

THE OLD SWIMMING-HOLE

Golden summer with its pleasant days and cool nights brings back many fond memories, and of these, the one, perhaps, that stands out most vividly, is of those joyous days spent at the old swimming-hole; the one place where all cares are forgotten, youth is predominant, and where the joy of living reigns supreme.

When school is out and the rays of a July sun beat down upon us, at once we have mental pictures of a cooling dip in our favorite swimming-hole. Homework and studies forgotten, we race home, toss our books on the verandah and hurry away. Breathless and perspiring freely, we reach the pool with eyes sparkling in anticipation. There it lies, cool and deep, with scarcely a ripple on its smooth surface. With the customary yell of "Last in is a big simp" we struggle out of our clothes lest such a sobriquet be attached to us. Refractory buttons are yanked off, laces are broken rather than untied in that mad scramble to shake off our clothes.

Into the water we dash and with vigorous stroke plow our way across the pool. What a welcome difference there is between the sullen heat of the day and the cool refreshing feeling of the water! Those of the more timid type advance with mincing step into the water but by dint of much splashing from those swimming they readily perceive the benefits of being in the water. Out to the raft we swim and with much scraping of shins and bruising of elbows we climb aboard. Influenced by the feel of the raft under our feet the fierce blood of pirates fires our beings and taking a Napoleonic posture we gaze about the pool in search of merchant ships. Some of the bolder spirits try their skill in diving and with swan dives, jack-knives, flips, and somersaults, display their prowess. Others with the rhythmic stroke of the Australian Crawl cleave through the water, churning the foam by their fast-beating feet. Perchance while tipping the raft it may have a downcoming speed much in excess of our frantic progress to safety, and with a sickening thud it descends on our innocent heads. Thinking all to be lost, in despair we sink, mourning the fact that society is to lose so promising a member. But the thought that life is sweet and all too short quite changes our opinions and with a desperate exertion of muscles we shoot to the

surface and draw into our lungs with eager gasps that so refreshing and life-sustaining air.

Of course, not all of us are experts in swimming, and often instead of skimming over the water we have a marked tendency to sink further at every stroke, causing somewhat laboured respiration and violent sneezing fits after we gain the shore. Nor do we all dive with quite the same grace of a Pavlowa. Through some fault in the board or through nervousness we do not spring in just the right manner with the disastrous result that our stomach and the water are parallel at the time of contact.

But who indeed has seen the swimming-hole where mishaps never occur, where lungs are never filled with water, or knees barked by slippery diving-boards? The pools that have modern bath-houses, diving-boards pleasantly padded with soft rubber, and efficient life-guards always on the alert for the least cry of distress, are meant for those who mistake convenience for real pleasure. But let anyone yearn for a spot where stilted customs are forgotten, happiness and enjoyment are at their zenith, and all, with one accord, will direct him to the Old Swimming-Hole.—B.L.H., '33.



By the streets of "By and by," one arrives at the house of "Never."—*Cervantes*.

What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is soul? It is immaterial.—*Hood*.

Learn to say "No;" it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—*Spurgeon*.

To conquer one's self is the first and noblest of victories.—*Plato*.

It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant.—*Shakespeare*.