If there is any intricacy of stylistic construction, it is in the phrasing, which is often complex and involuted to meet poetic requirements; but even this factor is turned to good account in furthering the sense of relentless power and determination with which evil presses on to doom.

It has been said that poetry is the mother tongue of man, and surely this is confirmed in Milton's great work. Through poetry he unfolds the emotional sublimity of elemental passions,—

- - - the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage - - -;
and gives full expression to the concept of "utmost power."

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On "Le Petit Prince"

EULAH DAVIS

Le Petit Prince by Antoine de Saint Exupery, although presumably written as a child's book, reveals such a skillful use of French and sets forth such an estimation of the world and appreciation of mysticism that it is worthy of examination if for no other reason than a consideration of the symbols used.

The dexterity with which these symbols are formed is enough to cause speculation about the writer who, in one instance, makes a single rose different from all other roses by having it symbolize love, and in another, makes a king and a businessman representatives of power. Power is but one of the vices of the world that he attacks through symbolism, and love but one of the virtues, but they show his romantic nature and his sensitivity to beauty.

Antoine de St. Exupery was sensitive to beauty from his earliest years and had a love of music that later formed his rhythmic style and influenced his play on words. Essentially a philosopher, he lived in the two worlds of earth and sky, and might never have done so had he not been a failure first. From his birth in 1900, the one thought that was developed by his family was his service in the merchant marine. He was well on his way to fulfilling their desires when he failed an examination that would have made him an officer. His family was greatly disappointed, but he was happy, for he was free to study flying.

He learned to fly, and by describing some of his experiences he became Antoine de St. Exupery, writer. In Le Petit Prince a flyer is forced down in the desert, and while repairing his plane, he meets The Little Prince; in reality St. Exupery himself made a forced landing in the desert while on a long distance flight from Paris to Saignon, Africa. In reality also, St. Exupery always wore a scarf with the ends streaming over his shoulders. In the book, every picture of The Little Prince shows him with a scarf that streams over his shoulders. These two characters are used as symbols of the spirit of Man that seeks illumination in time of adversity and stress; and of the wisdom, understanding, and sym-
pathy that is attributed to Christ.

The Little Prince, who symbolizes wisdom, speaks some of the most beautiful sentences found in the book. If I were limited to two quotations, I believe I should choose these two: the first, spoken to the aviator after they have thirsted and found fresh water in the desert to quench their thirst, “Mais les yeux sont aveugles. Il faut chercher avec le coeur.” (But the eyes are blind. It is necessary to search with the heart.)

The second quotation is spoken when The Little Prince explains why he must die in order to leave the earth and return to his own planet. He says, “...C’est trop loinge ne peux pas emporter ce corps’ la. C’est tres lourd ... Mais ce sera comme une vieille ecorce abandonne. Ce n’est pas triste les vieilles ecorces.” (It is very far away. I can’t carry that body. It is very heavy . . . But it will be like an old, abandoned shell. Old shells are not sad.)

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To One Who Climbs

BETTY JO FARK

You are not, in your search for fame and fun
Within these limestone walls of our small world,
Alone. For others, long before you, formed
Ambitions here, have sought the beckoning Sun.

And striving, touched, and touching, snatched at one
Above the others they could see, lips curled
As they returned to earth and held their World
In one small hand, triumphant. They have won.

So you, too, follow in their gold-paved path.
And striving, touch, and touching, grip and hold
Till all be lost in wakening aftermath.

Then peace will follow wisdom, life unfold.
Our world is small and petty, holding wrath
Of Gods in glorious Suns a thousand fold.

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