

THE DRUNK

Hatless, coatless, penniless, such is he—
The drunk, who, at the peep of dawn, in vain
Doth try to pluck him from this horrid med'ley
Of hellish snakes and crimson tinted rain.
The terrifying scenes of dreadful things
Each other chase and caper through his mind,
Then come again. His voice in terror rings,
As they persue their never ending grind.
In fitful dreams, at last he finds release;
The endless train has ceased its fiendish course.
His troubled mind that eve again at peace,
He seeks once more escape from his remourse.
For him, no cares in this wide world will be;
For he'll be drown'd in drunken ecstasy.

—A BURGE '49

I WAS CARELESS

The ship was at anchor in the harbor of St. Georges in the beautiful island of Bermuda. It was a sunny day in the month of September, when the weather does not have the extreme heat of the summer months. The clean air gave the crew a touch of careless happiness that seemed to telegraph itself from one to another. Our evolutions were completed, to the satisfaction of everyone aboard, and we were due to sail the next day to more familiar ports.

In the afternoon around two-thirty we received a message stating that we would undergo a complete inspection, both ship and ship's company, to be conducted by Captain Adam, the port Commander. This message meant work, and plenty of it; the ship had to be cleaned from top to bottom, everything would have to be spotless and in top-notch working order. Still the thoughts of having completed our evolutions and of heading home in the morning made us start work with enthusiasm. Each member of the crew was assigned to a particular work, and all began with much vigor.

I was assigned to the gunner's stores, and as work went merrily on, we talked and joked about what we would do when we reached our next port of call. One of my best chums was scrubbing the bulkheads in the flats outside my door and I was teasing him about the girl friend in Halifax; at the time I was cleaning a forty-five gunner revolver,