

the ice. This also represents the climax of glacial ice deposits in the Canadian Rockies.

Here the tourists, who had long been looking forward to their visit in the Canadian Rockies, are permitted to leave the bus and to walk up on to the glacier. This is the end of their trip—an experience that is truly breathtaking.

—MIKE MYLES '51

SPRING

Round-a-whirl, skips the fond fun-seeking child,
 Gay stripling of bright spring-sun welcomers,
 Wantonly wandering over the hill-side wild,
 Calling, robin-like, playmates of past summers.
 And winter-sullened sod
 Awakens from snow-laden bond
 And spreads daisies before earth-visiting God.

Field-weary, farmers o'er fall-furrows go;
 Streams, mud-coloured, flood their mossy banks,
 The thrust-singing echoes from a fir-wooded row,
 Praising, men's hearts beat rhythmic-sung-thanks
 To the spring-season-Giver;
 And chants of tree-top singers
 Heavenly-hymn-like, resound, "Praise to Him forever!"

—GEORGE KEEFE '51

NO CLUES

Have you ever pondered nervously at your desk the night before an examination? Have you ever attempted to concentrate on some philosophical thesis? Or have you ever undertaken the exhausting task of preparing for four exams in one night without having a clue as to what any one of them was about? If your answer is yes, you certainly have undergone a rather disheartening experience.

One Sunday evening after returning from Benediction I flopped into a chair, took out my philosophy, and started to memorize the scheme for the derivation of the predicaments. I had only derived three with seven more to go when the door burst open.