

pus paper. That **Red and White** did not fail is clearly evidenced when we realize that this issue will close a forty-four year span of success. When we look back, after so many years, we see that our magazine has gained for itself a position by no means unenviable in the field of journalism. When we become downhearted from the task of trying to put out a good issue of **Red and White**, it would be well to remember that the toughest task, the pioneer work, has long since been done and the laurels gathered by hands much worthier than our own. We can look back with pride on the work of our predecessors; forty-four years of progress. It has always been the aim, in so far as possible, to continue this progress, to present matters of interest to our readers, to make **Red and White** a link between students of today and those of the past, and to mirror the ambitions of the students whose magazine this is. May God bless the future Editors in the fulfillment of this aim.

—EDITORIAL.

REAPPRAISAL

Our house was literally a beehive of activity on this occasion. Much ado about nothing (so I thought at the time).

I was fourteen and June, my sister, was eighteen. She was a stenographer at Bond's Insurance Company. She had a triple personality—one with which she ministered to Mother and Dad, another which she tenderly retained for John, the boy-friend, and another lashed relentlessly at me. June was no glamour girl, but she had her points. Her whole demeanor indicated attractiveness.

My pet hobby in life at the time was teasing June, although I must admit I generally wound up receiving a good lacing at the hands of an infuriated young lady. Anything June liked, I naturally hated, and vice versa.

June had recently fallen overboard for some fellow named John. I learned quite a bit about John before I actually had the displeasure of meeting him. "Mother, he's simply divine!", or "He's a darling!", were only two of the numerous quotations taken directly from June's confidential chats with Mother. Of course, a "darling" to June was some sap, as far as I was concerned. He probably couldn't

even play baseball. I never did like any of my sister's acquaintances. They seemed to be such an odd sort. Going to concerts or to stage-plays, playing bridge or dancing around on the dining-room carpet to some silly music was all they seemed to be interested in. Such an overbearing lot! And here was another chevalier added to the list.

I was replaced as the young man of the house, simply because John took over the position. John was not in the house in person; yet, he could not be in it in any greater reality if he were present in person. His spirit dominated the table conversation. He enchanted June, fascinated Mother, bored Father and irked me. This spirit prevailed upon the scene for two weeks. Life was getting unbearable.

"Oh, Mother, I just can't wait till you meet him," said June, "I have invited him over to dinner tomorrow." This was the end. Something had to be done. I conjured up in my mind several warm welcomes for June's hero. A nice sharp tack about two inches long, placed cautiously on a seat and sufficiently camouflaged would do the trick. No, maybe this would not be excruciating enough. Then, perhaps, a hot-foot would be more fitting. A cold shoulder was one prerequisite that could not fail in its duty. Why, he deserved the best! Here were the responses to June's startling announcement: "Oh!" said Mother "Ahem!" grumbled Father, "Phooey," I exclaimed. "Father, you heard what he said!", cried June.

The next day came, from the same place all other days come. All was made ready for the occasion. 'Such nonsense!' I thought, "Why, the girl must be silly!" What manner of man might he be? To be sure, my opinion of John was not very elated or dignified. Somehow I liked to picture John as a big, awkward man, with a pug nose and flapping ears, at least this is what I hoped he would look like.

I was not disappointed, for when John arrived I found that I had made an exact appreciation of his external features, much to my astonishment. I chuckled to myself. What did she see in this man?

Never was dinner eaten with such formality before in our house. The aristocracy of the ridiculous. Exaggeration superseded reality. The daintiness of June, the airs of Mother, the sedateness of Father and John's bewilderment

were more than I bargained for. The monotony, I concluded, must be broken. But how? My restless spirit began surging for action. I could not be bound in by a starched collar and necktie, nor was I submitted to the tyranny I was placed in.

June had kept a peering eye on my behaviour throughout the first part of the meal. She was simultaneously expecting the worst but hoping for the best. Coyly, I began to imitate June's daintiness in eating, but to an exaggerated degree. Two blue eyes suddenly began to simmer and burn at me. Her complexion turned to a crimson red and all the while my body shook with fiendish delight. Soon I perceived that I was the object of six burning eyes. Then came the cold-shoulder treatment. Coaxing, threats and rewards could not induce me to speak to John, much to his embarrassment, and June's sorrow.

That evening, when all was quiet again, Mother called me aside and said, "I am ashamed of the way you behaved today in front of John. You caused your sister untold agony and embarrassed, your father and mother to tears."

"But, mom, he's a sap."

"Don't forget, someday you will be in John's position and would you want the same things that happened here today, happen to you?"

I was enraged at the insinuation. I dashed off to my room and sulked. Little by little, I began to realize maybe Mother was right. Probably I would have to face the task of meeting a young lady's family.

From that moment onward, John and I became friends and have remained so, even to this day.

RALPH GAUDET '55.

"If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents."

—R. Browning.

"If any man would work not, neither should he eat."

—New Testament.