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Star-Dust

If you and I but steal an hour away
To watch together brightness of the stars,
If we but put behind us sunset's bars
And face the twilight mists—saffron and gray,
We too may find the star of Bethlehem,
And see the light the wise men trembling saw,
Feel our glad hearts bow down in breathless awe
To see the message that was sent to them.
There is the light of many hopes and dreams
Within your eyes. Star-shine and candle glow
Seem brighter when reflected there, as though
The Star had warmed your heart with its bright beams.
Come, help me search where all these treasures are;
From your bright eyes I know you've found the Star.

CHARLOTTE RUSS.

Miserere

When I have opened some small book and read
Of Tristram and Isolt, who, loving part,
They pierced not the armored casque about my head
Nor yet the bleakness of my frozen heart
Which like a dark unlovely street snow-covered
Wants no warmth thawing down to ugliness;
Or as a barren tree around which beauty hovered
Recalls its springtime gayety with sadness,
And sighs for youth with dead and shrivelled leaves:
My love has turned to somber black-bird wings
Rustling 'round the dying ivy in the eaves
Of mansions memoried with unhappy things.

For, sunken deep in pallid apathy,
I love no mortal soul. O God, thy sympathy!

FRANCES GAUT.

To Sylvia

We can not always share this limpid blue
Or know together this swift ecstasy.
When beauty brings no more delight to me
Nor longer calls forth any joy in you,
And, inarticulate, you cease to share
The misted beauty of chill Autumn rains,
The loveliness of April's growing pains,
And all the blues that many Summers wear,
It will not die. This beauty will live on.
The sweets of April winds and Autumn skies
Shall call forth such delight in other's eyes,
But we and all our joys will then be gone.

We have so short a time; you must not stay.
Come out with me and grasp this vivid day.

ARLINE FONVILLE, '33.

To Du Bellay

"La, O mon âme, au plus haut ciel guidée,
Tu y pourras reconnaître l' idée,
De la beauté qu 'en ce monde j 'adore."

If all this earthly beauty that I see—
The locust trees and maples that I love,
If corn and wheat and blooming buckwheat be
But shadows of the loveliness above,
How blows the wheat on Zion's mighty hill,
And heaven's upland corn? Do holy bees
From buckwheat bloom hum home a cell to fill?
How beautiful are holy maple trees?
I'd walk a thousand golden miles to press
My naked foot upon some stiff red mud:
When angels westward file the eve to bless,
I watch earth's children pass, aglow with blood,
And twilight folk go home in little hosts—
Angels above! How I do love these ghosts!

KAY ALEXANDER.

Mother Goose in Modern Dress

An analysis of the modern literature for children, or more explicitly, children's poetry, involves both an explanation of it and a justification. Sufficient justification lies in the fact that it is read and enjoyed by both young and old and that its popularity is rapidly increasing. An explanation of this new literary form involves a number of factors that this paper will attempt to set forth. In the first place, the phrase to different readers means different things; to the adult "children's poetry" consists of an expression of universal childhood. The reader sees himself become again as a little child and reminisces over the joys of past days; the child as such has always been an interesting subject to the adult. But to the child the poetry is something that carries music and rhythm and tells him of toys and animals and all the things with which he is familiar and which he loves.

Literally speaking, a man never entirely "puts away childish things and becomes a man"; hence the joys of childhood are ever recurring in his mind and bring with them perennial delight. Mother Goose will never grow old. A modern mother asked a toy dealer why he didn't sell some new kind of toys. "Why, you sold the same kind when I was a girl!"

"Ah, m'am," he replied, "There's no need for new toys when we have new children all the time."

To each new generation of children that comes along, Mother Goose offers her store of delight, and seldom does one grow too old to love it and appreciate it. It is a part of the process of growing up just as definitely as learning to walk or getting new teeth.

It is to the good mother of Charlemagne that we owe this most popular and widespread bit of literature. Queen Goosefoot, or Bertha au Grand Pied, was known by her big feet and her kind patronage of children. The stories which are credited to her were collected by Perrault in 1696 and form the basis for our Mother Goose of today. During the reign of Puritanism in both England and America, little attention was given to literature for children. The New England Primer and the Bible were considered sufficient reading and what we designate as children's poetry today would doubtless have been con-

sidered frivolous by the precise and serious-minded children of an earlier period who were brought up on Cotton Mather's sermons and predestination and had as memory work such blithesome bits as "Tell me not in mournful numbers."

