

and fascinating figures, but they began raising such a cloud of frost and snow that I ventured inside so that I could get a better view of them.

I found the door, which had been left carelessly ajar, and very quietly and inconspicuously, slipped in un-noticed. Each demon was swinging a weapon (which looked to me like an ordinary hockey stick), and was making angry passes at a small black disk which looked like a hockey puck, but was obviously just another speed-demon flying in all directions, and once it came so close to breaking a window that without thinking, I yelled, "look out".

The spell was broken, the creatures went flying and scurrying in all directions, shouting something which sounded like, "hidel here's Father Allen, Father Allen, Father Allen," and in no time at all, they had hidden in the dressing room out of the light.

I quickly came to my senses, made a dash for the dressing room and turned on the lights, and there, cowering under the benches and stove, the unholy creatures watched my every movement with glaring eyes, and with bared fangs they hissed at me as if coiled to strike. What? oh, I'll say I was scared, but I didn't dare let them know that I was, because that would have been the end of Uncle Ed. It seemed to me that they should fit the description of some creatures that had been reported seen on the corridors of Memorial Hall very late at night. It also came to my mind that I had read about similar creatures in a book that I had seen. I took out my copy of "Newfoundland Regained" by John Saschmo Conran Bilton, and there as plain as the nose on your chin, the creatures in the dressing room matched the descriptions in the book.

There was the monster Edgar Beelzebub Bromo, there were Pinky Bullet Molock Bolger and his associate the prince of the blackest arts Merlin the Dark, then the most vicious of all the demons James Belial Dean Mullally, the Gordon Genie Lakus, the captain of the Tree-Grinders, the Great Weston Medusa Gillis. These were all members of one team, while in the other corner I recognized such infamous creatures as, the barbaric Robot Mulgiber Doyle, the hairy J. J. Rockefeller Mammon Murphy, the perpetual demon-fiddler Robert Tantalus King Ganhum, the warbling Lem T-Hee Hickey, and, a little Demon Petit Thammuz Kennedy, and finally the fiendish instigator of the unearthly spectacle, Satan Leviathan McIvor the captain of the Too-Eager Beavers. There were many more of them than I could name.

Now I knew why the lights went on in the rink every midnight, why the corridors were always so quiet when the night bell rang, why everyone slept in the daytime, why there were so many headaches and busted shin bones. I had uncovered the secret of the Midnight League. What a story I would have to tell my class mates in the morning. I ran back to my room as fast as my legs would carry me. I thought it rather strange that no one was in the room. Where could they possibly all have disappeared? gone to Town? No there was no permission that night, and then the truth dawned on me. Those creatures that I had seen over at the rink were the same ones that I was living with over in Memorial Hall. What a fix I was in now. How would I ever be able to live for the next two months of the college term knowing that at any time these creatures might turn themselves into diabolical shapes of all sorts and go on the rampage again?

Well Kids, I had won my bet, and somehow I managed to avoid the clutches of the fiendish gang, and that's the end of the story for tonight, so off to bed with you or the Midnight League will get you. Goodnight!

And so the great book closes on another phase of Campus life.

—EDMUND LeCLAIR '59

"LEGEND OF THE STEPS ON A MOUNTAIN"

Once about five years ago I spent a few days at my grandfather's. My grandfather, a retired fisherman lived in a small village by the seashore. This little village was composed of some five hundred farmers and retired fishermen. In front of the old church was an old wharf beside which one could see the unused boats. Behind the village were mountains covered with trees and grass. These mountains were said to have a legend.

While taking a walk with grandfather, on the night I arrived, we met an old fisherman, ragged with the years but still vigorous for his age. This old man who still wore one of his captain's hats, on which was written "Madona"—the name of his old fishing boat—related to me for a good part of the night, the adventures of his youth, his hunts and especially his fishing trips. He told me of his pleasant fishing trips on the "Madona", the storms which he had fought with the "Madona", and also, with tears in his eyes, about the sinking of his "Madona" from which he had luckily escaped.

Before leaving us that night, the old fisherman, to please me, asked me if I wanted to make an excursion with him. I told him I liked the idea very much and we organized the trip for the next day. Our idea was to hunt in the nearby mountains. Even though it was late and I was very tired, I could hardly sleep that night for the very idea of my first hunting trip excited me too much.

We left early in the morning. It was a beautiful morning and the sun was just rising. A slight breeze brought in the pleasant odor of morning dewed flowers. The trees seemed more majestic than ever and their leaflets trembled under a soft morning wind. The birds already filled the air with their melodious tunes and we could see that another day was beginning full of life and happiness. Here and there we met a few herds of sheep grazing in the verdant mountains. Animated by all these bewitching decorations, we approached our destination.

But all of a sudden, in the middle of the mountain I saw large steps engraved in the rock. I was surprised and I asked the old man the explanation for this. He looked at me, and smilingly he said: "You want to know the reason of this strange affair! Well let's sit down and I'll tell you an old legend that your grandfather well knows."

