

*I SLEEP, YOU SLEEP, HE SLEEPS*

When a news commentator mentions the phrase "period of unrest" all his listeners will drag their tired stern ends to the edge of their chairs and try to project their nodding heads attentively toward the radio. "How horrible that a people have a period of unrest!" "Unrest" meant "restlessness" before it was taken over by the journalists, and I am not so sure that it has completely lost that meaning yet.

Mere Marie Therese Vauzous, of Franz Werfel creation, advised Bernadette: "Learn at once to fall asleep quickly. The right way of sleeping is the great art of the monastics." It may be that the art of good sleeping was another gift of the monks to Western culture, but it is unimaginable that monks have mastered sleep as well as modern American men of the world. Not only is it unimaginable, it is also untrue. Monks still sleep on boards and still continue the uncomfortable custom of removing only their shoes on going to bed. Furthermore they are hardly in bed until they are up again. So, monks have mastered sleep, have they!

Just think of the progress we advanced moderns have made in the realm of sleep.

An accurate evaluation of our way of life cannot be made without a consideration of the tremendous part of our culture occupied by sleep. It is we who have demanded and obtained the shorter work week. What for? To sleep, of course — either to dream in bed or in the La-Z-Boy before the television set. If ever a picture is painted truly symbolical of the present era of American life it shall be called "The Reclining Dude".

A great deal of our folklore is concerned with that favourite pastime, sleeping. All know the story of Rip Van Winkle. All are acquainted with the Sandman. All can sing *Rock A Bye Baby*. How many books of bed-time stories are there? Who would refuse to accept a bed in which Washington slept?

Consider the inventions which man has contributed to aid him in the pursuit of sleep. Some are: Hollywood beds, cots, hammocks, twin-beds, bunks, sleeping-bags, mosquito netting, dozens of types of springs and mattresses, comforters, hot water bottles, electric blankets, polypyjamas, and science's greatest triumph — sleepingpills. Truly, necessity is the mother of invention.

Ours is a tremendous record.

Because of the stigma currently attached to the word "unrest" I conclude that all the world's asleep, all men are sleepers: some are dreamers, some are somnabulists. Unrest is a nightmare.

JOHN WALSH '56