It was not until such writers as Blake and Stevenson and later Millay and Teasdale and Milne produced their poems about children and for children that it developed as a definite literary form. Kate Greenaway wrote *Marigold Garden* in which the verse was subordinated to the use of charming drawings, and pictorial representation developed until today it remains one of the most significant features of children's books. Her demure little ladies and prim little gentlemen expressed themselves generally in the tone:

> She said we had no manners
> If we ever talked or sung.
> "You should have seen," said grandmamma,
> "*Me* walk when I was young."

The whimsicality and spontaneity of childhood had not yet asserted itself in verse, and children were still governed by sobriety and decorous demeanor.

When A. A. Milne, with the help of his little son, Christopher Robin, made the discovery that "moo" rhymed with "pooh" he took a big step in the evolution of a poetry for real children and said to himself "surely there is a bit of poetry to be got out of that." And there was. The appearance of "When We Were Very Young" brought delight to both young and old and was a complete success. The old liked it because they saw themselves as they were and the young because they saw themselves as they are. An example of his work is the little poem, *Christening*:

> What shall I call
> My dear little dormouse?
> His eyes are small
> But his tail is e-nor-mouse!

Simplicity is the only ornament of the bit, but the whimsical twist is a joy to both grown-ups and children. And there is no puzzling over what the poet means by either group!

The writers of such poetry have been criticized by those who think that their powers are being wasted on such trivialities or that they

are not capable of anything more pedantic and who have not realized that the production of such verse is an art real and distinct in itself. The difficulty in combining the nature of a child with the poise and intelligence of an artist — of coloring the urge of youth with the clarity of experience — is not easily surmounted and only one with infinite powers of insight and imagination and love can succeed in doing so. The writer must project himself into the past and "feel himself" into a childlike frame of mind; he must reason with a child's psychology, and color it with a child's imagination and idealism. He must break through the barrier that separates youth and age and establish that affinity between a child's mind and a poet's mind that exists probably so well between no other two groups. A child is a poet when he asks, "Where do the clouds go?" and a man is a child's poet when he can answer the question with a response that is at the same time poetic and adequate for the child's rosy-hued ideas of things around him.

"In the unexplained is great pleasure," and this is equally true of a child who likes the inexplicable and fantastic. Modern verse deals in these characteristics, but it likewise with the humour and pathos of the everyday and the familiar. "Childhood is truly the sleep of reason." Perhaps that is why the naivete and wild fancy of the verse is so appealing.

The writers of children's verse are like the fond aunts and uncles and parents of a child who see something remarkable in everything that their favorite does and are never tired of telling about his cunning ways. The fact that such writers as Stevenson, Christina Rossetti, Carroll, and Blake had no children of their own gives evidence of a love of children that finds its only outlet in poetry for them. Perhaps they, better than the parents, can view the child dispassionately and see his growing mind and give the best food for it, and realize that their literature must be children's poetry and not adult's poetry made juvenile or infantile to suit them.

Modern verse for children is not then an outgrowth of some older literary form, but is separate and distinct and original. And children's poets are not merely older people "writing down" to the young, but artists who have established that affinity between a child's mind and a poet's that is the key to children's literature. When Alice was in

Wonderland and ate the magic cake that enabled her to reach the key, she found that she was too tall to get through the door. And so like her, we say, "When you're small enough you haven't the key, and when you have the key you aren't small enough." The children's poets of today are those who happily possess the key.

ANNIE LEE SINGLETARY.

Sea Breeze

I have lived by the damp sea-side
And ruffled the rising edge of the tide.
O, won't you come and play with me
Where the white waves bound from an emerald sea,
  At the sandy, lacy edge of the sea?

But the sea is a salt and sandy land,
And I am tired of the salt and the sand.
I think I shall go into the hills
And flirt with the yellow-haired daffodils,
  The gay, blond daffodils.

C. HARRIS.

Tell Me Why

Tell me, little "Uneeda" boy,
  And you "Golddust twins," also,
How you have kept your same small size
  While other people grow.

Once I was just as small as you—
  It all seems, oh, so strange.
I grow big and queer and old
  While you don't even change.

ROBERTA JOHNSON.

Oh, Mister Moon

Oh, Mister Moon, please tell me why
  Each night you smaller grow.
Although you once were big and fat,
  You soon will be a bow.

Oh, Mister Moon, I see it now;
  Don't think I am a goose.
You see it's just occurred to me
  You're trying to reduce.

ROBERTA JOHNSON.

