

Nature has planted in every man a love for his native land. Men in foreign lands, no matter how wealthy, powerful or noble, have a burning desire to return to their own country. As they draw near their homeland, this burning desire turns into thoughts of home—the home many thought they would never see again. As they gaze from their ship, their eyes brim with tears and they weep like a child who has just lost her doll. Home is worth crying for.

These are the things men need never be ashamed to cry for. Home, Religion, Love, Friendship and Freedom are the things men fight for. They are worth preserving. They are worth crying for.

—PEGGY GREEN '50

### REFLECTIONS

Log-laden, the fireplace lights the room  
 With a pumice-ruddy glow.  
 In fancy, in the shadows are strewn  
 Flowers waving to and fro  
 In each inglenook—everywhere  
 About this silent suite; and solemn gloom  
 Fades as dew on the dawning down.  
 The crossed logs snap, and more shadows loom  
 Quaintly shaping a sprouting glen:  
 Lilies and asters dancing there  
 To the breezes lays;  
 Deathly winds dashing grove-goldenrods  
 To the forgotten ways;  
 Or breezes stealing among listful buds,  
 Soothing with a rhythmic air.  
     Fades now the forgotten fire,  
     The Artist of my shadowy wall;  
     Forsaken flee the fading flowers.  
     Nothing remains but a dark room,  
     A soul made happy by past hours,  
     And a memory of a midnight-noon.

—GEORGE KEEFE '51

### WE WERE IMPRESSED

All I had ever seen of Newfoundland was a rockbound coast, and the harbour of St. John's, which is also rockbound and partially surrounded by fishing shacks, wharves and warehouses. You'll admit this isn't a pretty sight, and first impressions are usually