

At last I am running across the Square. A friendly policeman stops traffic while I, with some of my fellow-workers who have just come along, cross the Avenue.

We rush breathlessly into the lobby where the cold, austere gentleman who supervises the ups and downs of the elevators, is quite unmoved by our pleas for haste. However, we do finally reach the eighth floor. Coats are thrown hastily into lockers as metal doors are banged. We enter the long low room with its orderly rows of desks, and the first object to catch our attention is the much admired clock. It tells us that we have about thirty seconds to spare. As we sit down at our desks to begin the day, we are already exhausted.

This procedure will be repeated tomorrow morning and every morning, because I am one of those numerous individuals who leave everything until the last minute, and then attempt to beat the clock.

—MARJORIE AKER '59—

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### THE CLOSET

Once there lived an old man in a little cabin by the sea. People called him a patriarch, and everyone for miles around knew of him. They knew him because they feared him. And they feared him because nobody knew him. For lack of another name, *they called him "Old Jack"*.

As you may have already suspected, no one dared speak to Jack, or even approach him for that matter. A story went that one day somebody did try to draw him out, but Jack did not reply—he only stared under his bushy eyebrows at the intruder for several minutes, and so squelched **that** conversation and discouraged any other advances in the future. In short, Jack was a grumpy old devil who never grumbled.

Now every day Old Jack used to take a walk along the beach. Everybody would stop and watch him as he moved up the strand to the end of the cape. And they would wonder why he used to stand there and stare toward the mainland before he turned and walked home again. These daily rounds were Jack's only excursions except for the rare occasions when he would go into the village for stores.

But one day, Jack did not appear. Two days went by, and three, and then four, and then the villagers could wait no longer. In small groups they gathered around the old gentleman's house. A few of us decided to enter, and we hesitantly swung the leather hinges on the worm-eaten door.



For all its outward shabby appearance, the interior of the cabin was neat. From the low ceiling there hung a rusty gas lantern, on the walls were bulging bookcases, and on the floor was the old man.

After they buried him we reconnoitered the cabin. Everything about it was regular excepting one thing. In one of the closets was a smartly tailored pin striped suit with tails, complete with a black silk topper.

And with this notation I end my little story. But then again' maybe it is really the beginning of the story, for as far as I have been able to learn, Old Jack had never been married.

—THOMAS V. GRANT '57—

### SCIENTIFICALLY SPEAKING

The noted Bio-Philo-Dosimer, Dr. Scrouge McPhleecem has undertaken to dispell some of the confusion between the Monitor Lizard and the Mongoose in a paper recently released by the Canadian Wildlife Association. It seems that the belief that the Monitor Lizard will give warning of the approach of crocodiles (whence it has received its name) has been exploded as a myth by the devoted work of Britain's famous Dr. Hector Pillsbury. In 1888, Dr. Pillsbury undertook an expedition to the crocodile-infested banks of the Nile and there set up camp seeking to find out whether or not the Monitor Lizards, which also abounded in that area, would give him warning of any crocodiles that might descend with dire intent upon his camp. Well, since Dr. Pillsbury hasn't been heard from since, it is the consensus of scientific opinion that the legend of the Monitor Lizard had no basis in actual fact. Now, since the Mongoose will not give warning of approaching crocodiles either, the two have been confused in many scientific circles; and Dr. McPhleecem has contributed greatly both to the intensification and the dissolution of this confusion in his recent paper, by pointing out that according to the results of his intense investigations, the crocodile, the Monitor Lizard, and the Mongoose, are all three parasitised by DRACUNCULUS MEDINENSIS, and, after all, who would want to tip the hand of one that is sharing his burdens?