For Susie

Now tell me, Susie, do you know
  How came these freckles on your nose?
Out where the garden flowers grow
  You smelled a dusty, yellow rose.

You played beneath a maple tree
  Where little bits of sunshine seek
The smoothe green grass below. You see
  'Twas they made freckles on your cheek.

C. HARRIS.

Blue Piece

I looked into the clear blue sea
And saw your eyes smile up at me.

I saw above the April skies,
And there again those April eyes.

And mountains, hazy far away—
How very like your eyes were they!

I plucked forget-me-nots of blue
And kissed those smiling eyes of you!

C. HARRIS.

Maybe

If I could tend a garden plot,
  Now, father, don't you know
I'd raise a lot of cauliflower
  And make some spinach grow?

And maybe in a sunny nook,
  In the very softest soil,
I'd grow a great big castor-bean
  And make some castor oil.

C. Harris.

Authors in the Making

By Arline Fonville

Children quite frequently pause in their serious business of playing mother, doctor, and postman to play at author — often with quite as much success as some of their elders. Children have, in fact, created in recent years a good deal of their own literature, although it is still the unusual and not the ordinary when a child produces a book of verse or prose.

Writing and reading are supplementary occupations which play a great part in the education of a child and in which the child's education plays a great part. Children are brought to notice and to appreciate literature through creative effort, and contact with beauty and literature brings about creative expression. Hugh Mearns says, "Many children develop appreciation of literature and the other arts more fully through their own creative efforts than they do in contemplating the works of mature artists."

Perhaps it was with these facts in mind that Dr. Otis W. Caldwell suggested the experiment which was carried out at Lincoln School, Teacher's College, during the five years between 1920 and 1925. The children were not given any set lessons and were allowed to express themselves freely in any one or all of the arts. The results in music, drawing, and composition, as well as in knowledge of geography, history, and literature, were quite worth while. Forty out of sixty children who contributed to the anthology which was the result are today authentic poets. "Children do have natural artistic gifts," and in this experiment they were merely allowed to develop.

The success of the experiment depended on two factors: the personality of the teacher and her infinite tact, patience, careful study and planning of method. There was never any suggestion that such a one write a story or poem, and there was no time limit to the writing of a composition. The results were a combination of conscious effort and a flood of feeling and an improvement in the writing of these high school boys and girls, and they became more dexterous with practice.

Mary Austin states of a similar experiment with a class of hers: "For, from the inception, the idea was not for the teacher to compose

verses, but to draw them out of the children by skillful manipulation of their own observations and feeling reactions."

The teachers have attempted to gain in these experiments somewhat of the same atmosphere for their children which aided the child authors in their writing. They ignore or approve the children in their efforts according to the nature of the child.

It has been many years since nine-year-old Daisy Ashford took up her pencil to write *The Young Visitors*. Since the time that she wrote, since the time that Marjorie Fleming painfully inscribed her "diary," there have been many young authors. Up until the recent travel books by David Binney Putnam (of which there are three), the Boy Scout travel book, and Deric Nusbaum's exciting adventure books—all of which are quite recent—boys seemed to have little interest in the child-author business. Today there are quite a number of boy authors, who seem to have been getting material for story, pleasure, and an education at one and the same time.

Daisy Ashford's book, *The Young Visitors,* was written many years ago, remaining tucked away in an old trunk in her mother's attic for quite a number of years, only to be discovered and put into print quite a while later. Daisy's characterization is good. She seems to have kept the saucy, naively sophisticated Miss Monticue, and the excitable, ambitious Mr. Salteena quite true to character. Ethel Monticue is a most delightful young girl of seventeen who has an "idiotick" run. Daisy has her say:

"I shall put some red ruge on my face because I am very pale owing to the drains in this house." Quite a modern young lady. Mr. Salteena is a most enjoyable person and her replies to an invitation for a visit as follows:

"Dear Bernard:

Certainly I shall come to see you. . . . I do hope I shall enjoy myself with you. I am fond of digging in garden and I am parshial to ladies if they are nice. I suppose it is my nature. I am not quite a gentleman but you would hardly notice it but can't be helped anyhow. . . ."

Would that all impending guests would state their likes and dislikes so readily.

Marjorie Fleming's Book is quite different. Marjorie, the pet of Sir Walter Scott, died at the age of seven, leaving this little diary

filled with its strangely adult poetry and observations on the life about her. We love the book for its author's sake. She is such a human little girl, misspelling, grammatical errors, and all.

