

sharing this with him too. It would be worth-while, even if he could save only one innocent stranger from this murderer without a motive. Yes! He would do it. He took a deep breath and blew it slowly through his nostrils.

"Julie, baby!", Cotton laughed, "your bird friends are goin' have dere favorite dish, tonite." Cotton gave Old Tom his dirtiest look. "Yeah! Chicken." Both convulsed with laughter. They were having a grand time. Julie lit Joe's cigar, when he stuck it in his mouth. He was puffing away as his head rocked with the rhythm of his effort and they were enjoying themselves immensely. She holding the long wooden match long after the cigar had turned charcoal red with the flame flickering high in their grinning faces.

Neither of them saw Old Tom raise the nozzle at that moment for he was on the other side of the car. He was deliberate in his movements. He pointed the nozzle directly at the raised flame before their faces and with his other hand drove the hand pump to its highest pressure. The gasoline sprayed squarely at their faces and for a moment nothing happened. It wiped the smile off their faces. "Poor" Joe blinked his moist eyes. "Poor" Julie gave a weak smile of stupid disbelief. Old Tom, no longer feeling poorly, went placidly on with his job of hosing them. Both "POORS" made an attempt to run.

And, then, it happened. The murky desolateness of the New Mexico desert wastes for miles around was suddenly lighted up, brighter than day, by the flashing roar of orange colored light and scorching heat. Then, poor Julie and Joe their clothes ablaze, their young, bulging eyes standing out of their sockets, their faces contorted in the awful agony of pig-screaching screams, pitched about the driveway like bouncing balls. Cotton trying desperately for that "LAST CHANCE", that would save him, hit the gas pump head on; and the gas reservoir below the ground exploded like a big gong heaping all three sacrificial victims heavenward. "Poor" Joe Cotton had no idea what part of the world he was on at this moment. But, of the voice of Particular Judgement from a great distance, he was certain he heard Old Tom, the half-breed cry out, "Those signs have meanin' 'Mister WOODS-COLT',—Sir! Yeeew shoulda paid heed t'dem. They're thar fir yer own good. Dat dere sign did say, "NO SMOKING—GAS BURNS", didn't it?"

—LOUIS REDDY '58

Usually those who have nothing to say contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.

"Don't worry" is better advice if you add the word "others".

THE DREAM AND ESTEEM OF THE "COMMIE" REGIME

Here is a story, strange as it seems, Of Stalin the Commie wrapped up in his dreams. Being tired of the British, he lay in his bed And 'mongst many things, dreamt he was dead. He was stretched right out and lying state, His bushy moustache was frozen with hate. Then, being dead, he figured life's cost And found his passport to the next world he'd lost.

He passed from this land called earth, Went straight to this Golden Gate of mirth. But Peter called out in a voice loud and clear "Stalin the Commie, you can't come in here." Then Stalin turned round and away he did go To find his abode in the region below.

Satan, looking out from his lofty watch-tower, Exclaimed, "Ye gods, I'll lose my power!" "O Satan," cried Stalin, "What you said I do know, But give me a corner—I've no place to go" "Comrade, I'll tell you straight and I'll tell you clear, We're just too good for you down here!" He kicked Stalin back and vanished in smoke, And just at that moment "Red Joe" awoke. He bounced right up in a lather of sweat, "Alas," he roared, "Tis my worst dream yet! To Heaven I'll not go—that I can tell, But it's damned awful thing to be kicked out of Hell!"

—RICHARD ST. JOHN '58

We try to see some good in everyone we meet, but occasionally there are some people who make us realize our eyesight isn't as good as it used to be.

When people complain of life, it is usually because they have asked impossible things of it.

THE FORGOTTEN HERO

As Mark Hilton limped along the corridor of Rossville Junior College, his eyebrows were drawn together in a deep, forbidding frown, and he seemed oblivious to his surroundings.

"Hi Mark", greeted Jackie Matthews, friendly and cheerful as always.

"Hi," Mark's reply was almost a growl.

"Ready for your interview?" inquired Jackie.

