

The tale of day to day,
 In lines that paint
 With harsh bold strokes
 The weakness of the flesh,
 The waiting clay.

THE FATES STILL REIGN

As in the times long past,
 Their hands
 Events of present, future,
 guide.
 To 'scape their wrath and doom
 List to their words,
 Deceive them not,
 By their decrees
 Abide.
 Tempt not the gods, o Man,
 This life is short,
 The after endless long.
 Best live as canst this span;
 In life end's port
 Is heard again
 Olympus' song.

—M. J. M., '61

EPAVE

Cheveux blonds . . . Cheveaux blonds . . .
 Qui voguent dans le vent . . .
 Cheveux blonds . . . cheveux blonds . . .
 Qui flotte dans le noir
 Au gré du vent
 Cheveux blonds . . . cheveux blonds . . .
 Qui passent pour toujours
 Dans la nuit . . .
 Dans la nuit du néant . . .

Souvenirs brises . . .
 Plaisirs perdus . . .
 Larmes pour consoler,
 Restes du passe . . .

O Espoir, pourquoi m'astu habité?
 Comment ai-je pu croire en toi?
 Fus-tu cress, source d'illusions,
 Pour qu'un jour on desespere?

Rire ce soir . . .
Rire toute la nuit . . .
Rire comme un fou,
Rire . . . pour m'évader!

Epave vomie,
Coeur disloque,
Ame chaviree,
Bonheur d'un instant,
Nuit de tourments!

Boucle blonde . . . boucle blonde . . .
Qui fuit dans le temps
Ne seras-tu qu'une joie envolée
A l'horizon de ma vie?

JEAN-GUY DEMERS, '60—

MY TRIP TO ST. DUNSTAN'S

Whenever I am bombarded with the question, "How did you happen to come to St. Dunstan's," I usually sidestep the series of unending details by simply replying, "Oh it was a very nice trip." Really speaking, I feel more at home talking on the subject of my trip than any other topic, not only from the point of view that it helps me to recapture some of the greatest experiences of my life, but also because I am able to traverse some of the sensational avenues to which most of the people in the South American continent have hitherto been unexposed.

Travelling from my home in British Guiana, to Canada, a distance of approximately four thousand miles, took me just under three days, but the tremendous excitement and overwhelming experiences captured in those three days are sufficient to last a life time.

I left Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana at about 8 a.m. one Monday in September, my first stop off being in Trinidad, the capital of the West Indies Federation, just a ninety minute flight from home. As I had the rest of the day and the night to spend there, I decided to utilize it to the best of advantage. The tropical sun-baked streets of Port of Spain, the capital city, and the blaring calypso music from the cafeterias contributed to the typical West Indian atmosphere and reminded me so much of Georgetown of whose way of life I had been a part ever since birth. Needless to say, a few relatives and friends whom I had in Trinidad enjoyed with me a real West Indian calypso and steel band fete that night and as the tropical sun, which usually rises at 6 a.m., was peering at us in the midst of our revelry, I was forced to call it quits, since my next flight was scheduled for 8 a.m. that day.