

# Poetry & Book Reviews

Literary Section—Edited by Serena Madsen

## Vigil

She is sleeping, sleeping, sleeping... (Pretty sister, Your vigil I'm keeping).

The wind is moaning, moaning, moaning... On chill windows I hear it groaning.

The leaves are falling, falling, falling... From half-naked trees Where sleepy birds are calling.

The clock is ticking, ticking, ticking... Out in the hall The nurse's heels are clicking.

Hurt silence is weeping, weeping, weeping... But sister makes no sound, She is sleeping, sleeping.

—Harriet A. McLeod.

## Hill House at Night

We sit by the fire. There is no talk... What could we know but hay and cows—and rain that hangs On purple mountains now?

A soul is being liberated: This flame A funeral pyre for some gaunt oak or tapered pine

That pierced the sky one winter's night; Chief mourners we, lost in an ecstasy Of consummated life—new, and old, and ever new.

Silence... the quintessence of sound, draped thick in unfired patterns

On white unbroken walls.

A rocker squeaks... Mumbles of work tomorrow... and steep-infested limbs seek icy sheets.

Grandmother with her oaken crutch banks up the fire, And huffs out the oil-inhaling lamp.

—Constance Bordwell.

## Francois Villon

By D. B. Wyndham-Lewis. A panoramic view of the streets of medieval Paris, with their motley crowds of mingled nationalities, resounding with the cries of hawkers and the tread of soldiers: a glimpse of a mob of students of the old University of Paris engaged in a street brawl with the police, a brawl originating in the stealing of tavern signs by the students; a vagabond journey through France with perhaps the most curious genius in history—such is the temper of "Francois Villon," by D. B. Wyndham-Lewis, published by the Literary Guild of America.

The reader is carried away by the astonishing adventures of Villon, "the genius of the tavern," the student and the poet, who, also listed such things as burglary and manslaughter among his accomplishments. Now he is in a Paris tavern,

gloriously drunk, reeling off bizarre ballads in the jargon of the Band of the Coquille, a notorious gang of outlaws of which he was a member. Now he is hurriedly fleeing from the city following the stabbing of one Philip Chermoye, and now returning to take part in the burglary of the College of Navarre on Christmas eve, 1456. Now he faces the gallows at Paris, and when he can already feel the hand of the hangman on his throat he composes the "Ballad of the Hanged," probably one of the most expressive poems ever written.

The latter part of the book Wyndham-Lewis devotes to a discussion and criticism of the poetry of Villon and to an analysis of the emotions which produced the verse. A number of the more important poems are quoted in full, both in the original and in translation.

A minor fault of the book is that the author is too fond of his subject. He is a great admirer of Villon and frankly excuses the poet for many actions that seem to the reader almost inexcusable.

—Wilfred Brown.

## The Island of Captain Sparrow

By S. Fowler Wright

I dropped in on Her, announcing: "I read 'The Island of Captain Sparrow'."

"Oh, did you? Like it?"

"Mm—well—not so much as 'Deluge,' the novel he wrote before. Pretty good, though."

"Well, tell about it."

"Oh," I said, sitting down, "Wright has a grudge against our modern civilization and he's letting the public know, after the way of authors. Much better than hiring halls and spreading pamphlets."

"Oh, I know," said She, "I like my preaching diluted, too. Doesn't seem so didactic."

"Well, to dilute his," I went on, "Wright has founded an unknown island in the South Seas, surrounded it with rocky cliffs, and populated it with remnants of an ancient Greek civilization, on the one side. On the other there are the left-overs and descendants of a band of degraded sea-marauders deposited there by one Captain Sparrow, who met the iron arm of English law before he could return to enjoy the sovereignty he anticipated on this island."

"What's the disturbing agent in this peaceful scene?"

