

Jinks looked down at the music, lifted the cornet to his lips and began to doodle. It was a sweet, clever little melody, quick and spritely, but it wasn't "Wa Da Da."

"Hold everything," Frank interposed. "That's nice kid—I mean, Jinks—but that ain't 'Wa Da Da.'"

"It's 'For Christ's Sake Potatoes,'" Jinks grinned.

"It's for His sake you can't read music, you mean," exclaimed Frank.

And he couldn't.

THE FAMILIAR

Ina Marshall

Not as a stranger do I come to love;
 Not sighs nor midnight tears nor passion's rage
 Will make me serve again as humble page
 To any lord. Nor can ideals move
 A heart drained ruthlessly by master hands
 Of milk of kindness. Frozen now, I take
 All roses freely sent, too wise to make
 A wish, too self-contained to risk demands.

Think not that fire can spring in Dantean ice
 Or smiles reflect a feeling long since slain,
 Martyred on the Stone beneath the blade
 That stops not short of total sacrifice.
 Marvel not if empty glances rove;
 Not as a stranger do I come to love.

TO A GEOLOGIST FRIEND

Robert Petty

How often in our talks I hear you say,
 That man should loom the less and nature more,
 As though it were through some unravished shore
 His stumbling feet forever plod their way:
 That earth's still whispered vows shall not betray,
 That in the dim-lit caves which you explore,
 You never deem yourself inheritor,
 Nor sense your destiny in their twilight clay.

Dear friend, the mist of birth is ever lifting,
 The mountains of creation are at hand;
 The boulders of their peaks have long been shifting,
 And ever shook the jungles of the land;
 Still to the clouds the echoed roar is drifting,
 Listen—it is the avalanche of Man. . . .