

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

Once more thy spires and turrets may uplift
 Their never conquered heads into the sky.
 What act of God caused turmoil's storm to shift
 And let thee 'scape the fate of those so nigh?
 O Phoenix of this war torn modern world,
 Thou seemed to rise from rubble at thy feet.
 Around thy knees the tides of war have swirled,
 Remain untouched thy pillars, by defeat.
 The throngs who used to pray within thy nave
 Now stand and watch exuberant conquerors kneel.
 Their homes rebuild, their wounded brethren lave,
 Their faces not expressing what they feel.
 Majestic shrine chosen by God to be
 A symbol of His power and sanctity.

—JOSEPH J. MacDONALD, '46

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THE WONDER OF GREEN MOULD

When the country lad rubs soft mud on a bee sting the apparent relief may be more imaginary than real, but at the same time he may actually be handling healing agents more wonderful than may be imagined. Since perhaps the latter part of the last century man has known that mud is the breeding ground of countless specimens of microscopic living organisms or bacteria, some of them among those most dangerous to human life. What was not so soon suspected or at least not proved is the fact that some species of these micro organisms war to the death upon one another. Still longer were scientists in finding those rare soil micro organisms which while warring on man-infesting bacteria, are not toxic to the human body itself. However, in very recent years medical research scientists have extracted from certain micro organisms of the soil chemicals which possess previously undreamed of medical powers.

The latest and by far the most important weapon available to man in his fight against bacterial invasion of the body is the product of the lowly mould fungi of a species belonging to a special group of moulds known as "penicillium notatum", whence comes the name of this new wonder drug,