
THE UNDERTAKER

His face is white as a snow-swept lane
His hands are withered and blue,
With his skin transparent like a window pane
And his nose a violet hue.
There was something about this man so old
He was neither big nor was he small.
His hair was gone from his forehead bold
And his eyes were like a vacant hall.
He wrapped his patients in a linen sheet
And never a word he said
As he laid them in their coffins neat
And gently covered the dead.

—JACQUES ASCOLI '60.

GROWING UP

The anticipation of the first day of school had my little mind in a state of furor. Then a child of only five years of age, I never had to think for myself as I always followed by brother Tom. He was three years older than I was and already had two years' experience in school. Tom had persuaded me not to start school on the next day as my troubles would then begin. We were sent off to bed every night at seven o'clock just before our neighbours would gather to talk over their boyhood days. However, Tom and I never failed to hear their discussion as we quietly lay face-down on the floor beside a ventilating hole in the ceiling. Many a night we were found asleep by the same hole after the sand-man had conquered the echoes of our neighbours' laughs. On many occasions, I overheard the neighbouring people tell of the school-master who had broken six or seven whips over each of their hands. The fear that I had of this old school-master was to become a reality on the morrow.

The first day was sunny as we left the house to carry out Tom's plans with our slates under our arms and a lunch in our pockets. From the house we could see the old, black, tarred roof of the school with a long pipe high in the air. Between the house and school, the village which I had seen with its slow and steady activities was to be observed more closely now by my more active senses. As we travelled over the hill we were deciding where to spend