

men say about certain novels. Don't be like the little boy, who picked up the rosy, red apple, and on sinking in his teeth, found it rotten. In other words don't be fooled by what's on the surface. Try to get more than just a few minutes of pleasure out of a book. There has been so much written, so much good. In a world as sick as yours, a world where the minds of men are so distorted, you should secure in your grasp the ideas of sane, sound-thinking men and hold them tightly lest the tidal wave of modern thought sweep you into this sea of confusion.

—J. JOSEPH MAHAR '50

SNOW-TIME

No better fun, and it's all homespun,
Is a winter moonlight clatter,
By snapping trees to stretch your knees,
With songs and cheerful chatter.

To face the breeze, with hearty ease;
A cold and tingling nose,
The frosty air in your skewed-up hair,
And warmly snuggled toes.

It's off we go in the blustering snow
And a snowball-fight outside
As horses neigh, we'll catch a sleigh
For a short impromptu ride.

The little church, with its guardian birch,
We pass as on we go
The moon, brand new, is glinting thru,
And the men laugh ho-ho-ho.

An icy prank in the cold snow-bank,
A laughing tumbler lands,
While other swains, with cold chilblaines,
Blow warm air through their hands.

The long highway, in its whiteness gay
Winds on, for it likes to roam,
By elms unkept, with their hair up-swept,
We turn and head for home.

Down a steep incline, 'long a deep ravine,
We run till we almost drop
And see the stream in the moonlight-gleam,
With a shell of ice on top.

Now gathered all in the dining-hall,
The crowd, still mirthful, sits,
As the lunches fade, some jokes are made,
Till it's time to call it quits.

No better fun, and it's all homespun,
Is a winter moonlight clatter,
By snapping trees, to stretch your knees,
With songs and cheerful chatter.

—J. E. TRAINOR '49

A LETTER FROM ART

Dear Students,

I am not what could be called a brilliant conversationalist. Not only do I talk too fast, but I also speak very indistinctly—rather with a mumbling effect. It is not at all peculiar, then, that when I attend a party I appreciate being left to myself and the punch bowl; yet I am invariably be-deviled by guests who mistake my negative approach to oratory as being indicative of a good listener. And so, I fall prey to people with hobbies. Hobbies bring out the Dr. Jekyll in me. Once a friend whom I was visiting tuned in a radio program named, I think, "Hobby Lobby". In an uncontrollable rage I directed five minutes of concentrated effort towards kicking his machine to smithereens before I was interrupted by a firm tap on the back of my head. I incurred a sixty dollar repair bill and an enemy for life. About that time I decided to do something about hobby-lobbyists, the general idea being to shut them up. For my weapon, I chose the one they had taken to themselves with such alarming effectiveness. I, too, would develop a hobby, a hobby so unusual that no matter what my tormentors confronted me with I would always have a counterpoise with which to set them back on their heels.

The decision came easy; in fact, it has been the easiest part of the whole darn business. When I came to consider it, I had none