

lower. Their pointed bows pushed white waves of foam along their sides, and the waves converged off their stern, leaving a wake of smooth unrippled water behind them. The red sails of the snipes were made even redder by the setting sun, and were puffed by the breeze, giving them a bloated and aggressive appearance.

There were still a few scavenger gulls about; gliding with the wind they would sometimes tip a grey-white wing and go spiralling seaward, throwing their sharp, plaintiff cries at the waves as they skimmed by.

As evening descended, lights winked on all along the Hoe and over head silver-green stars pushed themselves through the blue velvet of the sky.

How fast the remaining few hours passed. We did go to a dance but the dance hall was crowded, noisy and full of smoke, so we left. The Hoe must have had some strange attraction for us for about an hour later we were back, after taking a walk down the Royal Parade, an area completely bombed out during the war. It now flourished blocks of white-faced, modern stores on one side and for part of the other, the pretty and quaint, Princess Square Gardens.

We found an old bench facing seaward, on the Hoe, and as we sat there the dull silhouette of Drake's Island was barely discernible against the darkened horizon. We sat there talking from about 10:30 until a half hour before I was due back aboard ship. During that time we found out how much we had in common, and it was then I realized how very much I liked this girl that I'd known for less than a day.

She came back to the dock with me. We got there about twenty minutes before the last liberty boat left for the ship. A heavy dense fog had rolled in now and everything was shrouded in a grey mist. The lone street light near the jetty cast dull, eerie shadows everywhere and its pallid yellow light reflected from the glistening pavement gave it a faint luminosity.

We made our good-byes just beyond the reaches of the lamplight. It seems silly now but we both agreed not to write or get in touch with each other again. It seemed so reasonable then. We'd be thousands of miles apart and would probably never have the chance to meet again, at least not for quite a few years; and how much can change, in even one year. Nothing could ever be the same again, so why hold hopes of ever returning to the past and finding the places and people unchanged. We would both have memories that would grow sweeter and more mellow with the passing of time, so why should we want to have more, perhaps only to lose everything.

Yet when the boat eased away from the jetty and I looked back and saw her waving, her silhouette against that one lone street light, its rainbowed arc like a misty halo over her head, I couldn't help hoping that some day I would come back and that we would start again, where we left off, with nothing changed.

I'll always have a spot in my heart for England and perhaps a bigger spot there for the girl who shared with me, one of my happiest days.

—A. T. S. '59

People may not believe all that they hear, but unfortunately they can repeat it.

A BOND OF LIFE

The changing tides of joy and strife
Cut wrinkles in a woman's face.
Her heart bore happiness of life
For such as her create our race.
A total joy of life and love so dear
As baby in his mother's arms—just born.
Loving and beloved, untaught by any fear,
Life's to him a warm and peaceful morn.

And the hours like waves broke on the shore
Of the mother's heart and her baby's life;
But her lone heart drifted away before
Her little boy knew an hour of strife;
Drifted away on a summer's eve,
Ere the orphaned child knew how to grieve.

—RICHARD ST. JOHN '58

The most valuable sense of humour is the kind that enables a person to see instantly what it isn't safe to laugh at.

Always borrow from a pessimist—he never expects to get it back.

PHANTOMS OF THE FUTURE

The night is dark; the mist swirls about me; the east wind blows with a mournful sound prophesying events to come, events now stealing out of the intangible future into my vision, stealing through the mist that envelops me

A white distant figure emerges like a spectre from the past. The face is familiar, but oh, how changed since we said "farewell" at the end of that first year at college, for twenty years have taken their toll. A few wrinkles crease her brow, although her jet-black hair is not yet tinged with grey, and the weight of the years has not yet stooped the tall figure. The sound of her children playing in the grove nearby reaches her ears, and a pleasant smile brightens her face. Brood not over the past, friends of my youth, for your lot is happy. May God and his Grace be with you, Farewell. The figure recedes into the darkness.

Now as I peer through the gloom, I behold a rolling western farmland, golden with the fruits of the harvest; a small white house; a woman and a dark-haired child goading a flock of sheep into a shed. Faintly the woman's voice comes to me. "Toot! Toot! Here, M'Carta, don't let them near the hayrake! Shoo!" Would I not be without if I fail to recognize the voice, this face now coming near me, for hectic were the days and nights in her company. And though the hours of labour and years of toil have left their mark, their touch of silver, I could not fail to know her. Through the night I called out to her, "Here in your own environment you have attained your happiness; I would linger, but the blackness proclaims you. Goodbye, and may those silver hairs proclaim the pride of duty done and peace gained."

The dusk falls about me once more. Now, gradually, as in a dream a light pierces the dark, the wind ceases, and in its place the sound of sweet singing. The light draws me on through the surrounding vacuum, past the iron grill and close to the white robed figures kneeling at the stark

benches . . . " Adoro te devote" . . . Whose is that face lifted in contemplation and song, filled with a glorious light. Never in my wildest dreams did this come to mind. That voice that once made Marian Hall resound with "Tammy" as she bounded about, now is uplifted in praise of the Lord. Found at last is her goldmine in the sky. Strange, strange are the ways of providence. Vale! I go.

