

izing and functions of meetings etc. Closely associated with the Public Speaking is the M.I.D.L. and to a lesser extent the Dramatic Society. Then again as a means of communication and as a means of developing the communicative ability of the student, we have the **Red and White**. It has as two of its objectives: "a medium of communication, and a means to present student opinion on matters of current interest".

You can see that by not remaining passive while at S.D.U. that by participating actively in and supporting the various organizations you are preparing yourself more thoroughly for a job that will be expected of you, when you leave St. Dunstan's as an educated member of society. You have an obligation to fulfil and you will be expected to fulfill it.

—EDITORIAL

### A JOURNEY THAT NEVER WAS

Even though I am very tired I lie well awake in bed. My head is full of thoughts. I check my alarm-clock over and over again to make sure it works properly. I go over the contents of my luggage in my mind over and over to see if I may forget something for the whole things weighs  $31\frac{3}{4}$  pounds.

I am going higher and higher now; I feel as light as a bird, and my heart feels light with joy too. I am on my way home. One certainly has a strange feeling when going home after staying overseas for almost five years. I shall soon see my father, my mother, and many others that once were so familiar to me. I cannot think any more. I look out of the circular window and see the propellers are doing their best to carry us higher and farther. A moment later there comes the pilot's voice through the loudspeaker telling us that we are flying at an altitude of 12,000 feet and at a speed of 300 miles per hour; that the hostess is called Miss Roy. Here she is, handing me a package of beautifully wrapped chewing gum. I do not like chewing gum at all but this time I put it in my mouth before I notice it. It tastes good.

Here they are, the Hawaiian Islands—the dream land of tourists—where the coconut trees, tall and graceful; the pineapples, sweet and tempting; the Waikiki Beach, warm and refreshing; those brown-skinned girls, lovely and gentle; and the straw skirt dances, symbol of folk art, simplicity, assembled themselves together and give us this South Sea Paradise. All these I had missed during my last journey. We had asked the Captain to bring the ship down to the Hawaiian Islands and each of us was willing to pay one hundred dollars extra for the trip. But instead, he brought us to the Aleutian Islands—free of charge. This time, oh, I cannot miss this time. I think I am breathing the coconut-flavoured air already. According to the scheduled we shall have  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours in Honolulu, which is an extremely short period for such a place.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," comes the pilot's voice again, "here are the Hawaiian Islands; but owing to an outbreak of Asiatic influenza we will not land here for refueling. I am very sorry to make this change, but we were advised by the local government to do so for the safety of all of us. Our next stop will be Wake Island."

We are passing over Honolulu now. My heart sinks as the plane climbs up after giving us a bird-eye view of the attractive place.

Very soon we come to Wake Island. Here, Miss Roy leaves and is replaced by another hostess called something like Miss Wulimacha. She distributes to us the same kind of chewing gum, but it is tasteless this time.

We missed Honolulu, yet we hope to make up the loss in Tokyo. In Japan we shall have Fujiyama and kimono instead of Waikiki and straw skirt. But Japan has something more than that—she is the country where ancient oriental and modern occidental civilizations find themselves coexisting in harmony. Her capital, Tokyo, is a typical example.

Three hours is not a very long period. We return to the airport just in time to catch the plane; and before I can settle down in my seat we are already 11,000 feet up.

It is the fourth morning since our take-off and in a few hours I shall be home again. I keep my eyes on the far horizon. The propellers are still roaring with all their might and I can see the stretch of the Pacific Ocean through the slits of the clouds. Suddenly, there comes a jerk. Then the plane starts to tremble and I hear the pilot's voice again but I do not know what he is talking about. For all of a sudden the plane loses its balance and throws me out of the window, I hear the sound of a bell but soon everything is silent.

I try to open my eyes but I dare not. My whole body is sore and I feel cold. I hear the bell again. With some curiosity and some fear I open my eyes and see that I am still in my room and, to my surprise, I find myself lying on the floor.

I jump up and discover that I fell from my bed in my sleep and that it was only a night-mare. I was not going home, after all, but I am going away—to begin my winter adventures!

—ATLAS '60

### ONE MANLY MOUSE

Here perched upon an open hearth  
Thou, wee mousie—victim of dearth,  
Loath wert thou to skip away  
From that abode so safe at day.

In quest of that one need so dire—  
To sate the flame of appetite's fire.  
The feline foe did lie in wait  
For thee—choice morsel of his bait.

Little mousie treading sprightly  
Wert thou not made to travel nightly?  
Yea, but what a price for thy defiance  
Vainly to show thy self-reliance.

Man, the victim of self-pride,  
Why dost thou chance time and tide?  
Dost thou not take mousie's heed,  
And choose a means with each need?

But alas thy need was lost  
When thou denied the fee of cost  
To yield thy pride, and seek advice,  
Thou failest within, when thou ought'st unite.

—THE SCARRED BARD