

which must have had its musical counterpart in the original.

One of the oldest and greatest books ever written is also one of the most musical, and I have often felt that the inspiration some people receive from hearing Bible passages read aloud may be due in part to the measured rise and fall of their sentences.

To return to modern literature, Lafcadio Hearn writes beautiful prose. Some of his essays sound like poetry apart from their descriptive significance they are invariably rhythmical. I should like to conclude this paper with a short passage from one of his books, in the hope that it will linger with the reader, and perhaps illustrate my point as no amount of explanation could do. I quote from "Chita:"

"Year by year that rustling strip of green land grows narrower; the sand spreads and sinks, shuddering and wrinkling like a living brown skin; and the last standing corpses of the oaks, ever clinging with naked, dead feet to the sliding beach, lean more and more out of the perpendicular."

## in favor of the ogopogo

by  
grace ferguson

Three things have lately come to my attention. They are from three different fields of knowledge, but they insist upon mingling in my mind. I cannot disassociate them. When, during the long day, I come upon something which suggests one of these facts to me, the other two bob up; and my imagination immediately begins building a complex structure of thought upon the three. My conclu-

sions may be wrong, but it amuses me to play with these ideas.

I have been reading "Beowulf." In it there are monsters, sea-wolves, and dragons. In some ways they are not very realistic: they belch forth fire; they are not described in detail: and one of them lives under the sea. On the other hand, helped along by a dark night and a lonely house, these monsters are not without power to frighten. They fail to stir the imaginations of only insensible people. In nearly all legends, giants and horrible monsters play a large part. (Remember "Jack the Giant-Killer" and "Jack and the Bean-Stalk"? Horrible stories! The illustrations of these in my childhood fairy-tale books will never cease to haunt me.) Why did all these have monsters playing the role of villain? Is the answer that the monster is the natural personification of horror in man's imagination, or is there another reason?

I have been reading history of the time of Christopher Columbus. That name always brings back into my mind a mental picture of my first history books. The authors always went into great detail about how dark the Dark Ages were: they gave the impression that all learning ceased, that the people were all fools. One page particularly comes to my mind. On it there was a drawing which showed a crude boat with sailors using oars to fight off a huge, worm-like sea snake, which was lifting itself out of the churning water. Now, according to my old books, these monsters existed merely in the minds of the sailors. The "silly, superstitious" sailors were too ignorant to know that there were no such things. Since I read my history books, I have learned that they were wrong about the complete ignorance of the Middle Ages. We have few manuscripts from the period, so we know little about it. The histories were wrong about many things; were they wrong about the sea-monsters?

There is another phase of this historic side of the question. At one time there monsters on the earth. Some of the prehistoric animals would put to shame the creatures in the wildest bogie-stories of the Middle Ages; but, we are told, these monsters were extinct centuries before that time. Now, the particular species we know about were preserved only because of the extraordinary conditions of the earth at the time they lived; ordinarily the bones would have been destroyed by exposure to the elements. Were there not many other creatures between that time and this whose bones were not preserved by miraculous circumstance? The seas are wide and deep. The dust at our feet could tell many tales.

According to legend, there were monsters within the time of man. According to history, there may have been. Both of these lead up to and mingle with the third thing in my mind. I read its story in a news publication. It seems that the "Ogopogo" is supposed to be a sea-snake, eighty feet long; a prehistoric remnant or Middle Age sea-monster come to life. It has been sighted in a lake in British Columbia by several highly respectable people. It is said to have reared up its head, and, leaning on a rock, viewed the horizon. The mental picture produced by the description corresponds wonderfully with the drawing in the old history.

How absurd the idea of an Ogopogo is! Yet—I want to believe in it. I want to turn those "silly, superstitious" sailors into brave men, daring to venture to an unknown land, over strange dark seas in which real monsters lurked, horrible creatures which sank ships with flips of their tails. Wouldn't it be a joke if the history books were wrong!

## firelight flashes

by

mary ellen ewbank

As I gaze into the dancing flames, slowly, waveringly, come the dreams that the day denies, and the events of the past years gradually take form in the firelight's glow.

Many years, so many that the memory brings a mist to my eyes, have passed since I last crossed the threshold of the Arthur Jordan Conservatory of Music on my graduation day. Ah! those were happy days. I now look back with a smile and a sigh upon those dear old friends of mine; some are famous, but others, whose names are unfung, were just as true.

I teach here or study there, but always there is a desire for something greater, until suddenly the longed-for opportunity for European study and travel is given me. My father has decided to do some research and study in the laboratories at Vienna; therefore my mother and I accompany him to Germany, and in a tiny apartment in Munich I spend many happy hours with my precious violin and my old master.

All too soon those months are ended, and my father wishes to return to America, but it seems that fortune has decided to smile upon me. When the boat docks in New York City I am met by old friend who has an offer for me of a position with a research party engaged in the excavation of the ancient city of Ur. Some very peculiar music scores and musical instruments had been discovered; hence the archaeologists needed someone to assist them in the classification and cataloguing of their most recent findings. At this time another ambition of mine