The fog thickens and the melancholy strains of the wind resume, carrying me to the white monument on the hill side. The fog curls and drifts around the base on which is carved this epitaph:

"Here rests a heart that lived but to lose,
A heart that flew to many, had no home
Until she met the one that was her fate,
The one whose love could never be her own.

Long for this one her heart did sadly pine
And love now unrequited there abode;
Until her soul did slip the bonds of earth
And flew unto her Father and her God."

How hard it is to believe that heart could at last find home. A seeming nemesis.

At this lonely spot I shed a tear, a tear for youth, for life that slips away so soon.

All at once a roaring fills my ears, I see nothing but blackness; the mist is cold against my face. All disappears with the melancholy wind as it recedes, slowly, slow into the void whence it came.

—JEAN MacISAAC '61

Note: These two short stories are Campus entries in the National NFCUS Short Story Contest, and were adjudged as such by Dr. O'Grady to represent St. Dunstan's.

A "GROWN-UP BOY"

It was Saturday evening. Kevin Black, a barefooted boy, was resting himself on a flat rock in the turf bog of Arranal. His blue sweater had holes in each elbow, and his grey pants with their frayed edges flapped in the cold breeze that blew up from the embankments of the sea shore. The sun was setting, stretching an uneven crescent of light across the land. Looking out over the sea as he sat on a crag projecting from the hill, the boy resembled a preying animal of freedom in the setting sun. Beside him his shaggy grey donkey, with the wicker carrying basket on her sides filled with turfs of peat to be used as fuel, kept nodding her head with a melancholy persistence as she nibbled at the sweet grass strewn about in patches.

The boy was alone and lonely. He had neither brothers nor sisters. His mother had been dead for a few years, and his father continued to go out fishing every day. So he had no one to help him to draw home the peat. Since early morning he had been working hard to build as big a stack as the boys in neighboring Rammocky. As he sat tapping the rock with a stick he recalled with a feeling of sadness the rhyme they shouted at him yesterday when he was coming from school:

"Kevin, Kevin, Kevin Black
Has only got a wee turf stack."

Their mocking laughs now taunted his mind, and he found himself clutching his stick tightly. Then he thought of all the turf he had heaped at the gable end of his thatched cottage, and a sweet unrest gripped him and seemed to soothe him as he pictured the big stack he would build this evening. At that moment, a hawk shivered in the air. A gull swayed upward and the hawk darted below the edge of the embankments.

Kevin looked at the mark on his hand—a red gash where he had ripped it on the desk at school. He licked the dry blood with his tongue and then, hearing the screech of a bird, he jumped up and raced to the edge of the craggy embankment. Below him the sea rolled its foamy waves up on the rocks, gulls tilted on the hovering gusts of the wind and curved upward in graceful movements. But he could see no hawk. He lay flat on his stomach, pressed the heather away from his nose, his eyes ranging along the shore line. At last he spied the hawk; it was tearing at a little bird whose feathers fluttered about like blown ashes. Kevin clenched his fist, jumped to his feet, and searched for a large stone. He fired it at the hawk with all his might. It crashed in a thousand pieces and the sea birds rose in a flock and surged through the air with wild cries of terror. The boy became obsessed with fear. He ran to his donkey, caught the reins, and hurried from the peat bog.

Down, down, he hauled the donkey; then getting tired, he let her lead the way, now and then goading her forward with his stick. He loved the animal, and today he was proud of her, for she had been carrying turf since morning without getting her usual rest at unloading time.

The path stretched in front, falling and twisting down to the grey plain of the land where a few donkeys strayed about the scanty pastures. "It'll not be long now till you'll be out with them", Kevin said to the donkey, prodding her along with another tap of his stick.

He halted for a minute and scanned the sea, trying to sight his father's boat. But not a boat could be seen on the slaty surface of the water. The mainland with its scattered limewashed houses looked like the distant view of a cemetery. The mountains were a dark blue now, and Landes had a bonnet of mist which his father told him was its nightcap. It was only yesterday that he had written this in his composition in school, and he smiled reflectively as he felt the teacher hanging over him warmly, and patting his head for what he had written. A shore bird's cry startled him, and looking in front he saw his donkey moving ahead quickly, the baskets of turf swaying heavily against her sides.

The donkey drew up at the gable-end of the house, and Kevin emptied the baskets. Around him was the pile of loose turf he had drawn all day. Without taking a rest, he bent his back and began the stacking. The sun had gone down, and the cool shadows crept into the hallows of the land. In the silence Kevin heard the pounding of his own heart. A woman hurrying home with a basket of groceries stopped and shouted:

"Kevin, child, you're a great man to be building a stack like that. And did you do it all yourself?"

"I sure did", he said wiping his nose with his sleeve, "I'll have a big stack when my father gets home from the fishing".