

Nature has planted in every man a love for his native land. Men in foreign lands, no matter how wealthy, powerful or noble, have a burning desire to return to their own country. As they draw near their homeland, this burning desire turns into thoughts of home—the home many thought they would never see again. As they gaze from their ship, their eyes brim with tears and they weep like a child who has just lost her doll. Home is worth crying for.

These are the things men need never be ashamed to cry for. Home, Religion, Love, Friendship and Freedom are the things men fight for. They are worth preserving. They are worth crying for.

—PEGGY GREEN '50

REFLECTIONS

Log-laden, the fireplace lights the room
 With a pumice-ruddy glow.
 In fancy, in the shadows are strewn
 Flowers waving to and fro
 In each inglenook—everywhere
 About this silent suite; and solemn gloom
 Fades as dew on the dawning down.
 The crossed logs snap, and more shadows loom
 Quaintly shaping a sprouting glen:
 Lilies and asters dancing there
 To the breezes lays;
 Deathly winds dashing grove-goldenrods
 To the forgotten ways;
 Or breezes stealing among listful buds,
 Soothing with a rhythmic air.
 Fades now the forgotten fire,
 The Artist of my shadowy wall;
 Forsaken flee the fading flowers.
 Nothing remains but a dark room,
 A soul made happy by past hours,
 And a memory of a midnight-noon.

—GEORGE KEEFE '51

WE WERE IMPRESSED

All I had ever seen of Newfoundland was a rockbound coast, and the harbour of St. John's, which is also rockbound and partially surrounded by fishing shacks, wharves and warehouses. You'll admit this isn't a pretty sight, and first impressions are usually

lasting. Well, my impressions of this country were pretty dull, so were the impressions of ninety percent of my associates. When we were informed that we were taking a trip to a spot by the name of Cornerbrook in that same country, a small town, in a small elongated harbour, you can see that the news was not met with enthusiasm. After all, when we had seen their largest and best harbour, well—well we were in for a great surprise.

We had been sailing along the coast all night, and when the sun was peeking its nose over the horizon we headed straight for the rockbound coast, but as we drew nearer, it surprisingly opened up to disclose a very fine river. As we entered, the river widened to about a quarter of a mile. It was beautiful. The sun was shining and on the banks of the river on both sides, one could see rocks thickly covered with soft green moss; interwoven over the high and huge moss-covered rocks were numerous multicoloured leaves and branches with a background of fir and spruce. It made a very beautiful picture in the light of early morning and its beauty was hardly dimmed as the day grew on. We travelled through this rich beauty until noon, then the river widened gradually, into a large convenient harbour. At the upper end of this harbour one could see miles of floating pulp-wood in traps. There were a number of ships tied up, loading pulp and paper from the huge mill that covered the town side of the harbour.

The town of Cornerbrook was another surprise. It was separated into two sections by a small stream; on the left of the stream was a small community of very modern, spacious stores, houses neat and modern with well kept lawns. At the end of the main street was a large U. S. O. built for the recreation of American troops stationed nearby.

To the right of the stream, one could find the exact opposite—squalid shacks, ramshackle buildings; the streets, unpaved, were hilly and narrow, cluttered here and there with small, dark facsimiles of pubs.

The two sections of the town stood out in contrast to each other, one in its compact beauty, the other in its squalid drabness, one a surprise to our impressions of Newfoundland, the other a surprise in being so near, and standing out in such obvious difference from the modern neighbour.

Our stay in Cornerbrook was very pleasant; the inhabitants were very friendly, and the feeling one received when he passed from one community to the other was striking. It was as if you passed into another world in a few seconds, for the life and the way of living in the two sections were as contrasting as their looks.

We remained in Cornerbrook three days, then continued our tour. This trip made a lasting impression on me and, I'm sure, on my companions, for we now know that Newfoundland, Canada's newest province, also had its scenic wonders. We were impressed.

—CART. MacDONALD '50

AFTER THE RAIN

Behold the shower's past and there's the sun,
Shining bravely in the western sky;
The children beg to be let out to play:
Mother warns, "Be careful where you run,"

Bare feet are washed in wet grass on the lawn,
Chip boats sail across the flooded lane;
Small hands catch gems that fall from dripping eaves.
The cleansed air is filled with laughter's song.

"Oh, see the pretty rainbow." Someone cries;
Games are left; instinctively they turn
To see God's mighty prism in the east.
Up from yonder hill they watch it rise.

A bridge that's fit to carry angels on
Reaches up until it spans the sky;
But even as they watch, its beauty fades,
Growing paler and paler 'till it's gone.

—DANNY DRISCOLL '50

DAYTIME DOZING

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,"

I'm forced to laugh rather sickly every time I think of those beautiful lines that Shakespeare has written about one of Nature's most beautiful gifts. Yes, sleep is a wonderful thing for some people, but for me (and I console myself with the thought that there are others with me) sleep has knit a veritable garment of war. Way back when I was just a young fellow (and that was not so long ago, because I have never heard anyone call me a man) I could sit through a whole class without lowering an eyelash. But