

THE AWAKENING

Spring bursts forth her Heavenly Power
In sleeping vale and dainty bower,
Her flowers awake, her buds come nigh,
The wild duck honks high in the sky.

In nature's bosom there stirs awake,
The sleeping buds, the frozen lake,
The babbling brook her bonds now free
Trickles through the valley to the sea.

As April sends her fleeting showers,
May answers with her colored flowers,
Nature's bounty, God's gift to man,
Shows forth His glory 'cross the land.

—REGIS DUFFY, '53.

"YOU GOTTA GET UP THIS MORNING!"

Nearly everyone appreciates a good joke. Not everyone, however, appreciates the joke as much when it is at his own expense. The following story is true; it happened to me; and though it didn't seem so funny to me at the time, when I look back upon it, I can really appreciate it. And I am sure that I will never forget it.

I remember the night it happened very well. I was in Grade XII at the time, and rooming on the fourth floor of Dalton Hall. My room-mate of that year was the one who first perceived the possibility of a good laugh at my expense, and set about the business of carrying out the farce. But I am getting ahead of my story.

It all happened the night of the first Louis-Walcott fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. I remember that because I went to bed early, missing the broadcast of the fight. You will remember that that was the fight which astounded the sporting world; when Walcott went fifteen rounds and lost by a much-disputed split decision. I was one of those fight fans who figured Louis

to win by a knockout in about two rounds; and since I was tired, (I don't recall what I had been doing), I went to bed about nine o'clock, two hours before the bell rings for retiring.

I was sound asleep, and had been for some time, I thought, when the door slammed. I woke up. My room-mate was coming in with a towel slung over his shoulders.

"Did th' bell ring yet?" I groaned.

"Yeah."

"Mmmph!" I grumbled, "I guess I better get up this morning. . . I slept in late yesterday."

At this point he caught on that I thought it was morning. Then he started to work. While I was struggling with myself to get up and dressed, he disappeared out the door once again. He must have outdone himself setting the stage for me. After a few minutes I staggered across the corridor into the washroom with my towel, soap, and wash-cloth. The scene I met was the ordinary everyday one. The fellows were fooling around, talking—everything was completely commonplace. Someone asked who was going to serve the Rector's Mass this morning. Some others were talking about the fight last night. I didn't notice anything unusual, and went through the same motions as I did every morning.

I returned to my room to finish getting dressed. My room-mate did the same. We came out, and started down the stairs together behind a few others. I was still as oblivious to the truth as ever. By this time the whole building had been alerted, for as we came downstairs, there were fellows on the other corridors, in various stages of undress, going to the washrooms. Some were starting downstairs to go over to Mass (I thought). When we got down to first corridor there were about fifteen or twenty fellows standing around the bulletin boards, looking intently at them.

"Must be something interesting", I remarked to no one in particular, still suspecting nothing.

"Guess so", someone obligingly answered.

I decided to find out later what it was, and skirted the crowd to go out the door. My room-mate, I noticed, stopped where the crowd was. I continued on without him. From the front steps of Dalton Hall I noticed that there were no lights on in the Main Building, where the chapel was located at that time.

Won't hurt me to be there on time for a change", I thought to myself. I started across. About halfway over I glanced over at Memorial Hall. Not a light!

"Oh well", I thought, "no one needs lights at this time of morning". Then I must have begun to wake up, for I finally noticed that it was pitch dark. "Now what kind of morning is pitch dark?" I asked myself. Certainly, at this time of year . . . this isn't winter . . . well then?

I hated to turn around, but I did. Dalton Hall was ablaze with lights. Everyone in the building, including the prefect, I think, was standing at the door . . . I started back . . .

Anything more said would be an anti-climax.

—FRED COYLE, '53.

A GARDEN

Multi-coloured, blended and bright,
Bees buzzing around in delight;
Buds bobbing, nodding in the breeze,
With light movements of grace and ease.

Perfumes delicate wing on air,
Mingling to form a scent so rare,
A fragrance so refined and pure
With pow'r to entice and allure.

—B. F., '52.

With words we govern men—Disraeli.