

The Last Cruise.

“HEADS again ! That means that the cruise of the Jolly Five will be the second week in August.” Five pairs of eager eyes, which had been riveted on the rotating coin, were raised almost simultaneously, while Bob Nelson, the speaker, stooped to pick up the piece of silver. “Any more business?” queried Bob as he seated himself on a convenient trunk. “Move we adjourn,” said Dick Roberts, “for I want to get dressed up for this afternoon.”

It was the morning of Commencement Day, and the Jolly Five had assembled in little Teddy Orton's room, to decide on the date of their annual cruise. The other members present were Fred Archer and Charles “Blondy” Davis. All five were juniors, and had been fast friends since their freshman year.

They had gone on a cruise the two summers previous, in Nelson's thirty footer the “Sprite”. The “Sprite” was originally a cat-boat, with a commodious cabin, and was an excellent cruiser. This year however, Bob had the sails removed, and had a new two cylinder Berwick engine installed. So the coming cruise was looked forward to with much pleasure, for as Teddy Orton said, a dead calm wouldn't be likely to hold up a motor boat a whole day, like they were held up last year.

It was a beautiful August morning that greeted the Jolly Five, as they emerged from Bob Nelson's home and rushed down to the harbor with such whoops and shouts, that the neighbors thought the town was afire. There wasn't a ripple on the water, and the newly painted “Sprite” seemed to admire her own reflection.

The locker had been well stocked with provisions the evening before, so there was no delay in starting. The engine worked beautifully, and the town of Riverside soon was left far behind.

Rocky Cove was to be their first stop, for they intended to camp there for the night, in a shooting box owned by Blondy's father. The morning wore on slowly, but pleasantly, although it was exceedingly hot. While they were sailing down the river, all remained outside admiring the scenery, and listening to Teddy's jokes. When they entered the bay however, the sun was a little too strong for them, and all but Teddy betook themselves to the cabin, where they stretched themselves out on the cushions, and spent the time reading magazines and sleeping. Teddy however, remained at the wheel, unmindful of the hot rays of the sun, which in vain tried to pierce his tanned skin. He occasionally broke forth with, "Oh for a life on the ocean wave," or something else he considered a sea song, or aroused Bob from his slumbers to ask him about some point on shore.

About two o'clock they reached Rocky Cove, and Teddy awoke those in the cabin. They had to anchor at the entrance, for the cove was dotted with numerous rocks from which it derived its name. Teddy then went into the cabin, for he said he was tired after being at the wheel all morning. He left orders to be called at four o'clock, and the others got into the skiff, and went ashore to make things ready for the night, in the shooting box. There was not much to prepare however, for the only furniture in the building, was four bunks, an old sofa, a few chairs and a table.

The heat was now almost stifling and there was scarcely a breath of air, so the quartette went in for a swim. Dick and Fred then went out in search of a

farm house, where they might procure some milk and eggs. Bob and Blondy got a small basket, and went back about a mile to pick blueberries. About three o'clock a distant rumbling sound broke the monotony of the quiet afternoon. Blondy looked up and noticed some dark threatening clouds coming up in the west. An occasional puff of wind now blew through the trees while the rumbling grew nearer, and was accompanied by blue flashes of lightning. "Looks like a squall," remarked Bob. "Guess we had better beat it for the shack, for Teddy may be anxious to come in, and the skiff is on the beach." Before they got to the shack however, the squall was upon them in all its fury. The former bright and peaceful day, was now converted into a dark and fearful night. The sun was obscured by the dark clouds, and everything was enveloped in an inky blackness. The entire heavens seemed to be disturbed, and the crashes of thunder, and flashes of lightning now became more frequent, and were accompanied by a few large drops of rain. The wind was blowing a regular gale off shore, and the former calm and quiet sea, was now a mass of seething white-caps and angry waves.

As Bob neared the shanty, he saw Dick and Fred pushing off the skiff into the almost black waters. The small boat however, was swamped almost immediately and its occupants had a hard struggle to regain the shore. Bob and Blondy looked out towards the open sea, and saw that the "Sprite" had broken adrift, and was being tossed about unmercifully by the turbulent waters, while Teddy Orton was working like a demon trying to get the engine started, but without success. His four companions stood on the shore unable to give any assistance, only to yell out words of encouragement. "Swim for it," yelled Dick, but he saw how

The many friends of Jos. Steele B.L. '09 are pleased to hear that he is doing well in his studies at N.A. College, Rome.

A few weeks ago we had a pleasant visit from Mr. William Grant on his return from McGill where he spent a very successful year. Mr. Grant received his B.A. degree here with honors in the spring of '09.

We regret to announce the death of a former student Charlie Gallagher, which took place at Quebec some few weeks ago. Charlie was a great favorite with the boys during the years he spent at St. Dunstan's and his untimely death is only another proof of the instability of human things. To his parents and friends RED AND WHITE extends sincere sympathies.

Some weeks ago we were pained to hear of the death of Cyrus Harrington which occurred at his home at Clinton in March last. Those who knew him during his two years residence at S. D.C. remember that he was an exceedingly clever student, having received his first class license at the age of 14. While visiting in the Western States he contracted the fever which resulted in his premature and much regretted death.



cheer us up when we feel blue and downhearted. Things will never seem the same to us, especially when in class we look at that empty seat, and think of the martyr of our last cruise. Then will we remember how truly the poet spoke, when he said.

“I know not what the future hath,
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death,
His mercy underlies.”

H. C.