Her paragraphs are a delightful jumble of newly gained knowledge, childish play, and serious axioms. The following excerp from the book is an example of her expression:

"Climbing is a talent which the bear excels in and so does monkey apes & baboons I have been washind my dools cloths to day & I like it very much people who have a good Conscience is always happy but those who had a bad one is always unhappy & discontented."

Mimpsy Rhys, another "ancient" was a little older—fourteen to be exact—when she finished *Mr. Hermit Crab.* And one does not marvel at the book when he reads that she learned Latin at the age of six and Greek at the age of seven. At the age of nine she read *Vanity Fair* three times in succession. Even the accuracy of her characterization causes us no wonder after this. Her books is delightful and would have been a worthy effort for even an adult. One can easily love Lucia, Louisa, and "Great-Uncle Stephenson, a respectable bookworm."

Pax, the Adventurous Horse, is the result of an eleven-year-old's imaginings. Muriel Hodder has done well, though not so well as Daisy and Mimpsy. The story is about Pax, who was stolen from the heroine, Amelia Steben, and taken to Germany by Amelia's thieving brothers. It tells even of the trial of the two brothers in a clear-cut manner. Printed without change in the spelling and punctuation of the original, it still stands as good composition.

At the age of eight Barbara Newhall Follett conceived the idea of writing a story as a present for her mother. It was to be finished by her ninth birthday. In a little over three months she wrote the 40,000 words which were to make up *The House Without Windows.* Her father suggested, in order that she might gain the experience of proof reading and correction, that she revise it for print and finished the revision during the summer of 1923, rowing, swimming, and playing at the same time.

Unfortunately, the story was lost in a fire, and Barbara was forced to reconstruct and revise it a second time, it taking her nearly two years altogether, but it is still a nine-year-old book revised by a twelve-year-old child. At least we must take her father's word for

the fact that there were few changes in the second writing. Her father states that she was helped with spelling, grammar, and punctuation, but only so much as she asked, "How do you spell this word". Even considering the aid she received, the book is a masterpiece. It tells of her experiences by the sea, in the meadows, and in the mountains, putting her own feelings into her heroine. Its exactness and feeling for beauty are astounding. Her book has become a part of her education which her parents have alone had a part in the making.

Peggy Temple's journalist father merely corrected the punctuation of *The Admiral and Others*, which was written at the age of twelve. And with that it is a much better story than most adults write. It is a most amusing story with a ridiculous admiral, little Tim, who adores to climb roofs, and a cat who is continually getting up the chimney.

Most children have in themselves all of the things needful to the writer, imaginations vivid in the extremes and at times fantastic, naturalness and beauty of expression unhindered by the fact that it is crude and childish. There is a hidden philosophy to many of their statements and plot interest is so evident as to seem innate. All that is needed to bring out these factors is training and purpose. Children naturally flit from one interest to another with no ultimate purpose. They do not ordinarily finish tasks which require sustained concentration; but given the desire and training, they have the ability to produce interesting and at the same time valuable pieces of work. It is not through indiscriminate "pushing" of a child's education that this training is given. Americans are too much given to this type of education. It is an interesting thing to notice that almost all of those children are British and were educated, not in schools, but by their parents with time to express themselves and learn those things in which they take the most interest.

Game

The sea's a salty, rolling land
With chalky cliffs on either hand.
The ruffled waves come in to me,
And I run out to catch the sea.

The waves, like foamy horses, fly;
They gallop faster far than I.
The ruffled waves come in to me,
And I run out to catch the sea.

We two play such a splendid game,
Yet ev'ry time it is the same;
The ruffled waves come in to me,
And I run out to catch the sea.

CHARLOTTE RUSS.

Dismissal

Go!
Go, I say—
Ah, please not stay!
  More bitter were my life, by far,
  If you'd remain as now you are.

Go!
Go you way—
Ah, do not stay!
  Unless you be as yesterday,
  'Tis better you were worlds away.

Go!
Go, I say—
Nor glance my way!
  I wonder why you ever came.
  Life now can never be the same.

VIRGINIA SAVAGE.

Siegfried Sassoon

By Mary Mitchell

In 1928, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* won the James Tait Memorial Award and the Hawthornden prize for the best English novel of the year; in 1930 Sassoon was awarded the A. C. Benson silver medal by the Royal Society of Literature for his contributions to poetry. The reason for this distinction is not to be found in a common source, for the poetry of Sassoon is painful, but the prose of Sassoon is beautiful. Sassoon has published a second novel, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer,* that has been favorably criticized on both sides of the Atlantic. And yet, Sassoon is no popular figure, well-known, a jolly sort; he has not even been widely read.

