

Rire ce soir . . .
Rire toute la nuit . . .
Rire comme un fou,
Rire . . . pour m'évader!

Epave vomie,
Coeur disloque,
Ame chaviree,
Bonheur d'un instant,
Nuit de tourments!

Boucle blonde . . . boucle blonde . . .
Qui fuit dans le temps
Ne seras-tu qu'une joie envolée
A l'horizon de ma vie?

JEAN-GUY DEMERS, '60—

MY TRIP TO ST. DUNSTAN'S

Whenever I am bombarded with the question, "How did you happen to come to St. Dunstan's," I usually sidestep the series of unending details by simply replying, "Oh it was a very nice trip." Really speaking, I feel more at home talking on the subject of my trip than any other topic, not only from the point of view that it helps me to recapture some of the greatest experiences of my life, but also because I am able to traverse some of the sensational avenues to which most of the people in the South American continent have hitherto been unexposed.

Travelling from my home in British Guiana, to Canada, a distance of approximately four thousand miles, took me just under three days, but the tremendous excitement and overwhelming experiences captured in those three days are sufficient to last a life time.

I left Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana at about 8 a.m. one Monday in September, my first stop off being in Trinidad, the capital of the West Indies Federation, just a ninety minute flight from home. As I had the rest of the day and the night to spend there, I decided to utilize it to the best of advantage. The tropical sun-baked streets of Port of Spain, the capital city, and the blaring calypso music from the cafeterias contributed to the typical West Indian atmosphere and reminded me so much of Georgetown of whose way of life I had been a part ever since birth. Needless to say, a few relatives and friends whom I had in Trinidad enjoyed with me a real West Indian calypso and steel band fete that night and as the tropical sun, which usually rises at 6 a.m., was peering at us in the midst of our revelry, I was forced to call it quits, since my next flight was scheduled for 8 a.m. that day.

On the Tuesday morning when I left Trinidad for New York, I remembered the pilot taking us up to twenty thousand feet, from which height we had a splendid panoramic view of those lovely sun-tanned West Indian Islands slowly gliding by under our wings. The only incident on board plane was that this plane, a Super Constellation Airliner, had lost one of its engines in flight and had to depend solely on the other three for the rest of the flight. But at that height of 25,000 feet, the atmosphere was so serene and breath-taking, coupled with the anticipated excitement of seeing New York, that hardly any of the passengers noticed the seriousness of the situation.

Eight hours after leaving Trinidad, I landed at Idle Wild Airport. Owing to the fact that this was my first visit to this part of the world, my preconceptions of it were sinister and my suspicions sneaky, and the fact that I was welcomed by American cops wearing revolvers only helped to aggravate my misgivings. But New York is really a grand city and during the eighteen hours I spent there, I was completely absorbed in its sophistication. I remember spending three hours on Broadway, but, as my time was running out I had to reassemble my gear and prepare for my next north bound flight.

At six the next morning I left Newark's airport for Boston. Up to that time I had experienced no discomfort on the journey but I was in for an awful surprise when I landed at Boston. The temperature, in the fifties, was the coldest I had ever experienced and as I made a hurried dash for a warmer shelter, I almost scared the wits out of a young Marine who was walking near by. Having suitably apologised and given him the utmost assurance that everything was alright, I proceeded to the Chapel of Our Lady of the Airways to spend the next hour prior to my next flight.

At eight o'clock, I was off for Halifax and my first landing on Canadian soil. Arriving at Halifax after an hour's flight, I took a taxi to the city proper, where the first unusual scene that struck me was that the windows and doors of the buildings, including the stores, were closed. It was quite a contrast to my own country where one would never see a building completely closed unless it was unoccupied or closed to business. I was, however, made to understand that these buildings were closed on account of the cold climate, and of this I needed no reminding since my teeth and bones were starting to chatter and ache from this unexperienced climate.

It was in such dread of encountering similar or even worse weather on Prince Edward Island that I fortified myself with double sweaters and a winter overcoat, even though it was in mid-September just around the beginning of the fall.

At the end of my short stay there I prepared for my next flight to Charlottetown. My impression of students here up to that time was extremely naive, but I was fortunate to make the ac-

quaintance of one of the students on board plane and through him I was able to form a very favourable conception of the place and people with whom I hoped to spend four years of my life.

It is indeed a very long way from home but the experiences of my trip are so precious that reliving them would not merely be occasions of extreme pleasure but also of enviable excitement.

—VIBERT ROSEMAY