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(In preparation.)

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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

Vol. LXXXIV

JUNE, 1919

No. 6

EDITORS.

JOHN WILLIAMS ANDREWS, CHAIRMAN.

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JOHN CROSBY, JR.

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LEADER.

ONE of the most remarkable phases of this strange year of returning to Yale, has been the activity of undergraduate organizations of an intellectual or quasi-intellectual nature. On the first day of the post-war year the *News* appeared in its traditional size and shape, which, if it did nothing else, comforted the fathers. Enthusiasm in debating and public speaking reached a height almost reminiscent of Linonian days. The records show that never before has there been such a widespread participation and interest in dramatics. A most successful journalistic venture has resulted in what will one day also rank among the traditions—the *Graphic*; and the surprising thing about it is that Sheff. is in this taking the lead. And the forever to be pitied editors of the *Lit.*, though perhaps they cry in vain for quality, have this year had no lack of quantity, which they might have, an they would, immortally enshrined in the British Museum. Finally, in the very heart of the University, in the class-room, it is safe to say that there has been effort rarely equalled during recent years in earnestness and appreciativeness.

To the barbarian world, Yale is perhaps chiefly known as an institution which can furnish a winning football team when it has a mind to, or perhaps as the home of Junior Proms. But to a very large degree the unifying force in the past year has been common pursuit of intellectual attainment, whether it be in or out of the curriculum. The cause for all this may be a reaction of soldiering, it may be because of the presence upon the campus of many who are in reality post-graduates; it may be because the

times make it so; the fact remains there is here, if not a renaissance, at least a very perceptible readiness of spirit for one.

There are many reasons for believing that the next college year will be, much more than the average year, crucial in the history of Yale. Those who are entrusted with the guardianship of things of the spirit should recognize this fact, and see to it that intellectual activity becomes increasingly and notably characteristic of this place.

Henry R. Luce.

RESURRECTION.

The black sky scowled, abased and flat,
On streets gaunt as an alley-cat
And dry as misery or dirt—
I'd tramped them till my hot feet hurt.
Now—beaten as a beaten pup—
I hummed to keep my courage up
A stupid song I'd learned at school;
Though all the words ran back to "Fool" . . .
Still, spite of all my flesh could feel,
My mind kept on its burning wheel,
Its blazing wheel of great aims lost,
—And how her face was white—almost—
The day she'd spoken, kind and kind,
And left me eating night and blind—
And later days of various shames,
Spoke after spoke of drifting flames . . .
So I slouched on till town was past
And scrubby country came at last,
Pinched as ingratitude. Across
The sky clouds towered, boss on boss
Of a black shield thrust down on earth
And spanning planets in its girth;
While white fire flickered in the South
Like a dog's tongue about his mouth.

A few hot raindrops spat my cheek—
A cicada began to creak—
And slashing lightning like a sword
Unleashed the waters of the Lord!
Roaring and heavy, gushing clear
Through dirt and raggedness and fear,
They struck before I'd time to curse,
They soaked me like a leather purse!