Five volumes of poetry have been published: *The Old Huntsman,* 1917; *Counter-Attack,* 1918; *War Poems,* 1919; *Picture-Show,* 1920; and *Satirical Poems,* 1926. The title poem of *The Old Huntsman* is very much in the manner of Masefield, but without the vitality Masefield brings to his poetry. Hunting is a passion with Sassoon and it is the England of the huntsman that he loves. The war verse contained in his first three volumes is most bitter. The poetry is full of red anger and torrents of horror, misery, and brutality. "War doesn't ennoble; it degrades," flames through every line. Before the war, Sassoon was an idealist and all traces of calmness are not gone, as in

A Mystic as Soldier

I lived my days apart,
  Dreaming fair songs of God,
By the glory in my heart,
  Covered and crowned and shod.

Now God is in the strife,
  And I must seek him there,
Where Death outnumbers Life,
  And fury smites the air.

I walk the secret way
  With anger in my brain;
O music, through my clay,
  When will you sound again?

Much of the war poetry is not well-written, or well-expressed. At times the stress of sincerity threatens to choke the poet. Seldom does he attain the detached irony of *Does It Matter?* or of *The Hawthorn Tree.*

One doesn't read Sassoon's poetry for pleasure; one reads it as a warning, as a terrible omen of the horror of war that exercises men's souls. The refrain of *Aftermath* is heavy everywhere.

> "Have you forgotten yet? . . .
> Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that
> you'll never forget."

Such stress and bitterness create a strong poet if not a great one. Sassoon seems imbued with a queer understanding of men, with great sensitiveness and pride; in his poetry one notices the almost absurd ingeniousness of his rhythm.

The novels of Sassoon seem to have a different temper. Ten years after the War may be a long time. *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* is a semi-autobiographical account of the England of gorse and thicket. The book is quietly charming with a delightful sense of humor. The thread of story is real and sincere.

Memoirs of an Infantry Officer is much in the same manner. One would expect the bitterness of the war poetry, but this is missing. Rather one finds the bitterness of an idle peace. A fine and skillful piece of writing, withal, is one that gives such honest delight. The melody and rhythm of the prose is really beautiful. Siegfried Sassoon will live for the beauty of his lines of prose after the bitter and heavy message of war poetry is lost.

And Siegfried Sassoon himself? He is tall and loosely built as befits a fox-hunting man. He was born in 1886 of Anglo-Jewish parents. His mother was a Miss Thorneycroft, sister of the sculptor of that name. He attended Cambridge and has been a Master of Hounds. During the war he saw four and a half years of fighting in France and Palestine, and wears the Military Cross for bravery under fire. There is a certain feeling of intellectual arrogance about his writings which his appearance does not justify. For Thomas Hardy he holds an extravagant admiration. Among the modern poets he prefers John Masefield and Rupert Brooke. During the war Sassoon became so sick of horror that he determined to lead no more men to

death. To his superior officer he wrote a passionate letter denouncing England's war and resigning from the army. The administration adjudged him suffering from shell-shock and weariness, so he was sent to a hospital to convalesce. After four months Sassoon returned to the army and fought, bitterly. But one would not dare say that he had not the courage of his convictions.

The future is pregnant with possibilities. The novels of Sassoon are beautifully written and finely toned. The poetry now is becoming more finely touched. Sassoon is one of England's outstanding young writers; he may become one of her great modern novelists. From his latest volume of poetry, *The Heart's Journey,* a spiritual autobiography, one finds

> "The wisdom of the world is this. To say, *There is*
> *No other wisdom but to gulp what time can give.*
> To guard no inward vision winged with mysteries;
> To hear no voice haunt the hurrying hours we live;
> To keep no faith with ghostly friends; never to know
> Vigils of sorrow crowned when loveless passion fade. . . .
> From wisdom such as this to find my gloom I go,
> Companioned by those powers who keep me unafraid."

Poem

So long as there are cottages
Where Yule logs burn, and wreaths are hung;
So long as there are trees to deck,
And Christmas carols to be sung;
So long as there are tiny hands
To hang the stockings in a row;
So long as there are baby eyes
To watch for Santa through the snow;
So long as there are mothers who
Will rock those little babes to sleep,
And share with Mary o'er again
The glory of the watch they keep;
So long as there is candlelight
Which leads men home and helps them find
Such things, there will be peace on earth,
And great good will to all mankind.

