

**THE AWAKENING**

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Spring bursts forth her Heavenly Power  
In sleeping vale and dainty bower,  
Her flowers awake, her buds come nigh,  
The wild duck honks high in the sky.

In nature's bosom there stirs awake,  
The sleeping buds, the frozen lake,  
The babbling brook her bonds now free  
Trickles through the valley to the sea.

As April sends her fleeting showers,  
May answers with her colored flowers,  
Nature's bounty, God's gift to man,  
Shows forth His glory 'cross the land.

—REGIS DUFFY, '53.

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**"YOU GOTTA GET UP THIS MORNING!"**

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Nearly everyone appreciates a good joke. Not everyone, however, appreciates the joke as much when it is at his own expense. The following story is true; it happened to me; and though it didn't seem so funny to me at the time, when I look back upon it, I can really appreciate it. And I am sure that I will never forget it.

I remember the night it happened very well. I was in Grade XII at the time, and rooming on the fourth floor of Dalton Hall. My room-mate of that year was the one who first perceived the possibility of a good laugh at my expense, and set about the business of carrying out the farce. But I am getting ahead of my story.

It all happened the night of the first Louis-Walcott fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. I remember that because I went to bed early, missing the broadcast of the fight. You will remember that that was the fight which astounded the sporting world; when Walcott went fifteen rounds and lost by a much-disputed split decision. I was one of those fight fans who figured Louis