

LITERARY

With you, born not of the mortal womb
But of Jupiter's Crown, as Eve, were made.

Come Venus, and on zepher as to Cyprus shore
Climb cloud-strewn stairs to high green hill
There among rose and myrtle, swans, and doves
We the universe with your light will fill.

No longer alone the cup to raise
Our hands as one the potion will drain
And steps that have echoed with pace forlorn
Will life, death, and life know in twain.

To

True — love is its own reward
Love that gives and nothing asks;
Love with purpose and ambition one
Itself to wholly give. All tasks
I do one-thoughted and when them done,
Am content. Yet within, though I try
Its failing to prevent — a tear and I cry.

True — to give to you is all.
To love as I crown's its own.
Laurels, natural branches of the tree
Which sprouts from its own seed sown
In the orchard you have planted within me.
Forgive, if I too often wish you whole.
Oh love, yourself is so alike your soul.

True — your faith to have removes
All else there is to want.
Search ends and seeks no further to disclose
Sights of beauty eternal or no longer to haunt
Imagination's shadows, her groves or on her lap repose.
Yet, your kiss — your warmth — yourself entire
I, in selfishness, wish — wane — crave — must desire.

To

Clouds, the vapor of angel's breath
Do strew peaks and valleys of landscape ethereal
As snow with purity white as brilliant shawl,
Which over face of earth does gracefully fall.

All magnificence of creation in view
Does only serve the memory to better recall,
Face divinely crowned in triumphant shape,
Forehead splendorous. Beauty as marble preserves,
Impossible escape.

Stand thou still, oh, object august,
Grandeur tantalizing but in glory intangible.
Holy, as stands Queen of nocturnal reign
Position sublime, untouchable to gain,
Yet generous in light, glittering rain.

Redeem me from night, oh lady most blessed,
From darkness which follows the sun
Of beauty overwhelming.
Grant me my sight, taken by the forehead of you,
That as moth to flame, I may look anew.

—John Elliott

To

Not simply because you have lifted me to
some unknown height, but because you
have taught me that beauty is within
the soul. . . .

Not because you have made me a better person
but because you have created a new soul
within me. . . .

Because you have bathed my heart in the sweet
wine of divine desire—desire to do for
the sake of goodness. . . .

Because you have set ever before me the
radiant purpose of noble living. . . .

Because you have instilled in me the insatiable
desire for wisdom—the wisdom that is the

product of exalted thought. . . .

Because you have turned my eyes away from mundane
goals to guide them toward the ambrosial aims
your soul desires. . . .

Because, in teaching me to live aesthetically,
you have taught me how to die, with perhaps
"a little fear of mingling with the dust,"
but gracefully. . . .
Because you have made me so inexpressably
happy. . . .

Mary F. Philbeck

Lines Written In March

Why blows the wind so strong in March,
After the season of chill and storm and snow,
Before April pours the cup of nectar full
And flowers drink till bees from sweet sickness fall?

Is it to bend the trees to humble bow
With obeisance to flowers small, yet more fair?
Alike many things great, and tall, and strong
That from heights stoop to the small though beautiful.

The wind speaks, but who knows those sounds
Of clarion prophecy, and if were known, who would hear?
We know it well from its signs and ways.
But what tell manifestations many, if purpose is unveiled?

John Elliott

BOOK BRIEFS

Mountain climbing has always had a peculiar fascination for man; it represents a challenge, a challenge, perhaps, to overcome an unconscious resentment that nature in some ways is superior to man. For those who are unable to satisfy this urge the next best thing is to read about someone who did.

Sir John Hunt and Sir Edmund Hillary occupy a special place among mountain climbers. Their account of *The Conquest of Everest* is a cool and factual account of man's first conquest of the world's highest mountain. But while cool, it is also romantic and packed with the excitement that "will lift the hearts of men as long as there are mountains."

Another mountain climber, through the accident of war, sought a refuge in the mysterious land of Tibet. Hans Harter is an Austrian mountaineer. While he was exploring the Himalayas, World War II broke out. The British interned him in India. He escaped with a friend and after much hardship entered Tibet, a country barred to foreigners. They were accepted, however, and remained seven years, leaving when Chinese Communists invaded Tibet. His experiences are recounted in one of the most fantastic true stories ever told, *Seven Years in Tibet*, a combined account of adventure with a unique picture of life and manners in a fabulous country.

No mountain climber but an intrepid adventurer just the same in Philip Wylie. His *Generation of Vipers* is still a source book for those who seek to fortify a criticism of modern society. Tomorrow contains Mr. Wylie's vision of what might be society's fate in an atomic war: "a brief and horrific blast followed by flames and firestorms and shrieks and looting." It's a novel, and it depicts the horrible contrast between war and peace as a society is forced to accommodate itself to a nightmare existence.

The horrors of an atomic war can only be imagined but the horrors of stalking huge crocodiles at night is a reality. Lawrence Earl tells of this in his story of Bryan Dempster, possibly the only white man who ever hunted monster crocs successfully for a living. *Crocodile Fever* is a book filled with thrills, a story of an unusual personality, a man who couldn't resist the chance of courting death.

NEW BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY

Albert Schweitzer, *The Philosophy of Civilization*

Randall Stewart, Nathaniel Hawthorne: *A Biography*

W. W. Barnes, *The Southern Baptist Convention 1845-1953*

Samuel Selden, *An Introduction to Playwriting*

Leslie Paul, *The Age of Terror*

Robert Spiller, et al., *Literary History of The United States*