K. McLESKEY.

My Gypsy Violinist

The motion and heat of gypsy music demand flashing eyes, a responsive violin, trees, and a moon. I have long dreamed of knowing a violinist—a dark, gypsy-like man from southern Europe—who could play the songs as they should be played and would play them for me under the trees. This summer my dream came true unexpectedly. A college boy and I were strolling at a mountain resort. While we were talkingly aimlessly of whatever occurred to us, Ralph began to tell of a Bulgarian student who roomed next to him. He said that the boy had come over here to study chemical engineering, and he seemed to be right nice; he could speak English fairly well, and he could play the violin. The conversation lost its aimlessness. I immediately *demanded* that the boy be introduced to me and that he bring his violin.

In five minutes I was at their lodge waiting anxiously in the lobby. I could hear a violin mourning softly. The music was clearer for a moment, then muffled. Ralph had gone in. The playing drifted on to its end. I fidgetted, afraid that the foreigner was temperamental and would not come. Several minutes later I heard two boys hurrying down the stairs. Then I saw them—my tall friend and the "gypsy" of my dreams. He was just taller than I. He acknowledged his introduction with a formal bow, but his eyes twinkled as my dream gypsy's must have, and he said at once, "You want me to play for you?" Every word came from his lips, facile lips that were soon interpreting everything he played. He played what I asked for—gypsy music. Sometimes he looked at his violin, sometimes at me, and sometimes far away into the trees. He never did look at Ralph. For a "gypsy" to have done any other way would have been heartless.

After he had played several times for me, I asked him if there were words to the music. He tried translating the one he had just finished. The poem was describing some man's love for a maid by comparing it to nature. My gypsy stopped after about three lines, and said, "Oh, I cannot put it all in English. I do not know those words. Listen, I'll tell you in Russian."

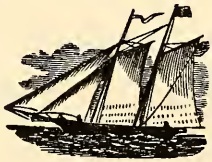
I am now a living witness that love poetry is very effective in Russian, and in German and French also.

Several days later I knew my gypsy well enough to ask him to spell out his name for me. His sir name was Nedelkoff. The given name was too hard to remember. Translated it meant "flowers." That created still another tie between us, and "Flowers" and I became rather good friends.

"Flowers" Nedelkoff on many occasions proved himself a tireless mountain climber. He explained it lightly. "My sister and I go to Switzerland for the contest every year—skating, and skiing. You know what the skiis are?" At my nod he continued with a glamorous story of the Alpine contests. He would tell of his college life over there, of experiences he had had all over Europe, of his sister's life, and then would stop suddenly and point to something and say, "What is that in English?" It might be a pine cone, a forester's observation tower, or a gnat. He said, "I want to learn to talk English without an ac-cent. People say, 'Oh, it's so cute', but they think, 'You are low and ignorant'. They treat me like a child. I don't want my ac-cent to be noticed."

I thus found that "my gypsy" was almost too good for even a play gypsy. He would play and sing and scamper over the mountains, but he could also talk world peace and finance. His opinions on world politics were interesting. To some government majors they would have been all-absorbing, but I value his hot-blooded music most. It was devilish, and heavenly.

PANSY MCCONNELL.



Editorial

A Plea for the Imaginative

In this scientific, hard-boiled, and practical era of ours the imaginative element is either ignored or looked upon with superiority. In spite of the fact that a number of so-called moderns find much satisfaction in the pursuit of the beautiful and fantastic, beauty is often sacrificed for efficiency. Without desiring to appear as totally disillusioned—for that matter who could publish a college magazine without being to some extent a deluded soul?—we cannot resist an opportunity to deplore the rapidity with which beauty is being effaced by science.

We realize, of course, that scientific thought is essential to our modern civilization, and that we should not wander too far or too deeply in the labyrinths of fantasy; but we do feel a need for emphasis on the esthetic side of life. Admitting that something besides the gay, kaleidoscopic, roving of the mind is required to solve the complexities of our present day problems, we nevertheless feel that the qualities of beauty and imagination are fighting a losing battle.

In the struggle between fantasy and fact it is not difficult to decide which will be the winner. But somehow we are not altogether enjoying having all our cherished illusions destroyed. To define our terms more fully, the illusions of beauty are the ones we wish to keep rather than the distortions of truths which are themselves the bases of real beauty. Realism sometimes encroaches on territory that were better left untouched by the glare of scientific analysis. It has been said that college is a place for debunking the mind, but we are not finding the substitutes for our illusions altogether satisfactory.