"About two hundred years ago, "he said", the seas were filled with pirate ships and the merchant ships were often the prey of these plunderers. One day a rich Spanish ship was pursued by these pirates and in spite of its capable sailors, it was overtaken not far from here. A terrible fight followed the meeting of the two ships. Both sides fought courageously, but the Spanish ship finally yielded to the pirates. The plunderers took their booty, hung all the survivors and sank the ship. But hardly had they done their misdeed that the look-out man signaled that a Spanish warship was in sight. This type of boat was specially equipped for chasing pirates. The pirates,

seeing themselves pursued, came close to the village and hid the treasure in the mountain in a little cavern. They then covered the entrance with rocks and fled. However the Spanish warship spotted and overtook the pirates. They sank the ship and kept as prisoners the plunderers.

"A few days later, three of the old pirates who had succeeded in escaping came to get the treasure but in place of the treasure they saw the devil sitting at the entrance of the cavern. The devil looked like a man but he had a tail and fire sprang from his mouth and his nostrils. In his right hand, he held an iron pitch-fork and threatened the three men with his implement.

The frightened pirates fled and told this fact to the nearby farmers. They went to get neighbors and a group of about fifty farmers was formed by these pirates. They took along with them guns, sticks and pitch-forks; and the group left for the cavern.

"But was it not the surprise of everyone that upon arriving both the devil and the treasure were gone! The surrounding trees were missing and the nearby grass was burnt. They were the first to see these large steps that you see.

"Since that time, everyone in the village believes that legend and it is transmitted from father to son."

You can be certain that my hunting trip was finished for the rest of the day for I couldn't forget the legend about the steps on the mountain.

—PAUL MICHAUD

MEMORIES OF A SCHOOLMARM

In a Grade-one classroom anything can happen. The teacher with a roomful of uninhibited, irrepressible six-year-olds must be not only a teacher, but also a mother, policeman, nurse, fireman, actress, story-teller, and referee. Even without their Wheaties and Tootsie Rolls, the little angels are endowed with incredible amounts of imagination and energy, and my thirty youngsters were no exceptions.

I remember one morning when, as I wrote on the chalkboard, I heard a strange sound coming from the back of the classroom. I turned around, and to my utter amazement, found that while the remainder of the class worked arithmetically, Ralph had shimmied up to the ceiling, via the waterpipes! Imagine the heyday he'd have in the jungle!

Then there was the day Kenny arrived at school shyly wearing a pair of old-fashioned gold-rimmed glasses. It seemed an excellent occasion to point out to the children that eyeglasses are a wonderful invention which helps people to see better, and that we must be careful not to hit or to laugh at those who wear glasses. The children listened attentively, and for the rest of the morning Kenny was the proud centre of attention as he bent over his number-work and reading. In the afternoon, however, he arrived at school barefaced.

"Mom wouldn't let me take them," he explained. "They were my grandmother's!"

"Wasn't she angry with you for wearing them all morning?"

"No Teacher, she didn't say nothing," he replied. And added, "She's dead!"

Bobby, who will probably be an insurance salesman, had a habit of dropping into places, uninvited. One day he opened a door, and walked right into the principal's classroom. That imposing personage, hoping to intimidate the child, boomed sarcastically, "And what grade are you in—Grade One, or Grade Ten?" Bobby gazed steadily at him, unafraid, then turned back to the door. There he paused and said clearly, as he slipped out, "Grade Ten, Sir!"

Then there were the two sisters, Margaret and Mary, the dirtiest children I have ever seen. We had to keep them in the same classroom, for Margaret was the only one who could understand the gibberish Mary spoke. Their mother wrote delightful little notes, which read something like:

Deer Teacher

Worshenmachine broke, so my too girls smell so bad and I don't want youse teachers and them nasty kids to laff at my Margaret and Mary none they have bad colds too but I do not keeping them home because I hope youse all get their colds yours most sincerely in our Lord

Barry was the perfect example of the do-it-yourself type. One afternoon the children were all quietly cutting pictures, when suddenly the room was filled with sparks and blue light. As it turned out, Barry was responsible. He explained, "Well, I just wanted to see what would happen if I stuck the scissors into the wall socket." He did see.

David and Cecil were the entertainers of the class. David delighted the class at recess by giving a blow-by-blow description of his fathers recovery from an "evening with the boys." And when I overheard Cecil offering to demonstrate how his mother had thrown a chair at his father, I wondered what she would throw at him, if she could hear him. I have often thought that if parents could ever guess the things that their children repeat in school, then every compulsory education law in the country would be repealed.

Not all the children, however, were lively; some were unusually timid and retiring. Such a one was Dorothy. She seemed always to be trying to fade into the shadows, and never wanted to enter any discussion. Only once did she show any interest in any of the proceedings. One day I brought a baby turtle to class, in connection with a nature study lesson. All the children, with the exception of Dorothy, thoroughly enjoyed watching little Oscar, as they called him, walk around, and pull his head and feet into his shell. After the nature study class, we put Oscar in a glass bowl on top of the bookcase, so he would not get hurt. While Dorothy's group prepared to go home, I began to teach a reading lesson to a more advanced group. But while we were concentrating on the reading lesson, Dorothy came back to play with Oscar, and she quietly climbed up on the bookcase, which was behind my back. Before Oscar could recover from his surprise at finding two big black eyes staring at him, the bookcase toppled over. With a crash, the glass bowl broke into a thousand pieces, and Dorothy promptly burst into tears of anguish. Oscar poked his head cautiously out of his shell, looked around, and then indignantly picked his way out of the wreckage, and set off to find safer quarters. It was unfortunate, however, that Dorothy's one little adventure ended in this manner, for she became even more shy and withdrawn.