

Sun and Storm

A summer sun, a summer sky,
 With light clouds disappearing;
 The bending fields of wheat and rye
 At winter's storms are jeering.

Far off, in fields of constant green,
 Recline the lazy cattle;
 And in the nearer shades unseen,
 The children play and prattle.

And, over rolling ups and downs
 Of gently waving grasses,
 Go picnic parties, from the towns,
 Of laughing lads and lasses.

But oh, how oft, on such a day,
 The breezes seem to slumber,
 And clouds come up, from far away,
 With mutterings of thunder.

And quick, the quiet air is stirred
 To a howling, shrieking gale,
 And lightnings seen, and hunders heard,
 Through driving, hissing hail.

Our life is like a summer day,
 In happiness, we wander,
 "Our dark clouds very far away
 With rumbling, pealing thunder!"

—George Mersereau,
 (Graduate).

GYPSEY

All day and night Mrs. Rodwick sat on a backless chair in her doorway and looked out at the sea with vacant and pale eyes. She sat well forward, bent at the hips, feet planted and elbows on knees, and she forever knitted with scarlet wool. She made a pair of warm socks for a little boy, and when they were done her thin grimy fingers unraveled them and made a gay little jersey, pulled it apart and shaped a toque. And while his mother knitted little boys clothes Gypsey Rodwick schambled about the wharf and cliff in a dirty undershirt and trousers that flapped about his calfless legs.

At night if the cold fog came racing in across a rough sea Mrs. Rodwick would close the door, make a drift-wood fire and fill the iron pot with wizened potatoes. Gypsey always ate them boiling hot and in his fingers,