THE POETS' CORNER

MARLIN HIGH

There's a wonderful school in a little town,
  Where the students are loyal and true;
It's the happiest school I've ever found—
  They never seem to be blue.

They rate ace high in all their sports;
  You should see the cups they've won.
From the football field to the tennis courts,
  In every game under the sun.

And yet this school isn't unusually large—
  Its size is just about right;
But the pep and cheer that always prevails
  Is, to my mind, a beautiful sight.

Yes, school days are almost over,
  And as you look back, do you sigh?
Or is your smile one of content?
  Did you give your best to Marlin High?

For, in the years before us,
  We've all a mighty work to do;
Remember what Marlin High taught you:
  "To yourself and your work be true."

—Corene Lebrecht, '29.

SCHOOLDAY MEMORIES

Of all the tender memories
  That ever come to me,
The very, very sweetest are
  Of my school-day revelry.

Those were the days of merry-making,
  Of joyfulness and songs;
Days when I had no worries
  Throughout the whole day long.

I still remember how, one day,
  I was sitting at my desk,
When, lo, a beautiful damsel
  Walked in the door at the west.

I found on investigation that
  She had come to enter school.
She had been making many travels,
  Had just returned from Liverpool.

Her hair was long and black and curly,
  Her eyes were colored blue;
And when she smiled, she smiled a smile
  That with sunshine enveloped you.

I never learned to know her well,
  As I was a timid boy;
But what I saw of her in school
  Filled my whole life with joy.

And now, while I sit—a bachelor,
  And think of those dear old ways,
I often wonder where she is,
  That girl of my old school days.

—Evangeline Chatmas, '28.

THE STORM

The sky has changed from dappled azure
To lurid sapphire.
A piercing streak of orange flashes
Across the dark heavens.
A clang of iron, deep, sonorous,
Then all is silent.
The mournful wind awakes and sobs
And silver tears fall.

—Rosalis Vanderstucken, '29.

ASPIRATIONS

In the lovely land called "Schooldays,"
  From a lofty mountain peak,
We may see the land of Future,
  Where lie the treasures that we seek.

Though "Schooldays" is a happy land
  Where gaiety's a virtue,
We cannot rest, we cannot wait
  Till we reach the land of Future.

And now we stand upon the brink
  Of Future, and it's very fine,
But, oh, we'd trade it every bit
  For dear old Schooldays any time.

—Rosalis Vanderstucken, '29.

ROSES

I'd like to be as fair as roses are—
  As tall and slim and straight;
I'd like to be as smooth—without a mar;
  As fresh, and meet my fate,
Whatever it be, as gay, as joyous, as willingly
  As roses do.

I'd like to be as firm, and yet as kind
  And wear my dress,
Both when it's cheap and when it's fine,
  With the same becoming stress
That roses do.

—Mary Elizabeth Wilson, '30