

Ingalls, A. G., "Myth? Part Truth? Lost Atlantic Tradition and a Hypothesis of Sea Level Changes." **Scientific American**, vol. 163, p. 179. October, 1940. This wasn't too good.

Schuchert, C., "Atlantis and the Permanency of the North Atlantic Ocean Bottom." **Scientific American Supplement**, vol. 83, pp. 258-259. April 28, 1917. This was of no help.

Spence, "In Quest of the Lost Continent; Review of the Problem of Atlantis." **Travel**, vol. 45, pp. 32-35. July, 1925. This was good for background.

Streit, C. K., "Atlantis Now." **Christian Science Monitor Weekly Magazine Section**, p. 2. November 6, 1943. This was of no help.

Tarkington, Booth, "Veiled Feminists of Atlantis." **Forum**, vol. 75, pp. 358-365. March, 1926. Reading this was a waste of time.

UNSIGNED MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Atlantis and Troy." **Living Age**, vol.

334, pp. 838-839. May 1, 1928. This was of no help.

"Atlantis, the Lost Continent." **Review of Reviews**, vol. 72, pp. 216-217. August, 1925. This was helpful.

"Atlantis Once More." **Review of Reviews**, vol. 50, pp. 361-363. September, 1914. This was helpful.

"How Recent Geology Confirms the Legend of the Lost Atlantis." **Current Opinion**, vol. 61, pp. 181-182. September, 1916. This was good.

"Legendary Islands of the Atlantic." **Scientific American**, vol. 127, p. 183. September, 1922. Much of the material contained in this wasn't related to the immediate subject, but the material which was relevant was fair.

"Proving Atlantis." **Nation**, vol. 120, p. 536. May 13, 1925. This was repetitious.

"Unlearned Lesson of the Titanic." **Atlantic Monthly**, vol. 112, pp. 157-166. August, 1913. Too much of this article was entirely unrelated to the subject.

TO A HOUSE THAT IS LOVED

Verse Forms Class

It stands alone, deserted now and stark,
The house where hearthfires blazed with living light
To warm the little children's hands, make bright
A wrinkled face for four decades. The spark
Of fireside talk has burned a lasting mark
Upon the minds of visitors who might
Absorb the love and peace of friendly night
And warmth of sunlit day. That house is dark.

Whatever alien feet may climb that stair,
Or strange new laughter echo through the halls,
That house for those to whom it was so dear
Remains engraved upon their minds, as clear
As when they lived so richly in its walls;
Not empty and not dark to those who care.