"Sure." It was more like a bark this time.

"Well, if that's how you feel about it, I'm sorry I asked," the other boy shrugged, started away, and then said over his shoulder, "Let me give you a tip, Mark. Don't bark at that reporter the way you are at me. Bad publicity for the college."

Mark stopped short and glared at his retreating back, then turned, and entered the glass-panelled door bearing the information, Student Council Office. He slammed it smartly behind him, and, depositing his sheaf of papers on the already over-burdened desk, he limped to the window which overlooked the football field. As he watched the team having a practice session, his frown seemed to cut a still deeper furrow in his brow, his fists clenched, and his thoughts became rebellious.

"Why did it have to happen to me? I'm always the unlucky one. Here I am with this game leg when I should be out there, too. What did I ever do to deserve this? It's not fair."

As he gazed down on the active uniformed figures below, the past crept up, and he was again reliving that unforgettable day two years ago when the victorious Rossville players were returning home after an exciting game with Springvale College. Mark had been especially jubilant because his two touchdowns had made him the hero of the game. But the boisterous singing and elated banter in Coach Mackinnon's car had been suddenly cut short by a tremendous jolt, the shatter of glass, and, to Mark, oblivion.

Mark brushed his hand over his sweating brow. Even to think of it caused him to shudder. Of all the boys in that ill-fated car, he had been the only one seriously injured—he, the team hero, he, the player of whom 'great things were predicted'. The long days in the hospital were now a mere blur. Instead, he remembered only the words of Doctor Blake,

"You will never be able to take an active part in sports again, Mark."

At first he had not believed, but, as months went by and his back remained weak and his limp seemed permanent, the truth was gradually impressed upon him. Those words had shattered all his dreams and destroyed for him his reason for living. Life became a monotonous succession of days during which his outward passiveness belied the bitterness and rebellion within.

For a time the sympathy and attention of friends had been abundant. The football squad had even held a special banquet in his honour when he was able to return to classes and presented him with a miniature silver football on which were engraved his name and Rossville Junior College. Then slowly their attentiveness began to wane. The team no longer took care to include him in their conversations, they hardly seemed to notice his presence. For Mark was not able to stay away from the football field, not even from practice. Every day he would be on the bench, living the game, and playing it with each player.

The coach argued with him and tried to make him stay away,

"You're only torturing yourself, Mark."

But, nevertheless, he continued to attend every practice until finally the futility of it became obvious even to him.

Now, as he stood by the window, his bitterness welled up anew.

"They give me all the desk jobs. Any arranging to do—Oh, Mark will do it! Always me. Here I am waiting for Bill Murphy from the Clarion to interview me on the old Blood Donor Campaign. What a lousy deal!" He slumped in the chair and swivelled it around so that he was again watching the players.

"If it hadn't been for that fool truckdriver, I'd be out there now. I'd be a star, too. Everyone said so." He dug viciously into the arm of his chair with a pencil. "The guys think they can put it all over on me. Make me chairman of this committee and that committee! 'That will make up for your football' Bah! Who wants to be stuck behind a desk?"

He used to be a real hero around Rossville Junior College. Looked up to and very much in demand at all

college activities. Now, in his last year, what was he? The scape-goat for all the jobs no one else wanted. Sure they said,

"You're the best guy for the job, Mark. You can handle people—when you want to."

So what? He didn't want to. He was just a 'has-been', the he'll-do-it guy.

He had not made any bones about his dissatisfaction either and it had earned him the nickname of Grumpy. This showed all the sympathy they had. How would they feel if they couldn't do the one thing that really mattered? Bet they would be a little cranky sometimes, too. Mark did not admit even to himself that it was 'most of the time' instead of 'sometimes'.

A knock on the door interrupted his musings.

"Come in"

A stranger entered.

"Good afternoon. I'm Tom Phillips from the Clarion—"

Tom was somewhat taken aback. "Oh—er—I was expecting Bill Murphy."

"Bill's out of town. I'm a new reporter on the Clarion," explained Tom Phillips.

