

A MATERIALIST

Does he think of you and me
As a cousin to a tree,
Or just a near relation to a frog?
Can he look back just that far
By the light of a long-gone star,
To see us as some slime down in a bog?

Does he think of roots and cells
When he hears the chime of bells,
And sees the branches waving in a tree?
Does he ever scan the sky
With a telescopic eye,
The secrets of the universe to see?

Does he ever think of God?
Does he think the end the sod?
What will he say to Peter at the gate?—
“I classified some plants,
I dissected frogs and ants—”
To Peter do you think that will bear weight?

—WILLIAM O'FLAHERTY '56.

HOME SWEET HOME

After a strenuous day in the fields the average farmer is confronted with the daily chores around the homestead. This procedure is simple as it is a daily routine, and one completed task after another soon brings the day's work to a close. Life, however, for this man is not all work and no play. No, there is time for leisure and a friendly fireside chat after work before retiring. Accompanying this leisure spell the “hit parade” is timely relaxation. A button is turned and the latest is sounded, “Get Mildroot Dream Oil Charlie”. This is a brief introduction to an elaborate appraisal of a much needed remedy. The radio, the press and television unanimously uphold Mildroot. “I bet it's good stuff, it's worth a try,” he thinks, “and any Tom, Dick or Harry can use it, not only Charlie.” Now his bed time has come and he has made a resolution to try Mildroot; the next item for his consideration is an opportunity to purchase this, the latest.

Within a week the opportunity for a trip to the metro-

polis presented itself. With a drug store around the next corner, coins jingling in his pocket and Mildroot on top of his list, the happy entrepreneur strolled up Main St. Wait a minute, that looked all right, what was it? "It's the soap in Fuzz that does it." Yes, right there in the window was a big placard hailing that sensational Fuzz. The entrepreneur paused, saying to himself, "No doubt that would be a good buy and the wife would like it." Having entered the store he proceeded to track down the sales counter for Fuzz. He found it, but much to his surprise, it was enveloped by a colorful variety of cartons each containing one kind of soap suds or another and each bearing equally impressive slogans. Puzzled and undecided the unhappy investigator retreated to the sidewalk.

No sooner was he on the street than he bumped into a parking meter. Passing this off rather lightly, he thought, "Oh, I can get weighed for nothing at home." Continuing his stroll, he took in all the sideshows, with which such a street was decorated. Suddenly he paused and examined a picture of a cow. The picture made him feel homesick, but this feeling was soon turned into a feeling of pain, when he read: "Coronation Milk from Contented Cows." This hurt him to the core as he clearly demonstrated by exclaiming, "No wonder I am poor, I can't sell milk, but still people buy it from the States or wherever else they grow Contented Cows."

Feeling, as it were, neglected, he took off in economy size steps only to be startled by a "television set" warming up inside the shop next door. Eager to take advantage of this opportunity to see television he rushed in and there stood amazed. He began to get dizzy and, shortly, passed out completely. A doctor was summoned as the victim was transported to a quiet room down the hall. Upon regaining consciousness he related the cause of his untimely illness to the doctor. "An interesting illness," thought the doctor, "but not serious. What you really saw was not television. No, it was some lady's colorful clothing getting a thorough mangling in a Laudro-Mat." This was the limit, the poor man, bent on getting out of this city as soon as possible, resumed his interrupted mission with little hesitation.

Several times throughout the remainder of his tour he found himself immersed in situations as confusing as the preceding. Even Mildroot was accompanied by too many products, of the same purpose, which seemed to be equally

meritorious. Worn out and disgusted he kept going until, peering through an open door, he caught sight of several comfortable looking seats. The temptation was too great to resist; he entered, dropped in one seat, put his feet on the footstool and fell asleep. One hour later he awoke with a start and made for the door only to be halted by a five-foot-two, who demanded twenty-five cents for a shoe-shine job. Taking a quick glance at his feet, he discovered, sure enough, his rubber boots sparkled.

On returning to his humble abode, his sullen countenance was soon aglow. It was his wife displaying her usual happiness that did it. Having described for her, in detail, the embarrassing situations to which the metropolis had exposed him, he was cheerfully impressed by her reactions. With a gentle smile she said, "John dear, you were never meant to be among the city folk."

—CHARLES ROCHE '55.

LETTER FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

Dear Cousin David:

Well, six months have passed and since we got our regular ration of one piece of writing paper, I am writing to you. You remember, in my last letter, I told you how crowded we all were, living in the old piano crate with Grandma Ilytch, Grandpa Vilyitch, Tanta Rosi, cousins Sonya and Tonya, Marcia, me and the three children. Everything is fine now. The government opened the new Lenin Housing Development and we all moved into a whole half-room. Of course, we've had to take in a few boarders to help pay the rent, but with the two trapezes we find we have more than enough room.

I suppose you're dying to hear all the news about the family. You remember Uncle Peter? Well, he's quite a celebrity now. He was on the Tovarish "Believe It Or Go To Siberia" radio program. It seems Peter has done a lot of research and has proved beyond a doubt that it was in Russia and not the United States, where the Bronx cheer originated. Peter proved it was first used at a rally for Marshal Stalin in 1928.

Cousin Sonya passed her 26th birthday last month and