

the old man was asleep in his hotel room, I tipped off the cops, and caught the train for the ferry. So here I am, and now I'm as good as caught. The old man likely squealed on me; but I'll jump off the train before I let them take me. It wasn't my fault. I was young and scared of my step father. Will you help me get on the boat? I might be able to hide and then sneak off at Borden."

"O. K. son, I'll do all I can," said Joe Mowery quietly.

"Will you keep him occupied? I'll jump the train before she stops; it's my only chance," said the youth urgently.

"Okay son," said Joe, "I'll keep him occupied."

Just then the conductor came through the train, and intoned in a bored voice, "Tormentine next! Change for the boat."

The young fellow arose as the train slackened speed, and started towards the rear of the car.

"Good Luck, son," murmured Joe, but the kid was too far away to hear him. As the train slowed to a grinding stop, the large man in the tweed suit came down the isle towards Joe's seat. As he came abreast of the seat, he stopped. "Okay, Mowery," he said quietly, "I guess we won't need the cuffs; there should be a couple of R. C. M. P.'s with a car outside."

"No, we won't need the cuffs," said Joe quietly.

"What on earth made you break out of Dorchester, when you had only six more months to go?" queried the big man.

"Oh, I just got a yearning to see my wife and child I deserted over on the Island about sixteen or seventeen years ago," said Joe with a faint smile.

"By the way," said the big man in the tweeds, "who was the scared looking kid you were talking to?"

"Oh, just a young fellow who found out in time that the easy road is not always the best road," said Joe Mowery with an ironic grin.

—JAMES MORRIS '48

### STREET CARS

Do you like scrambled eggs? Are you overweight? Do you wish to learn to jitterbug? If so, please write to a Street Car Company. One ride in a street car and your troubles are over—or maybe just begun.



If you are the adventuresome type you will undoubtedly catch a car which will take you right through town and out to the West End. As you ascend the steps which lead you to this monster of destruction, an automatic door will immediately fly open, hit you in the face, and send you sprawling to the ground. (If at first you don't succeed, for gosh sakes don't give up.)

After several attempts and failures some kind conductor will pick up your parts and place them gently in a seat near the posterior end of this so-called vehicle of transportation. Since most of your bones are now dislocated, you must figure out a method of relocating them. The corner jerks are the best solution. The conductor yells, "Hold your necks; we're turning a corner", so you naturally don't hold yours since you want it put back into place. There's no use explaining the results since this is a sure cure method, but we'd like to warn you to have your insurance premium paid up to date.

Your next worry is when to get off. The conductor, who is a well-meaning old man, will mumble some unintelligible words and expect you to know what he is saying. You, of course, who never learned Chinese, cannot understand his directions. You slyly ask the woman next to you, who looks as though she knew Japanese, "Where are we going?" She takes a different meaning from your question and indignantly slaps your face. This will teach you not to ask questions unless you are sure that you can defend yourself.

Unconsciously you pass your street and ten blocks later, rush in desperation up to the front end of the car in the hope of persuading the motorman to back up. The motorman (a sane man) refuses coldly and tells you that a little exercise never hurt anyone.

Even though you are two hours late for that date and have a few dislocations, at least you are on land again. You now resurrect an alibi to give to Mary. Just as you are turning the corner whom do you see descending the stairs but your one and only Mary. But who is with her? As she passes you, she innocently says, "Hello! What brought you way up here?" From now on you become a woman-hater, as well as an invalid and a maniac. Please don't give up though, as others are worse off than you.

The clock strikes nine; and, ready for the grave, you decide to tread home. After walking several blocks you realize that if you even hope to get home before Christmas (and it is now July), you must catch a street car. To undertake such a difficulty requires courage. You immediately develop a martyr complex. With halo in hand, you again ascend those treacherous steps, this time being careful not to break any bones. Instead, you bump into what you thought was a potato bag, but discover that it's only someone in the "new look,"



You rush for a seat just as the street car booms ahead and you land directly on an old woman's knee. This old crank, who has a fierce look in her eyes, screeches and kicks you swiftly so that you are obliged to stand for the rest of the trip. People continually push, shove or even poke you, in order to get by, but since you do unto others, not as they do unto you, but as you would like them to do unto you, you offer no resistance. Your martyr complex reappears.

Suddenly a crash is heard! The car jerks to a stop, and your head bangs against the front window. You now know that you are home. It's too bad you didn't remember that old proverb "Look before you leap". This, apparently, is the conductor's friendly way of letting you know where you are. You are hurled out on to the street and when you regain consciousness you are again on good old terra firma. The moral of this story: "If there are buses running don't take a street car".

—JERRY ROBERTSON '51

### MEMORIES

My memories are to me as ships  
Sailing on Life's surging sea;  
Away! Away! blissfully they sail,  
At random come they back to me.

Softly stealing from the inner mind,  
Silently, stealthily, they carry me away;  
Away! Away! blissfully I sail  
To the sunny shores of yesterday.

Following the little stream of childhood,  
Joy-filled, flowing into Life's Sea;  
Back! Back! remorsefully I sail,  
Returning on ripples to reality.

—G. L. KEEFE '51

### NATIONAL UNITY

Most of us will live to see Canada celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Confederation. The British North America Act represented a unique attempt to build a harmonious nation out of two sovereign and distinct races and cultures. Only in so far as she succeeds in this will Canada be prosperous and successful as a