

study books, own books. That will help us to become divine. "If we leave school without a taste for good books," writes the Catholic critic, Maurice Francis Egan, "our education has partly failed." "We in this world," he continues, "are like the violins in a great orchestra, if we do not keep in tune, we lose in finess of quality, and when the great Leader of this wonderful earthly orchestra waves His baton, we are found wanting; we make discord." To be at our best always, we must keep ourselves in tune with the best of the instruments near us. And the best of these instruments are **good books**.

—R. S. '54.

WINTER

When winter's icy blasts across the land do blow,
Blanketing the frozen waste with swirling snow,
Nature's art fashions a thousand myriad forms,
Of twinkling crystals and frosted outstretched arms.

Inside, nestled so comfortably beside the open hearth,
I listen to the crackling log fire, darting in gay mirth,
While deep in my easy chair reclined,
Mystic, enchanting dreams enshroud my mind.

And as the drifting clouds disperse, the glowing moon
now shines,
Casting her fleeting shadows among the sullen pines,
Meanwhile the logs in the fireplace lazily burn low,
And into my mind drifts the reality of winter's show.

—J. R. D. '53.

Never hold anyone by the button or by the hand in
order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear
you, you had better hold your tongue than them

—Chesterfield.