

**Onar**

F. A. Brennan, '43

Someone once said, "Music hath charm to soothe the restless beast". He might have added that some music hath charm to produce sleep. For, reclining comfortably in the proverbial easy chair, I felt, as I listened to the melody of Orpheus, the no less tender power of Morpheus making itself felt upon me. The radio was not blaring; the volume was as low as I could set it. Any lower could not have been heard. My eyes were closed, my head ever so slightly drooped until it reached that angle at which experts agree sleep comes the best. *The History of Greece*, which I had been reading, fell to the floor with a rather heavy thud, as though the greatness of the men whose deeds were recounted within was the potential force driving it downward. I did not move to pick it up.

Then it came—the dream! Seated around a huge table were old men and young men of different colour and dress. As the evening proceeded, each rose to speak of the heritage which his country gave to the world until it came the turn of the last speaker. He stood up, a youth, serious and grim, holding in his hand a goblet of deep, red wine. The words he spoke might have gone like this: "I wish, gentlemen, to propose a toast to the great men of my Fatherland, to Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, whose minds drank freely from the well of learning; to Demosthenes and Chrysostom whose golden voices so thrilled the peoples of their days that one was worshipped by some as though he were a god, and the other was revered as a messenger of God. Let us drink to the memory of Pheidias and the great sculptors, whose dexterous hands carved in stone their own memorials. And let us not forget the poets, men like Homer whose verses provided life's literary feast with the wine of poetical thinking. Last, but not least, let us drink this toast to the three hundred which lay dead in the pass of Thermophylae, after the sons of Sparta had passed the test of courage. To these, my ancestors, who thought, who worked, who fought for the glory of Hellas, I propose this toast. May their strength, their courage, their virtue inspire the children of my country to great deeds".

The youth sat down, and I awoke. Gone was the soft



music which had lulled me to sleep—in its place an urgent voice. I sat up and listened.

" . . . . . brings you up to date on the news. Premier Metaxas told the Greek people today that they were at war. 'Greeks', he said, 'we shall now prove whether we are worthy of our ancestors and the liberty which our forefathers secured for us. Fight for the Fatherland and sacred traditions. Now above all . . . . .'"

A lump came into my throat. Something happened inside me that I cannot describe. Probably it was happiness. I do not know.

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### First Snow

Kenny Mooney '41

So gently it fell to the earth cold and dreary;  
So silently covered the fields life had fled;  
So softly it lay there in perfect contentment,  
That downy white carpet that nature had spread.

An emblem of purity, peace and society,  
Quite timely its coming to help us prepare  
The stage and ourselves for the drama of Christmas,  
That beauty and holiness reign in the air.




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Beauty vanishes; virtue is lasting.

—Goethe.

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The great hope of society is individual character.

—Canning.

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It is not alone what we do, but also what we do not do,  
for which we are accountable.

—Moliere.