

And then she continued, "you've often said you should visit your father for awhile and I think I'll go up to my sister's place for a couple of weeks. Anyway, Ann must be overworked now that all three of her children have the measles."

—FRANK MacKINNON '49

THE DESERT

We started for the barren sands
In safety. Through many lands
We travelled which had grassy hills,
But further on, through cancerous ills,
These turned to cold, unpleasant stone,
And later still, left all alone,
I looked ahead and saw that my
Safari had gone on and I
Was left behind, grimed nomad.
(The desert sands are drear and sad,
And hot siroccos make men mad.)

Mirages show, and lead the way,
To vales where human lives decay.
The night is yet, oh where the day?

Eternal Oasis, to Thee,
I raise my arms imploringly
(Mere branches of a soulless tree.)
When time shall cease, and ever change
To changelessness, and none will range
These sands again in darkness strange,
Thou, the Judge, will on a mount
Offences of all mankind count.
I beg Thee then to raise Thy hand,
And in Thy mercy from this land
Away from desert's boiling sea,
Lift, oh lift me
Gently to the mountain tops with Thee.

—J. E. T. '49

THE ATLANTIC PACT

When the charter of the United Nations was signed at San Francisco, the peoples of the world hoped that they were forging an