

For I hear the songs of winter ringing, ringing,
From deserted limb and ice-capped stream;
And feel the lilt of tree-top singing, singing,
In valleys drift-ridden and frost-agleam.
But where, where,
Abides the unseen singer?

What are these chants, these soothing songs of winter
That melt heart-coldness and freeze tears of care?
They, bred in Winter's bosom, children of her?
North Wind, the clarion of notes so fair?
No, (now I perceive) these songs of winter
Are but memories of flaming-fall's finale;
Echoes of fleeing swallows twitter, twitter,
Resounding
In the happy heart till Spring
Returning
Renews its mellow melody.

—GEORGE KEEFE '51.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

My dear Sir:

Much as I hold in high esteem and friendship my dear neighbors along the corridor, still I should like to sharpen my sword to condemn those of them that are unfortunately addicted to the unpleasant practice of larceny, towards which practice I bear the greatest hatred. And so for no other reason, or should I say, hope, am I bringing this unpleasant fact to light, than that of presenting to those scoundrels the horrible results which accrue from such incidents of thievery, in the hope that these same scoundrels might take this letter to heart and reform their criminal lives to that of blessed virtue.

I shall omit all names concerning those in the wrong, but shall come forward with the names of those unfortunates who have suffered persecution.

We shall start in the Chemistry Lab.

Only a week ago did some uncouth fellow, disregarding all moral behaviour, steal from my assigned Lab. drawer a full test tube of potassium nitrate solution (a bitter salt dissolved in water). Now this is no joke. I distinctly remembered having especially mixed that solution for the purpose of slipping it, unnoticed, into my table mate's tea the next day at dinner. As a result of this petty larceny I had to substitute at the last moment (and in very great haste) a very, very dilute and, therefore, colorless solution of copper sulfate, which was the only thing I could procure without arousing suspicion from my lab mates. The result was inevitable, and today I learned from the hospital that poor George was too sick to eat the last box of chocolates I sent him. My only wish is that those uncouth scoundrels who stole my solution will benefit from learning that they caused the uncalled for poisoning of poor George, who was innocent in the whole matter.

But now to approach the portals of our own domiciles, we find a hideous crime before our innocent eyes in connection with one of the gifts of nature—an apple. How much harm, my dear readers, do you honestly think could arise from the innocent existence of a common eating apple? To quote statistics, let me give you a practical example of what resulted when that abominable evil larceny, shrouded our living quarters with its greedy fangs of starving obsession. This is the story: Situated in a corner of my desk drawer, minding its own business, was a lone, single apple—but ah! 'twas not there for long, for in the time that it takes one to leave the room, borrow seventy-five cents from one of the boys on the corridor, and return again, it was gone. Incidentally, it sometimes takes hours to borrow seventy-five cents if you are in an A-1 oratorical mood, days if you are only in fair mood, and years (if, indeed, at all) if you are in a sluggish mood.

But this is deviating from our story. To continue, I might say that I was perturbed immensely by this atrocious deed, and being very hungry, betook myself to the adjoining room where I found the remainder of a box of home-made fudge on Pete's desk (made by his girl, by the way). He had been saving the fudge since early that morning, having turned down enormous offers of money for such a valuable prize (in Pete's eyes). I knew, if Pete had been there, he would have offered it to me, as he is a very generous person. So I took it on that assumption.

Now all would have been well if Pete hadn't noticed fudge crumbs on Charlie's desk (I was eating the fudge there as I remember). George isn't so lonely now, and the only reason Pete did

it was that he said the box had a very sentimental value—but he needn't have broken Charlie's clavicle; no girl is worth that much misery.

But where is the cause of the evil? Without doubt it was the fault of the apple-stealer, and if I were him, I would repent of my sin and terminate such an evil practice, in view of all the harm which such a practice incurs.

The above accounts, my dear readers, are but two of the many incidents with which I could entertain you without the least taxation upon my memory. Accounts such as the case of the paper shortage in Art's room and the horrible calamity which followed this incident and which entailed the janitor working overtime! And the time someone stole Willie's shoes (size 12) with the result that he had to borrow Joe's (size 6) and accidentally started the fad of "toeless shoes" on the campus, which today is strongly upheld by the co-eds much to the disgust of some of the male students! And many more!

But Pete isn't to blame; Art isn't to blame; Willie isn't to blame; the blame is due to the cause of the effect—the larcenist!

I would, in conclusion, like to beseech larcenists the world over to quit their illegitimate ways and ponder on the evil that results from such instances as those mentioned above. Much as I would like to see the capture of as many of these crooks as possible, I still have that virtue of charity within me which urges me to warn those of our own little College that special members of the corridor have been issued with Sherlock Holmes Junior Spy Kits, and, in future, always to wear gloves when delving into the chasms of wickedness. I say this, because——they caught me yesterday!

Thanking you, Mr. Warden for the use of pen and paper, and you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space,

I remain yours,

—ALEX MacINNIS '50.

BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE AND THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

A man died in New York on May the 15th, 1949. There is nothing strange in this, but his name was Peter Maurin. I write about him because he started the Catholic Worker Movement, and