

brought in man's every day life, did not also bring misery and unhappiness to many people. But in the majority of cases the good outweighs the bad.

Let us consider, for example, the machine age which caused unemployment for thousands of craftsmen and doomed their families to starvation. But our great modern mills now give employment to millions. Without the invention of dynamite, the railway tunnels which bring people and countries closer together could not have been built; nor could work in coal mines and quarries have been made easier and less dangerous. But at the same time, dynamite has become the basis of modern warfare with all its horrible possibilities of destruction.

Should we regret the development of machinery and the invention of dynamite because they are made to serve destructive as well as constructive ends in the land of mankind?

Many of us will answer no to this question, and that answer, together with the knowledge that only international co-operation and mutual good-will can ward off final catastrophe, is the reason that, given law and order as well as a new invention, we need not deplore the discovery of atomic power.

—Mary O'Shea, '49

HALEY

John Haley, a man who lived near home, had a unique ability as a story teller. Although he never used any half measures, and stretched the truth as far as he thought his listeners would go, he told the stories so well that he never lacked an audience. Of course no one believed his stories. In fact his name became a byword for one who drew the long bow. If anyone heard a story that did not seem plausible, he would say, "That's a Haley."

This man had a wonderful imagination. He told about storms he had encountered when sailing "round the Horn", shipwrecks he had suffered in the China Seas, and snakes he had killed in Africa. He told these tales amazingly well, so well, in fact, that people who heard him for the first time would not believe that he could not read, or had never been off the Island. He had a large number of stories, all wild and unbelievable, but he never made the unpardonable error of making them better at each retelling.

He used to go to some neighbor's house every evening to swap yarns. When the yarns were ghost stories, as often happened, he would tell his so realistically that he

would frighten himself. When home time came, he never could muster up enough courage to take the long walk in the dark. His host, knowing this, would insist that he stay all night. The wags made up a bit of doggerel about his habit of becoming an overnight guest:

"Johnnie Haley

Is the boy to make his ceilidh".

His favorite story was about a cat. It is a good example of his talent. This is the way he told it:

"I had a big tomcat one time, a lovely cat. Fat as butter he was, and a great ratter. Once when he was sittin' at a rathole in the barn, some water from a puddle in th' yard flowed in where he was asittin' on th' floor. The water froze, an' froze 'im to th' floor; but he still kep' watchin' th' rathole. Three days after, I found him still froze' to th' floor by th' rathole, an' 'longside uv 'im I found Forty-eight rat tails an' a bit uv weasel fur.

"But this cat uv mine started eatin' chickens, an' I knew I would hafta get rid uv 'im. I put 'im in a strong bag wit' a big stone fur a weight, an' tied th' mouth uv th' bag wit' a string. I tuk 'im back to th' big brook behind my place, an' threw 'im in. Goin' home, I says to meself; Yuh were a fine cat, Tommy.' Nex' mornin' he wuz at the door when I got up.

"That evenin' I took 'im to the railroad an' tied 'im to one uv th' rails. I was sure th' train wud cut 'im in two. An says I, 'That's all fur you, Mister Cat'. But nex' mornin' when I got up, he was at the door agin' limp-in' a little.

"I begin to think the auld divil must be in th' cat; so I tuk my axe, grabbed th' cat, went out to th' block, an' cut th' head off 'im. I threw 'is body in th' manure pile, an' said; That'll fix you, yuh vilyan! Th' nex' mornin' when I got up, I heard a noise at th' door. I opened it, an' here wasn't it th' dang' cat, carryin' 'is head in 'is mouth!"

—Francis J. Corcoran, '46

A RAILWAY JOURNEY

I settled myself comfortably and leaned back, my feet resting on the seat opposite me. On the station platform the little cars, trailing long threads of baggage trucks, crowded about, their drivers listlessly needling a path through the maze of well wishers who thronged the narrow way. To the drivers this train was just one of many