
of lives full lived and sung.

i’ve yet to meet my Autumn-tide
despite a seasoned glance:
my april still comes greenly
and my summer holds its stance
i’ve little to remember
and a lifetime left, to chance—

as yet i’m but the dancer
still waiting for the dance

J. Me
IX

Cool Crisp Snowflake
Rest gently — in the soft green arms of the fir tree
— peace —

X

Moon light drifts
over the crisp white snow —
As fir trees whisper of Christmas.

XI

The earthworm sleeps
under a red and yellow leaf quilt —
Content — Autumn.

XII

Smoke wreaths from burning leaves
fill the air
with pungent spice
— thyme, myrrh — Autumn.
Eyes closed
Staring stupidly
At the darkness
Of the unattended funeral within
Listening
To the electric heartbeat
Of a disguised wood nymph
Tapping her life
On the processed pulp
Of her sylvan home
Forever imprisoning her spirit
In triplicate
Golden fate
Looking through plastic and glass
At men
But seeing only debits and credits
Making sure all pay their dues
The life giver
Writes people false promises
Of empty joys

To take their designated places
In their hollow lives
Smiling brown eyes
Stamping people
And after properly sorting and labeling
Sends them on their ways
Each to his individual little box
Yet another
Plays with his adding machine
Calculating the difference
Between eternity and now
On a tape as long
As the distance
Between two souls
My mind is going —
I can feel it —
Slipping through my fingers
Running down my leg
And dripping into rainbow puddles
On the floor

"LENNY"
Non-Poem

Dying from an overdose
Of useless useful work
Struggling to make it
To the time
To shoot up
And forget the world
Through the magic globe
Entering into imagination
Soaring through the galaxy
Like a great free bird
Unchained
From all that binds it
To this world
Escaping to a not yet
Where everything
And nothing
Exist all in the same moment
Delicately balanced
On the fragile line of
Almost
Before returning
Shaking from experience
To mundane
Now
To begin again

"LENNY"
Gruk intended to stimulate some sort of response from chronic middle-of-the-roaders.

A moderate amount of moderation
Gives one a chance to catch one's breath,
But moderation in its extreme
Is tantamount to death.

Gruk concerning the influence of eternity as a defiler of ideals.

I'm just killing time
It deserves such a fate,
For it's raped my love
And sired my hate.

UOÆGTE SØNEN AF KUMBEL
Relevant Gruk

He who lusts for relevance
And scorns what is not germane,
Enhances the current pragmatic ego
And abdicates his brain.

Kröger’s Gruk I

When I’m tired
And all alone
Time tends to pass
Like a kidney stone.

(Burma Shave)

Kröger’s Gruk II

To be alone wouldn’t be so bad;
It wouldn’t be such a chore
But, alas, I’m alone with myself
And consider myself a bore.

UCGE TE SØNEN AF KUMBEL
I

The sea will never be mine again.
It once was mine,
and then I shared it with you.
But you took my gift
and squandered it with her;
And now the sea belongs to no one.

II

It is always winter here:
Cold, grey, misty day.
The moon is never gentle;
It tears at my memories
and leaves me shaking,
crying, lonely for someone.
Moon

The lighted hole in the blackness
in which beyond
The mind lives on Green Cheese and
Talks to that Old Man,
Who has looked down
so often, that
He no longer sees
But speaks in Truths.
He is the hole, yet
I wonder if he has any depth.

Do I only perceive the lighted hole
Because of the blackness?
Am I, like that Old Man
cold and austere
Who looks down at the world
from afar,
never feeling
and always moving away?

DEBBIE WOOD
... And when they stopped me, imploring why it was so they couldn’t speak at sunrise — why their moon was seldom silver — how an eye could reflect a thought — if day led always into night — why stars, yet alone, could move in darkness — and doors opened not with golden keys — need streams freeze in winter — would Kings always rule the land — if a tree would lose its leaves — and why a woman would avert her glance,

I replied:

— that talk was blinded by quick light
— not to look over one’s shoulder at the sky
— and an eye was mirror to the mind
— at times in a life there is darkness at noon
— that independence is the strength of the anchorite
— even gold keys are not meant for brass locks
— if the land froze around them first
— only while his people deigned him right
— always, and new seasons make the change invisible

But the last — now I turn to you . . . .

CHASE E. KNEELAND
A Thought

John is a thread.

Running here
there

Through a pattern of many others.

Touching
joining
flowing, mingling.

Aware . . . Perhaps not . . . .

Yet who forms the pattern?

