

to victory. After you came out you spent an hour or so talking about the game and before you went to bed came to the conclusion that everyone of our boys played a wonderful game.

Late in the winter, during the long nights, you gave the books more attention than at certain other times of the year and the library was a good place in which to spend an afternoon. You waited for the winter edition of **Red and White**, but too many did nothing but wait so that the editor waved his hands in despair at one time because all wanted to see the magazine but few wanted to write for it.

Finally the **Red and White** did appear, and everywhere you could see groups discussing the merits and demerits of the magazine. Although it was marked the winter issue you knew that spring was near because one day, amid looks of wonderment from the first year boys, and withering looks from those who did not know St. Thomas, you wore the college colours and observed the tradition of Philosopher's Day. After the High Mass of St. Thomas you went to the rink for the philosophers' hockey game only to find the ice covered with water and then you knew that the last few weeks were ahead.

Yes spring is in the air today and already conversations are beginning to focus on exams and the Junior Prom and the question of what to do next summer. Soon our Senior Class will wear the caps and gowns of another Convocation Day. We will be sad to see them go but happy because they are taking with them an education from old St. Dunstan's, and happy memories, as have her graduates now for nearly a hundred years.

—DANNY DRISCOLL '50

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### JANE

We have been married twenty years now. Yes, its been twenty years, but I still remember the first time I met her. We were over at Jim Fowler's place. Bob Aitken sat opposite me and next to him sat Jane. I didn't notice her at first, no one ever does. I didn't notice her that is, until she and her partner left our table and two others took their places. It was just like that lost feeling you have when you are suddenly interrupted from a particularly enjoyable day dream. I watched her more closely after that, so closely in fact, that after six months we were married.



I couldn't mention my life with Jane without telling you about cats. Those felines are as much a part of her as her water-blue eyes and freckled nose. I'm sure Jane liked one in particular above all the others. He was a jet-black fellow with a white nose—Darkey she called him. He always sat next to her, and even when she walked he brushed around her ankles. In the summer evenings Jane and Darkey sat on the back step while I worked in the garden. I think Jane was crazy about that cat—the way she tickled him and carefully stroked his fur—so carefully you'd think the thing was human.

Jane likes all the little things. She busies herself with flower pots, silly little receipts for special foods and before long she had every little mantle covered with odd looking ornaments, doo-dads and things. She walks so smoothly you hardly notice her. She moves quickly enough, but so . . . so much like a cat. I remember the time Peter got his leg caught in the picket fence. Peter was only four or five then, and before I could get near him Jane had him eased from the fence and clinging fiercely to her neck. It's funny but these are just the things I like most about Jane.

Pete's eighteen now and he is very fond of us. That is, he is very fond of me, but I can't help thinking somehow that he's more a part of Jane. He walks so lightly; and surely, those are her freckles. Pete has always been close to Jane—you can see it in the little things—when she plans our Friday meals for example. Jane gets up earlier than usual on fish day and walks all the way to the market just to be sure of getting the best fresh fish. I prefer canned salmon myself, but Jane always has fresh fish for Peter's dinner. Pete has lunch out at noon and when dinner comes around the conversation usually begin something like this: "Peter, did you get those pins I ordered?"

"No mom, I was . . .

"I know, you were over at Toni's again, I bet."

Toni's is one of those small corner stores, joints I call them, where the school gangs usually hang around after-school. They are harmless places really, but Jane thinks all this gadding around is doing Pete no good. Anyway the two of them would talk on and before the meal was finished Jane knew what happened to Pete every moment of the day. I don't really care much, personally I'd rather eat than talk, but somehow I feel a little neglected.

Jane and I used to have so much fun together. I'll never forget the morning we were married. Just as we stopped in front of



the Altar, wretched little things started hopping from one goose pimple to another. I was so nervous—I could no more than glance at her. I tried to smile but I couldn't. Just then she pinched me and said, "Remember me? You know, the girl that worked in the library."

Between the two of us we could always dig up some fun for ourselves. Whenever Jane and I couldn't decide anything by debate we'd play "patty-cake". Whoever made the first mistake lost the argument and things were happy again. It usually turned out that when washing the dishes was at stake, I lost.

It's not quite the same now. I mean Jane and I are not as close to each other as we used to be. When Pete goes out for an evening Jane loses interest. She reads or if she does say anything she talks about Pete's girl friend, his school grades or how excited Darkey was when he hopped across the piano keys. Naturally Peter means a great deal to me but, since Peter always took his troubles to Jane, I never did get very intimate with him and if she didn't tell me about these things I wouldn't hear about them at all. It's not Jane's interest in Pete I resent so much, if only she would devote more of her time to me. If Jane only knew how much I envied even that cat; how every time she strokes it it builds up a bitter envy within me.

It's going to be different from now on. Peter left for College this morning. Jane wanted him to study at Tech Collegiate, a small college about twenty miles from here, but I argued that Packston gave better courses and anyway the further from home he is, the more he could get used to being on his own. I finally won out and so tonight Jane and I are together as we used to be. Not even Darkey is around to distract us. I poisoned him yesterday morning.

Jane is sitting opposite me now. Every once in a while she stops to count stitches. I think it's a pair of diamond socks for Peter this time.

"Ted, now that you and I are alone like this," she said, "why can't you take those two weeks holidays? I think it's about time we both had a change for awhile."

At that my heart beat as it hadn't done for years. It was the very suggestion I hoped and planned she would make. "I know what we'll do," I said to myself, "we'll rent a cabin down by the shore."



And then she continued, "you've often said you should visit your father for awhile and I think I'll go up to my sister's place for a couple of weeks. Anyway, Ann must be overworked now that all three of her children have the measles."

—FRANK MacKINNON '49

### THE DESERT

We started for the barren sands  
In safety. Through many lands  
We travelled which had grassy hills,  
But further on, through cancerous ills,  
These turned to cold, unpleasant stone,  
And later still, left all alone,  
I looked ahead and saw that my  
Safari had gone on and I  
Was left behind, grimed nomad.  
(The desert sands are drear and sad,  
And hot siroccos make men mad.)

Mirages show, and lead the way,  
To vales where human lives decay.  
The night is yet, oh where the day?

Eternal Oasis, to Thee,  
I raise my arms imploringly  
(Mere branches of a soulless tree.)  
When time shall cease, and ever change  
To changelessness, and none will range  
These sands again in darkness strange,  
Thou, the Judge, will on a mount  
Offences of all mankind count.  
I beg Thee then to raise Thy hand,  
And in Thy mercy from this land  
Away from desert's boiling sea,  
Lift, oh lift me  
Gently to the mountain tops with Thee.

—J. E. T. '49

### THE ATLANTIC PACT

When the charter of the United Nations was signed at San Francisco, the peoples of the world hoped that they were forging an