

BOYHOOD DAYS

As we go about doing our daily tasks, we very seldom do any really serious thinking; but occasionally, for some reason or other, whether it be some pleasing experience of the past, or a remorse of conscience, our minds lightly turn to the good old days of the past—our boyhood days.

Although past experiences always seem more pleasant, the days which I spent romping about as a child, when cares were nil and when peace and enjoyment reigned in my heart, are the ones which are most vividly pictured in my mind. Then I think: "If I could only live those days again, the days when we said our night prayers at our mother's knee; when we were gently tucked into our cosy beds for a long night's sleep; the days when we stole cookies from the pantry jar; and spent happy hours fishing trout along the little brook".

Then came the days of school which I did not enjoy so much at the time, but which are very pleasant to recall. The first thought was: "How am I going to annoy the teacher today?" But, even that did not require much thought since, as the song goes, it was just doing what comes naturally. Then I proudly recall the pleasure that I received from (as I then thought) pulling the wool over the teacher's eyes by reading my spellings off the palm of my hand, or by forging my parents' names on my report card. Yes, those were the good old childhood days which men, even great men, cherish and love to recall. At a certain banquet one day, Napoleon Bonaparte was asked the question: "What was the happiest moment of your life?" All the great men present expected that he would recall the moment of some famous battle, and they were extremely surprised when he replied: "The day of my first communion". After which he sadly added: "I was then an innocent child".

—PETER SULLIVAN '49.

THE MARKET

If we found ourselves in Rome some 2000 years ago and spotted a parade of mules, asses, or some such means of conveyances; or if we were in Egypt long before that time and saw a caravan of camels; or if we were even on the highway of this very Island on a Tuesday or Friday morning and noticed a migration in the direction of town; and if we followed any of these crowds, we would, in all probability, all end up at the same place—the market.

The market is as much a part of a country as are its dances and songs. In Rome the market may be called the forum, and in Egypt, the temple, but a market is a market: a place where the people of a land assemble to barter their wares.