TO ROBERT BURNS

On reading him in class

Aye, Robbie we read ye still,
Stout o' limb an' weak o' will,
Ye were a man who liked his fill
O' drinkin' an' the like.
An' from what I hear, ye fared right well
On drinkin' an' the like.

O' mice an' man ye sang ye're praise An' in ye're own sweet Scottish ways Th' beasties ye did seek to raise To th' heights o' men. Aye, sing ye're praise in ye're own sweet ways But mice will ne'er be men.

-WAYNE SHINNERS '60

WHILE WALKING THROUGH SPAIN

If it were only a question of getting a visa, of crossing the Pyeness;—but no! Spain turns her back to you as you near her. She is a country which can leave the tourist on the threshold of understanding while he thinks of himself as having seen all. How many have left that country believing that they have discovered, seen, admired Spain? And how frustrating when they realize that what they saw and what they imagined they saw doesn't coincide.

Spain, a country which begins on the flanks of the Pyreneeshides itself under an invisible veil. One must come to it unbiasedfree of preconceived ideas, curious and loving, in the manner of an Oriental groom beholding for the first time his unknown bride. The understanding of Spain is a painful one. One does not visit her as a museum, passing from one hall to the other. Spain requires of her viewers a power of insight neighbouring passion. One must see it and see it until it becomes painful.

Oftentimes in the strange stillness of dusk settling on the white plains, it seems as if the roads are a graphic reflection of the Spaniard and, as every curve on the winding road opens up new vistas to delight the eye, so does the gradual unfolding of the many-sided Spanish character catch the fancy of the imagination.

The web of Spanish highways lengthens, develops into so many side roads that they are seemingly endless in their structure. Yet they do advance. You come upon a bend, and before you appears a cart. The gypsy asleep at the reins, slowly going where the horse