

Now that Big Ben, or his cousin, had stretched his hands out to show us that six o'clock was come, we went to pray and from there to supper. It is really surprising how welcome this time of day is, anyway that particular day it was welcome. We had been informed by radio that the Borden Train was due at 6:10. That meant we would not hear the sarcastic remarks which would flow from the diesel as she roared by, we would be at supper and, needless to say, we would make more noise than that train would. However when I emerged from the dining hall, feeling pretty good, I sensed a familiar odour in the air. It was, no doubt, diesel smoke. The Borden Train, as I learned since, had suffered an untimely illness along the line and was delayed for fifteen minutes.

All went well that night, history soaked in at an uncontrollable rate, till it was shut off at bed time. One thing you may be sure of it, it felt good to stretch out under the covers that night. My eyelids dropped, as my mind wandered. The sheep I counted were few and far between, and the most dreaded disturbance of all came as the "Midnight Hustler" raced along the tracks for Charlottetown, making full use of its capacities for horn-blowing. This last "track star" really opened my eyes and left them open for some time. It was not till the next day that I realized I had worn a hole in the pillow from turning my head.

CHARLES ROCHE '55.

POETRY OF THE GREAT BEYOND

Did you ever think of the strange beauty of the conquests of science? Did it ever occur to you that high in the skies, there are things that will never be known to man? Millions of stars have witnessed human history. Would it not be wonderful if our children could see current events as we see them?

Did you ever think of this: the waves that are emitted by our radio and television stations are practically unbounded. Is it impossible then, that they be picked up again by children of future generations? How?

Nobody denies that, today, we receive on our Earth, light-waves that have left the stars millions of years ago.

Let us imagine an intelligent being, living on one of those far-away planets, and observing our Earth. Is it not likely that he would see it, not as it is now, but as it was millions of years ago? We can therefore affirm that these light-waves are practically continuous. But radio-waves are of a similar nature. Transmitted through space, these waves are picked up, perhaps, by other beings, we know not where - -

Our great grand-children might listen to speeches and concerts that are emitted today, see T.V. shows that to us are familiar! True, radio waves, as long as they remain within the limit of the earth's atmosphere, are quickly absorbed. But what about those which escape to the mysterious ether? Meeting no resistance, would they not just keep on going, indefinitely?

Yes, they would, but not in a straight line. For today's physicists affirm, with Einstein, that space is curved, and that a ray of light having left a given point, will necessarily return to the same point after a time. This time has even been computed to be three or four million years. That is a long time and it pretty well eliminates the possibilities of our children enjoying our concerts, our football games, our T.V. shows. Will man in the meantime devise some method of intercepting those waves in their path and bringing them back to Earth long before their natural orbit has been completed?

Contemplating such possibilities, one feels like Alice in Wonderland. And yet, this is only one of the many flights of fancy which scientific advance encourages.

Poetry of the future, poetry of the Great Beyond! Faced with mysteries so unfathomable, man feels puny in earthly grandeur and yet, struggling onward, soaring above petty human affairs, he is able to understand some of the beautiful order which is the Divine plan of creation. The Great Beyond awaits the conquest of man.

A. PENDERGAST and G. ARSENAULT Sc. '54

"No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling field as in writing a poem."

—B. T. Washington.