

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.