

In contrast to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics with its highly centralized authority, it possesses no central organization. Its members are truly free and respect the rights of all people. It is, in Mr. Eden's words, "the one really successful experiment in international cooperation." We should be proud of Canada's membership in the British Commonwealth, and we should encourage the exchange of ideas and the fullest cooperation between its members. For only through constant contact will we preserve the sense of family that distinguishes this association of nations.

—EVELYN HESSIAN '49

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### TO NIGHT

O night, your darkness is the light of souls,  
Your calm serene a balm for troubled hearts.  
Through many hours I've waited here for you,  
But now the last red ray has fled the sky,  
And not so long ago the dusky veil  
Of evening fell across the darkening blue.

I saw the moon, the mistress of the sky,  
Break through your shadowy mantle and enfold  
The passive earth in robes of silver mist.  
And by her side her children fair, the stars,  
Peeked through a filmy cloud, and with a gay  
Flirtatious smile the moonstones kissed.

And when you're gone, and daylight's brilliance breaks  
Again upon the harshness of the world,  
I watch the silver grandeur that is you  
Escape me, and, alone, I face a morn  
Too glaring bright, too full of cares and tears,  
Too shallow, too unfriendly, too untrue.

—ALICE McCLOSKEY '49

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### AN APOLOGY FOR TRUE LITERATURE

Hey! wait a minute, you who seek the knowledge of the ancients.  
Haste by no means speeds the action and a name is only on the  
surface. Pause a few moments while I, in a few short paragraphs,



offer to you, the modern, an apology from the ancient masters, who besought me in their helplessness to write this in the hope that man might yet be saved from the wickedness of the modern writers, and may once again tread those bygone paths in the shining light of true wisdom and revelation.

You asked my credentials for this entry into the land of the scribes. Go easy there, race-track critic, don't rush, while I search about my person for proof of my rank. Look you here—a picture. Yes, you can easily see that is I. Of course you recognize the man and the place—noble Socrates himself, and in yon background lies the temple of Athens, recognizable even in this poor faded photograph which was probably finished by the ancient forefathers of that well-established firm of Myers. Look you closer. Note that well-shaped head, that prominent Grecian brow. Why, the man fairly brims over with wisdom. Ah! what a day that was! Spring (always early in Greece) was budding out in all its horticultural beauty. We (pardon, "Soc" and I always moved together, and so I became accustomed to using that personal pronoun "we") had just finished a hot debate in the Senate and were sitting in the garden of the Prefect. What's that you asked? More proof as to my worth? Regardez-vous ici, my doubtful modern, in days gone-by no man dare prey upon me with such rash ignorance. But, alas, I am a patient man. Now where did I put that? Oh! this modern age—pants, vest, top-coat, more pockets than a peddler fresh out of Babylon . . . oh, here it is. Handle with care, Sir, the parchment is very near decay and the words almost faded. What's that you say? You can't read Greek? Oh, Merciful Providence, stay thou with me, for my patience is fast running out! Have you even forgotten the classical languages? Not even taught in school? How then do you read the great works? Nay, Nay, friend, don't answer, I know you are a tradesman, a most noble profession; but nought else did you learn. What do you talk about when friends gather—not always, I hope, on what ails the lathe; a most singular conversation and dry. The parchment I hold was given to me on graduation from a site of Learning in Athens. Note the signature, the philosopher of philosophers, powerful, eloquent Aristotle himself, who taught a few years in a rhetorical school in Athens. You recognize that "Summa cum laude." The good man prevailed upon me to stay and aid him, but youth must have its fling and so I travelled hither and thither through the ages, till now, I stand before you quite spent, but stored within with a wisdom and knowledge of years, and I might venture to say, of centuries. You sare atisfied? If you aren't, I have my scrap-book and album in



yon inn. You are? Excellent, I shall proceed then with my apology.

On my wonderings through your modern world, I was quite taken back by your modes of travel, your architecture, your central heating. How noble Sergius would have enjoyed the last; the poor man was always bothered by colds when winter came. After my childish delights at your wonders were satisfied, I began to study your less practical cultures. I was first attracted by your music, which I found varied with the individual. Some of it was most expressive and worthy of a good Incus and Hamella, but a deal of it very brash and wild, similar to the clatter and wildness I oft have heard from the prison yard when a band of barbarians bribed the guards and secured a couple of wine vats. But being still quite passive I added up the pros and cons and found a slight majority who still believed you had not completely forgotten true music.

