

his efforts perverting the purpose of his talent. His help is sorely needed today, for as the world cries out for reform, the frustrated reformers cry out even louder for assistance. The assistance they cry out for must come from the satirist, the laughing philosopher who cannot go unheard.

—FRANK SIGSWORTH '51

AN AWAKENING

I slept and dreamt the world had changed;
I woke to find it rearranged.
And so I slept again . . .
But now a voice was in my ear:
"Rise up, the harvest time is near.
The Cup has spilled its contents far;
The Lamb has tamed the hounds of war.
The world will change when you have changed.
Arise, and speed the hour!"

L. O'HANLEY '51.

THE WRONG TURN

The first bright rays of the warm June sun were now barely perceptible in the east. The solemn silence of the countryside was interrupted only by the purr of a motor and the occasional hoot of a drowsy owl. The leaves were hanging sleepily on the trees and the grass glistened with sparkling diamonds of dew as a bright new roadster, loaded down with fishing tackle, left the highway and turned down a side road. This was indeed the finest Sunday thus far in the summer. The day was meant for fishing.

As the sleek roadster moved swiftly along the damp pavement, Eddie Malone sat proudly at the wheel, a disturbed expression on his face. He had been driving his father's car now for five years, and the ease with which he handled it always inspired the admiration of his friends.

"You're really making time today, Eddie," came a voice from the back seat."

Eddie smiled but said nothing. He was not paying attention to the voices behind him. His mind was wandering. It must have been the early morning air. Or was it because today was Sunday? His thoughts took him back to the days when he had first met his companions who were