

threw a kiss to the switchboard operator, the steno and secretary on the way in. His geniality this morning is par excellence. This is good for a man who suffered much unrest the last few days. It is now the new Jacques, the true Jacques. It was not easy to give up the old. Several times he had nearly despaired. Gabrielle possessed that peace of mind which he so longed for. He knew why Gabrielle possessed it. Her way of thinking, her way of living did it. He must uproot his worldiness. He knew she had dignity; it was her decency and honesty and virtue that gave it to her. Last night he had a date with Gabrielle. He wanted to prove to himself for once and for all that what he was doing was right, that the whole thing was not a mere dilemma. You see, I know these things for he has just finished telling them to me.

"Jim, I have a date for tonight. Guess who?"

"Who?" I answered in a tone of astonishment, but I knew who it was.

"Gabrielle," beamed Jacques.

"But, Guy and Andre were expecting you to go with them tonight," I jested.

"Listen. No more Guy and Andre—they are nothing to me—they are drifters. From now on it is Jacques and Gabrielle."

RALPH GAUDET '55.

---

### A STORM AT SEA

The wind was stiff as down the bay,  
The little vessel plowed its way,  
The sails were full, the rudder true  
And happy was the care-free crew:  
Little John, an orphan boy,  
But ten years old, the pride and joy  
Of both his parents, old and grey,  
Who fostered him; but on this day  
He sea-bred father, Dick the Tall,  
Who plied his trade through drifts and squall  
Against the wishes of his wife  
Brought John to sea (his chosen life).  
Besides those two who manned that boat,  
Another man helped it to float,  
Dick's brother Tom, a quiet man,  
Of no mean strength, who chose his span  
Of life to tell the sea.



The barren woman on the shore  
Watched painfully as more and more  
Her husband and her little John  
Sailed eastward to the rising sun.  
She cursed the sea and all its might,  
And raised a prayer that, come the night  
She'd gladly hear her loved ones say  
"We're home again"; but through the day  
The sun grew dark, the wind did rise  
And lightning splintered through the skies.  
The thunder roared; the woman knelt  
And softly prayed; she thought she felt  
A presage of sad things to be.  
"O God," she cried, "bring back to me  
My loved ones from the roaring main!  
Oh, let them feel dry land again!"  
Thus through the night she prayed.

A little cove, unknown to man,  
Lies slumbering beneath a span  
Of cliff that towers up on high.  
In summer there the seagulls fly  
To make their nests; the caplin come  
To spawn their seed beneath the scum  
Of floating kelp; thus do we find  
This little cove, which late has a whined  
Beneath the drive of wind and rain.  
The storm is o'er; all's well again.  
On thing has changed: beside a rock  
No seagulls dive, no caplin flock.  
The kelp envelops like a shroud  
A figure; through a rife of cloud  
The sun shines down, as the seagulls cry,  
On the bloated face of a little boy.

O'FLAHERTY '56

---

### AROUND HOME

When I was a small boy, not so very long ago, there were many things which were beyond my apprehension. (Most of them linger yet.) The last of a family of five boys and four girls, there were ample opportunities for me to observe the peculiarities of the various age groups. My oldest brother whom I called "Nanny" (through lack of pronouncing ability for which I had gained considerably notoriety) was the first to attract my attention. On an evening