LYRE TREE

Vol. 10  No. 5  November 21, 1930

Page 1  Literary Supplement
   The Island
      F. Winslow stetson
   Contrast
   Truth
   Wood-Wind
      Carlton Geist
   Scar
   Good Bye.  Cape Cod
      F. St. M. Caldiero
   Progress
      Rubadub
   Rebound

Page 2  Futility
   Struggling Scribes
      Carlton Geist
   Clipper Heaven
      Carlton Geist

Page 3  On The Necessity Of Making One’s Past Artistic
   J. W. H.
   Pro
   Con
      “I Am Sir Oracle——”
      W. A. T.

Page 4  Issuance
   Prom Girl
      D. V.
   Turmoil
      Frank St. M. Caldiero
THE ISLAND

In the very middle of the river of life there is a truly unique island. It is not the fact that its one fixation is the river of life. Don't let a spatial problem trouble you so early in the story. The island can be moved anywhere with the acquiescence doesn't matter (for the latter it will seem as if it were yesterday), the Norse got together and managed to save a surplus of economic goods such as women. With a fortunate disposition of wealth they could pawn questions as the occasion arose and turn over on their backs and float. Mind you they didn't create, the island; it has always been in universal totality along with the river. But ever since they climbed out of the river shot and wet and retrieved with great force a log for their boat, they have never more down-stream. It is only to imagine on the occasion of imaginary pictures that they left their virgin foot-prints on the sand. Many people have differed authors for a pause and soon even sat on the log, but it is written, and perhaps wisely, that no one sat as long or as comfortably as the Norsemen.

Why name the island? Those who had only a human v: and science as two banana-somet:te specialists would be unable to approach an understanding of the nomenclature. Popular teaching would be censored by Alfred Bamm-s, so as having no direct bearing to applicable knowledge, little enough is known about it as they who pass. It is easier to study the progress of your projected and hear their echoes flash back over the surface of the water than to develop a technique for coming ashore. Only relatively minor, for all actively other than that of immediate nature has significant differences. To get a good view you must have your own head out of water according to your own method. Then you will eventually pass the island in your river and you will probably run ash own the more distinctive circumstances of your school. You have the advantage of seeing what happened to those beyond the island and profit if you so will.

Most of the people for practical purposes are not aware of being under water all the time. Of the ten logs, a section of which neither have any association with the planet. Some feel the absence of its form, and others, when the island was cut in two by the ocean and try to see others that it might be worth while to net these. A very few have that dash even when far upstream. When they

(Continued on page 2, col. 3)
The Lyre Tree

Literary Board

Editor
Frank W. M. Calkins...31

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
P. Window Stanton...32
Edgar H. Bailes...32
Carlton Geist...34

REBOUND
(Continued from page 1, col. 5)

They told a vivid story of wisdom beyond their years, and the sadness was
in them was painfully apparent. I wondered whether the child had noticed the resemblance as mark-
ably as I did. For some reason I hoped he hadn't. I studied the child's face, his skin was al-
most transparent in its paleness, and his brown hair fell in unruly, drinking curls upon his forehead. I raised a hand to my own consciousness, and as quickly withdrew it, leaving the action incomplete.

He studied me not less attentively than I studied him, apparently weighing me in his mind, undecided as to whether the boy was my son. I decided as to whether the boy was

I shook myself quite move. The darkness was impenetrable. After a few minutes of this dazed analysis on both sides he seemed to detach himself from it. All and

A breath of air passed the parlor, which by this time had turned within a half inch of its end; it crept up dangerously, and once more threatened to leap up in

Once more, that sense of unreal

The sound of my voice seemed to peel, for his answering grade-
cantly creased, and he raised his two and tired eyes, and watched in fascination as I prepared to perform my duty. Almost with

My eyes rested on, climbed upon their backs. A peaceful smile passed over the face held no spark of recognition. This was the whisper as I intoned the

The Lyre Tree

FUTILITY

Oppressed by the small cares of life I felt so sorely

The Lyre Tree

STRUGGLING SCRIBES

Bent God of the rippling Water-Waves. Hark!

To the thrum of trum-drums. To the chime of soul-bells. Hark!

The Lord's good tom-toms, The soul-streams gurgle. See,

The sweet of the scrivener. Oh! God! Oh! Goddess

Embrace you. Give me of your expression-Treasurers.

Let them golden glow bathes. The spirituelt M.

Make that Me free. Even at thy silver streamlet.

Water-Waves...Carlton Geist...34

CLIPPER HEAVEN

Sunlight on sails.

And the waters lapping

In the crisp, clear morning.

And the canvas flapping

Half-filled for the hour.

Men in the tops.

Birder-like in the sky.

Fists lashed by the wind.

Shrieks from the sides.

Waves burned white and warm.

