

We remained in Cornerbrook three days, then continued our tour. This trip made a lasting impression on me and, I'm sure, on my companions, for we now know that Newfoundland, Canada's newest province, also had its scenic wonders. We were impressed.

—CART. MacDONALD '50

AFTER THE RAIN

Behold the shower's past and there's the sun,
Shining bravely in the western sky;
The children beg to be let out to play:
Mother warns, "Be careful where you run,"

Bare feet are washed in wet grass on the lawn,
Chip boats sail across the flooded lane;
Small hands catch gems that fall from dripping eaves.
The cleansed air is filled with laughter's song.

"Oh, see the pretty rainbow." Someone cries;
Games are left; instinctively they turn
To see God's mighty prism in the east.
Up from yonder hill they watch it rise.

A bridge that's fit to carry angels on
Reaches up until it spans the sky;
But even as they watch, its beauty fades,
Growing paler and paler 'till it's gone.

—DANNY DRISCOLL '50

DAYTIME DOZING

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,"

I'm forced to laugh rather sickly every time I think of those beautiful lines that Shakespeare has written about one of Nature's most beautiful gifts. Yes, sleep is a wonderful thing for some people, but for me (and I console myself with the thought that there are others with me) sleep has knit a veritable garment of war. Way back when I was just a young fellow (and that was not so long ago, because I have never heard anyone call me a man) I could sit through a whole class without lowering an eyelash. But

alas! those golden days have fled, because now when I get hemmed in with four well marked walls, which is the basic constituent of a classroom, and there is placed in front of me an object that looks even a tiny bit professorish, Queen Mab does a tantalizing little dance to welcome one of her most faithful subjects.

The funny part about this whole tiresome business is that I do not want to be a daytime dozer; frankly, I resent being called one, and I hastily change the subject everytime someone is so cruel and tactless as to bring it up in my presence. Moreover that is not all; although I hate to be running here and there with my troubles I must confess that I'm worried, so worried in fact that very soon I will be lying awake thinking about it. Experts (who have a disgusting habit of letting disturbing cats out of the bag about things) tell us that the person who lives to be seventy years of age spends at least twenty-five of those precious years lying in a prone position, oblivious to the world around him. This is enough to cause even a casual lover of nature great alarm. But consider the sad plight of the daytime dozer who often averages thirty winks per class period with each wink taking a minute or more of his valuable time. Is it any wonder that I am driven almost frantic?

You see, if my little class-room naps were of the type of sleep that I could enjoy I would have little room to complain. But the sleep of the daily dozer is a tortuous, most uncomfortable thing. Just watch one of those victims of the sleep gremlin someday and you will readily understand why he is most unhappy. Think of what he goes through when his head begins to act as though his neck muscles had suddenly been transformed into sponge rubber, when he dives into the bottomless sea of unconsciousness for a moment and then suddenly jerks himself to reality like a swimmer in difficulty struggling to the surface for air. If he could tarry at length in his palace of dreams all would be well, but he knows the the professor is watching him, and so the struggle to keep within the realm of consciousness must go on. Try to share his misery; those weights hanging on his eye-lids seem to grow heavier with each passing minute while he fights desperately to keep his head from being pulled down by his eye lashes.

I can sympathize with any victim of this form of sleeping sickness because I have gone through it all. I, like all others so afflicted, have tried dozens of schemes to gain relief, but all my efforts to destroy my inclinations to snooze have failed. Sometimes I attack the problem with a psychological trick. I pinch myself to true wakefulness, open my eyes very wide and say, "O.K., sleepy face, this boring companion Mr. Sandman has used your eyes for a dumping ground long enough. From now on: to sleep, to dream; no more!" This is a fine attitude to take but it

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