

May...

. . . to acclaim oneself the fairest . . .
how common . . . how ordinary . . .
I? . . . I maintain I am the ugliest . . .

*She has long been dust—the princess who said
“You mug!” raised her nose in disdain
But the gargoyle still placidly thumbs his nose
From the Cathedral Amien.*

From the Lyrics of Little Joe

■ May . . . pansies are in vogue again . . . pansies . . . sprouting underfoot at every turn . . . Burnett Woods . . . the Library . . . philandering is the rage . . . Another Color Day . . . fair coeds clinging like gargoyles to eaves of buildings . . . and good-bye to Freshmen . . . to remember as Fall rolls 'round again . . . Calhoun Street architecture . . . the early morning jangle of the bells of St. George's . . . Hail to Varsity's ugliest man . . . Varsity Boat Ride . . . and whose car will it pay for? . . .

■ May . . . age creeping on you unawares . . . you feel old and tired . . . and find yourself giving advice . . . secrets popping right and left . . . engagements . . . frivolity to seriousness . . . brawn to intellect . . . Lord . . . what chumps . . . Queer too . . . the chap you always had pitied . . . he has his choice of two jobs . . . and truths rocket home . . . realization of “wish I had” . . . should have done . . . the daze of ordering announcements . . . cap and gowns . . . in the background . . . the haunting echoes of Call Me Comrade . . .

■ May . . . Platitudes . . . advice from those with jobs . . . but you don't want advice . . . you want a job . . . beginning of doubts . . . sad truths . . . viewing slides in lecture . . . the closest you'll ever get to Greece . . . and professor's anecdotes of Paris . . . your European tour . . . four highballs . . . the height of dissipation . . . the column in the News . . . your literary pinnacle . . . that short affair with the nurse . . . romance . . . Life . . . college . . . chimeras . . . vain searches for fragments . . . of shattered colored glasses . . . but you'll find a few pieces . . . and change the squeaky record . . . drums of time? . . . well . . . the thundering climax never materialized . . . the tempo changes . . . from fortissimo . . . to adagio . . . and the world will still roll on . . .