

doesn't work. I seize every suggestion I hear in hope that in some way it may help. A friend told me that coffee is the answer to all my prayers. I can say with certainty that it does absolutely no good because this dozy drip takes three cups of the regular grind that's served in the refectory every morning—it drugs me. I face the future with heavy eyes.

Perhaps you are one of those who upon reading this will say, "It couldn't happen to me." Someday you may regret having uttered those words, because unless you keep on guard at all times the sleep gremlin will sneak up behind you and you won't even have time to think; you will be much too sle-ee-epy . . . Ho, Hum.

—DANNY DRISCOLL '50

### REFUGIUM

Refuge is a place of shelter which we seek in time of trouble—trouble of body or trouble of mind. We shall consider refuge as a haven for troubled minds. Refuge can be in a cave, where one is alone to contemplate his problems, or even in a crowd of people where he can drown himself and hence forget all his troubles. You have to like your place of refuge also. Everybody has a particular spot he "heads for" when troubled in mind. What's yours?

Mine is a little, old, white-washed home in the country; just a part of a large house that, years ago, was the home of my great-grandfather, from which home you could see the uncut forests of P. E. I. stretch miles before you down to the southern shores of the Island. This old home, could it talk, would tell many romantic tales of the hardy pioneers of the area, clearing the trees from the land they wished to cultivate; of hardships; of simple rustic happiness; of disappointments. This is the house which sets me at ease. In this house lives my grandmother, who knows what hardship means. She has many old Irish stories which add to the atmosphere, of the days when the only possible communication with the mainland was "sledding" and rowing (when a stretch of water was come upon) in a boat across the strait. It took hardy men to accomplish this task.

The fields and woods surrounding the house are a reflection of the house and of my grandmother; they add to the atmosphere of that peaceful, serene land where no trouble is seen, and where you think no trouble can arise.

How can this atmosphere help you? Taking your troubles with you, you meander through the fields, down to the brook, and through the woods. Thinking "simply" of everything, analyzing



every problem to it's simplest form, the way that your forefathers did (because in their time there was no room for complicated studies of subjects which were extra trouble and a waste of time); you break down your trouble into parts which can be easily solved.

And so it is that each of us has a way of solving difficulties. But if they get beyond your scope of reasoning, what do you do then? Most people pray to God for help and others give up entirely. No one can or should solve your problems for you, but someone or some atmosphere can help you. You can leave your troubles at my little, old, white-washed home, just as invalids leave their crutches at Ste. Anne de Beaupre. At this retreat, in the silence of the world, in a little corner all of your own, you "sift out" your problems in an easy, quiet atmosphere. Finally, success. 'Tis then you affix such a value on "Refugium". To my Refugium—and I hope it will be yours too—

I extend you a welcome!

—ALEX MacINNIS '50

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### OPERATION

With pocket-knife in hand, I undertook the task of repairing my room-mate's radio.

The model was not a familiar one, but my natural mechanical inclinations prompted me to uncover the trouble.

"How to get this thing apart . . . ?"

Taking in the situation with a glance, I perceived that there were a few wires trailing out the back.

"If I could follow those wires . . . but first, I must remove the rear panel."

I extracted three screws from the back and two from the bottom of the set and found that the thing was very simply disassembled.

With the working parts exposed for purposes of diagnosis, I felt quite convinced that I could find the ailment with little or no difficulty. How wrong I was! Little did I know how delicate and complex the operation was eventually to be.

Splurtch!!!!

"Heh-heh . . . a bit of a shock—perhaps I'd better pull out the plug!"