

then thought about the small island to his left. Five miles distant, he estimated and perhaps a little smaller than his own. Last evening he thought he saw activity on its shore line but could not be certain. He certainly had heard an aircraft take off, but did not see it owing to the rapidity in which darkness descended and because, in his estimation, the aircraft flew due east.

It happened on the ninth day, three hours after sunrise. The blinding white flash seared sight from his attentive eyes and he could no longer see the small island, five miles distant. Even if he had sight, there was no longer any island to see. The inherent energy of the sun had obliterated it.

The heat and shock wave struck his island almost simultaneously. Huge trees crashed downward and before reaching the earth, burst into flames. Soon the whole island was aflame. Scant minutes later the boiling cauldron of a tidal wave struck. All fire was swept out as the frenzied mass of water pushed relentlessly forward, and the inundation was complete. Caught in the tangled mass of smashed trees and foliage a battered and crushed, lifeless body moved out to sea. Sightless eyes and gaping mouth completed the look of uncomprehending terror on its face. Behind, the fireball had disappeared, leaving a grey cloud of expanding, twisting air, which slowly moved upward in an ever widening column. Then it mushroomed at the top and continued expanding. It sucked with it minute particles of sand, coral and rock. All rose to the upper reaches of the atmosphere only to drift earthward again, bearing with it a sinister destroyer of life.

The next day across the ocean eastward, a short radio announcement was made: "A Thermo-nuclear device was detonated early this morning on a small coral atoll in the South Pacific. Little is known about the latest weapon in America's Atomic Arsenal except that it has many, many times the energy of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. The device, which completely obliterated a tropical island, has energy rated in megatons of T.N.T. A megaton being equivalent to 1,000,000 tons. Control of energy even greater than that found at the core of the sun marks a new era in our civilization."

But was the start of this new era an introduction to the beginning of the end? Was the single tragic drama acted out by one man, in the loneliness of the South Pacific, a microscopic view of the future for civilization? After surviving one conflict, would civilization, like the lonely man who had one reprieve, loose forever the peace it had found for so short a, time?

—A.T.S. '59

TO THE REMORSE OF THE SAINTS

'Twas the night of Hallowe'en
When all through the house,
The buckets were rattling
Getting ready for the douse.

The Saints were preparing
The attack with care,
But the Co-eds were waiting
With the hoses right there.

Once before they'd been fooled
On Hallowe'en night,
But this time they were ready
To return the fight.

The Saints were not nestled tonight in their beds,
For visions of witches danced in their heads.
Toward Marian Hall they crept with care
Believing the Co-eds would be in prayer.

Then out on the roof there arose such a clatter
We sprang to our posts the attackers to scatter,
Away to the windows we flew like a flash
Turned on the hoses and then came the splash.

Up to the roof they came with a grin
But the windows were locked, they couldn't get in.
They had some old hens, but in the advance
They soon concluded they hadn't a chance.

The Saints weren't prepared for the water that came,
And to get so wet seemed to them such a shame,
So they turned on their heels and ran dripping wet,
Over to Memorial, reinforcements to get.

They planned to return to the scene of the battle
To avenge themselves of that first great tackle,
But the Sister was there and acting as cop
And to the Saints it was certain the raid was a flop.

—AN ELATED VICTOR

A PHILOSOPHER'S NURSERY RIME

(Hey Diddle Diddle)

	A	
	small	
	fluffy	
Natural		
body animated by a sensitive	soul	
	and	
	an	
In—		
animated body with artificial form	in	
	tended	
	to	
Produce		
music. A large horned organic body	also	
	animated	
	by	
A		
sensitive soul, violently propelled by	self	
	motion,	
	found	
Itself		
located in the predicament of place	on	
	the	
	other	

Side
of a large luminary object which
while
moving
in
An
orbit possessed no self-motion. Now
though
endowed
with
A
mere sensitive soul, a little organic
bark
ing
body
Act
ed in an unnatural manner and
assuming
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of the
Proper—
ties of an intellective being and
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gruity of the action, laughed. Two in
animate
objects
with
Artificial
form intended to aid intellective
beings
acquire
the
Various
goods to which their mere natural appetites
tend,
assuming
the
Properties
of a sensitive being, violently
and
secret
ly
Moved
themselves until circumscribed by other
and
new
loci.

—Do '58

THREE MODERN MUSKETEERS

Those students who in the summer are called by their U.N.T.D. counterparts, landlubbers, showed these old salts of the sea, that they have the intestinal fortitude to challenge the perils of the sea, and chose as their start the foremost challenge of sea menace—Niagara Falls.

So equipped with a specially constructed rig, and no small amount of determination, they commenced their task. The egg-shaped device they were using was barely large enough to contain the three renowned members of the college hierarchy (Seniors of course), and if sardines were put in the same position, I am sure that complaints

would be put forth. No qualms were prevalent even from the start. The device was thoroughly inspected by one of our first-rate engineers; and he took upon himself the very delicate task of aligning the strips of tin; he even tightened the strands of wire which served to hold the device intact. But despite the bony creaks there were no evident leaks.

When the spade-work was finished, there remained little else in the minds of our heroes, as well as in those of the thousands of spectators who lined the railings above the Falls; but the success or dismal failure in this battle with the elements, was there to be seen.

When the boys finally shoved off at a point a half mile above the Falls, they quickly encountered what could have been disaster. The barrel seemed to balk at first, floundering in the swift current, turning like a tide before deciding to go on with the harrowing trip. The tiny container became wedged briefly against a rock not fifty feet from the brink of the Falls. But one of our heroes unhesitatingly opened a small door, pushed his arms through and forced his craft away from the rock.

Finally, as a haze spewed upward from the precipice, the barrel veered off into space, plunging swiftly to the waters below the roaring Falls. At this point it was doubtful as to whether the barrel had withstood the battering which it encountered while being engulfed in the wicked torrents. A bird's eye view of the rapids would be sufficient to convince people that the odds were against these guys.

After a few moments, it seemed like an hour, the battered barrel re-appeared and bounced jauntily along in the swiftly whirling current of the gorge. The many spectators were spellbound. They could not believe their eyes. It took some time for the barrel to unravel itself from the ravaging vortex of the Falls. When at length the peril of material destruction had passed, confusion reigned supreme in the minds of our three heroes. Fear and joy combined to bring about a state of dilerium. In short, they were "all shook up".

Creamer who hauled the barrel to shore, inspected it carefully. The tin hull was broken in twenty pieces and there were scars in the rubber linings, as well it could be expected there would be. Otherwise the craft was hardly marred. The wire rims defied all laws of destruction, and held the barrel together; to our engineer goes credit for such "crafty" skill. The barrel fell apart, however, when a small boy struck it with his foot in a scramble for autographs. And so was illustrated the meager distinction between safety and disaster.

Our heroes' first remarks as they crawled from the boat were "If some of our modern exponents of Rock 'n' Roll were to engage in such a venture as this, they would more than likely forget Elvis Presley".

For further information direct from the sources of experience, consultations may be had any evening on second floor Memorial as part of the round-table discussions which accrue from the tales of these heroes.

ALLAN KEAYS '58—