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 determina-
tion 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.”

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 estima-
tion of the world and appreciation of mysticism that it is worthy of examina-
tion if for no other reason than a consider-

The dexterity with which these symbols are formed is enough to cause specula-
tion about the writer who, in one
instance, makes a single rose different
from all other roses by having it sym-
bolize 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 sym-
bolism, and love but one of the virtues,
but they show his romantic nature and
his sensitivity to beauty.

Antoine de St. Exupery was sen-
sitive 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 develop-
ed 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 An-
toine de St. Exupery, writer. In Le
Petite 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 illumina-
tion 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 loing ne peux pas emporter ce corps' là. 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.)

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.