

one of these men is the next Prime Minister of Canada, he will have to be well qualified to fill William Lyon MacKenzie King's place.

As this great man, in whom Canadians have such unwavering faith, withdraws from public life, perhaps no more fitting and suitable words could be said to him than these: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

—PAUL LANDRIGAN '49.

HOW GOES THE BATTLE?

It is half-past eight o'clock; all is quiet on the corridor, and I am at my desk. It is the ideal time for study and I make up my mind to take advantage of it. I take down the philosophy text from the shelf, dust it, and open it at page one. "Philosophia, juxta nomen, est amor sapientiae." The first sentence; I proceed to translate it: "Philosophy, as the name implies, is . . ."

"You're covered stranger! Don't make a move!"

This startling command is hurled at me from the door, and I interrupt my philosophical line of thought to see who my cowboy friend may be. I satisfy my curiosity, and then, recognizing from past experience that such an intrusion is inevitable, I disregard it and return to my philosophy. In the meantime, however, my friend the cowboy is not quiet, for, being the acrobatic type, he has already demolished my ashtray, leaving a nasty mess on the floor. I take in the situation only to dismiss it. After all, the ashtray was only ten cents, and I can sweep the floor again. But just now I have to have another—I mean, I must get on with my philosophy.

"Philosophia, juxta nomen, est . . ." "Hey, Russell! Where have you been hiding yourself? I have been looking for you all evening."

I eye my second intruder not too calmly, yet not very severely, as I recognize his right to half the room. Nevertheless, I regard him as an intrusion since he and my acrobatic friend are close pals (I could add partners in crime), and since they have not seen each other for quite some time, a lengthy conversation is about to follow, and, by the way, it will not be carried on in whispers. But, being determined to increase my knowledge on this particular night, I disregard the shouts and laughter, or at least I try to, and continue with my study.

I continue but not for long, for now the conversation apparently has got out of hand and developed into the first stages of an argument, with an appropriate increase in volume. My own intent

curiosity, now coming into play, renders further philosophical research very difficult. But I will not be foiled in my attempt. I will do the impossible: listen to the argument and study philosophy at the same time. But, as the argument is based on many and varied topics, I find my attitude to have far reaching consequences. The consequences I find out later when I realize that it was not Aristotle who played on the Navy's first line, nor was it Juxta Hesiodum who had asked Shelia to the prom.

I quit—I mean I do not try to follow the argument—and turn my mind to the task of forgetting all that I have already learned. I have no more than accomplished this task when the door bursts open and I find myself on the receiving end of a very direct, and to me a very unusual question.

“Do you think that I should study?” Now, since at this time I am thinking of just how little philosophy I know, and of my conspicuous place in philosophy class, I promptly and emphatically answer “Yes.” My answer, however, has not the effect that I hoped it would have, for my third intruder gives little indication of leaving. As a matter of fact, he stays, and, being in a talkative mood, becomes a valuable asset to the rebuilding of a dying conversation, and a consequent liability to the study of philosophy.

My next thoughts can be expressed in no better way than in the following lines by Lewis Carroll: “Thick and fast they came at last, and more, and more, and more.” The room is now filled to capacity, and under such circumstances a “bull session” is inevitable. I realize this and I shiver to think of the results.

Thus the remaining part of the night is spent in talking a great deal about everything and learning nothing about anything, until the bedtime bell disperses the care-free crowd, and leaves me again in solitude. The philosophy text is still open and at page one. I close it and return it to its place on the dusty shelf. I then retire and from habit ponder over my night's work.

“Philosophia, juxta nomen, est amor sapientiae.”

—RUSSELL ARBING '49.

12:30 A. M.

—Well,
Here's where I dwell.
Nice of you
To take me home.
I would have been
Terribly
Scared alone.”