

the ice. This also represents the climax of glacial ice deposits in the Canadian Rockies.

Here the tourists, who had long been looking forward to their visit in the Canadian Rockies, are permitted to leave the bus and to walk up on to the glacier. This is the end of their trip—an experience that is truly breathtaking.

—MIKE MYLES '51

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### SPRING

Round-a-whirl, skips the fond fun-seeking child,  
 Gay stripling of bright spring-sun welcomers,  
 Wantonly wandering over the hill-side wild,  
 Calling, robin-like, playmates of past summers.  
     And winter-sullened sod  
     Awakens from snow-laden bond  
 And spreads daisies before earth-visiting God.

Field-weary, farmers o'er fall-furrows go;  
 Streams, mud-coloured, flood their mossy banks,  
 The thrust-singing echoes from a fir-wooded row,  
 Praising, men's hearts beat rhythmic-sung-thanks  
     To the spring-season-Giver;  
     And chants of tree-top singers  
 Heavenly-hymn-like, resound, "Praise to Him forever!"

—GEORGE KEEFE '51

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### NO CLUES

Have you ever pondered nervously at your desk the night before an examination? Have you ever attempted to concentrate on some philosophical thesis? Or have you ever undertaken the exhausting task of preparing for four exams in one night without having a clue as to what any one of them was about? If your answer is yes, you certainly have undergone a rather disheartening experience.

One Sunday evening after returning from Benediction I flopped into a chair, took out my philosophy, and started to memorize the scheme for the derivation of the predicaments. I had only derived three with seven more to go when the door burst open.

"Oh my shattered nerves, Dom, what do you think is important in this cursed philosophy?"

"Well, 'Fish' I know the theses are worth stressing. But why not consult His Eminence, Francis William Alexander Cardinal Cameron. Frank, under inspiration, picked the Christmas quiz." "Fish" thanked me for my counsel, pushed aside his brunette locks, and immediately breezed out the door.

"That's a relief," I said to myself, and recommenced my brain-racking assignment. A speculative science is specified by its degree of immateriality. Ya-a-a-a-s. It seems to me Father Sullivan asked that thesis in the mid-term test last year. I must get it cold. The major is quite obvious from the previous page. . . .

Bang! "Help! Leave my blankets alone." "Barbarian" Kelly once more was on the war path. I slammed the book, opened the door, and peeked in the direction of the service room. "Rocket" and "Hitler" were pulling each other's hair, Alex was laughing as usual, and the remainder of the first-corridor dwellers were taking in the free show. Suddenly the end-door opened. The fun stopped and for a moment the corridor took on an air of complete stillness. A man appeared on the corridor, took two paces towards us, halted, and stared. The glint in his eyes, the deadly accurateness of his steps, the orderliness of his dress, and above all the look of respect on the faces of my classmates convinced me that our intruder was no one else but our biology professor. "Hey, you men, cut out the foolishness and disperse to your rooms." These piercing words sent us all off to our rooms on the double.

Again I resumed the duties of a "book-worm", but this time I picked a course of a lighter vein, Sociology. As I desperately attempted to absorb knowledge of diverse social institutions I kept in mind the challenging hint given us by our professor: "I am only giving you a bare outline as it were. You are expected to fill in between the lines yourselves so to speak. Your mark will depend on your own original ideas. Don't be disappointed, therefore, if after writing an examination that is perfectly in harmony with your class notes, you don't get as much as you expected."

Thanks for the **few words** of advice, Doctor Murphy. Let me see, what would one disadvantage of functional representation be? Oh yes, it might be used as a means to further the end of a selfish individual. Well that's a start anyhow. . . .

Knock! knock! "Come in", I shouted, and as the door opened, my heart sank, for in strolled the six-foot carcass of "Ping Pong Andy". "Yes, Andy, what can I do for you?"

"Did you take Economics 1 last year?"

"Well, I was exposed to it at least."

"Do you remember anything about the principle of opportunity costs?"

"I did last year, but at present it is a vague memory. You better ask "Brain" Donahue. He lives four doors down the street with Willie, the Dwarf. I'm sorry Andy, my dear fellow, but at present, I'm clueless regarding economic matters."

Andy left, so this time I availed myself of the opportunity to study my worst subject, History. This was one I could read for hours without learning as much as one date. Bismark went to Canossa as far as the Kulturkampf was concerned. Bulgaria was defeated in the Second Balkan War. Rasputin, the red devil, was a puppet ruler of Russia. Ah, phocey! What's the use of wasting my time on history. I never squeezed a pass in history in my life. Have mercy on my poor average, Father McGuigan. Gracious me, I almost forgot, I have to face off with Mr. O'Grady tomorrow. I wonder what he will ask. At least he held us responsible for four authors. I suppose his examination will be as long as usual. I must finish Coleridge's works before going to bed tonight. The Ancient Mariner, a very interesting story, made up of colour, repetition, mystery, and perfect sounding. . . .

Just then I heard a sound that was far from perfect, "Old Buttermilk Sky." There were no babies crying on first corridor, no Indians giving their war whoop, or no calves bawling. I stopped and thought deeply. It seemed to me I've heard the same tone applied to "Galway Bay", "Always", and "Sentimental Journey", on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights. Sure enough it was the wondering moose-seeking minstrel of first corridor, "Kiker" MacIsaac.

Isn't that awful song-murdering?" I said to my roommate. "The same air on every song. What do you think of "Kiker" as a singer, Leo?"

"Haw! Haw! Haw! That poor guy is a clueless vocalist."

Oh my sore eyes! I wish mid-term examinations were eradicated  
And just think, I never even opened History 1.

"What time is it, Leo"

"11.15, Dom." I guess Father George will be around anytime  
now. I must wash my face and give my teeth a bed-time brushing.

A squeaky step pervaded the stillness. Tap! Tap! Tap! A  
swagger stick struck the door. A slight hesitation ensued. The door  
finally opened. A man peered over his glasses at us. The shrill  
voice of our vexing prefect rang in my newly-washed ears. "Don-  
nelly . . . Albert . . . Eleven-twenty. Go to bed."

I said my prayers, turned off the lights, and fell into bed. Then  
I hit the pit I heaved a deep sigh. Poor little ego! The night was  
wasted, four subjects still remained a mystery. Tomorrow, I, as  
well as seventy-five percent of my classmates, had to face the grim  
facts . . . We were clueless.

—KENNETH DONNELLY '50

## - BOOK REVIEWS -

### ALL YOUR IDOLS

Harry Sylvester

New York,

Harry Holt & Co., 1948

(245 pages)

This book is a compilation of short stories, fourteen in all.  
These stories have appeared in many of the more popular magazines,  
such as **Colliers**, **Esquire**, **Story**, **Commonweal**, and others.  
They have been published over a period of sixteen years.

The author is among the best of the younger American writers  
of today. He began writing while still an undergraduate at Notre  
Dame University and since then has written one hundred short  
stories and four novels. **Moon Goffney** and **Dayspring** are the  
more popular of the latter.