

without evident difficulty. Communism, I think they call it, has never affected me. I imagine it is getting along all right. Hitler is dead, I hope. People still go to church on Sundays, I believe. There doesn't seem to be anything wrong with the church, I conclude. In fact, there doesn't seem to be anything I can do for civilization. I can say quite frankly that I am doing all right for myself. It seems to me in looking back over my life that that heaven on earth of which so many dream is not at all an impossibility, for I have already found it.

—MERRITT CROCKETT '54

TO A MISCHIEF MAKER

No, you wouldn't say that he was contemptible, just maybe . . . oh, mischievous and eager to have fun at your expense each time an opportunity presented itself. It is true that he had pestered his associates with mimicry, petty pilferings, and hoarse raucous songs which resembled the squeak of a rusty hinge, but nevertheless he was one of the most spectacular, beautiful and interesting members of his class. And although similar remarks could be said about the other members of his family, yet they were less fortunate, in that he was destined to remain with us much longer than his brothers, sisters or friends.

It is said that he is perhaps our most intelligent species, although he frequently betrayed that reputation through constant repetition of the most impudent things disguised with an air of the most matter of fact innocence. To place your whole-hearted trust in him would surely be hazardous and unwise.

Above all he loved liberty. As a result of this natural inclination to shrink from civilization, on many occasions he was denied those necessities of life which are obtained only through labor and co-operation with others. It was for this reason, if for no other, that he first appeared on the scene. For hardly had the echo of the hunter's rifle faded in the surrounding green when we noticed his intense interest in the hunt. He came over from the edge of a quiet brook that ran nearby, and with an extraordinary amount of flurry and noise stayed in that particular area for nearly an hour, vigorously protesting the hunter's claim to his reward.

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