

A MORNING COCKTAIL

I'm told that to drink before noon
Is really in very poor taste,
But I'll show you here very soon
That it's not such a terrible waste.

Believe it or not, 'twas my mother
Who started me thinking this way.
She's no different from any other,
Least not in this point, I dare say.

She taught me to crave this delight, you see,
To delight likewise in the craving.
This son she raised a tippler to be,
Despite dame temperance's raving.

Each morn twixt rising and school time,
When breakfast gave way to fast-breaks,
A lingering draught would I make mine
Of all that I thought I could take.

Now, an uncertain future awaits me.
Could a wife be so condescending,
Could she bear with this weakness within me,
This craving that seems so unending?

Some day when the right one is clenching
My hand, my fears to dismiss
Will she be any good at quenching
My thirst for a hot-buttered kiss?

—CHOYA—

GLASS CRAFTS

Once, in a very distant age, a primitive ancestor of modern man stooped to pick a shiny bauble out of the cooled lava of an erupted volcano. His childlike mind could not have known the word "glass", nor could he have possibly understood that the volcanic inferno had created a new material—destined to bring loveliness and utility into homes down through the ages.

History does not reveal when our prehistoric friend made his significant discovery, nor does it record when man's natural inventiveness first led him to improve on Nature's "accident". But it is known that centuries before the birth of Christ the Chinese, Greeks and Egyptians were making beautiful objects of glass, many of them now priceless treasures.

It is true that modern machinery has taken the manufacture of most goods out of the hands of the craft worker. But in spite of the machine, there are still in the world today some artisans who enjoy creating things for their own sake. The making of fine glass remains today a personal, individual art—unaltered through the changing centuries.

Today skilled craftsmen, much as their ancient forebears, still dip their hollow rod into the molten blend of sand, water, alkali and silica, draw forth a tiny globule, and blow it into the most exquisite forms.

The one great contribution to glass-making of comparatively recent origin is the development of crystal. The addition of a small amount of lead oxide transforms ordinary glass into a jewel-like glowing substance, whose clarity and "ring" are among the most prized possessions of contemporary mankind.

The art of making and fashioning fine crystal has reached a very high degree of expression in Val Saint-Lambert, Belgium, one of the sources of the magnificent crystal bell that is proudly displayed on many a hostess's table. Here, upon the site of an ancient abbey, built in the year 1195, skilled artisans patiently and lovingly create the fabulous crystal ware for which they are justly famous.

Mosaic is one of the oldest of all handicraft arts. In the ruins of the fabled cities of Mesopotamia—already old when David was King in Israel—exquisite mosaic jewelry has been discovered, inlaid furniture and glowing murals as beautiful as those of today. In the tombs of the Pharaohs of Egypt we can see in the delicate mosaics of stone and glass how life was lived thousands of years ago.

Brilliant mosaics enriched the magnificent temples of ancient Athens, glittered in the luxurious villas of Pompeii, and were the glory of Byzantium, the richest city in the world. In the Orient, the art never reached the popular acceptance of carving or painting, but in the West the artists who created the thrilling marble floor mosaics of Rome were almost worshipped.

Mosaic was developed to a high state in Byzantium, where the craftsmen learned to cut glass into cubes and plate each piece with gold leaf. Set in mortar at irregular angles, the facets of gold reflecting their thousands of points of light were one of the wonders of the ancient world.

In the 5th Century, Ravenna in Italy became the cradle of mosaic art, but it remained in a primitive state until Greek craftsmen were imported in the 11th Century; From the work of this small body of artists, Italy developed the modern mosaic, and today the finest examples of the art are found in Rome, Florence and Venice.

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Today, the descendants of the mosaic artisans still practice the craft of their forefathers with traditional skill. Their work is eagerly sought by wealthy collectors the world over. These craftsmen seemingly can do anything with mosaic; they endlessly create jewelry, pictures, inlaid furniture architectural columns and mosaics for walls and floors—every one original because no mosaic can ever be an exact copy of another. Let us take the lovely mosaic bracelet as an example of Italian mosaic art. First, the artisan draws his design in reverse on a white sheet of special paper. Then he cuts and polishes particles of glass of the colors he wants. Now comes the intricate job of setting the pieces. Each "tessera" is painstakingly set in place on the paper with special glue; when the mosaic becomes "bound", the paper is washed away. If you give one of these lovely bracelets to your loved one, think of its heritage of glittering temple walls—of exquisite mosaic hand mirrors of Roman matrons—of handsome floors of ancient palaces. Perhaps you will even want to compare it with the fantastic mosaic bracelet of emeralds and rubies that Cleopatra wore as she sailed down the Nile with Mark Anthony! Even though your loved one may not be as famous as Cleopatra.

—E. BAIRD '57—

EDDIE'S IRREGULAR VERBALS

"I had my tongue tied around my eye teeth and I couldn't see what I was saying."

"The first derivitive of a hen with respect to time must be dx."
a nest

"I've got three fives in my hand, and none of them match."

At the end of a card game: "I think we ought to have a rest before I lay down."

During a card game: "There are more legs than feet under the table."

In an effort to silence a loquacious freshman: "Gee, you're talking early."

"I can't wear a double-breasted suit; I'm too short between my stomach and my chest."

"I heard in the paper that . . ."