



DID YOU TRY?

The year rolls 'round again;
The class is just the same—
Good—bad—and in between;
Medium, yellow, and game.

The medium find their niche
And rest content with life.
The yellow fall out at the side and whine—
To the game belongs the strife.

It matters not whether you find success,
The point is: did you try?
Be beaten only by the best—
And when you lose, don't cry!

G. V. BRADBURY, '22

GOOD TIMBER

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
That stood out in the open plain,
And always got its share of rain,
Never became a forest king
But lived and died a scrubby thing,
The man who never had to toil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air,
Never became a manly man
But lived and died as he began
Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind the tougher trees,
The farther sky the greater length.
The more the storm, the more the strength;
By sun and cold, by rain and snow,
In tree or man good timber grows—
Where thickest stand the forest growth.
We find the patriarchs of both;
And they hold converse with the stars
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife—
This is the common law of life.

DOUGLAS MALLOCK

