

On another occasion, the loggers of a nearby camp spied his presence again. But this time the crime was more serious. He was making a desperate attempt to salvage as much food or waste scraps as he possibly could with safety. His effort was soon thwarted when one of the burly woodsmen chased him off with a piece of firewood that lay to the rear of the cabin. He came back again and again, however, for food from the camp kitchen, bacon from the pantry shelf, or even soap from the wash dish on the table that was furnished by a large pine stump.

These thoughts came to my mind—and others, too, when I saw him standing behind that glass door gathering glory of an age that was ended. Dressed in blue with a black necklace draped around his neck and over the upper breast, he is no longer able to sally forth on harmless schemes, sing songs from hill and glen, or silently steal from camp to camp for purpose of brigandage.

Few wild things have as many human admirers as this handsome and resourceful little fellow who will remain with us for years to come. To be alone was his prerogative in days that are gone: but today in our wild-life show case stands the Blue Jay—in close association with other residents of the forest, and with us—yes, with all those he shunned when he was alive, young and free.

—J. C. M. '52

THE CRUCIFIX

The symbol of a Catholic home,
The sign that God is welcome here,
The proof of love and adoration
For Him who gave us our salvation.
By our sins we incurred His wrath,
Yet, He all good and merciful
Delivered us from our affliction,
Redeemed us by His crucifixion.
Despair experienced by His death
Turned to hope three days hence,
Not from the rabble's insurrection,
But because of Christ's resurrection.
Love, contrition and regret transfix
Our hearts, when gazing at the crucifix.

—B. F. '52