

"Guess we might as well close, Joe," he said, "Wait'll I put this in the safe."

He took the cash box and stepped behind the screen. After a moment he burst out from behind the screen and stood beating his ironing board with his fists, his face a gleaming purple, his mouth twisted savagely as he muttered incoherent noises.

Joe stood up and looked behind the screen. In the corner was the safe, its door open swinging gently to and fro. A newspaper lay on the floor, its headline staring him in the face.

Joe shook his head sadly and went back to his sewing.

—MIKE HENNESSEY '50

THESE ARE WORTH CRYING FOR

Many believe that tears, the glistening droplets of water which rise from the heart to express some emotion, are reserved for women and children; and men must use some other expression of feeling. Silence commonly expresses their emotions, but men sometimes cry. To them many things are worth crying for.

A great desire for freedom dwells in the soul of every man. Freedom to live his own life whichever way he chooses. Many who have been in concentration camps with nothing to look forward to but torture, hunger, disease and death have stood, unbelieving, in silence as liberators told them of their freedom. Then, suddenly grateful men burst into a flood of tears, or perhaps just a few tears rolled down their hollow cheeks; but they, nevertheless, cried. Most men believe freedom is worth crying for.

While women, who have naturally soft hearts, will weep over their neighbor's sorrow, men seldom, if ever, do. But when he hears of his best friend's death, he will find himself pushing his hand into his pocket to draw his handkerchief to wipe away a tear which in some mysterious way had formed in his eye. He will shed tears, too, at the death of a loved one just as naturally as he would smile upon him living. Friendship and love are closely related. Men think both are worth crying for.

At the altar stands a young eager man. When he turns to give his first blessing to his father and mother, will not tears of joy and pride shine in the father's eyes as well as in the mother's? Tears have streamed down the faces of men attending Mass for the first time in some years. Yes, men believe Religion is well worth tears.

Nature has planted in every man a love for his native land. Men in foreign lands, no matter how wealthy, powerful or noble, have a burning desire to return to their own country. As they draw near their homeland, this burning desire turns into thoughts of home—the home many thought they would never see again. As they gaze from their ship, their eyes brim with tears and they weep like a child who has just lost her doll. Home is worth crying for.

These are the things men need never be ashamed to cry for. Home, Religion, Love, Friendship and Freedom are the things men fight for. They are worth preserving. They are worth crying for.

—PEGGY GREEN '50

REFLECTIONS

Log-laden, the fireplace lights the room
 With a pumice-ruddy glow.
 In fancy, in the shadows are strewn
 Flowers waving to and fro
 In each inglenook—everywhere
 About this silent suite; and solemn gloom
 Fades as dew on the dawning down.
 The crossed logs snap, and more shadows loom
 Quaintly shaping a sprouting glen:
 Lilies and asters dancing there
 To the breezes lays;
 Deathly winds dashing grove-goldenrods
 To the forgotten ways;
 Or breezes stealing among listful buds,
 Soothing with a rhythmic air.
 Fades now the forgotten fire,
 The Artist of my shadowy wall;
 Forsaken flee the fading flowers.
 Nothing remains but a dark room,
 A soul made happy by past hours,
 And a memory of a midnight-noon.

—GEORGE KEEFE '51

WE WERE IMPRESSED

All I had ever seen of Newfoundland was a rockbound coast, and the harbour of St. John's, which is also rockbound and partially surrounded by fishing shacks, wharves and warehouses. You'll admit this isn't a pretty sight, and first impressions are usually