

THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE

I was completely unprepared for the shock which rendered me even more senseless. It came upon me one dismal gloomy morning in March. The morning was such, not because of the absence of sunshine, but rather because our "demi-gods", our hockey greats, had just lost their fourth straight, the deciding game of the semi-finals, in our sister province the previous night. Upon this heart-breaking and world-shattering news came the rumor that this calibre of hockey might be a thing of the past in our fair province. I couldn't believe it! How was such a catastrophe possible? Would we continue to rest upon the waves, or would we sink and let the waves quietly and peacefully ripple over our heads?

I pressed my hands to my temples and endeavored to contemplate the full implications which this rumor held. Where would we derive our future publicity? Does sanity ever take top-billing to unsanity? What sensationalism could overtake the sensationalism of the stick-swinging horizontal guillotine? Woe to our loss of publicity!

How could we ever test the durability of our lumber if we did not have the opportunity to observe it withstand the impact of the human body being squashed against it with great momentum? How could we flex our vocal cords if blood-curdling cheers became no longer necessary? And how could we ever expect to develop young hockey players? It is true, more ice-time would be available for practice. It is true that there should be more money available for assisting young players to develop; and even though this may be a less worthy cause than the present support of a star-studded team, or the paying of unwarranted fines on behalf of the bloodthirsty, yet this cause still deserves some consideration. But how could these young players develop without the opportunity to witness great hockey in progress? How could they ever develop the manly art of self-defense, so colorful on the ice surface, if they no longer could watch the experts in action?

What would be the topic for discussion in the barber shops, across the lunch counters, in the dance halls, at the military center, and on every street corner? What topic

could be so interesting and worth-while as that of hockey? Could we ever go back to the dry, depressing details of politics, of world problems, or the general welfare of mankind? We might as well die and be done with it.

What about our politicians! Without the advantage of the friendship of the hockey stars and the resulting public recognition, what would some politicians do? Would they have to return to the dull business of studying and explaining the platform of their party, if they were to receive support, now that they could no longer parade a hockey star, the strong silent type, before the voters.

My Gosh! I just thought of it. How would we ever persuade Junior to eat his cereal? Before this all we had to do was to threaten him with ruin. "If you don't eat up all your cereal you won't grow up to be a big bruising hockey player". He would clean it up all right, and, with sparkling eyes, he would look up and ask, "Mummy, can't we have cereal for dinner too?" Would he never eat cereal again? Then the realization flashed before me. If major league hockey ceased to be in our fair city, I could afford to buy Junior milk to go with his cereal and this might add to its flavor.

—EMMETT ROCHE '53.

MARY OF MAY

The snow long since has fled the field,
With signs of summer plainly seen,
The farmer smiles while looking 'round
To see his pastures growing green.

All the things he sees around him,
With a freshness seem to gleam;
Like Herself they seem to glisten,
Like Herself so pure and clean.

Showers of April, hours of sunlight,
The friends he always holds so dear;
Have made May, the month of Mary,
Like no other in the year.

—CYRIL MacISAAC, '53.