So even at the risk of being termed unscientific, visionary, and sentimental—the most opprobrious of all—we will continue to vociferate our plea for the imaginative.

F. S. G.

An Invocation

Oh, far off God! I wonder
When sunsets glow and dusks
Begin to creep into the sky,
And people hurry, homeward bound,
How you could have made one mortal as sad and lonely as I.
Your bounteous love is heralded everywhere;
Your praises sung by all that breathe the air;
And yet, it seems to me
That not one ray of light,
Not one star-lit night is meant for me.
My life is just one deep abyss,
No hope nor joy in things that be.
And when life's endless trail I tread
To that eternal beyond—
Oh God, I ask for just one
Of the many things for which I have longed.

T. M.

Pen Feathers

Discontentment

I wish
That
I were somewhere else
That
I might wish
That
I were where I am.

EUNICE MAE ROUNTREE.

A Critique of Criticism

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so."

—*Pope.*

I WISH to complain of complaint. I'll grant you that criticism gives the small comfort that, at least, one is being noticed, but continuous destructive criticism is demobilizing. A sad phenomenon is that many really fine bits of work are being done without receiving their deserved bits of praise; but, more pathetic still, much fine work is accomplished which not only gets no complimentary comment, but is smothered in a hailstorm of complaint.

There used to be an old saying: "Give praise where praise is due." 'Twas a time-honored custom that seems to be fading with the rest of our traditions. Speaking of traditions, there is one that few people seem to remember. In the ancient schools of Athens there existed between teacher and youth a mutual respect, admiration and understanding. Socrates was beloved by his students. In fact, our first-hand information of him is preserved for us by Plato, his pupil.

In our so-called modern institution, however, there is often impertinent and unjust criticism of the faculty by the students. Perhaps it is caused by a puerile lack of tolerance. It hardly seems possible that the faculty has so far failed in an attempt to enlighten us that they deserve the boomerang which rebounds from our ignorance.

In criticizing, we lay ourselves open to criticism. In complaining of complaint, I also have to lament the irony of it, but this is my last complaint.

FLORENCE BAREFOOT.

Child Thought

Wind and rain!
All the trees are bending low
To pull on
Their
Galoshes.

PENELOPE WILSON.

On Being an Authoress

I GOT up this morning with a new idea in my head. I decided that I was going to write. Having finished the unpoetical business of disposing of a glass of milk and a bowl of oatmeal, I began my first novel which I intended should depict the struggles of a young married woman and her husband. I began the first chapter in Biology class.

"Allison entered the room in a green dress, the color of Spirogyra. Allison was happily married; she had never considered getting a divorce. She was desperately in love with Larry and he felt the same way about her in spite of the fact that they had been married for five years. He had never hurled maledictions at her: $6CO_2$ & $6H_2O = C_6H_{12}O_6$ & $6O_2$. And she had never called him a 'little Amoeba Protus'. Their married life was a perfect example of anabolism. They lived with their small dog Protozoon in a two-room flat. . . ."

There I gave up writing novels and decided to try serious essays after the order of Bacon. The result was more like bacon and eggs. I wrote a quite creditable essay with blank spaces left for the Latin phrases. I then dared to approach a Latin professor to ask for the translation of "I count no hours but shining ones". I was told to

figure it out for myself, since it would do me no good for it to be translated for me. I gave up writing formal essays.

My efforts at poetry were a little better received. I wrote two poems and my room mate enjoyed both of them. She thought that they were both funny. I didn't intend that either one of them should be humorous, but as it was art for art's sake it did not matter. However, even with the help of a rhyming dictionary, I find poetics hard. This is my last chance. I have turned to informal essays. If the magazines refuse my efforts, I will be forced either to commit suicide or to submit them to *Coraddi.*

Charlotte Russ.

A Recipe for Growing Hair

Take one middle-sized sophomore, strip carefully of all ideas, place in front of large mirror, add several waves and spit-curls, and after two semesters of stewing, serve with a small bun and hairpins.

Frances Gaut.

Book Reviews

TURNING POINT. *By John V. A. Weaver. Alfred A. Knopf. 1930.*

In a short, narrative vein opened by his earlier contemporaries, Amy Lowell and Frost, John V. A. Weaver continues in his newest book of verse, *Turning Point,* which was released in the early fall. In these short narratives life is again sliced off like cheese or sausage, colored over with the pink of pathos. It is the same life, but seen by another person, from another point of view.

