

POTATO PICKING TIME ON P. E. I.

When the Autumn breezes whistle
And the white down of the thistle
Dances round the living "V" shape in the sky,
That's the time I love so dearly
And, from nature, sense so clearly
It's potato picking time in P.E.I.

In the days of mid-September,
Every solitary member
Of the younger generation has in mind
The enjoyment which is nearing
As the green is disappearing
From the cultivated rows of stocks entwined.

When the picking's just beginning,
All the pickers are a-grinning
As they gaily run with baskets heaped up ^{high}
With those gems in tender cases
Which are sought in many places.
For there's nothing like the "spuds" of P.E.I.

While potatoes are a-flying,
Some keen youngster is a-trying
To detain with stones the digger passing by
Then the tractor starts a-whining
To disturb the blackbirds dining
On the creatures of the soil on P.E.I.

Though there's much to be enjoying,
Nothing could be so annoying
As to get a small potato in the thigh.
Though the pickers' backs are aching,
They don't mind, for Sarah's baking
A delicious, golden home-made pumpkin pie.

I have been to balls and dances,
Have been in hypnotic trances,
And have seen such sights as
make one blink his eye,
And, recalling all, I'm willing
To admit there's nought so thrilling
As potato picking time on P.E.I.

—ALEXANDER DONAHUE '60

HEAVEN'S ASPIRING QUARTET

Augustine was a pervert,
St. Dismas was a thief,
Magdalene a play-girl,
And Paul lacking belief.

Shameful of their gall
To defy a Loving God,
They answered to His call
With a cheerful nod.

But there they are in heaven
Smiling down upon us now,
As each holds a tilted halo
To a badly battered brow.

So the sin of all you sinners
Doesn't surely damn
For your wassness doesn't matter
If your Isness really am.

—THE SCARRED BARD

THE INFINITE AND THE HUMAN

"This little acorn in my hand",
Said I, "will never make a tree"
"How could one come from such a thing?"
My friend said, "Plant it and you'll see."

If oaks from such a seed could grow
In it some embryonic tree would show,
I quartered it and searched around,
In it no trace of tree I found.

My friend derided me and said,
"It is the nature of the seed
That each should grow into its kind."
And with him I at last agreed.

But it's strange to me that men
Accept the mystery of the seed,
And put their faith in nature's law,
But can't fit God within their creed.

—THE SCARRED BARD

THE HAUNTED CAMPUS

Gather round now kids while Uncle Ed tells you another hair-raising adventure which took place on a campus many years ago, then you'll all have to go to bed.

Once upon a time, in the eerie gloom of the midnight sun, I crept very quietly from building to building in order not to be seen or heard, I was wending my way through the knee-high snow drifts to the brightly illuminated rink, No, I wasn't skipping that time.

I had taken on a bet with some of my classmates, that I would not stop until I had found out what made the lights go on so mysteriously in the rink every frosty winter night at midnight.

I found myself speculating as I trudged along, (taking care to make the least noise possible on the crunching frost) on what I would be confronted with. Would I walk in on a band of thieves counting their ill-gotten gains, possibly a group of white-clad ghosts and ghouls in a midnight round-table discussion? or perhaps the thirteen elusive princesses, dancing with their thirteen mysterious princes, from the tale of The Thirteen Princesses. This latter idea seemed to me the more interesting of all suggestions which were whirling through my head.

However, shivering and uncertain, I finally reached the rink but stopped dead in my tracks, for there, standing before the door all dressed in white was a grotesque shape which I took at once to be a guard. I gasped in terror and lunged at the freak of nature, but all I got for my troubles was a mouth full of a dejected snowman, which I supposed had been placed there to discourage trespassers, but this made me all the more determined to find out just what was going on in there.

I stole up to a nearby window and peeked in with one eye, and there to my amazement, I saw numerous demoniacal creatures hissing up and down the icy leagues, seeming very pre-occupied with a game that looked like a mixture of hockey, LaCrosse and that well known game, running the gauntlet. I had not as yet been discovered and decided to stay for a while to watch these high flying