

fear of their jobs, and a socially and intellectually ingrown community. Yet all these people can be made to see conditions as they are. They are not beyond that. But the students must show the truth to them. The students must get down on the floor and kick until their papa-administration can stand the fuss no longer. To quote Sembower: "We are all poor professors here—but if you students would get to work and show us up, you could kick us out and get better ones."

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### Dusk of the World

By Paul Ruthven

We know that long before eternity  
The darkling sun will meet its wintry blast  
And yield to the old rival Night at last,  
An ice-floe drifting in the Galaxy.  
There will not be a trace of you or me,  
Except some wind-blown dust, to show we passed.  
No voice will be our love's encomiast  
On earth, throughout the sky, or in the sea.

The anguish of the world's experiment  
Will in no measure be assuaged by this,  
Our consolation, that there will have been  
One perfect love to tinge one note of bliss  
Into the starkness of the gods' lament,  
If gods there were, or if they would have seen.