"A man, of course. A man of our times, shipwrecked and drifting, discovers access to the interior of the island. Whereupon he enters and meets adventure and romance. He meets a girl, living in the tree-tops. He finds she is a French girl

who has been shipwrecked on the isle, and has been living there two years."

"So romance comes into the Man's life, hm?"

"Oh, yes, and there's excitement, too. The island is inhabited by hybrid human beings, or near-human beings, a strange mixture of satyrs and beasts. The girl is captured by the hybrids, for the old chief of the hybrids wants her to marry his son, a frightful hairy brute. Well, the Man rescues her in the nick of time, and they both escape and take refuge over the boundary of the island to the country inhabited by the remnants of the Greeks. There they plan to form a new world for themselves, patterned after the ancient and forgotten simplicity and clearness of the Greek civilization."

"I see," said She, "but I don't understand what happened to the Greeks themselves."

"They had all been killed off by strange diseases brought by the foreigners to the island, and since they always kept their population at a certain number by doing away with old and decrepit people, the sickness had made ravage among them and soon reduced their population to nothing. The story is a strange concoction, but has the lure of the tropic, the weird, the strange and the fantastic."

"Quite a romantic setting," She remarked. But don't you think the man who wrote it seems almost insincere?"

"Not at all. He's either possessed of the kind of imagination that finds relief from its aversion for the world in constructing impossible situations of escape from it, or else he consciously set about to point out what he thinks are the weak points of the life we live and to suggest doing away with them. I don't know, not being burdened with overmuch perspicacity."

"Perhaps he's merely amusing himself," She suggested.

"Oh, it's certainly more than that. You feel as if he were attempting something almost classical, for he tells the story forcefully and vividly and earnestly. And it may stimulate some thinking, and that's all he could expect to do, of course."

## All-Coast Football Team

EMERALD-McDONALD CONTEST

FIRST TEAM

SECOND TEAM

.....	E	.....
.....	E	.....
.....	T	.....
.....	T	.....
.....	G	.....
.....	G	.....
.....	U	.....
.....	Q	.....
.....	H	.....
.....	H	.....
.....	F	.....
Name	.....	.....
Address	.....	.....

Sometimes it takes violently reactionary ideas to start the slow processes of the constructive mind.

"If I find time," She begrudged me, "to allow myself to be stimulated into fanaticism of our times, I'll read the book. After all, if he found life too fast to follow nowadays, he's perfectly entitled to his dreams of ancient peacefulness. I bet they weren't any more contented than we are—probably trying to figure out how they could get from place to place faster."

—Elizabeth Thacher.

## Song

I'd like to be a song  
Wafted on air,  
Sung to a lady  
With gold in her hair.

—Kathleen Blakely.

Self-government is being urged at the University of Idaho by President F. J. Kelly as a means of shifting the responsibility, as he says, of education from the shoulders of instructors and others to the students themselves.

## London Man Gives Cool Tip Smokers Here

London, England  
30th December, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,  
Richmond, Va.,  
U. S. A.

Gentlemen:

As my Christmas present I purchased for myself a pound of your tobacco (Edgeworth) in 1/2 lb. flat tins. This morning on the tram I met a man with whom I am only slightly acquainted, and filling my pipe produced your tin, at which he exclaimed: "I am not a pipe smoker, but occasionally I have a try in that direction and I consider that the tobacco in your hand is the finest made."

I am in entire agreement with his statement.

Yours faithfully,  
J. J. Mason

### Edgeworth

Extra High Grade  
Smoking Tobacco

## Football

(Continued from Page One)

afternoon on Hayward field and the students are invited to attend. This week's practice sessions will be the last chance to view Oregon's greatest team in recent years in action. The sessions promise plenty of action as there are about twenty men fighting for the chance to accompany the regular eleven to Hawaii as substitutes. Twenty-two players is the limit set for the trip and many of the men are battling on even terms for the trip.

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**ALL SPEAK THEIR PARTS!**

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David Rollins  
Sue Carol  
Arthur Lake  
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