

THE LOST GYPSY

Where fled the gypsy with his caravan
 And fairy strains? Younger hearts are empty now
 Hearing no tales of the warrior without nation
 Or banner; fearing no capture by nomad-man.
 We remember the gypsy, you and I. Recall?
 Our sand-castle we built by the gate,
 Fearing his coming in the shadows of nightfall;
 And from our window we watched, aghast,
 Marking his garb and sabre till at last
 He passed; and only his songs by camp-grate
 Scared the village silence till dawn. Recall?

All is changed now; I view the spring-hills
 Expectant; by wayward ways and camping haunts
 I search, awaiting his whistle and gay reels.
 Gone? Forever. Absorbed in modern citadels.
 Lost is the gypsy, drowned in pools
 Of hate and suspicion;
 Lost is the gypsy—and so are we all.

—GEORGE KEEFE '51

A THOUGHT FOR THE GRADUATES

We fools estimated their life madness and their end without honour. Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints.—(Wis. 5.1-5)

Two men climbed a little winding hill together. Their journey was happy, their road was smooth, their footing sure. Together they reached the top of the little winding hill, jubilant in their hour of triumph. But soon their smiling ceased; for two roads lay ahead and try as they would those two men could not agree on a common road for both. This was the parting of the ways; their journeying together was at an end.

Here they said good-bye to each other; and many comrades and friends were gathered there to wish them success in their chosen ways. One man started out on the road that led up a steep

and rocky incline. Some could distinguish a thing of great beauty at the end of that road, but only vaguely, and others could see nothing at all, because of the foreboding mists that lay on the top of the hill. In the crowd that stood at the fork in the road there were many who shook their heads sadly and said, "He is an idealistic man; he is a dreamer." But the other man started out on the road that led down a smooth, moss-covered way to a great golden palace that shone clear for all to see. And from the crowd came much applause as a great many cheered and clapped their hands saying, "There is a wide-awake man, a practical man".

The dreamer's path was, indeed, steep and arduous. There were great rocks and boulders that hindered him in his journey, and deep gulleys often filled him with despair and made him want to cry out in bitter disappointment against the hardness of that narrow, treacherous road. But there were others with him on the journey who were finding the way hard too, and who cried out to him for help; he saw that they also were destined for the great object of his desire at the end of the road. And because of this he loved his fellow-travellers and always answered their cries for help; they did the same for him in return, so that the way was made easier for all because of the poor dreamer. In the field alongside the narrow, treacherous road wandered friends of the practical man who flung rocks and shouted, "Why do you travel this road, can you not see that it ends in nothingness?" But the Dreamer answered by trying to help his tormenters for he loved them too, because he knew that they should too be travellers with him.

Finally the dreamer passed over the hill at the end of the steep road, and what he found there he would not exchange for an infinite number of the practical man's golden palaces. There was much lamenting among the people left behind on the road, because they had lost a great friend who had helped them on their journey. And even the practical man and his friends found themselves saying that he was a good man even though he was a dreamer.

The practical man had a much easier road. It was a smooth agreeable descent, filled with things to make his journey happy. Occasionally an obstacle appeared in his immediate way, but he soon learned how to avoid them through numerous shortcuts and detours, because this was a very broad road. Always he saw the great golden palace before him, and this gave him courage and resourcefulness in his journey. Like the dreamer he also had fellow-travellers on the road, but all were too intent upon the success of their own journey for them to bother with him or he with

them; although occassionally he had to trampel some of them down to insure his progress on the beautiful broad road. And there were people in the fields along this road too, friends of the dreamer, who cried out to him for food because the existence of the separate ways made bread scarce for them. But the practical man knew that if he helped to satisfy their hunger his journey to the golden palace would be slowed down. So he heeded not the pleading of those hungry dreamers but rather let them faint and fall among those whom he had kicked off his road into the ditches along the side.

And so the practical man made his journey, which strange to say became more unhappy rather than more happy as time went on. Never could he have his palace big enough or golden enough, and he was very sad one day to find that he could never finally reach it at all. He had now reached the point where the roads rejoin and to his horror the practical man found that he was traveling the same route on the same little hill over which the Dreamer had gone. Great was the chatter among the friends that he had left behind on the broad beautiful road, for they were fighting over the many things that he had left behind. And this was all that was said about the practical man's journey.

And a story could be told about the road that lies beyond the little hill, because it forks again; only this time someone else decides who will take which road. That is why we should get that someone else to advise us on our choice of a road, when we come to the first parting of the ways.

—DANNY DRISCOLL '50

APRIL'S CHARMS

Wild winter's spent her savage whims;
A new and wonderous world is born
Of snow-fled fields, brown barren trees
Where robins sing, bold buds adorn.

Warm welcome rain falls daintily down,
Up-bringing blades of bright, green grass,
Springs verdant coat.
And all's in sudden, surging change:
The whimpering of a song-blown breeze,