

That night Pierre was the center of attraction. All his former friends thronged around him and complimented him on how well he looked, and how he must have prospered. Seized, as it were, by the same frenzy that Roger Peron had experienced just five years before, he told them of the wonderful time he was having in the city, the great wages that were paid to the workers, the fine clothes that people wore and so on. He knew that he was deceiving them but yet he had not the courage to tell them the complete story.

At one point in the gaiety of square-dancing, Pierre eluded his friends and made his way outside. As he seated himself on the railing of the steps and gazed across the road at his auto, a resonant thought flashed across his mind, one which changed the expression on his face: "Have I, by my exaggerations and misrepresentations, influenced any of these people to abandon the full life they are enjoying in the peace and quiet of their farmlands for one, the very thought of which, bores me at this instant?"

—Ralph Gaudet '55.

BOOKS

The plenteous food of the hungry mind,
The delight of the rapturous soul,
The knowledge that feeds, the thoughts that bind,
The copious splendours wherein we find
The path to that final goal.

The pages filled with generous thought,
Of our predecessors long since passed
To that Blissful Seat so dearly bought,
Ever renowned and ever sought,
Where they found their eternal reward at last.

We reap the harvest, they sowed the seed;
We gather the fruits of their toil;
Truths quickly consumed by the mind in its greed,
As the replenishing rains that succour and feed
The parched, the drought-ridden soil.

Voices heard with the sense of sight,
Ideas aroused or inspired;
Lessons bedecked with the spirit of fight,
Ennobled therein what is good and right,
Providing the knowledge required.

—William Quinn '55.