

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-