Mark found his own smile responding to the engaging one across the desk.

"I am Mark Hilton. Have a seat?"

Instead the reporter went over to the window.

'Football practice I see. Good team this year?'" he inquired

"The coach thinks so," replied Mark.

"Reminds me of my days at Boston College," said the other.

Mark was really surprised. "Did you play football with Boston College?"

Tom's grin was slightly crooked. "In Freshman and Sophomore. Then I had an accident."

"What happened?"

"I dislocated a disc in my spine in a big game with Harvard and haven't been able to play since."

"Gosh, that's tough," Mark could sympathize.

'Tough?' Tom shrugged. Yeah, I thought so, too, at first. Really felt sorry for myself." His fingers played, with the tassel on the window-blind. "It turned out though, to be just what I needed."

"Just what you needed!" Mark echoed in disbelief.

"Yes. I was sleeping, eating, and talking football. Nothing else but. And just scraping by in my courses. College was for me just a place to play football. Classes were merely an added inconvenience."

Tom paused. Mark waited for him to continue.

"Well, after I was through feeling sorry for myself—you, see, I finally realized that everyone else was, and that they expected me to take it on the chin—I got to thinking."

Mark winched. How well had he accepted his lot?

"Anyways, the light finally pierced this old head of mine and I found I had a flare for newspaper work. So, here I am."

"But you were on the team at Boston College! You must have been good," insisted Mark. How could he be so indifferent? Didn't he care at all?

"What of it? I could not have been a big football hero all my life," said Tom. "I'm afraid my values were badly mixed."

Mark was gazing thoughtfully out the window. Suddenly he turned, feeling much lighter and happier than he had for two years.

"Well, shall we go ahead with the interview?" he asked.

—MARGARET HAGEN '59

Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.
—Montaigne

TO THE QUEEN OF SCIENCES

When God, in His wisdom,
created the universe,
somewhere
beyond the galaxies,
Somewhere (and only He knows where)
God placed a line—
And man, being feeble-minded,
called that line
imaginary,
For man knew not,
since that fateful day
when he had plucked the Apple.

Now man would also be a creator.
And out of nothing
he created
the number one
and followed it by two and three
and stopped.

Then lo!
Before his eyes the numbers multiplied
but ceased not,
and progressed incessantly
until man discovered
that this chain reaction
could not be checked,
And would he choose two numbers,
still more numbers
would appear
between the chosen two.
Feverishly,
man stated that numbers
were infinite.
But Alas!

One order of infinity sufficed not,
So this also man multiplied.
Thus he rushed in
Where angels feared to tread.

The system now unbearably confused,
Man borrowed from the philosopher
and inserted logic.

But woe to Man!
The harm was already done,
Defining and specifying more Numbers,
Man caused himself more troubles,
More numbers, and yet more troubles came.
He could not tell where the primes were,
and knew he should have left them undefined;
Pi was a freak, a transcendental giant,
and the number line a continuum.
The philosopher rejoiced,
for travelling from A to B
had been made possible,
And Zero was defeated.
But man, the creator,
felt himself defeated.
What was this Monster,
this Frankenstein
he had created?
Where would it lead him
in its aimless wanderings?

Wearily,
His head filled with paradoxes,
and unproved theorems,
He lay low and rested.
And in his dream,
A vision he beheld:
A queen, pure, exalted and radiant,
of face austere and beautiful;
And in this queen
Man recognized his creation,
which had vanished in the west
to rise up in the east,
always unattainable.
Thus it came to man
as he dreamed,
That his creation was no Monster,
but a Queen,
Queen of Sciences.

He saw the light and wisdom
that she alone possessed,
He glimpsed that which she meant unto herself:
Art for humanity's sake.

He knew now
that no limitations hampered his creation
except those limitations imposed
upon the mind of man;

And as the mind of man trod on,
So would this queen advance.
And in this knowledge
man did rest,
content.

—JEAN MacISAAC '61

Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasurers sweet,
Sweet music's measured fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.

—Gray