

BOYHOOD DAYS

As we go about doing our daily tasks, we very seldom do any really serious thinking; but occasionally, for some reason or other, whether it be some pleasing experience of the past, or a remorse of conscience, our minds lightly turn to the good old days of the past—our boyhood days.

Although past experiences always seem more pleasant, the days which I spent romping about as a child, when cares were nil and when peace and enjoyment reigned in my heart, are the ones which are most vividly pictured in my mind. Then I think: "If I could only live those days again, the days when we said our night prayers at our mother's knee; when we were gently tucked into our cosy beds for a long night's sleep; the days when we stole cookies from the pantry jar; and spent happy hours fishing trout along the little brook".

Then came the days of school which I did not enjoy so much at the time, but which are very pleasant to recall. The first thought was: "How am I going to annoy the teacher today?" But, even that did not require much thought since, as the song goes, it was just doing what comes naturally. Then I proudly recall the pleasure that I received from (as I then thought) pulling the wool over the teacher's eyes by reading my spellings off the palm of my hand, or by forging my parents' names on my report card. Yes, those were the good old childhood days which men, even great men, cherish and love to recall. At a certain banquet one day, Napoleon Bonaparte was asked the question: "What was the happiest moment of your life?" All the great men present expected that he would recall the moment of some famous battle, and they were extremely surprised when he replied: "The day of my first communion". After which he sadly added: "I was then an innocent child".

—PETER SULLIVAN '49.

THE MARKET

If we found ourselves in Rome some 2000 years ago and spotted a parade of mules, asses, or some such means of conveyances; or if we were in Egypt long before that time and saw a caravan of camels; or if we were even on the highway of this very Island on a Tuesday or Friday morning and noticed a migration in the direction of town; and if we followed any of these crowds, we would, in all probability, all end up at the same place—the market.

The market is as much a part of a country as are its dances and songs. In Rome the market may be called the forum, and in Egypt, the temple, but a market is a market: a place where the people of a land assemble to barter their wares.

Five days of the week, the market building in town is just a deserted, old building situated on a vacant square. If one approaches that same ancient structure on either one of the two other days (Tuesday or Friday), he will enter upon a very interesting scene. On walking through the square, one partakes of a view which must have been present years and years ago. It is true that trucks and cars have taken the place of horses and oxen, but the owners still get angry when these vehicles become overloaded and refuse to move.

The building, in itself, is a landmark. It is one of those buildings which were built by our grandfathers—men who liked to stop work long enough to light up the old pipe and to spin a yarn or two, and whose idea of building was to do the best job possible, and not the best job in the shortest time, either. It is a large building; high, but with only two stories; there is an ice tower in one corner; and there are four entrances, one on each side and one on each end.

As one enters the market, he is greeted by a concert of noises ranging from the shouts of an angry meat cleaver to the hilarious, throaty laughs of a man getting off a pretty fair joke; from the scoldings of a mother who has just found her lost child to the arguing of a finicky housewife with some patient meat dealer over a certain cut of meat. The interior of the building is all one high room with booths around the sides and more booths plus a few tables in the centre. One end of the building is partitioned off, and here two thriving business concerns are in full swing.

A walk through the building is almost as refreshing as a walk through a farmer's fields in mid-summer: the vegetables are laid out in boxes on the tables, berries of all types are sold in jam bottles, plants and cut flowers beautify the stands and are also for sale, and a distinctive home touch is added in the display of home cooking in quaint, old fashioned show cases. The good old paper bag that is used to wrap up parcels, the modest cigar box that serves as a cash register, and the white sheets on which the chickens and fowls are displayed, all these tend to remind us that we are not far from a country home.

In a way, the market is something of an art gallery; there is a home art which is just as distinctive and much more important than the art of the brush and the chisel. In the market there are home-made quilts, hooked rugs and rugs made out of died sheep wool, slippers, highly colored baskets which are a speciality of pleasant Indian women, and many other products of the housewife's ingenuity. Some of the sellers decorate their booths with pictures, advertisements, or, perhaps, with just plain, home made sign which declares this article to be 25c per lb., or that one to be 39c a dozen.

Then there are the meat booths with their saw-dust covered floors. The tempting meat lies either quartered up on the counter, or patiently awaiting on the hook for a knife, saw and cleaver to commence their work. Among the essentials in the way of furnishings in these booths are a chopping block, which is usually a section of a hardwood block on end, a scales and a rack, or board, on which the butcher hangs his weapons.

It is very interesting just to stand around and observe the actions of the people. Strangely enough, the factor of competition does not hamper the friendship existing among these people; indeed, whenever they are not busy, they sit around talking or knitting together at a great rate.

It is a wonderful place to spend a morning; so, if we found ourselves in the twenty-fifth century, along with Buck Rogers, and saw a large flock of rocket ships streaming across the sky, we might just as well jump into our own and follow the crowd, for sooner or later, we will all end up at the same place: the market.

—ROBERT KELLY '51.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Yesterday 'neath the burning sun,
They lived in ignorant bliss;
Now they lie 'neath the sky,
Victims of Death's kiss.

They knew no cause for life,
They felt no pain or sorrow;
They shuffled, sighed and died,
Ignorant of the morrow.

Autumn leaves, sadly forsaken,
Embalmed in colors gay,
Mid Autumn's melody, in silent rhapsody,
They greet the cold clay.

—G. L. KEEFE '51.