I then began a study of your literature. Now I have led, I will say at the outset, a life touched little with the evils of mankind, and after spending most of my time in the shining light of wisdom and decency, I find that in these contacts I am in ways similar to that noble character Hamlet. But profiting from his experience, I face the practical with confidence, and will not circumvent it as poor Hamlet did. Having by chance picked up one of your "best sellers", and reading it through, I was much taken back, and thought to myself, "Surely this is not a cross section of what these people read." I read other novels hoping to find in my search some exception, some remnant of the true literature. Admittedly I did find one or two, but their bindings were covered with dust, proof of their unpopularity. I began to think and weigh matters: if these are the books they read, then they must now think along these lines, because one is always influenced by constant contacts. I was scared, I wanted to find some excuse for it, some way to convince myself that what I believed of you was not true. Then suddenly I realized that I was forgetting my Hamlet, and I resolved to face this thing and not try to find an easy way out.

Novels deal with men, their struggles, their adventures, their many complications encountered in life, their successes, disappointments, and the realizations of their ambitions. The outstanding thing and by far the one worthy of the strongest criticism was the way mankind was presented to the reader. Mortal man admittedly has many faults; he is weak and open to temptation, and in your modern world more than ever; he is subjected to much that is wrong and evil, and so he must constantly be on guard lest he fall



prey to things wordly. Then why must these men feed that evil desire with this literature? Why must they condescend to this portrait of man? Why must they fill these hallowed shelves of true literature with this trash? The answer I found may be summed up in one word: "practical." Everywhere in your land things must have a practical value; nothing is regarded as of value except that it pertains to your material welfare. So, to this are your modern scribes addicted. They must write to make thousands of dollars a year; they must write to appeal to the lower senses of man. This, gentlemen, is the rut into which have fallen your men of learning. They no longer write for the joy of things beautiful; they no longer develop the thoughts of man towards his Maker; they no longer seek the words and expressions that would make man realize his higher nature; they are no longer able to picture the true love of a man for a woman; they must resort to the baser instincts to make these novels appealing.

I don't wonder why the few writers of true novels despair; they realize how wrong mankind is. How displeasing it must be to Him! What a brave man must our true novelist be, to stand among such people unaffected and imbued with the realization of what he must do: carry on the fight, or hope, that foolish man may realize his true end in life! How small and childish are these so-called modern writers! The child repeats what he hears, is unable because of youth to see beneath the surface, is unable even to understand himself. Many widely-read modern writers travel into the dens of evil and write down what they hear, placing this before the reader as the way a free man acts. Introductory notes to these books often give the wide experiences of the author, his studies of human nature, picturing him as a man who is outspoken, a soldier of free-thinking man, a wedge in a narrow-minded, puritan world. He is a regenerated Dumas who is given life only because man has deviated so far from the teachings of his God.

This then is the state of your modern novel; this then is the pinnacle of evil to which it has ascended. Do not, dear reader, feel that you are an innocent party. You are the root of the trouble: you buy and read this trash, you are the ones and twos that make up the first million so loudly acclaimed by the publishers of these books as proof of their popularity.

A conclusion, a final word, but not, my friend, a sermon. I haven't the audacity nor the authority to tell you what to read. But I would leave a final word. Try in your reading of modern literature to sort the good from the bad. Get your recommendations on books from good authority; read what the intelligent well-read



men say about certain novels. Don't be like the little boy, who picked up the rosy, red apple, and on sinking in his teeth, found it rotten. In other words don't be fooled by what's on the surface. Try to get more than just a few minutes of pleasure out of a book. There has been so much written, so much good. In a world as sick as yours, a world where the minds of men are so distorted, you should secure in your grasp the ideas of sane, sound-thinking men and hold them tightly lest the tidal wave of modern thought sweep you into this sea of confusion.

—J. JOSEPH MAHAR '50

### SNOW-TIME

No better fun, and it's all homespun,  
Is a winter moonlight clatter,  
By snapping trees to stretch your knees,  
With songs and cheerful chatter.

To face the breeze, with hearty ease;  
A cold and tingling nose,  
The frosty air in your skewed-up hair,  
And warmly snuggled toes.

It's off we go in the blustering snow  
And a snowball-fight outside  
As horses neigh, we'll catch a sleigh  
For a short impromptu ride.

The little church, with its guardian birch,  
We pass as on we go  
The moon, brand new, is glinting thru,  
And the men laugh ho-ho-ho.

An icy prank in the cold snow-bank,  
A laughing tumbler lands,  
While other swains, with cold chilblaines,  
Blow warm air through their hands.

The long highway, in its whiteness gay  
Winds on, for it likes to roam,  
By elms unkept, with their hair up-swept,  
We turn and head for home.