

Island Evening

Gerald Mallett, '44

Sunset tints across a field, new-plowed, and dark
 Beneath the stretching poplars; blurring the hills,
 Cattle ponder dazedly; and liquid trills
 Of sleepy sparrow or lonely woodlark
 Tinkle bell-like unceasingly; a stark,
 Ageless pine gropes proudly above and drills
 The bleeding sky; from the dusky pond shrills
 The frog, and o'er its deadened surface the spark
 Of firefly winks magically. Along the shore
 The elfin breezes woo the tireless waves.
 The sun swoons redly below seas like fleece,
 And clamouring crows beat hurriedly before
 The coming gloom; a slit of moor braves
 The fading light; and day succumbs to peace.

**A Layman Looks at the War**

Alumni Prize Essay

S. M. P. '41

The realization that many of his opinions do not spring spontaneously from his own mind is of the utmost importance to one who wishes to secure more than a superficial view of the conflict that is now raging in Europe. There are various external forces at work coercing minds with a subtle power. Daily, in even the most isolated parts of the country, the herald of the news, the instrument of the printer's power of persuasion, wends its triumphant way, meriting ever more and more the title of "Constructor of Public Opinion". In wartime, particularly, the newspapers, our ordinary sources of information, may become channels of a propaganda so extensive that a layman is led to doubt, or at least suspect, all the information he receives through them. Years after hostilities have ceased he may be able to get a true picture of the atrocities of Hitlerism in Poland, of the barbarities of Bolshevism in Finland. Time's discriminating hand, from the vantage