

THOSE BLASTING HORNS

It was early Monday morning when I heard a roar and felt the old bed shake. "That miserable bell," I thought as I rose, half awake. I soon realized it was not the bell, so I smothered the alarm clock. No go. The detestable roar became louder and louder. Soon it was loud enough to bring me to my senses and then I realized it was a train speeding up the tracks for Borden. I peered through the window mumbling a few harsh words mixed with a few thankful ones. This angry beast of a train had saved me from the shame of oversleeping, for the bell, which rang five minutes earlier, had failed to register on my subconscious brain.

Not much later that morning, about nine o'clock, another growling express reminded me of an oncoming Philosophy class. I bundled up my books and headed for philosophy, where I sat down amid some real beings discussing multilocation. Soon the class drew to a close as the incoming "Flyer" from Kinkora gave me to believe. Then the bell sounded the end of the period as I was still wondering whether that blaring train was a mobile being or not.

Having mounted the stairway, I proceeded to grasp a few principles of cooperation in the ensuing Economics class. This was, truly, an interesting class. I was completely absorbed in the life of Desjardins when another "Bellowing Diesel" roared by. "Cooperation" soon slipped my mind and was replaced by "Opposition". This thing, not far away, that was raising such commotion gave rise to a sense of repugnance in me. It so interrupted me at but eleven o'clock, that the remaining fifteen minutes of economic principles merely flew past my delirious skull. Class was dismissed and I headed for my room considering a remedy for this continuous disturbance, these creeping howlers on the railroad tracks.

This last brief period was set aside for study, however, on that particular day, the "Hay-Loft Jamboree" appealed much more to me. I lay back to read a book as the radio supplied me with a tune to study to. "This is the life," I thought, "but it can't last." In fact it did not last, for twelve o'clock came and with it, as on previous days, came another booming "Diesel" wending its lonely way down the tracks while it reminded all for miles around, that it was in

the neighborhood of dinner time. I dropped the book, cut off the melody and headed for refills for my "bread-basket", then I retired to my room to digest them and take a well earned rest.

My rest and my digestion were soon interrupted as the "Tignish-Donation" was forwarded to Charlottetown. This uproar reminded me too that one-thirty was approaching and the books were once more taken from their idleness and flung open for action. I betook myself to the library, where, I had hoped, I could concentrate. The library always offered me incentives to study. A beautiful statue at the front of the room, shelves of books on all sides while boys and girls alike delved into their cherished books. The lull was amazing, the tranquility was wonderful, ideas rapidly formed in my intellect. However, this did not last long for shortly after two o'clock a procession of boxcars set out from the depot in Charlottetown. Soon after this the "Two-Ten Speeder" roared by, another followed suit. The "Breeze", with Souris as its destination, came up the tracks, slow but sure, and it comprised the sum-total of five cars. Any attempt to return to the books appeared futile so I made my way to Philosophy 5 class, to the tune of the three o'clock "Ocean-Limited."

Having been emersed in a study of Kant and his idealisms for approximately three-quarters of an hour, my frivolous mind began to wander. It did not get far when I was roused from a brief day dream by the four o'clock "Freight". The noise of the bell, but a few feet away, was all but drowned out by this thundering "Freight".

My befuddled mind was allowed to relax. Four o'clock came and out I went for some good fresh air. The athletic fields were covered with a motley crew and the noise of laughter and cheer was really a treat after listening to those noisy diesels. As the five o'clock bell chimed, the motley crew dispersed into the various buildings. I opened my books and with a few friends talked over the events of that bright day, as once again the railroad tracks were crushed to earth beneath an incoming express. Curious, I wondered if I had been the only one so bothered by these instruments of transportation. When I mentioned that particular bothersome one to my friends one immediately said, "That is the eleventh train that passed here today." He had been affected too and, I dare say, moreso than I had been, for he even knew the number, which I had failed to record.

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Now that Big Ben, or his cousin, had stretched his hands out to show us that six o'clock was come, we went to pray and from there to supper. It is really surprising how welcome this time of day is, anyway that particular day it was welcome. We had been informed by radio that the Borden Train was due at 6:10. That meant we would not hear the sarcastic remarks which would flow from the diesel as she roared by, we would be at supper and, needless to say, we would make more noise than that train would. However when I emerged from the dining hall, feeling pretty good, I sensed a familiar odour in the air. It was, no doubt, diesel smoke. The Borden Train, as I learned since, had suffered an untimely illness along the line and was delayed for fifteen minutes.

All went well that night, history soaked in at an uncontrollable rate, till it was shut off at bed time. One thing you may be sure of it, it felt good to stretch out under the covers that night. My eyelids dropped, as my mind wandered. The sheep I counted were few and far between, and the most dreaded disturbance of all came as the "Midnight Hustler" raced along the tracks for Charlottetown, making full use of its capacities for horn-blowing. This last "track star" really opened my eyes and left them open for some time. It was not till the next day that I realized I had worn a hole in the pillow from turning my head.

CHARLES ROCHE '55.

POETRY OF THE GREAT BEYOND

Did you ever think of the strange beauty of the conquests of science? Did it ever occur to you that high in the skies, there are things that will never be known to man? Millions of stars have witnessed human history. Would it not be wonderful if our children could see current events as we see them?

Did you ever think of this: the waves that are emitted by our radio and television stations are practically unbounded. Is it impossible then, that they be picked up again by children of future generations? How?

Nobody denies that, today, we receive on our Earth, light-waves that have left the stars millions of years ago.