

lower. Their pointed bows pushed white waves of foam along their sides, and the waves converged off their stern, leaving a wake of smooth unrippled water behind them. The red sails of the snipes were made even redder by the setting sun, and were puffed by the breeze, giving them a bloated and aggressive appearance.

There were still a few scavenger gulls about; gliding with the wind they would sometimes tip a grey-white wing and go spiralling seaward, throwing their sharp, plaintiff cries at the waves as they skimmed by.

As evening descended, lights winked on all along the Hoe and over head silver-green stars pushed themselves through the blue velvet of the sky.

How fast the remaining few hours passed. We did go to a dance but the dance hall was crowded, noisy and full of smoke, so we left. The Hoe must have had some strange attraction for us for about an hour later we were back, after taking a walk down the Royal Parade, an area completely bombed out during the war. It now flourished blocks of white-faced, modern stores on one side and for part of the other, the pretty and quaint, Princess Square Gardens.

We found an old bench facing seaward, on the Hoe, and as we sat there the dull silhouette of Drake's Island was barely discernible against the darkened horizon. We sat there talking from about 10:30 until a half hour before I was due back aboard ship. During that time we found out how much we had in common, and it was then I realized how very much I liked this girl that I'd known for less than a day.

She came back to the dock with me. We got there about twenty minutes before the last liberty boat left for the ship. A heavy dense fog had rolled in now and everything was shrouded in a grey mist. The lone street light near the jetty cast dull, eerie shadows everywhere and its pallid yellow light reflected from the glistening pavement gave it a faint luminosity.

We made our good-byes just beyond the reaches of the lamplight. It seems silly now but we both agreed not to write or get in touch with each other again. It seemed so reasonable then. We'd be thousands of miles apart and would probably never have the chance to meet again, at least not for quite a few years; and how much can change, in even one year. Nothing could ever be the same again, so why hold hopes of ever returning to the past and finding the places and people unchanged. We would both have memories that would grow sweeter and more mellow with the passing of time, so why should we want to have more, perhaps only to lose everything.

Yet when the boat eased away from the jetty and I looked back and saw her waving, her silhouette against that one lone street light, its rainbowed arc like a misty halo over her head, I couldn't help hoping that some day I would come back and that we would start again, where we left off, with nothing changed.

I'll always have a spot in my heart for England and perhaps a bigger spot there for the girl who shared with me, one of my happiest days.

—A. T. S. '59

People may not believe all that they hear, but unfortunately they can repeat it.

A BOND OF LIFE

The changing tides of joy and strife
Cut wrinkles in a woman's face.
Her heart bore happiness of life
For such as her create our race.
A total joy of life and love so dear
As baby in his mother's arms—just born.
Loving and beloved, untaught by any fear,
Life's to him a warm and peaceful morn.

And the hours like waves broke on the shore
Of the mother's heart and her baby's life;
But her lone heart drifted away before
Her little boy knew an hour of strife;
Drifted away on a summer's eve,
Ere the orphaned child knew how to grieve.

—RICHARD ST. JOHN '58

The most valuable sense of humour is the kind that enables a person to see instantly what it isn't safe to laugh at.

Always borrow from a pessimist—he never expects to get it back.

PHANTOMS OF THE FUTURE

The night is dark; the mist swirls about me; the east wind blows with a mournful sound prophesying events to come, events now stealing out of the intangible future into my vision, stealing through the mist that envelops me

A white distant figure emerges like a spectre from the past. The face is familiar, but oh, how changed since we said "farewell" at the end of that first year at college, for twenty years have taken their toll. A few wrinkles crease her brow, although her jet-black hair is not yet tinged with grey, and the weight of the years has not yet stooped the tall figure. The sound of her children playing in the grove nearby reaches her ears, and a pleasant smile brightens her face. Brood not over the past, friends of my youth, for your lot is happy. May God and his Grace be with you, Farewell. The figure recedes into the darkness.

Now as I peer through the gloom, I behold a rolling western farmland, golden with the fruits of the harvest; a small white house; a woman and a dark-haired child goading a flock of sheep into a shed. Faintly the woman's voice comes to me. "Toot! Toot! Here, M'Carta, don't let them near the hayrake! Shoo!" Would I not be without if I fail to recognize the voice, this face now coming near me, for hectic were the days and nights in her company. And though the hours of labour and years of toil have left their mark, their touch of silver, I could not fail to know her. Through the night I called out to her, "Here in your own environment you have attained your happiness; I would linger, but the blackness proclaims you. Goodbye, and may those silver hairs proclaim the pride of duty done and peace gained."

The dusk falls about me once more. Now, gradually, as in a dream a light pierces the dark, the wind ceases, and in its place the sound of sweet singing. The light draws me on through the surrounding vacuum, past the iron grill and close to the white robed figures kneeling at the stark