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OF THE

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CONTENTS

- SOCIAL SCIENCE AND MORALITY *Robert C. Angell* 185
The question is whether the anthropologists, sociologists, and their ilk are a help or a hindrance to moral standards.
- AS IF FROM THE ELIZABETHAN, *Verse* *Charles E. Palmer* 197
The author, A.B. '29, since 1931 has been associated with the Middle English Dictionary, of which he is Assistant Editor.
- HARIOT'S *Virginia* *Thomas M. Spaulding* 198
The historical background and the story of one of the rarest of rare books.
- THE GARDEN OF FORKING PATHS
. *Jorge Luis Borges* (translated by *Donald A. Yates*) 208
Fiction by a prominent South American writer, with its plot laid in the time of the First World War.
- LIBRARY GARDEN, *Verse* *Marge Piercy* 214
Marjorie Anne (Piercy) Schiff prefers to sign Marge Piercy to the poems which won her a Hopwood award in 1957. She gained the Michigan A.B. degree in that year and is now teaching English at Northwestern University.
- THE LOUIS SULLIVAN SPIRIT IN MICHIGAN *Leonard K. Eaton* 215
The University of Michigan was helpful in bringing the influence of this great architect into the state.
- WESTERN LOAN WORDS IN JAPANESE *Hide Shohara* 221
You can tell quite a bit about cultural trends in a country by observing the kind of words it imports.
- HOMAGE TO JOHN ADAMS *Clinton Rossiter* 228
His somewhat prickly, always conservative, uprightness, and his political studies prove that he indeed wrought a *monumentum aere perennius*.
- BEYOND PRAISE, *Verse* *John G. Ingold* 238
Colonel, also Doctor, Ingold, a student here in 1898-1900 and 1901-03, M.D. Illinois, 1909, came back for his Michigan A.B. degree last year. His verse appears also in the Summer and Autumn numbers, 1957.
- GEORGIAN JOURNEY *George Kish* 239
The Georgia, that is, which is part of Russia, nestles up against the Caucasus, and whose major gift to the world, thus far, was Stalin.

LIBRARY GARDEN

Here among grey walks and greyer walls
Sunlight comes as if through colored glass.
Lilacs scent and shade the dusky malls
And one can hardly hear the traffic pass.

Swallows spiral slowly up the breeze
And shake the branches of the ginko tree
Which far from temple gardens Japanese,
Spreads out its waxen fans symmetrically.

No lovers whisper in this prim enclosure
But ivory ladies lean upon their canes.
On benches of worn stone they risk exposure
To sun that falls as if through tinted panes.

Backwash in the tide of equinox,
The flood of spring drips on the garden rocks.

MARGE PIERCY