JUDY FREELIN

Dwarf in an Existential Dawn

Here breaks the day of the flood
Standing with your eyes, open so wide,
Staring at the tide, increasing at your feet
No one is nearby to watch
Step into the tide, letting the cold waves stimulate your body,
Let the burning passion embrace you submitting to its eroding wash.
Walk deeper, leap into the sea
Experiencing every pleasure, exciting every nerve to its fiery limit.
Arise gloriously and accept this gift of boundless water as an earthly prize.

JOHN O. ABERNETHY
Non-Poem

A void
All-engulfing darkness
Surrounds me
Along a path
Littered with rusted trophies
Of mighty victory
And tarnished crowns
Of proud conquest
Lying in the dust
Beside faded dream
And shattered illusion
Under the dawn of reality

Groping in the blackness
For warmth
And finding none
Retreating from the now
Of life
Composed of smiling images
Mocking their pursuer
To continue the escape
From the emptiness
Of the day
To the senselessness
Of the night
Upon which
The sun will never rise

"LENNY"
Corridors To My Mind

Dark, uninhabited corridors leading to the door that opens to my dreams.

It’s a lonely walk and long but it must be travelled.

One foot after the other tracing footsteps from where I started.

The corridor is endless I’ve been walking for eternity and I’m still not near.

ART SEVERANCE

Sadness

A lady in Brooklyn sits on her stoop and cries inside. And her husband has left her and no money. And she is infinitely more sad than man has ever been or will be. And she believes it, and it is so.

A man in Bombay sits and prays to his Buddha. And his children are dead and no wife. And he is infinitely more sad than man has ever been or will be. And he believes it, and it is so.

And I sit and I cry to my mind and I think. And all the infinitely sad people fill my soul. And I am infinitely more sad than man has ever been or will be. And I believe it, and it is so.

KJS
The Enzyme Song

I am a happy enzyme—
Interacting efficiently with my buddy, Substrate A,
to give our friend, 
Product P, a start in life.

I guess I should say I used to be a happy enzyme.
Actually, we, all the enzymes in this humble mitochondrion 
In a humble epithelial cell 
In this humble planarian, 
Are lonely now.

Ever since I. E. Dupont de Namours have been dumping their 
Vile crud 
In our humble, obscure stream (thinking foolishly that they are getting 
away with it because only the planarians, hydras and a few energetic 
Daphnias like this stream or even know that it exists) business has been slow. 
You just can’t feel important if nobody is sending any business your way, 
Having you convert a friend, 
Or sitting around with an itchy active site.

Wait. I can feel it now. 
Yes. The planarian landlord, the crosseyed fellow we all call home, 
Who I and all the other enzymes love so well, 
Who has provided us with our own warm humble mitochondrion is in 
the throes 
Of convulsion.

I sure hope he doesn’t die and disintegrate. 
We like it here. 
I don’t want to be cast into the cold, hostile world with Dupont’s crud. 
It’s a real shame Mr. Dupont can’t see things the way I do. 
I consider myself pretty important even if only I realize it.

WESLEY R. HARDEN III
Creatures of Sand

Man.
Born from a grain to life.
tearing his way out of the womb
To freedom.

Baby
Crying for a grain of food
tearing his way out of trouble
To happiness.

Child
Playing near the water
With his bucket and pail
To build.

Youth
Running by the waves
With his simple lover washed
To eternity.

Man
Builds his dreams on sand-signs and castles
Instead of rock
To stand forever.

So we walk in search of the peaceful sea . . .

LINDSLEY COOK
Class of '74
Patrons

Nancy J. Adams
Anonymous
Richard Bozorth
Janet Brown
Gayle Byerly
Marion N. Chrisemer
Kathy Christy
Esther S. Cope
J. N. Craft, Jr.
Cornelia G. Crist
Louis DeCatur
Marie Devine
Dillinger
John Doe
Geoffrey Dolman
Dawn Edinger

Friends
Judith E. Fryer
Marguerite V. Godshall
Ruth R. Harris
Katherine W. Kneas
Marion A. Lopez
Lois Ochran
William T. Parsons
Pax Americana
Marvin Reed
Kenneth T. Schaefer
Wilda F. Schatz
Margaret B. Staiger
Geo. G. Storey
Ruth R. Thomson
Calvin D. Yost, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Eggleston
MARZELLA'S PIZZA

Fresh Dough Pizza
Hot and Cold Sandwiches

Avoid Waiting:
CALL 489-4946

Open Daily 3 P.M. - 12 P.M.
Closed Monday Evenings

SCHRADER'S
ARCO STATION

460 MAIN STREET
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Official Inspection Station

MARZELLA'S

FIFTH AND MAIN

Maureen and Franny Marzella
Stationery and Supplies
Cards and Gifts

489-9275
WHARTON

HARDWARE & SUPPLY

Rt. 130 and UNION AVENUE

PENNSAUKEN, N. J. 08110
KAREN
AND
WENDIE
SAY
GOOD-BYE