

BLUES

The blues are danced, the sky is often blue, we have blue water, some acquire blue noses, while others just have the blues.

Often, for apparently no reason at all, we feel queer. We are not sick, we do not feel like talking to others, we don't know what we want, but nevertheless we want it. In the morning one may waken to be greeted by a blue sky, but during the day it seems to lose its lustre. It turns, in our minds, to grey, and we assume the blueness, but in its transition from the sky to ourselves, it undergoes a great change in its effects. A blue sky invites people forth to enjoy its cheerfulness; the same persons will go out of their way to avoid contact with a man who is suffering from the blues. The cause of this disease, for it is a disease no doubt, is self pity; it is never brought on by any great misfortune, but it is rather the little things in life, that weaken and leave us susceptible to the infection.

Some hate to hear others laugh while they are invalided with the blues, another has been or thinks he has been slighted, and has the blues in the form known as, "sulks," due, no doubt, to a weakening in his system, caused by a dose during his childhood, for unlike many diseases the recovery is not an antitoxin against a renewed attack.

One may have the blues in many different forms; a certain chap imagines the world is opposed to him and sings, "I ain't nobody's Darlin'" and he soon finds out that he is right, for self-estimation has a great effect upon universal esteem.

A cynical man imagines a smiling face is the sign of an idiot, whereas very often it is the sign of the true philosopher who has learned the cure of the blues by forgetting himself.

Similar to other diseases the blues are contagious, a long face breeds more long faces, while a smile usually generates a smile.

The man with a chip on his shoulder is the fellow suffering a chronic case of the blues.

The individual who regards himself as a martyr, and who becomes highly insulted if one would insinuate otherwise, wants the blues; he can have them.

It again differs from other diseases, for the symptoms vary greatly with the individual cases. To evade it is no easy task for the bluers are not ostracised as were the lepers of the old testament, rather they go about in a militant manner, and are often persistent in their attempts to infect the carefree.

We have doctors of medicine, philosophy, divinity, law, dentistry, economics, and science, but we have no doctors for the blues, for each must diagnose his own case and prescribe for himself. As in other diseases we must have an antitoxin which is good humour. Should disease become firmly lodged, one must think enough of oneself to forget oneself.

—A.J.H., '31



I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer

The traveller who hath an empty purse will sing in
the presence of the highwayman.—*Juvenal*.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste death but once.

—*Shakespeare*

We often discover what will do, by finding out what
will not do and probably he who never made a mistake
never made a discovery.—*Smiles*.