"Turning Point," the chief poem of the little volume, is the story of the salesman or floor walker who has given his best days to a department store, has risen as far as the world and he himself will permit, only to be constantly threatened of losing his job. Turning from the humdrum of the store, we see him next on Riverside Drive in boyish ecstasy overtaking a long American car with his "good Old Lena."

In several of the narratives, Hollywood is presented in a new light, a dimmer light. In "Laddie Boy", "Extra", and "The 'Rod Lacey' Hat" we get Hollywood from the viewpoints of those who have lived it. The consummation of his attitude toward the western world is found in a poem at the end of the volume, "Hail, California!", which contains the stirring words:

> ". . . . Oh, God, to be
> Waist-deep in slush, penniless, ague-cold,
> But Eastern-circumstanced—and Eastern-souled!"

These earthly pictures are interspersed like airy breaths by sonnets love and otherwise. Of particular worth are "Why All This Cry for Immortality?" and "Come, Let Me Love You." To quote the latter:

> "You will not mind, if, in my heart, there stay
> The ghosts of many another searching May?"

CATHERINE HARRIS.

Swift. *By Carl Van Doren. The Viking Press. New York. 1930.*

This new biography of Swift and first book of Carl Van Doren gives a comprehensive account of the man who "aimed at mankind the most venomous arrow that scorn has ever yet let loose." Swift is taken from his humble beginning as a poor relation educated by a penurious uncle, through his years of secretaryship for Sir William Temple at twenty pounds a years; through his unsatisfactory years as a vicar at Kilroot and Laracor to a position of considerble honor which he kept the rest of his life—Dean of St. Patricks.

Swift yearned after power and when frustrated of his desires, turned to women as a diversion. His affairs with "Stella" and "Vanessa"—poetically termed so by Swift—are probably unrivaled for their peculiarity by any other in the history of a great man. He would not marry either of them, but was too kind to break with them entirely; though at times he was exceedingly cold to them, a coldness that would have ordinarily resulted in alienation except for the odd affection with which Swift was held by his women friends.

Of his writings the author says "*Gullivers Travels* were Swift's travels, disguised with Swift's wit, loaded with Swift's hate." The imaginative method with which Swift vents his bitterness renders it immune in these travels which are generally read by children at an age when they cannot harm them.

The author, who has served as literary editor on the *Century Magazine,* and *The Nation,* writes with a clearness and simplicity that wins the reader with a few pages. As one critic remarked, his book is "outwardly the biography of a great genius. Inwardly it sums up whatever Carl Van Doren knows about life."

Frances Gaut.

Sharon Lane. *By Pearl Lunt Robinson. The Gorham Press, Boston. 1930. Price $2.00.*

It is quite hard to comment upon a book which is not the best. And Pearl Lunt Robinson has put into her *Sharon Lane* no poetry that is out of the ordinary. The book lacks not so much in originality of idea as in maturity of expression. This can easily be explained

by the fact that a great many of these poems were written and published while she was still in college. Yet at times Miss Robinson almost reaches the heights of real poetry. These verses have as a whole a lightness, a gaity, and a freshness of expression such as is found in the better class of college anthologies. Her poetry does, however, surpass most college verse and even most first books.

There are faults other than imperfect rhythm. Miss Robinson has the weaknesses of her age as well as its virtues and is often guilty of carelessness. She dabbles in pure emotion, appealing to love of beauty entirely, rather than to the intellect. There is too much of ecstasy and April in her verse, too much of April lightness in her emotions. They lack force and are a little too near the sentimental. In her most characteristic role she is delicate and light almost to facetiousness.

From *Small Talk* comes this bit:

> Cover your ears!
> The siren is drowning out bird-song!
> Look away!
> The steam-shovel is eating violets!
>
> Cricket, cricket in the night,
> Are you aware of rain-music,
> That you must add your song?

And from *I, Gleaner:*

> I reached for a broken wisp of wheat,
> And touched the pulse of God.

When Pearl Lunt Robinson shall have lived a little deeper and shall have forgotten enough the emotions of others to express her own, let us hope that she will try again, for there is at times in her verses pure loveliness. We give to her her own advice:

> Spring does not ask to be April forever.
> She is glad to grow up to more rational weather.
> And though with the wisdom that comes in May
> She keeps April's laughter—sings April's way—
> She clings to the May course, and turns back never.
> Spring does not ask to be April forever.

L. A. F., '33.

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