

My glance, shifting from the boring pictures on the wall, turns to the people walking on the street below. How lucky they are; and they do not even know it.

At this stage of the game one usually begins to feel a little self conscious; far be it for me to be different. Noticing that the girl alongside of me is in a deep sweat (no wonder, she is chewing gum, smoking cigarettes, reading a book and talking all at the same time), I venture to open the window for her. "Thank Heavens," I say to myself, "I am not nervous like the rest of the people here." But woe and behold! Coming back from the window, I knock over an ashtray and spill the entire contents on the strange girl's fur coat. After mumbling some kind of an apology, I return to my seat to await developments. From now on I decided to stay in my chair.

Suddenly I get the hiccups. According to an old belief, the hiccups are always cured by a sudden fright. In my case, not only did this formula work, but I had first class material administered to me. Out of a blue sky, a sudden, piercing, death-like scream echoed through-out the room and shook the whole building. The dentist's work room?—well, just one guess.

That settled it; I could not take any more. I was leaving (even though I had gotten clear of my hiccups). Blind with rage, I walked across the room, reached for the knob on the door, and pulled the door open . . .

Today my teeth are in perfect condition. Now tell me—how would I have found out that it is not near as painful in the dentist's chair as in the waiting room, if I had not opened the wrong door?

—ALEX MCINNIS '50.

HOMeward BOUND

The mist like a pall o'er the mountains
Lowers to meet the red rays of the sun;
And the shiny blue waves of the harbor
Reflect the great work God has done.
It leaves in us feelings of sadness
(Though our hearts are o'erwhelmed with joy)
To be leaving this country behind us—
Going back where each lived as a boy.

The Ile De France now freed from its moorings,
Drifts into the current of blue;
And points its great bow to the westward
As if by an instinct it knew.
The sun has now lowered 'neath the skyline,
The day has now changed into night,
As the flickering lights from the houses
Grow dimmer and pass out of sight.

Five days have elapsed since departure
From the banks of the beautiful Clyde.
Then one calm brilliant morning in August
Comes a joy that not one tries to hide.
We have entered old Halifax Harbour,
'Mid the din of the crowd on the shore;
And the smaller boats echo their welcome—
It is Home, Sweet Home, once more.

—BERT LANNAN '51.

HIS GRANDFATHER'S LIBRARY

At long last Jack found his grandfather, sitting in his beloved sanctuary, the library. "Come in, son," he welcomed him, "and we will have a little talk." Jack took a seat, and they talked for some time. Jack knew how much his grandfather loved the library, and wished that he could spend more time exploring it.

When the old gentleman was called out, Jack eased himself into his grandfather's big comfortable chair and began to examine his surroundings. Books lined the walls on every side, and over the bookcase—especially around the fireplace—was an array of trophies and antiques, objects which seemed to have been collected from many places. Here his grandfather had worked for many years, and it was here that he now spent most of his time. As he looked, Jack thought that the room had an atmosphere of years gone by, waiting to be explored again. "What an atmosphere for dreaming," he mused to himself as he leaned back in the big chair and gazed at the bust of Shakespeare which adorned one of the bookcases.

As he gazed dreamily, Shakespeare's face seemed to be looking back at him from the shadows. The ticking of the big grandfather clock in the corner faded, and a voice from the shadowy outline spoke:

"You have stepped to the threshold of that which is past; here you can wander through the years to seek friends or knowledge