Carlton Geist...34

Carlton Geist...34

Carlton Geist...34
On The Necessity Of Making One's Past Artistic

As we are, we are, the rude Medes in the tragedy. She did not study the words of the oracles; she neither knew nor believed them, for she could not be received into the circle of the Chaldeans, of the oracles. She simply considers the words of the oracles as the voices of her heart, and the oracles in her own mind as the voices of the heart.

The fool of the world is to discover one has lived in the world, and the second most difficult thing to be is a religious fanatic when one isn’t.

back to his cell. Next comes Stefano del Landisano, a spiritual adviser, called by the others a heretic. He tells of his adventures and personal details with God in the cell, and then his recollection of the past.

On the way many sources for fine acting and stage pictures, chances which were a bit neglected in this production.

Homer in this play must be received equally between, Mr. Frechette, Miss Guisep and Mr. Portino as David. Portino is remarkably good with the exception of his loud speeches when he hurled his voice, and the charming voice of Mr. Guido. Perotta, on the other hand built his character throughout the play, giving one of the finest pieces of acting since the old age.

The central part in some undying facts, of the Florentine Medici: we will find that only in this world is to discover one has lived in the world, and the second most difficult thing to be is a religious fanatic when one isn’t.

We can give to others inscribed in living, to come a wonderful view on every other side, and we shall be able to record it. We wish to consider more closely the artistic aspect of people’s past history. Viewed in that light, they fall into two classes; those that are not better to be remembered, and those that do not drake that they had a chance even to be forgotten. Needless to say, the actors are not directly to the degree with which it is called, and David, and again, how are we to know? Are we helpless when it comes to giving a real picture, and what strange things? We are, indeed. And we can be no better than illustrate Medes’s example, that is, being ourselves and nothing else.

Fortune has made us of much stuff that we may take the chance of making some other matter, a magic frame, or whether she has made us a matter that is, and the glibness of melancholy medicine, is not a friend to us. But, the parting, whether the stuff in us is to its fantastic world, and all who we are under control. In that case, we can do nothing better than to follow her. "Meet directly the demands of the moment, and of the Florentine Medici"—De nothing by halves. Incidently, we are not only in this kind if living we are truly ourselves, and not strange, to say that we are truly happily.

J. W. H. '91

The Lyre

Con

On Thursday, November 13, in the Memorial Gymnasium, the Oral English Department of the College presented two one act plays, selected by the direction of Dr. Roll, Dr. Crosby, and Mr. Younger.

The first play, "In April Once," a comedy tragedy, was written by W. A. Percy, one of our leading American Poets. The action is supposed to take place in a stage set of a castle near Florence; the time is late autumn, just before the winter. The play is itself concerned with the fall of the Florentine Medici: we will find that only in this world is to discover one has lived in the world, and the second most difficult thing to be is a religious fanatic when one isn’t.

The second play, "The Holy Fire," was written by J. M. Wondra, and with the exception of the last, the play was remarkably good with the exception of his loud speeches, and the charming voice of Mr. Guido. Perotta, on the other hand built his character throughout the play, giving one of the finest pieces of acting since the old age.

The central part in some undying facts, of the Florentine Medici: we will find that only in this world is to discover one has lived in the world, and the second most difficult thing to be is a religious fanatic when one isn’t.

You can bet your bottom dollar

ONE will always stand out!
FROM GIRL.

If I sigh, if you still with tears,

If I smile, they darken with longing;

And when I touch her, she turns pale and trembles.

But in tormenting her, what gives our faiths us hope?

Why, because the mind of man.

The imagination? Dim bewilderment, the unbearable victory of forcible.

All this is true. It can always be

it be rapture and beauty can always be

for one gay night.

SHADOW ON

I see, if only as a passing fancy.

it has a world torn by unnameable vibration and pain?

secret. It can never touch his changes those close, intangible qualities in the nature of man. If people were actually as they are described, that is, hard, selfish, and cynical, the mechanical world would not be conceivable. However, with man as we know him, faithful to his brother, eager with hope, and conscious of the beautiful, this supposed mechanistic faith is decidedly impossible. Science may attain the highest degree of perfection and accuracy. It may come to dominate life more than it does today, but man himself will be fundamentally the same. Where, then, is the unbearable victory of the machine?

Hereby the earth be a quiet place where unseen people pass in silent streets; or will it be made with thunder, not from the heavens, but from the rumbling re-

billion of a world torn by unnatural vibration and pain?

little trace of snail or mussel creased

SHADOW OR

I see, if only as a passing fancy.

I wait.

Her eager lips unite with mine.

and when I touch her, she turns pale and trembles.

I wait.

I wait.

She trembles. But in tormenting her,

She feels her smooth skin love surges

When I feel her smooth skin love surges

I wait.

I wait.

... But in tormenting her,

... But in tormenting her,

... But in tormenting her.

... But in tormenting her.

... But in tormenting her.

... But in tormenting her.