

Much later I learned tact. I learned not to exhibit my sad collection to anyone outside our family and then only on such sad occasions as when the Maple Leafs beat Canadiens, or when the Liberals almost lost a by-election.

Now I've come to that stage where I am forced to admit that I have failed miserably. Every snap-shot that I own is either hazy, off-centre, up-side down or blank. I am suffering from photographer's heart and filmosis of the vision. I am a nervous wreck.

I intend to sell my camera and burn my motly collection. Then, having finished forever with all things photographic, I shall make a fresh start. My next hobby will be something easy, like tight-rope walking.

—MARY O'SHEA '49.

CONTEMPLATION

Some say 'tis best to contemplate
A problem in the open spaces;
In narrow foot-paths filled with charm,
With trees around; in mossy places.

I tried to think
While walking through a solemn woods,
Where birches rustle, whispering low;
Where leafy ferns grow tall and cool;
And fireflies' lanterns faintly glow.
My mind was not on common things,
But on the florets by the way.
How could I think of anything,
But nature's forms and colors gay?

I tried to think,
While looking at the firmament,
The white, white clouds, the sky's deep blue,
Their vivid contrast made my mood
Aesthetic: beauty's inward view.
Then looking up, I saw a bird
Gliding on the autumn breeze;
Its cry recalled my straying thoughts
To earth from distant skies and trees.

—JAMES TRAINOR '49