

ulcers. He is somewhat of a temperance crank. In the refectory he is constantly complaining about the food and keeps his table mates in constant fear for their health by recounting the horrible effects of eating this or drinking that. There is a movement afoot on the campus to have this group seated at a table all their own in the refectory. In later life this character usually finds that he has been duped by a quack and really hasn't got ulcers at all. In an effort to make up for his wasted youth he usually becomes a gourmand and drinks himself to an early grave.

Lastly, but far from leastly, we have the well proportioned individual. He possesses the body beautiful. He plays hockey, football, et al. (First team, of course.) He is very popular. Never cracks a book all year. The jovial fat man is his stooge. The villainous fat man his foe. The eager beaver writes his essays. The statistician does his math and cribs for him in exams. The poet inspires him. The practical joker rooms with him. In fact, practically everybody likes and helps him, except the Dean, who kicks him out of College in Junior year. He usually ends up playing for the Toronto Maple Leafs.

There you are, readers. That's the lot of them. Who knows? You may be rooming with any one of them. You can tell only by surveying the corpus undelicti.

There is one fellow on our corridor who has me worried however. I met him while I was shaving. Now he really possesses a body beautiful. He is just loaded with muscles. Still, falling down in his duties as a member of the he-man group, he can never manage to make first team, although I may be able to get the Dean to kick him out next year. Then just watch the Leafs hit their stride.

— E. J. HEMPHILL '49.

Fantasy

The sounds of nature, every one, are pleasing to the ear;
But the sighs, and moans, and howls of winds are what I
like to hear.

By painting pictures in my mind, they, from reality.
Transport me to the wondrous realms of gnomes and
pixies wee.

Some times delightful fairy strains of music reach my ear,
And then diminutive parades of forest nymphs appear,

Each marching to the rhythm of a lilting light refrain,
As fading on horizons far, they gradually wane.

The wild wind shrieks! A piercing cry rings through the
darkness drear.

For aid against malicious imps whom all good fairies fear;
But no one hears that desperate plea, (too busy is the
world,)

Save Oberon, by whom bad imps o'er mountain tops are
hurled.

The rustling in the trees is caused by leprechauns, no doubt,
Who make the shoes for fairy feet when moon and stars
are out.

The wind is hushed! While others sleep, the goblins
stealthily

Are playing pranks, those little folk, upon humanity.

— JEAN DONAHUE '48

Alone

Marie Hamilton arose from the deep arm-chair in which she was seated and began to pace nervously back and forth in front of the fire-place. She seemed uncomfortable by the fire which hummed merrily in the grate, as if it were trying to cheer her up; rather, the shower of sparks which sudden gusts of wind sent sputtering up the chimney only added to her nervousness. In the early dusk, only the fire with its sparks, and the snow beating softly against the window disturbed the aching emptiness of the room.

Minutes dragged by and she began to think of all the happiness she had known in this same room — the laughter of her playmates, the gentle teasing of her father, and, more vividly than all else, the sweet smile of her mother. But now all these were gone and she was alone,—all alone.

She began to recall all the terrifying things she had ever been told,—wicked people who mistreated their fellowmen, ghosts of the past who came back to haunt the memory of the living, and Marie fancied that some of these were here now in this very room, reaching out from the shadowy corners to grasp her — . And suddenly she saw again her mother, with her sweet smile, her gentle manner, and all those frightening spectres vanished for a moment; and in the early dusk, only the the fire with its sparks, and the snow beating softly against the window disturbed the silence that pervaded the darkness about her.